



A CORGI BOOK

# LOBSANG RAMPA

## THE THIRD EYE



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## PUBLISHERS' FOREWORD

The autobiography of a Tibetan lama is a unique record of experience and, as such, inevitably hard to corroborate. In an attempt to obtain confirmation of the Author's statements the Publishers submitted the MS. to nearly twenty readers, all persons of intelligence and experience, some with special knowledge of the subject? Their opinions were so contradictory that no positive result emerged. Some questioned the accuracy of one section, some of another; what was doubted by one expert was accepted unquestioningly by another. Anyway, the Publishers asked themselves, was there any expert who had undergone the training of a Tibetan lama in its most developed forms? Was there one who had been brought up in a Tibetan family? Lobsang Rampa has provided documentary evidence that he holds medical degrees of the University of Chungking and in those documents he is described as a Lama of the Potala Monastery of Lhasa. The many personal conversations we have had with him have proved him to be a Man of unusual powers and attainments. Regarding many aspects of his personal life he has shown a reticence that was sometimes baffling; but everyone has a right to privacy and Lobsang Rampa maintains that some concealment is imposed on him for the safety of his family in Communist occupied Tibet. Indeed, certain details, such as his father's real position in the Tibetan hierarchy, have been intentionally disguised for this purpose. For these reasons the Author must bear and willingly bears a sole responsibility for the statements made in his book. We may feel that here and there he exceeds the bounds of Western credulity, though Western views on the subject here dealt with can hardly be decisive. None the less the Publishers believe that the Third Eye is in its essence an authentic account of the upbringing and training of a Tibetan boy in his family and in a lamasery. It is in this spirit that we are publishing the book. Anyone who differs from us will, we believe, at least agree that the author is endowed to an exceptional degree with narrative skill and the power to evoke scenes and characters of absorbing and unique interest.

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

I am a Tibetan. One of the few who have reached this strange Western world. The construction and grammar of this book leave much to be desired, but I have never had a formal lesson in the English language. My “School of English” was a Japanese prison camp, where I learned the language as best I could from English and American women prisoner patients. Writing in English was learned by “trial and error”. Now my beloved country is invaded-as predicted-by Communist hordes. For this reason only I have disguised my true name and that of my friends. Having done so much against Communism, I know that my friends in Communist countries will suffer if my identity can be traced. As I have been in Communist, as well as Japanese hands, I know from personal experience what torture can do, but it is not about torture that this book is written, but about a peace-loving country which has been so misunderstood and greatly misrepresented for so long.

Some of my statements, so I am told, may not be believed. That is your privilege, but Tibet is a country unknown to the rest of the world. The man who wrote, of another country, that “the people rode on turtles in the sea” was laughed to scorn. So were those who had seen “living-fossil” fish. Yet the latter have recently been discovered and a specimen taken in a refrigerated airplane to the U.S.A. for study. These men were disbelieved. They were eventually proved to be truthful and accurate. So will I be.

T. LOBSANG RAMPA

*Written in the Year of the Wood Sheep.*



## CHAPTER ONE

### EARLY DAYS AT HOME

“Oe. Oe. Four years old and can't stay on a horse! You'll never make a man! What will your noble father say?” With this, Old Tzu gave the pony-and luckless rider—a hearty thwack across the hindquarters, and spat in the dust.

The golden roofs and domes of the Potala gleamed in the brilliant sunshine. Closer, the blue waters of the Serpent Temple lake rippled to mark the passing of the water-fowl. From farther along the stony track came the shouts and cries of men urging on the slow-moving yaks just setting out from Lhasa. From near by Came the chest-shaking “bmmn, bmmn, bmmn” of the deep bass trumpets as monk musicians practiced in the fields away from the crowds.

But I had no time for such everyday, commonplace things. Mine was the serious task of staying on my very reluctant pony. Nakkim had other things in mind. He wanted to be free of his rider, free to graze, and roll and kick his feet in the air.

Old Tzu was a grim and forbidding taskmaster. All his life he had been stern and hard, and now as guardian and riding instructor to a small boy of four, his patience often gave way under the strain. one of the men of Kham, he, with others, had been picked for his size and strength. Nearly seven feet tall he was, and broad with it. Heavily padded shoulders increased his apparent breadth. In eastern Tibet there is a district where the men are unusually tall and strong. Many were over seven feet tall, and these men were picked to act as police monks in all the lamaseries. They padded

their shoulders to increase their apparent size, blackened their faces to look more fierce, and carried long staves which they were prompt to use on any luckless malefactor.

Tzu had been a police monk, but now he was dry-nurse to a princeling ! He was too badly crippled to do much walking, and so all his journeys were made on horseback. In 1904 the British, under Colonel Younghusband, invaded Tibet and caused much damage. Apparently they thought the easiest method of ensuring our friendship was to shell our buildings and kill our people. Tzu had been one of the defenders, and in the action he had part of his left hip blown away.

My father was one of the leading men in the Tibetan Government. His family, and that of mother, came within the upper ten families, and so between them my parents had considerable influence in the affairs of the country. Later I will give more details of our form of government.

Father was a large man, bulky, and nearly six feet tall. His strength was something to boast about. In his youth he could lift a pony off the ground, and he was one of the few who could wrestle with the men of Kham and come off best.

Most Tibetans have black hair and dark brown eyes. Father was one of the exceptions, his hair was chestnut brown, and his eyes were grey. Often he would give way to sudden bursts of anger for no reason that we could see.

We did not see a great deal of father. Tibet had been having troublesome times. The British had invaded us in 1904, and the Dalai Lama had fled to Mongolia, leaving my father and others of the Cabinet to rule in his absence. In 1909 the Dalai Lama returned to Lhasa after having been to Peking. In 1910 the Chinese, encouraged by the success of the British invasion, stormed Lhasa. The Dalai Lama again retreated, this time to India. The Chinese were driven from Lhasa in 1911 during the time of the Chinese Revolution, but not before they had committed fearful crimes against our people.

In 1912 the Dalai Lama again returned to Lhasa. During the whole time he was absent, in those most difficult days, father and the others of the Cabinet, had the full responsibility of ruling Tibet. Mother used to say that father's temper was never the same after. Certainly he had no time for us children, and we at no time had fatherly affection from him. I, in particular, seemed to arouse his ire, and I was left to the scant mercies of Tzu "to make or break", as father said.

My poor performance on a pony was taken as a personal insult by Tzu. In Tibet small boys of the upper class are taught to ride

almost before they can walk. Skill on a horse is essential in a country where there is no wheeled traffic, where all journeys have to be done on foot or on horseback. Tibetan nobles practice horsemanship hour after hour, day after day. They can stand on the narrow wooden saddle of a galloping horse, and shoot first with a rifle at a moving target, then change to bow and arrow. Sometimes skilled riders will gallop across the plains in formation, and change horses by jumping from saddle to saddle. I, at four years of age, found it difficult to stay in one saddle!

My pony, Nakkim, was shaggy, and had a long tail. His narrow head was intelligent. He knew an astonishing number of ways in which to unseat an unsure rider. A favourite trick of his was to have a short run forward, then stop dead and lower his head. As I slid helplessly forward over his neck and on to his head he would raise it with a jerk so that I turned a complete somersault before hitting the ground. Then he would stand and look at me with smug complacency.

Tibetans never ride at a trot; the ponies are small and riders look ridiculous on a trotting pony. Most times a gentle amble is fast enough, with the gallop kept for exercise.

Tibet was a theocratic country. We had no desire for the “progress” of the outside world. We wanted only to be able to meditate and to overcome the limitations of the flesh. Our Wise Men had long realized that the West had coveted the riches of Tibet, and knew that when the foreigners came in, peace went out. Now the arrival of the Communists in Tibet has proved that to be correct.

My home was in Lhasa, in the fashionable district of Lingkhör, at the side of the ring road which goes all round Lhasa, and in the Shadow of the Peak. There are three circles of roads, and the outer road, Lingkhör, is much used by pilgrims. Like all houses in Lhasa, at the time I was born ours was two stories high at the side facing the road. No one must look down on the Dalai Lama, so the limit is two stories. As the height ban really applies only to one procession a year, many houses have an easily dismantled wooden structure on their flat roofs for eleven months or so.

Our house was of stone and had been built for many years. It was in the form of a hollow square, with a large internal courtyard. Our animals used to live on the ground floor, and we lived upstairs. We were fortunate in having a flight of stone steps leading from the ground; most Tibetan houses have a ladder or, in the peasants' cottages, a notched pole which one uses at dire risk to one's shins. These notched poles became very slippery indeed with use, hands covered with yak butter transferred it to the pole and the peasant who forgot, made a rapid descent to the floor below.

In 1910, during the Chinese invasion, our house had been partly wrecked and the inner wall of the building was demolished. Father had it rebuilt four stories high. It did not overlook the Ring, and we could not look over the head of the Dalai Lama when in procession, so there were no complaints.

The gate which gave entrance to our central courtyard was heavy and black with age. The Chinese invaders has not been able to force its solid wooden beams, so they had broken down a wall instead. Just above this entrance was the office of the steward. He could see all who entered or left. He engaged—and dismissed—staff and saw that the household was run efficiently. Here, at his window, as the sunset trumpets blared from the monasteries, came the beggars of Lhasa to receive a meal to sustain them through the darkness of the night. All the leading nobles made provision for the poor of their district. Often chained convicts would come, for there are few prisons in Tibet, and the convicted wandered the streets and begged for their food.

In Tibet convicts are not scorned or looked upon as pariahs. We realized that most of us would be convicts—if we were found out—so those who were unfortunate were treated reasonably.

Two monks lived in rooms to the right of the steward; these were the household priests who prayed daily for divine approval of our activities. The lesser nobles had one priest, but our position demanded two. Before any event of note, these priests were consulted and asked to offer prayers for the favour of the gods. Every three years the priests returned to the lamaseries and were replaced by others.

In each wing of our house there was a chapel. Always the butter-lamps were kept burning before the carved wooden altar. The seven bowls of holy water were cleaned and replenished several times a day. They had to be clean, as the gods might want to come and drink from them. The priests were well fed, eating the same food as the family, so that they could pray better and tell the gods that our food was good.

To the left of the steward lived the legal expert, whose job it was to see that the household was conducted in a proper and legal manner. Tibetans are very law-abiding, and father had to be an outstanding example in observing the law.

We children, brother Paljor, sister Yasodhara, and I, lived in the new block, at the side of the square remote from the road. To our left we had a chapel, to the right was the schoolroom which the children of the servants also attended. Our lessons were long and varied. Paljor did not inhabit the body long. He was weakly and unfit for the hard life to which we both were subjected. Before

he seven he left us and returned to the Land of Many Temples. Yaso was six when he passed over, and I was four. I still remember when they came for him as he lay, an empty husk, and how the Men of the Death carried him away to be broken up and fed to the scavenger birds according to custom.

Now Heir to the Family, my training was intensified. I was four years of age and a very indifferent horseman. Father was indeed a strict man and as a Prince of the Church he saw to it that his son had stern discipline, and was an example of how others should be brought up.



In my country, the higher the rank of a boy, the more severe his training. Some of the nobles were beginning to think that boys should have an easier time, but not father. His attitude was : a poor had no hope of comfort later, so give him kindness and consideration while he was young. The higher-class boy had all riches and comforts to expect in later years, so be quite brutal with him during boyhood and youth, so that he should experience hardship and show consideration for others. This also was the official attitude of the country. Under this system weaklings did not survive, but those who did could survive almost anything.

Tzu occupied a room on the ground floor and very near the main gate. For years he had, as a police monk, been able to see all manner of people and now he could not bear to be in seclusion, away from it all. He lived near the stables in which father kept his twenty horses and all the ponies and work animals.

The grooms hated the sight of Tzu, because he was officious and interfered with their work. When father went riding he had to have six armed men escort him. These men wore uniform, and Tzu always bustled about them, making sure that everything about their equipment was in order.

For some reason these six men used to back their horses against a wall, then, as soon as my father appeared on his horse, they would charge forward to meet him. I found that if I leaned out of a storeroom window, I could touch one of the riders as he sat on his horse. One day, being idle, I cautiously passed a rope through his stout leather belt as he was fiddling with his equipment. The two ends I looped and passed over a hook inside the window. In the bustle and talk I was not noticed. My father appeared, and the riders surged forward. Five of them. The sixth was pulled backwards off his horse, yelling that demons were gripping him. His belt broke, and in the confusion I was able to pull away the rope and steal away undetected. It gave me much pleasure, later, to say "So you too, Ne-tuk, can't stay on a horse!"

Our days were quite hard, we were awake for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Tibetans believe that it is not wise to sleep at all when it is light, or the demons of the day may come and seize one. Even very small babies are kept awake so that they shall not become demon-infested. Those who are ill also have to be kept awake, and a monk is called in for this. No one is spared from it, even people who are dying have to be kept conscious for as long as possible, so that they shall know the right road to take through the border lands to the next world.

At school we had to study languages, Tibetan and Chinese. Tibetan is two distinct languages, the ordinary and the honorific. We used the ordinary when speaking to servants and those of lesser rank, and the honorific to those of equal or superior rank: The horse of a higher-rank person had to be addressed in honorific style! Our autocratic cat, stalking across the courtyard on some mysterious business, would be addressed by a servant: "Would honorable Puss Puss deign to come and drink this unworthy milk?" No matter how "honourable Puss Puss" was addressed, she would never come until she was ready.

Our schoolroom was quite large, at one time it had been used as a refectory for visiting monks, but since the new buildings were finished, that particular room had been made into a school for the estate. Altogether there were about sixty children attending. We sat cross-legged on the floor, at a table, or long bench, which was about eighteen inches high. We sat with our backs to the teacher, so that we did not know when he was looking at us. It made us

work hard all the time. Paper in Tibet is hand made and expensive, far too expensive to waste on children. We used slates, large thin slabs about twelve inches by fourteen inches. Our “pencils” were a form of hard chalk which could be picked up in the Tsu La Hills, some twelve thousand feet higher than Lhasa, which was already twelve thousand feet above sea-level. I used to try to get the chalks with a reddish tint, but sister Yaso was very very fond of a soft purple. We could obtain quite a number of colours : reds, yellows, blues, and greens. Some of the colours, I believe, were due to the presence of metallic ores in the soft chalk base. Whatever the cause we were glad to have them.

Arithmetic really bothered me. If seven hundred and eighty-three monks each drank fifty-two cups of tsem pa per day, and each cup held five-eighths of a pint, what size container would be needed for a week's supply? Sister Yaso could do these things and think nothing of it. I, well, I was not so bright.

I came into my own when we did carving. That was a subject which I liked and could do reasonably well. All printing in Tibet is done from carved wooden plates, and so carving was considered to be quite an asset. We children could not have wood to waste. The wood was expensive as it had to be brought all the way from India. Tibetan wood was too tough and had the wrong kind of grain. We used a soft kind of soapstone material, which could be cut easily with a sharp knife. Sometimes we used stale yak cheese!

One thing that was never forgotten was a recitation of the Laws. These we had to say as soon as we entered the schoolroom, and again just before we were allowed to leave. These Laws were :

Return good for good.

Do not fight with gentle people.

Read the Scriptures and understand them.

Help your neighbours.

The Law is hard on the rich to teach them understanding and equity.

The Law is gentle with the poor to show them compassion.

Pay your debts promptly.

So that there was no possibility of forgetting, these Laws were carved on banners and fixed to the four walls of our schoolroom.

Life was not all study and gloom though; we played as hard as we studied. All our games were designed to toughen us and enable us to survive in hard Tibet with its extremes of temperature. At noon, in summer, the temperature may be as high as eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit, but that same summer's night it may drop to forty degrees below freezing. In winter it was often very much colder than this.

Archery was good fun and it did develop muscles. We used bows made of yew, imported from India, and sometimes we made crossbows from Tibetan wood. As Buddhists we never shot at living targets. Hidden servants would pull a long string and cause a target to bob up and down—we never knew which to expect. Most of the others could hit the target when standing on the saddle of a galloping pony. I could never stay on that long! Long jumps were a different matter. Then there was no horse to bother about. We ran as fast as we could, carrying a fifteen-foot pole, then when our speed was sufficient, jumped with the aid of the pole. I used to say that the others stuck on a horse so long that they had no strength in their legs, but I, who had to use my legs, really could vault. It was quite a good system for crossing streams, and very satisfying to see those who were trying to follow me plunge in one after the other.

Stilt walking was another of my pastimes. We used to dress up and become giants, and often we would have fights on stilts—the one who fell off was the loser. Our stilts were home-made, we could not just slip round to the nearest shop and buy such things. We used all our powers of persuasion on the keeper of the Stores—usually the Steward—so that we could obtain suitable pieces of wood. The grain had to be just right, and there had to be freedom from knots. Then we had to obtain suitable wedge-shaped pieces of footrests. As wood was too scarce to waste, we had to wait our opportunity and ask at the most appropriate moment.

The girls and young women played a form of shuttlecock. A small piece of wood had holes made in one upper edge, and feathers were wedged in. The shuttlecock was kept in the air by using the feet. The girl would lift her skirt to a suitable height to permit a free kicking and from then on would use her feet only, to touch with the hand meant that she was disqualified. An active girl would keep the thing in the air for as long as ten minutes at a time before missing a kick.

The real interest in Tibet, or at least in the district of U, which is the home country of Lhasa, was kite flying. This could be called a national sport. We could only indulge in it at certain times, at certain seasons. Years before it had been discovered that if kites were flown in the mountains, rain fell in torrents, and in those days it was thought that the Rain Gods were angry, so kite flying was permitted only in the autumn, which in Tibet is the dry season. At certain times of the year, men will not shout in the mountains, as the reverberation of their voices causes the super-saturated rain-clouds from India to shed their load too quickly and cause rainfall in the wrong place. Now, on the first day of autumn, a long kite

would be sent up from the roof of the Potala. within minutes, kites of all shapes, sizes, and hues made their appearance over Lhase, bobbing and twisting in the strong breeze.

I love kite flying and I saw to it that my kite was one of the first to soar upwards. We all made our own kites usually with a bamboo framework, and almost always covered with fine silk. We had no difficulty in obtaining this good quality material, it was a point of honour for the household that the kite should be of the finest class. Of box form, we frequently fitted them with a ferocious dragon head and with wings and tail.

We had battles in which we tried to bring down the kites of our rivals. We stuck shards of broken glass to the kite string, and covered part of the cord with glue powdered with broken glass in the hope of being able to cut the strings of others and so capture the falling kite.

Sometimes we used to steal out at night and send our kite aloft with little butter-lamps inside the head and body. Perhaps the eyes would glow red, and the body would show different colours against the dark night sky. We particularly liked it when the huge Yak caravans were expected from the Lho-dzong district. In our childish innocence we thought that the ignorant natives from far distant places would not know about such “modern” inventions as our kites, so we used to set out to frighten some wits into them.

One device of ours was to put three different shells into the kite in a certain way, so that when the wind blew into them, they would produce a weird wailing sound. We likened it to fire-breathing dragons shrieking in the night, and we hoped that its effect on the traders would be salutary. We had many a delicious tingle along our spines as we thought of these men lying frightened in their bed-rolls as our kites bobbed above.

Although I did not know it at this time, my play with kites was to stand me in very good stead in later life when I actually flew in them. Now it was but a game, although an exciting one. We had one game which could have been quite dangerous: we made large kites—big things about seven or eight feet square and with wings projecting from two sides. We used to lay these on level ground near a ravine where there was a particularly strong updraught of air. We would mount our ponies with one end of the cord looped round our waist, and then we would gallop off as fast as our ponies would move. Up into the air jumped the kite and soaring higher and higher until it met this particular updraught. There would be a jerk and the rider would be lifted straight off his pony, perhaps ten feet in the air and sink swaying slowly to earth. Some poor wretches were almost torn in two if they forgot to take their

feet from the stirrups, but I, never very good on a horse, could always fall off, and to be lifted was a pleasure. I found, being foolishly adventurous, that if I yanked at a cord at the moment of rising I would go higher, and further judicious yanks would enable me to prolong my flights by seconds.

On one occasion I yanked most enthusiastically, the wind cooperated, and I was carried on to the flat roof of a peasant's house upon which was stored the winter fuel.

Tibetan peasants live in houses with flat roofs with a small parapet, which retains the yak dung, which is dried and used as fuel. This particular house was of dried mud brick instead of the more usual stone, nor was there a chimney: an aperture in the roof served to discharge smoke from the fire below. My sudden arrival at the end of a rope disturbed the fuel and as I was dragged across the roof, I scooped most of it through the hole on to the unfortunate inhabitants below.

I was not popular. My appearance, also through that hole, was greeted with yelps of rage and, after having one dusting from the furious householder, I was dragged off to father for another dose of corrective medicine. That night I lay on my face!

The next day I had the unsavoury job of going through the stables and collecting yak dung, which I had to take to the peasant's house and replace on the roof, which was quite hard work, as I was not yet six years of age. But everyone was satisfied except me; the other boys had a good laugh, the peasant now had twice as much fuel, and father had demonstrated that he was a strict and just man. And I? I spent the next night on my face as well, and I was not sore with horseriding!

It may be thought that all this was very hard treatment, but Tibet has no place for weaklings. Lhasa is twelve thousand feet above sea-level, and with extremes of temperature. Other districts are higher, and the conditions even more arduous, and weaklings could very easily imperil others. For this reason, and not because of cruel intent, training was strict.

At the higher altitudes people dip new-born babies in icy streams to test if they are strong enough to be allowed to live. Quite often I have seen little processions approaching such stream, perhaps seventeen thousand feet above the sea. At banks the procession will stop, and the grandmother will take baby. Around her will be grouped the family: father, mother, and close relatives. The baby will be undressed, and grandmother will stoop and immerse the little body in the water, so that only the head and mouth are exposed to the air. In the bitter cold the baby turns red, then blue, and its cries of protest stop. It looks dead

but grandmother has much experience of such things, and the little one is lifted from the water, dried, and dressed. If the baby survives, then it is as the gods decree. If it dies, then it has been spared much suffering on earth. This really is the kindest way in such a frigid country. Far better that a few babies die than that they should be incurable invalids in a country where there is scant medical attention.

With the death of my brother it became necessary to have my studies intensified, because when I was seven years of age I should have to enter upon training for whatever career the astrologers suggested. In Tibet everything is decided by astrology, from the buying of a yak to the decision about one's career. Now the time was approaching, just before my seventh birthday, when mother would give a really big party to which nobles and others of high rank would be invited to hear the forecast of the astrologers.

Mother was decidedly plump, she had a round face and black hair. Tibetan women wear a sort of wooden framework on their head and over this the hair is draped to make it as ornamental as possible. These frames were very elaborate affairs, they were frequently of crimson lacquer, studded with semi-precious stones and inlaid with jade and coral. With well-oiled hair the effect was very brilliant.

Tibetan women use very gay clothes, with many reds and greens and yellows. In most instances there would be an apron of one colour with a vivid horizontal stripe of a contrasting but harmonious colour. Then there was the earring at the left ear, its size depending on the rank of the wearer. Mother, being a member of one of the leading families, had an earring more than six inches long.

We believe that women should have absolutely equal rights with men, but in the running of the house mother went further than that and was the undisputed dictator, an autocrat who knew what she wanted and always got it.

In the stir and flurry of preparing the house and the grounds for the party she was indeed in her element. There was organizing to be done, commands to be given, and new schemes to outshine the the neighbors to be thought out. She excelled at this having travelled extensively with father to India, Peking, and Shanghai, she had a wealth of foreign thought at her disposal.

The date having been decided for the party, invitations were carefully written out by monk-scribes on the thick, hand-made which was always used for communications of the highest importance. Each invitation was about twelve inches wide by about two feet long: each invitation bore father's family seal, and,

as mother also was of the upper ten, her seal had to go on as well. Father and mother had a joint seal, this bringing the total to three. Altogether the invitations were most imposing documents. It frightened me immensely to think that all this fuss was solely about me. I did not know that I was really of secondary importance, and that the Social Event came first. If I had been told that the magnificence of the party would confer great prestige upon my parents, it would have conveyed absolutely nothing to me, so I went on being frightened.

We had engaged special messengers to deliver these invitations; each man was mounted on a thoroughbred horse. Each carried a cleft stick, in which was lodged an invitation. The stick was surmounted by a replica of the family coat of arms. The sticks were



gaily decorated with printed prayers which waved in the wind. There was pandemonium in the courtyard as all the messengers got ready to leave at the same time. The attendants were hoarse with shouting, horses were neighing, and the huge black mastiffs were barking madly. There was a last-minute gulping of Tibetan beer before the mugs were put down with a clatter as the ponderous main gates rumbled open, and the troop of men with wild yells galloped out.

In Tibet messengers deliver a written message, but also give an oral version which may be quite different. In days of long ago bandits would waylay messengers and act upon the written message, perhaps attacking an ill-defended house or procession. It became the habit to write a misleading message which often lured bandits to where they could be captured. This old custom of written and oral messages was a survival of the past. Even now, sometimes the two messages would differ, but the oral version was always accepted as correct.

Inside the house everything was bustle and turmoil. The walls were cleaned and recoloured, the floors were scraped and the wooden boards polished until they were really dangerous to walk upon. The carved wooden altars in the main rooms were polished and relacquered and many new butter lamps were put in use. Some of these lamps were gold and some were silver, but they were all polished so much that it was difficult to see which was which. All the time mother and the head steward were hurrying around, criticizing here, ordering there, and generally giving the servants a miserable time. We had more than fifty servants at the time and others were engaged for the forthcoming occasion. They were all kept busy, but they all worked with a will. Even the courtyard was scraped until the stones shone as if newly quarried. The spaces between them were filled with coloured material to add to the gap appearance. When all this was done, the unfortunate servants were called before mother and commanded to wear only the cleanest of clean clothes.

In the kitchens there was tremendous activity; food was being prepared in enormous quantities. Tibet is a natural refrigerator, food can be prepared and kept for an almost indefinite time. The climate is very, very cold, and dry with it. But even when the temperature rises, the dryness keeps stored food good. Meat will keep for about a year, while grain keeps for hundreds of years.

Buddhists do not kill, so the only meat available is from animals which have fallen over cliffs, or been killed by accident. Our larders were well stocked with such meat. There are butchers in Tibet, but they are of an "untouchable" caste, and the more orthodox families do not deal with them at all.

Mother had decided to give the guests a rare and expensive treat. She was going to give them preserved rhododendron blooms. Weeks before, servants had ridden out from the courtyard to go to the foothills of the Himalaya where the choicest blooms were to be found. In our country, rhododendron trees grow to a huge size, and with an astonishing variety of colours and scents. Those blooms which have not quite reached maturity are picked and most carefully washed. Carefully, because if there is any bruising, the preserve will be ruined. Then each flower is immersed in a mixture of water and honey in a large glass jar, with special care to avoid trapping any air. The jar is sealed, and every day for weeks after the jars are placed in the sunlight and turned at regular intervals, so that all parts of the flower are adequately exposed to the light. The flower grows slowly, and becomes filled with nectar manufactured from the honey-water. Some people like to expose the flower to the air for a few days before eating, so that it dries and

becomes a little crisp, but without losing flavour or appearance. These people also sprinkle a little sugar on the petals to imitate snow. Father grumbled about the expense of these preserves: "We could have bought ten yak with calves for what you have spent on these pretty flowers," he said. Mother's reply was typical of women: "Don't be a fool! We must make a show, and anyhow, this is *my* side of the house."

Another delicacy was shark's fin. This was brought from China sliced up, and made into soup. Someone had said that "shark's fin soup is the world's greatest gastronomic treat". To me the stuff tasted terrible; it was an ordeal to swallow it, especially as by the time it reached Tibet, the original shark owner would not have recognized it. To state it mildly, it was slightly "off". That, to some, seemed to enhance the flavour.

My favorite was succulent young bamboo shoots, also brought from China. These could be cooked in various ways, but I preferred them raw with just a dab of salt. My choice was just the newly opening yellow-green ends. I am afraid that many shoots, before cooking, lost their ends in a manner at which the cook could only guess and not prove! Rather a pity, because the cook also preferred them that way.

Cooks in Tibet are men; women are no good at stirring tsampa; or making exact mixtures. Women take a handful of this, slap in a lump of that, and season with hope that it will be right. Men are more thorough, more painstaking, and so better cooks. Women are all right for dusting, talking, and, of course, for a few other things. Not for making tsampa, though.

Tsampa is the main food of Tibetans. Some people live on tsampa and tea from their first meal in life to their last. It is made from barley which is roasted to a nice crisp golden brown. Then the barley kernels are cracked so that the flour is exposed, then it is roasted again. This flour is then put in a bowl, and hot buttered tea is added. The mixture is stirred until it attains the consistency of dough. Salt, borax, and yak butter are added to taste. The result—tsampa—can be rolled into slabs, made into buns, or even molded into decorative shapes. Tsampa is monotonous stuff alone, but it really is a very compact, concentrated food which will sustain life at all altitudes and under all conditions.

While some servants were making tsampa, others were making butter. Our butter-making methods could not be commended on hygienic grounds. Our churns were large goat-skin bags, with the hair inside. They were filled with yak or goat milk and the neck was then twisted, turned over, and tied to make it leakproof. The whole thing was then bumped up and down until butter was

formed. We had a special butter-making floor which had stone protuberances about eighteen inches high. The bags full of milk were lifted and dropped on to these protuberances, which had the effect of “churning” the milk. It was monotonous to see and hear perhaps ten servants lifting and dropping these bags hour after hour. There was the indrawn “uh uh” as the bag was lifted, and the squashy “zunk” as it was dropped. Sometimes a carelessly handled or old bag would burst. I remember one really hefty fellow who was showing off his strength. He was working twice as fast as anyone else, and the veins were standing out on his neck with the exertion. Someone said: “You are getting old, Timon, you are slowing up.” Timon grunted with rage and grasped the neck of the bag in his mighty hands; lifted it, and dropped the bag down. But his strength had done its work. The bag dropped, but Timon still had his hands—and the neck—in the air. Square on the stone protuberance dropped the bag. Up shot a column of half-formed butter. Straight into the face of a stupefied Timon it went. Into his mouth, eyes, ears, and hair. Running down his body, covering him with twelve to fifteen gallons of golden slush.

Mother, attracted by the noise, rushed in. It was the only time I have known her to be speechless. It may have been rage at the loss of the butter, or because she thought the poor fellow was choking; but she ripped off the torn goat-skin and thwacked poor Timon over the head with it. He lost his footing on the slippery floor, and dropped into the spreading butter mess.

Clumsy workers, such as Timon, could ruin the butter. If they were careless when plunging the bags on to the protruding stones, they would cause the hair inside the bags to tear loose and become mixed with the butter. No one minded picking a dozen or two hairs out of the butter, but whole wads of it was frowned upon. Such butter was set aside for use in the lamps or for distribution to beggars, who would heat it and strain it through a piece of cloth. Also set aside for beggars were the “mistakes” in culinary preparations. If a household wanted to let the neighbors know what a high standard was set, really good food was prepared and set before the beggars as “mistakes”. These happy, well-fed gentlemen would then wander round to the other houses saying how well they had eaten. The neighbors would respond by seeing that the beggars had a very good meal. There is much to be said for the life of a beggar in Tibet. They never want; by using the “tricks of their trade” they can live exceedingly well. There is no disgrace in begging in most of the Eastern countries. Many monks beg their way from lamasery to lamasery. It is a recognized practice and is not considered any worse than is, say, collecting for charities in

other countries. Those who feed a monk on his way are considered to have done a good deed. Beggars, too; have their code. If a man gives to a beggar, that beggar will stay out of the way and will not approach the donor again for a certain time.

The two priests attached to our household also had their part in the preparations for the coming event. They went to each animal carcass in our larders and said prayers for the souls of the animals who had inhabited those bodies. It was our belief that if an animal was killed—even by accident—and eaten, humans would be under a debt to that animal. Such debts were paid by having a priest pray over the animal body in the hope of ensuring that the animal reincarnated into a higher status in the next life upon earth. In the lamaseries and temples some monks devoted their whole time praying for animals. Our priests had the task of praying over the horses, before a long journey, prayers to avoid the horses becoming too tired. In this connection, our horses were never worked for two days together. If a horse was ridden on one day, then it had to be rested the next day. The same rule applied to the work animals. And they all knew it. If, by any chance a horse was picked for riding, and it had been ridden the day before, it would just stand still and refuse to move. When the saddle was removed, it would turn away with a shake of the head as if to say: “Well, I’m glad that injustice has been removed!” Donkeys were worse. They would wait until they were loaded, and then they would lie down and try to roll on the load.

We had three cats, and they were on duty all the time. One lived in the stables and exercised a stern discipline over the mice. They had to be very wary mice to remain mice and not cat-food. Another cat lived in the kitchen. He was elderly, and a bit of a simpleton. His mother had been frightened by the guns of the Younghusband Expedition in 1904, and he had been born too soon and was the only one of the litter to live. Appropriately, he was called “Younghusband”. The third cat was a very respectable, matron who lived with us. She was a model of maternal duty, and did her utmost to see that the cat population was not allowed to fall. When not engaged as nurse to her kittens, she used to follow mother about from room to room. She was small and black, and in spite of having a hearty appetite, she looked like a walking skeleton. Tibetan animals are not pets, nor are they slaves, they are beings with a useful purpose to serve, being with rights just as human beings have rights. According to Buddhist belief, all animals, all creatures in fact, have souls, and are reborn to earth in successively higher stages.

Quickly the replies to our invitations came in. Men came

galloping up to our gales brandishing the cleft messenger-sticks. Down from his room would come the steward to do honour to the messenger of the nobles. The man would snatch his message from the stick, and gasp out the verbal version. Then he would sag at the knees and sink to the ground with exquisite histrionic art to indicate that he had given all his strength to deliver his message to the House of Rampa. Our servants would play their part by crowding round with many clucks: "Poor fellow, he made a wonderfully quick journey. Burst his heart with the speed, no doubt. Poor, noble fellow!" I once disgraced myself completely by piping up: "Oh no he hasn't. I saw him resting a little way out so that he could make a final dash." It will be discreet to draw a veil of silence over the painful scene which followed.

At last the day arrived. The day I dreaded, when my career was to be decided for me, with no choice on my part. The first rays of the sun were peeping over the distant mountains when a servant dashed into my room. "What? Not up yet, Tuesday Lobsang Rampa? My, you *are* a lie-a-bed! It's four o'clock, and there is much to be done. Get *up!*" I pushed aside my blanket and got to my feet. For me this day was to point the path of my life.

In Tibet, two names are given, the first being the day of the week on which one was born. I was born on a Tuesday, so Tuesday was my first name. Then Lobsang, that was the name given to me by my parents. But if a boy should enter a lamasery he would be given another name, his "monk name". Was I to be given another name? Only the passing hours would tell. I, at seven, wanted to be a boatman swaying and tossing on the River Tsang-po, forty miles away. But wait a minute; *did I?* Boatmen are of low caste because they use boats of yak hide stretched over wooden formers. Boatman! Low caste? No! I wanted to be a professional flyer of kites. That was better, to be as free as the air, much better than being in a degrading little skin boat drifting on a turgid stream. A kite flyer, that is what I would be, and make wonderful kites with huge heads and glaring eyes. But today the priest-astrologers would have their say. Perhaps I'd left it a bit late, I could not get out of the window and escape now. Father would soon send men to bring me back. No, after all, I was a Rampa, and had to follow the steps of tradition. Maybe the astrologers would say that I should be a kite flyer. I could only wait and see.



## CHAPTER TWO

### END OF MY CHILDHOOD

“Ow ! Yulgye, you are pulling my head off! I shall be as bald as a monk if you don't stop.”

“Hold your peace, Tuesday Lobsang. Your pigtail must be straight and well buttered or your Honourable Mother will be after my skin.”

“But Yulgye, you don't have to be so rough, you are twisting my head off.”

“Oh I can't bother about that, I'm in a hurry.

So there I was, sitting on the floor, with a tough man-servant winding me up by the pigtail ! Eventually the wretched thing was as stiff as a frozen yak, and shining like moonlight on a lake.

Mother was in a whirl, moving round so fast that I felt almost as if I had several mothers. There were last-minute orders, final preparations, and much excited talk. Yaso, two years older than I was bustling about like a woman of forty. Father had shut himself in his private room and was well out of the uproar. I wished I could have joined him !

For some reason mother had arranged for us to go to the Jokang, the Cathedral of Lhasa. Apparently we had to give a religious atmosphere to the later proceedings. At about ten in the morning (Tibetan times are very elastic), a triple-toned gong was sounded to call us to our assembly point. We all mounted ponies: father mother, Yaso, and about five others, including a very reluctant me. We turned across the Lingkor road, and left at the foot of the Potala. This is a mountain of buildings, four hundred feet high and twelve hundred feet long. Past the village of Sho we went, along the plain of the Kyi Chu, until half an hour later we stood in front

of the Jo kang. Around it clustered small houses, shops and stalls to lure the pilgrims. Thirteen hundred years the Cathedral had stood here to welcome the devout. Inside, the stone floors were grooved inches deep by the passage of so many worshippers. Pilgrims moved reverently around the Inner Circuit, each turning the hundreds of prayer-wheels as they passed, and repeating incessantly the mantra: Om ! Mani padme Hum!

Huge wooden beams, black with age, supported the roof, and the heavy odour of constantly burning incense drifted around like light summer clouds at the crest of a mountain. Around the walls were golden statues of the deities of our faith. Stout metal screens, with a coarse mesh so as not to obstruct the view, protected the statues from those whose cupidity overcame their reverence. Most of the more familiar statues were partly buried by the precious stones and gems which had been heaped around them by the pious who had sought favours. Candlesticks of solid gold held candles which burned continually, and whose light had not been extinguished during the past thirteen hundred years. From dark recesses came the sounds of bells, gongs, and the lowing bray of the conches. We made our circuit as tradition demanded.

Our devotions completed, we went on to the flat roof. Only the favoured few could visit here; father, as one of the Custodians, always came.

Our form of governments (yes, plural), may be of interest. At the head of the State and Church, the final Court of Appeal, there was the Dalai Lama. Anyone in the country could petition him. If the petition or request was fair, or if an injustice had been done, the Dalai Lama saw that the request was granted, or the injustice rectified. It is not unreasonable to say that everyone in the country, probably without exception, either loved or revered him. He was an autocrat; he used power and domination, but never did he use these for his own gain, only for the good of the country. He knew of the coming Communist invasion, even though it lay many years ahead, and temporary eclipse of freedom, that is why a very small number of us were specially trained so that the arts of the priests should not be forgotten.

After the Dalai Lama there were two Councils, that is why I wrote "governments". The first was the Ecclesiastical Council. The four members of it were monks of Lama status. They were responsible, under the Inmost One, for all the affairs of the lamaseries and nunneries. All ecclesiastical matters came before them.

The Council of Ministers came next. This Council had four members, three lay and one cleric. They dealt with the affairs of

the country as a whole, and were responsible for integrating the Church and State.

Two officials, who may be termed Prime Ministers, for that is what they were, acted as “Liaison Officers” between the two Councils, and put their views before the Dalai Lama. They were of considerable importance during the rare meetings of the National Assembly. This was a body of some fifty men representing all the most important families and lamaseries in Lhasa. They met only during the gravest emergencies, such as in 1904, when the Dalai Lama went to Mongolia when the British invaded Lhasa. In connection with this, many Western people have the strange notion that the Inmost One was cowardly in “running away”. He did not “run away”. Wars on Tibet may be likened to a game of chess. If the king is taken, the game is won. The Dalai Lama was our “king”. Without him there would be nothing to fight for: he *had* to go to safety in order to keep the country together. Those who accuse him of cowardice in any form simply do not know what they are talking about.

The National Assembly could be increased to nearly four hundred members when all the leaders from the provinces came in. There are five provinces: The Capital, as Lhasa was often called, was in the province of U-Tsang. Shigatse is in the same district. Gartok is western Tibet, Chang is northern Tibet, while Kham and Lho-dzong are the eastern and southern provinces respectively. With the passage of the years the Dalai Lama increased his power and did more and more without assistance from the Councils or Assembly. And never was the country better governed.

The view from the temple roof was superb. To the east stretched the Plain of Lhasa, green and lush and dotted with trees. Water sparkled through the trees, the rivers of Lhasa tinkling along to join the Tsang Po forty miles away. To the north and south rose the great mountain ranges enclosing our valley and making us seem secluded from the rest of the world. Lamaseries abounded on the lower levels. Higher, the small hermitages perched precariously on precipitous slopes. Westwards loomed the twin mountains of the Potala and Chakpori, the latter was known as the Temple of Medicine. Between these mountains the Western Gate glinted in the cold morning light. The sky was a deep purple emphasized by the pure white of the snow on the distant mountain ranges. Light, wispy clouds drifted high overhead. Much nearer, in the city itself, we looked down on the Council Hall nestling against the northern wall of the Cathedral. The Treasury was quite near, and surrounding it all were the stalls of the traders and the market in which one could buy almost anything. Close by,

slightly to the east, a nunnery jostled the precincts of the Disposers of the Dead.

In the Cathedral grounds there was the never-ceasing babble of visitors to this, one of the most sacred places of Buddhism. The chatter of pilgrims who had traveled far, and who now brought gifts in the hope of obtaining a holy blessing. Some there were who brought animals saved from the butchers, and purchased with scarce money. There is much virtue in saving life, of animal and of man, and much credit would accrue.

As we stood gazing at the old, but ever-new scenes, we heard the rise and fall of monks' voices in psalmody, the deep bass of the older men and the high treble of the acolytes. There came the rumble and boom of the drums and the golden voices of the trumpets. Skirlings, and muffled throbs, and a sensation as of being caught up in a hypnotic net of emotions.

Monks bustled around dealing with their various affairs. Some with yellow robes and some in purple. The more numerous were in russet red, these were the "ordinary" monks. Those of much gold were from the Potala, as were those in cherry vestments. Acolytes in white, and police monks in dark maroon bustled about. All, or nearly all, had one thing in common: no matter how new their robes, they almost all had patches which were replicas of the patches on Buddha's robes. Foreigners who have seen Tibetan monks, or have seen pictures of them, sometimes remark on the "patched appearance". The patches, then, are part of the dress. The monks of the twelve-hundred-year-old Ne-Sar lamasery do it properly and have their patches of a lighter shade!

Monks wear the red robes of the Order; there are many shades of red caused by the manner in which the woolen cloth is dyed. Maroon to brick red, it is still "red". Certain official monks employed solely at the Potala wear gold sleeveless jackets over their red robes. Gold is a sacred colour in Tibet—gold is untarnishable and so always pure—and it is the official colour of the Dalai Lama. Some monks, or high lamas in personal attendance on the Dalai Lama, are permitted to wear gold robes over their ordinary ones.

As we looked over the roof of the Jo-kang we could see many such gold jacketed figures, and rarely one of the Peak officials. We looked up at the prayer-flags fluttering, and at the brilliant domes of the Cathedral. The sky looked beautiful, purple, with little flecks of wispy clouds, as if an artist had lightly flicked the canvas of heaven with a white-loaded brush. Mother broke the spell: "Well, we are wasting time, I shudder to think what the servants are doing. We must hurry!" So off on our patient ponies,

clattering along the Lingkhör road, each step bringing me nearer to what I termed “The Ordeal”, but which mother regarded as her “Big Day”.

Back at home, mother had a final check of all that had been done and then we had a meal to fortify us for the events to come. We well knew that at times such as these, the guests would be well filled and well satisfied, but the poor hosts would be empty. There would be no time for us to eat later.

With much clattering of instruments, the monk-musicians arrived and were shown into the gardens. They were laden with trumpets, clarinets, gongs, and drums. Their cymbals were hung round their necks. Into the gardens they went, with much chatter, and called for beer to get them into the right mood for good playing. For the next half-hour there were horrible honks, and strident bleats from the trumpets as the monks prepared their instruments.

Uproar broke out in the courtyard as the first of the guests were sighted, riding in an armed cavalcade of men with fluttering pennants. The entrance gates were flung open, and two columns of our servants lined each side to give welcome to the arrivals. The steward was on hand with his two assistants who carried an assortment of the silk scarves which are used in Tibet as a form of salutation. There are eight qualities of scarves, and the correct one must be presented or offense may be implied! The Dalai Lama gives, and receives, only the first grade. We call these scarves “khata”, and the method of presentation is this: the donor if of equal rank, stands well back with the arms fully extended. The recipient also stands well back with arms extended. The donor makes a short bow and places the scarf across the wrists of the recipient, who bows, takes the scarf from the wrists, turns it over in approval, and hands it to a servant. In the case of a donor giving a scarf to a person of much higher rank, he or she kneels with tongue extended (a Tibetan greeting similar to lifting the hat) and places the khata at the feet of the recipient. The recipient in such cases places his scarf across the neck of the donor. In Tibet, gifts must always be accompanied by the appropriate khata, as must letters of congratulation. The Government used yellow scarves in place of the normal white. The Dalai Lama, if he desired to show the very highest honour to a person, would place a khata about a person's neck and would tie a red silk thread with a triple knot into the khata. If at the same time he showed his hands palm up—one was indeed honoured. We Tibetans are of the firm belief that one's whole history is written on the palm of the hand, and

the Dalai Lama, showing his hands thus, would prove the friendliest intentions towards one. In later years I had this honour twice.

Our steward stood at the entrance, with an assistant on each side. He would bow to new arrivals, accept their khata, and pass it on to the assistant on the left. At the same time the assistant on his right would hand him the correct grade of scarf with which to return the salutation. This he would take and place across the wrists, or over the neck (according to rank), of the guest. All these scarves were used and reused.

The steward and his assistants were becoming busy. Guests were arriving in large numbers. From neighboring estates, from Lhasa city, and from outlying districts, they all came clattering along the Lingkor road, to turn into our private drive in the shadow of the Potala. Ladies who had ridden a long distance wore a leather face-mask to protect the skin and complexion from the grit-laden wind. Frequently a crude resemblance of the wearer's features would be painted on the mask. Arrived at her destination, the lady would doff her mask as well as her yak-hide cloak. I was always fascinated by the features painted on the masks, the uglier or older the woman, the more beautiful and younger would be her mask-features!

In the house there was great activity. More and more seat-cushions were brought from the storerooms. We do not use chairs in Tibet, but sit cross-legged on cushions which are about two and a half feet square and about nine inches thick. The same cushions are used for sleeping upon, but then several are put together. To us they are far more comfortable than chairs or high beds.

Arriving guests were given buttered tea and led to a large room which had been converted into a refectory. Here they were able to choose refreshments to sustain them until the real party started. About forty women of the leading families had arrived, together with their women attendants. Some of the ladies were being entertained by mother, while others wandered around the house, inspecting the furnishings, and guessing their value. The place seemed to be overrun with women of all shapes, sizes, and ages. They appeared from the most unusual places, and did not hesitate one moment to ask passing servants what this cost, or what that was worth. They behaved, in short, like women the world over. Sister Yaso was parading around in very new clothes, with her hair done in what she regarded as the latest style, but which to me seemed terrible; but I was always biased when it came to women. Certain it was that on this day they seemed to get in the way.

There was another set of women to complicate matters: the high-class woman in Tibet was expected to have huge stores of

clothing and ample jewels. These she had to display, and as this would have entailed much changing and dressing, special girls—“chung girls”— were employed to act as mannequins. They paraded around in mother’s clothes, sat and drank innumerable cups of butter-tea, and then went and changed into different clothing and jewelry. They mixed with the guests and became, to all intents and purposes, mother's assistant hostesses. Throughout the day these women would change their attire perhaps five or six times.



The men were more interested in the entertainers in the gardens. A troupe of acrobats had been brought in to add a touch of fun. Three of them held up a pole about fifteen feet high, and another acrobat climbed up and stood on his head on the top. Then the others snatched away the pole, leaving him to fall, turn, and land cat-like on his feet. Some small boys were watching, and immediately rushed away to a secluded spot to emulate the performance. They found a pole about eight or ten feet high, held it up, and the People were walking about, admiring the gardens, or sitting in most daring climbed up and tried to stand on his head. Down he groups discussing social affairs. The ladies, in particular, were busy came, with an awful “crump”, straight on top of the others. However, their heads were thick, and apart from egg-sized bruises, no harm was done.

Mother appeared, leading the rest of the ladies to see the

entertainments, and listen to the music. The later was not difficult; the musicians were now well warmed up with copious amounts of Tibetan beer.

For this occasion, mother was particularly well dressed. She was wearing a yak-wool skirt of deep russet-red, reaching almost to the ankles. Her high boots of Tibetan felt were of the purest white, with blood-red soles, and tastefully arranged red piping.

Her bolero-type jacket was of a reddish-yellow, somewhat like father's monk robe. In my later medical days, I should have described it as "iodine on bandage"! Beneath it she wore a blouse of purple silk. These colours all harmonized, and had been chosen to represent the different classes of monks' garments.

Across her right shoulder was a silk brocade sash which was caught at the left side of her waist by a massive gold circlet. From the shoulder to the waist-knot the sash was blood red, but from that point it shaded from pale lemon-yellow to deep saffron when it reached the skirt hem.

Around her neck she had a gold cord which supported the three amulet bags which she always wore. These had been given to her on her marriage to father. One was from her family, one from father's family, and one, an unusual honour, was from the Dalai Lama. She wore much jewelry, because Tibetan women wear jewelry and ornaments in accordance with their station in life. A husband is expected to buy ornaments and jewelry whenever he has a rise in status.

Mother had been busy for days past having her hair arranged in a hundred and eight plaits, each about as thick as a piece of whip-cord. A hundred and eight is a Tibetan sacred number, and ladies with sufficient hair to make this number of plaits were considered to be most fortunate. The hair, parted in the Madonna style, was supported on a wooden framework worn on top of the head like a hat. Of red lacquered wood, it was studded with diamonds, jade, and gold discs. The hair trailed over it like rambler roses on a trellis.

Mother had a string of coral shapes depending from her ear. The weight was so great that she had to use a red thread around the ear to support it, or risk having the lobe torn: The earring reached nearly to her waist; I watched in fascination to see how she could turn her head to the left!

People were walking about, admiring the gardens, or sitting in groups discussing social affairs. The ladies, in particular, were busy with their talk. "Yes, my dear, Lady Doring is having a new floor laid. Finely ground pebbles polished to a high gloss." "Have you heard that that young lama who was staying with Lady

Rakasha..." etc. But everyone was really waiting for the main item of the day. All this was a mere warming-up for the events to come, when the priest-astrologers would forecast my future and direct the path I should take through life. Upon them depended the career I should undertake.

As the day grew old and the lengthening shadows crawled more quickly across the ground, the activities of the guests became slower. They were satiated with refreshments, and in a receptive mood. As the piles of food grew less, tired servants brought more and that, too, went with the passage of time. The hired entertainers grew weary and one by one slipped away to the kitchens for a rest and more beer.

The musicians were still in fine fettle, blowing their trumpets, clashing the cymbals, and thwacking the drums with gay abandon. With all the noise and uproar, the birds had been scared from their usual roosting places in the trees. And not only the birds were scared. The cats had dived precipitately into some safe refuge with the arrival of the first noisy guests. Even the huge black mastiffs which guarded the place were silent, their deep baying stilled in sleep. They had been fed and fed until they could eat no more.

In the walled gardens, as the day grew yet darker, small boys flitted like gnomes between the cultivated trees, swinging lighted butter-lamps and smoke incense censers, and at times leaping into the lower branches for a carefree frolic.

Dotted about the grounds were golden incense braziers sending up their thick columns of fragrant smoke. Attending them were old women who also twirled clacking prayer-wheels, each revolution of which sent thousands of prayers heavenwards.

Father was in a state of perpetual fright! His walled gardens were famous throughout the country for their expensive imported plants and shrubs. Now, to his way of thinking, the place was like a badly run zoo. He wandered around wringing his hands and uttering little moans of anguish when some guest stopped and fingered a bud. In particular danger were the apricot and pear trees, and the little dwarf apple trees. The larger and taller trees, poplar, willow, juniper, birch, and cypress, were festooned with streams of prayer-flags which fluttered gently in the soft evening breeze.

Eventually the day died as the sun set behind the far-distant peaks of the Himalayas. From the lamaseries came the sound of trumpets signaling the passing of yet another day, and with it hundreds of butter-lamps were set alight. They depended from the branches of trees, they swung from the projecting eaves of the houses, and others floated on the placid waters of the ornamental

Lake. Here they grounded, like boats on a sandbar, on the water-lily leaves, there they drifted towards the floating swans seeking refuge near the island.

The sound of a deep-toned gong, and everyone turned to watch the approaching procession. In the gardens a large marquee had been erected, with one completely open side. Inside was a raised dais on which were four of our Tibetan seats. Now the procession approached the dais. Four servants carried upright poles, with large flares at the upper end. Then came four trumpeters with silver trumpets sounding a fanfare. Following them, mother and father reached the dais and stepped upon it. Then two old men, very old men, from the lamasery of the State Oracle. These two old men from Nechung were the most experienced astrologers in the country. Their predictions have been proved correct time after time. Last week they had been called to predict for the Dalai Lama. Now they were going to do the same for a seven-year-old boy. For days they had been busy at their charts and computations. Long had been their discussions about trines, ecliptics, sesquiquadrates, and the opposing influence of this or that. I will discuss astrology in a later chapter.

Two lamas carried the astrologers' notes and charts. Two others stepped forward and helped the old seers to mount the steps of the dais. Side by side they stood, like two old ivory carvings. Their gorgeous robes of yellow Chinese brocade merely emphasized their age. Upon their heads they wore tall priests' hats, and their wrinkled necks seemed to wilt beneath the weight.

People gathered around and sat on the ground on cushions brought by the servants. All gossip stopped, as people strained their ears to catch the shrill, piping voice of the astrologer-in-chief. "Lha dre mi cho-nang-chig," he said (Gods, devils, and men all behave in the same way), so the probable future can be foretold. On he droned, for an hour and then stopped for a ten-minute rest. For yet another hour he went on outlining the future. "Ha-le! Ha-le!" (Extraordinary! Extraordinary!), exclaimed the entranced audience.

And so it was foretold. A boy of seven to enter a lamasery, after a hard feat of endurance, and there be trained as a priest-surgeon. To suffer great hardships to leave the homeland, and go among strange people. To lose all and have to start again, and eventually to succeed.

Gradually the crowd dispersed. Those who had come from afar would stay the night at our house and depart in the morning. Others would travel with their retinues and with flares to light the

way. With much clattering of hooves, and the hoarse shouts of men, they assembled in the courtyard. Once again the ponderous gate swung open, and the company streamed through. Growing fainter in the distance was the clop-clop of the horses, and the chatter of their riders, until from without there was the silence of the night.



## CHAPTER THREE

### LAST DAYS AT HOME

Inside the house there was still much activity. Tea was still being consumed in huge quantities, and food was disappearing as last-minute revellers fortified themselves against the coming night. All the rooms were occupied, and there was no room for me. Disconsolately I wandered around, idly kicking at stones and anything else in the way, but even that did not bring inspiration. No one took any notice of me, the guests were tired and happy, the servants were tired and irritable. "The horses have more feeling," I grumbled to myself, "I will go and sleep with them."

The stables were warm, and the fodder was soft, but for a time sleep would not come. Each time I dozed a horse would nudge me, or a sudden burst of sound from the house would rouse me. Gradually the noises were stilled. I raised myself to one elbow and looked out, the lights were one by one flickering to blackness. Soon there was only the cold blue moonlight reflecting vividly from the snow-capped mountains. The horses slept, some on their feet and some on their sides. I too slept. The next morning I was awakened by a rough shake and a voice saying: "Come along, Tuesday Lobsang. I have got to get the horses ready and you are in the way." So I got up and made my way into the house in search of food. There was much activity. People were preparing to leave, and mother was fitting from group to group for a last-minute chat. Father was discussing improvements to the house and to the gardens. He was telling an old friend of his that he intended having glass imported from India so that our house would have glazed windows. In Tibet there was no glass, none was made in the country, and the cost of bringing it from India was very high indeed. Tibetan windows have frames upon which is stretched paper which is highly waxed and translucent, but not transparent. Outside the windows were heavy wooden shutters, not so much to keep burglars away as to prevent the ingress of grit carried by the strong winds. This grit (sometimes it was more like

small pebbles) would tear through any unprotected windows. It would also deeply cut exposed hands and faces, and during the season of strong winds, such journeys were fraught with danger. The people of Lhasa used to keep a wary eye upon the Peak and when it suddenly became hidden in a black haze everyone used to dash for shelter before the whipping, blood-bringing wind caught them. But not only humans were on the alert: animals also were on the watch, and it was no unusual sight to see horses and dogs leading the humans in the rush for shelter. Cats were never caught in a storm, and yaks were quite immune.

With the departure of the last of the guests I was called before father who said: "Go to the shopping centre and buy your needs. Tzu knows what is required." I thought of the things I would need: a tsampa bowl made of wood, a cup, and a rosary. The cup would be in three parts: a stand, the cup, and its lid. This would be of silver. The rosary would be of wood, with its hundred and eight beads highly polished. A hundred and eight, the sacred number, also indicates the things which a monk has to remember.

We set off, Tzu on his horse, and I on my pony. As we left the courtyard we turned right, later turning right again as we left the Ring Road past the Potala to enter the shopping centre. I looked about me as if seeing the town for the first time. I was greatly afraid that I was seeing it for the last time! The shops were crowded with chauffeuring merchants who had just arrived in Lhasa. Some were bringing tea from China, and others had brought cloth from India. We made our way through the crowd to the shops we wished to visit; every so often Tzu would call out a greeting to some old friend of former years.

I had to get a robe of russet red. I was going to have it rather on the large size, not merely because I was growing, but for an equally practical reason. In Tibet men wear voluminous robes which are tied tightly at the waist. The upper portion is pulled up and forms a pouch which is the repository for all those items which the Tibetan male finds it necessary to carry. The average monk, for instance, will carry in this pouch his tsampa bowl, cup, a knife, various amulets, a rosary, a bag of roasted barley and, not infrequently, a supply of tsampa. But remember, a monk carries upon his person all his worldly possessions.

My pathetic little purchases were rigidly supervised by Tzu, who permitted only the barest essentials, and those of merely mediocre quality as befitted a "poor acolyte". They included sandals with yak-leather soles, a small leather bag for roasted barley, a wooden tsampa bowl, wooden cup—not the silver affair I had hoped for!—and a carving knife. This, together with a very

plain rosary which I had to polish myself, were to be my only possessions. Father was a millionaire several times over, with huge estates all over the country, with jewels, and indeed much gold. But I, while I was training, while father lived, I was to be just a very poor monk.

I looked again at the street, at those two-storied buildings with the long, projecting eaves. I looked again at the shops with the sharks' fins and the saddle covers displayed on the booths outside their doors. I listened once more to the cheerful banter of the traders and their customers haggling good-naturedly over the prices to be paid. The street had never looked more attractive and I thought of the fortunate people who saw it every day and would continue to see it every day.



Stray dogs ambled around, sniffing here and there, exchanging growls, horses neighed softly to each other as they awaited the pleasure of their masters. Yaks groaned throatily as they meandered through the pedestrian throng. What mysteries lurked behind those paper-covered windows. What wonderful stores of goods, from all parts of the world, had passed through those sturdy wooden doors, and what tales those open shutters would tell if they could speak.

All this I gazed upon as upon an old friend. It did not occur to me that I would ever see these streets again, even though but rarely. I thought of the things I would have liked to have done, of the things I would have liked to buy. My reverie was shatteringly interrupted. A hand immense and menacing descended upon me, caught my ear and twisted it fiercely, while the voice of Tzu bellowed for all the world to hear: "Come on, Tuesday Lobsang, are you dead on your feet? I don't know what boys are coming to nowadays. Wasn't like this when I was a lad." Tzu did not seem to mind if I stayed behind without my ear, or retained it by following him. There was no choice but to "come on". All the way home Tzu rode ahead, mumbling and moaning about the "present generation, good-for-nothing lot, bone-idle lay-about living in a daze". At least there was one bright spot, as we turned into the Lingkor road there was a quite bitter wind. Tzu's great bulk ahead of me gave me a sheltered path.

At home, mother had a look at the things which I had bought. To my regret she agreed that they were good enough. I had been cherishing the hope that she would overrule Tzu, and say that I could have better quality articles. So once again my hopes of having a silver cup were shattered and I had to make do with the wooden one turned on a hand-lathe in the bazaars of Lhasa.

I was not to be left alone for my last week. Mother dragged me round to the other big houses in Lhasa so that I could pay my respects, not that I was feeling respectful! Mother reveled in the journeyings, in the interchange of social conversation, and in the polite tittle-tattle which made up the everyday round. I was bored stiff; to me all this was a genuine ordeal as I was definitely not born with the attributes which make one suffer fools gladly. I wanted to be out in the open enjoying myself for the few days remaining. I wanted to be out flying my kites, jumping with my pole, and practicing archery, instead of which I had to be dragged around like a prize yak, being shown off to frumpish old women who had nothing to do all day but to sit on silk cushions and call for a servant in order to gratify their slightest whim.

But it was not only mother who caused me so much heart-burning. Father had to visit the Drebung Lamasery and I was taken along to see the place. Drebung is the largest lamasery in the world, with its ten thousand monks, its high temples, little stone houses, and terraced buildings rising tier upon tier. This community was like a walled town, and like a good town, it was self supporting. Drebung means "Rice Heap", and from a distance it did look like a heap of rice, with the towers and domes gleaming in the light. Just at this time I was not in a mood to appreciate architectural

beauties: I was feeling distinctly glum at having to waste precious time like this.

Father was busy with the abbot and his assistants, and I, like a waif of the storm, wandered disconsolately around. It made me shiver with fright when I saw how some of the small novices were treated. The Rice Heap was really seven lamaseries in one; seven distinct orders, seven separate colleges formed its composition. It was so large that no one man was in charge. Fourteen abbots ruled here and stern disciplinarians they were. I was glad when this “pleasant jaunt across a sunlit plain”—to quote father—came to an end, but more glad to know that I was not going to be consigned to Drebung, or to Sera, three miles north of Lhasa.

At last the week drew to an end. My kites were taken from me and given away; my bows and beautifully feathered arrows were broken to signify that I was no longer a child and had no use for such things. I felt that my heart, too, was being broken, but no one seemed to think that important.

At nightfall father sent for me and I went to his room, with its wonderful decorations, and the old and valuable books lining the walls. He sat by the side of the main altar, which was in his room, and bade me kneel before him. This was to be the Ceremony of the Opening of the Book. In this large volume, some three feet wide by twelve inches long, were recorded all the details of our family for centuries past. It gave the names of the first of our line, and gave details of the deeds which caused them to be raised to the nobility. Recorded here were the services we had done for our country and for our Ruler. Upon the old, yellowed pages I read history. Now, for the second time, the Book was open for me. First it had been to record my conception and birth. Here were the details upon which the astrologers based their forecasts. Here were the actual charts prepared at the time. Now I had to sign the Book myself, for tomorrow a new life for me would start when I entered the lamasery.

The heavy carved wooden covers were slowly replaced. The golden clasps pressing the thick, hand-made sheets of juniper paper were clipped on. The Book was heavy, even father staggered a little beneath its weight as he rose to replace it in the golden casket which was its protection. Reverently he turned to lower the casket into the deep stone recess beneath the altar. Over a small silver brazier he heated wax, poured it upon the stone lid of the recess, and impressed his seal, so that the Book would not be disturbed. He turned to me and settled himself comfortably on his cushions. A touch of a gong at his elbow, and a servant brought him buttered tea. There was a long silence, and then he told me of the secret

history of Tibet; history going back thousands and thousands of years, a story which was old before the Flood. He told me of the time when Tibet had been washed by an ancient sea, and of how excavations had proved it. Even now, he said, anyone digging near Lhasa could bring to light fossilized sea-animals and strange shells. There were artifacts, too, of strange metal and unknown purpose. Often monks who visited certain caves in the district would discover them and bring them to father. He showed me some. Then his mood changed.

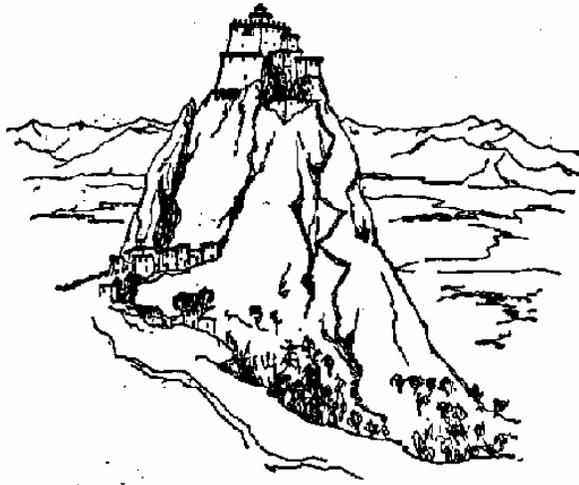
Because of the Law, to the high-born shall be shown austerity, while to the low shall be shown compassion, "he said. "You will undergo a severe ordeal before you are permitted to enter the lamasery." He enjoined upon me the utter necessity of implicit obedience to all commands which would be given to me. His concluding remarks were not conducive to a good night's sleep; he said: "My son, you think I am hard and uncaring, but I care only for the name of the family. I say to you: if you fail in this test for entry, do not return here. You will be as a stranger to this household." With that, with no further word, he motioned me to leave him.

Earlier in the evening I had said my farewells to my sister Yaso. She had been upset, for we had played together so often and she was now but nine years of age, while I would be seven—tomorrow. Mother was not to be found. She had gone to bed and I was not able to say good-bye to her. I made my lonely way to my own room for the last time and arranged the cushions which formed my bed. I lay down, but not to sleep. For a very long time I lay there thinking of the things my father had told me that night. Thinking of the strong dislike father had for children, and thinking of the dreaded morrow when for the first time I would sleep away from home. Gradually the moon moved across the sky. Outside a night bird fluttered on the window sill. From the roof above came the flap-flap of prayer-flags slapping against bare wooden poles. I fell asleep, but as the first feeble rays of the sun replaced the light of the moon, I was awakened by a servant and given a bowl of tsampa and a cup of buttered tea. As I was eating this meager fare, Tzu bustled into the room. "Well, boy," he said, "our ways part. Thank goodness for that. Now I can go back to my horses. But acquit yourself well; remember all that I have taught you." With that he turned upon his heel and left the room.

Although I did not appreciate it at the time, this was the kindest method. Emotional farewells would have made it very much more difficult for me to leave home—for the first time, for ever, as I thought. If mother had been up to see me off then no doubt I

should have tried to persuade her to allow me to remain at home. Many Tibetan children have quite soft lives, mine was hard by any standard, and the lack of farewells, as I later found, was on father's order, so that I should learn discipline and firmness early in life.

I finished my breakfast, tucked my tsampa bowl and cup into the front of my robe, and rolled a spare robe and a pair of felt boots into a bundle. As I crossed the room a servant bade me go softly and not waken the sleeping household. Down the corridor I went. The false dawn had been replaced by the darkness that comes before the true dawn as I made my way down the steps and on to the road. So I left my home. Lonely, frightened, and sick at heart.



## CHAPTER FOUR

### AT THE TEMPLE GATES

The road led straight ahead to Chakpori Lamasery, the Temple of Tibetan Medicine. A hard school, this! I walked the miles as the day grew lighter and at the gate leading to the entrance compound I met two others, who also desired admission. We warily looked each other over, and I think that none of us was much impressed by what we saw in the others. We decided that we would have to be sociable if we were going to endure the same training.

For some time we knocked timidly, and nothing happened. Then one of the others stooped and picked up a large stone and really did make enough noise to attract attention. A monk appeared, waving a stick which to our frightened eyes looked as large as a young tree. "What do you young devils want?" he exclaimed. "Do you think that I have nothing better to do than answer the door to such as you?" "We want to be monks," I replied. "You look more like monkeys to me," he said. "Wait there and do not move, the Master of the Acolytes will see you when he is ready." The door slammed shut, nearly knocking one of the other boys flat on his back, he having moved incautiously near. We sat upon the ground, our legs were tired with standing. People came to the lamasery, and went. The pleasant smell of food was wafted to us through a small window, tantalizing us with the thought of satisfying our growing hunger. Food, so near, yet so utterly unattainable.

At last the door was flung open with violence, and a tall, skinny

man appeared in the opening. "Well!" he roared. "And what do you miserable scamps want?" We want to be monks," we said. "Goodness me," he exclaimed. "What garbage is coming to the lamasery nowadays!" He beckoned us to enter the vast walled enclosure which was the perimeter of the lamasery grounds. He asked us what we were, who we were, even why we were! We gathered, without difficulty, that he was not at all impressed with us. To one, the son of a herdsman, he said: "Enter quickly, if you can pass your tests you can stay." To the next: "You, boy. What did you say? Son of a butcher? A cutter-up of flesh? A transgressor of the Laws of Buddha? And you come here? Be off with you, quickly, or I will have you flogged round the road." The poor wretched boy forgot his tiredness in a sudden burst of speed as the monk lunged at him. Wheeling in a flash he leaped forward, leaving little scuffs of disturbed dust as his feet touched the ground in his hurry.

Now I was left, alone on my seventh birthday. The gaunt monk turned his fierce gaze in my direction, almost causing me to shrivel on the spot with fright. He twitched his stick menacingly "And you? What have we here? Oho! A young prince who wants to turn religious. We must see what you are made of first, my fine fellow. See what kind of stuffing you have; this is not the place for soft and pampered princelings. Take forty paces backwards and sit in the attitude of contemplation until I tell you otherwise, and do not move an eyelash!" With that he turned abruptly and went away. Sadly I picked up my pathetic little bundle, and took the forty steps back. On my knees I went, then sat cross-legged as commanded. So I sat throughout the day. Unmoving. The dust blew against me, forming little mounds in the clips of my upturned hands, piling on my shoulders and lodging in my hair. As the sun began to fade my hunger increased and my throat was wracked with the harshness of thirst, for I had had no food or drink since the first light of dawn. Passing monks, and there were many, took no heed. Wandering dogs paused a while to sniff curiously, then they too went away. A gang of small boys came past. One idly flipped a stone in my direction. It struck the side of my head and caused the blood to flow. But I did not stir. I was afraid to. If I failed my endurance test my father would not allow me to enter what had been my home. There was nowhere for me to go. Nothing that I could do. I could only remain motionless, aching in every muscle, stiff in every joint.

The sun hid behind the mountains and the sky became dark. The stars shone bright against the blackness of the sky. From the lamasery windows thousands of little butter lamps flickered into

flame. A chill wind, the leaves of the willows hissed and rattled, and about me there were all the faint sounds which go to make the strange noises of the night.

I still remained motionless for the strongest of reasons. I was too frightened to move and I was very stiff. Presently came the soft suah-sush of approaching monks' sandals slithering over the gritty way; the steps of an old man feeling his way in the darkness. A form loomed up before me, the form of an old monk bent and gnarled with the passage of austere years. His hands shook with age, a matter of some concern to me when I saw that he was spilling the tea he was carrying in one hand. In the other hand he held a small bowl of tsampa. He passed them to me. At first I made no move to take them. Divining my thoughts, he said: "Take them, my son, for you can move during the hours of darkness." So I drank the tea and transferred the tsampa to my own bowl. The old monk said, "Now sleep, but at the first rays of the sun take your stance here in the same position, for this is a test, and is not the wanton cruelty which you may now consider it to be. Only those who pass this test can aspire to the higher ranks of our Order." With that he gathered up the cup and the bowl and went away. I stood and stretched my legs, then lay upon my side and finished the tsampa. Now I was really tired, so scooping a depression in the ground to accommodate my hip bone, and placing my spare robe beneath my head, I lay down.

My seven years had not been easy years. At all times father had been strict, frightfully strict, but even so this was my first night away from home and the whole day had been spent in one position, hungry, thirsty, and motionless. I had no idea of what the morrow would bring, or what more would be demanded of me. But now I had to sleep alone beneath the frosty sky, alone with my terror of the darkness, alone with my terrors of the days to come.

It seemed that I had hardly closed my eyes before the sound of a trumpet awakened me. Opening my eyes, I saw that it was the false dawn, with the first light of the approaching day reflected against the skies behind the mountains. Hurriedly I sat up and resumed the posture of contemplation. Gradually the lamasery ahead of me awoke to life. First there had been the air of a sleeping town, a dead, inert hulk. Next, a gentle sighing, as of a sleeper awakening. It grew to a murmur and developed to a deep hum, like the drone of bees on a hot summer's day. Occasionally there was the call of a trumpet, like the muted chirp of a distant bird, and the deep growl of a conch, like a bullfrog calling in a marsh. As the light increased, little groups of shaven heads passed and repassed behind the open windows, windows which in the earlier

pre-dawn light had looked like the empty eye-sockets of a clean-picked skull.

The day grew older, and I grew stiffer, but I dared not move; I dared not fall asleep, for if I moved and failed my test, then I had nowhere to go. Father had made it very clear that if the lamasery did not want me, then nor did he. Little groups of monks came out of the various buildings, going about their mysterious businesses. Small boys wandered around, sometimes kicking a shower of dust and small stones in my direction, or making ribald remarks. As there was no response from me they soon tired of the abortive sport and went away in search of more co-operative victims. Gradually, as the light at eventide began to fail, the little butter-lamps again flickered into life within the lamasery buildings. Soon the darkness was relieved merely by the faint star-glow, for this was the time when the moon rose late. In our saying, the moon was now young and could not travel fast.

I became sick with apprehension; was I forgotten? Was this another test, one in which I had to be deprived of all food? Throughout the long day I had not stirred, and now I was faint with hunger. Suddenly hope flared in me, and I almost jumped to my feet. There was a shuffling noise and a dark outline approached. Then I saw that it was a very large black mastiff dragging something along. He took no notice of me, but went on his nocturnal mission quite uncaring of my plight. My hopes fell; I could have wept. To prevent myself being so weak I reminded myself that only girls and women were as stupid as that.

At last I heard the old man approaching. This time he gazed more benignly upon me and said: "Food and drink, my son, but the end is not yet. There is still the morrow, so take care that you do not move, for so very many fail at the eleventh hour." With those words he turned and went away. While he was speaking I had drunk the tea, and again transferred the tsampa to my own bowl. Again I lay down, certainly no happier than the night before. As I lay there I wondered at the injustice of it; I did not want to be a monk of any sect, shape, or size. I had no more choice than a pack animal being driven over a mountain pass. And so I fell asleep.

The next day, the third day, as I sat in my attitude of contemplation, I could feel myself becoming weaker, and giddy. The lamasery seemed to swim in a miasma compounded of buildings, bright coloured Lights, purple patches, with mountains and monks liberally interspersed. With a determined effort I managed to shake off this attack of vertigo. It really frightened me to think that I might fail now, after all the suffering I had had. By now the stones beneath me seemed to have grown knife edges which chafed

me in inconvenient places. In one of my lighter moments I thought how glad I was that I was not a hen hatching eggs, and compelled to sit even longer than I.

The sun seemed to stand still; the day appeared endless, but at long last the light began to fail, and the evening wind commenced to play with a feather dropped by a passing bird. Once again the little lights appeared in the windows, one by one. "Hope I die tonight," I thought; "can't stick any more of this." Just then the tall figure of the Master of the Acolytes appeared in the distant doorway. "Boy, come here!" he called. Trying to rise with my stiffened legs, I pitched forward on to my face. "Boy, if you want a rest you can stay there another night. I shall not wait longer." Hastily I grabbed my bundle and tottered towards him. "Enter," he said, "and attend evening service, then see me in the morning."

It was warm inside, and there was the comforting smell of incense. My hunger-sharpened senses told me there was food quite near, so I followed a crowd moving to the right. Food—tsampa, buttered tea. I edged my way to the front row as if I had had a lifetime of practice. Monks made ineffectual grabs at my pigtail as I scrambled between their legs, but I was after *food* and nothing was going to stop me now.

Feeling a Little better with some food inside me, I followed the crowd to the inner temple and the evening service. I was too tired to know anything about it, but no one took any notice of me. As the monks filed out I slipped behind a giant pillar, and stretched out on the stone floor, with my bundle beneath my head. I slept.

A stunning crash—I thought my head had split—and the sound of voices. "New boy. One of the high-born. Come on, let's scrag him!" One of the crowd of acolytes was waving my spare robe, which he had pulled from under my head, another had my felt boots. A soft, squashy mass of tsampa caught me in the face. Blows and kicks were rained upon me, but I did not resist, thinking it might be part of the test, to see if I obeyed the sixteenth of the Laws, which ordered: Bear suffering and distress with patience and meekness. There was a sudden loud bellow: "What's going on here?" A frightened whisper: "Oh! It's old Rattlebones on the prowl." As I clawed the tsampa from my eyes the Master of the Acolytes reached down and dragged me to my feet by my pigtail. "Softly! Weakling! *You* one of the future leaders? Bah! Take that, and that!" Blows, hard ones, absolutely showered upon me. "Worthless weakling, can't even defend yourself!" The blows seemed non-ending. I fancied I heard Old Tzu's farewell saying: "Acquit yourself, well, *remember all I have taught you.*" Un-

thinkingly I turned and applied a little pressure as Tzu had taught me. The Master was caught by surprise and with a gasp of pain he flew over my head, hit the stone floor, and skidded along on his nose, taking all the skin off, and coming to rest when his head hit a stone pillar with a loud “*onk!*” “Death for me,” I thought, “this is the end of all my worries.” The world seemed to stand still. The other boys were holding their breath. With a loud roar the tall, bony monk leaped to his feet, blood streaming from his nose. He was roaring all right, roaring with laughter. “Young gamecock, eh? Or cornered rat; which? Ah, that’s what we must find out!” Turning and pointing to a tall, ungainly boy of fourteen, he said: “You, Ngawang, you are the biggest bully in this lamasery; see if the son of a yak-driver is better than the son of a prince when it comes to fighting.”

For the first time I was grateful to Tzu, the old police monk. In his younger days he had been a champion judo\* expert of Kham. He had taught me—as he said—“all he knew”. I had had to fight with fully grown men, and in this science, where strength or age does not count, I had become very proficient indeed. Now that I knew that my future depended on the result of this fight, I was at last quite happy.

Nhawang was a strong and well-built boy, but very ungainly in his movements. I could see that he was used to rough-and-tumble fighting, where his strength was in his favour. He rushed at me, intending to grip me and make me helpless. I was not frightened now, thanks to Tzu and his, at times, brutal training. As Ngawang rushed, I moved aside and lightly twisted his arm. His feet skidded from under him, he turned a half-circle and landed on his head. For a moment he lay groaning, then sprang to his feet and leapt at me. I sank to the ground and twisted a leg as he passed over me. This time he spun around and landed on his left shoulder. Still he was not satisfied. He circled warily, then jumped aside and grasped a heavy incense burner which he swung at me by its chains. Such a weapon is slow, cumbersome, and very easy to avoid. I stepped beneath his flailing arms, and lightly stabbed a finger to the base of his neck, as Tzu had so often showed me. Down he went, like a rock on a mountainside, his nerveless fingers relinquishing their grip on the chains, and causing the censer to plummet like a sling-shot at the group of watching boys and monks.

Ngawang was unconscious for about half an hour. That special “touch” is often used to free the spirit from the body for astral traveling and similar purposes.

\*The Tibetan system is different and more advanced, but I shall call it “judo” in this book as the Tibetan name would convey nothing to Western readers. See also pp. 95-6

The Master of the Acolytes stepped forward to me, gave me a slap on the back which almost sent me flat on my face, and made the somewhat contradictory statement: “Boy, you are a man!” My greatly daring reply was: “Then have I earned some food, sir, please? I have had very little of late.” “My boy, eat and drink your fill, then tell one of these hooligans—you are their master now—to show you to me.”

The old monk who had brought me food before I entered the lamasery came and spoke to me: “My son, you have done well, Ngawang was the bully of the acolytes. Now you take his place and control with kindness and compassion. You have been taught well, see that your knowledge is used well, and does not fall into the wrong hands. Now come with me and I will get you food and drink.”

The Master of the Acolytes greeted me amiably when I went to his room. “Sit, boy, sit. I am going to see if your educational prowess is as good as your physical. I am going to try to catch you, boy, so watch out!” He asked me an amazing number of questions, some oral, some written. For six hours we sat opposite each other on our cushions, then he expressed himself as satisfied. I felt like a badly tanned yak-hide, soggy and limp. He stood up. “Boy,” he said, “follow me. I am going to take you to the Lord Abbot. An unusual honour, but you will learn why. Come.”

Through the wide corridors I followed him, past the religious offices, past the inner temples, and the school rooms. Up the stairs, through more winding corridors, past the Halls of the Gods, and the storage places of herbs. Up more stairs, until, at last, we emerged on the flat roof and walked towards the Lord Abbot's house which was built upon it. Then through the gold-paneled doorway, past the golden Buddha, round by the Symbol of Medicine, and into the Lord Abbot's private room. “Bow, boy, bow, and do as I do. Lord, here is the boy Tuesday Lobsang Rampa.” With that, the Master of the Acolytes bowed three times, then prostrated himself upon the floor. I did the same, panting with eagerness to do the right thing in the right way. The impassive Lord Abbot looked at us and said: “Sit.” We sat upon cushions, cross-legged, in the Tibetan way.

For a long time the Lord Abbot remained looking at me, but not speaking. Then he said: “Tuesday Lobsang Rampa, I know all about you, all that has been predicted. Your trial of endurance has been harsh but with good reason. That reason you will know in later years. Know now that of every thousand monks, only one is fitted for higher things, for higher development. The others drift,

and do their daily task. They are the manual workers, those who turn the prayer-wheels without wondering why. We are not short of them, we are short of those who will carry on our knowledge when later our country is under an alien cloud. You will be specially trained, intensively trained, and in a few short years you will be given more knowledge than a lama normally acquires in a long lifetime. The Way will be hard, and often it will be painful. To force clairvoyance is painful, and to travel in the astral planes requires nerves that nothing can shatter, and a determination as hard as the rocks.”

I listened hard, taking it all in. It all seemed too difficult to me. I was not that energetic! He went on: “You will be trained here in medicine and in astrology. You will be given every assistance which we can render. You will also be trained in the esoteric arts. Your Path is mapped for you, Tuesday Lobsang Rampa. Although you are but seven years of age, I speak to you as a man, for thus



you have been brought up.” He inclined his head, and the Master of the Acolytes rose and bowed deeply. I did the same, and together we made our way out. Not until we were again in the Master’s room did he break the silence. “Boy, you will have to work hard all the time. But we will help you all we can. Now I will have you taken to get your head shaved.” In Tibet, when a boy enters the priesthood, his head is shaved with the exception of one lock. This lock is removed when the boy is given the “priest-name”, and his former name is discarded, but more of that a little further on.

The Master of the Acolytes led me through winding ways to a small room, the “barber shop”. Here I was told to sit on the floor. “Tam-cho,” the Master said, “shave this boy's head. Remove the name lock as well, for he is being given his name immediately.” Tam-cho stepped forward, grasped my pigtail in his right hand and lifted it straight up. “Ah! my boy. Lovely pigtail, well buttered, well cared for. A pleasure to saw it off “ From somewhere he produced a huge pair of shears-the sort our servants used for cutting plants. “Tishe,” he roared, “come and hold up this end of rope.” Tishe, the assistant, came running forward and held up my pigtail so tightly that I was almost lifted off the ground. With his tongue protruding, and with many little grunts, Tam-cho manipulated those deplorably blunt shears, until my pigtail was severed. This was just the start. The assistant brought a bowl of hot water, so hot that I jumped off the floor in anguish when it was poured on my head. “What's the matter, boy ? Being boiled ?” I replied that I was, and he said : “Never mind that, it makes the hair easier to remove!” He took up a three-sided razor, very like the thing we had at home for scraping floors. Eventually, after an eternity, it seemed to me, my head was denuded of hair.

“Come with me,” said the Master. He led me to his room and produced a big book. “Now, what are we to call you?” He went on mumbling to himself, then, “Ah! here we are: from now on you will be called Yza-mig-dmar Lah-lu.” For this book, however, I shall continue to use the name of Tuesday Lobsang Rampa, as it is easier for the reader.

Feeling as naked as a new-laid egg, I was taken to a class. Having had such a good education at home, I was considered to know more than the average, so was put in the class of the seventeen-year-old acolytes. I felt like a dwarf among giants. The others had seen how I had handled Ngawang, so I had no trouble except for the incident of one big, stupid boy. He came up behind me and put his dirty great hands on my very sore pate. It was just a matter of reaching up and jabbing my fingers into the ends of his elbows to send him away screaming with pain. Try knocking two “funny bones” at once, and see! Tzu really taught me well. The judo instructors whom I was to meet later in the week all knew Tzu; all said he was the finest “judo adept” in the whole of Tibet. I had no more trouble from boys. Our teacher, who had had his back turned when the boy put his hands on my head, had soon noticed what was happening. He laughed so much at the result that he let us go early.

It was now about eight-thirty in the evening, so we had about three-quarters of an hour to spare before temple service at nine-

fifteen. My joy was short-lived; as we were leaving the room a lama beckoned to me. I went to him and he said: "Come with me." I followed him, wondering what fresh trouble was in store. He turned into a music room where there were about twenty boys whom I knew to be entrants like myself. Three musicians sat at their instruments, one at a drum, one had a conch, and the other a silver trumpet. The lama said: "We will sing so that I may test your voices for the choir," The musicians started, playing a very well-known air which everyone could sing. We raised our voices. The Music Master raised his eyebrows. The puzzled look on his face was replaced by one of real pain. Up went his two hands in protest. "Stop! Stop!" he shouted, "even the Gods must writhe at this. Now start again and do it properly." We started again. Again we were stopped. This time the Music Master came straight to me. "Dolt," he exclaimed, "you are trying to make fun of me. We will have the musicians play, and you sing alone as you will not sing in company!" Once again the music started. Once again I raised my voice in song. But not for long. The Music Master waved to me in a frenzy. "Tuesday Lobsang, your talents do not include music. Never in my fifty-five years here have I heard such an off key voice. Off key? It is no key at all! Boy, you will not sing again. In the singing sessions you will study other things. In the temple services you will not sing, or your disharmony will ruin all. Now go, you unmusical vandal!" I went.

I idled around until I heard the trumpets announcing that it was time to assemble for the last service. Last night—good gracious—was it only last night that I had entered the lamasery? It seemed ages. I felt that I was walking in my sleep, and I was hungry again. Perhaps that was just as well, if I had been full I should have dropped off to sleep. Someone grabbed my robe, and I was swung up in the air. A huge, friendly looking lama had hoisted me up to his broad shoulder. "Come on, boy, you will be late for service, and then you'll catch it. You miss your supper, you know, if you are late, and you feel as empty as a drum." He entered the temple still carrying me and took his place just at the back of the boys' cushions. Carefully he placed me on a cushion in front of him. "Face me, boy, and make the same responses as I do, but when I sing, *you*—ha! ha!—keep quiet." I was indeed grateful for his help, so few people had ever been kind to me; instruction I had had in the past had been yelled in one end, or knocked in the other. I must have dozed, because I came to with a start to find that the service had ended and the big lama had carried me, asleep, to the refractory and put tea, tsampa, and some boiled vegetables in front of me. "Eat it up, boy, then get off to bed. I'll show you

where to sleep. For this night you can sleep until five in the morning, then come to me.” That is the last thing I heard until at five in the morning I was awakened, with difficulty, by a boy who had been friendly the day before. I saw that I was in a Large room, and was resting on three cushions. “The Lama Mingyar Dondup told me to see that you were awakened at five.” Up I got and piled my cushions against a wall as I saw the others had done. The others were moving out, and the boy with me said: “We must hurry for breakfast, then I have to take you to the Lama Mingyar Dondup.” Now I was becoming more settled, not that I liked the place, or wanted to stay. But it did occur to me that as I had no choice whatever, I should be my own best friend if I settled without any fuss.

At breakfast, the Reader was droning out something from one of the hundred and twelve volumes of the Kan-gyur, the Buddhist Scriptures. He must have seen that I was thinking of something else, for he rapped out: “You, small new boy there, what did I say last? Quick” Like a flash, and quite without thinking, I replied: “Sir, you said that boy is not listening, I’ll catch him!” That certainly raised a laugh and saved me from a hiding for inattention. The Reader smiled—a rare event—and explained that he had asked for the text from the Scriptures, but I could “get away with it this time”.

At all meals Readers stand at a lectern and read from sacred books. Monks are not allowed to talk at meals, nor to think of food. They must ingest sacred knowledge with their food. We all sat on the floor, on cushions, and ate from a table which was about eighteen inches high. We were not permitted to make any noise at meal times, and we were absolutely banned from resting our elbows on the table.

The discipline at Chakpori was indeed iron. Chakpori means “Iron Mountain”. In most lamaseries there was little organized discipline or routine. Monks could work or laze as they pleased. Perhaps one in a thousand wanted to make progress, and they were the ones who became lamas, for lama means “superior one” and is not applied to all and sundry. In our lamasery the discipline was strict, even fiercely so. We were going to be specialists, leaders of our class, and for us order and training was considered to be utterly essential. We boys were not allowed to use the normal white robes of an acolyte, but had to wear the russet of the accepted monk. We had domestic workers as well, but these monks were servant-monks who saw to the housekeeping side of the lamasery. We had to take turns at domestic work to make sure that we did not get exalted ideas. We always had to remember

the old Buddhist saying: “Be yourself the example, do only good, and no harm, to others. This is the essence of Buddha's teaching.” Our Lord Abbot, the Lama Cham-pa La, was as strict as my father, and demanded instant obedience. One of his sayings was: “Reading and writing are the gates of all qualities”, so we got plenty to do in that line.



## CHAPTER FIVE

### LIFE AS A CHELA

Our “day” started at midnight at Chakpori. As the midnight trumpet sounded, echoing through the dimly lit corridors, we would roll sleepily off our bed-cushions and fumble in the darkness for our robes. We all slept in the nude, the usual system in Tibet where there is no false modesty. With our robes on, off we would go, tucking our belongings into the pouched-up front of our dress. Down the passageways we would clatter, not in a good mood at that hour. Part of our teaching was : “It is better to rest with a peaceful mind than to sit like Buddha and pray when angry.” My irreverent thought often was: “Well, why can't we rest with a peaceful mind? This midnight stunt makes me angry!” But no one gave me a satisfactory answer, and I had to go with the others into the Prayer Hall. Here the innumerable butter-lamps struggled to shed their rays of light through the drifting clouds of incense smoke. In the flickering light, with the shifting shadows, the giant sacred figures seemed to become alive, to bow and sway in response to our chants.

The hundreds of monks and boys would sit cross-legged| on cushions on the floor. All would sit in rows the length of the hall. Each pair or rows would face each other so that the first and second rows would be face to face, the second and third would be back to back, and so on. We would have our chants and sacred songs which employ special tonal scales because in the East it is realized that sounds have power. Just as a musical note can shatter

a glass, so can a combination of notes build up metaphysical power. There would also be readings from the Kan-gyur. It was a most impressive sight to see these hundreds of men in blood-red robes and golden stoles, swaying and chanting in unison, with the silver tinkle of fittle bells, and the throbbing of drums. Blue clouds of incense smoke coiled and wreathed about the knees of the gods, and every so often it seemed, in the uncertain light, that one or other of the figures was gazing straight at us.

The service would last about an hour, then we would return to our sleeping-cushions until four in the morning. Another service would start at about four-fifteen. At five we would have our first meal, of tsampa and buttered tea. Even at this meal the Reader would be droning out his words and the Disciplinarian would be watchful at his side. At this meal any special orders or information would be given. It might be that something was wanted from Lhasa, and then at the breakfast meal the names of the monks would be called, those who were going to take or collect the goods. They would also be given special dispensation to be away from the lamasery for such and such a time, and to miss a certain number of services.

At six o'clock we would be assembled in our classrooms ready for the first session of our studies. The second of our Tibetan Laws was: "You shall perform religious observances, and study." In my seven-year-old ignorance I could not understand why we had to obey that Law, when the fifth Law, "You shall honour your elders, and *those of high birth*", was flaunted and broken. All my experience had led me to believe that there was something shameful in being of "high birth". Certainly I had been victimized for it. It did not occur to me then that it is not the rank of birth that matters, but the character of the person concerned.

We attended another service at nine in the morning, interrupting our studies for about forty minutes. Quite a welcome break, sometimes, but we had to be in class again by a quarter to ten. A different subject was started then, and we had to work at it until one o'clock. Still we were not free to eat; a half hour service came first and then we had our buttered tea and tsampa. One hour of manual labour followed, to give us exercise and to teach us humility. I seemed more often than not to collect the messiest of most unpleasant type of job.

Three o'clock saw us trooping off for an hour of enforced rest; we were not allowed to talk or move, but just had to lie still. This was not a popular time because the hour was too short for a sleep and too long to stay idle. We could think of much better things to do! At four, after this rest, we returned to our studies. This was

the dread period of the day, five hours without a break, five hours when we could not leave the room for anything without incurring the severest penalties. Our teachers were quite free with their stout canes and some of them tackled the punishment of offenders with real enthusiasm. Only the badly pressed or most foolhardy pupils asked to “be excused” when punishment on one's return was inevitable.

Our release came at nine o'clock when we had the last meal of the day. Again this was buttered tea and tsampa. Sometimes—only sometimes—we had vegetables. Usually that meant sliced turnips, or some very small beans. They were raw, but to hungry boys they were very acceptable. On one unforgettable occasion, when I was eight, we had some pickled walnuts. I was particularly fond of them, having had them often at home. Now, foolishly, I tried to work an exchange with another boy: he to have my spare robe in exchange for his pickled walnuts. The Disciplinarian heard, and I was called to the middle of the hall and made to confess my sin. As a punishment for “greediness” I had to remain without food or drink for twenty-four hours. My spare robe was taken from me as it was said that I had no use for it, “having been willing to barter it for that which was not essential”.

At nine-thirty we went to our sleeping-cushions, “bed” to us. No one was late for bed! I thought the long hours would kill me, I thought that I should drop dead at any moment, or that I would fall asleep and never again awaken. At first I, and the other new boys, used to hide in corners for a good doze. After quite a short time I became used to the long hours and took no notice at all of the length of the day.

It was just before six in the morning when, with the help of the boy who had awakened me, I found myself in front of the Lama Mingyar Dondup's door. Although I had not knocked, he called for me to enter. His room was a very pleasant one and there were wonderful wall paintings, some of them actually painted on the walls and others painted on silk and hanging. A few small statuettes were on low tables, they were of gods and goddesses and were made of jade, gold, and cloisonné. A large Wheel of Life also hung upon the wall. The lama was sitting in the lotus attitude on his cushion and before him, on a low table, he had a number of books, one of which he was studying as I entered.

“Sit here with me, Lobsang,” he said, “we have a lot of things to discuss together, but first an important question to a growing man: have you had enough to eat and drink?” I assured him that I had. “The Lord Abbot has said that we can work together. We have traced your previous incarnation and it was a good one. Now we

want to redevelop certain powers and abilities you then had. In the space of a very few years we want you to have more knowledge than a lama has in a very long life.” He paused, and looked at me long and hard. His eyes were very piercing. “All men must be free to choose their own path,” he continued, “your way will be hard for forty years, if you take the right path, but it will lead to great benefits in the next life. The wrong path now will give you comforts, softness, and riches in this life, but you will not develop. You and you alone can choose.” He stopped, and looked at me.

“Sir,” I replied, “my father told me that if I failed at the lamasery I was not to return home. How then would I have softness and comfort if I had no home to which to return? And who would show me the right path if I choose it?” He smiled at me and answered: “Have you already forgotten? We have traced your previous incarnation. If you choose the wrong path, the path of softness, you will be installed in a lamasery as a Living Incarnation, and in a very few years will be an abbot in charge. Your father would not call that failure!”

Something in the way he spoke made me ask a further question: “Would you consider it a failure?”

“Yes,” he replied, “knowing what I know, I would call it a failure.”

“And who will show me the way ?”

“I will be your guide if you take the right path, but you are the one to choose, no one can influence your decision.”

I looked at him, stared at him. And liked what I saw. A big man, with keen black eyes. A broad open face, and a high forehead. Yes, I liked what I saw. Although only seven years of age, I had had a hard life, and met many people, and really could judge if a man was good.

“Sir,” I said, “I would like to be your pupil and take the right path.” I added somewhat ruefully, I suppose, “But I still don’t like hard work!”

He laughed, and his laugh was deep and warming. “Lobsang, Lobsang, none of us really like hard work, but few of us are truthful enough to admit it.” He looked through his papers. “We shall need to do a little operation to your head soon to force clairvoyance, and then we will speed your studies hypnotically. We are going to take you far in metaphysics, as well as in medicine!”

I felt a bit gloomy, more hard work. It seemed to me that I had had to work hard all my seven years, and there seemed to be little play, or kite flying. The lama seemed to know my thoughts. “Oh yes, young man. There will be much kite flying later, the real thing: man-lifters. But first we must map out how best to arrange these

studies.” He turned to his papers, and riffled through them. “Let me see, nine o’clock until one. Yes, that will do for a start. Come here every day at nine, instead of attending service, and we will see what interesting things we can discuss. Starting from tomorrow. Have you any message for your father and mother? I’m seeing them today. Giving them your pigtail!”

I was quite overcome. When a boy was accepted by a lamasery his pigtail was cut off and his head shaved, the pigtail would be sent to the parents, carried by a small acolyte, as a symbol that their son had been accepted. Now the Lama Mingyar Dondup was taking my pigtail to deliver in person. That meant that he had accepted me as his own personal charge, as his “spiritual son”. This lama was a very important man, a very clever man, one who had a most enviable reputation throughout Tibet. I knew that I could not fail under such a man.

That morning, back in the classroom, I was a most inattentive pupil. My thoughts were elsewhere, and the teacher had ample time and opportunity to satisfy his joy in punishing at least one small boy!

It all seemed very hard, the severity of the teachers. But then, I consoled myself, that is why I came, to learn. That is why I reincarnated, although then I did not remember what it was that I had to relearn. We firmly believe in reincarnation, in Tibet. We believe that when one reaches a certain advanced stage of evolution, one can choose to go on to another plane of existence, or return to earth to learn something more, or to help others. It may be that a wise man had a certain mission in life, but died before he could complete his work. In that case, so we believe, he can return to complete his task, providing that the result will be of benefit to others. Very few people could have their previous incarnations traced back, there had to be certain signs and the cost and time would prohibit it. Those who had those signs, as I had, were termed “Living Incarnations”. They were subjected to the sternest of stern treatment when they were young—as I had been—but became objects of reverence when they became older. In my case I was going to have special treatment to “force-feed” my occult knowledge. Why, I did not know, then!

A rain of blows on my shoulders brought me back to the reality of the classroom with a violent jerk. “Fool, dolt, imbecile! Have the mind demons penetrated your thick skull? It is more than I could do. You are fortunate that it is now time to attend service.” With that remark, the enraged teacher gave me a final hearty blow, for good measure, and stalked out of the room. The boy next to me said, “Don’t forget, it’s our turn to work in the kitchens this

afternoon. Hope we get a chance to fill our tsampa bags.” Kitchen work was hard, the “regulars” there used to treat us boys as slaves. There was no hour of rest for us after kitchen hour. Two solid hours of hard labour, then straight to the classroom again. Sometimes we would be kept later in the kitchens, and so be late for class. A fuming teacher would be waiting for us, and would lay about him with his stick without giving us any opportunity of explaining the reason.

My first day of work in the kitchens was nearly my last. We trooped reluctantly along the stone-flagged corridors towards the kitchens. At the door we were met by an angry monk: “Come on, you lazy, useless rascals,” he shouted. “The first ten of you, get in there and stoke the fires.” I was the tenth. Down another flight of steps we went. The heat was overpowering. In front of us we saw a ruddy light, the light of roaring fires. Huge piles of yak-dung lay about, this was fuel for the furnaces. “Get those iron scoops and stoke for your lives,” the monk in charge yelled. I was just a poor seven-year-old among the others of my class, among whom was none younger than seventeen. I could scarcely lift the scoop, and in straining to put the fuel in the fire I tipped it over the monk's feet. With a roar of rage he seized me by the throat, swung me round—and tripped. I was sent flying backwards. A terrible pain shot through me, and there was the sickening smell of burning flesh. I had fallen against the red-hot end of a bar protruding from the furnace. I fell with a scream to the floor, among the hot ashes. At the top of my left leg, almost at the leg joint, the bar had burned its way in until stopped by the bone. I still have the dead-white scar, which even now causes me some trouble. By this scar I was in later years to be identified by the Japanese.

There was uproar. Monks came rushing from everywhere. I was still among the hot ashes but was soon lifted out. Quite a lot of my body had superficial burns, but the leg burn really was serious. Quickly I was carried upstairs to a lama. He was a medical lama, and applied himself to the task of saving my leg. The iron had been rusty, and when it entered my leg, flakes of rust had remained behind. He had to probe round and scoop out the pieces until the wound was clean. Then it was tightly packed with a powdered herb compress. The rest of my body was dabbed with a herbal lotion which certainly eased the pain of the fire. My leg was throbbing and throbbing and I was sure that I would never walk again. When he had finished, the lama called a monk to carry me to a small side-room, where I was put to bed on cushions. An old monk came in and sat on the floor beside me and started muttering prayers over me. I thought to myself that it was a fine thing to

offer prayers for my safety *after* the accident had happened. I also decided to lead a good life, as I now had personal experience of what it felt like when the fire devils tormented one. I thought of a picture I had seen, in which a devil was prodding an unfortunate victim in much the same place as I had been burned.

It may be thought that monks were terrible people, not at all what one would expect. But — “monks”—what does it mean? We understand that word as anyone, male, living in the lamastic service. Not necessarily a religious person. In Tibet almost anyone can become a monk. Often a boy is “sent to be a monk” without having any choice at all in the matter. Or a man may decide that he had had enough of sheep herding, and wants to be sure of a roof over his head when the temperature is forty below zero. He becomes a monk not through religious convictions, but for his own creature comfort. The lamaseries had “monks” as their domestic staff, as their builders, labourers, and scavengers. In other parts of the world they would be termed “servants” or the equivalent. Most of them had had a hard time; life at twelve to twenty thousand feet can be difficult, and often they were hard on us boys just for sheer want of thought or feeling. To us the term “monk” was synonymous with “man”. We named the members of the priesthood quite differently. A *chela* was a boy pupil, a novice, or acolyte. Nearest to what the average man means by “monk” is *trappa*. He is the most numerous of those in a lamasery. Then we come to that most abused term, a *lama*. If the trappas are the non-commissioned soldiers, then the lama is the commissioned officer. Judging by the way most people in the West talk and write, there are more officers than men! Lamas are masters, *gurus*, as we term them. The Lama Mingyar Dondup was going to be my guru, and I his chela. After the lamas there were the abbots. Not all of them were in charge of lamaseries, many were engaged in the general duties of senior administration, or traveling from lamasery to lamasery. In some instances, a particular lama could be of higher status than an abbot, it depended upon what he was doing. Those who were “Living Incarnations”, such as I had been proved, could be made abbots at the age of fourteen; it depended upon whether they could pass the severe examinations. These groups were strict and stern, but they were not cruel; they were at all times just. A further example of “monks” can be seen in the term “police monks”. Their sole purpose was to keep order, they were not concerned with the temple ceremonial except that they had to be present to make sure that everything was orderly. The police monks often were cruel and, as stated, so were the domestic staff. One could not condemn a bishop because his under-gardener

misbehaved! Nor expect the under-gardener to be a saint just because he worked for a bishop.

In the lamasery we had a prison. Not by any means a pleasant place to be in, but the characters of those who were consigned to it were not pleasant either. My solitary experience of it was when I had to treat a prisoner who had been taken ill. It was when I was almost ready to leave the lamasery that I was called to the prison cell. Out in the back courtyard were a number of circular parapets, about three feet high. The massive stones forming them were as wide as they were high. Covering the tops were stone bars each as thick as a man's thigh. They covered a circular opening about nine feet across. Four police monks grasped the centre bar, and dragged it aside. One stooped and picked up a yak-hair rope, at the end of which there was a flimsy-looking loop. I looked on unhappily; trust myself to *that*? "Now, Honourable Medical Lama," said the man, "if you will step here and put your foot in this we will lower you." Gloomily I complied. "You will want a light, sir," the police monk said, and passed me a flaring torch made of yarn soaked in butter. My gloom increased; I had to hold on to the rope, and hold the torch, and avoid setting myself on fire or burning through the thin little rope which so dubiously supported me. But down I went, twenty-five or thirty feet, down between walls glistening with water, down to the filthy stone floor. By the light of the torch I saw an evil-looking wretch crouched against the wall. Just one look was enough, there was no aura around him, so no life. I said a prayer for the soul wandering between the planes of existence, and closed the wild, staring eyes, then called to be pulled up. My work was finished, now the body-breakers would take over. I asked what had been his crime, and was told that he had been a wandering beggar who had come to the lamasery for food and shelter, and then, in the night, killed a monk for his few possessions. He had been overtaken while escaping, and brought back to the scene of his crime.

But all that is somewhat of a digression from the incident of my first attempt at kitchen work.

The effects of the cooling lotions were wearing off, and I felt as if the skin were being scorched off my body. The throbbing in my leg increased, it seemed as if it was going to explode; to my fevered imagination the hole was filled with a flaming torch. Time dragged; throughout the lamasery there were sounds, some that I knew, and many that I did not. The pain was sweeping up my body in great fiery gouts. I lay on my face, but the front of my body also was burned, burned by the hot ashes. There was a faint rustle, and someone sat beside me. A kind, compassionate voice, the voice of

the Lalna Mingyar Dondup said: “Little friend, it is too much. Sleep.” Gentle fingers swept along my spine. Again, and again, and I knew no more.

A pale sun was shining in my eyes. I blinked awake, and with the first returning consciousness thought that someone was kicking me—that I had overslept. I tried to jump up, to attend service, but fell back in agony. My leg! A soothing voice spoke: “Keep still, Lobsang, this is a day of rest for you.” I turned my head stiffly, and saw with great astonishment that I was in the lama’s room, and that he was sitting beside me. He saw my look and smiled. “And why the amazement? Is it not right that two friends should be together when one is sick?” My somewhat faint reply was: “But you are a Head Lama, and I am just a boy.”

“Lobsang, we have gone far together in other lives. In this, yet, you do not remember. I do, we were very close together in our last incarnations. But now you must rest and regain your strength. We are going to save your leg for you, so do not worry.”

I thought of the Wheel of Existence, I thought of the injunction in our Buddhist Scriptures:

The prosperity of the generous man never fails, while the miser finds no comforter.

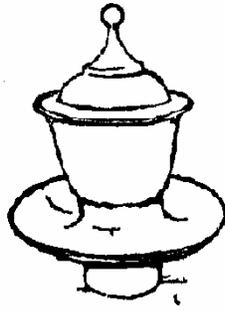
Let the powerful man be generous to the suppliant. Let him look down the long path of lives. For riches revolve like the wheels of a cart, they come now to one, now to another. The beggar today is a prince tomorrow, and the prince may come as a beggar.

It was obvious to me even then that the lama who was now my guide was indeed a good man, and one whom I would follow to the utmost of my ability. It was clear that he knew a very great deal about me, far more than I knew myself. I was looking forward to studying with him, and I resolved that no one should have a better pupil. There was, as I could plainly feel, a very strong affinity between us, and I marveled at the workings of Fate which had placed me in his care.

I turned my head to look out of the window. My bed-cushions had been placed on a table so that I could see out. It seemed very strange to be resting off the floor, some four feet in the air. My childish fancy likened it to a bird roosting in a tree! But there was much to see. Far away over the lower roofs beneath the window, I could see Lhasa sprawled in the sunlight. Little houses, dwarfed by the distance, and all of delicate pastel shades. The meandering waters of the Kyi River flowed through the level valley, flanked

by the greenest of green grass. In the distance the mountains were purple, surmounted with white caps of shining snow. The nearer mountain-sides were speckled with golden-roofed lamaseries. To the left was the Potala with its immense bulk forming a small mountain. Slightly to the right of us was a small wood from which peeped temples and colleges. This was the home of the State Oracle of Tibet, an important gentleman whose sole task in life is to connect the material world with the immaterial. Below, in the forecourt, monks of all ranks were passing to and fro. Some wore a sombre brown robe, these were the worker monks. A small group of boys were wearing white, student monks from some more distant lamasery. Higher ranks were there, too: those in blood red, and those with purple robes. These latter often had golden stoles upon them, indicating that they were connected with the higher administration. A number were on horses or ponies. The laity rode coloured animals, while the priests used only white. But all this was taking me away from the immediate present. I was more concerned now about getting better and being able to move around again.

After three days it was thought better for me to get up and move around. My leg was very stiff and shockingly painful. The whole area was inflamed and there was much discharge caused by the particles of iron rust which had not been removed. As I could not walk unaided, a crutch was made, and I hopped about on this with some resemblance to a wounded bird. My body still had a large number of burns and blisters from the hot ashes, but the whole lot together was not as painful as my leg. Sitting was impossible, I had to lie on my right side or on my face. Obviously I could not attend services or the classrooms, so my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, taught me almost full time. He expressed himself as well satisfied with the amount I had learnt in my few years, and said, "But a lot of this you have unconsciously remembered from your last incarnation."



## CHAPTER SIX

### LIFE IN THE LAMASERY

Two weeks went by and my body burns were very much better. My leg was still troublesome but at least it was making progress. I asked if I could resume normal routine as I wanted to be moving about more. It was agreed that I should, but I was given permission to sit in any way I could, or to lie on my face. Tibetans sit cross-legged in what we call the lotus attitude, but my leg disability definitely prevented that.

On the first afternoon of my return there was work in the kitchens. My job was to have a slate and keep check of the number of bags of barley being roasted. The barley was spread out on a stone floor which was smoking hot. Beneath was the furnace at which I had been burned. The barley was evenly distributed, and the door shut. While that lot was roasting we trooped along a corridor to a room where we cracked barley which had previously been roasted. There was a rough stone basin, cone-shaped and about eight feet across at the widest part. The internal surface was grooved and scored to hold grains of barley. A large stone, also cone-shaped, fitted loosely into the basin. It was supported by an age-worn beam which passed through it, and to which were fixed smaller beams like the spokes of a wheel without a rim. Roasted barley was poured into the basin, and monks and boys strained at the spokes to turn the stone, which weighed many tons. Once it started it was not so bad, then we all trooped around singing songs. I could sing here without reprimand! Starting the wretched stone was terrible. Everyone had to lend a hand to get it moving. Then, once moving, great care was taken to see that it did not stop.

Fresh supplies of roasted barley were poured in as the crushed grains dropped out of the bottom of the basin. All the cracked barley was taken away, spread on to hot stones, and roasted again. That was the basis of tsampa. Each of us boys carried a week's supply of tsampa on us or, more correctly, we carried the cracked and roasted barley on us. At meal-times we poured a little of it from our leather bags into our bowls. Then we would add buttered tea, stir with our fingers until the mass was like dough, then we would eat it.

The next day we had to work helping to make tea. We went to another part of the kitchens where there was a cauldron holding a hundred and fifty gallons. This had been scoured out with sand and now gleamed like new metal. Earlier in the day it had been half filled with water, and this was now boiling and steaming. We had to fetch bricks of tea and crush them up. Each brick was about fourteen to sixteen pounds in weight and had been brought to Lhasa over the mountain passes from China and India. The crushed pieces were tossed into the boiling water. A monk would add a great block of salt, and another would put in an amount of soda. When everything was boiling again, shovelfuls of clarified butter would be added and the whole lot boiled for hours. This mixture had a very good food value and with the tsampa was quite sufficient to sustain life. At all times the tea was kept hot, and as one cauldron became used, another was fired and prepared. The worst part of preparing this tea was tending the fires. The yak-dung which we used instead of wood as fuel is dried into the form of slabs and there is an almost inexhaustible supply of it. When put on the fires it sends out clouds of evil-smelling, acrid smoke. Everything in range of the smoke would gradually become blackened, woodwork would eventually look like ebony, and faces exposed to it for long would become grimed by smoke-filled pores.

We had to help with all this menial work, not because there was a shortage of labour, but so that there should not be too much class distinction. We believe that the only enemy is the man you do not know; work alongside a man, talk to him, know him, and he ceases to be an enemy. In Tibet, on one day in every year, those in authority set aside their powers, and then any subordinate can say exactly what they think. If an abbot has been harsh during the year, he is told about it, and if the criticism is just, no action can be taken against the subordinate. It is a system that works well and is rarely abused. It provides a means of justice against the powerful, and gives the lower ranks a feeling that they have some say after all.

There was a lot to be studied in the classrooms. We sat in rows on the floor. When the teacher was lecturing to us, or writing on his wall-board, he stood in front of us. But when we were working at our lessons, he walked about at the back of us and we had to work hard all the time as we did not know which of us was being watched! He carried a very substantial stick and did not hesitate to use it on any part of us within immediate reach. Shoulders, arms, backs, or the more orthodox place—it did not matter at all to the teachers, one place was as good as another.

We studied a lot of mathematics, because that was a subject which was essential for astrological work. Our astrology was no mere hit-or-miss affair, but was worked out according to scientific principles. I had a lot of astrology drummed into me because it was necessary to use it in medical work. It is better to treat a person according to their astrological type than to prescribe something quite haphazardly in the hope that as it once cured a person, it may again. There were large wall charts dealing with astrology, and others showing pictures of various herbs. These latter were changed every week and we were expected to be entirely familiar with the appearance of all the plants. Later we would be taken on excursions to gather and prepare these herb's, but we were not allowed to go on these until we had a far better knowledge and could be trusted to pick the right varieties. These "herb-gathering" expeditions, which were in the fall of the year, were a very popular relaxation from the strict routine of the lamastic life. Sometimes such a visit would last for three months, and would take one to the highlands, an area of ice-bound land, twenty to twenty-five thousand feet above the sea, where the vast ice sheets were interrupted by green valleys heated by hot springs. Here one could have an experience matched perhaps nowhere else in the world. In moving fifty yards one could range from a temperature of forty below zero to a hundred or more, Fahrenheit, above. This area was quite unexplored except by a few of us monks.

Our religious instruction was quite intensive; every morning we had to recite the Laws and Steps of the Middle Way. These Laws were :

1. Have faith in the leaders of the lamasery and country.
2. Perform religious observances, and study hard.
3. Pay honour to the parents.
4. Respect the virtuous.
5. Honour elders and those of high birth.
6. Help one's country.
7. Be honest and truthful in all things.
8. Pay heed to friends and relatives.

9. Make the best use of food and wealth.
10. Follow the example of those who are good.
11. Show gratitude and return kindness.
12. Give fair measure in all things.
13. Be free from jealousy and envy.
14. Refrain from scandal.
15. Be gentle in speech and in action and harm none.
16. Bear suffering and distress with patience and meekness.

We were constantly told that if everyone obeyed those Laws, there would be no strife or disharmony. Our lamasery was noted for its austerity and rigorous training. Quite a number of monks came from other lamaseries and then left in search of softer conditions. We looked upon them as failures and upon ourselves as of the elite. Many other lamaseries had no night services; the monks went to bed at dark and stayed there until dawn. To us they seemed soft and effete, and although we grumbled to ourselves, we would have grumbled still more if our schedule had been altered to bring us to the inefficient level of the others. The first year was particularly hard. Then was the time to weed out those who were failures. Only the strongest could survive on visits to the frozen highlands in search of herbs, and we of Chakpori were the only men to go there. Wisely our leaders decided to eliminate the unsuitable before they could in any way endanger others. During the first year we had almost no relaxation, no amusements and games. Study and work occupied every waking moment.

One of the things for which I am still grateful is the way in which we were taught to memorize. Most Tibetans have good memories, but we who were training to be medical monks had to know the names and exact descriptions of a very large number of herbs, as well as knowing how they could be combined and used. We had to know much about astrology, and be able to recite the whole of our sacred books. A method of memory training had been evolved throughout the centuries. We imagined that we were in a room lined with thousands and thousands of drawers. Each drawer was clearly labeled, and the writing on all the labels could be read with ease from where we stood. Every fact we were told had to be classified, and we were instructed to imagine that we opened the appropriate drawer and put the fact inside. We had to visualize it very clearly as we did it, visualize the “fact” and the exact location of the “drawer”. With little practice it was amazingly easy to—in imagination—enter the room, open the correct drawer, and extract the fact required as well as all related facts.

Our teachers went to great pains to ram home the need for good memories. They would shoot questions at us merely to test our

memories. The questions would be quite unrelated to each other so that we could not follow a trend and take an easy path. Often it would be questions on obscure pages of the sacred books interspersed with queries about herbs. The punishment for forgetfulness was most severe; forgetting was the unforgivable crime and was punished with a severe beating. We were not given a long time in which to try to remember. The teacher would perhaps say: "You, boy, I want to know the fifth line of the eighteenth page of the seventh volume of the Kan-gyur, open the drawer, now, what is it?" Unless one could answer within about ten seconds it was as well not to answer, because the punishment would be even worse if there was any mistake, no matter how slight. It is a good system, though, and does train the memory. We could not carry books of facts. Our books were usually about three feet wide by about eighteen inches long, loose sheets of paper held unbound between wooden covers. Certainly I found a good memory to be of the utmost value in later years.

During the first twelve months we were not allowed out of the lamasery grounds. Those who did leave were not permitted to return. This was a rule peculiar to Chakpori, because the discipline was so strict it was feared that if we were allowed out we should not return. I admit that I should have "run for it" if I had had anywhere to run. After the first year we were used to it.

The first year we were not permitted to play any games at all, we were kept hard at work the whole time and this most effectively weeded out those who were weak and unable to stand the strain. After these first hard months we found that we had almost forgotten how to play. Our sports and exercises were designed to toughen us and be of some practical use in later life. I retained my earlier fondness for stilt walking, and now I was able to devote some time to it. We started with stilts which lifted our feet our own height above ground. As we became more adept we used longer stilts, usually about ten feet high. On those we strutted about the courtyards, peering into windows and generally making a nuisance of ourselves. No balancing pole was used; when we desired to stay in one place we rocked from foot to foot as if we were marking time. That enabled us to maintain our balance and position. There was no risk of falling off if one was reasonably alert. We fought battles on stilts. Two teams of us, usually ten a side, would line up about thirty yards apart, and then on a given signal we would charge each other, uttering wild whoops calculated to frighten off the sky demons. As I have said, I was in a class of boys much older and bigger than myself. This gave me an advantage when it came to stilt fights. The others lumbered along heavily,

and I could nip in among, them and pull a stilt here and push one there and so send the riders toppling. On horseback I was not so good, but when I had to stand or fall on my own resources, I could make my way.

Another use for stilts, for us boys, was when we crossed streams. We could wade carefully across and save a long detour to the nearest ford. I remember once I was ambling along on six-foot stilts. A stream was in the way and I wanted to cross. The water was deep right from the banks, there was no shallow part at all. I sat on the bank and lowered my stilted legs in. The water came to my knees, as I walked out in midstream it rose to nearly my waist. Just then I heard running footsteps. A man hurried along the path and gave the merest glance at the small boy crossing the water. Apparently, seeing that the stream did not reach my waist, he thought: "Ah! Here is a shallow spot." There was a sudden splash, and the man disappeared completely. Then there was a flurry of water, and the man's head came above the surface, his clutching hands reached the bank, and he hauled himself to the land. His language was truly horrible, and the threats of what he was going to do to me almost curdled my blood. I hurried off to the far bank and when I, too, reached shore, I think that never before had I traveled so fast on stilts.

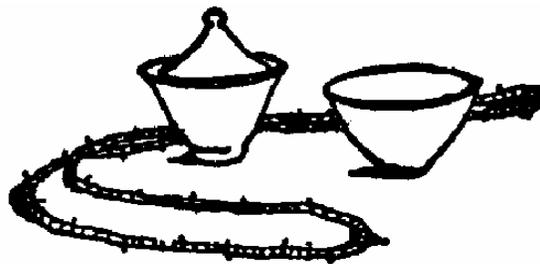
One danger of stilts was the wind which always seems to be blowing in Tibet. We would be playing in a courtyard, on stilts, and in the excitement of the game we would forget the wind and stride out beyond the sheltering wall. A gust of wind would billow out our robes and over we would go, a tangle of arms, legs and stilts. There were very few casualties. Our studies in judo taught us how to fall without harming ourselves. Often we would have bruises and scraped knees, but we ignored those trifles. Of course there were some who could almost trip over their shadow, some clumsy boys never learn breakfalls and they at times sustained a broken leg or arm.

There was one boy who would walk along on his stilts and then turn a somersault between the shafts. He seemed to hold on the end of the stilts, take his feet from the steps, and twist himself round in a complete circle. Up his feet would go, straight over his head, and down to find the steps every time. He did it time after time, almost never missing a step, or breaking the rhythm of his walk. I could jump on stilts, but the first time I did so I landed heavily, the two steps sheared right off and I made a hasty descent. After that I made sure that the stilt steps were well fastened.

Just before my eighth birthday, the Lama Mingyar Dondup told me that the astrologers had predicted that the day following my

birthday would be a good time to “open the Third Eye”. This did not upset me at all, I knew that he would be there, and I had complete trust in him. As he had so often told me, with the Third Eye open, I should be able to see people as they were. To us the body was a mere shell activated by the greater self, the Overself that takes over when one is asleep, or leaves this life. We believe that Man is placed in the infirm physical body so that he can learn lessons and progress. During sleep Man returns to a different plane of existence. He lays down to rest, and the spirit disengages itself from the physical body and floats off when sleep comes. The spirit is kept in contact with the physical body by a “silver cord” which is there until the moment of death. The dreams which one has are experiences undergone in the spirit plane of sleep. When the spirit returns to the body, the shock of awaking distorts the dream memory, unless one has had special training, and so the “dream” may appear wildly improbable to one in the waking state. But this will be mentioned rather more fully later when I state my own experiences in this connection.

The aura which surrounds the body, and which anyone can be taught to see under suitable conditions, is merely a reflection of the Life Force burning within. We believe that this force is electric, the same as Lightning. Now, in the West, scientists can measure and record the “electric brain waves”. People who scoff at such things should remember this and remember, too, the corona of the sun. Here flames protrude millions of miles from the sun's disc. The average person cannot see this corona, but in times of total eclipse it is visible to anyone who cares to look. It really does not matter whether people believe it or not. Disbelief will not extinguish the sun's corona. It is still there. So is the human aura. It was this aura, among other things, which I was going to be able to see when the Third Eye was opened.



## CHAPTER SEVEN

### THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE

My birthday came, and during that day I was at liberty, free from lessons, free from services. The Lama Mingyar Dondup said, in the early morning, "Have an amusing day, Lobsang, we are coming to see you at dusk." It was very pleasant lying on my back, lazing, in the sunlight. Slightly below me I could see the Potala with its roofs agleam. Behind me the blue waters of the Norbu Linga, or Jewel Park, made me wish that I could take a skin boat and drift along. South, I could watch a group of traders crossing the Kyi Chu ferry. The day passed too quickly.

With the death of the day the evening was born, and I went to the little room where I was to stay. There came the murmur of soft felt boots on the stone floor outside, and into the room came three lamas of high degree. They put a herbal compress to my head and bound it tightly in place. In the evening the three came again, and one was the Lama Mingyar Dondup. Carefully the compress was removed, and my forehead wiped clean and dry. A strong-looking lama sat behind me and took my head between his knees. The second lama opened a box and removed an instrument made of shining steel. It resembled a bradawl except that instead of having a round shaft this one was "U"-shaped, and in place of a point there were little teeth around the edge of the "U". For some moments the lama looked at the instrument, and then passed it through the flame of a lamp to sterilize it. The Lama Mingyar Dondup took my hands and said, "This is quite painful, Lobsang, and it can only be done while you are fully conscious. It will not take very long, so try to keep as still as you can." I could see various instruments laid out, and a collection of herbal lotions, and I thought to myself: "Well, Lobsang, my boy, they will finish you one way or the other and there is nothing you can do about it—except keep quiet!"

The lama with the instrument looked round to the others, and said: "All ready? Let us start now, the sun has just set." He pressed the instrument to the centre of my forehead and rotated the handle. For a moment there was a sensation as if someone was pricking me with thorns. To me it seemed that time stood still. There was no particular pain as it penetrated the skin and flesh, but there was a little jolt as the end hit the bone. He applied more pressure, rocking the instrument slightly so that the little teeth would fret through the frontal bone. The pain was not sharp at all, just a pressure and a dull ache. I did not move with the Lama Mingyar Dondup looking on; I would rather have died than make a move or outcry. He had faith in me, as I in him, and I knew that what he did or said was right. He was watching most closely, with a little pucker of muscles in tension at the corners of his mouth. Suddenly there was a little "scrunch" and the instrument penetrated the bone. Instantly its motion was arrested by the very alert operator. He held the handle of the instrument firmly while the Lama Mingyar Dondup passed him a very hard, very clean sliver of wood which had been treated by fire and herbs to make it as hard as steel. This sliver was inserted in the "U" of the instrument and slid down so that it just entered the hole in my head. The lama operating moved slightly to one side so that the Lama Mingyar Dondup could also stand in front of me. Then, at a nod from the latter, the operator, with infinite caution, slid the sliver farther and farther. Suddenly I felt a stinging, tickling sensation apparently in the bridge of my nose. It subsided, and I became aware of subtle scents which I could not identify. That, too, passed away and was replaced by a feeling as if I was pushing, or being pushed, against a resilient veil. Suddenly there was a blinding flash, and at that instant the Lama Mingyar Dondup said "*Stop*" For a moment the pain was intense, like a searing white flame. It diminished, died and was replaced by spirals of colour, and globules of incandescent smoke. The metal instrument was carefully removed. The sliver of wood remained, it would stay in place for two or three weeks and until it was removed I would have to stay in this little room almost in darkness. No one would see me except these three lamas, who would continue my instruction day by day. Until the sliver was removed I would have only the barest necessities to eat and drink. As the projecting sliver was being bound in place so that it could not move, the Lama Mingyar Dondup turned to me and said: "You are now one of us, Lobsang. For the rest of your life you will see people as they are and not as they pretend to be." It was a very strange experience to see these men apparently enveloped in golden flame. Not until later did I realize

that their auras were golden because of the pure life they led, and that most people would look very different indeed.

As my new-found sense developed under the skillful ministrations of the lamas I was able to observe that there were other emanations extending beyond the innermost aura. In time I was able to determine the state of a person's health by the colour and intensity of the aura. I was also able to know when they were speaking the truth, or otherwise, by the way the colours fluctuated. But it was not only the human body which was the subject of my clairvoyance. I was given a crystal, which I still have, and in its use I had much practice. There is nothing at all magical in crystals. They are merely instruments. Just as a microscope, or telescope, can bring normally invisible objects into view by using natural laws, so can a gazing-crystal. It merely serves as a focus for the Third Eye, with which one can penetrate any person's subconscious and retain the memory of facts gleaned. The crystal must be suited to the individual user. Some persons work best with a rock crystal, others prefer a ball of glass. Yet others use a bowl of water or a pure black disc. No matter what they use, the principles involved are the same.

For the first week the room was kept in almost complete darkness. The following week just a glimmer of light was admitted, the amount increasing as the end of the week drew close. On the seventeenth day the room was in full light, and the three lamas came together to remove the sliver. It was very simple. The night before my forehead had been painted with a herbal lotion. In the morning the lamas came and, as before, one took my head between his knees. The operator took hold of the projecting end of the wood with an instrument. There was a sudden sharp jerk—and that is all there was to it. The sliver was out. The Lama Mingyar Dondup put a pad of herbs over the very small spot left, and showed me the sliver of wood. It had turned as black as ebony while in my head. The operator lama turned to a little brazier and placed the wood upon it together with some incense of various kinds. As the combined smoke wafted to the ceiling, so was the first stage of my initiation completed. That night I fell asleep with my head in a whirl; what would Tzu look like now that I saw differently? Father, mother, how would they appear? But there was no answer to such questions yet.

In the morning the lamas came again and examined me carefully. They said that I could now go out with the others, but told me that half my time would be spent with the Lama Mingyar Dondup, who would teach me by intensive methods. The other half of my time would be spent attending classes and services, not

so much for the educational side, but to give me a balanced outlook by mixing. A little later I would be taught by hypnotic methods as well. For the moment I was mainly interested in food. For the past eighteen days I had been kept on a very small allowance, now I intended to make up for it. Out of the door I hurried, intent only on that thought. Approaching me was a figure smothered in blue smoke, shot through with flecks of angry red. I uttered a squeak of alarm and dashed back into the room. The others looked up at my horrified expression. "There's a man on fire in the corridor," I said. The Lama Mingyar Dondup hurried out and came back smiling. "Lobsang, that is a cleaner in a temper. His aura is smoky-blue as he is not evolved, and the flecks of red are the temper impulses showing. Now you can again go in search of that food you want so much."

It was fascinating meeting the boys I knew so well, yet had not known at all. Now I could look at them and get the impression of their true thoughts, the genuine liking for me, the jealousy from some, and the indifference from others. It was not just a matter of seeing colours and knowing all; I had to be trained to understand what those colours meant. My Guide and I sat in a secluded alcove where we could watch those who entered the main gates. The Lama Mingyar Dondup would say: "The one coming, Lobsang, do you see that thread of colour vibrating above his heart? That shade and vibration indicates that he has a pulmonary disease", or, perhaps at an approaching trader: "Look at this one, look at those shifting bands, those intermittent flecks. Our Brother of Business is thinking that he may be able to delude the stupid monks, Lobsang, he is remembering that he did so once before. To what petty meannesses men will stoop for money!" As an aged monk approached, the Lama said: "Watch this one carefully, Lobsang. Here is a truly holy man, but one who believes in the literal word-for-word accuracy of our Scriptures. You observe those discolorations in the yellow of the nimbus? It indicates that he has not yet evolved far enough to reason for himself." So it went on, day after day. Particularly with the sick we used the power of the Third Eye, for those who were sick in the flesh or sick in the spirit. One evening the Lama said: "Later we shall show you how to shut the Third Eye at will, for you will not want to watch people's failings all the time, it would be an intolerable burden. For the moment use it all the time, as you do your physical eyes. Then we will train you to shut it and open it at will as you can the other eyes."

Many years ago, according to our legends, all men and women could use the Third Eye. In those days the gods walked upon the

earth and mixed with men, Mankind had visions of replacing the gods and tried to kill them, forgetting that what Man could see the gods could see better. As a punishment, the Third Eye of Man was closed. Throughout the ages a few people have been born with the ability to see clairvoyantly; those who have it naturally can have its power increased a thousandfold by appropriate treatment, as I had. As a special talent it had to be treated with care and respect. The Lord Abbot sent for me one day and said: “My son, you now have this ability, an ability denied to most. Use it only for good, never for self gain. As you wander in other countries you will meet those who would have you behave as a conjurer in a fair. ‘Prove us this, prove us that’, they will say. But I say, my son, that this must not be. The talent is to enable you to help others, not to enrich self. Whatever you see by clairvoyance—and you will see much!—do not disclose it if it will harm others or affect their Path through Life. For Man must choose his own Path, my son, tell him what you will, he will still go his own way. Help in sickness, in suffering, yes, but do not say that which may alter a man's Path.” The Lord Abbot was a very learned man and was the physician who attended the Dalai Lama. Before concluding that interview he told me that within a few days I was going to be sent for by the Dalai Lama who wanted to see me. I was going to be a visitor at the Potala for a few weeks with the Lama Mingyar Dondup.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

### THE POTALA

One Monday morning the Lama Mingyar Dondup told me that the date for our visit to the Potala had been fixed. It was to be at the end of the week. "We must rehearse, Lobsang, we must make ourselves quite perfect in our approach." I was going to be presented to the Dalai Lama, and my "approach" had to be exactly right. In a little disused temple near our schoolroom there was a life-sized statue of the Dalai Lama. We went there and pretended that we were in audience at the Potala. "You see how I do it first, Lobsang. Enter the room like this, with your eyes down. Walk to here, about five feet from the Dalai Lama. Put out your tongue in salute and sink to your knees. Now watch carefully; put your arms like this and bow forward. Once, once more, and then a third time. Kneel, with your head bowed, then place the silk scarf across His feet, like this. Regain your position, with head bowed, so that He can put a scarf across your neck. Count ten to yourself, so as not to show undue haste, then rise and walk backwards to the nearest unoccupied cushion." I had followed all that as the Lama demonstrated it with the ease of long practice. He continued: "Just a warning here, before you start to walk backwards, take a quick, unobtrusive glance at the position of the nearest cushion. We don't want you to catch the cushion with your heels and have to practice a breakfall to save the back of your head. It is quite easy to trip in the excitement of the moment. Now you show me that you

can do as well as I.” I went out of the room, and the Lama clapped his hands as a signal for me to enter. In I hurried, only to be stopped with : “Lobsang! Lobsang! Are you in for a race? Now do it more slowly; time your steps by saying to yourself, Om-ma-ni-pad-me-Hum! Then you will come in as a dignified young priest instead of a galloping racehorse on the Tsang-po plain.” Out I went once more, and this time I entered most sedately and made my way to the statue. On my knees I went, with my tongue protruding in Tibetan salute. My three bows must have been models of perfection; I was proud of them. But, goodness me! I'd forgotten the scarf! So out I went once more to start all over again. This time I did it correctly, and placed the ceremonial scarf at the foot of the statue: I walked backwards, and managed to sit in the lotus fashion without tripping.

“Now we come to the next stage. You will have to conceal your wooden drinking-cup in your left sleeve. You will be given tea when you are seated. The cup is held like this, wedged against the sleeve and forearm. If you are reasonably careful it will stay in place. Let us practice with the cup up the sleeve, and remembering the scarf.” Every morning of that week we rehearsed so that I could do it automatically. At first the cup would fall out and clatter across the floor when I bowed, but I soon mastered the knack of it. On the Friday I had to go before the Lord Abbot and show him that I was proficient. He said that my performance was “a worthy tribute to the training of our Brother Mingyar Dondup”.

The next morning, Saturday, we walked down our hill to go across to the Potala. Our Lamasery was a part of the Potala organization although it was on a separate hill close to the main buildings. Ours was known as the Temple of Medicine, and the Medical School. Our Lord Abbot was the sole physician to the Dalai Lama, a position not altogether to be envied, because his job was not to cure an illness but to keep the patient well. Any aches or disorders were thus considered to be due to some failure on the part of the physician. Yet the Lord Abbot could not go and examine the Dalai Lama whenever he wished, but had to wait until he was sent for, when the patient was ill!

But on this Saturday I was not thinking of the worries of the physician, I had enough of my own. At the foot of our hill we turned towards the Potala and made our way through the crowds of avid sightseers and pilgrims. These people had come from all parts of Tibet to see the home of the Inmost One, as we call the Dalai Lama: If they could catch a glimpse of him they would go away feeling more than repaid for the long journeys and hardships. Some of the pilgrims had traveled for months on foot to make this

one visit to the Holy of Holies. Here there were farmers, nobles from distant provinces, herdsmen, traders, and the sick who hoped to obtain a cure in Lhasa. All thronged the road and made the six-mile circuit around the foot of the Potala. Some went on hands and knees, others stretched their length on the ground, arose, and stretched again. Yet others, the sick and infirm, hobbled along supported by friends, or with the aid of two sticks. Everywhere there were the vendors. Some were selling hot buttered tea heated over a swinging brazier. Others were selling foods of various kinds. There were charms for sale and amulets "blessed by a Holy Incarnation". Old men were there selling printed horoscopes to the gullible. Farther down the road a group of cheerful men were trying to sell hand prayer-wheels as a souvenir of the Potala. Scribes were there, too: for a certain sum they would write a note certifying that the person paying them had visited Lhasa and all the holy places there. We had no time for any of these, our objective was the Potala.

The private residence of the Dalai Lama was at the very top of the building, for no one may live higher. An immense stone staircase goes all the way up to the top, running outside the buildings. It is more like a street of stairs than a mere staircase. Many of the higher officials ride their horses up to save them from walking, We met many such during our ascent. At one point, high up, the Lama Mingyar Dondup stopped and pointed: "There is your former home, Lobsang, the servants are very active in the courtyard." I looked, and perhaps it would be better to leave unsaid what I felt. Mother was just riding out with her retinue of servants. Tzu was there as well. No, my thoughts at that time must remain mine.

The Potala is a self-contained township on a small mountain. Here are conducted all the ecclesiastical and secular affairs of Tibet. This building, or group of buildings, is the living heart of the country, the focus of all thoughts, of all hopes. Within these walls are treasure-houses containing blocks of gold, sacks and sacks of gems, and curiosities from the earliest ages. The present buildings are only about three hundred and fifty years old, but they are built on the foundations of a former palace. Long before that there was an armored fort on the top of the mountain. Deep down inside the mountain, for it is of volcanic origin, there is a huge cave, with passages radiating from it, and at the end of one a lake. Only a few, the very privileged few, have been here, or even know about it.

But outside, in the morning sunlight, we were making our way up the steps. Everywhere we heard the clacking of prayer-wheels-

the only form of wheel in Tibet because of the old prediction which says that when wheels come into the country, peace will go out. Eventually we reached the top where the giant guards swung open the gold gate as they saw the Lama Mingyar Dondup, whom they knew well. We went on until we reached the very top of the roof where were the tombs of former Incarnations of the Dalai Lama, and his present private residence. A large curtain of yaks' wool, coloured maroon, covered the entrance. It was pulled aside at our approach and we entered a large hall which was guarded by green porcelain dragons. Many rich tapestries hung from the walls, depicting religious scenes and ancient legends. On low tables there were articles to delight a collector's heart, statuettes of various gods and goddesses of mythology, and cloisonne' ornaments. By a curtain doorway, on a shelf, rested the Book of Nobles, and I wished that I could open it and see our name inside, to reassure me, for on this day, in this place, I felt very small and insignificant. At eight years of age I had no illusions left, and I wondered why the Highest in the Land wanted to see me. I knew that it was highly unusual and it was my opinion that there was more hard work behind it all, hard work or hardship.

A lama robed in cherry-red, with a gold stole around his neck was talking with the Lama Mingyar Dondup. The latter seemed to be very well known indeed here, and everywhere I had been with him. I heard: "His Holiness is interested, and wants a private talk with him, alone." My Guide turned to me and said: "It is time for you to go in, Lobsang. I will show you the door, then enter alone and pretend that it is just practice again, as we have been doing all this week." He put an arm round my shoulders and led me to a door, whispering, "There is no need at all for you to worry—in you go." With a little push at my back to urge me in he stood and watched. I entered the door, and there, at the far end of a long room, was the Inmost One, the Thirteenth Dalai Lama.

He was sitting on a silken cushion of saffron colour. His dress was that of an ordinary lama, but on his head he wore a tall yellow hat which had flaps reaching to his shoulders. He was just putting down a book. Bowing my head I walked across the floor until I was about five feet away, then I sank to my knees and bowed three times. The Lama Mingyar Dondup had passed me the silk scarf just before I entered, now I placed it at the feet of the Inmost One. He bent forward and put his across my wrists instead of, as was usual, around the neck. I felt dismayed now, I had to walk backwards to the nearest cushion, and I had observed that they were all quite a distance away, near the walls. The Dalai Lama spoke for the first time : "Those cushions are too far away for you

to walk backwards, turn around and bring one here so that we can talk together.” I did so, and returned with a cushion. He said, “Put it here, in front of me, and sit down.” When I was seated, he said, “Now, young man, I have heard some remarkable things about you. You are clairvoyant in your own right, and you have had the power further increased by the Opening of the Third Eye. I have the records of your last incarnation. I have also the astrologers' predictions. You will have a hard time at the start, but will attain success in the end. You will go to many foreign countries the world over, countries of which you have not yet heard. You will see death and destruction and cruelty such as you cannot imagine. The way will be long and hard, but success will come as predicted.” I did not know why he was telling me all this, I knew it all, every word of it, and had done since I was seven years of age. I knew well that I would learn medicine and surgery in Tibet and then go to China and learn the same subjects all over again. But the Inmost One was still speaking, warning me not to give proof of any unusual powers, not to talk of the ego, or soul, when I was in the western world. “I have been to India and China,” he said, “and in those countries one can discuss the Greater Realities, but I have met many from the West. Their values are not as ours, they worship commerce and gold. Their scientists say: ‘Show us the soul. Produce it, let us grasp it, weigh it, test it with acids. Tell us its molecular structure, its chemical reactions. Proof, proof, we must have proof,’ they will tell you, uncaring that their negative attitude of suspicion kills any chance of their obtaining that proof. But we must have tea.”

He lightly struck a gong, and gave an order to the lama who answered it. Shortly the latter returned bringing tea and special foods which had been imported from India. As we ate the Inmost One talked, telling me of India and China. He told me that he wanted me to study really hard, and that he would pick special teachers for me. I simply could not contain myself; I blurted out: “Oh, no one can know more than my Master, the Lama Mingyar Dondup!” The Dalai Lama looked at me, then put his head back and roared with laughter. Probably no other person had spoken to him like that, certainly no other eight-year-old boy had. He seemed to appreciate it. “So you think Mingyar Dondup is good, do you? Tell me what you really think of him, you young gamecock!” “Sir!” I replied, “you have told me that I have exceptional powers of clairvoyance. The Lama Mingyar Dondup is the best person I have ever seen.” The Dalai Lama laughed again and struck the gong at his side. “Ask Mingyar to come in,” he said to the lama who answered his summons.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup entered, and made his bows to the Inmost One. “Bring a cushion and sit down, Mingyar,” said the Dalai Lama. “You have had your character told by this young man of yours; it is an assessment with which I entirely agree.” The Lama Mingyar Dondup sat down beside me, and the Dalai Lama continued, “You have accepted full responsibility for Lobsang Rampa's training. Plan it as you will, and call upon me for any letters of authority. I will see him from time to time.” Turning to me, he said, “Young man, you have chosen well, your Guide is an old friend of my former days, and is a true Master of the Occult.” There were a few more words, and then we rose, bowed, and left the room. I could see that the Lama Mingyar Dondup was secretly very pleased with me, or with the impression I had made. “We will stay here a few days and explore some of the lesser-known parts of the buildings,” he said. “Some of the lower corridors and rooms have not been opened during the past two hundred years. You will learn much Tibetan history from these rooms.”

One of the attendant lamas—there were none below that rank in the Dalai Lama's residence—approached and said that we should have a room each here at the top of the building. He showed us to the rooms, and I was quite thrilled at the view, right across Lhasa, right across the plain. The lama said, “His Holiness has given instruction that you come and go as you please and that no door be closed against you.”

The Lama Mingyar Dondup told me that I should lie down for a time. The scar on my left leg was still causing much trouble. It was painful, and I walked with a limp. At one time it was feared that I would be a permanent cripple. For an hour I rested, then my Guide came in bearing tea and food. “Time to fill out some of those hollows, Lobsang. They eat well in this place, so let us make the most of it.” I needed no further encouragement to eat. When we had finished, the Lama Mingyar Dondup led the way out of the room, and we went into another room at the far side of the flat roof. Here, to my profound amazement, the windows had no oiled cloth, but were filled with nothingness which was just visible. I put out my hand and very cautiously touched the visible nothingness. To my astonishment it was cold, as cold as ice almost, and slippery. Then it dawned upon me: glass! I had never seen the stuff in a sheet before. We had used powdered glass on our kite strings, but that glass had been thick and one could not see clearly through it. It had been coloured, but this, this was like water.

But that was not all. The Lama Mingyar Dondup swung open the window, and picked up a brass tube which seemed to be part of a trumpet covered in leather. He took the tube and pulled, and

four pieces appeared, each from inside the other. He laughed at the expression on my face, and then poked one end of the tube out of the window and brought the other end close to his face. Ah! I thought, he is going to play an instrument. But the end did not go to his mouth, but to one eye. He fiddled about with the tube, and then said: "Look through here, Lobsang. Look with your right eye and keep the left closed." I looked, and nearly fainted with stupefaction. A man on a horse was riding up the tube towards me. I jumped aside, and looked around. There was no one in the room except the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and he was shaking with laughter. I looked at him suspiciously, thinking that he had bewitched me. "His Holiness said you were a Master of the Occult," I said, "but do you have to make fun of your pupil?" He laughed all the more, and motioned for me to look again. With considerable misgivings I did so, and my Guide moved the tube slightly so that I saw a different view. A telescope! Never before had I seen one. Never have I forgotten that sight of a man on a horse riding up inside the tube towards me. I am often reminded of it when a western person says "Impossible!" to some statement about the occult. That was certainly "impossible" to me. The Dalai Lama had brought a number of telescopes with him when he returned from India, and he was very fond of looking over the surrounding countryside. Here, too, I looked into a mirror for the first time and I certainly did not recognize the horrible looking creature that I saw. I saw a pale-faced little boy who had a large red scar in the middle of his forehead, and a nose which was undeniably prominent. I had seen my faint reflection before in water, but this was too plain. I have not bothered with mirrors since.

It may be thought that Tibet was a peculiar country to be without glass, telescopes or mirrors, but people did not want such things. Nor did we want wheels. Wheels made for speed, and for so-called civilization. We have long realized that in the rush of commercial life there is no time for the things of the mind. Our physical world had proceeded at a leisurely pace, so that our esoteric knowledge could grow, and expand. We have for thousands of years known the truth of clairvoyance, telepathy, and other branches of metaphysics. While it is quite true that many lamas can sit naked in the snow, and by thought alone melt the snow around them, such things are not demonstrated for the delight of the mere sensation seeker. Some lamas, who are masters of the occult, definitely can levitate, but they do not display their powers to entertain naive on-lookers. The teacher, in Tibet, always makes sure that his pupil is morally fit to be trusted with such powers. It follows from this, that as the teacher must be absolutely sure of the moral integrity

of the student, metaphysical powers are never abused, as only the right people are taught. These powers are in no way magical, they are merely the outcome of using natural laws.

In Tibet there are some who can best develop in company, and others who have to retire to solitude. These latter men go to out-lying lamaseries and enter a hermit's cell. It is a small room, usually built on the side of a mountain. The stone walls are thick, perhaps six feet thick so that no sound can penetrate. The hermit enters, at his own desire, and the entrance is walled up. There is no light whatever, no furnishings, nothing but the empty stone box. Food is passed in once a day through a light-trapped, sound-proofed hatch. Here the hermit stays, first for three years, three months and three days. He meditates on the nature of Life, and on the nature of Man. For no reason whatever can he leave that cell in the physical body. During the last month of his stay a very small hole is made in the roof to allow a faint ray of light to enter. It is enlarged day by day so that the hermit's eyes become used to the light once again. Otherwise he would go blind as soon as he emerged. Very often these men return to their cell after only a few weeks, and stay there for life. It is not such a sterile, worthless existence as one might suppose. Man is a spirit, a creature of another world, and once he can become free of the bonds of the flesh, he can roam the world as a spirit and can help by thought. Thoughts, as we in Tibet well know, are waves of energy. Matter is energy condensed. It is, thought, carefully directed and partly condensed, which can cause an object to move "by thought". Thought, controlled in another way; can result in telepathy, and can cause a person at a distance to do a certain action. Is this so very difficult to believe, in a world which regards as commonplace the act of a man speaking into a microphone guiding a plane to land in dense fog, when the pilot can see no ground at all? With a little training, and no skepticism, Man could do this by telepathy instead of making use of a fallible machine.

My own esoteric development did not entail this prolonged seclusion in total darkness. It took another form which is not available to the larger number of men who want to become hermits. My training was directed towards a specific purpose, and by direct order of the Dalai Lama. I was taught such things by another method, as well as by hypnosis, which cannot be discussed in a book of this nature. It will suffice to state that I was given more enlightenment than the average hermit can obtain in a very long lifetime. My visit to the Potala was in connection with the first stages of this training, but more of that later.

I was fascinated by that telescope, and I used it quite a lot to

examine the places I knew so well. The Lama Mingyar Dondup explained the principles in minute detail so that I could understand that there was no magic involved, but just ordinary laws of nature.

Everything was explained, not merely about the telescope, but lessons were given as to why a certain thing happened. I could never say "Oh! it is magic!" without having an explanation of the laws involved. Once during this visit I was taken to a perfectly dark room. The Lama Mingyar Dondup said, "Now you stand here, Lobsang, and watch that white wall." Then he blew out the flame of the butter-lamp and did something to the shutter of the window. Instantly there appeared on the wall before me a picture of Lhasa, but upside down! I shouted with amazement at the sight of men, women, and yaks walking about upside down. The picture suddenly flickered, and everything was the right way up. The explanation about "bending light rays" really puzzled me more than anything; how could one bend light? I had had demonstrated to me the method of breaking jars and pitchers with a soundless whistle, that was quite simple and not worth a further thought, but bending light! Not until a special piece of apparatus, consisting of a lamp the light of which was hidden by various slats, was brought from another room, could I understand the matter. Then I could see the rays bend, and nothing surprised me after.

The store rooms of the Potala were crammed full of wonderful statues, ancient books, and most beautiful wall paintings of religious subjects. The very, very few western people who have seen any of them, consider them to be indecent. They portray a male and a female spirit in close embrace, but the intention of these pictures is very far from being obscene, and no Tibetan would ever regard them as such. These two nude figures in embrace are meant to convey the ecstasy which follows the union of Knowledge and Right Living. I admit that I was horrified beyond measure when I first saw that the Christians worshipped a tortured man nailed to a cross as their symbol. It is such a pity that we all tend to judge the peoples of other countries by our own standards.

For centuries gifts have been arriving at the Potala from various countries, gifts for the Dalai Lama of the time. Nearly all those presents have been stored in rooms, and I had a wonderful time turning out and obtaining psychometrical impressions as to why the things were sent in the first place. It was indeed an education in motives. Then, after I had stated my impression as obtained from the object, my Guide would read from a book and tell me the exact history, and what had happened after. I was pleased at

his more and more frequent, "You are right, Lobsang, you are doing very well indeed."

Before leaving the Potala we made a visit to one of the underground tunnels. I was told that I could visit just one, as I would see the others at a later date. We took flaring torches and cautiously climbed down what seemed to be endless steps, and slithered along smooth rocky passages. These tunnels, I was told, had been made by volcanic action countless centuries before. On the walls were strange diagrams and drawings of quite unfamiliar scenes. I was more interested in seeing the lake which I had been told stretched for miles and miles at the end of one passage. At last we entered a tunnel which grew wider and wider, until suddenly the roof disappeared to where the light of our torches would not reach. A hundred yards more, and we stood at the edge of water such as I had never seen before. It was black and still, with the blackness that made it appear almost invisible, more like a bottomless pit than a lake. Not a ripple disturbed the surface, not a sound broke the silence. The rock upon which we stood also was black, it glistened in the light of the torches, but a little to one side was a glitter on the wall. I walked towards it, and saw that in the rock there was a broad band of gold that was perhaps fifteen to twenty feet long and reached from my neck to my knees. Great heat had once started to melt it from the rock, and it had cooled in lumps like golden candle grease. The Lama Mingyar Dondup broke the silence: "This lake goes to the River Tsang-po forty miles away. Years and years ago an adventurous party of monks made a raft of wood, and made paddles with which to propel it. They stocked the raft with torches, and pushed off from the shore. For miles they paddled, exploring, then they came to an even larger space where they could not see walls or roof. They drifted on as they paddled gently, not sure which way to go."

I listened, picturing it vividly. The Lama continued: "They were lost, not knowing which was forward or which was backward. Suddenly the raft lurched, there was a blast of wind which extinguished their torches, leaving them in complete darkness, and they felt that their fragile craft was in the grip of the Water Demons. Around they spun, leaving them giddy and sick. They clung to the ropes that held the wood together. With the violent motion, little waves washed over the top and they became wet through. Their speed increased, they felt that they were in the grip of a ruthless giant pulling them to their doom. How long they traveled they had no means of telling. There was no light, the darkness was solid black, such as never was upon the surface of the earth. There was a scraping, grating noise, and stunning blows and crushing pres-

sure. They were flung off the raft and forced under the water. Some of them had just time to gulp air. Others were not so fortunate. Light appeared, greenish and uncertain, it became brighter. They were twisted and thrown, then they shot up into brilliant sunshine.

Two of them managed to reach the shore more than half drowned, battered and bleeding. Of the other three there was no trace. For hours they lay half between death and life. Eventually one roused sufficiently to look about him. He nearly collapsed again from the shock. In the distance was the Potala. Around them were green meadows with grazing yaks. At first they thought that they had died, and this was a Tibetan Heaven. Then they heard footsteps beside them, and a herdsman was looking down at them. He had seen the floating wreckage of the raft and had come to collect it for his own use. Eventually the two monks managed to convince the man that they were monks, for their robes had been completely torn off, and he agreed to go to the Potala for litters. Since that day very little has been done to explore the lake, but it is known that there are islands a little way beyond the range of our torches. One of them has been explored, and what was found you will see later when you are initiated."

I thought of it all and wished that I could have a raft and explore the lake. My Guide had been watching my expression: suddenly he laughed and said: "Yes, it would be fun to explore, but why waste our bodies when we can do the search in the astral! You can, Lobsang. Within a very few years you will be competent to explore this place with me, and add to the total knowledge we have of it. But for now, study, boy, study. For both of us."

Our torches were flickering low and it seemed to me that we should soon be groping blindly in the darkness of the tunnels. As we turned away from the lake I thought how foolish of us not to bring spare lights. At that moment the Lama Mingyar Dondup turned to the far wall and felt about. From some hidden niche he produced more torches and lit them from those now almost smoldering out.

"We keep spares here, Lobsang, because it would be difficult to find one's way out in the dark. Now let us be going."

Up the sloping passages we toiled, pausing a while to regain our breath and to look at some of the drawings on the walls. I could not understand them, they appeared to be of giants, and there were machines so strange as to be utterly beyond my comprehension. Looking at my Guide I could see that he was quite at home with these drawings, and in the tunnels. I was looking forward to other visits here, there was some mystery about it all, and

I never could hear of a mystery without trying to get to the bottom of it. I could not bear the idea of spending years guessing at a solution when there was a chance of finding the answer, even if in so doing I was involved in considerable danger. My thoughts were interrupted by: "Lobsang! You are mumbling like an old man. We have a few more steps to go, and then it is daylight again. We will go on the roof and use the telescope to point out the site where those monks of old came to the surface."

When we did so, when we were on the roof, I wondered why we could not ride the forty miles and actually visit the place. The Lama Mingyar Dondup told me that there was nothing much to see, certainly nothing that the telescope would not reveal. The outlet from the lake was apparently far below the water-level and there was nothing to mark the spot, except a clump of trees which had been planted there by order of the previous Incarnation of the Dalai Lama.



## CHAPTER NINE

### AT THE WILD ROSE FENCE

The next morning we made our leisurely preparations to return to Chakpori. For us the Potala visit was quite a holiday. Before leaving I rushed up to the roof to have a last look at the countryside through the telescope. On a roof of the Chakpori a small acolyte was lying on his back reading, and occasionally tossing small pebbles on to the bald heads of monks in the courtyard. Through the glass I could see the impish grin on his face as he ducked back out of sight of the puzzled monks below. It made me acutely uncomfortable to realize that the Dalai Lama had no doubt watched me do similar tricks. In future, I resolved, I would confine my efforts to the side of the buildings hidden from the Potala.

But it was time to leave. Time to say our thanks to those lamas who had worked to make our short stay so pleasant. Time to be particularly nice to the Dalai Lama's personal steward. He had charge of the "foods from India". I must have pleased him, because he made me a farewell gift which I was not slow to eat. Then, fortified, we started down the steps on our way back to the Iron Mountain. As we reached halfway we became aware of shouts and calls, and passing monks pointed back, behind us. We stopped, and a breathless monk rushed down and gasped out a message to the Lama Mingyar Dondup. My Guide halted.

"Wait here for me, Lobsang, I shall not be very long." With that

he turned and walked up the steps again. I idled around , admiring the view, and looking at my former home. Thinking of it, I turned, and almost fell over backwards as I saw my father riding towards me. As I looked at him he looked at me and his lower jaw dropped slightly as he recognized me. Then, to my unutterable pain, he ignored me, and rode on. I looked at his retreating back and called "Father!" He took no notice whatever, but rode stolidly on. My eyes felt hot, I began to tremble, and I thought that I was going to disgrace myself in public, on the steps of the Potala of all places. With more self control than I thought I possessed I straightened my back and gazed out over Lhasa.

After about half an hour the Lama Mingyar Dondup came riding down the steps and leading another horse.

"Get on, Lobsang, we have to get to Sera in a hurry, one of the abbots there has had a bad accident."

I saw that there was a case tied to each saddle, and guessed that it was my Guide's equipment. Along the Lingkhör road we galloped, past my former home, scattering pilgrims and beggars alike. It did not take us long to reach Sera Lamasery, where monks were waiting for us. We jumped off the horses, each carrying a case, and an abbot led us in to where an old man lay on his back.

His face was the colour of lead, and the life force seemed to be flickering almost to a halt. The Lama Mingyar Dondup called for boiling water, which was ready, and into it he dropped certain herbs. While I was stirring this, the Lama examined the old man, who had a fractured skull as a result of falling. A piece of bone was depressed and was exerting pressure on the brain. When the liquid was cool enough we mopped the old man's head with it, and my Guide cleaned his hands with some of it. Taking a sharp knife from his case, he quickly made a U-shaped cut through the flesh, right through to the bone. There was little bleeding, the herbs prevented it. More herbal lotion was mopped on, and the flap of flesh was turned back and cleared away from the bone. Very, very gently the Lama Mingyar Dondup examined the area and found where the skull bone had been crushed in and was hanging below the normal level of the skull. He had put a lot of instruments into a bowl of disinfecting lotion before commencing, now he took from the bowl two silver rods, flattened at one end, and with serrations in the flat part. With extreme care he inserted the thinnest edge into the widest fracture of the bone and held it rigidly while he took a firmer grip of the bone with the other rod. Gently, very gently, he prised up the flap of bone so that it was just above the normal level. He wedged it there with one rod and said: "Now pass the bowl, Lobsang." I held it so that he could take what

he wanted, and he took a small spike of silver, just a minute triangular wedge. This he pressed into the crack between the normal skull bone and the fractured edge, which was now slightly above the level. Slowly he pressed the bone a little. It moved slightly, and he pressed just a little more. The level was now normal. "It will knit together, and the silver, being an inert metal, will cause no trouble." He mopped the area with more herbal lotion, and carefully put back the flap of flesh which had been left attached by one side. With boiled hair from a horse's tail he stitched the flap, and covered the site of the operation with a herbal paste tied in place with boiled cloth.

The old abbot's life force had been growing stronger since the pressure was relieved from his brain. We propped him up with cushions so that he was in a semi-sitting position. I cleaned the instruments in fresh boiling lotion, dried them on boiled cloth and packed everything carefully back into the two cases. As I was cleaning my hands after, the old man's eyes flickered open, and he gave a weak smile as he saw the Lama Mingyar Dondup bending over him.

"I knew that only you could save me, that is why I sent the mind message to the Peak. My task is not yet finished and I am not ready to leave the body."

My Guide looked at him carefully and replied: "You will recover from this. A few days of discomfort, a headache or two, and when that has gone you can go about your work. For a few days you must have someone with you when you sleep, so that you do not lie flat. After three or four days you will have no cause for worry."

I had gone to the window and was looking out. It was quite interesting to see conditions in another lamasery. The Lama Mingyar Dondup came to me and said: "You did well, then, Lobsang, we shall make a team. Now I want to show you around this community, it is very different from ours."

We left the old abbot in the care of a lama, and went out into the corridor. The place was not so clean as at Chakpori, nor did there seem to be any strict discipline. Monks seemed to come and go as they pleased. The temples were uncared for, compared to ours, and even the incense was more bitter. Gangs of boys were playing in the courtyards—at Chakpori they would have been hard at work. The prayer-wheels were for the most part unturned. Here and there an aged monk sat and twirled the Wheels, but there was none of the order, cleanliness, and discipline which I had come to take as average. My Guide said: "Well, Lobsang, would you like to stay here and have their easy life?"

“No, I would not, I think they are a lot of savages here,” I said. He laughed. “Seven thousand of them! It is always the noisy few who bring the silent majority into disrepute.”

“That may be,” I replied. “but although they call this the Rose Fence, that is not what I would call it.”

He looked at me with a smile: “I believe you would take on the job of bringing discipline to this lot single-handed.”

It was a fact that our Lamasery had the strictest discipline of any, most of the others were very lax indeed, and when the monks there wanted to laze, well, they just lazed and nothing was said about it. Sera, or the Wild Rose Fence as it is really called, is three miles from the Potala and is one of the lamaseries known as “The Three Seats”. Drebung is the largest of the three, with not less than ten thousand monks. Sera comes next in importance with about seven thousand five hundred monks, while Ganden is the least important with a mere six thousand. Each is like a complete town with streets, colleges, temples, and all the usual buildings that go to make up a township. The streets were patrolled by the Men of Kham. Now, no doubt, they are patrolled by Communist soldiers! Chakpori was a small community, but an important one. As the Temple of Medicine, it was then the “Seat of Medical Learning” and was well represented in the Council Chamber of the government.

At Chakpori we were taught what I shall term “judo”. That is the nearest English word I can find, the Tibetan description of *sung-thru-kyom-pa tu de-po le-la-po* cannot be translated, nor can our technical word of amree. “Judo” is a very elementary form of our system. Not all lamaseries have this training, but we at Chakpori were taught it to give us self-control, to enable us to deprive others of consciousness for medical purposes, and to enable us to travel safely in rougher parts of the country. As medical lamas we traveled extensively.

Old Tzu had been a teacher of the art, perhaps the best exponent of it in Tibet, and he had taught me all he knew—for his own satisfaction in doing a job well. Most men and boys knew the elementary holds and throws, but I knew them when I was four years of age. This art, we believe, should be used for self defense and self-control, and not after the manner of a prize-fighter. We are of the opinion that the strong man can afford to be gentle, while the weak and unsure brag and boast.

Our judo was used to deprive a person of consciousness when, for instance, setting broken bones, or extracting teeth. There is no pain with it, and no risk. A person can be made unconscious before he is aware of its onset, and he can be restored to full consciousness

hours or seconds later without ill effect. Curiously enough, a person made unconscious while speaking will complete the sentence upon awakening. Because of the obvious dangers of this higher system, this and “instant” hypnotism were taught only to those who could pass most stringent tests of character. And then hypnotic blocks were imposed so that one should not abuse the powers conferred.

In Tibet, a lamasery is not merely a place where men of religious inclination live, but a self-contained town with all the usual facilities and amenities. We had our theatres in which to see religious and traditional plays. Musicians were ever ready to entertain us, and prove that in no other community were there such good players. Those monks who had money were able to buy food, clothing, luxuries, and books in the shops. Those who desired to save, deposited their cash in the lamastic equivalent of a bank. All communities, in any part of the world, have their offenders against the rules. Ours were arrested by monk-police and taken off to a court where they were given a fair trial. If found guilty, they had to serve their sentence in the lamastic prison. Schools of various types catered for all grades of mentality. Bright boys were helped to make their way, but in all lamaseries other than Chakpori, the slothful person was permitted to sleep or dream his life away. Our idea was, one cannot influence the life of another, so let him catch up in his next incarnation. At Chakpori matters were different, and if one did not make progress, one was compelled to leave and seek sanctuary elsewhere where the discipline was not so strict.

Our sick monks were well treated, we had a hospital in the lamaseries and the indisposed were treated by monks who were trained in medicine and elementary surgery. The more severe cases were treated by specialists, such as the Lama Mingyar Dondup. Quiet often since leaving Tibet I have had to laugh at the Western stories about Tibetans thinking that a man's heart is on the left side, and a woman's is on the right. We saw enough dead bodies cut open to *know* the truth. I have also been much amused about the “filthy Tibetans, riddled with V.D.”. The writers of such statements apparently have never been in those convenient places, in England and America, where the local citizenry are offered “Free and Confidential Treatment”. We *are* filthy; some of our women, for instance, put stuff on the face, and have to mark the position of the lips so that one cannot miss. Most times they put stuff on their hair to make it shine, or to alter the colour. They even pluck eyebrows and colour nails, sure signs that Tibetan women are “filthy and depraved”.

But to return to our lamastic community; often there were visitors, they might be traders or monks. They were given accommodation in the lamastic hotel. They also paid for such accommodation! Not all monks were celibate. Some thought that “single blessedness” did not induce the right frame of mind for contemplation. Those were able to join a special sect of Red Hat monks who were permitted to marry. They were in the minority. The Yellow Hats, a celibate sect, were the ruling class in religious life. In “married” lamaseries, monks and nuns worked side by side in a well-ordered community, and most times the “atmosphere” there was not so rough as in a purely male community.

Certain lamaseries had their own printing-works so that they could print their own books. Usually they made their own paper. This latter was not a healthy occupation, because one form of tree bark used in paper manufacture was highly poisonous. While this prevented any insect from attacking Tibetan paper, it also had a bad effect on the monks, and those who worked at this trade complained of severe headaches and worse. In Tibet we did not use metal type. All our pages were drawn on wood of suitable character, and then everything except the drawn outlines was pared away, leaving the parts to be printed standing high above the rest of the board. Some of these boards were three feet wide by eighteen inches deep and the detail would be quite intricate. No board containing the slightest mistake was used. Tibetan pages are not like the pages of this book, which are longer than they are wide: we used wide and short pages, and they were always unbound. The various loose sheets were kept between carved wooden covers. In printing, the carved board of page contents was laid flat. One monk ran an ink roller over the whole surface, making sure of even distribution. Another monk took up a sheet of paper and quickly spread it on the board, while a third monk followed with a heavy roller to press the paper well down. A fourth monk lifted off the printed page and passed it to an apprentice, who put it to one side. There were very few smudged sheets, these were never used for the book, but were kept for the apprentices to practice upon. At Chakpori we had carved wooden boards about six feet high and about four feet wide: these had carvings of the human figure and the various organs. From them were made wall charts, which we had to colour. We had astrological charts as well. The charts on which we erected horoscopes were about two feet square. In effect they were maps of the heavens at the time of a person's conception and birth. On the map-blanks we inserted the data which we found in the carefully prepared mathematical tables which we published.

After looking over the Rose Fence Lamasery and, in my case comparing it unfavorably with ours, we returned to the room to see the old abbot again. During the two hours of our absence he had improved very greatly and was now able to take much greater interest in things around him. In particular he was able to pay attention to the Lama Mingyar Dondup, to whom he seemed very attached. My Guide said: "We must leave now, but here are some powdered herbs for you. I will give full instructions to your Priest in Charge as we leave." Three little leather bags were taken from his case and handed over. Three little bags which meant life, instead of death, to an aged man.

In the entrance courtyard we found a monk holding two deplorably frisky ponies. They had been fed and rested and were now very ready to gallop. I was not. Fortunately for me, the Lama Mingyar Dondup was quite content for us to amble along. The Rose Fence is about three thousand seven hundred yards from the nearest part of the Lingkhor road. I was not anxious to pass my old home. My Guide evidently caught my thoughts, for he said: "We will cross the road to the Street of Shops. There is no hurry tomorrow is a new day which we have not yet seen."

I was fascinated to look at the shops of the Chinese traders and to listen to their high shrill voices as they bickered and chattered at the prices. Just opposite their side of the street was a chorten, symbolizing immortality of the ego, and behind that loomed a gleaming temple to which the monks of nearby Shede Gompa were streaming. A few minutes' ride and we were in the lanes of cluttered houses which clustered as if for protection in the shadow of the Jo-Kank. "Ah" I thought, "last time I was here I was a free man, not training to be a monk. Wish it was all a dream and I could wake up!" Down the road we ambled, and turned right to the road which led over the Turquoise Bridge. The Lama Mingyar Dondup turned to me and said: "So you still do not want to be a monk? It is quite a good life, you know. At the end of this week the annual party are going to the hills to gather herbs. This time I do not want you to go. Instead, study with me so that you can take the examination for Trappa when you are twelve. I have planned to take you on a special expedition to the highlands to obtain some very rare herbs." Just then we had reached the end of the village of Sho and were approaching the Pargo Kaling, the Western Gate of the Valley of Lhasa. A beggar shrunk against the wall: "Ho! Reverend Holy Lama of Medicine, please do not cure me of my ills or my living is gone." My Guide looked sad as we rode through the chorten forming the gate. "So many of these beggars, Lobsang, so unnecessary. It is they who give us a bad

name abroad. In India, and in China where I went with the Precious One, people talked of the beggars of Lhasa, not realizing that some of them were rich. Well, well, perhaps after the fulfillment of the Prophecy of the Year of the Iron Tiger (1950-Communists invade Tibet) the beggars will be put to work. You and I will not be here to see it, Lobsang. For you, foreign lands. For me, a return to the Heavenly Fields.”

It made me sad beyond measure to think that my beloved Lama would leave me, leave this life. Not then did I realize that life on Earth was but an illusion, a testing-place, a school. A knowledge of Man's behavior to those beset by adversity was beyond me. Now it is not!

Left we turned into the Lingkhör road, past the Kundu Ling, and left again to our own road leading up to the Iron Mountain. I never tired of looking at the coloured rock-carving which made up one side of our mountain. The whole cliff face was covered with carvings and paintings of deities. But the day was far advanced and we had no more time to spare. As we rode up I thought of the herb gatherers. Every year a party from the Chakpori went to the hills to gather herbs, dried them, and packed them into airtight bags. Here, in the hills, was one of the great storehouses of Nature's remedies. Very few people indeed had ever been to the highlands where there were things too strange to discuss. Yes, I decided, I could well forgo a visit to the hills this year, and I would study hard so that I should be fit to accompany the expedition to the highlands when the Lama Mingyar Dondup thought fit. The astrologers had said that I would pass the examination at the first attempt, but I knew that I should have to study hard; I knew that the prediction meant if I studied hard enough! My mental stage was at least equivalent to an eighteen-year-old, as always I had mixed with people much older than I, and I had to fend for myself.



## CHAPTER TEN

### TIBETAN BELIEFS

It may be of some interest to give here some details of our way of life. Our religion is a form of Buddhism, but there is no word which can be transliterated. We refer to it as “The Religion”, and to those of our faith as “Insiders”. Those of other beliefs are termed “Outsiders”. The nearest word, already known in the West, is Lamaism. It departs from Buddhism in that ours is a religion of hope and a belief in the future. Buddhism, to us, seems negative, a religion of despair. We certainly do not think that an all-seeing father is watching and guarding everyone, everywhere.

Many learned people have passed erudite comment on our religion. Many of them have condemned us because they were blinded by their own faith, and could see no other point of view. Some have even called us “satanic” because our ways are alien to them. Most of these writers have based their opinions on hearsay or on the writings of others. Possibly a very few have studied our beliefs for a few days and have then felt competent to know all, to write books on the subject, and to interpret and make known that which it takes our cleverest sages a lifetime to discover.

Imagine the teachings of a Buddhist or Hindu who had flipped the pages of the Christian Bible for an hour or two and then tried to explain all the subtler points of Christianity! *None* of these writers on Lamaism has lived as a monk in a lamasery from early boyhood and studied the Sacred Books. These Books are secret; secret because they are not available to those who want quick, effortless and cheap salvation. Those who want the solace of some ritual, some form of self-hypnosis, can have it if it will help them.

It is not the Inner Reality, but childish self-deception. To some it may be very comforting to think that sin after sin can be committed and then, when the conscience prods too much, a gift of some kind to the nearest temple will so overwhelm the gods with gratitude that forgiveness will be immediate, all-embracing, and certain, and will enable one to indulge in a fresh set of sins. There *is* a God, a Supreme Being. What does it matter what we call Him? God is a fact.

Tibetans who have studied the true teachings of Buddha never pray for mercy or for favours, but only that they may receive justice from Man. A Supreme Being, as the essence of justice, cannot show mercy to one and not to another, because to do so would be a denial of justice. To pray for mercy or for favours, promising gold or incense if the prayer is answered, is to imply that salvation is available to the highest bidder, that God is short of money and can be “bought”.

Man can show mercy to Man, but very rarely does; the Supreme Being can show only justice. We are immortal souls. Our prayer: “Om! ma-ni pad-me Hum!”—which is written below—is often translated literally as “Hail to the Jewel of the Lotus!” We who have gone a little further know that the true meaning is “Hail to Man's Overself!” There is death. As one doffs one's clothes at the end of day, so does the soul doff the body when the latter sleeps. As a suit of clothes is discarded when worn out, so does the soul discard the body when the latter is worn or torn. Death is Birth. Dying is merely the act of being born in another plane of existence. Man, or the spirit of Man, is eternal. The body is but the temporary garment that clothes the spirit, to be chosen according to the task in hand upon earth. Outward appearance does not matter. The soul within does. A great prophet may come in the guise of a pauper—how better can one judge of Man's charity to Man!—while one who has sinned in a past life when there is not poverty to drive him on.

ॐ नमो पद्मे ह्रूं

Om! ma-ni pad-me Hum!

“The Wheel of Life” is what we call the act of being born, living on some world, dying, going back to the spirit state, and in time being reborn in different circumstances and conditions. A man

may suffer much in a life, it does not necessarily mean that he was evil in a past life; it may be the best and quickest way of learning certain things. Practical experience is a better teacher than hearsay! One who commits suicide may be reborn to live out the years cut short in the past life, but it does not follow that all who die young, or as babies, were suicides. The Wheel of Life applies to all, beggars and kings, men, and women, coloured people and white. The Wheel is but a symbol of course, but one which makes matters clear to those who have no time to make a long study of the subject. One cannot explain Tibetan belief in a paragraph or two: the Kangyur, or Tibetan Scriptures, consist of over a hundred books on the subject, and even then it is not fully dealt with. There are many books hidden within remote lamaseries which are seen by Initiates alone.

For centuries peoples of the East have known of the various occult forces and laws and that these were natural. Instead of trying to disprove such forces on the grounds that as they could not be weighed or tested with acids, they could not exist, Eastern scientists and researchers have striven to increase their command over these laws of nature. The mechanics of clairvoyance, for example, did not interest us, the results of clairvoyance did. Some people doubt clairvoyance; they are like the born blind who say that sight is impossible because they have not experienced it, because they cannot understand how an object some distance away can be seen when there is clearly no contact between it and the eyes!

People have auras, coloured outlines which surround the body, and by the intensity of those colours those experienced in the art can deduce a person's health, integrity, and general state of evolution. The aura is the radiation of the inner life force, the ego, or soul. Around the head is a halo, or nimbus, which also is part of the force. At death the light fades as the ego leaves the body on its journey to the next stage of existence. It becomes a "ghost". It drifts a little, perhaps dazed by the sudden shock of being free of the body. It may not be fully aware of what is happening. That is why lamas attend the dying that they may be informed of the stages through which they will pass. If this is neglected, the spirit may be earthbound by desires of the flesh. It is the duty of the priests to break these ties.

At frequent intervals we had a service for Guiding the Ghosts. Death has no terror for Tibetans, but we believe that one can have an easier passage from this life to the next if certain precautions are taken. It is necessary to follow clearly defined paths, and to think along certain lines. The service would be conducted in a

temple with about three hundred monks present. In the center of the temple would be a group of perhaps five telepathic lamas sitting in a circle, face to face. As the monks, led by an abbot, chanted, the lamas would try to maintain telepathic contact with distressed souls. No translation from the Tibetan Prayers can do full justice to them, but this is an attempt:

“Hear the voices of our souls, all you who wander unguided in the Borderlands. The living and the dead live in worlds apart. Where can their faces be seen and their voices heard? The first stick of incense is lit to summon a wandering ghost that he may be guided.

“Hear the voices of our souls, all you who wander. This is the World of Illusion. Life is but a dream. All that are born must die. Only the Way of Buddha leads to eternal life. The third stick of incense is lit to summon a wandering ghost that he may be guided.

“Hear the voices of our souls all you of great power, you who have been enthroned with mountains and rivers under your rule. Your reigns have lasted but a moment, and the complaints of your peoples have never ceased. The earth runs with blood, and the leaves of the trees are swayed by the sighs of the oppressed. The fourth stick of incense is lit to summon the ghosts of kings and dictators that they may be guided.

“Hear the voices of our souls, all you warriors who have invaded, wounded and killed. Where are your armies now? The earth groans, and weeds grow over the battlefields. The fifth stick of incense is lit to summon lonely ghosts of generals and lords for guidance.

“Hear the voices of our souls, all artists and scholars, you who have worked at painting and writing. In vain you have strained your sight and worn down your ink-slabs. Nothing of you is remembered, and your souls must continue on. The sixth stick of incense is lit to summon the ghosts of artists and scholars for guidance.

“Hear the voices of our souls, beautiful virgins and ladies of high degree whose youth could be compared to a fresh spring morning. After the embrace of lovers comes the breaking of hearts. The autumn, then the winter, comes, trees and flowers fade, as do beauty, and become but skeletons. The seventh stick of incense is lit to summon the wandering ghosts of virgins and ladies of high degree that they may be guided away from the ties of the world.

“Hear the voices of our souls, all beggars and thieves and those who have committed crimes against others and who can-

not now obtain rest. Your soul wanders friendless in the world, and you have not justice within you. The eighth stick of incense is lit to summon all those ghosts who have sinned and who now wander alone.

“Hear the voices of our souls, prostitutes, women of the night, and all those that have been sinned against and who now wander alone in ghostly realms. The ninth stick of incense is lit to summon them for guidance that they may be freed from the bonds of the world.”

In the incense-laden dusk of the temple the flickering butter-lamps would cause living shadows to dance behind the golden images. The air would grow tense with the concentration of the telepathic monks as they strove to maintain contact with those who had passed from the world, yet were still bound to it.

Russet-robed monks sitting in lines facing each other, would intone the Litany of the Dead, and hidden drums would beat out the rhythm of the human heart. From other parts of the temple, as in the living body, would come the growling of internal organs, the rustling of body fluids, and the sighing of air in the lungs. As the ceremony continued, with directions to those who had passed over, the tempo of the body sounds would change, become slow, until at last would come the sounds of the spirit leaving the body. A rustling, quavering gasp, and—silence. The silence that comes with death. Into that silence would come an awareness, discernible to even the least psychic, that other things were around, waiting, listening. Gradually, as the telepathic instruction continued, the tension would lessen as the unquiet spirits moved on towards the next stage of their journey.

We believe, firmly, that we are reborn time after time. But not merely to this earth. There are millions of worlds, and we know that most of them are inhabited. Those inhabitants may be in very different forms to those we know, they may be superior to humans. We in Tibet have never subscribed to the view that Man is the highest and most noble form of evolution. We believe that much higher life forms are to be found elsewhere, and they do not drop atom bombs. In Tibet I have seen records of strange craft in the skies. “The Chariots of the Gods” most people called them. The Lama Mingyar Dondup told me that a group of lamas had established telepathic communication with these “gods”, who said that they were watching Earth, apparently in much the same way as humans watch wild and dangerous animals in a zoo.

Much has been written about levitation. It is possible, as I have often seen it, but it takes much practice. There is no real point in

engaging in levitation as there is a far simpler system. Astral traveling is easier and surer. Most lamas do it, and anyone who is prepared to use some patience can indulge in the useful and pleasant art.

During our waking hours on Earth our ego is confined to the physical body, and unless one is trained it is not possible to separate them. When we sleep it is only the physical body which needs rest, the spirit disengages itself and usually goes to the spirit realm in much the same way as a child returns home at the end of the school day. The ego and physical bodies maintain contact by means of the “silver cord”, which is capable of unlimited extension. The body stays alive so long as the silver cord is intact; at death the cord is severed as the spirit is born into another life in the spirit world, just as a baby's umbilical cord is severed to part it from its mother. Birth, to a baby, is death to the sheltered life it led within the mother's body. Death, to the spirit, is birth again into the freer world of spirit. While the silver cord is intact, the ego is free to roam during sleep, or consciously in the case of those specially trained. The roaming of the spirit produces dreams, which are impressions transmitted along the silver cord. As the physical mind receives them they are “rationalized” to fit in with one's earth belief. In the world of spirit there is no time—“time” is a purely physical concept—and so we have cases where long and involved dreams seem to occur in the fraction of a second. Probably everyone has had a dream in which a person far away, perhaps across the oceans, has been met and spoken to. Some message may have been given, and on awakening there is usually a strong impression of something that should be remembered. Frequently there is the memory of meeting a distant friend or relative and it is no surprise to hear from that person within a very short time. In those who are untrained the memory is often distorted and the result is an illogical dream or nightmare.

In Tibet we travel much by astral projection not by levitation—and the whole process is within our control. The ego is made to leave the physical body, although still connected to it by the silver cord. One can travel where one wills, as quickly as one can think. Most people have the ability to engage in astral travel. Many have actually started out, and being untrained, have experienced a shock. Probably everyone has had the sensation of just drifting off to sleep and then, without apparent reason, being violently awakened by a sudden powerful jerk. This is caused by too rapid exteriorization of the ego, an ungentle parting of physical and astral bodies. It causes contraction of the silver cord, and the astral is snatched back into the physical vehicle. It is a much worse feel-

ing when one has traveled and is returning. The astral is floating many feet above the body, like a balloon at the end of a string. Something, perhaps some external noise, causes the astral to return to the body with excessive rapidity. The body awakens suddenly, and there is the horrible feeling that one has fallen off a cliff and awakened just in time.

Astral traveling, under one's full control, and while fully conscious, can be accomplished by almost anyone. It needs practice, but above all, in the early stages, it demands privacy, where one can be alone without fear of interruption. This is not a textbook of metaphysics, so there is no point in giving instructions on astral traveling, but it should be emphasized that it can be a disturbing experience unless one has a suitable teacher. There is no actual danger, but there is a risk of shocks and emotional disturbances if the astral body is allowed to leave or return to the physical body out of phase or coincidence. People with heart weaknesses should never practice astral projection. While there is no danger in projection itself, there is grave danger—to those with a weak heart—if another person enters the room and disturbs the body or cord. The resulting shock could prove fatal, and this would be very inconvenient indeed as the ego, would have to be reborn to finish that particular span of life before it could process to the next stage.

We Tibetans believe that everyone before the Fall of Man had the ability to travel in the astral, see by clairvoyance, telepathize, and levitate. Our version of that Fall is that Man abused the occult powers and used them for self interest instead of for the development of mankind as a whole. In the earliest days mankind could converse with mankind by telepathy. Local tribes had their own versions of vocal speech which they used exclusively among themselves. The telepathic speech was, of course, by thought, and could be understood by all, regardless of local language. When the power of telepathy was lost, through abuse, there was—Babel!

We do not have a “Sabbath” day as such: ours are “Holy Days” and are observed on the eighth and fifteenth of each month. Then there are special services and the days are regarded as sacred and no work is normally done. Our annual festivals, I have been told, correspond somewhat to the Christian festivals, but my knowledge of the latter is quite insufficient for me to comment. Our festivals are :

First month, this corresponds roughly to February, from the first to the third day we celebrate Logsar. This, in the Western world, would be called the New Year. It is a great occasion for games as well as religious services. Our greatest ceremony of the

whole year is held from the fourth to the fifteenth day, these are the “Days of Supplication”. Our name for it is Mon-lam. This ceremony really is the highlight of the religious and secular year. On the fifteenth day of this same month we have the Anniversary of Buddha's Conception. This is not a time for games, but one of solemn thanksgiving. To complete the month, we have, on the twenty-seventh; a celebration which is partly religious, partly mythical. It is the Procession of the Holy Dagger. With that, the events of the first month are ended.

The second month, which approximates to March, is fairly free of ceremony. On the twenty-ninth day there is the Chase and Expulsion of the Demon of Ill-luck. The third month, April, also has very few public ceremonies. On the fifteenth day there is the Anniversary of Revelation.

With the arrival of the eighth day of the fourth month, May by the Western calendar, we celebrate the Anniversary of Buddha's Renunciation of the World. This, so far as I understand, is similar to the Christian Lent. We had to live even more austere during the days of Renunciation. The fifteenth day was the Anniversary of Buddha's Death. We regarded it as the anniversary of all those who had left this life. “All Souls' Day” was another term for it. On that day we burned our sticks of incense to call the spirits of those who wandered earthbound.

It will be understood that these are merely the major festivals, there are many minor days which had to be marked, and ceremonies attended, but which are not of sufficient importance to enumerate here.

June was the month when, on the fifth day, we “medical lamas” had to attend special ceremonies at other lamaseries. The celebrations were of Thanks for the Ministrations of the Medical Monks, of which Buddha was the founder. On that day we could do no wrong, but on the day after we were certainly called to account for what our superiors imagined we had done!

The Anniversary of Buddha's Birth came on the fourth day of the sixth month, July. Then also we celebrated the First Preaching of the Law.

Harvest Festival was on the eighth day of the eighth month, October. Because Tibet is an arid country, very dry, we depended upon the rivers to a much greater extent than in other countries. Rainfall was slight in Tibet, so we combined Harvest Festival with a Water Festival, as without water from the rivers there would be no harvest from the land.

The twenty-second day of the ninth month, November, was the anniversary of Buddha's Miraculous Descent from Heaven. The

next month, the tenth, we celebrate the Feast of the Lamps on the twenty-fifth day.

The final religious events of the year were on the twenty-ninth to thirtieth days of the twelfth month, which is the junction of January and February according to the Western calendar. At this time we had the Expulsion of the Old Year, and making ready for the new.

Our calendar is very different indeed from the Western: we use a sixty-year cycle and each year is indicated by twelve animals and five elements in various combinations. The New Year is in February. Here is the Year Calendar for the present Cycle which started in 1927:

1927 the Year of the Fire Hare;  
1928 the Year of the Earth Dragon;  
1929 the Year of the Earth Serpent;  
1930 the Year of the Iron Horse;  
1931 the Year of the Iron Sheep;  
1932 the Year of the Water Ape;  
1933 the Year of the Water Bird;  
1934 the Year of the Wood Dog;  
1935 the Year of the Wood Hog;  
1936 the Year of the Fire Mouse;  
1937 the Year of the Fire Ox;  
1938 the Year of the Earth Tiger;  
1939 the Year of the Earth Hare;  
1940 the Year of the Iron Dragon ;  
1941 the Year of the Iron Serpent;  
1942 the Year of the Water Horse;  
1943 the Year of the Water Sheep;  
1944 the Year of the Wood Ape;  
1945 the Year of the Wood Bird;  
1946 the Year of the Fire Dog;  
1947 the Year of the Fire Hog;  
1948 the Year of the Earth Mouse;  
1949 the Year of the Earth Ox;  
1950 the Year of the Iron Tiger;  
1951 the Year of the Iron Hare;  
1952 the Year of the Water Dragon;  
1953 the Year of the Water Serpent;  
1954 the Year of the Wood Horse;  
1955 the Year of the Wood Sheep;  
1956 the Year of the Fire Ape;  
1957 the Year of the Fire Bird;

1958 the Year of the Earth Dog;  
 1959 the Year of the Earth Hog;  
 1960 the Year of the Iron Mouse;  
 1961 the Year of the Iron Ox;  
 and so on.

It is part of our belief that the probabilities of the future can be foretold. To us, divination, by whatever means, is a science and is

The Prophecy.

། དབང་ཐང་བུམ་མད་གནི་ལོ་ཤིང་ལོ་ལྷུག།

། ལོ་ཤིང་རྒྱལ་པོ་གཞོན་ལུ་ལྷོང་།

། ཚེས་རྒྱན་ཐེན་ཚེ་རྩོད་ལྷུག་འིང་།

། དག་རྒྱན་ལ་སོགས་འཚེ་ར་བ་མང་།

། མཚོན་གྱི་ལྷུག་བཟུལ་སྒྲ་ཚོགས་ལྷུང་།

། ཚར་བཟུལ་སྒྲ་རྒྱལ་པོ་ལྷུག།

། ལོ་ཤིང་གཞུལ་རྒྱལ་སྒྲ་རྒྱན་ངག་མཁའ་།།

accurate. We believe in astrology. To us “astrological influences” are but cosmic rays which are “coloured” or altered by the nature of the body reflecting them to Earth. Anyone will agree that one can have a camera, and a white light and take a picture of something. By putting various filters over the camera lens—or over the light—we can arrange for certain effects on the finished photograph. We can get orthochromatic, panchromatic, or infra-red

effects, to mention three out of a large number. People are affected in a similar way by the cosmic radiation impinging upon their own chemical and electrical personality.

Buddha says: “Stargazing and astrology, forecasting lucky or unfortunate events by signs, prognosticating good or evil, all these things are forbidden.” But, a later Decree in one of our Sacred Books says: “That power which is given to the few by nature, and for which that individual endures pain and suffering, that may be used. No psychic power may be used for personal gain, for worldly ambition, or as proof of the reality of such powers. Only thus can those not so gifted be protected.” My Attainment of the Third Eye had been painful, and it had increased the power with which I had been born. But in a later chapter we will return to the Opening of Third Eye. Here is a good place to mention more of astrology, and quote the names of three eminent Englishmen who have seen an astrological prophecy which came true.

Since 1027 all major decisions in Tibet have been taken with the aid of astrology. The invasion of my country by the British in 1904 was accurately foretold. On page 109 is a reproduction of the actual prophecy in the Tibetan language. It reads: “In the Year of the Wood Dragon. The first part of the year protects the Dalai Lama, after that fighting and quarreling robbers come forward. There are many enemies, troublous grief by weapons will arise, and the people will fight. At the end of the year a conciliatory speaker will end the war.” That was written before the year 1850, and concerns the year 1904, the “Wood-Dragon War”. Colonel Younghusband was in charge of the British Forces. He saw the Prediction at Lhasa. A Mr. L. A. Waddell, also of the British Army, saw the printed Prediction in the year 1902. Mr. Charles Bell, who later went to Lhasa, also saw it. Some other events which were accurately forecast were: 1910, Chinese Invasion of Tibet; 1911, Chinese Revolution and formation of the Nationalist Government; late 1911, eviction of Chinese from Tibet; 1914, war between England and Germany; 1933, passing from this life of the Dalai Lama; 1935, return of a fresh Incarnation of the Dalai Lama; 1950, “Evil forces would invade Tibet”. The Communists invaded Tibet in October 1950. Mr. Bell, later Sir Charles Bell, saw all those predictions in Lhasa. In my own case, *everything* foretold about me has come true. Especially the hardships.

The Science—for science it is—of preparing a horoscope is not one which can be dealt with in a few pages of a book of this nature. Briefly, it consists of preparing a map of the heavens as they were at the time of conception and at the time of birth. The exact hour of birth has to be known, and that time has to be translated into

“star time”, which is quite different from all the zone times of the world. As the speed of the Earth in its orbit is nineteen miles a second, it will be seen that inaccuracy will make a tremendous difference. At the equator the rotational of the Earth is about one thousand and forty miles an hour. The world is tilted as it rolls, and the North Pole is about three thousand one hundred miles ahead of the South Pole in the autumn, but in spring the position is reversed. The longitude of the place of birth thus is of vital importance.

When the maps are prepared, those with the necessary training can interpret their meanings. The interrelationships of each and every planet has to be assessed, and the effect on the particular map calculated. We prepare a Conception Chart to know the influences in force during the very first moments of a person's existence. The Birth Map indicates the influences in force at the moment the individual enters upon an unsuspecting world. To know of the *future*—we prepare a map of the time for which it is desired to have the reading, and compare it with the Natal Chart. Some people say: “But can you *really* predict who is going to win the 2.30?” The answer is *no!* Not without casting the horoscope for every man, horse, and horse-owner concerned in the race. Closed eyes and a pin jabbing the starting list is the best method here. We *can* tell if a person will recover from an illness, or if Tom will marry Mary and live happily ever afterwards, but that deals with individuals. We can also say that if England and America do not check Communism, a war will start in the Year of the Wood Dragon, which in this cycle, is 1964. Then in that case, at the end of the century, there should be an attractive fireworks display to entertain any observers on Mars or Venus. Assuming that the Communists remain unchecked.

A further point which often seems to puzzle those of the Western world is the question of tracing one's past lives. People who have no skill in the matter say that it cannot be done, just as a totally deaf man might say: “I hear no sound, therefore there is no sound.” It is possible to trace previous lives. It takes time, much working out of charts and calculations. A person may stand at an airport and wonder about the last calls of arriving aircraft. The onlookers perhaps can make a guess, but the control tower staff, with their specialized knowledge can say. If an ordinary sightseer has a list of aircraft registration letters and numbers, and a good timetable, he may be able to work out the ports of call himself. So can we with past lives. It would need a complete book at least to make the process clear and so it would be useless to delve more deeply now. It may be of interest to say what points Tibetan astrology covers.

We use nineteen symbols in the twelve Houses of Astrology. Those symbols indicate:

- Personality and self-interest;
- Finances, how one can gain or lose money;
- Relations, short journeys, mental and writing ability;
- Property and the conditions at the close of life;
- Children, pleasures and speculations;
- Illness, work, and small animals;
- Partnerships, marriage, enemies and lawsuits;
- Legacies ;
- Long journeys and psychic matters;
- Profession and honours ;
- Friendships and ambitions;
- Troubles, restraints, and occult sorrows. MIC

We can also tell the approximate time, or under what conditions, the following incidents will occur:

- Love, the type of person and the time of meeting;
- Marriage, when, and how it will work out;
- Passion, the “furious temper” kind;
- Catastrophe, and how it will occur, or *if* it will;
- Fatality;
- Death, when and how;
- Prison, or other forms of restraint ;
- Discord, usually family or business quarrels;
- Spirit, the stage of evolution reached.

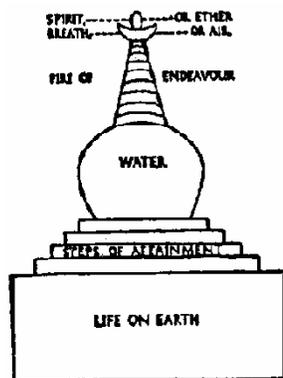
Although I do astrology quite a lot, I find psychometry and “crystal gazing” much more rapid and no whit less accurate. It is also easier when one is bad at figures! Psychometry is the art of picking up faint impressions of past events from an article. Everyone has this ability to some extent. People enter an old church or temple, hallowed by the passing years, and will say: “What a calm, soothing atmosphere!” But the same people will visit the site of a gruesome murder and exclaim: “Oh! I don't like it here, it is eerie, let's get out.”

Crystal gazing is somewhat different. The “glass”—as mentioned above—is merely a focus for the rays from the Third Eye in much the same way as X-rays are brought to focus on a screen, and show a fluorescent picture. There is no magic at all involved, it is merely a matter of utilizing natural laws.

In Tibet we have monuments to “natural laws”. Our chortens which range in size from five feet to fifty feet high, are symbols which compare with a crucifix, or ikon. All over Tibet these chortens stand. On the sketch map of Lhasa five are shown, the Pargo Kaling is the largest, and is one of the gates of the city.

Chortens are always of the shape shown in the illustration below. The square indicates the solid foundation of the Earth. Upon it rests the Globe of Water, surmounted by a Cone of Fire. Above this is a Saucer of Air, and higher, the wavering Spirit (Ether) which is waiting to leave the world of materialism. Each element is reached by way of the Steps of Attainment. The whole symbolizes the Tibetan belief. We come to Earth when we are born. During our life we climb upwards, or try to, by way of the Steps of Attainment. Eventually, our breath fails, and we enter into the spirit. Then, after a varying interval, we are reborn, to learn

#### SYMBOLISM OF TIBETAN CHORTENS



another lesson. The Wheel of Life symbolizes the endless round of birth-life-death-spirit-birth-life, and so on. Many ardent students make the serious mistake of thinking that we *believe* in those horrid hells sometimes pictured on the Wheel. A few illiterate savages may, but not those who have received enlightenment. Do Christians really believe that when they die Satan and Company get busy with the roasting and racking? Do they believe that if they go to the Other Place (being one of the minority!) they sit on a cloud in a nightshirt and take lessons in harp-playing? We believe that we learn *on Earth*, and that *on Earth* we get our “roasting and racking”. The Other Place, to us, is where we go when out of the body, where we can meet entities who also are out of the body. This is not spiritualism. It is instead a belief that during sleep, or after death, we are free to wander in astral planes. Our own term for the higher reaches of these planes is “The Land of the Golden Light”. We are *sure* that when we are in the astral,

after death, or when asleep, we can meet those we love, because we are in harmony with them. We cannot meet those we dislike, because that would be a state of disharmony, and such conditions cannot exist in the Land of the Golden Light.

All these things have been proved by time, and it does seem rather a pity that Western doubt and materialism have prevented the Science from being *properly* investigated. Too many things have been scoffed at in the past, and then proved right by the passage of the years. Telephones, radio, television, flying, and many more.



## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### TRAPPA

My youthful determination was devoted to passing the examination at the first attempt. As the date of my twelfth birthday approached, I gradually slackened off studies, for the examination started on the day after my birthday. The past years had been filled with intensive studies. Astrology, herbal medicine, anatomy, religious ethics, and even on the correct compounding of incense. Tibetan and Chinese languages, with special reference to good calligraphy, and mathematics. There had been little time for games, the only “game” we had time for was judo, because we had a stiff examination on this subject. About three months before, the Lama Mingyar Dondup had said: “Not so much revision, Lobsang, it merely clutters up the memory. Be quite calm, as you are now, and the knowledge will be there.”

So the day arrived. At six in the morning I and fifteen other candidates presented ourselves at the examination hall. We had a short service to put us in the right frame of mind, and then, to make sure that none of us had yielded to unpriestly temptation, we had to strip and be searched, after which we were given clean robes. The Chief Examiner led the way from the little temple of the examination hall to the closed cubicles. These were stone boxes about six feet by ten feet in size and about eight feet high. Outside the boxes police-monks patrolled all the time. Each of us was led to a cubicle and told to enter. The door was shut, locked and a seal applied. When all of us had been sealed into our own little box,

monks brought writing material and the first set of questions to a small trap in the wall. We were also brought buttered tea and tsampa. The monk who brought that told us that we could have tsampa three times a day, and tea as often as we wanted. Then we were left to deal with the first paper. One subject a day for six days, and we had to work from the first light in the morning until it was too dark to see at night. Our cubicles had no roof, so we got whatever light came into the main examination hall.

We stayed in our own separate boxes all the time, for no reason whatever were we permitted to leave. As the evening light began to fade, a monk appeared at the trap and demanded our papers. We then lay down to sleep until the following morning. From my own experience I can say that an examination paper on one subject, which takes fourteen hours to answer, certainly does test one's knowledge and nerves. On the night of the sixth day the written examinations were at an end. We were kept in our cubicles that night because in the morning we had to clean them out and leave them as we found them. The rest of the day was ours to spend as we desired. Three days after, when our written work had been checked, and our weaknesses noted, we were called before the examiners, one at a time. They asked us questions based on our weak points only, and their interrogation occupied the whole of the day.

The next morning the sixteen of us had to go to the room where we were taught judo. This time we were going to be examined on our knowledge of strangleholds, locks, breakfalls, throws, and self-control. Each of us had to engage with three other candidates. The failures were soon weeded out. Gradually the others were eliminated, and at last, due solely to my early training at the hands of Tzu, I was the only one left. I, at least, had passed top in judo! But only because of my early training, which at the time I had thought brutal and unfair.

We were given the next day to recover from the hard days of examination, and on the day following we were informed of the results. I and four others had passed. We would now become trappas, or medical priests. The Lama Mingyar Dondup, whom I had not seen during the whole time of the examinations, sent for me to go to his room. As I entered he beamed upon me: "You have done well, Lobsang. You are at the top of the list. The Lord Abbot has sent a special report to the Inmost One. He wanted to suggest that you be made a lama right away, but I have opposed it." He saw my rather pained look, and explained: "It is much better to study and pass on your own merits. To be given the status is to miss much training, training which you will find vital in later

life. However, you can move into the room next to mine, because you *will* pass the examination when the time comes.”

That seemed fair enough to me; I was quite willing to do whatever my Guide thought best. It gave me a thrill to realize that my success was his success, that he would get the credit for training me to pass as the highest in all subjects.

Later in the week a gasping messenger, tongue protruding, and almost at the point of death—apparently!—arrived with a message from the Inmost One. Messengers always used their histrionic talents to impress upon one the speed with which they had traveled and the hardships they had endured to deliver the message entrusted to them. As the Potala was only a mile or so away I thought, his “act” rather overdone.

The Inmost One congratulated me on my pass, and said that I was to be regarded as a lama from that date. I was to wear lama robes, and have all the right and privileges of that status. He agreed with my Guide that I should take the examinations when I was sixteen years of age, “as in this way you will be induced to study those things which you would otherwise avoid, and so your knowledge will be increased by such studying”.

Now that I was a lama I should have more freedom to study without being held back by a class. It also meant that anyone with specialized knowledge was free to teach me, so I could learn as quickly as I wished.

One of the earliest things I had to learn was the art of relaxation, without which no real study of metaphysics can be undertaken. One day the Lama Mingyar Dondup came into the room where I was studying some books. He looked at me and said: “Lobsang, you are looking quite tense. You will not progress at peaceful contemplation unless you relax. I will show you how I do it.”

He told me to lie down as a start, for although one can relax sitting or even standing up, it is better to learn first by being supine. “Imagine you have fallen off a cliff,” he said. “Imagine that you are on the ground below, a crumpled figure with all muscles slack, with limbs bent as they have fallen and with your mouth slightly open, for only then are the cheek muscles at ease.” I fidgeted around until I had put myself the position he wanted. Now imagine that your arms and legs are full of little people who make you work by pulling on muscles. Tell those little people to leave your feet so that there is no feeling, no movement, no tension there. Let your mind explore your feet to be certain that no muscles are being used.” I lay there trying to imagine little people. Think of Old Tzu wiggling my toes from the inside! Oh, I’ll be glad to get rid of him. “Then do the same with your legs. The and nights would soon collapse, yet the brain and mind are given

calves; you must have a lot of little people at work, Lobsang. They were hard at work this morning when you were jumping. Now give them a rest. March them up towards your head. Are they all out? Are you sure? Feel around with your mind. Make them leave the muscles untended, so that they are slack and flaccid.” Suddenly he stopped and pointed: “Look!” he said, “you have forgotten someone in your thigh. A little man is keeping a tight muscle in your upper leg. Get him out, Lobsang, get him out.” Finally my legs were relaxed to his satisfaction.

“Now do the same with your arms,” he said, “starting with your fingers. Make them leave, up past the wrists, march them to the elbows, to the shoulders. Imagine that you are calling away all those little people so that there is no longer any strain or tension or feeling.” After I had got so far he said: “Now we come to the body itself. Pretend that your body is a lamasery. Think of all the monks inside pulling on muscles to make you work. Tell them to leave. See that they leave the lower part of the body first, after slackening off all the muscles. Make them drop what they are doing and leave. Make them loosen your muscles, all your muscles, so that your body is held together merely by the outer covering, so that everything sags and droops and finds its own level. Then your body is relaxed.”

Apparently he was satisfied with my stage of progress, for he continued: “The head is perhaps the most important part for relaxation. Let us see what we can do with it. Look at your mouth, you have a tight muscle at each corner. Ease it off, Lobsang, ease it off each side. You are not going to speak or eat, so no tension, please. Your eyes are screwed up: There is no light to trouble them, so just lightly close the lids, just lightly, without any tension.” He turned away and looked out of the open window. “Our finest exponent of relaxation is outside sunning herself. You could take a lesson from the way in which a cat relaxes, there is none who can do it better.”

It takes quite a long time to write this, and it seems difficult when it is read, but with just a little practice it is a simple matter to relax within a second. This system of relaxation is one which never fails. Those who are tense with the cares of civilization would do well to practice on these lines, and the mental system which follows. For this latter I was advised to proceed somewhat differently. The Lama Mingyar Dondup said : “There is little gain in being at ease physically if you are tense mentally. As you lie here physically relaxed, let your mind for a moment dwell on your thoughts. Idly follow those thoughts and see what they are. See how trivial they are. Then stop them, permit no more thoughts to flow.

Imagine a black square of nothingness, with the thoughts trying to jump from one side to the other. At first some will jump across. Go after them, bring them back, and make them jump back across the black space. Really imagine it, visualize it strongly, and in a very short time you will “see” blackness without effort and so enjoy perfect mental and physical relaxation.”

Here again it is far more difficult to explain than do. It really is a very simple affair with slight practice, and one must have relaxation. Many people have never shut off their mind and thoughts and they are like the people who try to keep going physically day and night. A person who tried to walk without rest for a few days and nights would soon collapse, yet the brain and mind are given no rest. With us everything was done to train the mind. We were taught judo to a high standard as an exercise in self control. The lama who taught us judo could repel and defeat ten attackers at once. He loved judo, and went out of his way to make the subject as interesting as possible. “Strangle holds” may seem savage and cruel to Western minds, but such an impression would be utterly wrong. As I have already shown, by giving a certain little touch to the neck we could make a person unconscious in a fraction of a second, before he knew he was losing consciousness. The little pressure paralyzed the brain harmlessly. In Tibet, where there are no anesthetics, we often used that pressure when extracting a difficult tooth, or in setting bones. The patient knew nothing, suffered nothing. It is also used in initiations when the ego is released from the body to do astral traveling.

With this training we were almost immune to falls. Part of judo is to know how to land gently, “breakfalls” it is termed, and it was a common exercise for us boys to jump off a ten— or fifteen— foot wall just for fun.

Every other day, before starting our judo practice, we had to recite the Steps of the Middle Way, the keystones of Buddhism; these are:

- |                    |   |
|--------------------|---|
| Right Views:       | which are views and opinions free from delusions and self seeking.                                    |
| Right Aspirations: | by which one shall have high and worthy intentions and opinions.                                      |
| Right Speech:      | in which one is kind, considerate, and truthful.  |
| Right Conduct :    | this makes one peaceful, honest, and selfless.  |
| Right Livelihood:  | to obey this, one must avoid hurting men or animals, and must give the latter their rights as beings. |

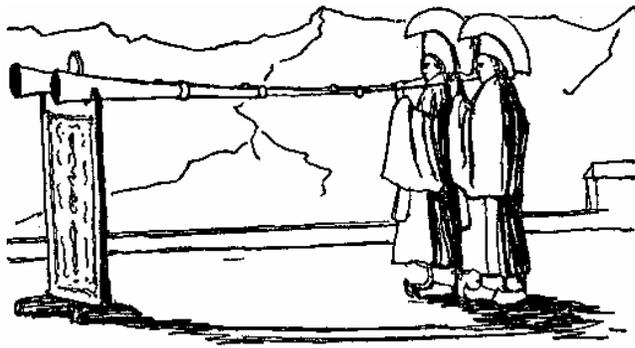
- Right Effort: one must have self-control, and undergo constant self training.
- Right Mindfulness: in having the right thoughts and in trying to do that which is known to be right.
- Right Rapture: this is the pleasure derived from meditating on the realities of life and on the Overself.

If any of us offended against the Steps we had to lie face down across the main entrance to the temple, so that all who entered had to step over the body. Here we would stay from the first dawn until dark, with no movement, and no food or drink. It was considered to be a great disgrace.

Now I was a lama. One of the elite. One of the “Superior Ones”. It sounded just fine. But there were catches: before I had to obey the frightening number of thirty-two Rules of Priestly Conduct. As a lama, to my horror and dismay, I found that the total was two hundred and fifty-three. And at Chakpori the wise lama did not break any of those Rules! It seemed to me that the world was so full of things to learn, I thought my head would burst. But it was pleasant to sit up on the roof and watch the Dalai Lama arrive at the Norbu Linga, or Jewel Park, just down below. I had to keep hidden when I so watched the Precious One, for no one must look down on him. Down below, too, but on the other side of our Iron Mountain, I could look on two beautiful parks, the Khati Linga, and just across the stream, called the Kaling Chu, the Dodpal Linga. “Linga” means “park”, or at least it is the nearest spelling according to the Western style of writing. More to the north I could gaze upon the Western Gate, the Pargo Kaling. This great chorten straddled across the road leading from Dre-pung, past the village of Sho, and on to the heart of the city. Nearer, almost at the foot of the Chakpori, was a chorten commemorating one of our historical heroes, King Kesar, who lived in the warlike days before Buddhism and peace came to Tibet.

Work? We had plenty of that; but we had our compensations, our pleasures as well. It was compensation in full, and brimming over, to associate with men like the Lama Mingyar Dondup. Men whose sole thought was “Peace”, and help for others. It was payment, too, to be able to look over this beautiful valley so green and peopled with well-loved trees. To see the blue waters meandering through the land between the mountain ranges, to see the gleaming chortens, the picturesque lamaseries and hermitages perched on inaccessible crags. To look, with reverence, on the golden domes of the Potala so near to us, and the shining roofs of the Jo-Kang a little farther to the east. The comradeship of others, the rough good-fellowship of the lesser monks, and the

familiar scent of incense as it wafted around the temples—these things made up our life, and it was a life worth living. Hardship? Yes, there was plenty. But it was worth it; in any community there are those of little understanding, of little faith: but here at Chakpori they were indeed in the minority.



## CHAPTER TWELVE

### HERBS AND KITES

THE weeks flew by. There was so much to do, to learn, and to plan. Now I could delve far more deeply into occult matters and receive special training. One day in early August, my Guide said: "This year we will go with the herb gatherers. You will gain much useful knowledge of herbs in their natural state, and we will introduce you to real kite flying!" For two weeks everyone was busy, leather bags had to be made, and the old ones cleaned. Tents had to be overhauled, and the animals carefully examined to see that they were fit and able to undertake the long trip. Our party was to be two hundred monks and we would make our base at the old Lamasery of Tra Yerpa and send out parties every day to search the neighborhood for herbs. At the end of August we set out amid much shouting and noise. Those who were to remain behind clustered around the walls, envious of the ones going to holiday and adventure. As a lama I now rode a white horse. A few of us were going to press on with the minimum of equipment so that we could have several days at Tra Yerpa before the others arrived. Our horses would travel fifteen to twenty miles a day, but the yaks rarely exceeded eight to ten miles a day. We were lightly loaded, as we took the minimum of equipment, preferring to arrive quickly. The yak train which followed more slowly had each animal carrying the usual hundred and seventy pound load.

The twenty-seven of us who were the advance party were glad indeed to arrive at the lamasery several days later. The road had

been a difficult one, and I for one was not at all fond of horse-riding. By now I could stay on even when the horse galloped, but there my prowess ended. Never could I stand on a saddle as some of the others did: I sat and clung, and if it was not graceful, then at least it was safe. We had been sighted approaching up the mountain-side, and the monks who lived there permanently prepared huge quantities of buttered tea, tsampa and vegetables. It was not entirely unselfish of them, they were anxious to have all the news of Lhasa and to receive the customary gifts which we brought. Up on the flat roof of the temple building, braziers of incense threw dense columns of smoke into the air. Up into the courtyard we rode, with new-found energy at the thought of the end of the journey. Most of the other lamas had old friends to meet. Everyone seemed to know the Lama Mingyar Dondup. He was swept from my sight by the welcoming throng, and I thought that once again I was all alone in the world, but after only a very few minutes I heard: "Lobsang, Lobsang, where are you?" I soon answered and before I knew what was happening the crowd had opened and more or less engulfed me. My Guide was talking to an elderly abbot, who turned and said: "So this is he? Well, well, well, and so young, too!"

My main concern as usual was food, and without wasting more time, everyone moved in the direction of the refectory, where we sat and ate in silence, as if we were still at Chakpori. There was some doubt as to whether Chakpori was a branch of Tra Yerpa, or the other way about. Certainly both lamaseries were amongst the oldest in Tibet. Tra Yerpa was famed as having some really valuable manuscripts dealing with herbal cures, and I was going to be able to read them and make all the notes I needed. There was also a report on the first expedition to the Chang Tang highlands, written by the ten men who did that strange journey. But of greatest interest to me at the present time was the level tableland just near, from which we were going to launch our kites. The land here was strange. Immense peaks jutted out of continually rising ground. Flat tablelands, like terraced gardens, extended from the foot of peaks like broad steps reaching higher and higher. Some of these lower steps were rich in herbs. One form of moss found here had far greater absorptive powers than sphagnum. A small plant bearing yellow berries had amazing pain-deadening properties. The monks and boys would gather these herbs and lay them out to dry. I, as a lama, would now be able to supervise them, but for me this trip would consist mainly of practical instruction from the Lama Mingyar Dondup and herb specialists. At the present moment, as I looked around, the only

thought in my mind was *kites*, man-lifting kites. Tucked away in the lamasery building behind me were bars of spruce which had been brought from a far country, for no such trees grew in Tibet, and spruce, probably from Assam, was considered as ideal for kite construction, as it would take hard knocks without fracturing and it was light and strong. After the kites were finished with, the wood would be examined and placed into store ready for the next time.

The discipline was not greatly relaxed here, we still had our midnight service, and the others at regular intervals. This, if one thought about it, was the wisest way, as it would be harder to observe our long hours later if we relaxed now. The whole of our class time was devoted to herb gathering and kite-flying.

Here, in this lamasery, clinging to the side of a mountain, we were still in daylight, while down below the ground was clothed in purple shadows, and the night wind could be heard rustling through the scant vegetation. The sun sank behind the far mountain-peaks and we, too, were in darkness. Below us the country looked like a black lake. Nowhere was there a glimmer of light. Nowhere, so far as the eye could range, was there a living creature except here in this group of holy buildings. With the going down of the sun, the night wind rose and set about the business of the gods, the dusting of the corners of Earth. As it swept along the valley below, it was trapped by the mountain-side and was channeled up through faults in the rock, to emerge into our upper air with a dull moaning boom, like a giant conch calling one to service. Around us there was the creaking and crackling of rocks moving and contracting now that the greater heat of the day had gone. Above us the stars were vivid in the dark night sky. The Old People used to say that Kesar's Legions had dropped their spears on the Floor of Heaven at the call of Buddha, and the stars were but the reflections of the lights of the Heavenly Room shining through the holes.

Suddenly a new sound was heard above the noise of the rising wind, the temple trumpets sounding the close of yet another day. Up on the roof, as I looked I could dimly discern the silhouettes of monks, their robes fluttering in the breeze as they carried out their priestly office. For us, the trumpets' call meant bedtime until midnight. Dotted around the halls and temples were little groups of monks discussing the affairs of Lhasa and of the world beyond. Discussing our beloved Dalai Lama, the greatest Incarnation of any Dalai Lama. At the sound of the Close of Day they slowly dispersed and went their separate ways to bed. Gradually the living sounds of the lamasery ceased, and there was the atmosphere of peace. I lay on my back, gazing up through a small window. For

this night I was too interested to sleep or to want to sleep. The stars above, and my whole life ahead. So much of it I knew, those things which had been predicted. So much had not been said. The predictions about Tibet, why, *why* did we have to be invaded? What had *we* done, a peace-loving country with no ambitions other than to develop spiritually? *Why* did other nations covet our land? We desired nothing but that which was ours: why, then, did other people want to conquer and enslave us? All we wanted was to be left alone, to follow our own Way of Life. And I was expected to go among those who later would invade us, heal their sick, and help their wounded in a war which had not yet even started. I knew the predictions, knew the incidents and highlights, yet I had to go on like a yak upon the trail, knowing all the stops and halting-places, knowing where the grazing was bad, yet having to plod on to a known destination. But maybe a yak coming over the Ridge of Reverential Prostration thought it worth while when the first sight of the Holy City was: . .

The booming of the temple drums woke me with a start. I did not even know that I had been asleep! With an unpriestly thought in my mind I tottered to my feet, reaching with sleep-numbered hands for an elusive robe. Midnight? I shall never stay awake, hope I don't fall over the steps. Oh! How cold this place is! Two hundred and fifty-three rules to obey as a lama? Well, there is one of them broken, for I did excel myself with the violence of my thoughts in being so abruptly awakened. Out I stumbled, to join those others, also in a daze, who had arrived that day. Into the temple we went, to join in the chant and counter-chant of the service.

It has been asked: "Well, if you knew all the pitfalls and hardships which had been predicted, why could you not avoid them?" The most obvious answer to that is: "If I could have avoided the predictions, then the mere fact of avoidance would have proven them false!" Predictions are probabilities, they do not mean that Man has no free will. Far from it. A man may want to go from Darjeeling to Washington. He knows his starting-point and his destination. If he takes the trouble to consult a map, he will see certain places through which he would ordinarily pass to reach his destination. While it is possible to avoid the "certain places" it is not always wise to do so, the journey may be longer or more expensive as a result. Similarly, one may motor from London to Inverness. The wise driver consults a map and has a route itinerary from one of the motoring organizations. In so doing the driver can avoid bad roads or, where he cannot avoid rough surfaces, he can be prepared and can drive more slowly. So with predictions.

It does not always *pay* to take the soft and easy way. As a Buddhist, I believe in reincarnation; I believe that we come to Earth to learn. When one is at school it all seems very hard and bitter. The lessons, history, geography, arithmetic, whatever they may be, are dull, unnecessary and pointless. So it appears to us at school. When we leave we may possibly sigh for the good old school. We may be so proud of it that we wear a badge, a tie, or even a distinctive colour on a monk's robe. So with life. It is hard, bitter, and the lessons we have to learn are designed to try *us* and no one else. But when we leave school, of this Earth, perhaps we wear our school badge with pride. Certainly I hope to wear *my* halo with a jaunty air later! Shocked? No Buddhist would be. Dying is merely leaving our old, empty case, and being reborn into a better world.

With the morning light we were up and anxious to explore. The older men were wanting to meet those they had missed the night before. I wanted more than anything to see these huge man-lifting kites I had heard so much about. First we had to be shown over the lamasery so that we should know our way about. Up on the high roof we looked about at the towering peaks, and gazed down at the fearsome ravines. Far away I could see a turgid stream of yellow, laden with water-borne clay. Nearer, the streams were the blue of the sky and rippling. In quiet moments I could hear the happy tinkling of a little brook behind us as it made its swift way down the mountain-side, eager to be off and join the tumbling waters of other rivers which, in India, would become the mighty Brahmaputra River, later to join the sacred Ganges and flow into the Bay of Bengal. The sun was rising above the mountains, and the chill of the air fast vanished. Far away we could see a lone vulture swooping in search of a morning meal. By my side a respectful lama pointed out features of interest. "Respectful", because I was a ward of the well-loved Mingyar Dondup, and respectful, too, because I had the "Third Eye" and was a Proved Incarnation, or Trulku, as we term it.

It may possibly interest some to give brief details of recognizing an incarnation. The parents of a boy may, from his behavior, think that he has more knowledge than usual, or is in possession of certain "memories" which cannot be explained by normal means. The parents will approach the abbot of a local lamasery to appoint a commission to examine the boy. Preliminary pre-life horoscopes are made, and the boy is physically examined for certain signs on the body. He should, for example, have certain peculiar marks on the hands, on the shoulder blades, and on the legs. If these signs are to be seen, search is made for some clue as to who the boy was

in his previous life. It may be that a group of lamas can recognize him (as in my case), and in such event some of his last-life possessions will be available. These are produced, together with others which are in appearance identical, and the boy has to recognize *all* the articles, perhaps nine, which were his in a previous life. He should be able to do this when he is three years of age.

At three years of age a boy is considered to be too young to be influenced by his parents' previous description of the articles. If the boy is younger, so much the better. Actually, it does not matter in the least if parents do try to tell the boy how to act. They are not present during the time of choosing, and the boy has to pick perhaps nine articles from possibly thirty. Two wrongly selected make a failure. If the boy is successful, then he is brought up as a Previous Incarnation, and his education is forced. At his seventh birthday predictions of his future are read, and at that age he is deemed well able to understand everything said and implied. From my own experience I know that he does understand!

The "respectful" lama at my side no doubt had all this in mind as he pointed out the features of the district. Over there, to the right of the waterfall, was a very suitable place for gathering Noilme-tangere, the juice of which is used to remove corns and warts, and to alleviate dropsy and jaundice. Over there, in that little lake, one could gather Polygorum Hydropiper, a weed with drooping spikes and pink flowers which grows under water. We used the leaves for curing rheumatic pains and for relief of cholera. Here we gathered the ordinary type of herbs, only the highlands would supply rare plants. Some people are interested in herbs, so here are details of some of our more common types, and the uses to which we put them. The English names, if any, are quite unknown to me, so I will give the Latin names.

*Allium sativum* is a very good antiseptic, it is also much used for asthma and other chest complaints. Another good antiseptic, used in small doses only, is *Balsamodendron myrrha*. This was used particularly for the gums and mucous membranes. Taken internally it allays hysteria.

A tall plant with cream-coloured flowers had a juice which thoroughly discouraged insects from biting. The Latin name for the plant is *Becconia cordata*. Perhaps the insects knew that, and it was the name which frightened them off! We also had a plant which was used to dilate the pupils of the eye. *Ephedra sinica* has an action similar to atropine, and it is also very useful in cases of low blood pressure besides being one of the greatest cures in Tibet for asthma. We used the dried and powdered branches and roots.

Cholera often was unpleasant to the patient and doctor because

of the odour of ulcerated surfaces. *Ligusticum levisticum* killed all odour. A special note for the ladies: the Chinese use the petals of *Hibiscus rosa-sinensis* to blacken both eyebrows and shoe leather! We use a lotion made from the boiled leaves to cool the body of feverish patients. Again for the ladies, *Lilium tigrinum* really cures ovarian neuralgia, while *Flacourtia indica* provides leaves which assist women to overcome most others of their “peculiar” complaints.

In the *Sumachs Rhus* group, the *verniciifera* provides the Chinese and Japanese with “Chinese” lacquer. We used the *glabra* for the relief of diabetes, while the *aromatica* is of help in the cases of skin disease, urinary complaints, and cystitis. Another really powerful astringent for use in bladder ulceration was made from the leaves of *Arctostaphylos uva ursi*. The Chinese prefer *Bignonia grandiflora*, from the flowers of which they make an astringent for general use. In later years, in prison camps, I found that *Polygonum bistorta* was very useful indeed in treating cases of chromatic dysentery, for which we used it in Tibet.

Ladies who had loved unwisely, but well, often made use of the astringent prepared from *Polygonum erectum*. A very useful method of securing abortion. For others who had been burned, we could apply a “new skin”. *Siegesbeckia orientalis* is a tall plant, some four feet high. The flowers are yellow. The juice applied to wounds and burns forms a new skin in much the same way as collodion. Taken internally, the juice had an action-similar to camomile. We used to coagulate the blood of wounds with *Piper augustifolium*. The underside of the heart-shaped leaves is most efficient for the purpose. All these are very common herbs, most of the others have no Latin names, because they are not known to the Western world which bestows these designations. I mention them here merely to indicate that we had some knowledge of herbal medicine.

From our vantage-point, looking out over the countryside, we could see, on this bright, sunlit day, the valleys and sheltered places where all these plants grew. Farther out, as we gazed beyond this small area, we could see the land becoming more and more desolate. I was told that the other side of the peak upon whose side the lamasery nestled, was truly an arid region. All this I should be able to see for myself when later in the week I soared high above in a man-lifting kite.

Later in the morning the Lama Mingyar Dondup called for me and said: “Come along, Lobsang, we will go with the others who are about to inspect the kite-launching site. This should be *your* Big Day!” It needed no further remarks to get me to my feet,

eager to be off. Down at the main entrance a group of red-robed monks waited for us, and together we walked down the steps and along the draughty tableland.

There was not much vegetation up here, the ground was of beaten earth over a solid rock shelf. A few sparse bushes clung to the side of the rock as if afraid of sliding over the edge and down into the ravine below. Up above us, on the roof of the lamasery, prayer-flags were held stiff and rigid by the wind, every now and then the masts creaked and groaned with the strain as they had done for ages past, and held. Near by, a small novice idly scuffed the earth with his boot, and the force of the breeze whipped away the dust like a puff of smoke. We walked towards one rocky edge of the long tableland, the edge from which the peak soared up in a gentle slope. Our robes were pressed tight against our backs, and billowed out in front, pushing us, making it difficult not to break into a run. About twenty or thirty feet from the edge was a crevice in the ground. From it the wind shot with gale force, sometimes projecting small stones and bits of lichen into the air like speeding arrows. Wind sweeping along the valley far below was trapped by the rock formations and, piling up with no easier mode of exit, poured up at high pressure through the fault in the rock, finally to emerge at the tableland with a shriek of power at being free again. Sometimes, during the season of gales, we were told, the noise was like the roaring of demons escaping from the deepest pit and ravening for victims. Wind surging and gusting in the ravine far below altered the pressure in the fault and the note rose and fell accordingly.

But now, on this morning, the current of air was constant. I could well believe the tales that were told of small boys walking into the blast and being blown straight off their feet, up into the air, to fall perhaps two thousand feet down to the rocks at the base of the crevice. It was a very useful spot from which to launch a kite, though, because the force was such that a kite would be able to rise straight up. We were shown this, with small kites similar to those I used to fly when I was a small boy at home. It was most surprising to hold the string and find one's arm lifted strongly by even the smallest toy kite.

We were led along the whole rocky shelf, and the very experienced men with us pointed out dangers to avoid, peaks which were known to have a treacherous draught of air, or those which seemed to attract one sideways. We were told that each monk who flew must carry a stone with him to which was attached a silk khata inscribed with prayers to the Gods of the Air to bless this, a newcomer to their domain. This stone had to be cast "to

the winds” when one was of sufficient height. Then the “Gods of the Winds” would read the prayer as the cloth unrolled and streamed out and—so it was hoped—they would protect the kite-rider from all harm.

Back in the lamasery, there was much scurrying about as we carried out the materials with which to assemble the kites. Everything was carefully inspected. The spruce-wood poles were examined inch by inch to make certain that they were free from flaws or other damage. The silk with which the kites were to be covered was unrolled upon a smooth clean floor. Monks on hands and knees crept about in order carefully to test and view every square foot. With the examiners satisfied, the framework was lashed into position and little retaining wedges rammed home. This kite was of box form, about eight feet square and about ten feet long. Wings extended eight or nine feet from the two “horizontal” sides. Beneath the tips there had to be fixed bamboo half-hoops to act as skids and to protect the wings when taking off and landing. At the “floor” of the kite, which was strengthened, there was a long bamboo skid which tapered upwards like our Tibetan boots. This particular pole was as thick as my wrist and was strutted so that even with the kite at rest, there was no ground touching the silk, the skid and wing-protectors preventing it. I was not at all happy at first sight of the rope of yak hair. It looked flimsy. A vee of it was fastened to the wing-roots and reached to just in front of the skid. Two monks picked up the kite and carried it to the end of the flat tableland. It was quite a struggle lifting it over the updraught of air, and many monks had to hold it and carry it across.

First there was to be a trial; for this we were going to hold the rope and pull instead of using horses. A party of monks held the rope, and the Kite Master watched carefully. At his signal they ran as fast as they could, dragging the kite with them. It hit the air-stream from the fissure in the rock, and up into the air it leapt like a huge bird. The monks handling the rope were very experienced, and they soon paid out rope so that the kite could rise higher and higher. They held the line firmly, and one monk, tucking his robe around his waist, climbed the rope for about ten feet to test the lifting-power. Another followed him, and the two moved up so that a third man could try. The airlift was enough to support two grown men and one boy, but not quite enough for three men. This was not good enough for the Kite Master, so the monks hauled in the rope, making very sure that the kite avoided the rising air-currents. We all moved from the landing-area, except for the monks on the rope and two more to steady the kite as it landed. Down it came, seemingly reluctant to come to earth

after having the freedom of the skies. With a soft “shissh” it slid to a standstill, with the two monks holding the wing-tips.

Under the instruction of the Kite Master we tightened the silk everywhere, driving little wooden wedges into the split poles to hold it firmly. The wings were taken off and replaced at a somewhat different angle, and the kite was tried again. This time it supported three grown men with ease, and almost lifted the small boy as well. The Kite Master said that it was satisfactory and now we could try the kite with a man-weight stone attached.

Once again the crowd of monks struggled to hold down the kite as it went across the updraught. Once again monks pulled on the rope, and up into the air jumped kite and stone. The air was turbulent, and the kite bobbed and swayed. It did queer things to my stomach as I watched and thought of being up there. The kite was brought down, and carried across to the starting-point. An experienced lama spoke to me: “I will go up first, then it will be your turn. Watch me carefully.” He led me to the skid: “Observe how I put my feet here on this wood. Link both arms over this crossbar behind you. When you are airborne step down into the vee and sit on this thickened part of the rope. As you land, when you are eight to ten feet in the air, jump. It is the safest way. Now I will fly and you can watch.”

This time the horses had been hitched to the rope. As the lama gave the signal, the horses were urged forward at a gallop, the kite slid forward, hit the updraught and leapt into the air. When it was a hundred feet above us, and two or three thousand feet above the rocks below, the lama slid down the rope to the vee, where he sat swaying. Higher and higher he went, a group of monks pulling on the rope and paying it out so that height could be gained. Then the lama above kicked hard on the rope as a signal, and the men began hauling in. Gradually it came lower and lower, swaying and twisting as kites will. Twenty feet, ten feet, and the lama was hanging by his hands. He let go, and as he hit ground he turned a somersault and so regained his feet. Dusting his robe with his hands, he turned to me and said: “Now it is your turn, Lobsang. Show us what you can do.”

Now the time had arrived, I really did not think so much of kite-flying. Stupid idea, I thought. Dangerous. What a way to end a promising career. This is where I go back to prayers and herbs. But then I consoled myself, but only *very* slightly, by thoughts of the prediction in my case. If I was killed, the astrologers would be wrong, and they were never *that* wrong! The kite was now back at the starting-point, and I walked towards it with legs that were not as steady as I wished. To tell the truth, they were not

steady at all! Nor did my voice carry the ring of conviction as I stood up on the skid, linked my arms behind the bar—I could only just reach—and said: “I’m ready.” Never had I been more unready. Time seemed to stand still. The rope tightened with agonizing slowness as the horses galloped forward. A faint tremor through the framework, and suddenly a sickening lurch which almost threw me off. “My last moment on Earth,” I thought, so closed my eyes, as there was no point in looking any more. Horrible swaying and bobbings did unpleasant things to my stomach. “Ah! A bad take-off into the astral,” I thought. So I cautiously opened my eyes. Shock made me close them again. I was a hundred feet or more in the air. Renewed protests from my stomach made me fear imminent gastric disturbance, so I once again opened my eyes to be sure of my exact location in case of need. With my eyes open, the view was so superb that I forgot my distress and have never suffered from it since! The kite was bobbing and tipping, swaying, and rising; rising ever higher. Far away over the brow of the mountain I could see the khaki earth fissured with the unhealing wounds of Time. Nearer, there were the mountain ranges bearing the gaping scars of rock falls, some half hidden by the kindly lichen. Far, far away, the late sunlight was touching a distant lake and turning the waters to liquid gold. Above me the graceful bob and curtsey of the kite on the vagrant wind-eddies made me think of the gods at play in the heavens, while we poor Earth-bound mortals had to scabble and struggle to stay alive, so that we could learn our lessons and finally depart in peace.

A violent heave and lurch made me think I had left my stomach hanging on the peak. I looked down, for the first time. Little red-brown dots were monks. They were growing larger. I was being hauled down. A few thousand feet lower, the little stream in the ravine went bubbling on its way. I had been, for the first time, a thousand feet or more above the Earth. The little stream was even more important; it would continue, and grow, and eventually help to swell the Bay of Bengal miles and miles away. Pilgrims would drink of its sacred waters, but now, I soared above its birthplace and felt as one with the gods.

Now the kite was swaying madly, so they pulled more quickly to steady it. I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to slide down to the vee! All the time I had been standing on the skid. Unhooking my arms, I dropped to a sitting position, put my crossed legs and arms round the rope and slid. I hit the vee with a jerk that almost threatened to cut me in half. By that time the ground was about twenty feet away, I wasted no more time, but grasped the rope with my hands, and as the kite came into about eight feet,

let go and turned a somersault in a “breakfall” as I landed. “Young man,” said the Kite Master, “that was a good performance. You did well to remember and reach the vee, it would have cost you two broken legs otherwise. Now we will let some of the others try, and then you can go up again.”

The next one to go up, a young monk, did better than I, he remembered to slide to the vee without delay. But when the poor fellow came to land, he alighted perfectly, and then fell flat on his face, clutching the ground, his face a greenish tinge, and was well and truly airsick. The third monk to fly was rather cocksure, he was not popular because of his continual boasting. He had been on the trip for three years past, and considered himself the best “airman” ever. Up he went in the air, perhaps five hundred feet up. Instead of sliding down to the vee, he straightened up, climbed inside the box kite, missed his footing and fell out of the tail end: one hand caught on the back cross-strut, and for seconds he hung by one hand. We saw his other hand flailing vainly trying to get a grip, then the kite bobbed, and he lost his hold and went tumbling end over end down the rocks five thousand feet below, his robe whipping and fluttering like a blood-red cloud.

The proceedings were a little dampened by this occurrence, but not enough to stop flying. The kite was hauled down and examined to see if it had sustained any damage: then I went up again. This time I slid down to the vee as soon as the kite was a hundred feet in the air. Below me I could see a party of monks climbing down the mountain-side to recover the body sprawled in a pulpy red mess across a rock. I looked up, and thought that a man standing in the box of the kite would be able to move position and alter the lift a little. I remembered the incident of the peasant's roof and the yak dung, and how I had gained lift by pulling on the kite string. “I must discuss it with my Guide,” I thought.

At that moment there was a sickening sensation of falling, so fast and so unexpected that I almost let go. Down below the monks were hauling frantically on the rope. With the approach of evening, and the cooling of the rocks, the wind in the valley had become less, and the updraught from the funnel had almost stopped. There was little lift now, as I jumped at ten feet the kite gave one last lurch and tipped over on to me. I sat there on the rocky ground, with my head through the silk bottom of the kite box. I sat so still, so deep in thought, that the others imagined that I was injured. The Lama Mingyar Dondup rushed across. “If we had a strut across here,” I said, “we should be able to stand on it and slightly alter the angle of the box, then we should have a little control over the lift.” The Kite Master had heard me. “Yes, young man, you are

right, but who would try it out?" "I would", I replied. "If my guide would permit me." Another lama turned to me with a smile, "You are a lama in your own right, Lobsang, you do not have to ask anyone now." "Oh yes I do," was my response. "The Lama Mingyar Dondup taught me all I know, and is teaching me all the time, so it is for him to say."

The Kite Master supervised the removal of the kite, then took me to his own room. Here he had small models of various kites. One was a long thing which somewhat resembled an elongated bird. "We pushed the full-size one off the cliff many years ago; a man was in it. He flew for nearly twenty miles and then hit the side of a mountain. We have not done anything with this type since. Now here is a kite such as you envisage. A strut across here, and a holding bar there. We have one already made, the woodwork is already finished, it is in the little disused store at the far end of the block. I have not been able to get anyone to try it, and I am a little overweight." As he was about three hundred pounds in weight, this was an almost classic understatement. The Lama Mingyar Dondup had entered during the discussion. Now he said: "We will do a horoscope tonight, Lobsang, and see what the stars say about it "

The booming of the drums awakened us for the midnight service. As I was taking my place, a huge figure sidled up, looming like a small mountain out of the incense cloud. It was the Kite Master. "Did you do it ?" he whispered. "Yes," I whispered back, "I can fly it the day after tomorrow." "Good," he muttered, "it will be ready." Here in the temple, with the flickering butter-lamps, and the sacred figures around the walls, it was difficult to think of the foolish monk who had fallen out of his present life. If he had not been showing off, I might not have thought of trying to stand inside the kite body and to some extent control the lift.

Here, inside the body of this temple, with the walls so brilliantly painted with holy pictures, we sat in the lotus style, each of us like a living statue of the Lord Buddha. Our seats were the square cushions two high, and they raised us some ten or twelve inches above the floor. We sat in double rows, each two rows facing each other. Our normal service came first, the Leader of the Chants, chosen for his musical knowledge and deep voice, sang the first passages; at the end of each, his voice sank lower and lower until his lungs were emptied of air. We droned the responses, certain passages of which were marked by the beating of the drums, or the ringing of our sweet-toned bells. We had to be extremely careful of our articulation, as we believed that the discipline of a lamasery

can be gauged by the clarity of its singing, and the accuracy of the music. Tibetan written music would be difficult for a Westerner to follow: it consists of curves. We draw the rise and fall of the voice. This is the “basic curve”. Those who wish to improvise, add their “improvements” in the form of smaller curves with the large. With the ordinary service ended, we were allowed ten minutes' rest before beginning the Service for the Dead for the monk who had passed from the world that day.

We assembled again on the given signal. The Leader on his raised throne intoned a passage from the Bardo Thodol, the Tibetan Book of the Dead. “O! Wandering ghost of the monk Kumphel-la-la who this day fell from the fife of this world. Wander not among us, for you have departed from us this day. O! Wandering ghost of the monk Kumphel-la, we light this stick of incense to guide you that you may receive instruction as to your path through the Lost Lands and on to the Greater Reality.” We would chant invitations to the ghost to come and receive enlightenment and guidance, we younger men in our high voices, and the older monks, growling the responses in very deep bass tones. Monks and lamas sitting in the main body of the hall in rows, facing each other, raising and lowering religious symbols in age-old ritual. “O! Wandering ghost, come to us that you may be guided. You see not our faces, smell not our incense, wherefor you are dead. Come! That you may be guided!” The orchestra of woodwind, drums, conches, and cymbals filled in our pauses. A human skull, inverted, was filled with red water to simulate blood, and was passed round for each monk to touch. “Your blood has spilled upon the earth, O monk who is but a wandering ghost, come that you may be freed.” Rice grains, dyed a bright saffron, were cast to the east, to the west, to the north and to the south. “Where does wandering ghost roam? To the east? Or the north. To the west? Or to the south. Food of the gods is cast to the corners of the Earth, and you eat it not, wherefore you are dead. Come, O wandering ghost that you may be freed and guided.”

The deep bass drum throbbed with the rhythm of life itself, with the ordinary, deep-felt “ticking” of the human body. Other instruments broke in with all the sounds of the body. The faint rushing of the blood through veins and arteries, the muted whisper of breath in the lungs, the gurgling of body fluids on the move, the various creakings, squeaks, and rumbles which make the music of life itself. All the faint noises of humanity. Starting off in ordinary tempo, a frightened scream from a trumpet, and the increased beat of the heart-sound. A soggy “thwack”, and the sudden halting of noise. The end of life, a life violently terminated.

“O! monk that was, hanging ghost that is, our telepaths will guide you. Fear not, but lay bare your mind. Receive our teachings that we may free you. There is no death, wandering ghost, but only the life unending. Death is birth, and we call to free you for a new life.”

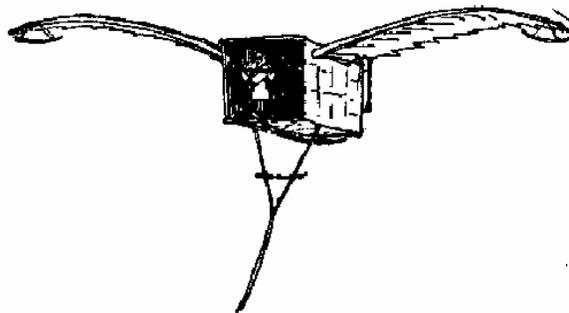
Throughout centuries we Tibetans have developed the science of sounds. We know all the sounds of the body and can reproduce them clearly. Once heard they are never forgotten. Have you ever laid your head upon a pillow, at the verge of sleep, and heard the beating of your heart, the breathing of your lungs? In the Lamasery of the State Oracle they put the medium into a trance, using some of these sounds, and he is entered by a spirit. The soldier Young-husband, who was the head of the British Forces, invading Lhasa in 1904, testified to the power of these sounds, and to the fact that the Oracle actually changed appearance when in trance.

With the ending of the service we hurried back to our sleep. With the excitement of flying, and the very different air, I was almost asleep on my feet. When the morning came the Kite Master sent me a message that he would be working on the “controllable” kite, and inviting me to join him. With my Guide, I went to his workshop which he had fitted up in the old storeroom. Piles of foreign woods littered the floor, and the walls had many diagrams of kites. The special model which I was going to use was suspended from the vaulted roof. To my astonishment, the Kite Master pulled on a rope, and the kite came down to floor level—it was suspended on some sort of a pulley arrangement. At his invitation I climbed in. The floor of the box part had many struts upon which one could stand, and a cross-bar at waist level afforded a satisfactory barrier to which one could cling. We examined the kite, every inch of it. The silk was removed, and the Kite Master said that he was going to cover it with new silk himself. The wings at the sides were not straight, as on the other machine, but were curved, like a cupped hand held palm down: they were about ten feet long and I had the impression that there would be very good lifting-power.

The next day the machine was carried out into the open, and the monks had a struggle to hold it down when carrying it across the crevice with the strong updraught of air. Finally they placed it in position and I, very conscious of my importance, clambered into the box part. This time monks were going to launch the kite instead of using horses as was more usual: it was considered that monks could exercise more control. Satisfied, I called out: “Tradri, them pa,” (ready, pull). Then as the first tremor ran through the frame, I shouted: “O-na-do-al” (good-bye!). A sudden jolt,

and the machine shot up like an arrow. A good thing I was hanging on thoroughly, I thought, or they would be searching for my wandering ghost tonight, and I'm quite satisfied with this body for a little longer. The monks below played with the rope, managed it skillfully, and the kite rose higher and higher. I threw out the stone with the prayer to the Wind Gods, and it just missed a monk far below: we were later able to use that cloth again as it fell at the monk's feet. Down below the Kite Master was dancing with impatience for me to start my testing, so I thought I had better get on with it. Cautiously moving around I found that I could very considerably alter the performance, the "lift" and "attitude" of the kite.

I grew careless and too confident. I moved to the back of the box-and the kite fell like a stone. My feet slipped from the bar



and I was hanging straight down by my hands, at arms' length. By great efforts, with my robe whipping and flapping around my head, I managed to draw myself up and climb to the normal position. The fall stopped, and the kite surged upwards. By then I had got my head free of my robe and I looked out. If I had not been a shaven-headed lama my hair would have stood straight on end: I was less than two hundred feet above the ground. Later, when I landed, they said I had come to fifty feet before the kite's fall was checked, and it again rose.

For a time I clung to the bar, panting and gasping with the exertion in the thin air. As I looked about over the miles and miles of countryside, I saw in the far distance something that looked like a dotted line moving along. For a moment I stared uncomprehendingly, then it dawned upon me. Of course! It was the rest of the herb-gathering party making their slow way across the desolate country. They were strung out, big dots, little dots, and long dots. Men, boys, and animals, I thought. So slowly they moved, so

painfully hesitant their progress. It gave me much pleasure, upon landing, to say that the party would be with us within a day or so.

It was truly fascinating to look about over the cold blue-grey of the rocks, and the warm red ochre of the earth and see lakes shimmering in the far distance. Down below, in the ravine, where it was warmed and sheltered from the bitter winds, mosses, lichens, and plants made a carpet work which reminded me of that in my father's study. Across it ran the little stream which sang to me in the night. Ran across it, yes, and that, too, reminded me—painfully—of the time when I upset a jar of clear water over father's carpet! Yes, my father certainly had a very heavy hand!

The country at the back of the lamasery was mountainous, peak after peak rising in their serried ranks until, against the far-distant skyline they stood outlined blackly against the sunlight. The sky in Tibet is the clearest in the world, one can see as far as the mountains will permit, and there are no heat-hazes to cause distortion. So far as I could see, nothing moved in the whole vast distance except the monks below me, and those scarce-recognizable dots toiling interminably towards us. Perhaps they could see me here. But now the kite began to jerk; the monks were hauling me down. With infinite care they pulled so as to avoid damaging the valuable experimental machine.

On the ground, the Kite Master looked on me with fond affection, and put his mighty arms around my shoulders with such enthusiasm that I was *sure* that every bone was crushed. No one else could get a word in, for years he had had “theories”, but could not put them to the test, his immense bulk made it impossible for him to fly. As I kept telling him, when he paused for breath, I *liked* doing it, I got as much pleasure out of flying as he did from designing, experimenting, and watching. “Yes, yes, Lobsang, now, if we just move this over to here, and put that strut there. Yes, that will do it. Hmmm, we will take it in and start on it now. And it rocked sideways, you say, when you did this?” So it went on. Fly and alter, fly and alter. And I loved every second of it. No one but I was allowed to fly—or even set foot—in that special kite. Each time I used it there were some modifications, some improvements. The biggest improvement, I thought, was a strap to hold me in!

But the arrival of the rest of the party put a stop to kite-flying for a day or two. We had to organize the newcomers into gathering and packing groups. The less experienced monks were to gather three kinds of plants only, and they were sent to areas where such plants were plentiful. Every group stayed away for seven days, ranging the sources of supply. On the eighth day they returned with the plants, which were spread out on the clean floor of a huge

storage room. Very experienced lamas examined every plant to make sure that it was free from blight, and of the right type. Some plants had the petals removed and dried. Others had the roots grated and stored. Yet others, as soon as they were brought in, were crushed between rollers for the juice. This fluid was stored in tightly sealed jars. Seeds, leaves, stems, petals, all were cleaned and packed in leather bags when quite dry. The bags would have the contents noted on the outside, the neck would be twisted to make it watertight, and the leather would be quickly dipped in Water and exposed to the strong sunlight. Within a day the leather would have dried as hard as a piece of wood. So hard would a bag become, that to open it the tightly twisted end would have to be knocked off. In the dry air of Tibet, herbs stored in this way would keep for years.

After the first few days I divided my time between herb-gathering and kite-flying. The old Kite Master was a man of much influence and, as he said, in view of the predictions concerning my future, knowledge of machines in the sky were as important as the ability to gather herbs and classify them. For three days a week I flew in the kites. The rest of the time was spent in riding from group to group so that I could learn as much as possible in the shortest time. Often, high above in a kite, I would look out over the now familiar landscape and see the black yak-hide tents of the herb-gatherers. Around them the yaks would be grazing, making up for lost time, the time at the end of the week when they would have to carry in the loads of herbs. Many of these plants were quite well known in most Eastern countries, but others had not been “discovered” by the Western world and so had no Latin names. A knowledge of herbs has been of great use to me, but the knowledge of flying not less so.

We had one more accident: a monk had been watching me rather closely, and when it was his turn to fly, in an ordinary kite, thought that he could do as well as I. High in the air the kite seemed to be acting strangely. We saw that the monk was flinging himself about in an attempt to control the position of the machine. One specially rough lurch, and the kite dipped and tilted sideways. There was a ripping and splintering of wood, and the monk came tumbling out of the side. As he fell he spun head over feet with his robe whirling over his head. A rain of articles fell down, tsampa bowl, wooden cup, rosary, and various charms. He would no longer need them. Spinning end over end, he finally disappeared in the ravine. Later, came the sound of the impact.

All good things come too quickly to an end. The days were full of work, hard work, but all too soon our three months' visit drew

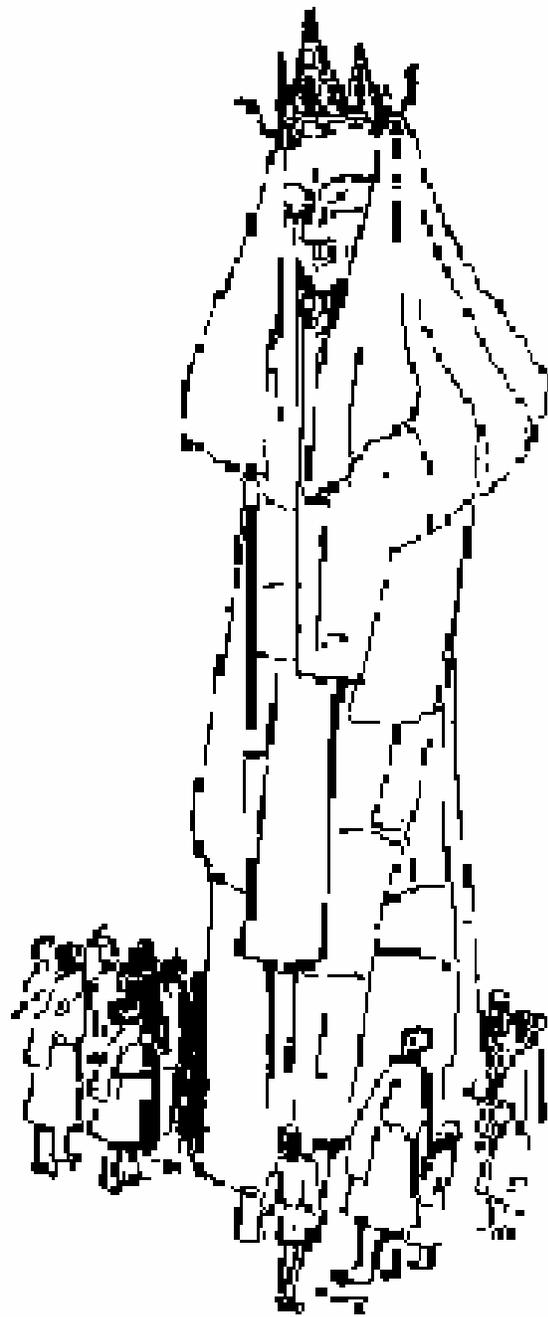
to a close. This was the first of a number of pleasant visits to the hills, and to the other Tra Yelpa nearer Lhasa. Reluctantly we packed our few belongings. I was given a beautiful model man-lifting kite by the Kite Master which he had made specially for me. On the next day we set off for home. A few of us, as on arriving, did a forced ride, and the main body of monks, acolytes, and pack animals followed on in leisurely manner. We were glad to be back at the Iron Mountain, but sorry indeed to be parted from our new friends and the great freedom of the hills.



## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### FIRST VISIT HOME

We had arrived back in time for the Losgar, or New Year, ceremonies. Everything had to be cleaned, everywhere tidied. On the fifteenth day the Dalai Lama went to the Cathedral for a number of services. With them ended, he came out for his tour of the Barkhor, the ring road which went outside the Jo-Kang and Council Hall, round by the market-place, and completed the circuit between the big business houses. At this time of the celebrations, the solemnity was being replaced by jollity. The gods were pleased, and now was the time for pleasure and enjoyment. Huge frameworks, from thirty to forty feet high, supported images made of coloured butter. Some of the frames had "butter pictures" in relief of various scenes from our Sacred Books. The Dalai Lama walked around and examined each one. The most attractive exhibit earned for the lamasery making it the title of the best butter modellers of, the year. We of Chakpori were not at all interested in these carnivals, it all seemed rather childish and unamusing to us. Nor were we interested in the other proceedings when riderless horses raced across the Plain of Lhasa in open competition. We were more interested in the giant figures representing characters from our legends. These figures were constructed on a light wooden framework to represent the body, and a very realistic huge head was fitted. Inside the head were butter-lamps which shone through the eyes, and, in flickering, appeared to make the eyes move from side to side. A strong monk on stilts would be inside the frame of the figure, with his eyes giving a very indifferent view through the giant's mid-section. All kinds of



unusual accidents would happen to these performers. The poor wretch would put one stilt in a pot-hole and find that he was balancing on one stilt, or one stilt would perhaps skid on some slippery substance on the road. One of the worst things was when the lamps were jerked loose—and set fire to the whole figure!

Once, in later years, I was persuaded to carry round the figure of Buddha the God of Medicine. It was twenty-five feet high. The flowing robes flapped round my stilted legs, moths flapped around as well, for the garments had been stored. As I jerked along the road, dust was shaken from the folds, and I sneezed and sneezed and sneezed. Every time I did so I felt that I was going to topple over. Every sneeze caused a further jerk, and added to my discomfort by spilling hot butter from the lamps over my shaven and suffering pate. The heat was terrible. Swaths of mouldy old clothes, swarms of bewildered moths, and hot butter. Normally butter in a lamp is solid with the exception of a little pool around the wick. Now, in this stifling heat, the whole lot had melted. The little peephole in the mid-section of the figure was not in line with my eyes, and I could not let go of the stilts in order to rearrange it. All I could see was the back of the figure in front of me, and by the way it was hopping about and swaying, the poor wretch inside was having a bad a time as I. However, with the Dalai Lama watching there was nothing to do but to march on, suffocated with cloth and half roasted in butter fat. With the heat and exertion I am sure that I lost pounds of weight that day! A high lama that night said: “Oh, Lobsang, your performance was *good*, you would be a very excellent *comedian*!” I certainly did not tell him that the “antics” which amused him so much were entirely involuntary. Most definitely I did not carry a figure again!

Not long after this, I think it may have been five or six months, there was a sudden terrific gale of wind, with flying clouds of dust and grit. I was on the roof of a storehouse being instructed in how to lay sheet gold to make the roof waterproof. The gale caught me and whirled me off the flat roof, to bump first on another roof some twenty feet lower. Another gust caught me and blew me over the edge and over the side of the Iron Mountain and down to the side of the Lingkor road some three hundred and fifty feet below. The ground was swampy and I landed with my face in the water. Something snapped, another branch, I thought. Dazedly I tried to lift myself out of the mud, but found that the pain was intense when I tried to move my left arm or shoulder. Somehow I got to my knees, to my feet, and struggled along to the dry road. I felt sick with pain, and I could not think clearly, my sole thought was to get up the mountain as Quickly as possible. Blindly I struggled

and stumbled along, until, about halfway up, I met a party of monks rushing down to see what had happened to me and to another boy. He had landed on rocks, and so was dead. I was carried up the rest of the way, to the room of my Guide. Quickly he examined me: "Oe, Oe, poor boys, they should not have been sent out in such a gale!" He looked at me: "Well, Lobsang, you have a broken arm and a broken collar-bone. We shall have to set them for you. It will hurt, but not more than I can help."

While he was talking, and almost before I knew, he had set the collar-bone and bound splinting in place to hold the broken bones. The upper arm was more painful, but soon that, too, was set and splinted. For the rest of that day I did nothing but lie down. With the arrival of the next day, the Lama Mingyar Dondup said. "We cannot let you fall behind in studies, Lobsang, so you and I will study together here. Like all of us you have a certain little dislike of learning new things, so I am going to remove that 'study antagonism' hypnotically." He closed the shutters and the room was in darkness except for the faint light from the altar lamps. From somewhere he took a small box which he stood on a shelf in front of me. I seemed to see bright lights, coloured lights, hands and bars of colour, and then all appeared to end in a silent explosion of brightness.

It must have been many hours later when I awoke. The window was again open, but the purple shadows of night were beginning to fill the valley down below. From the Potala, little lights were twinkling in and around the buildings as the evening guard went their rounds making sure that all was secure. I could look across the city where, too, the night life was now commencing. Just then, my Guide came in: "Oh!" he said, "so you have returned to us at last. We thought that you found the astral fields so pleasant that you were staying a while. Now, I suppose—as usual—you are hungry." As he mentioned it, I realized that I was, definitely. Food was soon brought, and as I ate he talked. "By ordinary laws you should have left the body, but your stars said you would live to die in the Land of the Red Indians (America) in many years' time. They are having a service for the one who did not stay. He was killed on the instant."

It appeared to me that the ones who had passed over were the lucky ones. My own experiences in astral traveling had taught me, that it was very pleasant. But then I reminded myself that we did not really like school, but we had to stay to learn things, and what was life on Earth but a school? A hard one, too! I thought: "Here am I with two broken bones, and I have to go on *learning!*"

For two weeks I had even more intensive teaching than usual,

I was told it was to keep my mind from thinking of my broken bones. Now, at the end of the fortnight, they had united, but I was stiff, and both my shoulder and arm were painful. The Lama Mingyar Dondup was reading a letter when I went into his room one morning. He looked up at me as I entered.

“Lobsang,” he said, “we have a packet of herbs to go to your Honorable Mother. You can take it tomorrow morning and stay the day.”

“I am sure my father would not want to see me,” I answered. He ignored me completely when he passed me on the steps of the Potala.”

“Yes, of course he did. He knew that you had just come from the Precious One, he knew that you had been specially favoured, and so he *could not* speak unless I was with you, because you are now my ward by order of the Precious One Himself.” He looked at me, and the corners of his eyes crinkled as he laughed: “Anyhow, your father will not be there tomorrow. He has gone to Gyangtse for several days.”

In the morning my Guide looked me over and said: “Hmm, you look a little pale, but you are clean and tidy and that should count a lot with a mother! Here is a scarf, don't forget that you are now a lama and must conform to all the Rules. You came here on foot. Today you will ride on one of our best white horses. Take mine, it needs some exercise.”

The leather-bag of herbs, handed to me as I left, had been wrapped in a silk scarf as a sign of respect. I looked at it dubiously, wondering how I was going to keep the wretched thing clean. In the end I took off the scarf and tucked it into my robe pouch until I was nearer home.

Down the steep hill we went, the white horse and I. Halfway down the horse stopped, turned his head round to get a good look at me. Apparently he did not think much of what he saw, because he gave a loud neigh, and hurried on as if he could not bear the sight of me any longer. I sympathized with him as I had identical opinions about him! In Tibet, the most orthodox lamas ride mules as they are supposed to be sexless affairs. Lamas who are not so finicky ride a male horse or pony. For myself, I preferred to walk if at all possible. At the bottom of the hill we turned right. I sighed with relief; the horse agreed with me that we turn right. Probably because one *always* traverses the Lingkhor road in a clockwise direction for religious reasons. So we turned *right* and crossed the Drepung-City road to continue along the Lingkhor circuit. Along past the Potala which I thought was not to be compared to our Chakpori for attractiveness, and across the

road to India, leaving the Kaling Chu on our left and the Snake Temple on our right. At the entrance to my former home, a little way farther on, servants saw me coming and hastened to swing open the gates. Straight into the courtyard I rode, with a swagger and a hope that I would not fall off. A servant held the horse, fortunately, while I slid off.

Gravely the Steward and I exchanged our ceremonial scarves. "Bless this house and all that be in it, Honourable Medical Lama, Sir!" said the Steward. "May the Blessing of Buddha, the Pure One, the All-seeing One be upon you and keep your healthy," I replied. "Honourable Sir, the Mistress of the House commands me lead you to her." So off we went (as if I could not have found my own way!), with me fumbling to wrap up the bag of herbs with the wretched scarf again. Upstairs, into mother's best room. "I was never allowed here when I was merely a son," I thought. My second thought was to wonder if I should turn and run for it, the room was full of women!

Before I could, my mother came towards me and bowed, "Honourable Sir and Son, my friends are here to hear of your account of the honour conferred upon you by the Precious One."

"Honourable Mother," I replied, "the Rules of my Order prevent me from saying what the Precious One told me. The Lama Mingyar Dondup instructed me to bring you this bag of herbs and to present you with his Scarf of Greeting."

"Honourable Lama and Son, these ladies have traveled far to hear of the events of the Inmost House and of the Precious One within. Does he *really* read Indian magazines? And is it true that he has a glass which he can look through and see through the walls of a house?"

"Madam," I answered, "I am but a poor Medical Lama who has recently returned from the hills. It is not for such as I to speak of the doings of the Head of our Order. I have come only as messenger."

A young woman came up to me and said: "Don't you remember me? I am Yaso!"

To be truthful, I hardly could recognize her, she had developed so much, and was so ornamental! . . . I had misgivings. Eight no, nine women were too much of a problem for me. Men, now I knew how to deal with them, but *women!* They looked at me as if I were a juicy morsel and they hungry wolves on the plains. There was but one course of action: retreat.

"Honourable Mother," I said, "I have delivered my message and now I must return to my duties. I have been ill and have much to do."

With that, I bowed to them, turned, and made off as fast as I decently could. The Steward had returned to his office, and the groom brought out the horse. “Help me to mount carefully,” I said, “for I have recently had an arm and a shoulder broken and cannot manage alone.” The groom opened the gate, I rode out just as mother appeared on the balcony and shouted something. The white horse turned left so that we could again travel clockwise along the Lingkhor road. Slowly I rode along. Slowly, as I did not want to get back *too* quickly. Past Gyu-po Linga, past Muru Gumpa, and along the complete circuit.

Once again home, on the Iron Mountain, I went to the Lama Mingyar Dondup. He looked at me: “Why, Lobsang, have all the wandering ghosts chased you around the City? You look shaken!”

“Shaken?” I answered, “shaken? My mother had a batch of *women* there and they all wanted to know about the Inmost One and what He said to me. I told them the Rules of the Order would not allow me to say. And I made off while I was safe, all those women staring at me! . . .”

My Guide shook and shook with laughter. The more I stared at him in amazement, the more he laughed.

“The Precious One wanted to know if you had settled down or if you still had thoughts of home.”

Lamasatic life had upset my “social” values, women were strange creatures to me (they *still* are!), and . . . “But I *am* home. Oh no, I do not want to return to the House of my Father. The sight of those women, painted, stuff on their hair, and the way they looked at me: as if I were a prize sheep and they butchers from Sho. Screeching voices, and”—I am afraid *my* voice must have sunk to a whisper —“their astral colours Dreadful! Oh, Honour-Lama Guide, do not let us discuss it!”

For days I was not allowed to forget it: “Oh, Lobsang, put to flight by a pack of women!” or, “Lobsang, I want you to go to your Honourable Mother, she has a party today and they need entertaining.” But after a week I was again told that the Dalai Lama was very, very interested in me, and had arranged for me to be sent home when my mother had one of her numerous social parties. No one ever obstructed the Precious One, we all loved him, not merely as a God on Earth, but as the true Man that he was. His temper was a bit hasty, but so was mine, and he never let personal bias interfere with the duties of the State. Nor did he stay in a temper for more than minutes. He was the Supreme Head of State and Church.



## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### USING THE THIRD EYE

One morning, when I was at peace with the world, and wondering how to fill in an idle half hour before the next service, the Lama Mingyar Dondup came to me. "Let us take a walk, Lobsang. I have a small job for you to do." I jumped to my feet, glad to be going out with my Guide. It did not take us long to get ready, and then we set off. As we were leaving the Temple one of the cats displayed marked affection and we could not leave him until the roaring purr had stopped and the tail started to wag. This was a huge cat, we called him "cat", in Tibetan, of course, and that was *shi-mi*. Satisfied that his affection was fully reciprocated, he walked solemnly beside us until we were halfway down the mountain. Then, apparently, he remembered that he had left the jewels unguarded, and off he rushed in a very great hurry.

Our temple cats were not for ornament only, they were fierce guardians of the masses of uncut gems strewn around the holy figures. In houses dogs were the guardians, immense mastiffs who would pull a man down and savage him. These dogs could be cowed and driven off. Not so with the cats. Once they attacked, only death could stop them. They were of the type sometimes named "Siamese". Tibet is cold, so these cats were nearly black. In hot countries, so I have been told, they are white, the temperature affecting the fur colour. Their eyes were blue, and their hind legs were long, giving them a "different" appearance when they walked. Their tails were long and whip-like, and their voices! . . . No cat ever had a voice like these. The volume and range of tones was almost beyond belief.

On duty these cats prowled in the temples, silent-footed and alert, like dark shadows of the night. If anyone tried to reach the jewels, which were otherwise unguarded, a cat would emerge and leap at the man's arm. Unless he let go immediately, another cat would jump, perhaps from the Holy Image, straight at the thief's throat. And those cats had claws twice as long as those of the "average" cat—and they did *not* let go. Dogs could be beaten off, or perhaps held or poisoned. Not so with the cats. They would put the fiercest mastiffs to flight. Only men who personally knew those cats could approach them when they were on duty.

We sauntered on. Down at the road we turned right through the Pargo Kaling and walked on past the village of Sho. On over the turquoise Bridge and right again at the House of Doring. This brought us to the side of the old Chinese Mission. As we walked the Lama Mingyar Dondup talked to me. "A Chinese Mission has arrived, as I told you. Let us have a look at them and see what they are like."

My first impression was a very unfavourable one. Inside the house the men were pacing about arrogantly unpacking boxes and cases. They appeared to have enough weapons to supply a small army. Being a small boy, I could "investigate" in a manner which was quite unsuitable for an older person. I crept through the grounds and silently approached an open window. For a time I stood and watched until one of the men looked up and saw me. He uttered a Chinese oath which threw grave doubts upon my ancestry, but left none whatever about my future. He reached for something, so I withdrew before he could throw it.

On the Lingkhör road again, I said to my Guide: "Oh! *How* their auras turned red! And they wave knives about so."

For the rest of the way home the Lama Mingyar Dondup was thoughtful. After our supper he said to me: "I have been thinking quite a lot about these Chinese. I am going to suggest to the Precious One that we make use of your special abilities. Do you feel confident that you can watch them through a screen if it can be arranged?"

All I could say was: "If you think I can do it, then I can."

The next day I did not see my Guide at all, but the following day he taught me in the morning and after the midday meal said: "We will take a walk this afternoon, Lobsang. Here is a scarf of the first quality, so you do not need to be a clairvoyant to know where we are going. Ten minutes to get yourself ready and then meet me in my room. I have to go and see the Abbot first."

Once again we set off on the precipitous path down the mountain-side. We took a short cut down over the south-west

side of our mountain and, after a very short walk, arrived at the Norbu Linga. The Dalai Lama was very fond of this Jewel Park and spent most of his free time there. The Potala was a beautiful place, outside, but inside it was stuffy through insufficient ventilation and too many butter-lamps burning for too long. Much butter had been spilled on the floors throughout the years, and it was not a new experience for a dignified lama to pursue his stately way down a sloping ramp, tread on a lump of butter covered in dust, and arrive at the bottom of the ramp with an “Ulp!” of astonishment, as part of his anatomy hit the stone flooring. The Dalai Lama did not wish to risk being the subject of such an unedifying spectacle, so he stayed at the Norbu Linga whenever possible.

This Jewel Park was surrounded by a stone wall some twelve feet high. The Park is only about a hundred years old. The Palace within had golden turrets and consisted of three buildings which were used for official and state work. An Inner Enclosure, which also had a high wall, was used by the Dalai Lama as a pleasure garden. Some people have written that officials were forbidden to enter this enclosure. That definitely is not so. They were forbidden to do any official business within the enclosure. I have been there some thirty times and know it well. It contained a very beautiful artificial lake with two islands, upon which there were two summer-houses. At the north-west corner a wide stone causeway enabled one to reach the islands and the summer-house on each. The Dalai Lama spent much time on one or other of these islands and spent many hours each day in meditation there. Inside the Park there were barracks which housed some five hundred men who acted as personal bodyguards. It was to this place that the Lama Mingyar Dondup was taking me. This was my first visit. We walked through the very beautiful land and through an ornamental gateway leading to the Inner Enclosure. All manner of birds were pecking food from the ground as we entered, and they took no notice of us, we had to get out of *their* way! The lake was placid, like a highly polished metal mirror. The stone causeway had been newly white-washed, and we made our way to the farthest island where the Inmost One was sitting in deep meditation. At our approach he looked up and smiled. We knelt and laid our scarves at his feet and he told us to sit in front of him. He rang a bell for the buttered tea without which no Tibetan could carry out a discussion. While we were waiting for it to be brought, he told me of the various animals he had in the Park and promised that I should see them later.

With the arrival of the tea and the departure of the lama atten-

dant, the Dalai Lama looked at me and said: “Our good friend Mingyar tells me that you do not like the auric colours of this Chinese Delegation. He says that they have many weapons upon their persons. In all the tests, secret and otherwise, upon your Clairvoyance, you have never failed. What is your opinion, of these men?”

This did not make me happy, I did not like telling others—except the Lama Mingyar Dondup—what I saw in the “colours” and what they meant to me. In my reasoning, if a person could not see for himself, then he was not meant to know. But how does one say that to the Head of a State? Particularly to a Head who was not clairvoyant.

To the Dalai Lama my reply was: “Honourable Precious Protector, I am quite unskilled in the reading of foreign auras. I am unworthy to express an opinion.”

This reply did not get me anywhere. The Inmost One replied: “As one possessed of special talents, further increased by the Ancient Arts, it is your duty to say. You have been trained to that end. Now say what you saw.”

“Honourable Precious Protector, these men have evil intentions. The colours of their auras show treachery.” That was all I said.

The Dalai Lama looked satisfied. “Good, you have repeated it as you told Mingyar. You will conceal yourself behind that screen tomorrow, and watch when the Chinese are here. We must be sure. Conceal yourself now, and we will see if you are adequately hidden.”

I was not, so attendants were called, and the Chinese lions were shifted slightly that I might be entirely concealed. Lamas came in rehearsal as if they were the visiting delegation. They tried hard to locate my hiding-place. I caught the thought of one: “Ah! Promotion for me if I can see him!” But he did not get promotion, as he was looking on the wrong side. Eventually the Inmost One was satisfied, and called me out. He spoke for a few moments and told us to come again tomorrow, as the Chinese Delegation were going to visit him in an attempt to force a treaty upon Tibet. So with that thought before us, we took our leave of the Inmost One and wended our way up the Iron Mountain.

The following day, at about the eleventh hour, we again descended the rocky slope and made our entrance to the Inner Enclosure. The Dalai Lama smiled upon me and said that I must eat—I was ready for that!—before secreting myself. At his order some very palatable food was brought to the Lama Mingyar Dondup and me, comestibles imported from India in tins. I do not

know what they were called, I know only that they were a very welcome change from tea, tsampa, and turnip. Well fortified, I was able to face the prospect of several hours' immobility more cheerfully. Utter immobility was a simple matter to me, and to all lamas: we had to keep still in order to meditate. From a very early age, from seven years of age to be precise, I had been taught to sit motionless for hours on end. A lighted butter-lamp used to be balanced on my head and I had to remain in the lotus attitude until the butter was finished. This could be as long as twelve hours. So now, three or four hours imposed no hardship.

Directly in front of me the Dalai Lama sat in the lotus attitude on his throne six feet above the floor. He, and I, remained motionless. From without the walls came hoarse cries, and many exclamations in Chinese. Afterwards I discovered that the Chinese had had suspicious bulges under their robes, and so had been searched for weapons. Now they were permitted to enter the Inner Enclosure. We saw them coming, being led in by the Household Guards, across the causeway and on to the porch of the Pavilion. A high lama intoned: "O! Ma-ni pad-me Hum," and the Chinese, instead of repeating the same mantra as a courtesy, used the Chinese form: "O-mi-t'o-fo" (meaning: "Hear us, O Amida Buddha!").

I thought to myself: "Well, Lobsang, your work is easy; they show their true colours."

As I looked at them from my place of concealment I observed the shimmering of their auras, the opalescent sheen, shot with murky red. The turgid swirling of hate-filled thoughts. Bands and striations of colour, unpleasant colours, not the clear, pure shades of higher thought, but the unwholesome, contaminated hues of those whose life forces are devoted to materialism and evil-doing. They were those of whom we say: "Their speech was fair but their thoughts were foul."

I also watched the Dalai Lama. His colours indicated sadness, sadness as he remembered the past when he had been to China. All that I saw of the Inmost One I liked, the best Ruler ever of Tibet. He had a temper, quite a hot one, and then his colours *did* flash red; but history will record that there never was a better Dalai Lama, one who was utterly devoted to his country. Certainly I thought of him with very great affection, second only to the Lama Mingyar Dondup for whom I felt *more* than affection.

But the interview dragged on to its useless end, useless because these men did not come in friendship, but in enmity. Their one thought was to get their own way and not be too particular about the methods they employed. They wanted territories, they wanted

to guide the policy of Tibet, and—they wanted *gold*! This later had been a lure to them for years past. There are hundreds of tons of gold in Tibet, we regard it as a sacred metal. According to our belief, ground is desecrated when gold is mined, so it is left quite untouched. From certain streams one can pick up nuggets which have been washed down from the mountains. In the Chang Tang region I have seen gold on the sides of swift-flowing streams as sand is seen on the banks of ordinary streams. We melt down some of these nuggets, or “sand”, and make temple ornaments, sacred metal for sacred uses. Even butter-lamps are made of gold. Unfortunately, the metal is so soft that ornaments are easily distorted.

Tibet is about eight times the size of the British Isles. Large areas are practically unexplored, but from my own travels with Lama Mingyar Dondup I know there is gold, silver, and uranium. We have never permitted Western peoples to survey—in spite of their fevered attempts!—because of the old legend: “Where the Men of the West go, there goes war!” It should be remembered, when reading of “gold trumpets”, “gold dishes”, “gold-covered lies”, that gold is *not* a rare metal in Tibet, but a sacred one. Tibet could be one of the great storehouses of the world if mankind would work together in peace instead of so much useless striving for power.

One morning the Lama Mingyar Dondup came in to me where I was copying an old manuscript ready for the carvers.

“Lobsang, you will have to leave that for now. The Precious One has sent for us. We have to go to Norbu Linga and together, unseen, we have to analyze the colour of some foreigner from the Western world. You *must* hurry to get ready, the Precious One wants to see us first. No scarves, no ceremony, only speed!”

So that was that. I gaped at him for a moment, then jumped to my feet. “A clean robe, Honourable Lama Master, and I am ready.”

It did not take me long to make myself look passably tidy. Together we set off down the hill on foot, the distance was about half a mile. At the bottom of the mountain, just by the spot where I had fallen and broken my bones, we went over a little bridge and reached the Lingkor road. This we crossed, and reached the gate of the Norbu Linga, or Jewel Park, as it is sometimes translated. The guards were just about to warn us off when they saw that the Lama Mingyar Dondup was with me. Then their attitudes changed completely; we were quickly shown into the Inner Garden where the Dalai Lama was sitting on a veranda. I felt a little

foolish, having no scarf to present, and not knowing how to behave without it. The Inmost One looked up with a smile: "Oh! Sit down, Mingyar, and you, too, Lobsang. You have certainly hurried."

We sat down and waited for him to speak. He meditated for some time, seeming to marshal his thoughts in an orderly array. "Some time ago," he said, "the army of the Red Barbarians (the British) invaded our sacred land. I went to India and from thence traveled most extensively. In the Year of the Iron Dog (1910) the Chinese invaded us as a direct result of the British invasion. I again went to India and there I met the man whom we are to meet today. I say all this for you, Lobsang, for Mingyar was with me. The British made promises and they were not kept. Now I want to know if this man speaks with one or two tongues. You, Lobsang, will not understand his speech and so will not be influenced by it. From this lattice screen you and another will watch unobserved, your presence will not be known. You will write down your astral-colour impressions as taught by our Guide, who speaks so well of you. Now show him to his place, Mingyar, for he is more used to you than to me and—I do believe—he considers the Lama Mingyar Dondup to be superior to the Dalai Lama!"

Behind the lattice screen I had grown tired of looking about. Tired of watching the birds and the waving of the branches of the trees. Now and then I took surreptitious nibbles at some tsampa which I had with me. Clouds drifted across the sky, and I thought how nice it would be to feel the sway and tremor of a kite beneath me, with the rushing wind whistling through the fabric and thrumming on the rope. Suddenly I jumped as there was a crash. For a moment I thought that I was in a kite, and had fallen asleep and out! But no, the gate to the Inner Garden had been flung open, and golden-robed lamas of the Household escorted in a most extraordinary sight. I was hard put to keep silent; I wanted to explode with laughter. A man, a tall, thin man. White hair, white face, scanty eyebrows, and deep-sunk eyes. Quite a hard mouth. But his *dress*! Blue cloth of some sort with a whole row of knobs down the front, shiny knobs. Apparently some very bad tailor had made the clothes, for the collar was so big that it had to be folded over. It was folded over certain patches on the sides, too. I thought that the Westerners must have some symbolic patches; such as those we used in imitation of Buddha. Pockets meant nothing to me in those days, nor did folded collars. In Tibet, those who have no need to do manual work have long sleeves which completely hide the hands. This man had short sleeves, reaching only to his wrists. "Yet he cannot be a labourer," I thought, "for

his hands look too soft. Perhaps he does not know how to dress.”

But this fellow's robe ended where his legs joined his body. “Poor very poor,” I thought. His trousers were too tight in the leg and too long, for the bottoms were *turned up*. “He must feel terrible looking like that in front of the Inmost One,” I thought. “I wonder if someone his size will lend him proper clothes.” Then I looked at his feet. Very, very strange. He had some curious black things on them. Shiny things, shiny as if they were covered with ice. Not boots of felt such as we wear, no, I decided that I would never see anything stranger than this. Quite automatically I was writing down the colours, I saw, and making notes of my own interpretation of them. Sometimes the man spoke in Tibetan, quite good for a foreigner, then lapsed into the most remarkable collection of sounds I had ever heard. “English”, as they told me afterwards when I again saw the Dalai Lama.

The man amazed me by reaching into one of the patches at his side and bringing out a piece of white cloth. Before my astounded eyes he put this cloth over his mouth and nose and made it sound like a small trumpet. “Some sort of a salute to the Precious One,” I thought. Salute over, he carefully put away the cloth behind the patch. He fiddled about with other patches and brought out various papers of a type I had not seen before. White, thin, smooth paper. Not like ours which was buff, thick, and rough. “How can one possibly write on that?” I thought. “There is nothing to scrape away the crayon, things would just slide off!” The man took from behind one of his patches a thin stick of painted wood with what looked like soot in the middle. With this he made the strangest squiggles I had ever imagined. I thought he could not write and was just pretending to by making these markings. “Soot? Who ever heard of anyone writing with a streak of soot. Just let him blow on it and see the soot fly off!”

He was obviously a cripple because he had to sit on a wooden framework which rested on four sticks. He sat down on the frame, and let his legs hang over the edge. I thought that his spine must have been damaged, because two more sticks from the frame on which he sat supported it. By now I was feeling really sorry for him: ill-fitting clothes, inability to write, showing off by blowing a trumpet from his pocket, and now, to make it even stranger, he could not sit properly but had to have his back supported and his legs dangling. He fidgeted a lot, crossing and uncrossing his legs. At one time, to my horror, he tipped the left foot so that the sole pointing at the Dalai Lama, a terrible insult if done by a Tibetan, but he soon remembered and uncrossed his legs again. The Inmost One did great honour to this man, for he also sat on

one of these wooden frames and let his legs hang over. The visitor had a most peculiar name, he was called “Female Musical Instrument”, and he had two decorations in front of it. Now I should refer to him as “C. A. Bell”. By his auric colours I judged him to be in poor health, most probably caused by living in a climate to which he was not suited. He appeared genuine in his desire to be helpful, but it was obvious from his colours that he was afraid of annoying his government and of having his after-work pension affected. *He* wanted to take one course, but his government was not willing, so he had to say one thing and hope that his opinions and suggestions would be proved correct by time.

We knew a lot about this Mr. Bell. We had all the data, his birth time, and various “highlights” in his career with which one could plot his course of events. The astrologers discovered that he had previously lived in Tibet and had, during his last life, expressed the wish to reincarnate in the West in the hope of assisting in an understanding between East and West. I have recently been given to understand that he mentions this in some book that he has written. Certainly we felt that if he had been able to influence his government in the way he desired there would have been no Communist invasion of my country. However, the forecasts decreed that there would be such an invasion, and the predictions are never wrong.

The English Government seemed to be very suspicious: they thought that Tibet was making treaties with Russia. This did not suit them. England would not make a treaty with Tibet, nor was she willing for Tibet to make friends with anyone else. Sikkim, Bhutan, anywhere *but* Tibet could have treaties, but not Tibet. So the English became hot under their peculiar collars in an attempt to invade us or strangle us—they did not mind which. This Mr. Bell, who was on the spot, saw that we had no desire to side with any nation; we wanted to stay on our own, to live life in our own way, and keep clear of all dealings with foreigners who, in the past, had brought us nothing but trouble, loss, and hardship.

The Inmost One was pleased indeed with my remarks after this Mr. Bell had left. But he thought of me in terms of more work “Yes, yes!” he exclaimed, “we must develop you even more, Lobsang. You will find it of the utmost use when you go to the Far Countries. We will have you given more hypnotic treatment, we must cram in all the knowledge that we can.” He reached for his bell and rang for one of his attendants. “Mingyar Dondup, I want him here, now!” he said. A few minutes later my Guide appeared and made his leisurely way across. Not for anyone would that Lama hurry! And the Dalai Lama knew him as a friend and

so did not try to hasten him. My Guide sat beside me, in front of the Precious One. An attendant hurried along with more buttered tea and “things from India” to eat. When we were settled, the Dalai Lama said: “Mingyar, you were correct, he *has* ability. He can be developed still more, Mingyar, and he must be. Take whatever steps you consider necessary so that he is trained as quickly and as thoroughly as possible. Use any and all of our resources for, as we have been so often warned, evil times will come upon our country, and we must have someone who can compile the Record of the Ancient Arts.”

So the tempo of my days were increased. Often, from this time, I was sent for in a hurry to “interpret” the colours of some person, perhaps that of a learned abbot from a far distant lamasery, or a civil leader of some remote province. I became a well-known visitor to the Potala and to the Norbu Linga. In the former I was able to make use of the telescopes which I so enjoyed, particularly one large astronomical model on a heavy tripod. With this, late at night, I would spend hours watching the moon and the stars.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup and I frequently went into Lhasa City to observe visitors. His own considerable powers of clairvoyance, and his wide knowledge of people, enabled him to check and develop my own statements. It was most interesting to go to the stall of a trader and hear the man speak loud in praise of his wares, and compare them with his thoughts, which to us were not so private. My memory, too, was developed, for long hours I listened to involved passages, and then had to say them back. For unknown periods of time I lay in a hypnotic trance while people read to me passages from our oldest Scriptures.



## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### THE SECRET NORTH-AND YETIS

During this time we went to the Chang Tang Highlands. In this book there is no time for more than a brief mention of this region. To do the expedition justice would require several books. The Dalai Lama had blessed each of the fifteen members of the party and we had all set off in high spirits, mounted on mules: mules will go where horses will not. We made our slow way along by Tengri Tso, on to the huge lakes at Zilling Nor, and ever northwards. The slow climb over the Tangla Range, and on into unexplored territory. It is difficult to say how long we took, because time meant nothing to us: there was no reason for us to hurry, we went at our own comfortable speed and saved our strength and energy for later exertions.

As we made our way farther and farther into the Highlands, the ground ever rising, I was reminded of the face of the moon as seen through the large telescope at the Potala. Immense mountain ranges, and deep canyons. Here the vista was the same. The unending, eternal mountains, and crevices which seemed bottomless. We struggled on through this "lunar landscape", finding the conditions becoming harder and harder. At last the mules could go no farther. In the rarefied air they were soon spent and could not manage to cross some of the rocky gorges where we swung dizzily at the end of a yak-hair rope. In the most sheltered spot we could find we left our mules and the five weakest members of the party stayed with them. They were sheltered from the worst blasts of that barren, wind-swept landscape by a spur of rock which towered upwards like a jagged wolf fang. At the base there was a cave where softer rock had been eroded by time. A precipitous path could be followed which would lead downwards to a valley where there was sparse vegetation on which the mules could feed.

A tinkling stream dashed along the tableland and rushed over the edge of a cliff to fall thousands of feet below, so far below that even the sound of its landing was lost.

Here we rested for two days before plodding on higher and higher. Our backs ached with the loads we were carrying, and our lungs felt as if they would burst for want of air. On we went, over crevices and ravines. Over many of them we had to toss iron hooks to which ropes were attached. Toss, and hope that there would be a safe hold at the other side. We would take turns to swing the rope with the hook, and take turns to swarm across when a hold was secured. Once across we had another end of rope so that when all the party had negotiated the canyon, the rope also could be brought over by pulling one end. Sometimes we could get no hold. then one of us would have the rope tied around his waist, and from the highest point we could reach, would try to swing like a pendulum, increasing the momentum with each swing. With one of us across the other side, he would have to clamber up as best he could in order to reach a point where the rope would be roughly horizontal. We all took it in turns to do this, as it was hard and dangerous work. One monk was killed doing it. He had climbed high on our side of a cliff and let himself swing. Apparently he badly misjudged, for he crashed into the opposite wall with terrible force, leaving his face and his brains on the points of the jagged rocks. We hauled the body back, and had a service for him. There was no way of burying the body in solid rock, so we left him for the wind and the rain and the birds. The monk whose turn it now was did not look at all happy, so I went instead. It was obvious to me that in view of the predictions about me, I should be quite safe and my faith was rewarded. My own swing was cautious—in spite of the prediction!—and I reached with scrabbling fingers for the edge of the nearest rock. Only just did I manage to hang on and pull myself up, with the breath rasping my throat, and my heart pounding as if it would explode. For a time I lay, quite spent, then I managed to crawl a painful way up the mountain-side. The others, the best companions that anyone could have, swung their other rope to give me the best possible chance of reaching it. With the two ends now in my grasp, I made them secure and called out to them to pull hard and test it. One by one they came over, upside down, hands and feet linked over the rope, robes fluttering in the still breeze, the breeze which impeded us and did not help our breathing at all.

At the top of the cliff we rested a while and made our tea, although at this altitude the boiling-point was low, and the tea did not really warm us. Somewhat less tired now, we again took

up our loads and stumbled onwards into the heart of this terrible region. Soon we came to a sheet of ice, a glacier, maybe, and our process became even more difficult. We had no spiked boots, no ice-axes, or mountaineering equipment; our only “equipment” consisted of our ordinary felt boots with the soles bound with hair to afford some grip, and ropes.

In passing, Tibetan mythology has a Cold Hell. Warmth is a blessing to us, so the opposite is cold, hence the cold hell. This trip to the Highlands showed me what cold could be!

After three days of this shuffling upwards over the ice-sheet, shivering in the bitter wind and wishing that we had never seen the place, the glacier led us downwards between towering rocks. Down and down we went, fumbling and slipping, down into an unknown depth. Several miles farther on we rounded a shoulder of a mountain and saw before us a dense white fog. From a distance we did not know if it was snow or cloud, it was so white and unbroken. As we approached we saw that it was indeed fog, as tendrils kept breaking away and drifting off.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup, the only one of us who had been here before, smiled with satisfaction: “You *do* look a cheerless lot! But you will have some pleasure now.”

We saw nothing pleasant before us. Fog. Cold. Frozen ice below our feet and frozen sky above our heads. Jagged rocks like the fangs in a wolf’s mouth, rocks against which we bruised ourselves. And my Guide said that we were going to have “some pleasure”!

On into the cold and clammy fog we went, miserably plodding. We knew not where. Hugging our robes about us for an illusion of warmth. Panting and shuddering with the cold. Farther, and yet farther in. And stopped, petrified with amazement and fright. The fog was becoming *warm*, the ground was growing *hot*. Those behind who had not reached so far, and could not see, bumped into us. Recovered somewhat from our stupefaction by the Lama Mingyar Dondup’s laughter, we pushed forward again, blindly, reaching out for the man ahead, the one in the lead feeling unseeingly with his out-thrust staff. Below our feet stones threatened to trip us, pebbles rolled beneath our boots. Stones? Pebbles? Then where was the glacier, the ice? Quite suddenly the fog thinned, and we were through it. One by one we fumbled our way into—well, as I looked about me I thought that I had died of cold and had been transported to the Heavenly Fields. I rubbed my eyes with hot hands; I pinched myself and rapped my knuckles against a rock to see if I was flesh or spirit. But then I looked about: my eight companions were with me. Could we *all* have been so suddenly transported? And if so, what about the tenth

member who had been killed against the rock face? And were we worthy of the heaven I saw before us?

Thirty heart-beats before we had been shivering with cold the other side of the fog-curtain. Now we were on the edge of collapse with the heat! The air shimmered, the ground steamed. A stream at our feet bubbled out of the earth itself, propelled by gouts of steam. About us there was green grass, greener than any I had ever seen before. Broad-leaved grass stood before us more than knee-high. We were dazed and frightened. Here was magic, something quite beyond our experience. Then the Lama Mingyar Dondup spoke: "If I looked like that when I first saw it, then I *did* look a sight! You fellows look as if you think the Ice Gods are having a sport with you."

We looked about, almost too frightened to move, and then my Guide spoke again: "Let us jump over the stream, *jump* over, for the water is boiling. A few miles farther and we shall reach a really beautiful spot where we can rest."

He was right, as ever. About three miles on we lay at full length on the moss-covered ground, lay without our robes as we felt as if were being boiled. Here there were trees such as I had never seen before, and probably never shall see again. Highly coloured flowers bestrewed everything. Climbing vines laced the tree trunks and depended from the branches. Slightly to the right of the pleasant glade in which we rested we could see a small lake and ripples and circles on its surface indicated the presence of life with in it. We still felt bewitched, we were sure that we had been overcome with the heat and passed to another plane of existence. Or had we been overcome with the cold? We did not know!

The foliage was luxuriant, now that I have travelled I should say that it was tropical. There were birds of a type even now strange to me. This was volcanic territory. Hot springs bubbled from the ground, and there were sulphurous odours. My Guide told us that there were, to his knowledge, two places only like this in the Highlands. He said that the underground heat, and the hot streams, melted the ice, and the high rock walls of the valley trapped the warm air. The dense white fog we had penetrated was the meeting-place of the hot and cold streams. He also told us that he had seen giant animal skeletons, skeletons which, in life, must have supported an animal twenty or thirty feet high. Later I saw bones myself.

Here I had my first sight of a yeti. I was bending picking herbs, when something made me look up. There, within ten yards of me, was this creature that I had heard so much about. Parents in Tibet often threaten naughty children with: "Behave yourself, or a yeti

will get you!” Now, I thought, a yeti *had* got me and I was not happy about it. We looked at each other, both of us frozen with fright for a period which seemed ageless. It was pointing a hand at me, and uttering a curious mewling noise like a kitten. The head seemed to have no frontal lobes, but sloped back almost directly from the very heavy brows. The chin receded greatly and the teeth were large and prominent. Yet the skull capacity appeared similar to that of modern man with the exception of the missing forehead. The hands and feet were large and splayed. The legs were bowed and the arms were much longer than normal. I observed that the creature walked on the outer side of the feet as humans do. (Apes and others of that order do not walk on the outer surfaces.)

As I looked and perhaps jumped with fright, or from some other cause, the yeti screeched, turned, and leaped away. It seemed to make “one-leg” jumps and the result was like giant strides. My own reaction was also to run, in the opposite direction! Later, thinking about it, I came to the conclusion that I must have broken the Tibetan sprint record for altitudes above seventeen thousand feet.

Later we saw a few yetis in the distance. They hastened to hide at sight of us, and we certainly did not provoke them. The Lama Mingyar Dondup told us that these yetis were throwbacks of the human race who had taken a different path in evolution and who could only live in the most secluded places. Quite frequently we heard tales of yetis who had left the Highlands and had been seen leaping and bounding near inhabited regions. There are tales of lone women who have been carried off by male yetis. That may be one way in which they continue their line. Certainly some nuns confirmed this for us later when they told us that one of their Order had been carried off by a yeti in the night. However, on such things I am not competent to write. I can only say that I have seen yeti and baby yetis. I have also seen skeletons of them.

Some people have expressed doubts about the truth of my statements concerning the yetis. People have apparently written books of guesses about them, but none of these authors have seen one, as they admit. I have. A few years ago Marconi was laughed at when he said he was going to send a message by radio across the Atlantic. Western doctors solemnly asserted that Man could not travel at more than fifty miles an hour or they would die through the rush of air. There have been tales about a fish which was said to be a “living fossil”. Now scientists have seen them, captured them, dissected them. And if Western Man had his way, our poor old yetis would be captured, dissected and preserved in spirit. We believe that yetis have been driven to the Highlands and that

elsewhere, except for very infrequent wanderers, they are extinct. The first sight of one causes fright. The second time one is filled with compassion for these creatures of a bygone age who are doomed to extinction through the strains of modern life.

I am prepared, when the Communists are chased out of Tibet, to accompany an expedition of skeptics and *show* them the yetis in the Highlands. It will be worth it to see the faces of these big business men when confronted with something beyond their commercial experience. They can use oxygen and bearers, I will use old monk's robe. Cameras will prove the truth. We had no photographic equipment in Tibet in those days.

Our old legends relate that centuries ago Tibet had shores washed by the seas. Certain it is that fossils of fish and other marine creatures are to be found if the surface of the earth is disturbed. The Chinese have a similar belief. The Tablet of Yu which formerly stood on the Kou-lou peak of Mount Heng in the province of Hu-pei records that the Great Yu rested upon the site (in 2278 B.C.) after his labour of draining off the "waters of the deluge" which at the time submerged all China except the highest lands. The original stone has, I believe, been removed, but there are imitations at Wu-ch'ang Fu, a place near Hankow. A further copy is in the Yu-lin temple near Shao-hsing Fu in Chekiang. According to our belief, Tibet was once a low land, by the sea, and for reasons beyond our certain knowledge there were frightful earth-convulsions during which many lands sank beneath the waters, and others rose up as mountains.

The Chang Tang Highlands were rich in fossils, and in evidence that all this area had been a seashore. Giant shells, of vivid colours, curious stone sponges, and ridges of coral were common. Gold, too, was here, lumps of it which could be picked up as easily as could the pebbles. The waters which flowed from the depths of the earth were of all temperatures from boiling gouts of steam to near-freezing. It was a land of fantastic contrasts. Here there was a hot, humid atmosphere such as we had never before experienced. A few yards away, just the other side of a fog-curtain, there was the bitter cold that could sap the life and render a body as brittle as glass. The rarest of rare herbs grew here, and for those alone we had made this journey. Fruits were there, too, fruits such as we had never before seen. We tasted them, liked them, and satiated ourselves . . . the penalty was a hard one. During the night and the whole of next day we were too busy to gather herbs. Our stomachs were not used to such food. We left those fruits alone after that!

We loaded ourselves to the limit with herbs and plants, and retraced our footsteps through the fog. The cold the other side

was terrible. Probably all of us felt like turning back and living in the luxuriant valley. One lama was unable to face the cold again. A few hours after passing the fog-curtain he collapsed, and although we camped then in an effort to help him, he was beyond aid, and went to the Heavenly Fields during the night. We did our best—throughout that night we had tried to warm him, lying on each side of him, but the bitter cold of that arid region was too much. He slept, and did not awaken. His load we shared between us, although we had considered before that we were laden to the limit. Back over that glittering sheet of age-old ice we retraced our painful steps. Our strength seemed to have been sapped by the comfortable warmth of the hidden valley, and we had insufficient food now. For the last two days of our journey back to the mules we did not eat at all- we had nothing left, not even tea.

With yet a few more miles to go, one of the men in the lead toppled over, and did not rise. Cold, hunger, and hardship had taken one more from among us. And there was still another who had departed. We arrived at the base camp to find four monks waiting for us. Four monks who leapt to their feet to aid us cover the last few yards to this stage. Four. The fifth had ventured out in a gale of wind and had been blown over the edge into the canyon below. By laying face down, and having my feet held so that I could not slip, I saw him lying hundreds of feet below, covered in his blood red robe which was now, literally, blood red.

During the next three days we rested and tried to regain some of our strength. It was not merely tiredness and exhaustion which prevented us from moving, but the wind which shrilled among the rocks, trundling pebbles before it, sending cutting blasts of dust-laden air into our cave. The surface of the little stream was whipped off and blown away like a fine spray. Through the night the gale howled around us like ravening demons lusting for our flesh. From somewhere near came a rushing, and a “crump-crump” followed by an earth-shaking thud. Yet another immense boulder from the mountain ranges had succumbed to the attrition of wind and water and caused a landslide. Early in the morning of the second day, before the first light had reached the valley below, while we were still in the pre-dawn luminescence of the mountains, a huge boulder crashed from the peak above us. We heard it coming and huddled together, making ourselves as small as possible. Down it crashed, as if the Devils were driving their chariots at us from the skies. Down it roared, accompanied by a shower of stones. A horrid crash and trembling as it struck the rocky tableland in front of us. The edge shook and wavered, and some ten or twelve feet of the ledge toppled and broke away. From below

quite a time later, came the echo and reverberation of the falling debris. So was our comrade buried.

The weather seemed to be getting worse. We decided that we would leave early on the next morning before we were prevented. Our equipment—such as it was—was carefully overhauled. Ropes were tested, and the mules examined for any sores or cuts. At dawn the next day the weather seemed to be a little calmer. We left with feelings of pleasure at the thought of being homeward bound. Now we were a party of eleven instead of the fifteen who had so cheerfully started out. Day after day we plodded on, footsore and weary, our mules bearing their loads of herbs. Our progress was slow. Time had no meaning for us. We toiled on in a daze of fatigue. Now we were on half rations, and constantly hungry.

At last we came in sight of the lakes again, and to our great joy we saw that a caravan of yaks grazed near by. The traders welcomed us, pressed food and tea on us and did all they could to ease our weariness. We were tattered and bruised. Our robes were in rags, and our feet were bleeding where great blisters had burst. But—we had been to the Chang Tang Highlands and returned—some of us! My Guide had now been twice, perhaps the only man in the world to have made *two* such journeys.

The traders looked after us well. Crouched round the yak-dung fire in the dark of the night they wagged their heads in amazement as we told of our experiences. We enjoyed *their* tales of journeys to India, and of meetings with other traders from the Hindu Kush. We were sorry to leave these men and wished that they were going in our direction. They had but recently set out from Lhasa; we returning there. So, in the morning, we parted with mutual expressions of good will.

Many monks will not converse with traders, but the Lama Mingyar Dondup taught that all men are equal: race, colour, or creed meant naught. It was a man's intentions and actions only that counted.

Now our strength was renewed, we were going *home*. The countryside became greener, more fertile, and at last we came in sight of the gleaming gold of the Potala and our own Chakpori, just a little higher than the Peak. Mules are wise animals—ours were in a hurry to get to their own home in Sho, and they pulled so hard that we had difficulty in restraining them. One would have thought that *they* had been to the Chang Tang—and not us!

We climbed the stony road up the Iron Mountain with joy. Joy at being back from Chambala, as we call the frozen north.

Now began our round of receptions, but first we had to see the Inmost One. His reaction was illuminating. “You have done what

I should like to do, seen what I ardently desire to see. Here I have 'all-power', yet I am a prisoner of my people. The greater the power, the less the freedom: the higher the rank, the more a servant. And I would give it all to see what you have seen."

The Lama Mingyar Dondup, as leader of the expedition, was given the Scarf of Honour, with the red triple knots. I, because I was the youngest member, was similarly honoured. I well knew that an award at "both ends" embraced everything in between!

For weeks after we were travelling to other lamaseries, to lecture, to distribute special herbs, and to give me the opportunity of seeing other districts. First we had to visit "The Three Seats", Drepung, Sera, and Ganden. From thence we went farther afield, to Dorje-thag, and to Samye, both on the River Tsangpo, forty miles away. We also visited Samden Lamasery, between the Du-me and Yamdok Lakes, fourteen thousand feet above sea-level. It was a relief to follow the course of our own river, the Kyi Chu. For us it was truly well named, the River of Happiness.

All the time my instruction had been continued while we rode, when we stopped, and when we rested. Now the time of my examination for the Lama degree was near, and so we returned once again to Chakpori in order that I should not be distracted.

# ཨོམ་ཏི་པཱ་ཏི་

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### LAMAHOOD

A considerable amount of training was now given to me in the art of astral traveling, where the spirit, or ego, leaves the body and remains connected to life on Earth only by the Silver Cord. Many people find it difficult to believe that we travel in this way. *Everyone* does, when they sleep. Nearly always in the West it is Voluntary; in the East lamas can do it when fully conscious. Thus they have a complete *memory* of what they have done, what they have seen and where they have been. In the West people have lost the art, and so when they return to wakefulness they think they have had a “dream”.

All countries had a knowledge of this astral journeying. In England it is alleged that “witches can fly”. Broomsticks are not necessary, except as a means of rationalizing what people do not *want* to believe! In the U.S.A. the “Spirits of the Red Men” are said to fly. In all countries, everywhere, there is a buried knowledge of such things. I was taught to do it. So can anyone be.

Telepathy is another art which is easy to master. But not if it is going to be used as a stage turn. Fortunately this art is now gaining some recognition. Hypnotism is yet another art of the East. I have carried out major operations on hypnotized patients, such as leg amputations and those of an equally serious nature. The patient feels nothing, suffers nothing, and awakens in better condition through not having to also suffer the effects of the orthodox anesthetics. Now, so I am told, hypnotism is being used to a limited extent in England.

Invisibility is another matter. It is a very good thing that invisibility is beyond more than the very, very few. The principle is easy: the practice is difficult. Think of what attracts you. A noise? A quick movement or a flashing colour? Noises and quick actions rouse people, make them notice one. An immobile person is not so easily seen, nor is a “familiar” type or class of person. The man who brings the mail, often people will say that “no one has been

here, no one at all”, yet their mail will have been brought. How, by an invisible man? Or one who is such a familiar sight that he is not “seen”, or perceived. (A policeman is always seen as nearly everyone has a guilty conscience!) To attain a state of invisibility one must suspend action, and *also suspend one's brain waves!* If the physical brain is allowed to function (think), any other person near by becomes telepathically aware (sees) and so the state of invisibility is lost. There are men in Tibet who can become invisible at will, but they are able to shield their brain waves. It is perhaps fortunate that they are so few in number.

Levitation can be accomplished, and sometimes is, solely for the technical exercise involved. It is a clumsy method of moving around. The effort involved is considerable. The real adept uses astral traveling, which is truly a matter of the utmost simplicity . . . provided one has a good teacher. I had, and I could (and can) do astral traveling. I could *not* make myself invisible, in spite of my most earnest efforts. It would have been a great blessing to be able to vanish when I was wanted to do something unpleasant, but this was denied me. Nor, as I have said before, was I possessed of musical talents. My singing voice brought down the wrath of the Music Master, but that wrath was as naught to the commotion I caused when I tried to play the cymbals—thinking that *anyone* could use *those* things—and quite accidentally caught a poor unfortunate monk on each side of his head. I was advised, unkindly, to stick to clairvoyance and medicine!

We did much of what is termed yoga in the Western world. It is, of course, a very great science and one which can improve a human almost beyond belief. My own personal opinion is that yoga is not suitable for Western people without very considerable modification. The science has been known to us for centuries; we are taught the postures from the very earliest age. Our limbs, skeleton, and muscles are trained to yoga. Western people, perhaps of middle age, who try some of these postures can definitely harm themselves. It is merely my opinion as a Tibetan, but I do feel that unless there is a set of exercises which have been so modified, people should be warned against trying them. Again, one needs a very good native teacher, one thoroughly trained in male and female anatomy if harm is to be avoided. Not merely the postures can do harm, but the breathing exercises also!

Breathing to a particular pattern is the main secret of many Tibetan phenomena. But here again, unless one has a wise and experienced teacher, such exercises can be extremely harmful, if not fatal. Many travelers have written of “the racing ones”, lamas who can control the weight of the body (*not* levitation) and race

at high speed for hours and hours over the ground, hardly touching the earth in passing. It takes much practice, and the “racer” has to be in a semi-trance state. Evening is the best time, when there are stars upon which to gaze, and the terrain must be monotonous, with nothing to break the semi-trance state. The man who is speeding so is in a condition similar to that of a sleep-walker. He visualizes his destination, keeps it constantly before his Third Eye, and unceasingly recites the appropriate mantra. Hour after hour he will race, and reach his destination untired. This system has only one advantage over astral traveling. When traveling by the latter, one moves in the spirit state and so cannot move material objects, cannot, for example, carry one's belongings. The arjopa, as one calls the “racer”, can carry his normal load, but he labours under disadvantages in his turn.

Correct breathing enables Tibetan adepts to sit naked on ice, seventeen thousand feet or so above sea-level, and keep hot, so hot that the ice is melted and the adept freely perspires.

A digression for a moment: the other day I said that I had done this myself at eighteen thousand feet above sea-level. My listener, quite seriously, asked me: “With the tide in, or out?”

Have you ever tried to lift a heavy object when your lungs were empty of air? Try it and you will discover it to be almost impossible. Then fill your lungs as much as you can, hold your breath, and lift with ease. Or you may be frightened, or angry, take a deep breath, as deep as you can, and hold it for ten seconds. Then exhale slowly. Repeat three times at least and you will find that your heart-beats are slowed up and you feel calm. These are things which can be tried by anyone at all without harm. A knowledge of breath control helped me to withstand Japanese tortures and more tortures when I was a prisoner of the Communists. The Japanese at their worst are *gentlemen* compared to the Communists! I know both, at their worst.

The time had now come when I was to take the actual examination for lamahood. Before this I had to be blessed by the Dalai Lama. Every year he blesses every monk in Tibet, individually, not in bulk as does, for example, the Pope of Rome. The Inmost One touches the majority with a tassel attached to a stick. Those whom he favours, or who are of high rank, he touches on the head with one hand. The highly favoured are blessed by him placing two hands on the person's head. For the first time he placed both hands on me and said in a low voice : “You are doing well, my boy: do even better at your examination. Justify the faith we have placed in you.”

Three days before my sixteenth birthday I presented myself for

examination together with about fourteen other candidates. The “examination boxes” seemed to be smaller, or perhaps it was that I was bigger. When I lay on the floor, with my feet against one wall, I could touch the other wall with my hands above my head, but my arms had to be bent as there was not enough room to stretch them straight. The boxes were square, and at the front the wall was such that I could just touch the top with my outstretched hands, again with my arms above my head. The back wall was about twice my height. There was no roof, so at least we had ample air! Once again we were searched before entering, and all we were allowed to take in were our wooden bowl, our rosary, and writing material. With the Invigilators satisfied, we were led one by one to a box, told to enter, and after we had done so the door was shut and a bar put across. Then the Abbot and the Head Examiner came and fixed a huge seal, so that the door could not be opened. A trap-hatch some seven inches square could be opened only from the outside. Through this we were passed examination papers at the beginning of each day. The worked papers were collected at dusk. Tsampa was passed in as well, once a day. Buttered tea was different, we could have as much as we wanted by merely calling “po-cha kesho” (bring tea). As we were not allowed out for any purpose whatever, we did not drink too much!

My own stay in that box was for ten days. I was taking the herbal examination, anatomy, a subject of which I had already a very good knowledge, and divinity. Those subjects occupied me from first to last light for five seemingly endless days. The sixth day brought a change, and a commotion. From a nearby box came howls and screams. Running footsteps, and a babble of voices. Clatter of a heavy wooden door being unbarred. Soothing murmurs, and the screams subsided to a sobbing undertone. For one, the examination had ended. For me, the second half was about to start. An hour late, the sixth day's papers were brought. Metaphysics. Yoga. Nine branches of it. And I had to pass in the whole lot.

Five branches are known very slightly to the Western world: Hatha yoga teaches mastery over the purely physical body, or “vehicle”, as we term it. Kundalini yoga gives one psychic power, clairvoyance, and similar powers. Laya yoga teaches mastery over the mind, one of its offshoots is to remember permanently a thing once read or heard. Raja yoga prepares one for transcendental consciousness and wisdom. Samadhi yoga leads to supreme illumination and enables one to glimpse the purpose and plan beyond life on Earth. This is the branch which enables one, at the instant of leaving this earth-life, to grasp the Greater Reality and abandon the Round of Rebirth; unless one decided to return to

Earth for a special purpose, such as to help others in some particular way. The other forms of yoga cannot be discussed in a book of this nature, and certainly my knowledge of the English language is inadequate to do justice to such illustrious subjects.

So, for another five days I was busy, like a broody hen in a box. But even ten-day-long examinations have to end, and as the lama collected the last papers on the tenth night, he was greeted with smiles of delight. That night we had vegetables with our tsampa; the very first change from this one basic food for ten days at least. That night it was easy to sleep. At no time had I worried about passing, but I did worry about the degree of pass; I had been commanded to be high on the final list. In the morning the seals were broken from the doors, the bars were lifted, and we had to clean our examination boxes before being able to leave. For a week we were able to recover our strength after the considerable ordeal. Then came two days of judo in which we tried all our holds, and made each other unconscious with our “anesthetic holds”. Two days more were devoted to an oral examination on the written papers, in which the examiners questioned us about our weak points only. Let me emphasize that each candidate was orally examined for two whole days *each*. Another week, during which we reacted according to our temperaments, and then the results were announced. To my noisily expressed joy, I was again at the top of the list. My joy was for two reasons: it proved that the Lama Mingyar Dondup was the best teacher of all, and I knew that the Dalai Lama would be pleased with my teacher and with me.

Some days later, when the Lama Mingyar Dondup was instructing me in his room, the door was thrust open, and a panting messenger, tongue lolling and eyes staring, burst in upon us. In his hands he bore the cleft stick of messages. “From the Inmost One,” he gasped, “to the Honourable Medical Lama Tuesday Lobsang Rampa”. With that he took from his robe the letter, wrapped in the silken scarf of greeting. “With all speed, Honourable Sir, I have rushed here.” Relieved of his burden, he turned and dashed out even faster—in search of chang!

That message: no, I was not going to open it. Certainly it was addressed to me, but . . . what was in it? More studies? More work? It looked very large, and very official. So long as I had not opened it I could not know what was inside, so could not be blamed for not doing this or that. Or so my first thoughts went. My Guide was sitting back laughing at me, so I passed the letter, scarf and all, to him. He took it and opened the envelope, or outer wrapping. Two folded sheets were inside, these he spread open and read, deliberately being slow about it to tease me further. At

last, when I was in a fever of impatience to know the worst, he said: "It is all right, you can breathe again. We have to go to the Potala to see him without delay. That means *now*, Lobsang. It says here that I have to go as well." He touched the gong at his side, and to the attendant who entered, he gave instructions that our two white horses be saddled immediately. Quickly we changed our robes and selected our two best white scarves. Together we went to the Abbot and told him that we had to go to the Potala to see the Inmost One. "The Peak, eh? He was at the Norbu Linga yesterday. Oh well, you have the letter to say which it is. It must be very official."

In the courtyard monk grooms were waiting with our horses. We mounted and clattered down the mountain-path. Just a little way farther on, and we had to climb up the other mountain, the Potala, really it was hardly worth the fuss of trying to sit on a horse! The one advantage was that the horses would carry us up the steps almost to the top of the Peak. Attendants were waiting for us, as soon as we had dismounted, our horses were led away, and we were hurried off to the Inmost One's private quarters. I entered alone and made my prostrations and scarf presentation.

"Sit down, Lobsang," he said, "I am very pleased with you. I am very pleased with Mingyar for his part in your success. I have read all your examination papers myself."

That caused a shiver of fright. One of my many failings, so I have been told, is that I have a somewhat misplaced sense of humour. Sometimes it had broken out in answering the examination questions, because some questions simply invite that sort of answer! The Dalai Lama read my thoughts, for he laughed outright and said, "Yes, you have a sense of humour at the wrong times, but . . ." a long pause, during which I feared the worst, then, "I enjoyed every word."

For two hours I was with him. During the second hour my Guide was sent for and the Inmost One gave instructions concerning my further training. I was to undergo the Ceremony of the Little Death, I was to visit—with the Lama Mingyar Dondup—other lamaseries, and I was to study with the Breakers of the Dead. As these latter were of low caste, and their work of such a nature, the Dalai Lama gave me a written script in order that I could keep my own status. He called upon the Body Breakers to render me "all and every assistance in order that the secrets of the bodies may be laid bare and so that the physical reason for the body being discarded may be discovered. He is also to take possession of any body or parts of a body that he may require for his studies." So that was that!

Before going on to deal with the disposal of dead bodies it may be advisable to write some more about the Tibetan views on death. Our attitude is quite different from that of Western peoples. To us a body is nothing more than a “shell”, a material covering for the immortal spirit. To us a dead body is worth less than an old, worn-out suit of clothes. In the case of a person dying normally, that is, not by sudden unexpected violence, we consider the process to be like this: the body is diseased, faulty, and has become so uncomfortable for the spirit that no further lessons can be learned. So it is time to discard the body. Gradually the spirit withdraws and exteriorizes outside the flesh-body. The spirit form has exactly the same outline as the material version, and can very clearly be seen by a clairvoyant. At the moment of death, the cord joining the physical and spirit bodies (the “Silver Cord” of the Christian Bible) thins and parts, and the spirit drifts off. Death has then taken place. But birth into a new life, for the “cord” is similar to the umbilical cord which is severed to launch a new-born baby to a separate existence. At the moment of death the Glow of Life-force is extinguished from the head. This Glow also can be seen by a clairvoyant, and in the Christian Bible is referred to as “The Golden Bowl”. Not being a Christian I am not familiar with the Book, but I believe there is a reference to “Lest the Silver Cord be severed, and the Golden Bowl be shattered”.

Three days, we say, is the time it takes for a body to die, for all physical activity to cease, and the spirit, soul, or ego, to become quite free of its fleshly envelope. We believe that there is an etheric double formed during the life of a body. This “double” can become a ghost. Probably everyone has looked at a strong light, and on turning away apparently saw the light still. We consider that life is electric, a field of force, and the etheric double remaining at death is similar to the light one sees *after* looking at a strong source, or, in electrical terms, it is like a strong residual magnetic field. If the body had *strong* reasons for clinging to life, then there is a *strong* etheric which forms a ghost and haunts the familiar scenes. A miser may have such an attachment for his money-bags that he has his whole focus upon them. At death probably his last thought will be of fright concerning the fate of his money, so in his dying moment he adds to the strength of his etheric. The lucky recipient of the money-bags may feel somewhat uncomfortable in the small hours of the night. He may feel that “Old So-and-so is after his money again”. Yes, he is right, Old So-and-so's ghost is probably very cross that his (spirit) hands cannot get a grip on that money!

There are three basic bodies; the flesh body in which the spirit

can learn the hard lessons of life, the etheric, or “magnetic” body which is made by each of us by our lusts, greeds, and strong passions of various kinds. The third body is the spirit body, the “Immortal Soul”. That is our Lamaist belief and not necessarily the orthodox Buddhist belief. A person dying has to go through three stages: his physical body has to be disposed of, his etheric has to be dissolved, and his spirit has to be helped on the road to the World of Spirit. The ancient Egyptians also believe in the etheric double, in the Guides of the Dead, and in the World of Spirit. In Tibet we helped people before they were dead. The adept had no need of such help, but the ordinary man or woman, or trappa, had to be guided the whole way through. It may be of interest to describe what happens.

One day the Honourable Master of Death sent for me. “It is time you studied the practical methods of Freeing the Soul, Lobsang. This day you shall accompany me.”

We walked down long corridors, down slippery steps, and into the trappas' quarters. Here, in a “hospital room” an elderly monk was approaching that road we all must take. He had had a stroke and was very feeble. His strength was failing and his auric colours were fading as I watched. At all costs he had to be kept conscious until there was no more life to maintain that state. The lama with me took the old monk's hands and gently held them. “You are approaching the release from toils of the flesh, Old Man. Heed my words that you may choose the easy path. Your feet grow cold. Your life is edging up, closer and closer to its final escape. Compose your mind, Old Man, there is naught to fear. Life is leaving your legs, and your sight grows dim. The cold is creeping upwards, in the wake of your waning life. Compose your mind, Old Man, for there is naught to fear in the escape of life to the Greater Reality. The shadows of eternal night creep upon your sight, and your breath is rasping in your throat. The time draws near for the release of your throat. The time draws near for the release of your spirit to enjoy the pleasures of the After World. Compose yourself, Old Man. Your time of release is near.”

The lama all the time was stroking the dying man from the collar bone to the top of his head in a way which has been proved to free the spirit painlessly. All the time he was being told of the pitfalls on the way, and how to avoid them. His route was exactly described, the route which has been mapped by those telepathic lamas who have passed over, and continued to talk by telepathy even from the next world.

“Your sight has gone, Old Man, and your breath is failing within you. Your body grows cold and the sounds of this life are no longer

heard by your ears. Compose yourself in peace, Old Man, for your death is now upon you. Follow the route we say, and peace and joy will be yours.”

The stroking continued as the old man's aura began to diminish even more, and finally faded away. A sudden sharp explosive sound was uttered by the lama in an age-old ritual to completely free the struggling spirit. Above the still body the life-force gathered in a cloud-like mass, swirling and twisting as if in confusion, then forming into a smoke-like duplicate of the body to which it was still attached by the silver cord. Gradually the cord thinned, and as a baby is born when the umbilical cord is severed, so was the old man born into the next life. The cord thinned, became a mere wisp, and parted. Slowly, like a drifting cloud in the sky, or incense smoke in a temple, the form glided off. The lama continued giving instructions by telepathy to guide the spirit on the first stage of its journey. “You are dead. There is nothing more for you here. The ties of the flesh are severed. You are in Bardo. Go your way and we will go ours. Follow the route prescribed. Leave this, the World of Illusion, and enter into the Greater Reality. You are dead. Continue your way forward.”

The clouds of incense rolled up, soothing the troubled air with its peaceful vibrations. In the distance drums were carrying out a rolling mutter. From some high point on the lamasery roof, a deep-toned trumpet sent its message crashing over the countryside. From the corridors outside came all the sounds of vigorous life, the “sussh sussh” of felt boots and, from somewhere, the grumb-ing roar of a yak. Here, in this little room, was silence. The silence of death. Only the telepathic instructions of the lama rippled the surace of the room's quiet. Death, another old man had gone on his long Round of Existences, profiting by his lessons in this life, maybe, but destined to continue until he reached Buddhahood by long, long effort.

We sat the body in the correct lotus posture and sent for those who prepare the bodies. Sent for others to continue the tele-pathic instruction of the departed spirit. For three days this continued, three days during which relays of lamas carried out their duties. On the morning of the fourth day one of the Ragyab came. He was from the Disposers of the Dead colony where the Lingkor road branches to Dechhen Dzong. With his arrival, the lamas ceased their instruction, and the body was given over to the Disposer. He doubled it up into a tight circle and wrapped it in white cloth. With an easy swing, he lifted the bundle on to his shoulders and strode off. Outside he had a yak. Without hesitation he lashed the white mass on to the beast's back, and together they

marched off. At the place of the Breaking the Corpse Carrier would hand his burden to the Breakers of the Bodies. The “Place” was a desolate stretch of land dotted with huge boulders, and containing one large level stone slab, large enough to hold the biggest body. At the four corners of the slab there were holes in the stone, and posts driven in. Another stone slab had holes in it to half its depth.

The body would be placed upon the slab and the cloth stripped off. The arms and legs of the corpse would be tied to the four posts. Then the Head Breaker would take his long knife and slit open the body. Long gashes would be made so that the flesh could be peeled off in strips. Then the arms and legs would be sliced off and cut up. Finally, the head would be cut off and opened.

At first sight of the Corpse Carrier vultures would have come swooping out of the sky, to perch patiently on the rocks like a lot of spectators at an open-air theatre. These birds had a strict social order and any attempt by a presumptuous one to land before the leaders would result in a merciless mobbing.

By this time the Body Breaker would have the trunk of the corpse open. Plunging his hands into the cavity, he would bring out the heart, at sight of which the senior vulture would flap heavily to the ground and waddle forward to take the heart from the Breaker's outstretched hand. The next-in-order bird would flap down to take the liver and with it would retire to a rock to eat. Kidneys, intestines, would be divided and given to the “leader” birds. Then the strips of flesh would be cut up and given to the others. One bird would come back for half the brain and perhaps one eye, and another would come flapping down for yet another. tasty morsel. In a surprisingly short time all the organs and flesh would have been eaten, leaving nothing but the bare bones remaining on the slab. The breakers would snap these into convenient sizes, like firewood, and would stuff them into the holes in the other slab. Heavy rammers would then be used to crush the bones to a fine powder. The birds would eat that!

These Body Breakers were highly skilled men. They took a pride in their work and for their own satisfaction they examined all the organs to determine the cause of death. Long experience had enabled them to do this with remarkable ease. There was, of course, no real reason why they should be so interested, but it was a matter of tradition to ascertain the illness causing “the spirit to depart from this vehicle.” If a person had been poisoned—accidentally or deliberately—the fact soon became obvious. Certainly I found their skill of great benefit to me as I studied with them. I soon became very proficient at dissecting dead bodies. The Head

Breaker would stand beside me and point out features of interest: “This man, Honourable Lama, has died from a stoppage of blood to the heart. See, we will slit this artery, here, and—yes—here is a clot blocking the blood flow.” Or it may be: “Now this woman, Honourable Lama, she has a peculiar look. A gland here must be at fault. We will cut it out and see.” There would be a pause while he cut out a good lump, and then: “Here it is, we will open it; yes, it has a hard core inside.”

So it would go on. The men were proud to show me all they could, they knew I was studying with them by direct order of the Inmost One. If I was not there, and a body looked as if it was particularly interesting, they would save it until I arrived. In this way I was able to examine hundreds of dead bodies, and definitely



I excelled at surgery later! This was far better training than the system whereby medical students have to share cadavers in hospital school dissecting-rooms. I know that I learned more anatomy with the Body Breakers than I did at a fully equipped medical school later.

In Tibet, bodies cannot be buried in the ground. The work would be too hard because of the rocky soil and the thinness of the earth covering. Nor is cremation possible on economic grounds; wood is scarce and to burn a body, timber would have to be imported from India and carried to Tibet across the mountains on the backs of yaks. The cost would be fantastic. Water disposal was not permissible either, for to cast dead bodies into the streams and rivers would pollute the drinking-water of the living. There is no other method open to us than air disposal, in which, as described, birds consume the flesh and the bones. It differs only from Western method in two ways: Westerners bury bodies and let

the worms take the place of birds. The second difference is that in the Western world the knowledge of the cause of death is buried with the body and no one knows if the death certificate really has stated the correct cause. Our Body Breakers *make sure* that they know what a person died of!

Everyone who dies in Tibet is “disposed of” in this way except the highest lamas, who are Previous Incarnations. These are embalmed and placed in a glass-fronted box where they can be seen in a temple, or embalmed and covered with gold. This latter process was most interesting. I took part in such preparations many times. Certain Americans who have read my notes on the subject cannot believe that we really used gold; they say that it would be beyond “even an American's skill”! Quite, we did not mass-produce things, but dealt with individual items as only the craftsman could. We in Tibet could not make a watch to sell for a dollar. But we *can* cover bodies in gold.

One evening I was called to the presence of the Abbot. He said: “A Previous Incarnation is shortly to leave his body. Now he is at the Rose Fence. I want you to be there so that you can observe the Preserving in Sacredness.”

So once again I had to face the hardships of the saddle and journey to Sera. At that lamasery I was shown to the room of the old abbot. His auric colours were on the point of extinction, and about an hour later he passed from the body to the spirit. Being an abbot, and an erudite man, he had no need to be shown the path through the Bardo. Nor had we need to wait the usual three days. For that night only the body sat in the lotus attitude, while lamas kept their death watch.

In the morning, at the first light of day, we filed in solemn procession down through the main lamasery building: into the temple, and through a little-used door down to secret passages below. Ahead of me two lamas were carrying the body on a litter? It was still in the lotus position. From the monks behind came a deep chanting and, in the silences, the trill of a silver bell. We had on our red robes, and over them our yellow stoles. On the walls our shadows were thrown in flickering, dancing outline, exaggerated and distorted by the light of the butter-lamps and flaring torches. Down we went, down into secret places. At last, some fifty or sixty feet below the surface, we arrived at a sealed stone door. We entered: the room was ice-cold. The monks carefully set down the body, and then all departed except three lamas and I. Hundreds of butter-lamps were lit and provided a harsh yellow glare. Now the body was stripped of its vestments and carefully washed. Through the normal body orifices the internal organs were removed

and placed into jars which were carefully sealed. The inside of the body was thoroughly washed and dried, and a special form of lacquer was poured into it. This would form a hard crust inside the body, so that the outlines would be as in life. With the lacquer dry and hard, the body cavity was packed and padded with great care so as not to disturb the shape. More of the lacquer was poured in to saturate the padding and, in hardening, to provide a solid interior. The outer surface of the body was painted with lacquer and allowed to dry. Over the hardened surface a "peeling solution" was added, so that the thin sheets of filmy silk which were now to be pasted on, could later be removed without causing harm. At last the padding of silk was considered adequate. More lacquer (of a different type) was poured on, and the body was now ready for the next stage of the preparations. For a day and a night it was allowed to remain stationary so that final and complete drying could take place. At the end of that time we returned to the room to find the body quite hard and rigid and in the lotus position. We carried it in procession to another room beneath, which was a furnace so built that the flames and heat could circulate outside the walls of this room and so provide an even and high temperature.

The floor was thickly covered with a special powder, and in this, in the centre, we placed the body. Down below, monks were already preparing to light the fires. Carefully we packed the whole room tightly with a special salt from one district of Tibet, and a mixture of herbs and minerals. Then, with the room filled from floor to ceiling, we filed out of the corridor, and the door of the room was closed and sealed with the Seal of the Lamasery. The order to light the furnaces was given. Soon came the crackling of wood and the sizzling of burning butter as the flames spread. With the furnaces well alight, they would continue to burn yak-dung and waste butter. For a whole week the fire raged down below, sending clouds of hot air through the hollow walls of the Embalming Chamber. At the end of the seventh day no more fuel was added. Gradually the fires died down and flickered out. The heavy stone walls creaked and groaned in their cooling. Once more the corridor became cool enough to enter. For three days all was still as we all waited for the room to reach the normal temperature. On the eleventh day from the date of sealing, the Great Seal was broken and the door pushed open. Relays of monks scraped out the hardened compound with their hands. No tools were used in case the body was harmed. For two days the monks scraped away, crushing in the hands the friable salt compound. At last the room was empty—except for the shrouded body sitting so still in the centre, still in the lotus attitude. Carefully we lifted it and

carried it to the other room, where in the light of the butter-lamps we would be able to see more clearly.

Now the silken coverings were peeled off one by one until the body alone remained. The preserving had been perfect. Except that it was much darker, the body might have been that of a sleeping man, who might at any time awaken. The contours were as in life and there was no shrinkage. Once again lacquer was applied to the naked dead body, and then the goldsmiths took over. These were men with a skill unsurpassed. Craftsmen. Men who could cover dead flesh with gold. Slowly they worked, layer upon layer of the thinnest, softest gold. Gold worth a fortune outside Tibet, but here valued only as a sacred metal—a metal that was incorruptible, and so symbolic of Man's final spirit state. The priest-goldsmiths worked with exquisite care, attentive to the minutest detail, so that when their work was finished they left as testimony of their skill a golden figure, exact as in life, with every line and wrinkle reproduced. Now the body, heavy with its gold, was carried to the Hall of Incarnations and, like the others there, set up on a gold throne. Here in this Hall there were figures dating back to the earliest times—sitting in rows, like solemn judges watching with half-closed eyes the frailties and failings of the present generation. We talked in whispers here and walked carefully, as if not to disturb the living-dead. To one body in particular I was attracted—some strange power held me fascinated before it. It seemed to gaze at me with an all-knowing smile. Just then there was a gentle touch on my arm, and I nearly dropped with fright. “That was *you*, Lobsang, in your last incarnation. We thought you would recognize it!”

My Guide led me to the next gold figure and remarked: “And that was I.”

Silently, both much moved, we crept from the Hall and the door was sealed behind us.

Many times after I was allowed to enter that Hall and study the gold-clad figures. Sometimes I went alone and sat in meditation before them. Each has its written history, which I studied with the greatest interest. Here was the history of my present Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, the story of what he had done in the past, a summary of his character and his abilities. The dignities and honours conferred upon him. The manner of his passing.

Here also was *my* past history and that, too, I studied with my full attention. Ninety-eight gold figures sat here in the Hall, in the hidden chamber carved from the rock, and with the well-concealed door. The history of Tibet was before me. Or so I thought. The earliest history was to be shown to me later.



## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### FINAL INITIATION

After, at various lamaseries, I had seen the embalming some half dozen times, I was one day sent for by the Abbot in charge of Chakpori. “My friend,” said he, “on the direct order of the Precious One you are to be initiated as an abbot. As you have requested, you can—like Mingyar Dondup—continue to be addressed as ‘lama’. I merely give the message of the Precious One.”

So as a Recognized Incarnation, I had again the status with which I left the Earth some six hundred years before. The Wheel of Life had revolved full circle.

Some time later an aged lama came to my room and told me that now I must undergo the Ceremony of the Little Death. “For my son, until you have passed the Gateway of Death, and returned, you cannot truly know that there *is* no death. Your studies in astral traveling have taken you far. This will take you much farther, beyond the realms of life, and into the past of our country.”

The preparatory training was hard and prolonged. For three months I led a strictly supervised life. Special courses of horrible-tasting herbs added an unpleasant item to my daily menu. I was adjured to keep my thoughts “on that alone which is pure and holy”. As if one had much choice in a lamasery! Even tsampa and tea had to be taken in less quantity. Rigid austerity, strict discipline, and long, long hours of meditation.

At last, after three months, the astrologers said that the time was now right, the portents were favourable. For twenty-four hours I fasted until I felt as empty as a temple drum. Then I was led down those hidden stairs and passages far below the Potala. Far down we went, flaring torches in the hands of the others, nothing in mine. Down through the corridors I had traversed before. At last we reached the end of the passage. Solid rock confronted us. But a whole boulder was swung aside at our

approach. Another path confronted us—a dark and narrow path with the odour of stale air, spices, and incense. Several yards farther on we were stopped momentarily by a ponderous gold-sheathed door which was slowly opened to the accompaniment of protesting squeaks which echoed and re-echoed as if through a vast space. Here the torches were extinguished, and butter-lamps lit. We moved ahead into a hidden temple carved from the solid rock by volcanic action in days long past. These corridors and passages once had led molten lava to the mouth of a belching volcano. Now puny humans trod the way and thought that they were gods. But now, I thought, we must concentrate on the task at hand, and here was the Temple of Secret Wisdom.

Three abbots led me in. The rest of the lamaistic retinue had melted away in the darkness, as the dissolving memories of a dream. Three abbots, aged, desiccated with years and gladly awaiting their recall to the Heavenly Fields: three old men, perhaps the greatest metaphysicians in the whole of the world, ready to give me my final ordeal of initiation. Each carried in the right hand a butter-lamp, and in the left a thick stick of smouldering incense. Here the cold was intense, a strange cold seemingly not of this earth. The silence was profound: what faint sounds there were served merely to accentuate that silence. Our felt boots made no footfalls: we might have been ghosts gliding along. From the saffron brocade robes of the abbots there came a faint rustle. To my horror I felt tingles and shocks all over me. My hands glowed as if a fresh aura had been added. The abbots, I saw, were also glowing. The very, very dry air and the friction of our robes, had generated a static electric charge. An abbot passed me a short gold rod and whispered, “Hold this in your left hand and draw it along the wall as you walk and the discomfort will cease.” I did, and with the first release of stored electricity nearly jumped out of my boots. After that it was painless.

One by one, butter-lamps flickered into life, lit by unseen hands. As the wavering yellow light increased, I saw gigantic figures, covered in gold, and some half buried in uncut gems. A Buddha loomed out of the gloom, so huge that the light did not reach beyond the waist. Other forms were dimly seen; the images of devils, the representations of lust, and the forms of the trials which Man had to undergo before the realization of Self.

We approached a wall on which was painted a fifteen-foot Wheel of Life. In the flickering light it appeared to revolve and made the senses reel with it. On we went until I was sure we would crash into the rock. The leading abbot vanished: what I had imagined to be a dark shadow was a well-concealed door. This

gave entrance to a path going down and down—a narrow, steep winding path where the faint glow of the abbots' butter-lamps merely seemed to intensify the dark. We felt our way haltingly, stumbling, sometimes sliding. The air was heavy and oppressive and it felt as if the whole weight of the earth above was pressing down on us. I felt as if we were penetrating the heart of the world. A final bend in the tortuous passage, and a cavern opened to our view, a cavern of rock glittering with gold: veins of it—lumps of it. A layer of rock, a layer of gold, a layer of rock—so it went on. High, very high above us, gold glinted like stars in a dark night sky, as sharp specks of it caught and reflected back the faint light the lamps shed.

In the centre of the cavern was a shining black house—a house as if made of polished ebony. Strange symbols ran along its sides, and diagrams like those I had seen on the walls of the lake tunnel. We walked to the house and entered the wide, high door. Inside were three black stone coffins, curiously engraved and marked. There was no lid. I peered inside, and at the sight of the contents caught my breath and felt suddenly faint.

“My son,” exclaimed the leading abbot, “look upon these. They were gods in our land in the days before the mountains came. They walked our country when seas washed our shores, and when different stars were in the sky. Look, for none but Initiates have seen these.”

I looked again, fascinated and awed. Three gold figures, nude, lay before us. Two male and one female. Every line, every mark faithfully reproduced by the gold. But the size! The female was quite ten feet long as she lay, and the larger of the two males was not under fifteen feet. Their heads were large and somewhat conical at the top. The jaws were narrow, with a small, thin-lipped mouth. The nose was long and thin, while the eyes were straight and deeply recessed. No dead figures, these—they looked asleep. We moved quietly and spoke softly as if afraid they would awaken. I saw a coffin-lid to one side: on it was engraved a map of the heavens—but how very strange the stars appeared. My studies in astrology had made me quite familiar with the heavens at night: but this was very, very different.

The senior abbot turned to me and said: “You are about to become an Initiate, to see the Past and to know the Future. The strain will be very great. Many die of it, and many fail, but none leave here alive unless they pass. Are you prepared, and willing?”

I replied that I was. They led me to a stone slab lying between two coffins. Here at their instruction I sat in the lotus attitude,

with my legs folded, my spine erect, and the palms of my hands facing up.

Four sticks of incense were lighted, one for each coffin and one for my slab. The abbots each took a butter-lamp and filed out. With the heavy black door shut I was alone with the bodies of the age-old dead. Time passed as I meditated upon my stone slab. The butter-lamp which I had carried spluttered and went out. For a few moments its wick smoldered red and there was the odour of burning cloth, then even that faded and was gone.

I lay back on my slab and did the special breathing which I had been taught throughout the years. The silence and the dark were oppressive. Truly it was the silence of the grave.

Quite suddenly my body became rigid, cataleptic. My limbs became numb and icy cold. I had the sensation that I was dying, dying in that ancient tomb more than four hundred feet below the sunshine. A violent shuddering jerk within me, and the inaudible impression of a strange rustling and creaking as of old leather being unfolded. Gradually the tomb became suffused by a pale blue light, like moonlight on a high mountain-pass. I felt a swaying, a rising and falling. For a moment I could imagine that I was once more in a kite, tossing and jouncing at the end of the rope. Awareness dawned that I *was* floating above my flesh body. With awareness came movement. Like a puff of smoke I drifted as if on an unfelt wind. Above my head I saw a radiance, like a golden bowl. From my middle depended a cord of silver-blue. It pulsed with life and glowed with vitality.

I looked down at my supine body, now resting like a corpse amid corpses. Little differences between my body and those of the giant figures slowly became apparent. The study was absorbing. I thought of the petty conceit of present-day mankind and wondered how the materialists would explain the presence of these immense figures. I thought . . . but then I became aware that *something* was disturbing my thoughts. I seemed that I was no longer alone. Snatches of conversation reached me, fragments of unspoken thoughts. Scattered pictures began to flash across my mental vision. From far away someone seemed to be tolling a great, deep-toned bell. Quickly it came nearer and nearer until at last it appeared to explode in my head, and I saw droplets of coloured light and flashes of unknown hues. My astral body was tossed and driven like a leaf upon a winter gale. Scurrying flecks of red-hot pain lashed across my consciousness. I felt alone, deserted, a waif in a tottering universe. Black fog descended upon me, and with it a calmness not of this world.

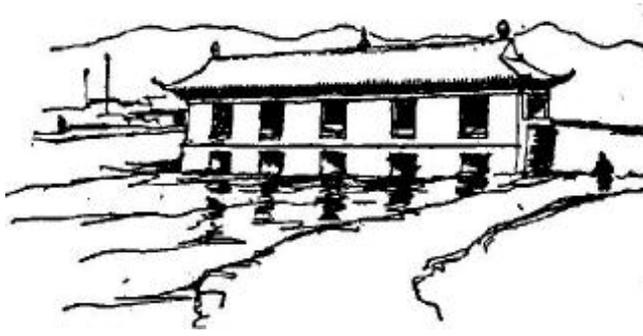
Slowly the utter blackness enfolding me rolled away. From

somewhere came the booming of the sea, and the hissing rattle of shingle under the drive of the waves. I could smell the salt-laden air, and the tang of the seaweed. This was a familiar scene: I lazily turned on my back, in the sun-warmed sand, and gazed up at the palm trees. But, part of me said, I had never seen the sea, never even *heard* of palm trees! From a nearby grove came the sound of laughing voices, voices that grew louder as a happy group of sun-bronzed people came into sight. Giants! All of them. I looked down, and saw that I, too, was a “giant”. To my astral perceptions came the impressions: countless ages ago. Earth revolved nearer the sun, in the opposite direction. The days were shorter and warmer. Vast civilizations arose, and men knew more than they do now. From outer space came a wandering planet and struck the Earth a glancing blow. The Earth was sent reeling, out of its orbit, and turning in the opposite direction. Winds arose and battered the waters, which, under different gravitational pulls, heaped upon the land, and there were floods, universal floods. Earthquakes shook the world. Lands sank beneath the seas, and others arose. The warm and pleasant land which was Tibet ceased to be a seaside resort and shot some twelve thousand feet above the sea. Around the land mighty mountains appeared, belching out fuming lava. Far away in the highlands rifts were torn in the surface, and vegetation and fauna of a bygone age continued to flourish. But there is too much to write in a book, and some of my “astral initiation” is far too sacred and private to put into print.

Some time later I felt the visions fading and becoming dark. Gradually my consciousness, astral and physical, left me. Later I became uncomfortably aware that I was *cold*—cold with lying on a stone slab in the freezing darkness of a vault. Probing fingers of thought in my brain, “Yes, he has returned to us. We are coming !” Minutes passed, and a faint glow approached. Butter-lamps. The three old abbots.

“You have done well, my son. For three days you have lain here. Now you have seen. Died. And lived.”

Stiffly I climbed to, my feet, swaying with weakness and hunger. Out from that never-to-be-forgotten chamber and up to the cold, cold air of the other passages. I was faint with hunger, and overcome with all that I had seen and experienced. I ate and drank my fill and that night, as I lay down to sleep, I knew that soon I would have to leave Tibet, and go to the strange foreign countries, as foretold. But now I can say that they were and are stranger than I would have imagined possible!



## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### TIBET—FAREWELL!

A few days later, as my Guide and I were sitting beside the River of Happiness, a man came galloping by. Idly he gazed in our direction and recognized the Lama Mingyar Dondup. Instantly the dust at the horse's feet was aswirl with the violence of his stopping.

“I have a message from the Inmost One, for the Lama Lobsang Rampa.”

From his pouch he pulled the long, familiar packet wrapped in the silk scarf of greeting. He handed it to me with a triple prostration, and backed away, mounted his horse, and galloped off.

Now I was much more assured; the events below the Potala had given me self-confidence. I opened the packet and read the message before passing it to my Guide—and friend—the Lama Mingyar Dondup.

“I have to go to the Inmost One at the Jewel Park in the morning. You have to go as well.”

“One does not normally guess at the Precious Protector's remarks, Lobsang, but I feel that you will shortly be leaving for China, and I, well, as I told you, I shall soon be returning to the Heavenly Fields. Let us make the most of this day and of the scant time remaining.”

In the morning I trod the familiar path to the Jewel Park, down the hill, across the road, and into the main gates. The Lama Mingyar Dondup walked with me. In both our minds was the thought that this was perhaps the last time we would make this

journey together. Perhaps it was reflected, too, strongly in my face, for when I saw the Dalai Lama alone, he said: “The time of parting, of taking fresh paths is always hard and fraught with misery. Here in this Pavilion I sat in meditation for hours, wondering if I would do right to stay or leave when our country was invaded. Either would cause pain to some. Your Path is straight ahead, Lobsang, and it is not an easy path for *anyone*. Family, friends, country—all must be left behind. The Path ahead contains, as you have been told, hardship, torture, misunderstanding, disbelief—all that is unpleasant. The ways of the foreigners are strange and not to be accounted for. As I told you—once before, they believe only that which they can do, only that which can be tested in their Rooms of Science. Yet the greatest science of all, the Science of the Overself, they leave untouched. That is your Path, the Path you chose before you came to this Life. I have arranged for you to leave for China at the end of five days.”

Five days! Five *days*!! I have expected five weeks. As my Guide and I climbed up to our mountain home, no word was exchanged between us until we were again within the walls of the Temple.

“You will have to see your parents, Lobsang. I will send a messenger.”

Parents? The Lama Mingyar Dondup had been more than a father and mother to me. And soon he would be leaving this life before I returned to Tibet in a few short years. All I would see of him then would be his gold-covered figure in the Hall of Incarnations—like an old, discarded robe for which the wearer had no further use.

Five days! Busy days. From the Potala Museum a new suit of Western clothes was brought for me to try on. Not that I was going to wear one in China, my lama robes would be more suitable there, but so that the others could see how I looked. Oh, that suit! Tight tubes of cloth that gripped my legs, so tight that I was afraid to bend. Now I knew why the Westerners could not sit in the lotus attitude: their clothes were too tight. Certainly I thought I was “ruined for life” by these tight tubes. They put a white shroud on me, and around my neck they tied a thick ribbon and pulled it tight as if they were going to strangle me. Over that they fitted a short piece of cloth with patches and holes behind, in which, they said the Westerners kept things—instead of in a robe as we did. But the worst was yet to come. They put thick and heavy “gloves” on my feet and pulled them tight with black strings with metal ends. The beggars who went on hands and knees around the Lingkhor road sometimes used gloves similar to these on their hands, but they were wise enough to use good Tibetan felt boots

on their feet. I felt that I would be crippled, and so would not be able to go to China. A black inverted bowl with an edge round it was put on my head, and I was told that I was dressed as a “Western gentleman of leisure”. It seemed to me that they would have to have leisure, as surely they could not be expected to do any work dressed up like this!

On the third day I went again to my former home. Alone, on foot, as when I first set out. But this time as a lama, and as an abbot. Father and mother were at home to meet me. This time I was an honoured guest. In the evening of that day I again went to father's study, and signed my name and rank in the Family Book. Then I set off again, on foot, for the lamasery which had been my home for so long.

The remaining two days soon passed. On the evening of the last day I again saw the Dalai Lama and made my farewells and received his blessing. My heart was heavy as I took leave of him. The next time I would see him, as we both knew, would be when he was dead.

In the morning, at first light, we set out. Slowly, reluctantly. Once more I was homeless, going to strange places, and having to learn all over again. As we reached the high mountain-pass we turned to take a last long look at the Holy City of Lhasa. From the top of the Potala a solitary kite was flying.



“KINDNESS TO PUBLISHERS” DEPARTMENT

Throughout the years since “The Third Eye” first appeared I have had a tremendous amount of mail, and up to the present I have always answered that mail. Now I have to say that I am no longer able to reply to any mail at all unless adequate return postage is enclosed. So please do NOT send letters to my Publisher for forwarding to me because I have asked my Publisher not to forward any letters.

People forget that they pay for a BOOK and NOT a lifetime of free post-paid advisory service. Publishers are PUBLISHERS—not a letter forwarding service.

I have had letters from all over the world, even from well behind the Iron Curtain, but not one in several thousand people encloses return postage, and the cost is so much that I can no longer undertake replies.

People ask such peculiar things too. Here are just some:

There was a very desperate letter from Australia which reached me when I was in Ireland. The matter was (apparently) truly urgent so at my own expense I sent a cable to Australia, and I did not even receive a note of thanks.

A certain gentleman in the U.S.A wrote me a letter DEMANDING that I should immediately write a thesis for him and send it by return airmail. He wanted to use it as his thesis to obtain a Doctorate in Oriental Philosophy. Of course he did not enclose any postage; it was merely a somewhat threatening demand!

An Englishman wrote me a very, very haughty letter in the third person, demanding my credentials. And only if they were completely satisfactory to this person would he consider placing himself under my tuition, provided that there would be no charge for it. In other words, I was supposed to be honoured. (I do not think he would like my reply!)

Another one wrote to me and said that if I “and my chums” would come from Tibet and cluster around his bed in the astral at night then he would be able to feel more happy about astral traveling.

Other people write to me and ask me everything from high esoteric things (which I can answer if I want to) to how to keep hens and ones husband! People also consider that they should write to me just whenever they think they should and then they get offensive if I do not reply by return airmail.

I will ask you NOT to bother my Publishers, in fact I have asked them not to send on any letters to me because they are in business as Publishers. For those who really do need an answer (although I do not invite letters) I have an accommodation address. It is:

Dr T Lobsang Rampa,  
BM/TLR,  
London W.C.I., England

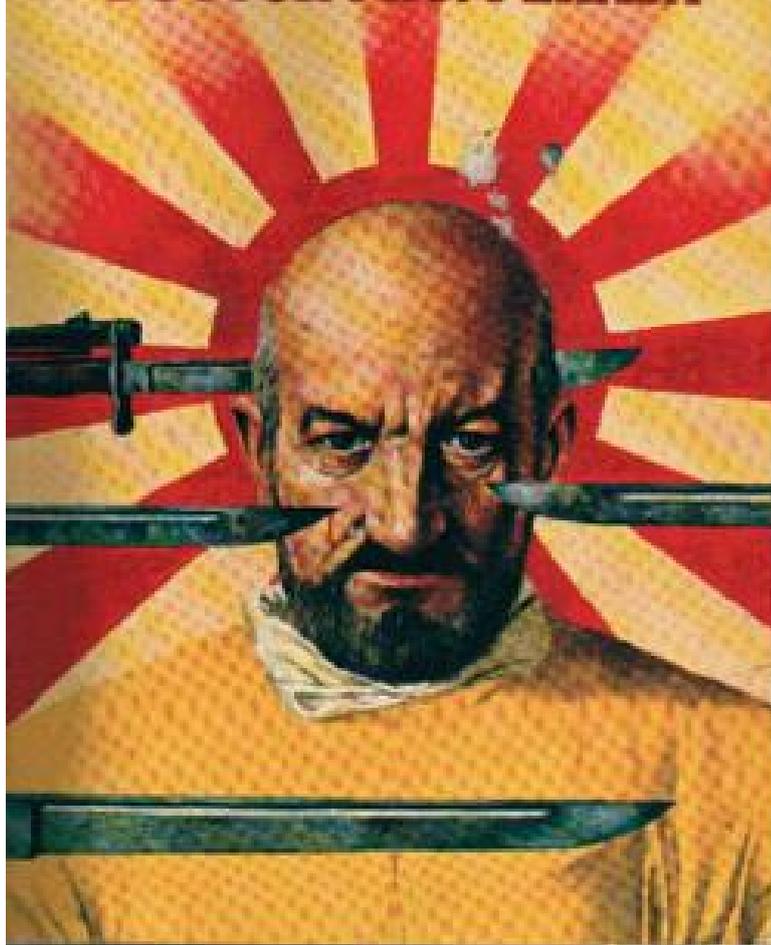
I do not guarantee any reply, and if you use this address you will have to provide very adequate postage because the letters will be forwarded to me and I shall have to pay, so I shall not be in a sweet enough mood to reply unless you have made my expense your expense. For example, it will cost me a dollar at least by the time forwarding charges are paid.

*T. Lobsang Rampa*

LEADER

CORGI

# LOBSANG RAMPA DOCTOR FROM LHASA



# Doctor From Lhasa

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## Author's Foreword

WHEN I was in England I wrote *The Third Eye*, a book which is true, but which has caused much comment. Letters came in from all over the world, and in answer to requests I wrote this book, Doctor from Lhasa.

My experiences, as will be told in a third book, have been far beyond that which most people have to endure, experiences which are paralleled only in a few cases in history. That, though, is not the object of *this* book which deals with a continuation of my autobiography.

I am a Tibetan lama who came to the western world in pursuance of his destiny, came as was foretold, and endured all the hardships as foretold. Unfortunately, western people looked upon me as a curio, as a specimen who should be put in a cage and shown off as a freak from the unknown. It made me wonder what would happen to my old friends, the Yetis, if the westerners got hold of them—as they are trying to do.

Undoubtedly the Yeti would be shot, stuffed, and put in some museum. Even then people would argue and say that there were no such things as Yetis! To me it is strange beyond belief that western people can believe in television, and in space rockets that may circle the Moon and return and yet not credit Yetis or “Unknown Flying Objects,” or, in fact, anything which they cannot hold in their hands and pull to pieces to see what makes it work.

But now I have the formidable task of putting into just a few pages that which before took a whole book, the details of my early childhood. I came of a very high-ranking family, one of the leading families in Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. My parents had much to say in the control of the country, and because I was of high rank I was given severe

training so that, it was considered, I should be fit to take my place. Then, before I was seven years of age, in accordance with our established custom, the Astrologer Priests of Tibet were consulted to see what type of career would be open to me. For days before these preparations went forward, preparations for an immense party at which all the leading citizens, all the notabilities of Lhasa would come to hear my fate. Eventually the Day of Prophecy arrived. Our estate was thronged with people. The Astrologers came armed with their sheets of paper, with their charts, and with all the essentials of their profession. Then, at the appropriate time, when everyone had been built up to a high pitch of excitement, the Chief Astrologer pronounced his findings. It was solemnly proclaimed that I should enter a lamasery at the age of seven, and be trained as a priest, and as a priest surgeon. Many predictions were made about my life; in fact the whole of my life was outlined. To my great sorrow everything they said has come true. I say "sorrow" because most of it has been misfortune, and hardship, and suffering, and it does not make it any easier when one knows all that one is to suffer.

I entered the Chakpori lamasery when I was seven years of age, making my lonely way along the path. At the entrance I was kept, and had to undergo an ordeal to see if I was hard enough, tough enough to undergo the training.

This I passed, and then I was allowed to enter. I went through all the stages from an absolutely raw beginner, and in the end I became a lama, and an abbot. Medicine and surgery were my particular strong points. I studied these with avidity, and I was given every facility to study dead bodies. It is a belief in the west that the lamas of Tibet never do anything to bodies if it means making an opening. The belief is, apparently, that Tibetan medical science is rudimentary, because the medical lamas treat only the exterior and not the interior. That is not correct. The ordinary lama, I agree, never opens a body, it is against his own form of belief. But there was a special nucleus of lamas, of whom I was one, who were trained to do opera-

tions, and to do operations which were possibly even beyond the scope of western science.

In passing there is also a belief in the west that Tibetan medicine teaches that the man has his heart on one side, and the woman has her heart on the other side. Nothing could be more ridiculous. Information such as this has been passed on to the western people by those who have no real knowledge of what they are writing about, because some of the charts to which they refer deal with astral bodies instead, a very different matter. However, that has nothing to do with this book.

My training was very intensive indeed, because I had to know not only my specialized subjects of medicine and surgery, but all the Scriptures as well because, as well as being a medical lama, I also had to pass as a religious one, as a fully trained priest. So it was necessary to study for two branches at once, and that meant studying twice as hard as the average. I did not look upon that with any great favour!

But it was not all hardship, of course. I took many trips to the higher parts of Tibet—Lhasa is 12,000 feet above sea level—gathering herbs, because we based our medical training upon herbal treatment, and at Chakpori we always had at least 6,000 different types of herb in stock. We Tibetans believe that we know more about herbal treatment than people in any other part of the world. Now that I have been around the world several times that belief is strengthened.

On several of my trips to the higher parts of Tibet I flew in man-lifting kites, soaring above the jagged peaks of the high mountain ranges, and looking for miles, and miles, over the countryside. I also took part in a memorable expedition to the almost inaccessible part of Tibet, to the highest part of the Chang Tang Highlands. Here, we of the expedition found a deeply secluded valley between clefts in the rock, and warmed, warmed by the eternal fires of the earth, which caused hot waters to bubble out and flow into the river. We found, too, a mighty city, half of it exposed in the hot air of the hidden valley, and the other half buried in the clear ice of a glacier. Ice so clear that the other

part of the city was visible as if through the very clearest water. That part of the city which has been thawed out was almost intact. The years had dealt gently indeed with the buildings. The still air, the absence of wind, had saved the buildings from damage by attrition. We walked along the streets, the first people to tread those streets for thousands and thousands of years. We wandered at will through houses which looked as if they were awaiting their owners, until we looked a little more closely and saw strange skeletons, petrified skeletons, and then we realized that here was a dead city. There were many fantastic devices which indicated that this hidden valley had once been the home of a civilization far greater than any now upon the face of the earth. It proved conclusively to us that we were now as savages compared to the people of that bygone age: But in this, the second book, I write more of that city.

When I was quite young I had a special operation which was called the opening of the third eye. In it a sliver of hard wood, which had been soaked in special herbal solutions, was inserted in the centre of my forehead in order to stimulate a gland which gave me increased powers of clairvoyance. I was born markedly clairvoyant, but then, after the operation, I was really abnormally so, and I could see people with their aura around them as if they were wreathed in flames of fluctuating colours. From their auras I could divine their thoughts; what ailed them, what their hopes and fears were. Now that I have left Tibet I am trying to interest western doctors in a device which would enable any doctor and surgeon to see the human aura as it really is, in colour. I know that if doctors and surgeons can see the aura, they can see what really affects a person. So that by looking at the colours, and by the outline of the moving bands, the specialist can tell exactly what illnesses a person is suffering from. Moreover, this can be told before there is any visible sign in the physical body itself, because the aura shows evidence of cancer, TB, and other complaints, many months before it attacks the physical body. Thus, by having such early warning of the onset of disease the doctor can treat the complaint, and cure it infallibly. To my horror,

and very deep sorrow, western doctors are not at all interested. They appear to think it is something to do with magic, instead of being just ordinary common sense, as it is. Any engineer will know that high tension wires have a corona around them. So has the human body, and it is just an ordinary physical thing which I want to show to the specialists, and they reject it. That is a tragedy. But it will come in time. The tragedy is that so many people must suffer and die needlessly, until it does come.

The Dalai Lama, the thirteenth Dalai Lama, was my patron. He ordered that I should receive every possible assistance in training, and in experience. He directed that I should be taught everything that could be crammed into me, and as well as being taught by the ordinary oral system I was also instructed by hypnosis, and by various other forms which there is no need to mention here. Some of them are dealt with in this book, or in *The Third Eye*. Others are so novel, and so incredible that the time is not ripe for them to be discussed.

Because of my powers of clairvoyance I was able to be of a great assistance to the Inmost One on various occasions. I was hidden in his audience room so that I could interpret a person's real thoughts and intentions from the aura. This was done to see if the person's speech and thoughts tallied particularly when they were foreign statesmen visiting the Dalai Lama. I was an unseen observer when a Chinese delegation was received by the Great Thirteenth. I was an unseen observer, too, when an Englishman went to see the Dalai Lama, but on the latter occasion I nearly fell down in my duty because of my astonishment at the remarkable dress which the man wore, my first, very first sight of European dress!

The training was long and arduous. There were temple services to be attended throughout the night as well as throughout the day. Not for us the softness of beds. We rolled ourselves in our solitary blanket, and went to sleep on the floor. The teachers were strict indeed, and we had to study, and learn, and commit everything to memory. We did not keep notebooks, we committed everything to mem-

ory. I learned metaphysical subjects as well. I went deeply into it, clairvoyance, astral travelling, telepathy, I went through the whole lot. In one of my stages of initiation I visited the secret caverns and tunnels beneath the Potala, caverns and tunnels of which the average man knows nothing. They are the relics of an age-old civilization which is almost beyond memory, beyond racial memory almost, and on the walls were the records, pictorial records of things that flow in the air, and things that went beneath the earth. In another stage on initiation I saw the carefully preserved bodies of giants, ten feet, and fifteen feet long. I too, was sent to the other side of death, to know that there is no death, and when I returned I was a Recognized Incarnation, with a rank of an abbot. But I did not want to be an abbot, tied to a lamasery. I wanted to be a lama, free to move about, free to help others, as the Prediction said I would. So, I was confirmed in the rank of lama by the Dalai Lama himself, and by Him I was attached to the Potala in Lhasa. Even then my training continued, I was taught various forms of western science, optics, and other allied subjects. But, at last the time came when I was called once again to the Dalai Lama, and given instructions.

He told me that I had learned all that I could learn in Tibet, that the time had come for me to move on, to leave all that I loved, all that I cared for. He told me that special messengers had been sent out to Chungking to enroll me as a student of medicine and surgery in that Chinese city.

I was sick at heart when I left the presence of the Inmost one, and made my way to my Guide, the lama Mingyar Dondup, and told him what had been decided. Then I went to the home of my parents to tell them also what had happened, that I was to leave Lhasa. The days flew by, and the final day came when I left Chakpori, when for the last time I saw Mingyar Dondup in the flesh, and I made my way out of the city of Lhasa, the Holy City, on to the high mountain passes. And as I looked back the last thing I saw was a symbol. For from the golden roofs of the Potala a solitary kite was flying.

## CHAPTER ONE

### *Into the Unknown*

NEVER before had I felt so cold, so hopeless, and so miserable. Even in the desolate wastes of the Chang Tang Highlands, 20,000 feet or more above sea level, where the grit-laden, sub-zero winds whipped and cut to blood-stained tatters any exposed skin, I had been warmer than now; there the cold was not so bitter as the fearsome chill I felt at my heart. I was leaving my beloved Lhasa. As I turned and saw behind me diminutive figures on the golden roofs of the Potala, and above them a solitary kite dipped and bobbed in the slight breeze, dipped and bobbed as if to say, "Farewell, your days of kite flying are over now, on to more serious matters." To me that kite was a symbol, a kite up in the immensity of blue, held to its home by a thin cord. I was going off to the immensity of the world beyond Tibet, held by the thin cord of my love for Lhasa. I was going to the strange, terrible world beyond my peaceful land. I was indeed sick at heart as I turned my back upon my home and with my fellows rode off into that great unknown. They too were unhappy, but they had the consolation of knowing that after leaving me at Chungking, 1,000 miles away, they could start off home. They would return, and on their journey back they would have the great consolation of knowing that every step they took brought them nearer to home. I had to continue ever on to strange lands, to strange people, and to stranger and stranger experiences.

The prophecy made about my future when I was seven years old had said that I should enter a lamasery and be trained first as a chela, then on to the state of a trappa, and so on, until in the fullness of time I could pass the ex-

amination of a lama. From that point, so the astrologers said, I was to leave Tibet, leave my home, leave all that I loved, and go out into what we termed barbarian China. I would journey to Chungking and study to become a doctor and surgeon. According to the Priest Astrologers I would be involved in wars, I would be a prisoner of strange peoples, and I would have to rise above all temptation, all suffering, to bring help to those in need. They told me that my life would be hard, that suffering and pain and ingratitude would be my constant companions. How right they were!

So with these thoughts in my mind—not by any means cheerful thoughts—I gave the order to carry on forward. As a precaution when we were just beyond sight of Lhasa we dismounted from our horses and made sure that they were comfortable, that the saddles were not too tight, nor yet too loose. Our horses were to be our constant friends on the journey, and we had to look after them at least as well as we looked after ourselves. With that settled and with the consolation of knowing that our horses were at ease, we remounted and resolutely set our gaze forward, and rode on.

It was early in 1927 when we left Lhasa and made our slow, slow way to Chotang on the river Brahmaputra. We had had many discussions as to the most suitable route, and this, by way of the river and Kanting, was recommended as being the most suitable. The Brahmaputra is a river which I know well, having flown above one of its sources in a range on the Himalayas when I had been fortunate enough to fly a man-lifting kite. We, in Tibet, regarded the river with reverence, but nothing like the reverence with which it was regarded elsewhere. Hundreds of miles away where it rushed down to the Bay of Bengal, it was deemed to be sacred, almost as sacred as Benares. It was the Brahmaputra, so we were told, which made the Bay of Bengal. In the early days of history the river was swift, and deep too, and as it rushed down almost in a straight line from the mountains it scoured away at the soft soil and made the wonderful bay, the glorious bay. We followed the river through the mountain passes into Sikang.

In the old days, the happy days, when I was very young, Sikang was part of Tibet, a province of Tibet. Then the British made an incursion into Lhasa. After that the Chinese were encouraged to invade and so they captured Sikang. With murderous intent they walked into that part of our country, killing, raping, and pillaging, and they took Sikang to themselves. They staffed it with Chinese officials, officials who had lost favour elsewhere were sent to Sikang as a form of punishment. Unfortunately for them the Chinese government gave them no support. They had to manage the best way they could. We found that these Chinese officials were mere puppets, helpless men, ineffectual, men at whom Tibetans laughed. Of course, at times we pretended to obey the Chinese officials, but that was mere politeness. When their back was turned we went our own way.

Our journey continued day after day. We made our halts convenient to bring us to a lamasery where we could stay the night. As I was a lama, indeed an abbot, a Recognized Incarnation, we were given the very best welcome which the monks could manage. Furthermore I was travelling under the personal protection of the Dalai Lama, and that indeed counted heavily.

We made our way to Kanting. This is a very famous market town, well known for its sale of yaks, but particularly famous as an exporting centre for the brick-tea which we found so palatable in Tibet. This tea was brought from China, it was not just ordinary tea leaves but more or less a chemical concoction. It had tea, bits of twig, soda, salt-petre, and a few other things in it because in Tibet food was not the plentiful commodity that it is in some other parts of the world, and our tea had to act as a form of soup as well as drink. In Kanting the tea is mixed and made into blocks or bricks as they are more commonly called. These bricks were such a size and weight that they could be loaded upon horses, and later upon the yaks which would carry them over the high mountain ranges to Lhasa where they would be sold in the market and transported throughout Tibet.

Tea bricks had to be of special size and shape, but they

also had to be specially packed so that if a horse stumbled in a mountain fold and tipped the tea into a river no harm would be done. These bricks were packed tightly into a green hide, or, as it is sometimes called, a raw hide, and were then quickly dipped in water. After this they would be put on rocks in the sun to dry. As they dried they shrank, they shrank amazingly, and they absolutely compressed the contents. In drying they took on a brown appearance and they were as hard as bakelite but very much stronger. Any of these hides when dried could be rolled down a mountain-side and land safely and unharmed. It could be tipped into a river, and perhaps stay there a couple of days. When fished out and dried everything would be intact, no water would have entered so nothing would be spoiled. Our bricks of tea in their dried hide cases were among the most hygienic packages in the world. Tea, by the way, was often used as currency. A trader who had no money with him could break off a lump of tea and barter it. There was never any need to bother about cash while one had tea bricks.

Kanting impressed us with its businesslike turmoil. We were used only to our own Lhasa, but here in Kanting there were peoples from a lot of countries, from as far away as Japan, from India, Burma, and the nomad people from beyond the Takla mountains. We wandered in the market place, mixed with the traders and heard the strange voices and the different languages. We rubbed shoulders with monks of the different religions, of the Zen sect, and others. And then, marveling at the novelty of it all, we made our way to a small lamasery on the road beyond Kanting. Here we were expected. In fact, our hosts were getting rather worried that we had not arrived. We soon told them that we had been looking in the market place, and listening to the market gossip. The abbot in charge made us very welcome and listened with avidity to our tales of Tibet, listened to the news we gave, for we came from the seat of learning, the Potala, and we were the men who had been in the Chang Tang Highlands and seen great marvels. Our fame had indeed preceded us.

Early in the morning after we had attended the service in

the temple we took to the road again on our horses, carrying a small amount of food, tsampa, with us. The road was a mere earth track high up on the sides of a gorge. Down below there were trees, more trees than any of us had ever seen before. Some were partly hidden by the mist set up by the spray of a waterfall. Giant rhododendrons also covered the gorge while the ground itself was carpeted with varied-hued flowers, small mountain flowers which scented the air and added colour to the scene. We, though, were oppressed and miserable, miserable at the thought of leaving home and oppressed by the density of the air. All the time we were getting lower and lower, and we were finding it more and more difficult to breathe. There was another difficulty with which we were afflicted; in Tibet where the air is thin water boils at a lower temperature and in the higher places we could drink tea which was actually boiling. We kept our tea and water on the fire until all the bubbles gave warning that it was ready to drink. At first, in this lower land, we suffered greatly from scalded lips as we tried to gauge the temperature of the water. It was our habit to drink the tea straight from the fire. We had to do so in Tibet otherwise the bitter cold would rob our tea of all heat. At that time we had no knowledge that the denser air would affect the boiling point, nor did it occur to us that we could wait for the boiling water to cool with no danger of it freezing.

We were seriously upset by the difficulty in breathing, by the weight of air pressing on our chests and on our lungs. At first we thought it was emotion at leaving our beloved Tibet, but later we found that we were being suffocated, drowned by air. Never before had any of us been below 1,000 feet. Lhasa itself is 12,000 feet high. Frequently we were living at even greater heights, as when we went to the Chang Tang Highlands where we were above 20,000 feet. We had heard many tales in the past about Tibetans who had left Lhasa to go and seek their fortunes in the lowlands. Rumor said that they had died after months of misery with shattered lungs. The old wives' tales of the Holy City had definitely

made much ado of the statement that those who left Lhasa to go to the lower lands went to their painful deaths. I knew that there was no truth in that because my own parents had been to Shanghai where they had much property, they had been there and had returned safely. I had had little to do with my parents because they were such busy people and in such a high position that they had no time for us children. My information had been gleaned from servants. But now I was seriously perturbed about the feelings we were experiencing; our lungs felt scorched, we felt that we had iron bands about our chests keeping us from breathing. Each breath was a shuddering effort, and if we moved too quickly pains, like pains of fire, shot through us. As we journeyed on, getting lower and lower, the air became thicker and the temperature warmer. It was a terrible climate for us. In Lhasa, in Tibet, the weather had been very cold indeed, but a dry cold, a healthy cold, and in conditions like that temperature mattered little, but now, in this thick air with so much moisture, we were almost at our wits' end to keep going. At one time the others tried to persuade me to order an about-turn, a return to Lhasa, saying that we would all die if we persisted in our foolhardy venture, but I, mindful of the prophecy, would have none of it. And so we journeyed on. As the temperature became warmer we became dizzy, intoxicated almost, and we seemed to have trouble with our eyes. We could not see as far as usual, nor so clearly, and our judgment of distances was all wrong. Much later I found the explanation. In Tibet there is the purest and cleanest air in the world, one can see for fifty miles or more, and as clearly as if it were but ten. Here, in the dense air of the lowlands, we could not see so far, and what we could see was distorted by the very thickness of the air and its impurities.

For many days we journeyed along, getting lower and lower, travelling through forests containing more trees than any of us had ever dreamed existed. There is not much wood in Tibet, not many trees, and for a time we could not resist getting off our horses and running to the different sorts of trees, touching them, smelling them. They were all so strange

to us and in such plentitude. The rhododendrons of course were familiar because we had many rhododendrons in Tibet. Rhododendron blossom was, in fact, a luxury article of food when properly prepared. We rode on, marveling at all we saw, marveling at the difference between this and our home. I cannot say how long we took, how many days or how many hours, because such things did not interest us at all. We had plenty of time, we knew nothing of the scurry and bustle of civilization, nor if we had known would we have cared.

We rode about eight or ten hours a day and we stayed our nights at convenient lamaseries. They were not all of our own form of Buddhism, but no matter, we were always welcome. With us, with the real Buddhists of the East, there is no rivalry, no friction or rancor, and a traveler was always welcome. As was our custom we took part in all the services while we were there. We lost no opportunity of conversing with the monks who were so keen to welcome us. Many were the strange tales they told us about the changing conditions in China; about how the old order of peace was changing, how the Russians, "the men of the bear," were trying to indoctrinate the Chinese with political ideals, which to us, seemed completely wrong. It seemed to us that what the Russians were preaching was "What is yours, is mine; what is mine is staying mine!" The Japanese, as well, we were told, were making trouble in various parts of China. It appeared to be a question of over-population. Japan was producing too many children, and producing too little food, so-they were trying to invade peaceful peoples, trying to steal from them, as if only the Japanese mattered.

At last we left Sikang, and crossed the border into Szechwan. A few days more, and we came to the banks of the river Yangtze. Here, at a little village, we stopped late one afternoon. We stopped, not because we had got to our destination for the night, but because there was a milling throng ahead of us, a meeting of some sort. We edged our way forward, and, all of us being rather bulky, we had no difficulty at all in pushing our way to the front of the group.

A tall white man was there, standing on an ox cart, gesticulating, telling of the wonders of Communism, trying to exhort the peasants to rise up and kill the landowners. He was waving about papers with pictures on, showing a sharp-featured, bearded man, calling him the Savior of the world. But we were not impressed with the picture of Lenin, nor with the man's talk. We turned away in disgust, and carried on for a few miles more to the lamasery at which we were going to stay the night.

There were lamaseries in various parts of China as well as the Chinese monasteries and temples. For some people, particularly in Sikang, Szechwan, or Chinghai, prefer the form of Buddhism of Tibet, and so our lamaseries were there to teach those who were in need of our assistance. We never sought converts, we never asked people to join us, for we believed that all men were free to choose. We had no love of those missionaries who went about ranting that one had to join such and such a religion to be saved. We knew that when a person wanted to become a lamaist they would become so without any persuading on our part. We knew how we had laughed at missionaries who came to Tibet, who came to China; it was a standing joke that people would pretend to be converted just to get the gifts and the other, so-called, advantages which the missionaries were dispensing. And another thing, Tibetans and the old order of Chinese were polite folk, they, tried to cheer the missionaries, tried to make them believe that they were having some success, but never for one moment did we believe what they were telling us. We knew that they had their belief, but we preferred to keep our own.

We traveled on and followed the course of the river Yangtse, the river which I was later to know so well, because this was a pleasanter path. We were fascinated in watching the vessels on the river. We had never seen boats before although some of us had seen pictures of them, and I had once seen a steam ship in a special clairvoyant session which I had had with my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. But that is detailed later in this book. In Tibet our boatmen used

coracles. These were very light frames covered with yak-skin, and they would carry perhaps four or five passengers besides the boatman. Often an unpaying passenger would be the goat which was the boatman's pet, but which also did its share on land because the boatman would load his own personal belongings, his bundle or his blankets on to the goat's back while he would shoulder the coracle and climb the rocks to avoid the rapids which otherwise would wreck his boat. Sometimes a farmer who wanted to cross a river would use a goatskin or a yak-skin which had legs and other openings sealed off. He would use this contraption in much the same way as Westerners use water-wings. But now, we were interested to see real boats with sails, lateen sails, flapping in the wind.

One day we drew to a halt near some shallows. We were intrigued; two men were walking in the river with a long net between them. Ahead of them two more men were beating the water with sticks and yelling horribly. We thought at first that these were madmen, and the ones with the net were following them to try to take them into custody. We watched, and then, at a signal from one of the men, the clamor stopped and the two with the net walked together so that their paths crossed. Between them they drew taut the two ends of the net, and dragged it ashore. Safely up on the sandy banks they tipped the net out and pounds and pounds of shining, struggling fish dropped to the ground. It shocked us because we never killed. We believed that it was very wrong to kill any living creature. In our own rivers in Tibet fish would come to touch a hand stretched in the water toward them. They would take food from one's hands. They had no fear whatever of man, and were often pets. But here, in China, they were just food. We wondered how these Chinese could claim to be Buddhists when they so blatantly killed for their own gain.

We had dallied too long; we had sat by the side of the river for an hour, perhaps two hours, and we were unable to reach a lamasery that night. We shrugged our shoulders in resignation and prepared to camp by the side of the path. A little to the left, however, was a secluded grove of trees

with the river running through and we made our way there, and dismounted, tethering our horses so that they could feed on the quite—to us—luxuriant herbage. It was a simple matter to gather sticks and to light a fire, then we boiled our tea, and ate our tsampa. For a time we sat around the fire, talking of Tibet, talking of what we had seen on our journey, and of our thoughts for the future. One by one my companions yawned, turned away and rolled themselves into the blankets and fell asleep. At last, as the glowing embers turned to blackness, I too rolled in my blanket and lay down, but not to sleep. I thought of all the hardships I had undergone. I thought of leaving my home at the age of seven, of entering a lamasery, of the hardships, the severe training. I thought of my expeditions to the Highlands, and further North to the great Chang Tang Highlands. I thought also of the Inmost One, as we called the Dalai Lama, and then inevitably of my beloved Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. I felt sick with apprehension, heart-broken, and then it seemed as if the countryside was lit up as if by the noonday sun. I looked in amazement, and I saw my Guide standing before me. “Lobsang! Lobsang!” he exclaimed, “Why are you so downhearted? Have you forgotten? Iron ore may think itself senselessly tortured in the furnace, but as the tempered steel blade looks back it knows better. You have had a hard time, Lobsang, but it is all for a good purpose. This, as we have so often discussed, is merely a world of illusion, a world of dreams. You have many hardships yet to face, many hard tests, but you will triumph, you will overcome them, and in the end you will accomplish the task which you have set out to do.” I rubbed my eyes, then it occurred to me, of course, the Lama Mingyar Dondup had come to me by astral travelling. I had often done things like that myself, but this was so unexpected, it showed me so plainly that he was thinking of me all the time, helping me with his thoughts.

For some time we communed with the past, dwelling upon my weaknesses, and feeling, with a transient warm glow of happiness, the many happy moments when we had

been together, like father and son. He showed me, by mental pictures, some of the hardships to be encountered and—more happily—the eventual success which would come to me in spite of all attempts to prevent it. After an indeterminate time, the golden glow faded as my Guide reiterated his final words of hope and encouragement. With them as my predominant thoughts, I rolled over beneath the stars in the frozen night sky, and eventually fell asleep.

The next morning we were awake early and prepared our breakfast. As was our custom we held our morning service which I, as the senior ecclesiastical member, conducted, and then we continued our journey along the beaten earth track by the side of the river.

About midday the river bore away to the right and the path went straight ahead; we followed it. It ended at what to us appeared to be a very wide road. Actually, as I know now, it was in fact a second class road, but we had never before seen a man-made road of this type. We rode along it, marveling at the texture of it, marveling at the comfort of not having to look out for roots to avoid, not having to look for pot-holes. We jogged along thinking that in two or three more days we would be at Chungking. Then, something about the atmosphere, something unexplained, made us glance at each other uneasily. One of us happened to look up to the far horizon. Then he stood upright in his stirrups in alarm, wide-eyed and gesticulating. "Look!" he said. "A dust storm is approaching." He pointed ahead to where there was most certainly a grey-black cloud approaching at considerable speed. In Tibet there are dust clouds; clouds of grit-laden air travelling at perhaps eighty miles an hour or more, from which all people except the yak must shelter. The yak's thick wool protects it from harm, but all other creatures, particularly humans, are lacerated and made to bleed by the stinging grit which scratches the face and hands. We were certainly disconcerted because this was the first dust storm we had seen since leaving Tibet, and we looked about us to see where we could shelter. But there did not appear to be anything suitable for us. To our

consternation we became aware that the approaching cloud was accompanied by a most strange sound, a sound stranger than any of us had ever heard before; something like a temple trumpet being played by a tone-deaf learner, or, we thought miserably, like the legions of the devil marching upon us. Thrum-thrum-thrum, it went. Rapidly the roar increased and became stranger and stranger. There were clatters and rattles with it. We were almost too frightened to do anything, almost too frightened to think. The dust cloud sped toward us faster and faster. We were terrified and almost paralyzed with fright. We thought again of the dust clouds in Tibet, but most certainly none had ever come at us with a roar. In panic we looked again to find some place of shelter, some place where we should be protected from this terrible storm which was coming upon us. Our horses were much quicker than we at making up their minds where to go; they broke formation, they reared and they bucked. I had an impression of flying hooves, and my horse gave a most ferocious whinny, and seemed to bend in the middle. There was a strange tug, and a feeling that something had broken. "Oh, my leg is torn off!" I thought. Then my horse and I parted company. I sailed through the air in an arc, and landed flat on my back at the side of the road, stunned. Rapidly the dust cloud came nearer, and I saw inside it the Devil himself, a roaring black monster, shaking and shuddering. It came and it passed. Flat on my back, head awhirl, I saw my first motor vehicle, a battered old ex-American lorry, travelling at its noisy top speed, driven by a grinning Chinese. The stench from it! Devil's breath, we called it later. A mixture of petrol, oil, and manure; the load of manure which it carried was gradually being bounced off, some of it was being jolted over the side to land with a splat beside me. With a clatter and a roar the lorry whizzed by, leaving clouds of choking dust, and a plume of black smoke from the exhaust. Soon it became a weaving dot in the distance, weaving from side to side of the road, the noise abated and there was no sound.

I looked about me in the silence. There was no sign of my companions; perhaps even worse, there was no sign of

the horse! I was still trying to disentangle myself because the broken part of the girth had twisted round my legs, when the others appeared, one by one, looking shamefaced and highly nervous in case any other of these roaring demons should appear. We still did not quite know what we had seen. It was all too quick and the clouds of dust had obscured so much. The others sheepishly dismounted, and helped me to brush the dust of the road off my garments. At last I was presentable again but-where was that horse? My companions had come from all directions, yet not one of them had seen my mount. We looked about, we called, we looked in the dust for any sign of hoof marks, but we could find no trace whatever. It seemed to us that the wretched animal must have jumped into the lorry and been carried off. No, we could find no trace whatever and we sat down by the side of the road to discuss what to do. One of my companions offered to stay at a nearby hut, so I could have his horse, and he would get back on his companions' return, when I should have been left at Chungking. But I would have none of this. I knew as well as he did that he wanted a rest and it did not solve the mystery of the missing horse.

My companions' horses whinnied and from a nearby Chinese peasant's hut a horse whinnied in reply. It was soon stifled as if by a hand over the nostrils. Light dawned upon us. We looked at each other and prepared for instant action. Now, why should a horse be inside that poverty-stricken hut? That ramshackle building was not the home of a man who would own a horse. Obviously the horse was being concealed from us. We jumped to our feet and looked about us for stout clubs. Finding no suitable weapons about we cut them from the nearby trees, and then we set off to the hut, a determined troop, suspicious of what was happening. The door was a rickety affair with thongs for hinges. Our polite knocking produced no reply. There was dead silence, not a sound. Our rude demands for entry elicited no response. Yet, previously a horse had whinnied and its whinny had been suppressed. So we made a fierce onslaught on that door. For a short time it withstood our efforts, then,

as the thong hinges showed signs of parting and the door tilted and appeared to be on the point of collapse, it was hastily thrown open. Inside was a wizened Chinaman, his face contorted with terror. It was a wretched hovel, filthy, and the owner was a tattered rag-bag of a man. But that was not what interested us. Inside was my horse with a bag round its muzzle to keep it quiet. We were not at all pleased with the Chinese peasant and indicated our disapproval in no uncertain manner. Under the pressure of our interrogation he admitted that he had tried to steal the horse from us. We, he said, were rich monks and could afford to lose a horse or two. He was just a poor peasant. By the look of him he thought we were going to kill him. We must have looked fierce. We had traveled perhaps eight hundred miles and we were tired and rough looking. However, we had no unpleasant designs upon him. Our combined knowledge of Chinese was entirely adequate to enable us to convey to him our opinion of his act, his probable end in this life, and his undoubted destination in the next. With that off our minds and most certainly on his, we resaddled the horse, being very careful that the girth band was secure, and again we set off for Chungking.

That night we stayed at a small lamasery, very small. It had six monks in it, but we were given every hospitality. The night after was the last night of our long journey. We came to a lamasery where, as the representatives of the Inmost One, we were greeted with that courtesy which we had come to consider as our due. Again we were given food and accommodation; we took part in their temple services, and talked far into the night about events in Tibet, about our journeys to the great Northern Highlands and about the Dalai Lama. I was very gratified to know that even here my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, was well known. I was interested too to meet a Japanese monk who had been to Lhasa and studied our form of Buddhism which is so different from that of the Zen.

There was much talk of impending changes in China, of revolution, of a new order, an order in which all the land-owners were to be thrown out and illiterate peasants were

to take their place. Russian agents were everywhere promising wonders, accomplishing nothing, nothing constructive. These Russians, to our mind, were agents of the Devil, disrupting, corrupting, like plague destroying a body. The incense burned low and was replenished. It burned low again and again, and was replenished. We talked on; our talk was full of foreboding for the dire changes which were taking place. Men's values were distorted, matters of the soul were not considered to be valuable nowadays, but only transient power. The world was a very sick place. The stars rolled high in the sky. We talked on and at last one by one we lay down where we were to sleep. In the morning we knew our journey would come to an end. My journey for the time being, but my companions would return to Tibet leaving me alone in a strange unkind world where might was right. Sleep did not come to me easily that last night. In the morning after the usual temple services and a very good meal we set out again on the road to Chungking, our horses much refreshed. Traffic was more numerous now. Lorries and various forms of wheeled vehicles abounded. Our horses were restive, frightened. They were not accustomed to the noise of all these vehicles and the smell of burnt petrol was a constant irritant to them. It was indeed an effort to stay in our high peaked saddles.

We were interested to see people working in the fields, the terraced fields, fertilized with human excreta. The people were clad in blue, the blue of China. They all seemed to be old, and they were very tired. They, moved listlessly as if life was too great a burden for them or as if the spirit was crushed and there was nothing more worth living and striving for. Men, women and children worked together. We rode on, still following the course of the river which we had rejoined some miles back. At last we came in sight of the high cliffs on which the old city of Chungking was built. To us this was the very first sight of any city of note outside Tibet. We stopped and gazed in fascination, but my gaze held not a little dread of the new life which lay ahead before me.

In Tibet I had been a power in the land through my rank,

through my accomplishments and my close association with the Dalai Lama. Now, I had come to a foreign city as a student. It reminded me all too vividly of the hardships of my early days. So it was not with happiness that I gazed at the scene ahead. This, I well knew, was but a step on the long, long track, the track which would lead me to hardships, to strange countries, stranger even than China, to the West where men worshipped only gold .

Before us stretched rising ground with the terraced fields clinging precariously to the steep sides. At the top of the rise grew trees, which to us who had seen so few until recent days seemed to be a forest. Here, too, the blue-clad figures worked on in the distant fields, plodding along as their remote ancestors had plodded before them. One-wheeled carts drawn by small ponies rumbled along, laden with garden produce for the markets of Chungking. They were queer vehicles. The wheel came up through the centre of the cart, leaving space on each side for the goods. One such vehicle which we saw had an old woman balanced on one side of the wheel and two small children on the other.

Chungking! End of the journey for my companions. The start of the journey for me, the start of another life. I had no friendship for it as I looked at the steep gorges of the swirling rivers. The city was built on high cliffs quite thickly clothed with houses. From where we stood it appeared to be an island, but we knew better. We knew that it was not so, but was surrounded on three sides by the waters of the rivers Yangtse and Chialing. At the foot of the cliffs, washed by the water, was a long wide strand of sand, tapering off to a point where the rivers met. This was to be a spot well known to me in later months. Slowly we mounted our horses and moved forward. As we got nearer we saw that steps were everywhere and we had a sharp pang of homesickness as we climbed the seven hundred and eighty steps of the street of steps. It reminded us of the Potala. And so we came to Chungking.

## CHAPTER TWO

### *Chungking*

WE went along past the shops with brilliantly lighted windows, and in those windows were materials and goods of a kind which we had never seen before. Some of them we had seen pictured in magazines which had been brought to Lhasa over the Himalayas from India, and before reaching India from the U.S.A., that fabled land. A young Chinese came hurtling towards us on the weirdest thing I had ever seen, an iron framework with two wheels, one in front, one behind. He looked at us and could not take his eyes away. Through this he lost control of the framework, the front wheel hit a stone, the thing turned sideways, and the rider went straight over the front wheel to land on his back. Some elderly Chinese lady was almost swept off her feet by him. She turned round and berated the poor fellow, who we considered had already suffered enough. He got up, looking remarkably foolish, and picked up his iron framework with the front wheel buckled. He put it across his shoulders and went on sadly down the hill; the street of steps. We thought we had come to a mad place, because everyone was acting most peculiarly. We went slowly along, marveling at the goods in the shops, trying to decipher what price they would be, and what they were for, because although we had seen the magazines from America none of us had understood the slightest word, but had entertained ourselves with the pictures alone.

Further along we came upon the college which I was to attend. We stopped, and I went inside so that I could report my arrival. I have friends still in the hands of the Communists, and I do not intend to give any information

whereby they can be identified because I used to be most intimately connected with the Young Tibetan Resistance Movement. We most actively resisted the Communists in Tibet. I entered, there were three steps. I went up these and into a room. Here there was a desk at which a young Chinese was sitting on one of those peculiar little platforms of wood, supported by four poles and with two more poles and a crossbar to support the back. What a lazy way of sitting, I thought, I could never manage like that! He looked quite a pleasant young fellow. He was dressed in blue linen as most of the Chinese were. He had a badge in his lapel which indicated that he was a servant of the college. At sight of me his eyes opened quite wide, his mouth started to open as well. Then he stood up and clasped his hands together while he bowed low, "I am one of the new students here," I said. "I have come from Lhasa, in Tibet, with a letter from the Abbot of the Potala Lamasery." And I proffered the long envelope which I had treasured so carefully during our journey, and which I protected from all the rigors of travel. He took it from me, and gave three bows, and then, "Venerable Abbot," he said, "will you sit down here until I return?" "Yes, I have plenty of time," I said, and I sat down in the lotus position. He looked embarrassed and fidgeted nervously with his fingers. He stepped from foot to foot and then swallowed. "Venerable Abbot," he said, "with all humility, and with the deepest respect, may I suggest that you get used to these chairs because we use them in this college." I rose to my feet and sat down most gingerly on one of those abominable contraptions. I thought as I still think—I will try anything once! This thing seemed to me to be an instrument of torture. The young man went away and left me sitting. I fidgeted, and fidgeted. Soon pain appeared across my back, then I got a stiff neck and I felt thoroughly out of sorts with everything. Why, I thought, in this unfortunate country one cannot even sit properly as we did in Tibet, but here we have to be propped up from the ground. I tried to shift sideways and the chair

creaked, groaned, and swayed, and after that I dared not move again for fear that the whole thing would collapse.

The young man returned, bowed to me again, and said, "The Principal will see you, Venerable Abbot. Will you come this way." He gestured with his hands and made for me to go ahead of him: "No," I said, "you lead the way. I don't know which way to go." He bowed again and took the lead. It all seemed so silly to me, some of these foreigners, they say they will show you the way and then they expect you to lead them. How can you lead when you just don't know which way to go? That was my point of view and it still is. The young man in blue led me along a corridor and then knocked at the door of a room near the end. With another bow he opened the door for me and said, "The Venerable Abbot, Lobsang Rampa." With that he shut the door behind me and I was left in the room. There was an old man standing by the window, a very pleasant old man, bald and with a short beard, a Chinaman. Strangely, he was dressed in that awful style of clothing which I had seen before, that they call the western style. He had on a blue jacket and blue trousers and there was a thin white stripe going through. He had on a collar and a coloured tie, and I thought what a sad thing that such an impressive old gentleman has to get rigged up like that. "So you are Lobsang Rampa," he said. "I have heard a lot about you and I am honored to accept you here as one of our students. I have had a letter about you in addition to the one you brought and I assure you that the previous training which you have had will stand you in very good stead. Your Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, has written to me. I knew him well some years ago in Shanghai before I went to America. My name is Lee, and I am the Principal here."

I had to sit down and answer all sorts of questions to test my knowledge of academic subjects and my knowledge of anatomy. The things that mattered, or so it seemed to me, the Scriptures, he tested not at all.

"I am very pleased with your standard," he said, "but you are going to have to study quite hard because here, in

addition to the Chinese system, we teach according to the American method of medicine and surgery, and you will have to learn a number of subjects which were not previously in your curriculum. I am qualified in the United States of America, and I have been entrusted by the Board of Trustees with training a number of young men in the latest American methods and co-relating these methods to suit conditions in China.” He went on talking for quite a time, telling me of the wonders of American medicine and surgery, and of the methods used for diagnosis. He went on, “Electricity, Magnetism, Heat, Light and Sound, all these subjects you will have to master in addition to the very thorough culture which your Guide has given you.” I looked at him in horror. The first two, Electricity and Magnetism, meant nothing to me. I had not the vaguest idea what he was talking about. But Heat, Light and Sound, well, I thought, any fool knows about those; you use heat to heat your tea, you use light with which to see, and sound when you speak. So what else is there to study about them? He added, “I am going to suggest that as you are used to hard work, you should study twice as hard as anyone else, and take two courses together, take what we term the Pre-medical Course at the same time as the Medical Training. With your years of experience in study you should be able to do this. In two days' time we have a new Medical Class starting.” He turned away and rustled through his papers. Then he picked up what from pictures I recognized as a fountain pen—the very first I had ever seen—he muttered to himself, “Lobsang Rampa, special training in Electricity and in Magnetism. See Mr. Wu. Make a note he gets special attention.” He put down his pen, carefully blotted what he had written, and stood up. I was most interested to see that he used paper for blotting. We used carefully dried sand. But he was standing up looking at me. “You are well advanced in some of your studies,” he said. “From our discussion I should say that you are even in advance of some of our own doctors, but you will have to study those two subjects of which, at present, you have no knowledge.” He touched a bell and said, “I will have you shown around

and taken to the different departments so that you will have some impression to carry away with you this day. If you are in doubt, if you are uncertain, come to me, for I have promised the Lama Mingyar Dondup to help you to the full extent of my power.” He bowed to me, and I touched my heart to him as I bowed back. The young man in the blue dress entered. The Principal spoke to him in Mandarin. He then turned to me and said, “If you will accompany Ah Fu, he will show you around our college, and answer any questions you may care to put.” This time the young man turned and led the way out, carefully shutting the Principal's door behind him. In the corridor he said, “We must go to the Registrar first because you have to sign your name in a book.” We went down the corridor and crossed a large hall with a polished floor. At the far side of it was another corridor. We went along it a few paces and then into a room where there was a lot of activity. Clerks were very busy apparently compiling lists of names, while other young men were standing before small tables writing their names in large books. The clerk who was guiding me said something to another man who disappeared into an office adjoining the larger office. Shortly after, a short, squat Chinaman came out, beaming. He wore extremely thick glasses and he, too, was dressed in the Western style. “Ah,” he said, “Lobsang Rampa. I have heard such a lot about you.” He held out his hand to me. I looked at it. I did not know what he wanted me to give him. I thought perhaps he was after money. The guide with me whispered, “You must shake his hand in the Western style.” “Yes, you must shake my hand in the Western style,” the short, fat man said. “We are going to use that system here.” So I took his hand and squeezed it. “Owe!” he said, “You are crushing my bones.” I said, “Well; I don't know what to do. In Tibet we touch our hearts, like this.” And I demonstrated. He said, “Oh, yes, but times are changing. We use this system. Now shake my hand properly, I will show you how.” And he demonstrated. So I shook his hand, and I thought, how utterly stupid this is. He said, “Now you must sign your name to show that you are a student with

us.” He roughly brushed aside some of the young men who were at the books, and wet his finger and thumb, then he turned over a big ledger. “There,” he said, “will you sign your full name and rank there?” I picked up a Chinese pen and signed my name at the head of the page. “Tuesday Lobsang Rampa,” I wrote, “Lama of Tibet. Priest-Surgeon Chakpori Lamasery. Recognized Incarnation. Abbot Designate. Pupil of the Lama Mingyar Dondup.” “Good!” said the short, fat Chinaman, as he peered down at my writing. “Good! We shall get on. I want you to look round our place now. I want you to get an impression of all the wonders of Western science there are here. We shall meet again.” With that he spoke to my guide, and the young fellow said, “Will you come with me, we will go along to the science room first.” We went out and walked briskly across the compound and into another long building. Here there was glassware everywhere. Bottles, tubing, flasks—all the equipment that we had seen before only in pictures. The young man walked to a corner. “Now!” he exclaimed. “Here is something.” And he fiddled about with a brass tube and put a piece of glass at the foot of it. Then he twisted a knob, peering into the brass tube. “Look at that!” he exclaimed. I looked. I saw the culture of a germ. The young man was looking at me anxiously. “What aren’t you astounded?” he said. “Not at all,” I replied. “We had a very good one at the Potala Lamasery given to the Dalai Lama by the Government of India. My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, had free access to it and I used it often.” “Oh!” replied the young man, and he looked most disappointed. “Then I will show you something else.” And he led the way out of the building and into another. “You are going to live at the Lamasery of the Hill,” he said, “but I thought you would like to see the very latest facilities which are enjoyed by students who are going to live in.” He opened a room door and I saw first white-washed walls, and then my fascinated gaze fell upon a black iron frame with a lot of twisted wire stretching from side to side. “What is that?” I exclaimed. “I have never seen anything like that before.” “That,” he said, with tones full of pride, “that is

a bed. We have six of them in this building, the most modern things of all." I looked. I had never seen anything like it. "A bed," I said. "What do they do with the thing?" "Sleep on it," he replied. "It is a very comfortable thing indeed. Lie on it and see for yourself." I looked at him, I looked at the bed, and I looked at him again. Well, I thought, I must not show cowardice in front of any of these Chinese clerks and so I sat down on the bed. It creaked and groaned beneath me, it sagged, and I felt that I was going to fall on the floor. I jumped up hastily, "Oh, I am too heavy for it," I said. The young man was trying to conceal his laughter. "Oh, that is what it is meant to do," he answered. "It's a bed, a spring bed." And he flung himself full length on it, and bounced. No, I would not do that, it was a terrible looking thing. I had always slept on the ground, and the ground was good enough for me. The young man bounced again, and bounced right off and landed with a crash on the ground. Serves him right, I thought, as I helped him to his feet. "That is not all I have to show you," he said. "Look at this." He led me across to a wall where there was a small basin which could have been used for making tsampa for, perhaps, half a dozen monks. "Look at it," he said, "wonderful, isn't it?" I looked at it. It conveyed nothing to me, I could see no use in it. It had a hole in the bottom. "That's no good," I said. "It has a hole in it. Couldn't make tea in that." He laughed, he was really amused at that. "That," he said, "is something even newer than the bed. Look!" He put out his hand and touched a lump of metal which was sticking up from one side of the white bowl. To my utter stupefaction water came out of the metal. Water! "It's cold," he said. "Quite cold. Look." And he put his hand in it. "Feel it," he said. So I did. It was water, just like river water. Perhaps a bit staler, it smelled a bit staler than river water, but—water from a piece of metal. Whoever heard of it! He put his hand out and picked up a black thing and pushed it in the hole, in the bottom of the basin. The water tinkled on; soon it filled the basin but did not overflow, it was going some-

where else, through a hole somewhere, but it wasn't falling on the floor. The young man touched the lump of metal again and the flow of water stopped. He put his two hands in the basin full of water and swirled it about. "Look," he said, "lovely water. You don't have to go out and dig it out of a well any more." I put my hands in the water and swirled as well. It was quite a pleasant sensation, not having to get down on hands and knees to reach into the depths of some river. Then the young man pulled a chain and the water rushed away gargling like an old man at the point of death. He turned round and picked up what I had thought was somebody's short cloak. "Here," he said, "use this." I looked at him and I looked at the piece of cloth he had handed me. "What is this for?" I said, "I am fully dressed." He laughed again. "Oh, no, you wipe your hands on this," he said. "Like this," and he showed me. He passed the cloth back. "Wipe them dry," he said. So I did, but I marveled because the last time I had seen women to speak to in Tibet they would have been very glad of such a piece of cloth to make something useful from it, and here we were spoiling it by wiping our hands on it. Whatever would my mother have said if she could have seen me!

By now I really was impressed. Water from metal. Basins with holes in that could be used. The young man led the way quite jubilantly. We went down some steps and into a room which was underground. "Here," he said, "this is where we keep bodies, men and women." He flung open a door and there, on stone tables, were bodies all ready to be dissected. The air smelt strongly of strange chemicals which had been used to prevent the bodies from decaying. At the time I had no idea at all of what they were, because in Tibet bodies would keep a very long time without decay because of the cold dry atmosphere. Here, in sweltering Chungking, they had to be injected almost as soon as they were dead, so that they could be preserved for the few months which we students would need to dissect them. He moved a cabinet, and opened it. "Look," he said. "The latest surgical equipment from America. For cutting up bodies, for cutting off arms and legs. Look!" I looked at

all those gleaming pieces of metal, all the glasswork, and all the chromium, and I thought, well, I doubt if they can do things any better than we did in Tibet.

After I had been in the college buildings for about three hours I made my way back to my companions who were sitting somewhat anxiously in the quadrangle of the building. I told them what I had seen, what I had been doing. Then I said, "Let us look around this city, let us see what sort of a place it is. It looks very barbaric to me, the stench and the noise is terrible." So we got on our horses again, and made our way out, and looked at the street of steps with all the shops. We dismounted so that we could go and look, one by one, at the remarkable things there were for sale. We looked down streets, down one street at the end of which there seemed to be no further road, it seemed to end abruptly at a cliff. It intrigued us so we walked down and saw that it dipped steeply and there were further steps leading down to the docks. As we looked we could see great cargo vessels, high-stemmed, junks, their lateen sails flapping idly against the masts in the idle breeze which played at the foot of the cliff. Coolies were loading some, going aboard at a jog-trot with long bamboo poles on their shoulders. At each end of the poles were loads carried in baskets. It was very warm, and we were sweltered. Chungking is noted for its sultry atmosphere. Then, as we walked along leading our horses mist came down from the clouds, and then it came up from the river, and we were groping about as if in darkness. Chungking is a high city, high and somewhat alarming. It was a steep stony city with almost two million inhabitants. The streets were precipitous, so precipitous indeed that some of the houses appeared to be caves in the mountainside, while others seemed to jut out and to overhang the abyss. Here every foot of soil was cultivated, jealously guarded, tended. There were strips and patches growing rice or a row of beans or a patch of corn, but nowhere was ground wasted or idle. Everywhere blue-clad figures were bent over, as if they were born that way, picking weeds with tired fingers. The higher class of people

lived in the valley of Kialing, a suburb of Chungking, where the air was, by Chinese standards, though not by ours, healthy, where the shops were better and the ground more fertile. Where there were trees and pleasant streams. This was no place for coolies, this was for the prosperous business man, for the professional, and for those of independent means. The Mandarin and those of high caste lived here. Chungking was a mighty city, the biggest city any of us had ever seen, but we were not impressed.

It suddenly dawned upon us that we were very hungry. We were completely out of food, so there was nothing to do but go to an eating place, and eat as the Chinese did. We went to a place with a garish sign which said that they could provide the best meal in Chungking and without delay. We went and sat down at a table. A blue clad figure came to us and asked what we would have. "Have you tsampa?" I said. "Tsampa!" he replied. "Oh, no, that must be one of those Western dishes. We have nothing like that." "Well, what have you?" I said. "Rice, noodles, shark's fins, eggs." "All right" I said, "we will have rice balls, noodles, shark's fin and bamboo shoot. Hurry up." He hurried away and in moments was back with the food we wanted. About us others were eating and we were horrified at the chatter and noise they were making. In Tibet, in the lamaseries, it was an inviolable rule that those who were eating did not talk because that was disrespectful to food and the food might retaliate by giving one strange pains inside. In the lamaseries when one ate, a monk always read aloud the Scriptures and we had to listen as we ate. Here there were conversations going on around us of an extremely light type. We were shocked and disgusted. We ate looking at our plates the whole time in the manner prescribed by our order. Some of the talk was not so light because there was much surreptitious discussion about the Japanese and the trouble they had been making in various parts of China. At that time I was quite ignorant of it. We were not impressed, though, by anything to do with the eating place nor with Chungking. This meal was notable only for this; it was the first meal that I ever had to pay

for. After we had had it we went out and found a place in a courtyard of some municipal building where we could sit and talk. We had stabled our horses to give them a much needed rest and where they could be fed and watered, because on the morrow my companions were going to set out once again for home, for Tibet. Now, in the manner of tourists the world over they were wondering what they could take back to their friends in Lhasa, and I too was wondering what I could send to the Lama Mingyar Dondup. We discussed it, and then as if on a common impulse we got to our feet and we walked again to the shops and made our purchases. After that we walked to a small garden where we sat and talked and talked. It was dark now. The evening was upon us. The stars began to shine vaguely through the slight haze, for the fog had gone leaving just a haze. Once again we rose to our feet and went again in search of food. This time it was seafood, food which we had never had before and which tasted almost alien to us, most unpleasant, but the main thing was that it was food, because we were hungry. With our supper complete we left the eating place and went to where our horses were stabled. They seemed to be waiting for us and whinnied with pleasure at our approach. They were looking quite fresh, they felt quite fresh too as we got upon them. I was never a good horseman and certainly I preferred a tired horse to a rested one. We rode out into the street and took the road to Kialing.

We left the city of Chungking and we passed through the outskirts of that city on the road to where we were going to stay the night, to the lamasery which was going to be my home by night. We branched to the right and went up the side of a wooded hill. The lamasery was of my own order and it was the nearest approach to going home to Tibet as I entered and went into the temple in time for the service. The incense was wafted round in clouds and the deep voices of the older monks and the higher voices of the acolytes brought a sharp pang of homesickness to me. The others seemed to know how I felt for they were silent and they left me to myself. For a time I stayed in my place

after the service had ended. I thought, and thought. I thought of the first time I had entered a lamasery temple after a hard feat of endurance, when I was hungry and sick at heart. Now I was sick at heart, perhaps sicker at heart than I had been the time before, for then I had been too young to know much about life, but now I felt I knew too much of life, and of death. After a time the aged Abbott in charge of the lamasery crept softly to my side. "My brother," he said, "it is not good to dwell too much upon the past when the whole of the future is before one. The service is ended, my brother, soon it will be time for another service. Will you not go to your bed for there is much to be done on the morrow." I rose to my feet without speaking and accompanied him to where I was to sleep. My companions had already retired. I passed them, still forms rolled in their blankets. Asleep? Perhaps. Who knows? Perhaps they were dreaming of the journey they had again to undertake and of the pleasurable re-union which they would have at the end of that journey in Lhasa. I, too, rolled myself in my blanket, and lay down. The shadows of the moon lengthened and became long before I slept.

I was awakened by the sound of temple trumpets, by gongs. It was time to rise and to attend the service once again. The service must come before the meal, but I was hungry. Yet after the service with food before me I had no appetite. Mine was a light meal, a very light meal because I was feeling sick at heart. My companions ate well, disgustingly well, I thought, but they were trying to get reinforced for the journey back which they were this day to commence. With our breakfast over we walked around a little. None of us said much. There did not seem much which we could say. Then at last I said, "Give this letter and this gift to my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. Tell him I will write to him often. Tell him that you can see how much I miss his company and his guidance." I fiddled about inside my robe. "And this," I said as I produced a package, "this is for the Inmost One. Give it also to my Guide, he will see that it is conveyed to the Dalai Lama." They took it from me and I turned aside quite overcome with emotion

that I did not want the others to see, I did not want them to see me, a high lama, so affected. Fortunately they too were quite distressed because a sincere friendship had sprung up between us, notwithstanding—according to Tibetan standards—the difference in our rank. They were sorry for the parting, sorry that I was being left in this strange world which they hated while they were going back to beloved Lhasa. We walked for a time amid the trees looking at the little flowers carpeting the ground, listening to the birds in the branches, watching the light clouds overhead. Then the time had come. Together we walked back to the old Chinese lamasery nestling amid the trees on the hill overlooking Chungking, overlooking the rivers. There wasn't much to say, there wasn't much to do. We fidgeted a bit and felt depressed. We went to the stables. Slowly my companions saddled their horses and took the bridle of mine, mine which had brought me so faithfully from Lhasa, and which now—happy creature—was going back to Tibet. We exchanged a few words more, a very few words, then they got on their horses and moved off towards Tibet leaving me standing, gazing down the road after them. They got smaller and smaller, They disappeared from my sight around a bend. A little cloud of dust which had been occasioned by their passing subsided, the clip-clop of their horses' hooves died in the distance. I stood thinking of the past and dreading the future. I do not know how long I stood in silent misery but I was brought from my despondent reverie by a pleasant voice which said, "Honourable Lama, will you not remember that in China there are those who will be friends with you? I am at your service, Honourable Lama of Tibet, fellow student of Chungking." I turned slowly and there, just behind me, was a pleasant young Chinese monk. I think he rather wondered what my attitude would be to his approach because I was an abbot, a high lama, and he was just a Chinese monk. But I was delighted to see him. He was Huang, a man whom I was later proud to call a friend. We soon got to know each other and I was particularly glad to know that he too was going to be a

medical student, starting on the morrow, as was I. He, too, was going to study those remarkable things, Electricity and Magnetism. He was, in fact, to be in both of those courses which I was going to study, and we got to know each other well. We turned and walked back towards the entrance of the lamasery. As we passed the portals another Chinese monk came forward and said, "We have to report to the college. We have to sign a register." "Oh, I have done all that," I said, "I did it yesterday." "Yes Honourable Lama," the other replied. "But this is not the studentship register which you signed with us, it is a fraternity register because in the college we are all going to be brothers as they are in American colleges." So together we turned down the path once more, along the lamasery path, through the trees, the path carpeted with flowers, and we turned into the main road from Kialing to Chungking. In the company of these young men who were of much the same age as I, the journey did not seem so long nor so miserable. Soon, once again, we came to the buildings which were to be our day-time home and we went in. The young clerk in the blue linen dress was really pleased to see us. He said, "Ah, I was hoping you would call, we have an American journalist here who speaks Chinese. He would very much like to meet a high lama of Tibet."

He led us along the corridor again and into another room, a room which I had not previously entered. It appeared to be some sort of reception room because a lot of young men were sitting about talking to young women, which I thought rather shocking. I knew very little about women in those days. A tall young man was sitting in a very low chair. He was, I should say, about thirty years of age. He rose as we entered and touched his heart to us in the Eastern way. I of course touched mine in return. We were introduced to him, and then, for some reason, he put out his hand. This time I was not unprepared and I took it, and shook it in the approved manner. He laughed, "Ah, I see that you are mastering the ways of the West which are being introduced to Chungking." "Yes," I said, "I have got to the stage of sitting in the perfectly horrible chairs and of shaking hands."

He was quite a nice young fellow, and I know his name still; he died in Chungking some time ago. We walked into the grounds and sat down on a low stone wall where we talked for quite a time. I told him of Tibet, of our customs. I told him much about my life in Tibet. He told me of America. I asked him what he was doing in Chungking, a man of his intelligence living in a sweltering place like that when apparently there was no particular reason for him to. He said that he was preparing a series of articles for a very famous American magazine. He asked if he could mention me in it, and I said, "Well, I would rather that you did not because I am here for a special purpose, to study to progress, and to use this as a jumping-off point for further journeys into the West. I would rather wait until I have done something notable, something worthy of mention. And then," I went on, "then I will get in touch with you and give you this interview which you so much want." He was a decent young fellow and understood my point. We were soon on quite friendly terms; he spoke Chinese passably well and we had no particular difficulty in understanding each other. He walked with us part of the way back to the lamasery. He said, "I would very much like sometime, if it can be arranged, to visit the temple and to take part in a service. I am not of your religion," he said, "but I respect it, and I would like to pay my respects in your temple." "All right," I answered, "you shall come to our temple. You shall take part in our service and you will be welcome, that I promise." With that we parted company because we had so much to do preparing for the morrow, the morrow when I was to begin this fresh career as a student—as if I had not been studying all my life! Back in the lamasery I had to sort out my things, see to my robes which had been travel-stained; I was going to wash them because, according to our custom, we attend to our own clothing, to our own robes, to our own personal matters, and did not employ servants to do our dirty work for us. I was also later going to wear the clothes of a Chinese student, blue clothes, because my own lamastic robes attracted too much attention and I did not

want to be singled out for publicity, I wanted to study in peace. In addition to the usual things such as clothes-washing we had our services to attend, and as a leading lama I had to take my share in the administration of these services because, although during the day I was to be a student, yet at the lamasery I was still a high-ranking priest with the obligations that went with that office. So the day drew to an end, the day which I thought was never going to end, the day when, for the first time in my life, I was completely and utterly cut off from my own people.

In the morning—it was a warm sunny morning—Huang and I set off down the road again to a new life, this time as medical students. We soon covered the short journey and went into the college grounds where there seemed to be hundreds of others milling around a notice board. We carefully read all the notices and found our names were together so that at all times we should be studying together. We pushed our way past others still reading, and made our way to the classroom which had been indicated to us. Here we sat down, rather marveling—or I did—at all the strangeness of the fittings, the desks, and all that. Then, after what seemed to be an eternity of time, others came in, in small groups, and took their places. Eventually a gong sounded somewhere and a Chinaman entered, and said, “Good morning, gentlemen.” We all rose to our feet because the regulations said that that was the approved method of showing respect, and we replied, “Good morning,” back to him. He said he was going to give us some written papers and we were not to be discouraged by our failures because his task was to find out what we did not know, not how much we knew. He said that until he could find the exact standard of each of us he would not be able to assist us. The papers would deal with everything, various questions all mixed up, a veritable Chinese broth of knowledge dealing with Arithmetic, Physics, Anatomy, everything relating to medicine and surgery and science, and the subjects which were necessary to enable us to study medicine, surgery and science to higher levels. He gave us clearly to understand

that if we did not know how to answer a question then we could put down that we had not studied to that point but give, if we could, some information so that he could assess the exact point at which our knowledge ended. Then he rang the bell. The door opened and in came two attendants laden with what seemed to be books. They moved amongst us and distributed these books. They were not books, actually, but sheaves of questions on paper and many sheets of paper upon which we were to write. Then the other one came and distributed pencils. We were going to use pencils and not brushes on this occasion. So, then we set to, reading through the questions, one by one, answering them as best we could. We could see by the lecturer's aura, or at least I could, that he was a genuine man and that his only interest was to help us.

My Guide and Tutor, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, had given me very highly specialized training. The result of the papers which we were given in about two days' time showed that in very many subjects I was well in advance of my fellow students, but it showed that I had no knowledge whatever of Electricity or Magnetism. Perhaps a week after that examination we were in a laboratory where we were to be given a first demonstration because, like me, some of the others had no idea of the meaning of those two dreadful sounding words. The lecturer had been giving us a talk about electricity and he said, "Now, I will give you a practical demonstration of the effects of electricity, a harmless demonstration." He handed me two wires and said, "Hold these, will you, hold them tightly until I say; 'let go'." I thought that he was asking me to assist him in his demonstration (he was!) and so I held the wires, although I was rather perturbed because his aura showed that he was contemplating some form of treachery. I thought, well perhaps I am misjudging him, he's not a very nice fellow anyhow. He turned and walked quickly away from me to his own demonstration table. There he pressed a switch. I saw light coming from the wire and I saw the aura of the lecturer betray amazement. He appeared to be intensely surprised. "Hold them tighter," he said. So I did. I squeezed the wires.

The lecturer looked at me and really rubbed his eyes. He was astounded, that was obvious to everyone, even anyone without the ability to see the aura. It was obvious that this lecturer had never had such a surprise before. The other students looked on in open-mouthed wonder. They could not understand what it was all about. They had no idea at all what was intended. Quickly the lecturer came back to me after switching off and took the two wires from me. He said, "There must be something wrong, there must be a disconnection." He took the two wires in his hand and went back to the table with them. One wire was in his left hand, the other was in his right. Still holding them he stretched forth a finger and flicked on the switch. Then he erupted into a tremendous "Yow! Switch off, it's killing me!" At the same time his body was knotted up as if all his muscles were tied and paralyzed. He continued to yell and scream and his aura looked like the setting sun. "How very interesting," I thought, "I have never seen anything as pretty as that in the human aura!"

The continued shrieks of the lecturer soon brought people running in. One man took a glance at him and rushed to the table and switched off the switch. The poor lecturer dropped to the floor, perspiring freely and shaking. He looked a sorry sight; his face had a pale greenish tinge to it. Eventually he stood up clasping the edge of the desk. "You did that to me." I replied, "I? I haven't done a thing. You told me to hold the wires and I held them, then you took them from me and you looked as if you were going to die." He said, "I can't understand it. I can't understand it." I answered, "What can't you understand? I held the things, what are you talking about?" He looked at me: "Didn't you really feel anything? Didn't you feel a tingle or any thing?" "Well," I said, "I felt just a pleasant bit of warmth nothing more. Why, what should I feel?" Another lecturer, the one who had switched off the current said, "Will you try it again?" I said, "Of course I will, as many times as you like." So he handed me the wires. He said, "Now I am going to switch on. Tell me what happens." He pressed the switch, and I said, "Oh, it's just a pleasant bit of

warmth. Nothing to worry about at all. It's just as if I had my hands fairly close to a fire." He said, "Squeeze it tighter." And I did so, I actually squeezed it until the muscles stood out on the backs of my hands. He and the previous lecturer looked at each other, and the current was switched off. Then one of them took the two wires from me and put cloth around them, and he held them lightly in his hands. "Switch on," he said to the other. So the other lecturer switched on, and the man with the wires wrapped in cloth in his hands soon dropped it. He said, "Oh, it's still on." In dropping the two wires fell free of the cloth and touched. There was a vivid blue flash, and a lump of molten metal jumped from the end of the wire. "Now you have blown the fuses," said one, and he went off to do a repair somewhere.

With the current restored they went on with their lecture about Electricity. They said they were trying to give me two hundred and fifty volts as a shock to show what electricity could do. I have a peculiarly dry skin and two hundred and fifty volts hurt me not at all. I can put my hands on the mains and be quite unaware of whether they are on or not. The poor lecturer was not of that type at all, he was remarkably susceptible to electric currents. In the course of the lecture they said, "In America if a man commits murder, or if the lawyers say that he is guilty of murder, the man is killed by electricity. He is strapped to a chair, and the current is applied to his body and it kills him." I thought how very interesting. I wonder what they would do with me, though I have no desire to try it seriously.

## CHAPTER THREE

### *Medical Days*

A DANK, grey fog came down from the hills above Chungking, blotting out the houses, the river, the masts of the ships down below, turning the lights in the shops to orange-yellow blurs, deadening the sounds, perhaps even improving the appearance of part of Chungking. There was the slithering sound of footsteps and a bent old man came dimly into sight through the fog, and was as quickly lost to view again. It was strangely silent here, the only sounds were muffled sounds. The fog was as a thick blanket deadening all. Huang and I had finished our classes for the day, and it was now late evening. We had decided to go out from the college from the dissecting rooms, and get a breath of fresh air. Instead we had got this fog. I was feeling hungry; apparently so was Huang. The dampness had got into our bones and chilled us. "Let us go and have some food, Lobsang. I know a good place," said Huang. "All right," I answered. "I am always ready for something interesting. What have you got to show me?" "Oh, I want to show you that we in Chungking can live quite well in spite of what you say." He turned and led the way, or rather he turned and groped blindly till we reached the side of the street and were able to identify the shops. We went down the hill a little way and then through an entrance which appeared to be remarkably like a cavern in the side of a mountain. Inside the air was even thicker than outside. People were smoking, belching great clouds of evil smelling fumes. It was almost the first time I had seen such a number of people smoking, it was quite a novelty—a nauseating one—to see people with burning brands in their mouth, and smoke trickling

out of their nostrils. One man attracted my fascinated gaze. He was producing smoke not just from his nostrils, but from his ears. I pointed him out to Huang. "Oh, him," he said, "he's stone deaf, you know. Had his ear-drums kicked in. It's quite a social asset with him. No eardrums to impede the smoke, so he sends it out of his nostrils and out of his ears too. He goes up to a foreigner and says, 'Give me a cigarette and I'll show you something you can't do'. Keeps him in smokes, that. Still that's nothing. Let's get on with the food. I'll order the meal," said Huang. "I am well known here and we shall get the best at the lowest price." It suited me fine. I had not eaten too well during the past few days, everything was so strange, and the food so utterly alien. Huang spoke to one of the waiters who made notes on a little pad, and then we sat down and talked. Food had been one of my problems. I could not obtain the type of food to which I was accustomed, and I had to eat, among other things, flesh and fish. To me, as a lama of Tibet, this was truly revolting, but I had been told by my seniors at the Potala in Lhasa that I would have to accustom myself to alien foods, and I had been given absolution from them for the type of food I should consume. In Tibet we, the priests, ate no meat but—this was not Tibet, and I had to continue to live in order to fulfil my allotted task. It was possible to obtain the food I wanted, and so I had to eat the revolting messes brought me and pretend that I liked them.

Our lunch arrived. A half-tortoise surrounded with sea slugs, and followed by a dish of curried frogs with cabbage leaves around them. They were quite pleasant but I would have much preferred my own tsampa. So, making the best of things, I had my meal of curried frogs well supported with noodles and rice. We drank tea. One thing I have never touched in spite of all exhortations from those outside of Tibet have been intoxicating liquors. Never, never, never. In our belief there is nothing worse than these intoxicating drinks, nothing worse than drunkenness. Drunkenness, we consider, is the most vicious sin of all because when the body is sodden with drink the astral vehicle—the more

spiritual part of one—is driven out of the physical and has to leave it as prey to any prowling entities. This is not the only life; the physical body is just one particular manifestation, the lowest manifestation, and the more one drinks, the more one harms one's body in other planes of existence. It is well known that drunkards see "pink elephants" and curious things which have no parallel in the physical world. These, we believe, are the manifestations of some evil entity, some entity who is trying to make the physical body do some harm. It is well known that those who are drunk are not "in possession of their right senses." So—I have not at any time touched intoxicating drinks, not even corn spirit, not even rice wine.

Lacquered duck is a very nice form of food—for those who like meat, that is. I much preferred bamboo shoots; these are unobtainable in the West, of course. The nearest substitute to it is a form of celery which grows in a certain European country. The English celery is quite different and is not so suitable. While discussing Chinese food it is possibly of some interest to say that there is no such dish as chop suey; that is just a name, a generic name for Chinese food, ANY Chinese food. If anyone wants a really good Chinese meal they should go to a first class all-Chinese restaurant and have ragout of mushroom and bamboo shoot. Then they should take a fish soup. After that, lacquered duck. You will not have a carving knife in the real Chinese restaurant, but the waiter will come along with a small hatchet and he will chop up the duck for you into suitably sized slices. When these are approved by you they will be wrapped up with a piece of young onion into a sandwich of unleavened bread. One picks up these small sandwiches and devours each at a mouthful. The meal should end with lotus leaves, or, if you prefer, lotus root. Some people prefer lotus seed, but whichever it is you will need adequate quantities of Chinese tea. This is the type of meal we had in that eating house so well known to Huang. The price was surprisingly reasonable and when eventually we rose to continue our journey we were in quite a blissful state of

geniality, well padded, and well fortified with good food to go out again and face the fog. So—we made our way up the street, along the road to Kialing, and when we were part way along that road we turned right into the path leading up to our temple. It was service time when we got back. The Tablets were hanging limply against their poles there was no breeze, and the clouds of incense were just hanging motionless too. The Tablets are of red material with gold Chinese ideographs upon them. They were the Tablets of the Ancestors and were used in much the same way as tombstones are used to commemorate the dead in Western countries. We bowed to Ho Tai and Kuan Yin, the god of good living and the Goddess of compassion, and went our way into the dimly lit interior of the temple for our service. After which we were unable to face our evening meal, but instead rolled ourselves into our blankets and drifted off to sleep.

There was never any shortage of bodies for dissection. Bodies in Chungking at that time were a very easily obtained commodity. Later, when the war started, we were to have more corpses than we could deal with! But these, these which were obtained for dissection, we kept in an underground room which was carefully cooled. As soon as we could obtain a fresh body from the streets, or from a hospital, we used to inject into the groin a most powerful disinfectant that served to preserve the body for some months. It was quite interesting to go down into the basement and see the bodies on slabs, and to notice how invariably they were thin bodies. We used to have quite heated disputes as to which of us should have the thinnest. The fat bodies were a great trouble in dissecting, there was so much labor with so little result. One could go on cutting and cutting, dissecting out a nerve or an artery and have to dissect away layer after layer of fatty tissues. Bodies were not in short supply at all. Frequently we had so many on hand that we kept them in tanks, in pickle, as we called it. Of course it was not always easy to smuggle a body into the hospital because some of the relatives had strong opinions about such things. In those days young babies who had died were abandoned in the streets, or those adults whose families

were too poor to pay for a satisfactory funeral left them out in the streets under cover of darkness. We medical students, then, frequently went out in the early morning to pick the best looking bodies, and, of course, the leanest! We could have had a whole body to ourselves often we worked two to a cadaver, one doing the head, the other doing the feet. That was more companionable. Quite frequently we had our lunch in the dissecting room if we were studying for some examination. It was no uncommon thing to see a student with his food spread out on the stomach of a cadaver while his text book, which he was reading, would be propped up against the thigh. It never occurred to us at that time that we could obtain all sorts of curious complaints through infection from dead bodies. Our Principal, Dr. Lee, had all the latest American ideas; in some ways he was almost a crank for copying the Americans, but no matter, he was a good man, one of the most brilliant Chinamen that I have met, and it was a pleasure to study with him. I learned a lot and passed many examinations; but I still maintain that I learned far more morbid anatomy from the Body Breakers of Tibet.

Our college and the attached hospital were at the far end of the road away from the docks along from the street steps. In fine weather we had quite a good view across the river, across the terraced fields, because it was in a very prominent position, a prominent landmark, in fact. Toward the harbor in a more business section of the street was an old, old shop looking as if it were in the last stages of decay. The woodwork appeared to be worm-eaten, and the paint was flaking from the boards. The door was ramshackle and rickety. Above it there was a cut-out wooden figure of a gaudily painted tiger. It was so arranged that it arched its back over the entrance. Yawning jowls with ferocious looking teeth and claws which were realistic enough to strike terror into anyone's heart. This tiger was meant to show virility—it is an old Chinese emblem for virility. This shop was a beacon for rundown men, and for those who wished to have greater vigor with which to pursue their amusements. Women, too, went here to get certain

compounds, extract of tiger, or extract of ginseng root, when they wanted to have children and for some reason apparently could not. Extract of tiger or extract of ginseng contained large quantities of substance which help men and women in such difficult times, substances which have only recently been discovered by Western science who hail it as a great triumph of commerce and research. The Chinese and the Tibetans did not know so much about modern research, and so they have had those compounds for three or four thousand years and have not boasted unduly about it. It is a fact that the West could learn so much from the East if the West was more co-operative. But—to turn to this old shop with its fierce tiger carved and painted above it, with a window full of strange looking powders, mummies and bottles of coloured liquids. This was the shop of an old style medical practitioner where it was possible to obtain powdered toad, the horns of antelope ground to powder to act as an aphrodisiac, and other strange concoctions. Not often in these poorer quarters did the patient go to the modern surgery of the hospital for treatment. Instead he went to this dirty old shop in much the same way as his father had done, and perhaps as his father's father before had done also. He took his complaints to the physician in charge, who sat looking like an owl with powerful lensed spectacles behind a brown wooden barrier. He would discuss his case and the symptoms, and the old physician would solemnly nod his head and with finger tips touching he would ponderously prescribe the necessary medicine. One convention was that the medicine had to be coloured according to a special code. That was an unwritten law from time before history. For a stomach complaint the medicine provided would be yellow, while the patient suffering from a blood or a heart disease would have red medicine. Those afflicted with bile or liver complaints or even with excessively bad temper would have a green medicine. Patients who were suffering from eye troubles would have blue lotion. The interior of a person presented great problems regarding which colour to use. If a person had a pain inside and it was thought to be of intestinal origin the

medicine would be brown. An expectant mother had only—so she was told—to take the pulverized flesh of a turtle and the baby would be born painlessly, easily, almost before she was aware of it, and so her day's work would not be interfered with. One injunction was 'Go home, put an apron around you, between your legs, so that the baby shall not drop and strike the ground, and then swallow this pulverized flesh of a turtle!'

The old, unregistered Chinese doctor could advertise, and this he did in a most spectacular manner. Usually he had a large sign, an immense painted sign above his house, to show what a wonderful healer he was. Not only that, but in his waiting room and surgery would be found great medals and shields which wealthy and frightened patients had given him to testify to the miraculous way in which he with coloured medicines, powders and potions, had cured then of unknown and unspecified diseases.

The poor dentist was not so lucky, the older style dentist, that is. Most of the time he had no particular house in which to see patients, but he saw them in the street. The victim sat down on a box and the dentist carried out his examination, his poking and probing, in full view of an appreciative audience. Then, with a lot of strange manoeuvres and gesticulations, he would proceed to extract the faulty tooth. 'Proceed' is the right term because if the patient was frightened or excessively noisy it was not always easy to do an extraction and at times the dentist would not hesitate to call upon bystanders to hold the struggling victim. There was no anaesthetic used. The dentist did not advertise as the doctors did with signs and shields and medals, but instead around his neck he wore strings of teeth which he had extracted. Whenever he had extracted a tooth, that tooth would be picked up, carefully cleaned, and a hole drilled through it. It would then be threaded on to a string to add one more testimony to the skill of the dentist who had pulled so many.

It used to annoy us considerably when patients on whom we had lavished much time and care, and to whom we had given the very latest treatment and prescribed expensive

drugs, crept surreptitiously into the back entrance of the old Chinese doctor's premises for treatment by him. We claimed that we cured the patient. The quack claimed that he cured. But the patient said nothing, he was too glad to be free of his ill.

As we became more and more advanced in our studies and walked the wards of the hospital we had on frequent occasions to go out with a full qualified doctor to treat people in their own homes, to assist at operations. Sometimes we had to descend the cliffs to inaccessible places, perhaps to some place where some poor unfortunate had fallen over and shattered bones or lacerated flesh almost beyond repair. We had visits to those who had floating homes upon the rivers. In the Kialing river there are people who live on house-boats, or even rafts of bamboo covered with matting on which they erect little huts. These swayed and bobbed at the bank of the river, and, unless we were careful, particularly at night, it was remarkably easy to miss one's footing or to stand firmly upon a loose piece of bamboo which merely sank beneath one. Then one was not at all cheered by the laughter of the inevitable crowd of small boys who always gathered on such unfortunate occasions. The old Chinese peasants were able to put up with an amazing amount of pain. They never complained and they were always grateful for what we could do for them. We used to go out of our way to help the old people, perhaps help to clean up their little hut, or prepare food for them, but with the younger generation things were not so pleasant. They were getting restive, they were getting strange ideas. The men from Moscow were circulating among them, preparing them for the advent of Communism. We knew it, but there was nothing we could do except to stand by and watch helplessly.

But before we became so qualified we had an enormous amount of study to do, study a whole diversity of subjects for as long as fourteen hours a day. Magnetism as well as Electricity, to quote just two. I well remember the first lecture I attended on Magnetism. Then it was a subject almost entirely unknown to me. It was perhaps as inter-

esting in its way as that which I attended on Electricity. The lecturer was not really a very pleasant individual, but here is what happened.

Huang had pushed his way through the crowd to read notices on the board to see where we should go for the next class. He started reading, then, 'Hoy, Lobsang,' he called across to me, 'we've got a lecture on Magnetism this afternoon.' We were glad to see that we were in the same class because we had formed a very sincere friendship. We walked out into the quadrangle, across and into a classroom next door to that devoted to Electricity. We entered. Inside there was a lot of equipment much the same, it seemed to us, as that dealing with Electricity proper. Coils of wire, strange pieces of metal bent roughly to a horse shoe shape. Black rods, glass rods, and various glass boxes containing what looked like water, and bits of wood and lead. We took our places and the lecturer came in and stalked ponderously to his table. He was a heavy man, heavy in body, heavy in mind. Certainly he had a very good opinion of his own abilities, a far greater opinion of his abilities than his colleagues had of them! He too had been to America, and whereas some of the others of the tutorial staff had returned knowing how little they really knew, this one was utterly convinced that he knew everything that his own brain was infallible. He took his place and for some reason picked up a wooden hammer and rapped violently on his desk. "Silence!" he roared, although there had not been a sound. "We are going to do Magnetism, the first lecture for some of you on this absorbing subject," he said, he picked up one of the bars bent in the shape of a horse-shoe. "This," he said, "has a field around it." I immediately thought of grazing horses. He said, "I am going to show you how to outline the field of the magnet with iron dust. Magnetism," he went on, "will activate each particle of this iron which will then draw for itself the exact outline of the force which motivates it." I incautiously remarked to Huang who was sitting behind me, "But any fool can see it now, why tamper with it?" the lecturer jumped up in a furious temper. "Oh," he said "the great lama from Tibet—who doesn't know the first thing about Magnetism or Electricity—can see a magnetic

field, can he?" He stabbed a finger violently in my direction. "So, great lama, you can see this wonderful field can you? The only man in existence who can perhaps," he said sneeringly. I stood up. "Yes, Honourable Lecturer I can see it very clearly," I said. "I can also see the lights around those wires." He took his wooden hammer again, brought it down with a succession of resounding crashes on his desk. "You lie " he said "no one can see it. If you are so clever come and draw it for me and then we will see what sort of a mess you make of it." I sighed wearily as I went up to him, picked up the magnet and went to the blackboard with a piece of chalk. The magnet I put flat on the board then I drew around it the exact shape of the blue-ish light which I could see coming from the magnet. I drew, also, those lighter striations which were within the field itself. It was such a simple matter for me, I had been born with the ability, and I had had the ability increased in me by operations. There was absolutely dead silence when I had finished, and I turned round. The lecturer was watching me and his eyes were quite literally bulging. "You've studied this before," he said, "it's a trick!" "Honourable Lecturer," I replied, "until this day I have never seen one of these magnets." He said, "Well, I do not know how you do it, but that is the correct field. I still maintain that it is a trick. I still maintain that in Tibet you learned only trickery. I do not understand it." He took the magnet from me, covered it with a sheet of thin paper, and on to the paper he sprinkled fine iron dust, with a finger he tapped on the paper and the dust took up the exact shape of that which I had drawn on the blackboard. He looked at it, he looked at my drawing, and he looked back at the outline in the iron filings. I still do not believe you, man from Tibet," he said. "I still think that it is a trick." He sat down wearily and propped his head in his hands, then with explosive violence, he jumped up and shot out his hand to me again. "You!" he said, "you said that you could see the field of that magnet. You also said, 'And I can see the light around those wires'." "That is so," I replied

“I can. I can see them easily.” “Right!” he shouted at me, “now we can prove you wrong, prove you are a fake.” He wheeled round, knocking over his chair in his temper. He hurried to a corner, bent down with a grunt picked up a box, with wires protruding in a coil from the top. He stood up and placed it on the table in front of me. “Now,” he said, “now, here is a very interesting box known as a high-frequency box. You draw the field of that for me and I will believe in you; there you are, you draw that field.” He looked at me as if to say “I’ll dare you to.” I said, “All right. It’s simple enough. Let us put it nearer the blackboard, otherwise I shall be doing it by memory.” He picked up one end of the table and I picked up the other and we moved it right up close to the blackboard. I took the chalk in my hand, and turned away to the board. “Oh,” I said, “it’s all gone.” I looked in amazement because there were just wires, nothing else, no field. I turned towards him, his hand was on a switch. He had switched off the current, but there was a look of absolute stupefaction on his face. “So!” he said, “you really can see that! Well, well, how remarkable.” He switched on again and said, “Turn away from me and tell me when it is on and when it is off.” I turned away from him and I was able to tell him, “Off, on, off.” He left it off then and sat in his chair in the attitude of a man whose faith has received a crushing blow. Then, abruptly, he said, “Class dismissed.” Turning to me, “Not you. I want to speak to you alone.” The others muttered with resentment. They had come for a lecture and they had found some interest, why should they be turned out now? He just shoed them out, taking one or two by the shoulders to hustle them more quickly. The lecturer’s word was law. With the classroom emptied he said; “Now, tell me more of this. What sort of trick is it?” I said, “It is not a trick. It is a faculty with which I was born and which was strengthened by a special operation. I can see auras. I can see your aura. From it I know that you do not want to believe, you do not want to believe that anyone has an ability which you have not. You

want to prove me wrong.” “No,” he said, “I do not want to prove you wrong. I want to prove that my own training, my own knowledge is right, and if you can see this aura then surely all that I have been taught is wrong.” “Not at all,” I replied. “I say that all your training goes to prove the existence of an aura, because from the very little that I have already studied of Electricity in this college, it indicates to me that the human being is powered by electricity.” “What utter nonsense!” he said. “What absolute heresy.” And he jumped to his feet. “Come with me to the Principal. We will get this thing settled!”

Dr. Lee was sitting at his desk, busily engaged with the papers of the college. He looked up mildly as we entered, peering over the top of his glasses. Then he removed them to see us the more clearly. “Reverend Principal,” bawled the lecturer, “this man, this fellow from Tibet says that he can see the aura and that we all have auras. He is trying to tell me that he knows more than I do, the Professor of Electricity and Magnetism” Dr. Lee mildly motioned for us to be seated, and then said, “Well, what is it precisely? Lobsang Rampa can see auras. That I know. Of what do you complain?” The lecturer absolutely gaped in astonishment. “But, Reverend Principal,” he exclaimed, “do YOU believe in such nonsense, such heresy, such trickery?” “Most assuredly I do,” said Dr. Lee, “for he comes of the highest in Tibet, and I have heard of him from the highest.” Po Chu looked really crestfallen. Dr. Lee turned to me and said, “Lobsang Rampa, I will ask you to tell us in your own words about this aura. Tell us as if we knew nothing whatever about the subject. Tell us so that we may understand and perhaps profit from your specialized experience.” Well, that was quite a different matter. I liked Dr. Lee, I liked the way he handled things. “Dr. Lee,” I said, “when I was born it was with the ability to see people as they really were. They have around them an aura which betrays every fluctuation of thought, every variation in health, in mental or in spiritual conditions. This aura is the light caused by the spirit within. For the first couple of years of my life I thought everyone saw as I did, but I soon learned that it was not so. Then, as you are aware, I entered a lama-

sery at the age of seven and underwent special training. In that lamasery I was given a special operation to make me see with even greater clarity than that which I had seen before, but which also gave me additional powers. In the days before history was," I went on, "man had a Third Eye. Through his own folly man lost the power to use that sight and that was the purpose of my training at the lamasery in Lhasa." I looked at them and saw that they were taking it in very well. "Dr. Lee," I went on, "the human body is surrounded first of all by a bluish light, a light perhaps an inch, perhaps two inches thick. That follows and covers the whole of the physical body. It is what we call the etheric body and is the lowest of the bodies. It is the connection between the astral world and the physical. The intensity of the blue varies according to a person's health. Then beyond the body, beyond the etheric body too, there is the aura. It varies in size enormously depending on the state of evolution of the person concerned, depending also upon the standard of education of the person, and upon his thoughts. Your own aura is the length of a man away from you," I said to the Principal, "the aura of an evolved man. the human aura whatever its size, is composed of swirling bands of colours, like clouds of colours drifting on the evening sky. They alter with a person's thoughts. There are zones on the body, special zones, which produce their own horizontal bands of colour. Yesterday," I said, "when I was working in the library I saw some pictures in a book on some Western religious belief. Here there were portrayed figures which had auras around their heads. Does this mean the people of the West whom I had thought inferior to us in development can see auras, while we of the East cannot? These pictures of the people of the West," I carried on, "had auras only around their heads. But I can see not merely around the head, but around the whole body and around the hands, the fingers and the feet. It is a thing which I have always seen." The Principal turned to Po Chu. "There, you see, this is the information which I had before.

I knew that Rampa had this power. He used this power on behalf of the leaders of Tibet. That is why he is studying with us so that, it is hoped, he can assist in the developing of a special device which will be of the greatest benefit to mankind as a whole in connection with the detection and cure of disease. What caused you to come here to-day?" he asked. The lecturer was looking very thoughtful. He replied, "We were just commencing practical Magnetism, and before I could show anything, as soon as I spoke about fields, this man said that he could see the fields around the magnet which I knew to be utterly fantastic. So I invited him to demonstrate upon the blackboard. To my astonishment," he went on, "he was able to draw the field on the blackboard, and he was able also to draw the current field of a high frequency transformer, but when it was switched off he saw nothing. I am sure it was a trick." He looked defiantly at the Principal. "No," said Dr. Lee, "indeed it was no trick. It was no trick at all. For this is known to me as the truth. Some years ago I met his Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, one of the cleverest men in Tibet, and he, out of the goodness of his heart, underwent certain tests, out of friendship for me, and he proved that he could do the same as can Lobsang Rampa. We were able—that is a special group of us—to make some serious researches into the matter. But, unfortunately, prejudice, conservatism, and jealousy prevented us from publishing our findings. It is a thing which I have regretted ever since."

There was silence for a time. I thought how good it was of the Principal to declare his faith in me. The lecturer was looking really gloomy as if he had received an unexpected, unwelcome setback. He said, "If you have this power, why are you studying medicine?" I replied, "I want to study medicine and I want to study science as well so that I may assist in the preparation of a device similar to that which I saw in the Chang Tang Highlands of Tibet." The Principal broke in, "Yes, I know that you were one of the men who went on that expedition. I should like to know more about that device." "Some time ago," I said, "at the instigation of the Dalai Lama a small party

of us went upwards into a hidden valley in the mountain ranges in the Chang Tang Highlands. Here we found a city dating back to long before recorded history, a city of a bygone race, a city partly buried in the ice of a glacier, but where the glacier had melted in the hidden valley, where it was warm, the buildings and the devices contained in the buildings were intact. One such apparatus was a form of box into which one could look and see the human aura, and from that aura, from the colours, from the general appearance, they could deduce the state of health of a person. More, they could see if a person was likely to be afflicted in the flesh by any disease because the probabilities showed in the same aura before it was manifest in the flesh. In the same way, the germs of coryza show in the aura long before they manifest in the flesh as a common cold. It is a far easier matter to cure a person when they are only just tinged with a complaint. The complaint, the disease, can then be eradicated before it obtains a hold." The Principal nodded and said, "This is most interesting. Go on." I went on: "I visualize a modern version of that old apparatus. I would like to assist in the preparation of a similar device so that even the most non-clairvoyant doctor or surgeon could look through this box and could see the aura of a person in colour. He could also have a matching chart and with that chart he would be able to know what was actually wrong with the person. He would be able to diagnose without any difficulty or inaccuracy at all." "But," said the lecturer, "you are too late. We have X-rays already!" "X-rays," said Dr. Lee. "Oh, my dear fellow, they are useless for a purpose such as this. They merely show, grey shadows of the bones. Lobsang Rampa does not want to show the bones, he wants to show the life-force of the body itself. I understand precisely what he means and I am sure that the biggest difficulty with which he will be confronted will be prejudice and professional jealousy." He turned to me again, "But how could one help in mental complaints with such a device?" "Reverend Principal," I said, "if a person has split personality the aura shows very clearly indeed because it shows a dual

aura, and I maintain that with suitable apparatus the two auras could be pushed into one—perhaps by high frequency electricity.”

Now I am writing this in the West and I am finding that there is much interest in these matters. Many medical men of the highest eminence have expressed interest but invariably they say that I must not mention their name as it would prejudice their reputation! These further few remarks may be of interest: have you ever seen power cables during a slight haze? If so, particularly in mountain areas, you will have seen a corona round the wires. That is, a faint light encircling the wires. If your sight is very good you will have seen the light flicker, wane and grow, wane and grow, as the current coursing through the wires alters in polarity. That is much the same as the human aura. The old people, our great, great, great-ancestors, evidently could see auras, or see halos, because they were able to paint them on pictures of saints. That surely, cannot be ascribed by any one as imagination because if it was imagination only why paint it on the head, why paint it on the head where there actually is a light? Modern science has already measured the waves of a brain, measured the voltage of a human body. There is, in fact, one very famous hospital where research was undertaken years ago into X-rays. The researchers found that they were taking pictures of a human aura, but they did not understand what they were taking, nor did they care, because they were trying to photograph bones, not colours on the outside of a body, and they looked upon this aura photograph as an unmitigated nuisance. Tragically the whole of the matter relating to aura photography was shelved, while they progressed with X-rays, which, in my quite humble opinion, is the wrong way. I am utterly confident that with a little research doctors and surgeons could be provided with the most wonderful aid of all towards curing the sick. I visualize—as I did many years ago—a special apparatus which any doctor could carry with him in his pocket, and then he could produce it and view a patient through it in much the same way as one takes a piece of smoked glass

to look at the sun. With this device he could see the patient's aura, and by the striations of colour, or by irregularities in outline, he could see exactly what was wrong with the patient. That is not the most important thing, because it does not help to merely know what is wrong with a person, one needs to know how to cure him, and this he could do so easily with the device I have in mind, particularly in the case of those with mental afflictions.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### *Flying*

It was a warm, sultry evening, with hardly a breeze. The clouds above the cliff upon which we were walking were perhaps two hundred feet above us, glowering cloud masses which reminded me of Tibet as they towered into fantastic shapes as imaginary mountain ranges. Huang and I had had a hard day in the dissecting rooms. Hard, because the cadavers there had been kept a long time, and the smell from them was just terrible. The smell of the decaying bodies, the smell of the antiseptic, and the other odors had really exhausted us. I wondered why I had ever had to come away from Tibet where the air was pure, and where men's thoughts were pure, too. After a time we had had enough of the dissecting rooms and we had washed and gone out to this cliff top. It was good, we thought, to walk in the evening and look upon nature. We looked upon other things as well because, by peering over the edge of the cliff, we could see the busy traffic on the river beneath. We could see the coolies loading ship, eternally carrying their heavy bales with a long bamboo pole across their shoulders on each end of which would be loads of ninety pounds, heaped in panniers. The panniers weighed five pounds each, and so the coolie would be carrying not less

than one hundred and ninety pounds all day long. Life for them was hard, they worked until they died, and they died at quite a young age, worn out, human draught horses, treated worse than the beasts in the fields. And when they were worn out and fell dead sometimes they ended up in our dissecting rooms to continue the work of good, and this time by providing material for embryo doctors and surgeons who would acquire skill with which to treat living bodies.

We turned away from the edge of the cliff and faced into the very slight breeze which carried the sweet scent of the trees and the flowers. There was a slight grove of trees almost ahead, and we altered our steps slightly in order to go to them. A few yards from the cliff we stopped, aware of some strange sense of impending calamity, some sense of unease and tension, something inexplicable. We looked at each other questioningly, unable to decide what it was. Huang said, dubiously. "That cannot be thunder." "Of course not," I replied. "It is something very strange something we know nothing about." We stood uncertainly, head on one side, listening. We looked about us, looked at the ground, at the trees, and then we looked at the clouds. It was from there that the noise was coming, a steady "brum-brum-brum" getting louder and louder, harsher and harsher. As we gazed upwards we saw, through a hole in the cloud base, a dark winged shape flit across. It was gone into the opposite cloud almost before we were aware of its presence. "My!" I shouted. "One of the Gods of the Sky is come to take us off." There was nothing we could do. We just stood wondering what would happen next. The noise was thunderous, a noise of a sort that neither of us had heard before. Then, as we watched, a huge shape appeared, flinging wisps of clouds from it as if impatient of even the slight restraint of the clouds. It flashed out of the sky, Skimmed straight over our heads, over the edge of the cliff with a sickening shriek, and with a buffet of tortured air. The noise ended and there was silence. We stood absolutely aghast, absolutely chilled, looking at each other. Then, upon a common impulse, we turned and ran toward

the cliff edge to see what had happened to the thing from the sky, the thing which was so strange and so noisy. At the edge we flung ourselves prone and peered cautiously over at the sparkling river. There upon a sandy strip of ground was the strange, winged monster, now at rest. As we looked it coughed with a spurt of flame and a burst of black smoke. It made us jump and turn pale, but this was not the strangest thing. To our incredulous amazement and horror a piece opened in the side and two men got out. At that time I thought that was the most wonderful thing I had ever seen, but—we were wasting time up there. We sprang to our feet and raced for the path leading down. Down we sped through the street of steps, ignoring traffic, ignoring all courtesy, in our mad rush to get to the water's edge.

Down by the side of the river we could have stamped our feet with frustrated anger. There was not a boat to be had, not a boatman, no one. They had all flocked across the water to be where we wanted to be. But, yes! There was a boat behind a boulder. We turned towards it with the intention of launching it and going across, but as we reached it we saw an old, old man coming down a steep path carrying nets. "Hey, father," Huang shouted, "take us across." "Well," the old man said, "I don't want to go. What's it worth to you?" He tossed his nets in the boat and leaned against the side, old battered pipe in his mouth. He crossed his legs and looked as if he could have stayed there all night, just chatting. We were in a frenzy of impatience. "Come, on, old man, what's your charge?" The old man named a fantastic sum, a sum which would have bought his rotten old boat, we thought. But we were in a flurry of excitement, we would have given almost anything we had to get across to the other side. Huang bargained. I said, "Oh, don't let's waste time. Let's give him half what he asks." The old man jumped at it. It was about ten times more than he had expected. He jumped at it, so we rushed for his boat. "Steady on, young gentlemen, steady on. You'll wreck my boat," he said. "Oh, come on, grandpa," said Huang, "hurry up. The day is getting old." The old fellow leisurely got aboard, creaking with rheumatism,

grunting. Slowly he picked up a pole, and poled us out into the stream. We were fidgeting, trying mentally to move the boat more rapidly, but nothing would hurry the old man. In the centre of the stream some eddy of current caught us and swung us around, then he got the boat on the right course again, and we went across to the far bank. To save time, as we were approaching, I counted out the money and pushed it at the old man. He was certainly quick to take it. Then, without waiting for the boat to touch, we jumped knee-deep in water and ran up the bank.

Before us was that wonderful machine, that incredible machine, which had come from the sky, and which had brought men with it. We looked at it in awe, and were amazed at our own temerity in daring to approach like this. Other people were there, too, but they were staying a respectable distance away. We moved forward, we moved close to it, under it, feeling the rubber tires on the wheels, punching them. We moved to the stern and saw that here there was no wheel, but a bar of springy metal with a thing like a shoe at the end. "Ah," I said, "that'll be a skid to slow it down as it lands. We had a thing like that on my kites." Gingerly, half frightened, we fingered the side of the machine, we looked with incredulity as we found that it was a sort of fabric, painted in some way and stretched on a wooden frame. Now, this really was something! About half way between the wings and the tail we touched a panel, and we nearly fainted with shock as it opened, and a man dropped lightly to the ground. "Well," he said, "you certainly seem to be very interested." "We are indeed," I replied. "I've flown a thing like this, a silent one in Tibet." He looked at me and his eyes went wide. "Did you say in Tibet?" he asked. "I did," I answered. Huang broke in, "My friend is a living Buddha, a lama, studying in Chungking. He used to fly in man-lifting kites," he said. The man from the air machine looked interested. "That is fascinating," he said. "Will you come inside where we can sit down and talk?" He turned and led the way in. Well, I thought, I have had many experiences. If this man can trust himself inside the thing—so can I. So I entered as well, with Huang

following my example. I had seen a thing larger than this in the Highlands of Tibet, in which the Gods of the Sky had flown straight out of the world. But that had been different, not so frightening, because the machine that they had used had been silent, but this had roared and torn at the air, and shook.

Inside there were seats, quite comfortable seats, too. We sat down. That man, he kept asking me questions about Tibet, questions which I thought absolutely stupid. Tibet was so commonplace, so ordinary, and here he was, in the most marvelous machine that ever had been, talking of Tibet. Eventually, after much time and with a great amount of trouble, we got some information out of him instead. This was a machine that they called an aeroplane, a device which had engines to throw it through the sky. It was the engines which made the noise, he said. This particular one was made by the Americans and it had been bought by a Chinese firm in Shanghai who had been thinking of starting an airline from Shanghai to Chungking. The three men that we had seen were the pilot, a navigator, and engineer, on a trial flight. The pilot—the man to whom we were talking said, “We are to interest notabilities and to give them a chance of flying so that they may approve of our venture.” We nodded, thinking how marvelous it was, and how we wished that we were notabilities and would have a chance of flying.

He went on, “You from Tibet, you’re indeed a notability. Would you like to try this machine with us?” I said, “My goodness me, I would as quickly as you like!” He motioned to Huang, and asked him to step outside, saying that he couldn't go.. “Oh no,” I said, “Oh, no. If one goes, the other goes.” So Huang was allowed to stay (he did not thank me later!). The two men who had got out before moved toward the plane and there were a lot of hand signals. They did something to the front, then there was a loud “bam” and they did something more. Suddenly there was a shocking noise, and terrible vibration. We clung on, thinking that there had been some accident, and we were being shaken to pieces. “Hang on,” said the man. We

couldn't hang on more tightly, so it was quite superfluous of him. "We are going to take off," he said. There was a simply appalling racket, jolts, bumps, and thuds, worse than the first time I went up in a man-lifting kite. This was far worse because in addition to the jolts, there was noise, abominable noise. There was a final thud, which nearly drove my head between my shoulders, and then a sensation as if someone were pressing me hard beneath and at the back. I managed to raise my head and look out of the window at the side. We were in the air, we were climbing. We saw the river lengthening into a silver thread, the two rivers joining together to make one. We saw the sampans and the junks as little toys like little chips of wood floating. Then we looked at Chungking, at the streets, at the steep streets up which we had toiled so laboriously. From this height they looked level, but over the side of the cliff the terraced fields still clung precariously at the appalling steep slope. We saw the peasants toiling away, oblivious to us. Suddenly there was a whiteness, complete and utter obscurity, even the engine noises seemed muffled. We were in the clouds. A few minutes with streamers of cloud rushing by the windows, and the light became stronger. We emerged into the pale blue of the sky, flooded with the golden sunlight. As we looked down it was like gazing down on a frozen sea of snow, scintillatingly white, dazzling, eye-hurting with the intensity of the glare. We climbed and climbed, and I became aware that the man in charge of the machine was talking to me. "This is higher than you have been before," he said, "much higher than you have been before." "Not at all," I replied, "because when I started in a man-lifting kite I was already seventeen thousand feet high." That surprised him. He turned to look out of the side window, the wing dipped, and we slid sideways in a screaming dive. Huang turned a pale green, a horrible colour, and unmentionable things happened to him. He lurched-out of his seat, and lay face down on the bottom of the plane. He was not a pleasant sight, but nothing pleasant was happening to him. I—I was always immune to air-sickness, and I felt nothing at all except mild pleasure

at the maneuvers. Not Huang, he was frightfully upset by it. By the time we landed he was just a quivering mass who occasionally emitted a painful groan. Huang was not a good airman! Before we landed the man shut off his engines and we drifted in the sky, gradually getting lower, and lower. There was only the “swish” of the wind past our wings, and only the drumming of the fabric at the sides of the plane to tell us that we were in a man-made machine. Suddenly, as we were getting quite near the ground, the man switched on his engines again and we were once more deafened by the ear-shattering roar of many hundreds of horse-power. A circle, and we came in to land. A violent bump, and a screech from the tail skid, and we clattered to a stop. Again the engines were switched off and the pilot and I rose to get out. Poor Huang, he was not ready to rise. We had to carry him out and lay him on the sand to recover.

I am afraid that I was quite hard-hearted; Huang was lying face down in the yellow sand of the spit upon which we had landed in the middle of the mile-wide river. He was lying face down, making peculiar sounds and motions, and I was glad that he was not able to rise. Glad, because it gave me a good excuse to stop and talk with the man who had flown the machine. Talk we did. Unfortunately he wanted to talk about Tibet. What was the country like for flying? Could planes land there? Could an army land there dropped by parachute? Well, I hadn't the vaguest idea what parachutes were, but I said “No,” to be on the safe side! We came to an arrangement. I told him about Tibet and he told me about aircraft. Then he said “I would feel deeply honoured if you would meet some of my friends who also are interested in the Tibetan mysteries.” Well, what did I want to meet his friends for? I was just a student at the college, and I wanted to become a student of the air, and all this fellow was thinking of was the social side of things. In Tibet I had been one of the very few who had flown. I had flown high above the mountains in a man-lifting kite, but although the sensation had been wonderful, and the silence soothing, yet the kite had still been tethered to the earth. It could merely go up in the air, it could not fly over

the land, wherever the pilot wanted to fly. It was tethered like the yak at pasture. I wanted to know more of this roaring machine that flew as I had dreamed of flying, that could fly anywhere, to any part of the world the pilot told me, and all he was bothering about was—talk about Tibet.

For a time it seemed to be a deadlock. We sat on the sand facing each other with poor Huang groaning away to the side, and not receiving any sympathy from us. Eventually we came to an arrangement. I agreed to meet his friends and tell them a few things about Tibet and about the mysteries of Tibet. I agreed to give a few lectures about it. He, in his turn, would take me in the aeroplane again and explain how the thing worked. We walked around the machine first, he pointed out various things. The fins, the rudder, the elevators—all sorts of things. Then we got in and sat down, side by side, right in the front. In front of each of us now there was a kind of stick with half a wheel attached to it. The wheel could be rotated, left or right, while the whole stick could be pulled back or pushed forward. He explained to me how the pulling back would make a plane rise, and pushing forward would make it sink, and turning would also turn the machine. He pointed out the various knobs and switches. Then the engines were started and behind glass dials I saw quivering pointers which altered their position as the rates of the engines varied. We spent a long time, he did his part well, he explained everything. Then, with the engines stopped, we got out and he took off inspection covers and pointed out various details. Carburetors, sparking plugs, and many other things.

That evening I met his friends as promised. They were, of course, Chinese. They were all connected with the army. One of them told me that he knew Chiang Kai-Shek well, and, he said, the Generalissimo was trying to raise the nucleus of a technical army. Trying to raise the general standard of the services in the Chinese army. He said that in a few days' time one or two planes, smaller planes, would arrive at Chungking. They were planes, he told me, which had been purchased from the Americans. After that I had

little thought in my head beyond flying. How could I get to one of these craft? How could I make it go up in the air? How could I learn to fly?

Huang and I were leaving the hospital a few days later when out of the heavy clouds stretching above our heads darted two silver shapes, two single-seater fighter planes which had come from Shanghai as promised. They circled over Chungking, and circled again. Then, as if they had just spotted exactly where to land, they dived down in close formation. We wasted no time. We hurried down the street of steps, and made our way across to the sand. There were two Chinese pilots standing beside their machines, busily engaged in polishing off marks of their flight through dirty clouds. Huang and I approached them, and made our presence known to the leader of the two, a Captain Po Ku. Huang had made it very clear to me that nothing would induce him to go up into the air again. He had thought that: he would die after his first-and last-flight.

Captain Po Ku said, "Ah, yes, I have heard about you. I was actually wondering how to get in touch with you." And I was much flattered thereby. We talked for a time: He pointed out the differences between this machine and the passenger machine which we had seen before. This, as he pointed out, was a machine with a single seat, and one engine, but the other had been a three-engine type. We had little time to stay then, because we had to deal with our rounds, and it was with extreme reluctance that we left. The next day we had half a day off and we made our way again, as early as possible, to the two planes. I asked the Captain when he was going to teach me to fly as promised. He said, "Oh, I could not possibly do that. I am just here by order of Chiang Kai-Shek. We are showing these planes." I kept on at him for that day, and when I saw him the day after he said, "You can sit in the machine, if you like. You will find that quite satisfying. Sit in and try the controls. This is how they work, look." And he stood on the wing root and pointed out the controls to me, showed me how they worked. They were much the same

as those of the three-engine machine, but of course much simpler. That evening we took him and his companion—they left a guard of police on the machine—to the temple which was our home, and although I worked on them very hard I could not get any statement at all about when they were going to teach me to fly. He said, “Oh, you may have to wait a long time. It takes months of training. It's impossible to fly a thing straight off as you want to. You would have to go to ground school, you would have to fly in a dual-seat machine, and you would have to do many hours before you were allowed in a plane such as ours.”

The next day at the end of the afternoon we went down again. Huang and I crossed the river and landed on the sand. The two men were quite alone with their machine. The two machines were many yards apart. Apparently there was something wrong with that of Po Ku's friend, because he had got the engine cowling off, and tools were all over the place. Po Ku himself had the engine of his machine turning over. He was adjusting it. He stopped it, made an adjustment, and started it again. It went “phut-phut-phut” and did not run at all evenly. He was oblivious to us, as he stood on the wing, and fiddled about with the engine. Then, as the motor purred evenly, smoothly, like a well-pleased cat, he straightened up, wiping his hands on a piece of oily waste. He looked happy. He was turning to speak to us when his companion called urgently to him from the other plane. Po Ku went to stop the motor but the other pilot waved his hands frantically, so he just dropped to the ground from the wing and hurried off.

I looked at Huang. I said, “Ah ha, he said I could sit in, did he not? Well, I will sit in.” “Lobsang,” said Huang, “You are not thinking of anything rash are you?” “Not at all,” I replied. “I could fly that thing, I know all about it.” “But, man,” said Huang, “you'll kill yourself.” “Rubbish!” I said. “Haven't I flown kites? Haven't I been up in the air, and been free from air-sickness?” Poor Huang looked a bit crestfallen at that because his own airmanship was not at all good.

I looked toward the other plane, but the two pilots were far too busy to bother with me. They were kneeling on the sand doing something to part of an engine, obviously they were quite engrossed. There was no one else about except Huang, so—I walked up to the plane. As I had seen the others do I kicked away the chocks in front of the wheels and hastily jumped in as the plane began to roll. The controls had been explained to me a few times and I knew which was the throttle, I knew what to do. I slammed it hard forward, hard against the stop, so hard that I nearly sprained my left wrist. The engine roared under full power as if it would tear itself free. Then we were off absolutely speeding down that strip of yellow sand. I saw a flash where water and sand met. For a moment I felt panic, then I remembered: pull back. I pulled back on the control column hard, the nose rose, the wheels just kissed the waves and made spray, we were up. It felt as if an immense, powerful hand was pressing beneath me, pushing me up. The engine roared and I thought, “Must not let it go too fast, must throttle it back or it will fall to pieces.” So I pulled the throttle control a quarter way back and the engine note became less. I looked over the side of the plane, and had quite a shock. A long way below were the white cliffs of Chungking. I was high, really high, so high that I could hardly pick out where I was. I was getting higher all the time. White cliffs, of Chungking? Where? Goodness! If I go any higher I shall fly out of the world, I thought. Just then there was a terrible shuddering, and I felt as if I was falling to pieces. The control in my hand was wrenched from my grasp. I was flung against the side of the machine which tilted, and lurched violently, and went spinning down to earth. For a moment I knew utter fright. I said to myself “You've done it this time, Lobsang, my boy. You've been too clever for yourself. A few more seconds and they'll scrape you off the rock. Oh, why did I ever leave Tibet?” Then I reasoned out from what I had heard and from my kite flying experience. A spin; controls cannot operate, I must give full throttle to try and get some directional control. No sooner had I thought of it than I pushed the

throttle right forward again, and the engine roared anew. Then I grabbed the wildly thrashing control and braced myself against the back of the seat. With my hands and my knees I forced that control forward. The nose dropped startlingly, as if the bottom had fallen out of the world. I had no safety belt and if I had not been clinging on very tightly to the controls I would have been shot out. It felt as if there were ice in my veins, as if someone was pushing snow down my back. My knees became strangely weak, the engine roared, the whine getting higher and higher. I was bald, but I am sure that had I not been the hair would have stood absolutely on end in spite of the air-stream. "Ouch, fast enough," I said to myself, and gently, oh, so gently, in case it broke off, I eased back that control. Gradually, terrifying slowly, the nose came up, and up, but in my excitement I forgot to level off. Up went the nose until the strange feeling made me look down, or was it up? I found the whole earth was above my head! For a moment I was completely at a loss to know what had happened. Then the plane gave a lurch and turned over into a dive again, so that the earth, the hard world beneath, was directly in front of the propeller. I had turned a somersault. I had flown upside down, braced on hands and knees in the cockpit, hanging upside down with no safety belt, and definitely without much hope. I admit I was frightened but I thought, "Well, if I can stay on the back of a horse, I can stay in a machine." So I let the nose drop some more and then gradually pulled back the stick. Again I felt as if a mighty hand was pushing me; this time, though, I pulled back the stick slowly, carefully, watching the ground all the time, and I was able to level off the plane in even flight. For a moment or two I just sat there, mopping the perspiration from my brow, thinking what a terrible affair it had been; first going straight down, then going straight up, then flying upside down, and now I did not know where I was.

I looked over the side, I peered at the ground, I turned round and round, and I hadn't got the vaguest idea where I was. I might have been in the Gobi Desert. At last, when

I had just about given up hope, inspiration struck me—just about everything in the cockpit had as well!—the river, where was it? Obviously, I thought, if I can find the river then I either go left or right, eventually I will go somewhere. So I turned the plane in a gentle circle, peering into the distance. At last I saw a faint silver thread on the horizon. I turned the plane in that direction, and kept it there. I pushed forward the throttle to get there more quickly, and then I pulled the throttle back again in case something broke off with all the noise I was making. I wasn't feeling too happy at this time. I had found that I was doing everything in extremes. I had pushed forward the throttle, the nose would rise with alarming rapidity, or I would pull back the throttle and the nose would fall with even more alarming suddenness. So now I was trying everything gently; it was a new attitude which I had adopted for the occasion.

When I was right over it, I turned again, and flew along that river, seeking the cliffs of Chungking. It was most bewildering. I could not find the place. Then I decided to come lower. Lower I circled, and circled, peering over the side looking for those white cliffs with the gashes which were the steep steps, looking for the terraced fields. They were hard to find. At last it dawned upon me that all those little specks on the river were the ships about Chungking. A little paddle steamer, the sampans, and the junks. So I went lower still. Then I saw a mere sliver of sand. Down I went spiraling down like a hawk spiraling down in search of prey. The sandy spit became larger, and larger. Three men were looking up, petrified with horror, three men, Po Ku and his fellow pilot and Huang, feeling quite certain, as they later told me, that they had lost a plane. But now I was fairly confident, too confident. I had got up in the air, I had flown upside down, I had found Chungking. Now, I thought I am the world's best pilot. Just then I had an itch in my left leg where there was a bad scar from the time when I was burned in the lamasery. Unconsciously I suppose I twitched my leg; the plane rocked, a tornado of wind struck my left cheek, the nose went down as the wing tilted, and

soon I was in a screaming sideslip. Once again I pushed forward the throttle and gingerly pulled back on the control column. The plane shuddered and the wings vibrated. I thought they were going to fall off! By a miracle they held. The plane bucked like an angry horse, and then slid into level flight. My heart was fairly pounding at the effort and with the fright. I flew again in a circle over the little patch of sand. "Well, now," I thought to myself, "I've got to land the thing. How am I going to do that?" The river here was a mile wide. To me it looked as if it was inches and the little patch on which I had to land was diminutive. I circled wondering what to do. Then I remembered what they had told me, how they had explained flying. So I looked for some smoke to see which way the wind was blowing, because they had told me I had to land into wind. It was blowing up-river, I saw by a bonfire which had been lit on the bank of the river. I turned and flew up-stream, up many miles, and then I reversed my course, so that I was facing down-river and into wind. As I flew towards Chungking I gradually eased back the throttle so that I was going slower and slower, and so that the plane would sink and sink. Once I eased it back too much, and the machine stalled and rocked, and dropped like a stone, leaving my heart and stomach, or so it felt, hanging on a cloud. Very quickly indeed I pushed forward the throttle and pulled back the control column, but I had to turn round again and make my way up-river once more, and start all over again. I was getting tired of this flying business, and wishing that I had never started it at all. It was one thing, I thought, to get it up in the air, but a very different thing to get down—in one piece.

The roaring of the engine was becoming monotonous. I was thankful to see Chungking coming in sight again. I was low now, going slowly, just above the river, between huge rocks which often looked white, but now, through the oblique rays of the sun, looked a greenish black. As I approached the sandy spit in the middle of the too narrow river—I could have done with several miles of width!—I saw three figures hopping up and down with excitement. I was so interested watching them that I just forgot all about

landing. By the time it had occurred to me that this was the place I had to alight, it had passed beneath my wheels, beneath the tail skid. So, with a sigh of weary resignation, I pushed that hated throttle forward to gain speed. I pulled back on the control to gain height, and went over in a sharp left swing. Now I was facing up-river again, sick of the scenery, sick of Chungking, sick of everything.

I turned once more down-river, and into wind. Across to the right I saw a beautiful sight. The sun was going down, and it was red, red and huge. Going down. It reminded me that I had to go down too, and I thought I would go down and crash and die, and I felt to myself that I was not yet ready to join the Gods, there was so much to be done. This reminded me of the Prophecy, and I knew that I had nothing more to worry about. The Prophecy! Of course I would land safely and all would be well.

Thinking of that almost made me forget Chungking. Here, it was nearly beneath the left wing. I gently eased on the rudder-bar to make sure that the sandy spit of yellow sand was dead in front of the engine. I slowed down more, and more. The plane gradually sank. I pulled back the throttle so that I was about ten feet above the water as the engine note died. To be sure that there was no fire if I crashed I switched off the engine. Then, very, very gently, I pushed forward the control column to lose more height. Straight in front of the engine I saw sand and water as if I was aiming directly at it. So gently I pulled back the control column. There was a tug, and a jar, then a bounce. Once again a scraping noise, a tug, and a jar, and then a rumbling creak as if everything was falling to pieces. I was on the ground. The plane had just about landed itself. For a moment I sat quite still, hardly believing that it was all over, that the noise of the engine was not really there, but that it was just imagination in my ears. Then I looked around. Po Ku and his companion and Huang came racing up, red in the face with the effort, breathless. They skidded to a stop just beneath me. Po Ku looked at me, looked at the plane,

looked at me again. Then he went really pale-faced with shock and utter relief. He was so relieved that he was quite unable to be angry. After a long, long interval Po Ku said, "That settles it. You will have to join the Force or I shall get into very serious trouble." "All right," I said, "suits me fine. There's nothing in this flying business. But I would like to learn the approved method!" Po Ku turned red in the face again, and then laughed. "You're a born pilot, Lob-sang Rampa," he said. "You'll get your chance to learn to fly.' So that was the first step toward leaving Chungking. As a surgeon and as a pilot my services would be of use elsewhere.

Later in the day, when we were talking over the whole matter, I asked Po Ku why, if he had been so worried, he did not come up in the other plane to show me the way back. He said, "I wanted to, but you had flown off with the starter and all, so I could not."

Huang, of course, spread the story, as did Po Ku and his companion, and for several days I was the talk of the college and of the hospital, much to my disgust. Dr. Lee sent for me officially to administer a severe reprimand, but officially to congratulate me. He said that he would have liked to have done a thing like that himself in his younger years, but "There were no aircraft in my young days, Rampa. We had to go by horse or by foot." He said that now it fell to the lot of a wild Tibetan to give him the best thrill that he had had for years. He added, "Rampa, what did their auras look like as you flew over them and they thought that you were going to crash on them?" He had to laugh as I said that they looked completely terrified and their auras had contracted to a pale blue blot, shot through with maroon red streaks. I said, "I am glad there was no one there to see what my aura was like. It must have been terrible. Certainly it felt so."

Not so long after this I was approached by a representative of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek and offered the opportunity to learn to fly properly and be commissioned in the Chinese Forces. The officer who came to me said, "If we have time before the Japanese invade seriously, we would like to establish a special corps so that those people

who are injured and cannot be moved can receive help from men of the air who are also surgeons.” So it came about that I had other things to study beside human bodies. I had to study oil circulation as well as the circulation of the blood. I had to study the framework of aircraft as well as the skeletons of humans. They were of equal interest and they had many points in common.

So the years went on, and I became a qualified doctor and a qualified pilot, trained in both, working in a hospital and flying in my spare time. Huang dropped out of it. He was not interested in flying and the mere thought of a plane made him turn pale. Po Ku, instead, stayed with me because it had been seen how well we got on together and we made indeed a satisfactory team.

Flying was a wonderful sensation. It was glorious to be high up in an aeroplane, and to switch off the engine and to glide and to soar in the way that the birds did. It was so much like astral travelling which I do and which anyone else can do provided their heart is reasonably healthy and they will have the patience to persevere.

Do YOU know what astral travelling is? Can YOU recall the pleasures of soaring, of drifting over the house top going across the oceans, perhaps, to some far distant land? We can all do it. It is merely when the more spiritual part of the body casts aside its physical covering, and soars into other dimensions and visits other parts of the world at the end of its “silver cord.” There is nothing magical about it, nothing wrong. It is natural and wholesome, and in days gone by all men could travel astrally without let or hindrance. The Adepts of Tibet and many of India travel in their astral from place to place, and there is nothing strange in it. In religious books the world over, the Bibles of all religions, there is mention of such things as “the silver cord” and the “golden bowl.” This so-called silver cord is merely a shaft of energy, radiant energy, which is capable of infinite extension. It is not a material cord like a muscle, or artery, or piece of string, but it is life itself, is the energy which connects the physical body and the astral body.

Man has many bodies. For the moment we are interested

only in the physical and in the next stage, the astral. We may think that when we are in a different state we can walk through walls, or fall through floors. We can, but we can only walk or fall through floors of a different density. In the astral stage things of this everyday world are no barrier to our passage. Doors of a house would not keep one in or keep one out. But in the astral world there are also doors and walls which to us in the astral are as solid, as containing, as the doors and walls of this earth are to the physical body.

Have YOU seen a ghost? If so it was probably an astral entity, perhaps an astral projection of someone you know, or someone visiting you from another part of the world. You may, at some time, have had a particularly vivid dream. You may have dreamed that you were floating like a balloon, up into the sky, held by a string, a cord. You may have been able to look down from the sky, from the other end of this cord, and have found that your body was rigid, pallid, immovable. If you kept at that disconcerting sight you may have found yourself floating, floating off, drifting like a piece of thistledown on a breeze. A little later you may have found yourself in some distant land, or some remote district known to you. If you thought anything about it in the morning you would probably put it down as a dream. It was astral travelling.

Try this: when you go to sleep at night think vividly that you are going to visit someone you know well. Think of how you are going to visit that person. It may be someone in the same town. Well, as you are lying down keep quite still, relaxed, at ease. Shut your eyes and imagine yourself floating off the bed, out through the window, and floating over the street—knowing that nothing can hurt you—knowing that you cannot fall. In your imagination follow the exact line that you will take, street by street, until you get to the house that you want. Then imagine how you are going to enter the house. Doors do not bother you now, remember, nor do you have to knock. You will be able to see your friend, the person whom you have come to visit. That is, you will be able to if your motives are pure. There

is no difficulty at all, nothing dangerous, nothing harmful. There is only one law: your motives must be pure.

Here it is again, repetition if you like, but it is much better to approach it from one or two view-points so that you can see how utterly simple this is. As you lie upon your bed, alone with no one to disturb you, with your bedroom door locked so that no one can come in, keep calm. Imagine that you are gently disengaging from your body. There is no harm, nothing can hurt you. Imagine that you hear various little creaks and that there are numerous jolts, small jolts, as your spiritual force leaves the physical and solidifies above.

Imagine that you are forming a body the exact counterpart of your physical body, and that it is floating above the physical, weightlessly. You will experience a slight swaying, a minute rise and fall. There is nothing to be afraid of, there is nothing to worry about. This is natural, harmless. As you keep calm you will find that gradually your now-freed spirit will drift until you float a few feet off. Then you can look down at yourself, at your physical body. You will see that your physical and your astral bodies are connected by a shining silver cord, a bluish silver cord, which pulsates with life, with the thoughts that go from physical to astral, and from astral to physical. Nothing can hurt you so long as your thoughts are pure.

Nearly everyone has had an experience of astral travelling. Cast your mind back and think if you can remember this: have you ever been asleep and had the impression that you were swaying, falling, falling, and then you awoke with a jolt just before you crashed into the ground? That was astral travelling done the wrong way, the unpleasant way. There is no need for you to suffer that inconvenience or unpleasantness. It was caused by the difference in vibration between the physical and the astral bodies. It may have been that when you were floating down to enter the physical body after making a journey, some noise, some draught, or some interruption, caused a slight discrepancy in position and the astral body came down to the physical body

not exactly in the right position, so there was a jolt, a jar. You can liken it to stepping off a moving bus. The bus, which is, let us say, the astral body, is doing ten miles an hour. The ground, which we will call the physical body, does not move. In the short space between leaving the bus platform and hitting the ground you have to slow down or experience a jerk. So, if you have had this falling sensation; then you have had astral travelling even if you did not know it, because the jerk of coming back to what one would call a "bad landing" would erase the memory of what you did, of what you saw. In any event, without training you could have been asleep when you were astral travelling. So you would have merely thought that you had dreamed, "I dreamed last night that I visited such-and-such a place, and saw so-and-so." How many times have you said that? All a dream! But was it? With a little practice you can do astral travelling when you are fully awake and you can, retain the memory of what you saw, and what you did. The big disadvantage of course with astral travelling is just this: when you travel in the astral you can take nothing with you, nor can you take anything back, so it is a waste of time to think that you will go somewhere by astral travelling, because you cannot even take money, not even a handkerchief, but only your spirit.

People with bad hearts should not practice astral travelling. For them it could be dangerous. But there is no danger whatever for those with sound hearts, because so long as our motives are pure so long as you do not contemplate evil or gain over another, no harm whatever can happen.

Do you want to travel astrally? This is the easiest way to set about it. First of all remember this: it is the first law of psychology, and it stipulates that in any battle between the will and the imagination, the imagination always wins. So always imagine that you can do a thing; and if you imagine it strongly enough you can do it. You can do anything. Here is an example to make it clear.

Anything that you really imagine you can do, that you can do, no matter how difficult or impossible it is to the

onlooker. Anything which your imagination tells you is impossible, then, to you it is impossible no matter how much your will tries to force you on. Think of it in this way; there are two houses thirty-five feet high, and ten feet apart. A plank is stretched between them at roof level. The plank is, perhaps, two feet wide. If you want to walk across that plank your imagination would cause you to picture all the hazards, the wind causing you to sway, or perhaps something in the wood causing you to stumble. You might, your imagination says, become giddy, but no matter the cause your imagination tells you that the journey would be impossible for you, you would fall and be killed. Well, no matter how hard you try, if you once imagine that you cannot do it, then do it you cannot, and that simple little walk across the plank would be an impossible journey for you. No amount of will power at all would enable you to cross safely. Yet, if that plank was on the ground you could walk its length without the slightest hesitation. Which wins in a case like this? Will power? Or imagination Again, if you imagine that you can walk the plank between the two houses, then you can do it easily, it does not matter at all if the wind is blowing or even if the plank shakes, so long as you imagine that you can cross safely. People walk tight ropes, perhaps they even cross on a cycle, but no will power would make them do it. It is just imagination.

It is an unfortunate thing that we have to call this "imagination," because, particularly in the west, that indicates something fanciful, something unbelievable, and yet imagination is the strangest force on earth. Imagination can make a person think he is in love, and love thus becomes the second strongest force. We should call it controlled imagination. Whatever we call it we must always remember: in any battle between the will and the imagination, the imagination ALWAYS WINS. In the east we do not bother about will power, because will power is a snare, a trap, which chains men to earth. We rely on controlled imagination, and we get results.

If you have to go to the dentist for an extraction, you imagine the horrors that await you there, the absolute

agony, you imagine every step of the extraction. Perhaps the insertion of the needle, and the jerking as the anaesthetic is pumped in, and then the probing about of the dentist. You imagine yourself fainting, or screaming, or bleeding to death, or something. All nonsense, of course, but very, very real to you, and when you get into the chair you suffer a lot of pain which is quite unnecessary. This is an example of imagination wrongly used. That is not controlled imagination, it is imagination run wild, and no one should permit that.

Women will have been told shocking tales about the pains, the dangers, of having children. At the time of the birth the mother-to-be; thinking of all these pains to come, tenses herself, makes herself rigid, so that she gets a twinge of pain. That convinces her that what she imagined is perfectly true, that having a baby is a very painful affair, so she tenses some more, and gets another pain, and in the end she has a perfectly horrible time. Not so in the east. People imagine that having a baby is easy, and painless, and so it is. Women in the east have their babies, and perhaps go on with their housework a few hours after, because they know how to control imagination.

You have heard of "brain-washing" as practiced by the Japanese, and by the Russians? That is a process of preying upon one's imagination, and of causing one to imagine things which the captor wants one to imagine. This is the captor's method of controlling the prisoner's imagination, so that the prisoner will admit anything at all even if such admission costs the prisoner's life. Controlled imagination avoids all this because the victim who is being brain-washed, or even tortured, can imagine something else, and then the ordeal is perhaps not so great, certainly the victim does not succumb to it.

Do you know the process of feeling a pain? Let us stick a pin into a finger. Well, we put the point of the pin against the flesh, and we wait with acute apprehension the moment when the point of the pin will penetrate the skin. and a spurt of blood will follow. We concentrate all our energies on examining the spot. If we had a pain in our foot we would forget all about it in the process of sticking a pin in

a finger. We concentrate the whole of our imagination upon that finger, upon the point of that pin. We imagine the pain it will cause to the exclusion of all else. Not so the Easterner who has been trained. He does not dwell upon the finger or the perforation to follow, he dissipates his imagination—controlled imagination—all over the body, so that the pain which is actually caused to the finger is spread out over the whole of the body, and so in such a small thing as a pin-prick it is not felt at all. That is controlled imagination. I have seen people with a bayonet stuck in them. They have not fainted, or screamed, because they knew the bayonet thrust was coming, and they imagined something else—controlled imagination again—and the pain was spread throughout the whole body area, instead of being localized, so the victim was able to survive the pain of the bayonet thrust.

Hypnotism is another good example of imagination. In this the person who is being hypnotized surrenders his imagination to the person who is hypnotizing. The person being hypnotized imagines that he is succumbing to the influence of the other. He imagines that he is becoming drowsy, that he is falling under the influence of the hypnotist. So, if the hypnotist is sufficiently persuasive, and convinces the imagination of the patient, the patient succumbs, and becomes pliable to the commands of the hypnotist, and that is all there is to it. In the same way, if a person goes in for auto-hypnosis, he merely imagines that he is falling under the influence of—HIMSELF! And so he does become controlled by his Greater Self. This imagination, of course, is the basis of faith cures; people build up, and build up, and imagine that if they visit such-and-such a place, or are treated by such-and-such a person, they will get cured on the instant. Their imagination, in such a case, really does issue commands to the body, and so a cure is effected, and that cure is permanent so long as the imagination retains command, so long as no doubt of the imagination creeps in.

Just one more homely little example, because this matter of controlled imagination is the most important thing that you can ever understand. Controlled imagination can mean

difference between success and failure, health and illness. But here it is; have you ever been riding a cycle on an absolutely straight, open road, and then ahead of you seen a big stone, perhaps a few feet from your front wheel? You might have thought, "Oh, I can't avoid that!" And sure enough you could not. Your front wheel would wobble, and no matter how you tried you would quite definitely run into that stone just like a piece of iron being drawn to a magnet. No amount of will power at all would enable you to avoid that stone. Yet if you imagined that you could avoid it, then avoid it you would. No amount of will power enables you to avoid that stone. Remember that most important rule, because it can mean all the difference in the world to you. If you go on willing yourself to do a thing when the imagination opposes it, you will cause a nervous breakdown. That actually is the cause of many of these mental illnesses. Present-day conditions are quite difficult, and a person tries to subdue his imagination (instead of controlling it) by the exercise of will power. There is an inner conflict, inside the mind, and eventually a nervous breakdown occurs. The person can become neurotic, or even insane. The mental homes are absolutely filled with patients who have willed themselves to do a thing when their imagination thought otherwise. And yet, it is a very simple matter indeed to control the imagination, and to make it work for one. It is imagination—controlled imagination—which enables a man to climb a high mountain, or to fly a very fast plane and break a record, and do any of those feats which we read about. Controlled imagination. The person imagines that he can do this, or can do that, and so he can. He has the imagination telling him that he can, and he has the will "willing" him to do it. That means complete success. So, if you want to make your path an easy one and your life pleasant in the same way as the Easterner does, forget about will power, it is just a snare, and a delusion. Remember only controlled imagination. What you imagine, that you can do. Imagination, faith, are they not one?

## CHAPTER FIVE

### *The Other Side of Death*

OLD Tsong-tai was dead, curled up as if he were asleep. We were all sick at heart. The ward was hushed with sympathy. We knew death, we were facing death and suffering all day long, sometimes all night long too. But old song-tai was dead.

I looked down at his lined brown face, at the skin drawn tight like parchment over a framework, like the string drawn tight on a kite as it hummed in the wind. Old Tsong-tai was a gallant old gentleman. I looked down at this thin face, his noble head, and the sparse white hairs of his beard. Years before he had been a high-ranking official at the Palace of the Emperors in Peking. Then had come the revolution and the old man had been driven away in the terrible aftermath of war and of civil war. He had made his way to Chungking, and had set up as a market gardener, starting again from the bottom, scratching a bare existence from the hard soil. He had been an educated old man, one to whom it was a delight to talk. Now his voice was stilled forever. We had worked hard to save him.

The hard life which he had had, had proved too much for him. One day he had been working in his field, and he had dropped. For hours he had lain there, too ill to move, to ill to call for assistance. They had come for us eventually, when it was too late. We had taken the old man to the hospital and I had tended him, my friend. Now there was nothing more that I could do except see that he had burial of the type that he would want to have, and to see too that his aged wife was freed from want.

I lovingly closed his eyes, the eyes that would no longer

gaze at me quizzically as I plied him with questions. I made sure that the bandage was tight around his jaws so that his mouth would not sag, the mouth that had given me so much encouragement, so much teaching in Chinese and Chinese history, for it had been my wont to call upon the old man of an evening, to take him little things, and to talk with him as one man to another. I drew the sheet over him and straightened up. The day was far advanced. It was long past the hour at which I should have left, for I had been on duty for more than seventeen hours, trying to help, trying to cure.

I made my way up the hill, past the shops so brightly lighted, for it was dark. I went on past the last of the houses. The sky was cloudy. Below in the harbor the water had been lashing up at the quay side and the ships were rocking and tossing at their moorings.

The wind moaned and sighed through the pine trees as I walked along the road toward the lamasery. For some reason I shivered. I was oppressed with a horrid dread. I could not get the thought of death out of my mind. Why should people have to die so painfully? The clouds overhead scurried swiftly by like people intent on their business obscuring the face of the moon, blowing clear, allowing shafts of moonlight to illuminate the dark fir trees. Then the clouds would come together again and the light would be shut off, and all would be gloomy, and dark, and foreboding. I shivered.

As I walked along the road my footsteps echoed hollowly in the silence, echoed as if someone were following me close behind. I was ill at ease, again I shivered and drew my robe more tightly around me. "Must be sickening for something, I said to myself. "I really feel most peculiar. Can't think what it can be." Just then I came to the entrance of the little path through the trees, the little path which led up the hill to the lamasery. I turned right, away from the main road. For some moments I walked along until I came to a little clearing at the side of the path where a fallen tree had brought others crashing down. Now, one was flat upon the ground and the others lay at crazy angles. "I think I'll sit down for a moment. Don't know what's happened to me."

I said to myself. With that I turned into the clearing and looked for a clean place upon the trunk of a tree. I sat down and tucked my robes around my legs to protect me from the chill wind. It was eerie. All the small sounds of the night broke in upon me, queer shudders, squeaks, and rustles. Just then scurrying clouds overhead parted, and a brilliant beam of moonlight flooded into the clearing, illuminating all as if in the clearest day. It seemed strange to me, light, moonlight as bright as that, as bright as the brightest sunlight. I shivered, then jumped to my feet in alarm. A man was approaching through the trees at the other side of the clearing. I stared in utter incredulity. It was a Tibetan lama. A lama was coming toward me with blood pouring from his chest, staining his robes, his hands too were covered with blood, dripping red. He walked toward me, and I reeled back and almost tripped over the bole of a tree. I sank down and sat in terror. "Lobsang, Lobsang, are you afraid of ME?" a well-known voice exclaimed. I stood up, rubbed my eyes, and then rushed toward that figure. "Stop!" he said. "You cannot touch me. I have come to say goodbye to you, for this day I have finished my span upon the earth, and I am about to depart. Shall we sit and talk?" I turned, humbly, heart-broken, stunned, and resumed my seat upon the fallen tree. Overhead the clouds whirled by, the leaves of the trees rustled, a night bird flitted overhead intent only on food, upon prey, oblivious to us, and our business. Somewhere at the end of the trunk upon which we sat some small creature of the night rustled and squeaked as it turned over rotting vegetation in search of food. Here in this desolate clearing, wind-swept, and bleak, I sat and talked with a ghost, the ghost of my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, who had returned from beyond Life to talk to me.

He sat beside me as he had sat beside me so many times before away in Lhasa. He sat not touching me, perhaps three yards' distance from me. "Before you left Lhasa, Lobsang, you asked me to tell you when my span upon earth had finished. My span has now finished. Here I am."

I looked at him, the man I knew above all others. I looked at him and I could hardly believe—even with all my experience of such things—that this man was no longer of the flesh, but a spirit, that his silver cord had been severed, and the golden bowl shattered. He looked to me to be solid, entire, as I had known him. He was dressed in his robes, in his brick red cassock with the golden cloak. He looked tired as if he had traveled far and painfully. I could see well that for a long time past he had neglected his own welfare in the service of others. “How wan he looks,” I thought. Then he partly turned, in a habit that I so well remembered, and as he did so I saw, a dagger in his back. He shrugged slightly and settled himself, and faced me. I froze with horror as I saw that the point of the dagger was protruding from his chest, and the blood had poured from the wound, had run down and saturated the golden robe. Before it had been as a blur to me, I had not taken in the details, I had just seen a lama with blood on his chest, blood on his hands, but now I was gazing more closely. The hands I saw were blood-stained where he had clutched himself as the dagger came through his chest. I shivered and my blood ran cold within me. He saw my gaze, he saw the horror in my face, and he said, “I came like this deliberately, Lobsang, so that you could see what happened. Now that you have seen me thus, see me as I am.” The blood-stained form vanished in a flash, a flash of golden light, and then it was replaced by a vision of surpassing beauty and purity. It was a Being who had advanced far upon the path of evolution. One who had attained Buddhahood.

Then as clear as the sound of a temple bell, his voice came to me, not perhaps to my physical ears but to my inner consciousness. A voice of beauty, resonant, full of power, full of life, Greater Life. “My time is short, Lobsang, I must soon be on my way, for there are those who await me. But you, my friend, my companion in so many adventures, I had to visit you first, to cheer you, to reassure you, and to say ‘Farewell’ for a time. Lobsang, we have talked so long together in the past on these matters. Again I say to you, your way will be hard, and dangerous, and

long, but you will succeed in spite of all, in spite of the opposition and the jealousy of the men of the West.”

For a long time we talked; talked of things too intimate to discuss. I was warm and comfortable, the clearing was filled with a golden glow, brighter than the brightest sunlight, and the warmth was the warmth of a summer noon. I was filled with true Love. Then, suddenly, my Guide, my beloved Lama Mingyar Dondup, rose to his feet, but his feet were not in contact with the earth. He stretched out his hands above my head and gave me his blessing, and he said, “I shall be watching over you, Lobsang, to help you as much as I can, but the way is hard, the blows will be many and even before this day has ended you will receive yet another blow. Bear up, Lobsang, bear up as you have borne up in the past. My blessing be upon you.” I raised my eyes, and before my gaze he faded and was gone, the golden light died and was no more, and the shadows of night rushed in and the wind was cold. Overhead the clouds raced by in angry turmoil. Small creatures of the night chattered and rustled. There was a squeak of terror from some victim of a larger creature as it breathed its last.

For a moment I stood as if stunned. Then I flung myself the ground beside the tree trunk, and clawed at the moss, and for a time I was not a man in spite of all my training, in spite of all I knew. Then I seemed to hear within me that dear voice once again. “Be of good cheer, my Lobsang, be of good cheer for this is not the end, for all that for which we strive is worthwhile and shall be. This is not the end.” So I rose shakily to my feet, and I composed my thoughts, and I brushed off my robe, and wiped my hands from the mud on the ground.

Slowly I continued my journey up the path, up the hill, to the lamasery. “Death,” I thought, “I have been to the other side of death myself, but I returned. My Guide has gone beyond recall, beyond my reach. Gone, and I am alone, alone.” So, with such thoughts in my mind I reached the lamasery. At the entrance were a number of monks who had just returned by other paths. Blindly I brushed by

them, and made my way along into the darkness of the temple where the sacred images gazed at me and seemed to have understanding and compassion on their carved faces. I looked upon the Tablets of the Ancestors, the red banners with the golden ideographs, upon the ever-burning incense with its fragrant swirl of smoke hanging like a somnolent cloud between the floor and the high ceiling far overhead. I made my way to a distant corner, to a truly sacred spot, and I heard again, "Be of good cheer, Lobsang, be of good cheer, for this is not the end and that for which we strive is worthwhile and shall be. Be of good cheer." I sank down in the lotus position, and I dwelt upon the past and upon the present. How long I stayed thus I do not know. My world was toppling around me. Hardships were pressing upon me. My beloved Guide had gone from this world, but he had told me, "This is not the end, it is all worthwhile." Around me monks went about their business dusting, preparing, lighting fresh incense, chanting, but none came to disturb my grief as I sat alone.

The night wore on. Monks made preparation for a service. The Chinese monks in their black robes with their shaven heads with the incense marks burned into their skulls, looked like ghosts in the light of the flickering butter lamps. The priest of the temple in his five-faced Buddha crown came chanting by as the temple bugles were sounded and the silver bells were rung. I slowly rose to my feet and made my reluctant way to the Abbot. With him I discussed what had happened, and asked to be excused from the midnight service, saying that I was too sick at heart, too unwilling to show my grief to the world of the lamasery. He said, "No, my brother. You have cause to rejoice. You have passed beyond death and returned, and this day you have heard from your Guide, and you have seen the living proof of his Buddhahood. My brother you should not feel sorrow for the parting is but temporary. Take the midnight service, my brother, and rejoice that you have seen that which is denied to so many."

"Training is all very well," I thought. "I know as well

as any that death on earth is birth into the Greater life. I know that there is no death, that this is but the World of Illusion, and that the real life is yet to come, when we leave this nightmare stage, this earth, which is but a school to which we come to learn our lessons. Death? There is no such thing. Why then am I so disheartened?" The answer came to me almost before I asked myself the question. I am despondent because I am selfish, because I have lost that which I love, because that which I love is now beyond my reach. I am selfish indeed, for he who has gone has gone to glorious life, while I am still ensnared in the toils of the earth, left to suffer on, to strive on, to do that task for which I came in the same way as a student at a school has to strive on until he has passed his final examinations. Then with new qualifications he can set forth unto the world to learn all over again. I am selfish, I said, for I would keep my beloved Guide here upon this terrible earth for my own selfish gain.

Death? There is nothing to be afraid of in death. It is life of which we should be afraid, life which enables us to make so many mistakes.

There is no need to fear death. There is no need to fear the passing from this life to the Greater Life. There is no need to fear hell, for there is no such place, there is no such thing as a Day of Judgment. Man judges himself, and there is no sterner judge than man of his own infirmities, his own weakness, when he passes beyond life on earth and when the scales of false values drop from his eyes and when he can see Truth: So all you who fear death know this from one who has been beyond death, and has returned. There is naught to fear. There is no Day of Judgment except that which you make yourself. There is no hell. Everyone, no matter who they are, nor what they have done, is given a chance. No one is ever destroyed. No one is ever too bad to be given another chance. We fear the death of others because it deprives us of their well loved company, because we are selfish, and we fear our own death because it is a journey into the Unknown, and that which we do not understand, that which we do not know, that we fear. But—there is no death, there is only birth into a

Greater Life. In the early days of all religions that was the teaching; there is no death, there is only birth into the Greater Life. Through generation after generation of priests the true teaching has been altered, corrupted, until they threaten with fear, with brimstone and sulfur, and tales of hell. They do all this to boost up their own power, to say, "We are the priests, we have the keys of heaven. Obey us or you will go to hell." But I have been to the other side of death and have returned, as have many lamas. We know the truth. We know that always there is hope, No matter what one has done, no matter how guilty one may feel one must strive on for there is always hope. The Abbot of the lamasery had told me, "Take the mid night service, my brother, and tell of that which you have seen this day." I dreaded it. It was indeed an ordeal for me I felt sick at heart. The terrible oppression sat upon me, and I returned to a secluded corner of the temple to my meditation. So that terrible evening wore on, with the minutes feeling like hours, with the hours like days, and I thought I should never live through it. The monks came and went. There was activity around me in the body of the temple, but I was alone with my thoughts, thinking of the past, dreading the future.

But it was not to be. I was not to take the midnight service after all. As my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup had warned me earlier in the evening another blow was yet to fall before the day was ended, a terrible blow. I was meditating in my quiet corner, thinking of the past and of the future. At about 11 o'clock of that night when all was quiet around me, I saw a figure approaching. It was an old, old lama, one of the *élite* of the temple of Lhasa, an old living Buddha who had not much longer to live on this earth. He approached from the deeper shadows where the flickering butter lamps did not penetrate. He approached, and about him was a bluish glow. Around his head the glow was yellow. He approached me with his hands outstretched, palm up, and said, "My son, my son, I have grave tidings for you. The Inmost One, the 13th Dalai Lama, the last of his line, is shortly to pass from this world."

The old man, the lama who visited me, told me that the end of a cycle was approaching, and that the Dalai Lama was to leave. He told me that I should make full haste and return to Lhasa so that I could see him before it was too late. He told me that, then he said, "You must make all haste. Use whatever means you can to return. It is imperative that you leave this night." He looked at me, and I rose to my feet. As I did so he faded, he merged back into the shadows and was no more. His spirit had returned to his body which even then was at the Jo Kang in Lhasa. Events were happening too quickly for me. Tragedy after tragedy, event after event. I felt dazed. My training had been a hard one indeed. I had been taught about life and about death, and about showing no emotion, yet what can one do when one's beloved friends are dying in quick succession? Is one to remain stony hearted, frozen faced, and aloof, or is one to have warm feelings? I loved these men. Old Tsong-tai, my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and the 13th Dalai Lama, now in one day within the space of a few hours I had been told one after the other was dying. Two already were dead, and the third . . . how long before he too went? A few days. I must make haste, I thought, and I turned and made my way from the inner temple into the main body of the lamasery. I went along the stone corridors towards the cell of the Abbot. As I was almost at the turning for his room I heard a sudden commotion and a thud. I hastened my footsteps.

Another lama, Jersi, also from Tibet, not from Lhasa but from Chambo, had had a telepathic message too, by a different lama. He, too, had been urged to leave Chungking and to return with me as my attendant. He was a man who had studied motor vehicles and similar forms of transit. He had been rather too quick; immediately his messenger had departed he had jumped to his feet and raced down the stone corridor towards the Abbot's cell. He had not negotiated the corner but had slipped upon some butter which had been spilled from a lamp by a careless monk. He had slipped and fallen heavily. He broke a leg and an

arm, and as I turned the corner I saw him lying there, gasping, with a shaft of bone protruding.

The Abbot came out of his cell at the noise. Together we knelt beside our fallen brother. The Abbot held his shoulder while I pulled on his wrist to set the broken bone. Then I called for splints and bandages, and soon Jersi was splinted and bandaged—arm and a leg. The leg was rather a different matter because it was a compound fracture and we had to take him to his cell and apply traction. Then I left him in the care of another.

The Abbot and I went to his cell where I told him of the message I had received. I described to him the vision, and he, too, had had a similar impression. So it was agreed that I should leave the lamasery then, at that instant. The Abbot quickly sent for a messenger who went out at a run to get a horse, and to gallop full speed into Chungking on a mission. I stopped only to take food and to have food packed for me. I took spare blankets, and spare robe, then I made my way on foot down the path, past the clearing where earlier that evening I had had such a memorable experience, where I had seen for the last time my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. I walked on, feeling a sharp pang of emotion, fighting to control my feelings, fighting to maintain the imperturbable mien of a lama. So I came to the end of the path where it joined the road. I stood and waited.

Behind me, I thought, in the temple the deep bronze gongs would be calling the monks to service. The tinkle of silver bells will punctuate the responses and the flutes the trumpets will be sounding. Soon upon the night air came the throb of a powerful motor, and over the distant came the bright silver beams of headlamps. A racing car tore toward me and stopped with a squeal of tires on the road. A man jumped out. “Your car, Honorable Lobsang Rampa. Shall I turn it first?” “No,” I replied. “Go down the hill toward the left.” I jumped in beside the driver. The monk who had been summoned by the Abbot had rushed off to Chungking to obtain a driver and powerful car. This was indeed a powerful vehicle, an immense black

American monster. I sat beside the driver and we sped through the night on the road to Chengtu, two hundred miles from Chungking. Ahead of us great pools of light raced from headlamps, showing up the unevenness of the road, illuminating the trees by the side, and making grotesque shadows as if daring us to catch them, as if urging us on faster and faster. The driver, Ejen, was a good driver, well trained, capable and safe. Faster and faster we went with the road a mere blur. I sat back, and thought and thought.

I had in my mind the thought of my beloved Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and the way he had trained me, all that he had done for me. He had been more to me than my own parents. I had in my mind also the thought of my beloved ruler, the 13th Dalai Lama, the last of His line, for the old prophecy said that the 13th Dalai Lama would pass, and with His passing would come a new order to Tibet. In 1950 the Chinese Communists began their invasion of Tibet, but before this the Communist Third Column had been in Lhasa. I thought of all this which I knew was going to happen, I knew this in 1933, I knew it before 1933 because it all followed exactly according to the prophecy.

So we raced on through the night two hundred miles to Chengtu. At Chengtu we got more petrol, we stretched our legs for ten minutes, and had food. Then on we went again, the wild drive through the night, through the darkness from Chengtu to Ya-an, a hundred miles further on, and there, as dawn was breaking, as the first streaks of light were shining in the sky, the road ended, the car could go no further. I went to a lamasery where by telepathy, the message had been received that I was on my way. A horse was ready, a high-spirited horse, one that kicked and reared, but in this emergency I had no time to pander to a horse. I got on, and stayed on, and the horse did my bidding as if it knew of the urgency of our mission. The groom released the bridle and off we shot, up the road, onwards on the way to Tibet. The car would return to Chungking, the driver having the pleasure of a soft speedy ride, while I had to sit in the high wooden saddle and ride on and

on, changing horses after the end of a good run, changing always to high-spirited animals which had plenty of power because I was in a hurry.

There is no need to tell of the trials of that journey, the bitter hardships of one solitary horseman. No need to tell of the crossing of the Yangtse river, and on to the Upper Salween. I raced on and on. It was grueling work riding like this, but I made it in time. I turned through a pass in the mountains, and once again gazed upon the golden roofs of the Potala. I gazed upon the domes which hid the earthly remains of other bodies of the Dalai Lama, and I thought how soon would there be another dome concealing another body.

I rode on, and crossed again the Happy River. It was not happy for me this time. I crossed it and went along and I was in time. The hard, rushed journey had not been in vain. I was there for all the ceremonials and I took a very active part in them. There was, for me, a further unpleasant incident. A foreigner was there who wanted all consideration for himself. He thought that we were just natives, and that he was lord of all he surveyed. He wanted to be in the front of everything, noticed by all, and because I would not further his selfish aim—he tried to bribe a friend and me with wrist watches!—he has regarded me as an enemy ever since, and has indeed gone out of his way—has gone to extreme lengths—to injure me and mine. However, that has nothing to do with it, except that it shows how right were my Tutors when they warned me of jealousy.

They were very sad days indeed for us, and I do not propose to write about the ceremonial nor about the disposal of the Dalai Lama. It will suffice to say that his body was preserved according to our ancient method, and placed in a sitting position, facing the South as demanded by tradition. Time after time the head would turn toward the East. Many consider this to be a pointer from beyond death, saying that we must look toward the East. Well, the Chinese invaders came from the East to disrupt Tibet. That turning to the East was indeed a sign, a warning. If only we could have heeded it!

I went again to the home of my parents. Old Tzu had died. Many of the people that I had known were changed. All was strange there. It was not a home to me. I was just a caller, a stranger, a high lama, a high dignitary of the temple who had returned temporarily from China. I was kept waiting to see my parents. At last I was conducted to them. Talk was forced, the atmosphere was strained. I was no longer a son of the house, but a stranger. But not quite a stranger in the sense that is usually meant, for my father conducted me to his private room, and there he took from its safe stronghold our Record, and carefully unwrapped it from its golden covering. Without a word I signed my name, the last entry. I signed my name, my rank, and my new qualifications as a qualified doctor and surgeon. Then the Book was solemnly re-wrapped and replaced in its hiding place beneath the floor. Together we returned to the room in which my mother and my sister sat. I made my farewells and turned away. In the courtyard the grooms were holding my horse. I mounted and passed through the great gates for the last time. It was with a heavy heart that I turned into the Lingkhor Road and made my way to Menzekang, which is the main Tibetan hospital. I had worked here and now I was paying a courtesy call to the huge old monk who was in charge, Chinrobnobo, I knew him well, a nice old man, He had taught me a lot after I had left Iron Hill Medical School. He took me into his room and asked me about Chinese medicine. I said, "They claim in China that they were the first to use acupuncture and moxibustion, but I know better. I have seen in the old records how these two remedies were brought from Tibet to be used in China years and years ago." He was most interested when I told him that the Chinese, and Western powers too, were investigating why these two remedies worked, because work they assuredly did. Acupuncture is a special method of inserting extremely fine needles into various parts of the body. They are so fine that no pain is felt. These needles are inserted and they stimulate various healing reactions. They use radium needles, and claim wonderful cures for it, but we of the East have used acupuncture for centuries with equal

success. We have also used moxibustion. This is a method of preparing various herbs in a tube and igniting one end so that it glows red. This glowing end is brought near to a diseased skin and tissue, and in heating that area the virtue of the herbs passes direct to the tissues with curative effect. These two methods have been proved again and again, but how precisely they work has not been determined.

I looked again into the great storehouse in which were kept the many, many herbs, more than six thousand different types. Most of them unknown to China, unknown to the rest of the world. Tatura, for instance, which is the root of a tree, was a most powerful anaesthetic, and it could keep a person completely anaesthetized for twelve hours at a stretch, and, in the hands of a good practitioner, there would be no undesirable after effects whatever. I looked around, and I could find nothing with which to find fault in spite of all the modern advances of China and America. The old Tibetan cures still were satisfactory.

That night I slept in my old place, and as in the days when I was a pupil I attended the services. It all carried me back. What memories there were in every one of those stones! In the morning when it was light I climbed to the highest part of Iron Mountain, and gazed out over the Potala, over the Serpent Park, over Lhasa, and into the snow-clad mountains surrounding. I gazed long and then I went back into the Medical School and said my farewells and took my bag of tsampa. Then with my blanket rolled and my spare robe in front of me I remounted my horse and made my way down the hill.

The sun hid behind a black cloud as I reached the bottom of the path and passed by the village of Shë. Pilgrims were everywhere, pilgrims from all parts of Tibet, and from beyond, come to pay their respects at the Potala. Horoscope vendors were there crying their wares, and those who had magic potions and charms were doing a brisk trade. The recent ceremonials had brought merchants, traders, hawkers and beggars of all description to the Sacred Road. Nearby a yak train was coming in through the Western Gate, laden

with goods for the markets of Lhasa. I stopped to watch, thinking that I might never again see this so familiar sight, and feeling sick at heart at the thought of leaving. There was a rustle behind me. "Your blessing, Honorable Medical Lama," said a voice, and I turned to see one of the Body Breakers, one of the men who had done so much to help me when, by order of the 13th Dalai Lama, he whose body I had just seen, I had studied with. When I had been able to get past the age-old tradition that bodies might not be dissected, I, because of my special task, had been given every facility to dissect bodies, and here was one of those men who had done so much to help me. I gave him my blessing, glad indeed that someone from the past recognised me. "Your teaching was wonderful," I said. "You taught me more than the Medical School of Chungking." He looked pleased, and put out his tongue to me in the manner of the serf. He backed away from me in the traditional manner, and mingled with the throng at the Gate.

For a few moments more I stood beside my horse, looking at the Potala, at the Iron Mountain, and then I went on my way, crossing the Kyi River, and passing many pleasant parks. The ground here was flat and green with the green of well-watered grass, a paradise twelve thousand eight hundred feet above sea level, ringed by mountains rising yet another six thousand feet, liberally speckled with lamaseries both large and small, and with isolated hermitages perched precariously on inaccessible rock spurs. Gradually the slope of the road increased, climbing to meet the mountain passes. My horse was fresh, well cared for and well fed. He wanted to hurry, I wanted to linger. Monks and merchants rode by, some of them looking at me curiously because I had departed from tradition and I was riding alone for greater speed. My father would never have ridden without an immense retinue as befitted his station, but I was of the modern age. So strangers looked at me curiously, but others whom I had known called a friendly greeting. At last my horse and I breasted the rise, and we came level with the great chorten of stones which was the last place from which Lhasa could be seen. I dismounted

and tethered my horse, then sat on a convenient rock as I looked long into the valley.

The sky was a deep blue, the deep blue that is only seen at such altitudes. Snow-white clouds drifted lazily overhead. A raven flopped down beside me and pecked inquiringly at my robe. As an afterthought I added a stone as custom demanded to the huge pile beside me, the pile which had been built up by the work of centuries of pilgrims, for this was the spot from whence pilgrims obtained their first and last view of the Holy City.

Before me was the Potala, with its walls sloping inwards from the base. The windows, too, sloped from the bottom to the top, adding to the effect. It looked like a building carved by Gods from the living rock. My Chakpori stood even higher than the Potala, without dominating it. Further I saw the golden roofs of the Jo Kang, the thirteen-hundred-year-old temple, surrounded by the administrative buildings. I saw the main road straight through, the willow grove, the swamps, the Snake Temple, and the beautiful patch which was the Norbu Linga, and the Lama's Gardens along by the Kyi Chu. But the golden roofs of the Potala were ablaze with light, catching the brilliant sunlight, and throwing it back with gold red rays, with every colour of the spectrum. Here, beneath these cupolas rested the remains of the Bodies of the Dalai Lama. The monument containing the remains of the 13th was the highest of the lot, some seventy feet—three stories high—and covered with a ton of purest gold. And inside that shrine were precious ornaments, jewels, gold and silver, a fortune rested there beside the empty shell of its previous owner. And now Tibet was without a Dalai Lama, the last one had left, and the one yet to come, according to prophecy, would be one who would serve alien masters, one who would be in thrall of the Communists.

To the sides of the valley clung the immense lamaseries of Drepung, Sera, and Ganden. Half hidden in a clump of trees gleamed the white and gold of Nechung the Oracle of Lhasa, the Oracle of Tibet. Drepung indeed looked like

a rice heap, a white pile sprawled down the mountain side. Sera, known as the Wild Rose Fence, and Ganden the Joyous; I looked upon them and thought of the times I had spent within their walls, within their walled township I looked, too, at the vast number of smaller lamaseries, perched everywhere, up the mountain sides, in groves of trees; and I looked too at the hermitages dotted in places most difficult of access, and my thoughts went out to the men within, immured, perhaps, for life in darkness with no light at all, with food but once a day, in darkness, never to come out again in the physical, but by their special training able to move in the astral, able to see the sights of the world as a disembodied spirit. My gaze wandered; the Happy River meandered along through cuts and marshlands, hiding behind the skirts of trees, and reappearing in the open stretches. I looked and I saw the house of my parents, the large estate which had never been home to me. I saw pilgrims thronging the roads, making their circuits. Then from some distant lamasery I heard on the mild breeze the sound of the temple gongs, and the scream of the trumpets, and felt a lump rising in my throat and a stinging sensation in the bridge of my nose. It was too much for me. I turned and remounted my horse, and rode on, into the unknown.

I went on with the country becoming wilder, and wilder. I passed from pleasant parklands and sandy soil, and small homesteads, to rocky eminences, and wild gorges through which water rushed continuously filling the air with sound, drenching me to the skin with the spray. I rode on, staying the nights as before at lamaseries. This time I was a doubly welcome guest for I was able to give first hand information about the recent sad ceremonials at Lhasa, for I was one of the end of an era, a sad time would come upon our land. I was provided with ample food and flesh horses, and after days of travel I again arrived at Ya-an, where, to my joy, The big car was waiting with Jersi, the driver. Reports had filtered through that I was on my way, and the old Abbot at Chungking had thoughtfully sent it for me. I was glad

indeed because I was saddlesore, and travel-stained, and weary. It was a pleasure indeed to see that gleaming great vehicle, the product of another science, a product which would bear me along swiftly, doing in hours what I would normally take days to accomplish. So I got in the car, thankful that the Abbot of the lamasery in Chungking was my friend and had so much thought for my comfort and my pleasure after the long arduous journey from my home in Lhasa. Soon we were speeding along the road to Changtu. There we stayed the night. There was no point in hurrying and getting back to Chungking in the small hours, so we stayed the night, and in the morning we looked around the place and did some local shopping. Then off we went again along the road to Chungking.

The red-faced boy was still at his plough, clad only in blue shorts. The plough drawn by the ungainly water, buffalo. They wallowed through the mud trying to turn it over so that rice could be planted. We sped on faster, the birds overhead calling to one another, and making sudden swoops and darts as if for the sheer joy of living. Soon we were approaching the outskirts of Chungking. We were approaching along the road lined with the silver eucalyptus trees, with the limes, and the green pine trees. Soon we came to a little road at which I alighted and made my way on foot up the path to the lamasery. As I once again passed that clearing with the fallen tree and the trees lying at crazy angles I thought how memorable the events since I sat upon the bole and talked with my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. I stopped awhile in meditation, then I picked up my parcels once again and made my way on into the lamasery.

In the morning I went to Chungking and the heat was like a living thing, sweltering, stifling. Even the rickshaw-pullers and the passengers who rode with them were looking wilted and jaded, in the intolerable heat. I, from the fresh air in Tibet, felt more than half dead, but I as a lama had to keep erect as an example to others. In the Street of the Seven Stars I came across friend Huang busy shopping, and I greeted him as the friend he was. "Huang," I said, "what are all these people doing here?" "Why, Lobsang," he

answered, "people are coming from Shanghai. The trouble there with the Japanese is causing traders to shut up their shops and to come here to Chungking. I understand that some of the Universities are seriously thinking of it as well, and by the way," he went on, "I have a message for you General (now Marshal) Feng Yu-hsiang wants to see you. He asked me to give you the message. Go and see him as soon as you return." "All right," I said, "how about you coming up with me?" He said that he would. We did our leisurely shopping, it was far too hot to hurry, and then we went back to the lamasery. An hour or two later we made our way up to the temple near where the General had his home, and there I saw him. He told me much about the Japanese, and the trouble they were making in Shanghai. He told me how the International Settlement there had recruited a police force of thugs and crooks who were not really trying to restore order. He said, "War is coming Rampa, war is coming. We need all the doctors we can and doctors who are also pilots. We must have them." He offered me a commission in the Chinese army, and gave me to understand that I could fly as much as I should like.

The General was an immense man, well over six feet tall, with broad shoulders and a huge head. He had been in many campaigns, and now he had thought, until the Japanese difficulty, that his days as a soldier were over. He was a poet, too, and he lived near the Temple for Viewing the Moon. I liked him, he was a man with whom I could get on, a clever man. Apparently, so he told me, one incident in particular had been sponsored by the Japanese to give them a pretext for invading China. Some Japanese monk had been killed by accident, and the Japanese authorities demanded that the mayor of Shanghai should prohibit the boycott of Japanese goods, disband the Association for National Deliverance, arrest the leaders of the boycott, and guarantee compensation for the killing of that monk. The Mayor, to preserve the peace and thinking of the overwhelming force of the Japanese, accepted the ultimatum on the 28th January, 1932. But at 10:30 that night, after the Mayor had actually accepted the ultimatum, the

Japanese marines began occupying a number of streets in the International Settlement, and so paving the way for the next world war. This was all news to me. I knew nothing at all about it because I had been travelling elsewhere.

As we were talking a monk came, dressed in a grey-black gown, to tell us that the Supreme Abbot T'ai Shu was here, and we had to see him as well. I had to tell him about events in Tibet, about the last ceremonies of my beloved 13th Dalai Lama. He in turn told me of the grave fears which he and others had for the safety of China. "Not that we fear the final outcome," he said, "but the destruction, the death, and the suffering which will come first."

So they pressed me again to accept a commission in the Chinese forces, to place my training at their disposal. And then came the blow. "You must go to Shanghai," said the General. "Your services are very much needed there, and I suggest that your friend, Po Ku, goes with you. I have made preparations already, it is but for you, and he, to accept." "Shanghai?" I said. "That's a terrible place to be in. I really do not think much of it. However, I know that I must go, and so I will accept."

We talked on and on, and the evening shadows gradually crept in upon us, and the day turned to dusk, so that eventually we had to part. I rose to my feet, and made my way out into the courtyard, where the solitary palm was looking faded, and wilted in the heat, with its leaves hanging down, and turning brown. Huang was sitting patiently waiting for me, sitting immobile, wondering why the interview was so long. He, too, rose to his feet. Silently we made our way down the path, past the rushing gorge, and over the little stone bridge, down toward our own lamasery.

There was a large rock before the entrance to our path and we climbed upon it, where we could look out over the rivers. There was much activity nowadays. Little steamers were chugging along. Flames of smoke rising from their funnels being caught by the wind, were being blown off into a black banner. Yes, there were more steamers now

than ever before I left for Tibet. Refugees were coming in more every day, more traffic, people who could see into the future, and see what the invasion of China would really mean. There was more congestion in a city already congested.

As we looked up into the night sky we could see the great storm clouds piling up, and we knew that later in the night there would be a thunder-storm rolling down from the mountains, swamping the place with torrential rain and deafening us with the echo and rumbles. Was this, we thought, a symbol of the troubles to come upon China? It certainly seemed so, the air was tense, electric. I think we both sighed in unison to think of the future of this land of which we were both so fond. But the night was upon us. The first heavy drops of the rainstorm were coming down and wetting us. We turned together, and made our way into the temple to where the Abbot was waiting for us, agog to be told all that had happened. I was glad indeed to see him, and to discuss matters, and to receive his praise for the course which I had agreed to undertake.

Far into the night we talked, and talked, deafened at times by the roaring thunder, and by the rushing of the rain upon the temple roof. Eventually we made our way to our beds upon the floor, and went to sleep. With the coming of the morning, after the first service, we made our preparations to set off again on the start of yet another phase of life, an even more unpleasant stage.

## CHAPTER SIX

### *Clairvoyance*

SHANGHAI! I had no illusions. I knew that Shanghai was going to be a very difficult spot indeed in which to live. But

fate had decreed that I should go there, and so we made our preparations, Po Ku and I, and later in the morning we walked together down the street of steps, down to the docks, and went aboard a ship which would take us far down the river to Shanghai.

In our cabin—we shared a cabin—I lay upon my bunk, and thought of the past. I thought of the first time that I had known anything about Shanghai. It was when my guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, was teaching me the finer points of clairvoyance, and as this particular knowledge may be of interest and help to many I will give the actual experience here.

It was a few years previously, when I was a student in one of the great lamaseries of Lhasa. I and others of my class were sitting in the schoolroom longing to be out. The class was worse than usual for the teacher was a great bore, of our worst. The whole class was finding it difficult to follow his words and remain alert. It was one of those days when the sun was shining warmly, when light fleecy clouds raced high overhead. Everything called us to go outside into the warmth and sunshine, away from musty classrooms and the droning voice of an uninteresting teacher. Suddenly there was commotion. Someone had come into the room. We, with our backs to the teacher, could not see who it was, and we dared not turn and look in case HE was looking at US! The rustle of paper, “Hmm ruining my class.” A sharp “crack” as the teacher brought his cane down on his desk, making all of us jump high with fright. “Lobsang Rampa, come here.” Filled with foreboding I rose to my feet, turned and made my three bows. What had I done now? Had the Abbot seen me dropping pebbles on those visiting lamas? Had I been observed “sampling” those pickled walnuts? Had I—but the voice of the teacher soon put my mind at rest: “Lobsang Rampa, the Honourable Senior Lama, your Guide, Mingyar Dondup, requires you at once. Go, and pay more attention to him than you have to me!” I went, in a hurry.

Along the corridors, up the stairs, round to the right, and into the precincts of the lamas. “Tread softly here,”

I thought, “some crusty old dodderers along here. Seventh door left, that is it.’ Just as I raised my hand to knock; the voice said “Come in,” and in I went. “Your clairvoyance never fails when there is food about. I have tea and pickled walnuts. You are just in time.” The Lama Mingyar Dondup had not expected me so early, but now he certainly made me welcome. As we ate he talked. “I want you to study crystal gazing, using the various types of appliances. You must be familiar with them all.”

After our tea he led me down to the storeroom. Here were kept the appliances of all kinds, planchettes, tarot cards, black mirrors, and a perfectly amazing range of devices. We wandered around, he pointing out various objects and explaining their use. Then, turning to me, he said, “Pick a crystal which you feel will be harmonious to you. Look at them all, and make your choice.” I had my eyes on a very beautiful sphere, genuine rock crystal without a flaw and of such a size that it needed two hands to hold it. I picked it up and said, “This is the one I want.” My Guide laughed. “You have chosen the oldest and most valuable. If you can use it you can have it.” This particular crystal, which I still have, had been found in one of the tunnels far below the Potala. In those unenlightened days it had been called “The Magic Ball” and given to the Medical Lamas of the Iron Mountain as it was considered to be connected with medicine.

A little later in this chapter I will deal with glass spheres, black mirrors, and water globes; but now it may be of interest to describe how we prepared to use the crystal, how we trained ourselves to become as one with it.

It is obvious that if one is healthy, physically and mentally fit, the sight is at its best. So it is with the Third Eye sight. One must be fit, and to that end we prepared before trying to use any of these devices. I had picked up my crystal, and now I looked at it. Held between my two hands it appeared to be a heavy globe which reflected upside-down a picture of the window, with a bird perched on the ledge outside. Looking more closely I could dimly see the reflection of the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and—yes—my

own reflection as well. “You are looking at it, Lobsang, and that is not the way in which it is used. Cover it up and wait until you are shown.”

The next morning I had to take herbs with my first meal, herbs to purify the blood and clear the head, herbs to tone up the constitution generally. Morning and night these had to be taken, for two weeks. Each afternoon I had to rest for an hour and a half with my eyes and the upper part of my head covered with a thick black cloth. During this time I had to practice special breathing to a particular rhythm pattern. I had to pay scrupulous attention to personal cleanliness during this time.

With the two weeks completed I went again to the Lama Mingyar Dondup. “Let us go to that quiet little room on the roof,” he said. “Until you are more familiar with it you will need absolute quietness.” We climbed the stairs and emerged on the flat roof. To one side was a little house where the Dalai Lama had his audiences when he came to Chakpori for the Annual Blessing of the Monks. Now we were going to use it. I was going to, and that was indeed an honour, for no other than the Abbot and the Lama Mingyar Dondup could use it. Inside we sat on our cushion-seats on the floor. Behind us was a window through which one could see the distant mountains standing as the Guardians of our pleasant valley. The Potala too could be seen from here, but that was too familiar to bother about. I wanted to see what there was in the crystal. “Move around this way, Lobsang. Look at the crystal and tell me when all the reflections disappear. We must exclude all odd points of light. THEY are not what we want to see.” That is one of the main points to remember. Exclude all light which causes reflections. Reflections merely distract the attention. Our system was to sit with the back to a north window, and draw a reasonably thick curtain across the window so as to provide a twilight. Now, with the curtains drawn, the crystal ball in my hands appeared dead, inert. No reflections at all marred its surface.

My Guide sat beside me. “Wipe the crystal with this damp cloth, dry it, then pick it up with this black cloth.

Do not touch it with your hands yet.” I did as instructed, carefully wiped the sphere, dried it, and picked it up with the black cloth which was folded into a square. My two hands I crossed, palms up, under the crystal which was thus supported in the palm of the left hand. “Now, look IN the sphere. Not AT it, but IN. Look at the very centre and then let your vision become blank. Do not try to see anything, just let your mind go blank.” The latter was not difficult for me. Some of my teachers thought that my mind was blank all the time.

I looked at the crystal. My thoughts wandered. Suddenly the sphere in my hands seemed to grow, and I felt as if I was about to fall inside it. It made me jump, and the impression faded. Once more I held just a ball of crystal in my hands. “Lobsang! WHY did you forget all I told you? You were on the verge of seeing and your start of surprise broke the thread. You will see nothing today.”

One has to look in the crystal and just hold one's mental focus on some inner part of it. Then there comes a peculiar sensation as if one is about to step inside another world. Any start or fright or surprise at this stage will spoil everything. The only thing to do then, while learning, of course, is to put aside the crystal and not attempt to “see” until one has had a night's sleep.

The next day we tried again. I sat, as before, with my back to the window, and saw to it that all disturbing facets of light were excluded. Normally I should have sat in the lotus attitude of meditation, but because of a leg injury this would not be the most comfortable for me. Comfort is essential. One must sit quite at ease. It is better to sit in an unorthodox manner and SEE, than to sit in one of the formal attitudes and see nothing. Our rule was, sit any way you like so long as it is comfortable, as discomfort will distract the attention.

Into the crystal I gazed. By my side the Lama Mingyar Dondup sat motionless, erect, as if carved from stone. What would I see? That was my thought. Would it be the same as when I first saw an aura? The crystal looked dull, inert. “I'll never see in this thing,” I thought. It was evening so that there would be no strong play of sunlight to cause

shifting shadows, so that the clouds would not temporarily obscure the light, and then permit it to shine brightly. No shadows, no points of light. It was twilight in the room and with the black cloth between my hands and the sphere I could see no reflections at all on its surface. But I was supposed to be looking inside.

Suddenly the crystal seemed to come alive. Inside a fleck of white appeared at the centre and spread like white swirling smoke. It was as if a tornado raged inside, a silent tornado. The smoke thickened and thinned, thickened and thinned, and then spread in an even film over the globe. It was like a curtain designed to prevent me from seeing. I probed mentally, trying to force my mind past the barrier. The globe seemed to swell, and I had a horrid impression of falling head first into a bottomless void. Just then a trumpet blared and the white curtain shivered into a snow-storm which melted as if in the heat of the noonday sun. "You were near it then, Lobsang, very near." "Yes I would have seen something if that trumpet had not been sounded. It put me off." "Trumpet? Oh, you were as far as that, eh? That was your subconscious trying to warn you that clairvoyance and crystal gazing are for the very few. Tomorrow we will go further."

On the third evening my Guide and I sat together as before. Once again he reminded me of the rules. This third evening was more successful. I sat with the sphere lightly held and concentrated on some invisible point in its dim interior. The swirling smoke appeared almost at once and soon provided a curtain. I probed with my mind, thinking; "I am going through, I am going through NOW!" Again came the horrid impression of falling. This time I was prepared. Down from some immense height I plummeted, falling straight towards the smoke-covered world which was growing with amazing rapidity. Only strict training prevented me from screaming as I approached the white surface at tremendous speed—and passed through, unharmed.

Inside the sun was shining. I looked about me in very real astonishment. I had died surely for this was nowhere

that I knew. What a strange place! Water, dark water stretched before me as far as I could see. More water than I had ever imagined existed. Some distance away a huge monster like a fearsome fish forced its way across the surface of the water. In the middle a black pipe sent what looked like smoke upwards, to be blown back by the wind. To my amazement I saw what appeared to be little people walking about on the “fish's back!” This was too much for me. I turned to flee and stopped in my tracks petrified. This was too much. Great stone houses many stories high were before me. Just in front of me a Chinaman dashed pulling a device on two wheels. Apparently he was a carrier of some sort, because on the wheeled thing a woman was perched. “She must be a cripple,” I thought, “and has to be carried about on wheels.” Towards me a man was walking, a Tibetan lama. I held my breath, it was exactly like the Lama Mingyar Dondup when he was many years younger. He walked straight up to me, through me, and I jumped with fright. “Oh!” I wailed, “I'm blind.” It was dark, I could not see. “It is all right, Lobsang, you are doing well. Let me draw back the curtains.” My Guide did so, and into the room flooded the pale light of evening.

“You certainly have very great clairvoyance powers, Lobsang; they merely need directing. Quite inadvertently I touched the crystal and from your remarks I gather that you have seen the impression of when I went to Shanghai many years ago and nearly collapsed at my first sight of steamer and rickshaw. You are doing well.”

I was still in a daze, still living in the past. What strange and terrible things there were outside of Tibet. Tame fishes which belched smoke and upon which one rode, men who carried wheeled women, I was afraid to think of it, afraid to dwell on the fact that I too would have to go to that strange world later.

“Now you must immerse the crystal in water to erase the impression you have just seen. Dip it right in, allow it to rest on a cloth on the bottom of the bowl, and then lift it out with another cloth. Do not let your hands touch it yet.”

That is an important point to remember when using a crystal. One should always demagnetize it after each reading. The crystal becomes magnetized by the person holding it in much the same way as a piece of iron will become magnetized if brought into contact with a magnet. With the iron it is usually sufficient to knock it to cause it to lose its magnetism, but a crystal should be immersed in water. Unless one does demagnetize after each reading the results become more and more confusing. The “auric emanations” of succeeding people begin to build up and one gives a completely inaccurate reading.

No crystal should ever be handled by anyone except the owner, other than for the purpose of “magnetizing” for a reading. The more the sphere is handled by other people, the less responsive it becomes. We were taught that when we had given a number of readings in a day we should take the crystal to bed with us so that we should personally magnetize it by its being close to us. The same result would be attained by carrying the crystal around with us, but we would look rather foolish ambling around twiddling the crystal ball!

When not in use, the crystal should lie covered by a black cloth. One should NEVER allow strong sunlight to fall on it, as that impairs its use for esoteric purposes. Nor should one ever allow a crystal to be handled by a mere thrill seeker. There is a purpose behind this. A thrill-seeker not being genuinely interested but wanting cheap entertainment, harms the aura of the crystal. It is much the same as handing an expensive camera or watch to a child so that its idle curiosity may be appeased.

Most people could use a crystal if they would take the trouble to find what type suited them. We make sure that our spectacles suit us. Crystals are equally important. Some persons can see better with a rock crystal, and some with glass. Rock crystal is the most powerful type. Here is a brief history of mine as recorded at Chakpori.

Millions of years ago volcanoes belched out flame and lava. Deep in the earth various types of sand were churned together by earthquakes, and fused into a kind of glass by the volcanic heat. The glass was broken into pieces by the

earthquakes and spewed out over the mountain-sides. Lava, solidified, covered much of it.

In the course of time rock falls exposed some of this natural glass, or "rock crystal." One piece was seen by tribal priests in the dawn of human life. In those far off days the priests were men who had occult power, who could predict, and tell the history of an object by psychometry. Such a one must have touched one particular fragment of crystal and been impressed enough to take it home. There must have been a clear spot from which he gained clair-voyant impressions. Laboriously he and others chipped the fragment into a sphere, as that was the most convenient to hold. From generation to generation, for centuries, it was passed from priest to priest, each charged with the task of polishing the hard material. Slowly the sphere became rounder and clearer. For an age it was worshipped as the Eye of a God. In the Age of Enlightenment it came into its own as an instrument whereby the Cosmic Consciousness could be tapped. Now, almost four inches across and as clear as water, it was carefully packed and hidden in a stone casket in a tunnel far beneath the Potala.

Centuries later it was discovered by monk explorers and the inscription on the casket was deciphered. "This is the Window of the Future," it read, "the crystal in which those who are fitted can see the past and know the future. It was in the custody of the High Priest of the Temple of Medicine." As such, the crystal was taken to Chakpori, the present Temple of Medicine, and kept for a person who could use it. I was that person, for me it lives.

Rock crystal of such size is rare, doubly rare when it is without flaw. Not everyone can use such a crystal. It may be too strong and tend to dominate one. Glass spheres can be obtained, and those are useful for gaining the necessary preliminary experience. A good size is from three to four inches; size is NOT important at all. Some monks have a tiny sliver of crystal set in a large finger-ring. The important point is to be sure that there are no flaws, or that there is only a slight defect that is not at all visible in subdued lighting. Small crystals, of "rock" or glass have the advan-

tage of light weight, and that is considerable when one tends to hold the sphere.

A person who desires to purchase a crystal of any type should advertise in one of the "psychic" papers. The things offered for sale at certain shops are more suitable for conjurors or stage turns. Usually there are blemishes which do not show until one has bought the thing and taken it home! Have any crystal sent on approval, and as soon as you unpack it wash it in running water. Carefully dry it, and then examine it, holding it with a dark cloth. The reason? Wash it to remove any fingermarks which may appear to be faults, and hold it so that YOUR fingerprints do not mislead you.

You cannot expect to sit down, look in the crystal, and "see pictures." Nor is it fair to blame the crystal for your failure. It is merely an instrument, and you would not blame a telescope if you looked through the wrong end and saw only a small picture.

Some people cannot use a crystal. Before giving up they should try a "black mirror." This can be made very cheaply indeed by procuring a large lamp glass from a motor accessory shop. The glass must be concave and quite smooth and plain. The ridged type of car headlamp glass is not suitable. With a suitable glass hold the outer curved surface over a candle flame. Move it about so that there is an even deposit of soot on the OUTER surface of the glass. This can be "fixed" with some cellulose lacquer such as is used to prevent brass from tarnishing.

With the black mirror ready, proceed as you would with the round crystal. Suggestions applicable to any type of crystal" are given later in this chapter. With the black mirror one looks at the INNER surface, being careful to exclude all random reflections.

Another type of black mirror is the one known to us as "null." It is the same as the former mirror, but the soot is on the INSIDE of the curve. A big disadvantage is that one cannot "fix" the soot, as to do so would be to provide a glossy surface. This mirror may be of more use to those who are distracted by reflections.

Some people use a bowl of water and gaze into it. The

bowl must be clear, and entirely without pattern. Place a dark cloth under it, and it becomes in effect a glass crystal. In Tibet there is a lake so situated that one sees, yet almost doesn't see the water in it. It is a famous lake and is used by the State Oracles in some of their most important predictions. This lake, we call it Chö-kor Gyal-ki Nam-tso (in English, The Heavenly Lake of the Victorious Wheel of Religion) is at a place called Tak-po, some hundred miles from Lhasa. The district around is mountainous and the lake is enclosed by high peaks. The water is normally very blue indeed, but at times as one looks from certain vantage points the blue changes to a swirling white, as if whitewash had been dropped in. The water swirls and foams, then suddenly a black hole appears in the middle of the lake, while above it dense white clouds form. In the space between the black hole and the white clouds a picture of the future events can be seen.

To this spot, at least once in his lifetime, comes the Dalai Lama. He stays at a nearby pavilion and looks at the lake. He sees events important to him and, not least important, the date and manner of his passing from this life. Never has the lake been proved wrong!

We cannot all go to that lake, but most of us with a little patience and faith can use a crystal. For Western readers here is a suggested method. The word "crystal" will cover rock crystal, glass, black mirrors, and the water globe.

For a week pay particular attention to the health. For this week in particular avoid (as much as possible in this troubled world) worries and anger. Eat sparingly and take no sauces or fried foods. Handle the crystal as much as possible without making any attempt to "see." This will transfer some of your personal magnetism to it, and enable you to become quite familiar with the feel of it. Remember to cover the crystal at all times when you are not handling it. If you can, keep it in a box which can be locked. This will prevent other people from playing with it in your absence. Direct sunlight, as you know, should be avoided.

After the seven days take the crystal to a quiet room with a north light if possible. The evening is the best time, as then there is no direct sunlight to wax and wane with the passing of clouds.

Sit—in any attitude you find comfortable—with your back to the light. Take the crystal into your hands and note any reflections on its surface. These must be eliminated by drawing the curtains across the window, or by changing your position.

When you are satisfied hold the crystal in contact with the centre of your forehead for a few seconds, and then slowly withdraw it. Now hold it in your cupped hands, the back of which can rest on your lap. Gaze idly at the surface of the crystal, then move your vision inwards to the centre to what you must imagine as a zone of nothingness. Just let your mind go blank. Avoid trying to see anything. Avoid any strong emotion.

Ten minutes is enough for the first night. Gradually increase the time, until at the end of the week you can do it for half an hour.

The next week let your mind go blank as soon as you can. Just gaze into nothingness inside the crystal. You should find that its outlines waver. It may appear that the whole sphere is growing, or you may feel that you are falling forward. That is how it should be. Do NOT start with astonishment, for if you do it will prevent you from "seeing" for the rest of the evening. The average person "seeing" for the first time jerks in much the same way as we sometimes jerk when we are falling off to sleep.

With a little more practice you will find that the crystal is apparently growing larger and larger. One evening you will find as you look in that it is luminous and filled with white smoke. This will clear provided you do not jerk—and you will have your first view of the (usually) past. It will be something connected with you, for only you have handled the sphere. Keep on at it, seeing just your own affairs. When you can "see" at will, direct it to show what you want to know. The best method is to say to yourself firmly, and out loud. "I am going to see so-and-so tonight."

If you believe it, you WILL see what you desire. It is as simple as that.

To know the future you must marshal your facts. Gather all the data you have available, and say them to yourself. Then “ask” the crystal, and tell yourself that you are going to see what you want to know.

A warning here. One cannot use the crystal for personal gain, to forecast the result of races, nor to injure another person. There is a powerful occult law which will make it all recoil on your own head if you try to exploit the crystal. That law is as inexorable as time itself.

By now you should have been able to obtain much practice in your own affairs. Would you like to try on someone else? Dip the crystal in water and carefully dry it without touching the surface. Then hand it to the other person. Say, “Take it in your two hands and THINK what you want to know. Then pass it back to me.” Naturally you will have warned your enquirer not to speak or disturb you. It is advisable to try with some well-known friend first as strangers often prove disconcerting when one is learning.

When your enquirer passes back the crystal you will take it in your hands, either bare or covered in the black cloth, it does not matter which; you should have “personalized” the crystal by now. Settle yourself comfortably, raise the crystal to your forehead for a second, then let your hands rest on your lap, supporting the crystal in any way which causes no strain. Look INTO it and let your mind become blank, quite blank if you can, but this first attempt may be somewhat difficult if you are self-conscious.

As you compose yourself, if you have trained yourself as suggested, you will observe one of three things. They are true pictures, symbols, and impressions.. True pictures should be your aim. Here the crystal clouds, and then the clouds disperse to show actual pictures, living pictures what you want to know. There is no difficulty in interpreting such a case.

Some people do not see true pictures; they see symbols. They may see, as an example, a row of X's, or a hand.

It may be a windmill, or a dagger. Whatever it is you will soon learn to interpret them correctly.

The third thing is impressions. Here nothing is set except swirling clouds and a little luminescence, but as the crystal is held, definite impressions are felt or heard. It is essential to avoid personal bias, essential not to over-rule the crystal by one's own personal feelings about a certain case.

The true Seer never tells a person of the date or even the probability of death. You will know, but you should NEVER tell. Nor will you warn a person of impending illness. Say instead: "It is advisable to take a little more care than usual on such-and-such a date." And never tell a person: "Yes, your husband is out with a girl who —etc., etc." If you are using the crystal correctly you will KNOW that he IS out, but is he out on business? Is she relation? Never, NEVER tell anything that would tend to break up a home or cause unhappiness. This is abuse of the crystal. Use it only for good, and in return good will come to you. If you see nothing, say so, and the enquirer will respect you. You can "invent" what you say you see, and perhaps you say something which the enquirer KNOWS to be incorrect. Then your prestige and reputation are gone, and you also bring a bad name to occult science.

Having given your reading to the enquirer carefully wrap up the crystal and set it down gently. When the enquirer has left you are advised to dip the crystal in water, wipe it dry, and then handle it to re-personalize it with your own magnetism. The more you handle the crystal the better it will be. Avoid scratching it, and when you have finished, put it away in the black cloth. If you can, put it in a box and lock it. Cats are great offenders, some of them will sit for a very long time "gazing." And when you use the crystal next time, you do not want to see the cat's life history and ambitions. It CAN be done. In Tibet in some of the "occult" lamaseries a cat is questioned by the crystal when it comes off duty after guarding gems. Then the monks know if there has been any attempt at stealing.

It is strongly advised that before embarking on any form of training in crystal gazing, you inquire most thoroughly into your secret motives. Occultism is a two-edged weapon, and those who “play” out of idle curiosity are sometimes punished by mental or nervous disorders. You can know through it the pleasure of helping others, but you can also know much that is horrible and unforgettable. It is safer just to read this chapter unless you are very, very sure of your motives.

Once having decided on the crystal do not change it. Make a definite habit to touch it every day, or every other day. The Saracens of old would never show a sword, even to a friend, unless to draw blood. If for some reason they HAD to show the weapon, then they pricked a finger to “draw blood.” So with the crystal, if you show it at all to anyone, READ it even though it be only your own affair. Read it, although you need not tell anyone what you are doing or what you see. This is not superstition, but a sure way of training yourself so that when the crystal is uncovered you “see” automatically, without preparation, without thinking about it.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### *Mercy Flight*

GENTLY the boat slid to a halt in Soochow Creek. Chinese coolies swarmed aboard, yelling madly and gesticulating. Quickly our goods were removed, and we got in a rickshaw and were conveyed swiftly along the Bund to the Chinese city to a temple at which I was to stay for the time being. Po Ku and I were silent in a world of babel. Shanghai was a very noisy place indeed, and a busy one too. Busier than normal because the Japanese were trying to make grounds for a fierce attack, and for some time past they

had been searching foreign residents who wanted to cross the Marco Polo Bridge. They were causing extreme embarrassment by the thoroughness of their search. Western people could not understand that the Japanese or the Chinese either, could see no shame in the human body, but only in people's thoughts about the human body, and when Westerners were being searched by the Japanese they thought it was meant as a deliberate insult, which it was not.

For a time I had a private practice in Shanghai, but to the Easterner "time" is of no account. We do not say such-and-such a year, for all times flow into one. I had a private practice, doing medical and psychological work. There were patients to see in my office, and in the hospitals. Of leisure there was none. Any time free from medical work was taken up by intensive studies of navigation; and the theory of flight. Long hours after nightfall I flew above the twinkling lights of the city, and out over the countryside with only the faintest glimmers from peasants' cottages to guide me. The years rolled on unheeded, I was much too busy to bother about dates. The Shanghai Municipal Council knew me well and made full use of my professional services. I had a good friend in a White Russian. Bogomoloff was one who had escaped from Moscow during the revolution. He had lost all in that tragic time, and now he was employed by the Municipal Council. He was the first white man whom I had been able to know and I knew him thoroughly—a man indeed.

He could see quite clearly that Shanghai had no defenses against aggression. Like us, he could foresee the horrors that were to come.

On the 7th July, 1937, there was an incident at the Marco Polo Bridge. The incident has been written about far too much, and I am not going to keep on repeating it. The incident was notable only for being the actual starting-point of war between China and Japan. Now things were on a war-time basis. Hard times were upon us. The Japanese were aggressive, truculent. Many of the foreign traders, and the Chinese in particular, had foreseen the coming trouble,

and they had moved themselves and their families, and their goods to various parts of China, to the inland parts such as Chungking. But peasants in the outlying districts of Shanghai had come pouring into the city, thinking, for some reason, they would be safe, apparently believing in safety in numbers.

Through the streets of the city, by day and by night, poured lorries of the International Brigade, loaded with mercenaries of many different countries, charged with keeping peace in the city itself. All too often they were just plain murderers who had been recruited for their brutality. If there had been any incident at all which they did not like, they would come out in force, and without any warning, without any provocation or cause, they would loosen off their machine guns, rifles, and their revolvers, killing harmless and innocent civilians, and more often than not doing nothing at all against guilty persons. We used to say in Shanghai that it was far better to deal with the Japanese than with the red-faced barbarians, as we called certain members of the International Police Force.

For some time I had been specializing with women, treating them as a physician and as a surgeon, and I had a very satisfactory practice indeed in Shanghai. The experience I gained in those pre-active war days was going to stand me in good stead later.

Incidents were becoming more and more frequent. Reports were coming in of the horrors of the Japanese invasion. Japanese troops and supplies were absolutely pouring into the country, into China. They were ill-treating the peasants, robbing, raping, as they always did. At the end of 1938 the enemy were on the outskirts of the city; the ill-armed Chinese forces fought truly valiantly. They fought to the death. Few indeed there were to be driven back by the Japanese hordes. The Chinese fought as only those who are defending their homeland could fight, but they were overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers. Shanghai was declared an open city in the hope that the Japanese would respect the conventions and not bomb the historic place. The city was quite undefended, there were

no guns, no weapons of any kind. The military forces were withdrawn. The city was crammed with refugees. The old population had mostly gone. The universities, centres of learning and culture, the big firms, the banks, and others, they had been moved to places like Chungking and to other remote districts. But in their place had come refugees, people of all nations and stations, fleeing from the Japanese, thinking that there was safety in numbers. Air raids were becoming more and more frequent, but people were becoming a little hardened to them, a little used to them. Then one night the Japanese really bombed the city. Every plane they could get in the air took off, even fighter planes had bombs attached to them, and the pilots also had grenades in the cockpits to toss over the sides. The night sky came thick with planes, flying in formation across a defenceless city, flying like a swarm of locusts, and like a swarm of locusts they cleared everything in their path. Bombs were dropping everywhere, indiscriminately. The city was a sea of flames, and there was no defense; we had nothing with which to defend ourselves.

Around midnight I was walking down a road at the height of the uproar. I had been attending a case, a dying woman. Now metal was raining down, and I wondered where to shelter. Suddenly there was a faint whistle, growing to a whine, and then to the blood-curdling screech of a falling bomb. There was a sensation as if all sound, as if all life, had stopped. There was an impression of nothingness, of utter blank. I was picked up as if by a giant hand, twirled about in the air, tossed up in the air, and flung violently. For some minutes I lay half stunned, with hardly any breath in me, wondering if I were already dead and waiting to continue my journey to the other world. Shakily I picked myself up, and stared about me in absolute stupefaction. I had been walking down a road between two rows of tall houses; now I was standing on a desolate plain with no uses at all on either side, just piles of shattered rubble, piles of thin dust bespattered by blood and parts of human bodies. The houses had been crowded, and the heavy bomb

had dropped. It had been so close to me that I had, been in the partial vacuum, and for some extraordinary reason I had heard no sound, and had come to no harm. The carnage was simply appalling. In the morning we piled the bodies house high and burned them, burned them to prevent the spread of plague, because under the hot sun the bodies were already decomposing, turning green and swelling. For days we dug beneath the rubble, trying to save any that might be alive, digging out those who were dead, and burning them on the spot in an attempt to save the city from disease.

Late one afternoon I was in an old part of Shanghai. I had just crossed a slanting bridge astraddle a canal. To my right, under a street booth, were some Chinese astrologers and fortune-tellers, sitting at their counters, reading the future for avid customers who were anxious to know if they would survive the war, and if conditions would improve. I looked at them, mildly amused to think that they really believed what these moneymakers were telling them. The fortune-tellers were going by rote through the characters which surrounded the customer's name on a board, telling them of the outcome of the war, telling the women of the safety of their men. A little further on other astrologers—perhaps taking a rest from their professional duties!—were acting as public scribes; they were writing letters for people to send to other parts of China, giving the news, possibly, of family affairs. They made a precarious living writing for those who could not write, and they did it in the open; anyone who cared to stop could listen and know about the private business of the family. In China there is no privacy. The street scribe used to shout out in a very loud voice what he was writing, so that prospective customers should understand how beautifully he phrased his letters. I continued my walk to a hospital where I was going to do some operations. I went on past the booth of the sellers of incense, past the shops of the second-hand booksellers, who always seem to congregate on the waterside, and who, as in most cities, displayed their wares at the edge of a river. Further on were the vendors of incense and of temple objects, such

as the statues of the Gods Ho Tai and of Kuan Yin; the first being the God of Good Living, and the second being the Goddess of Compassion. I went on to the hospital, and did my allotted tasks. Later I returned by the same road. The Japanese had been over with their bombers; bombs had dropped. No longer were there booths or bookshops. No longer were there sellers of objects, or of incense, for they and their goods had returned to dust. Fires were raging, buildings were crumbling, so again it was ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

But Po Ku and I had other things to do besides stay in Shanghai. We were going to investigate the possibility of starting an air ambulance service on the direct orders of General Chiang Kai-Shek. I well remember one in particular of these flights. The day was chilly, white fleecy clouds laced overhead. From somewhere over the skyline came the monotonous CRUMP-CRUMP-CRUMP of Japanese bombs. Occasionally there was the far-off drone of aero engines, like the sounds of bees on a hot summer's day. The rough rugged road beside which we sat had borne the weight of many feet that day, and for many days past. Peasants trudged by in an attempt to escape from the senseless cruelty of the power-mad Japanese. Old peasants almost at the end of their life-span, pushing along one-wheeled barrows with all their worldly possessions upon them.

Peasants bowed down almost to the ground, carrying on their backs almost all they had. Ill-armed troops were going the other way, with scanty equipment loaded on to ox-carts. They were men going blindly to their death, trying to stop the ruthless advance, trying to protect their country, their homes. Going on blindly not knowing why they had to go on, not knowing what caused the war.

We crouched beneath the wing of an old tri-motored plane, an old plane—that had already been worn out before reached our eager and uncritical hands. Dope was peeling from the canvas-covered wings. The wide undercarriage had been repaired and strengthened with split bamboos, and the tail skid was re-shod with the broken end of a car spring. Old Abie, as we called her, had never failed us yet. Her

engines sometimes stopped, it is true, but only one at a time. She was a high-winged monoplane of a rather famous American make. She had a wooden fabric-covered body, and streamlining was a term unknown when she was made. The modest speed of 120 miles an hour felt at least twice as fast. Fabric drummed, spars creaked and protested, and the wide open exhaust added to the clamour.

A long time ago she had been doped white with huge red crosses on her side and wings. Now she was sadly streaked and marred. Oil from the engines had added a rich ivory-yellow patina making her look like an old Chinese carving. Petrol overflowing and blowing back contributed other hues, while the various patches added from time to time gave quite a bizarre appearance to the old plane.

Now the racket of crumps had died down. Another Japanese raid was over, and our work was just starting. Once again we checked our meager equipment; saws, two, one large and one small and pointed; knives, assorted, four. One of them was an ex-butcher's carver, one was a photographic retouching knife. The other two were authentic scalpels.

Forceps, few in number. Two hypodermic syringes with woefully blunt needles. One aspirating syringe with rubber tubing, and medium trocher. Straps, yes, we must be very sure of them. With no anesthetics we often had to strap our patients down.

It was Po Ku's turn to fly today, and mine to sit in the back and watch for Japanese fighters. Not for us the luxury of an intercom. We had a length of string, one end tied to the pilot, the other jerked by the observer in a crude code.

Warily I swung the propellers, for Abie had a strong backfire. One by one the engines coughed, spat a gout of oily black smoke, and awoke to strident life. Soon they warmed and settled down to a fairly rhythmic roar. I climbed aboard, and made my way to the stern where we had made an observation window in the fabric: Two yanks of the cord and Po Ku was informed that I was safe in

position, squatting on the floor, forced in between the struts, cramped. The engine roar increased, and the whole plane shuddered, and moved away down the field. There was a rumbling scrunch of the landing gear, and the creak of twisting woodwork. The tail bobbed, and dipped as we hit ridges. I was bounced from floor to roof. I settled myself even more tightly because I felt like a pea in a pod. With a final thud and clatter the old plane climbed into the air, and the noise became less as the engines were throttled back. A vicious yaw and dip as we hit raising air just clear of the trees, and my face was nearly forced through the observation window. Violent little jerks on the string from Po Ku meaning, "Well, we've made it once again. Are you still there?" My answering jerks as expressive as I could make them, indicating what I thought of his take-off.

Po Ku could see where we were going. I could see what we had just left. This time we were going to a village in the Wuhu district where there had been heavy raids, and many, many casualties, and no assistance on the spot. We always took turns flying the plane, and acting as observer. Abie had many blind spots, and the Japanese fighters were very fast. Often their speed saved us. We could slow down to a mere fifty when we were not heavily laden, and the average Japanese pilot had no skill at shooting. We used to say that we were safer right in front of them, because they always missed what was in front of their squat noses!

I kept a good lookout, on the alert for hated "blood-pots" which, aptly, were the Japanese planes. The Yellow River passed beneath our tail plane. The cord jerked three times. "We are landing," signaled Po Ku. Up went the tail, the roar of the engines died and was replaced by a pleasant wick-wick, wick-wick" as the propellers idly turned over. We glided down with motors throttled well back. Creaks from the rudder as we turned slightly to correct our course. Flaps and tremors from the fabric covering as it vibrated in the wide breeze. A sudden short burst from the engines, and the jarring clatter and rumble as we touched down, and rumbled once again from ridge to ridge. Then the

moment most hated by the unfortunate observer cramped in the tail; the moment when the tail dropped and the metal shoe ploughed through the parched earth, raising clouds of choking dust, dust laden with particles of human excreta which the Chinese use to fertilize the fields.

I unfolded my bulky figure from the cramped space in the tail, and stood up with groans of pain as my circulation started to work again. I climbed up the sloping fuselage towards the door. Po Ku had already got it open, and we dropped to the ground. Running figures came racing up to us. "Come quickly, we have many casualties. General Tien had a metal bar blown through him, and it is sticking out back and front."

In the wretched hovel that was being used as an emergency hospital the General sat bolt upright, his normally yellow skin now a drab grey-green from pain and fatigue. From just above the left inguinal canal a bright steel bar protruded. It looked like the rod used to operate car jacks. Whatever it really was, it had been blown through his body by the blast of a near-miss bomb. Certainly I had to remove it with the least possible delay. The end emerging from the back, just above the left sacro-iliac crest, was smooth and blunt, and I considered that it had just missed or pushed aside, the descending colon.

After careful examination of the patient I took Po Ku outside, out of hearing of those within, and sent him to the plane on a somewhat unusual mission. While he was away I carefully cleansed the General's wounds, and the metal bar. He was small and old, but in fair physical condition. We had no anesthetics, I told him, but I would be as gentle as possible. "I shall hurt you, no matter how careful I am," I said. "But I will do my best." He was not worried. "Go ahead," he said. "If nothing is done I shall die anyhow, so I have nothing to lose, but all to gain."

From the lid of a supply box I pried off a piece of wood, about eighteen inches square, and made a hole in the centre so that it was a tight fit on the metal rod. By this time Po

Ku had returned with the plane's tool kit, such as it was. We carefully threaded the board onto the bar, and Po Ku held it tightly against the patient's body. I gripped the bar with our large Stilton wrench, and pulled gently. Nothing happened, except that the unfortunate patient turned white.

"Well," I thought, "we can't leave the wretched thing as it is, so it is kill or cure." I braced my knee against Po Ku, who was holding the board in position, took a fresh grip of the bar, and pulled hard, rotating gently. With a horrid sucking sound the rod came free, and I, off my balance, fell on the back of my head. Quickly I picked myself up, and we hastened to the General and staunched the flow of blood. Peering into the wound with the aid of a flashlight I came to the conclusion that no great damage had been done, so we stitched and cleaned where we could reach. By now, after taking stimulants, the General was looking much better colour and—as he said—feeling a lot happier. He was now able to lie on his side, whereas before he had had to sit bolt upright, bearing the weight of that heavy metal bar. I left Po Ku to finish the dressing, and went to the next case, a woman who had her right leg blown off just above the knee. A tourniquet had been applied too tightly and for too long. There was only one thing that could be done; we had to amputate the stump.

We had men tear down a door, and on it we strapped the woman. Quickly I cut around the flesh in a "vee," with the point toward the body. With a fine saw I reached in and severed the bone as high as possible. Then carefully folding the two flaps together I stitched them to form a cushion with the end of the bone. Just over half-an-hour it took, half-an-hour of sheer agony, and all the time the woman was quiet, she made no sound, not the slightest whimper, nor did she flinch. She knew that she was in the hands of friends. She knew that what we did, we did for her good.

There were other cases. Minor injuries, and major ones too, and by the time they had been dealt with it was getting

dark. Today it had been Po Ku's turn to fly, to be pilot, but he was quite unable to see in the fading light, and so had to take over.

We hurried back to the plane, packing away our equipment with loving care. Once again it had served us well. Then Po Ku swung the propellers and started the motors. Stabbing blue-red flames came from our open exhaust, and we must have looked like a fire-eating dragon to one who had never before seen a plane. I clambered aboard, and dropped into the pilot's seat, so tired that I could hardly keep my eyes open. Po Ku tottered in after me, shut the door, and fell asleep on the floor. I waved to the men outside to pull away the big stones chocking the wheels.

It was getting darker and the trees were very hard to see. I had memorized the lie of the land, and raced up the star-board engine to turn us round. There was no wind. Then facing what I hoped was the right direction I opened all three throttles as wide as they could be opened. The engine roared, and the plane trembled and clattered as we moved off, swaying with ever-increasing speed. The instruments were invisible. We had no lights, and I knew that the unseen end of the field was frighteningly close. I pulled back on the control column. The plane rose, faltered and dipped, and rose again. We were airborne. I banked and we turned in a lazy circle, climbing. Just below the cold, night clouds I leveled off, looking for our plain landmark, the Yellow River. There it was off to the left, showing a faint sheen against the darker earth. I watched, too, for any other aircraft in the sky, because I was defenseless. With Po Ku asleep on the floor behind me I had no one to keep a watch from the rear.

Settled on our course I leant back, thinking how astonishingly tiring these emergency trips could be, having to improvise, to make do, and patch up poor bleeding bodies with anything that came to hand. I thought of the fabulous tales I had heard of hospitals in England and America, and of the immense supplies of materials and instruments they were said to have. But we of China, we had to make do, we

had to manage, and go on with our own resources.

Landing was a difficult matter in the almost total darkness. There was only the faint glimmer of the oil lamps in peasants' houses, and the rather darker darkness of trees. But the old plane had to get down somehow, and I put her down with the rumble of the undercarriage and the screech of the tail skid. It did not disturb Po Ku at all; he was sound asleep. I switched off the motors, got out, put the chocks behind and in front of the wheels, then returned to the plane, shut the door, and fell asleep on the floor.

Early in the morning we were both aroused by shouts outside. So we opened the door, and there was an orderly to tell us that instead of having a day off, as we thought, we had to take a General to another district where he was going to have an interview with General Chiang Kai-Shek about the war in the Nanking area. This General was a miserable fellow. He had been injured, and he was, theoretically, convalescing. We thought he was malingering. He was a very self-important man, and all the staff heartily disliked him. We had to straighten ourselves up a bit, so we made our way to our huts to get ourselves clean, to change our uniform because the General was a stickler for exactness in dress. While we were in the huts the rain came teeming down, and our gloom increased as the day became, more and more overcast. Rain! We hated it as much as any Chinaman. One of the sights of China was to see the Chinese soldiers, all brave and hardy men, perhaps among the bravest soldiers in the world, but they hated rain. In China the rain came down in a teeming roar, a continuous downpour. It beat down on everything, soaking everything, soaking everyone who happened to be out in it. As we went back to our plane beneath our umbrellas we saw a detachment of the Chinese army. They marched along the road by the side of the aerodrome, the road which was sodden and squelchy with water. The men looked thoroughly disheartened by the rain. They had enough hardship, enough suffering, and the rain aggravated it greatly. They marched along dispiritedly, their rifles protected by

canvas bags which they had slung on their shoulders. On their backs they had sacks, criss-crossed with rope to keep it intact. Here they kept all their belongings, all their implements of war, their food, everything. On their heads they wore straw hats, and in their right hands, above their heads they carried yellow oiled paper and bamboo umbrellas. Now it would seem amusing. But then it was perfectly ordinary to see five or six hundred soldiers marching down a road under five or six hundred umbrellas. We, too, used umbrellas to get to our plane.

We stared in amazement as we got to the side of the plane. There was a group of people there, and above their heads they were supporting a canopy of canvas, keeping the rain off the General. He beckoned us very imperiously and said, "Which of you has the longer flying experience?" Po Ku sighed wearily, "I have, General," he said. "I have been flying for ten years, but my comrade is by far the better pilot and has greater experience." "I am the judge of who is best," said the General. "You will fly, and he will keep good watch over our safety." So Po Ku went to the pilot's compartment. I made my way to the tail of the plane. We tried the engines. I could watch through the little window, and I saw the General and his aides get aboard. There was much ado at the door, much ceremonial, much waving bowing, and then an orderly closed the door of the plane and two mechanics pulled aside the chocks at the wheels. A wave to Po Ku, and the engines were revved up. He gave me a signal on our cord and we moved off.

I did not feel at all happy about this flight. We were going to fly over the Japanese lines, and the Japanese were very alert as to who flew over their positions. Worse than that, we had three fighters—only three—which were supposed to be guarding us. We knew that they would serve as a great attraction to the Japanese, because the Japanese fighters would come up to see what was the matter, why should an old tri-motored plane like ours have fighter planes guarding it? However, as the General had stated so unmistakably, he was the senior, and he was the one who was

giving the orders, and so we lumbered on. We lumbered down to the end of the field. With a swirl of dust, and a clatter of the undercarriage, the plane swung round, the three engines revved up to their limit and we rushed down the field. With a clank and a roar the old plane leapt into the air. We circled round for a time to gain height. That was not our custom, but on this occasion it was our orders. Gradually we got up to five thousand, ten thousand feet. Ten thousand was about our ceiling. We continued to circle around until the three fighters took off, and took formation above us and behind us. I felt absolutely naked, stuck up there with those three fighter planes hanging about. Every now and again I could see one slide into view from my window, and then gradually drop back out of my range of vision. It gave me no feeling of security to see them there. On the contrary, I feared every moment to see Japanese planes as well.

We droned on, and on. It seemed endless. We seemed to be suspended between heaven and earth, There were slight rocks and bumps, the plane swayed a little, and my mind wandered with the monotony of it. I thought of the war going on beneath us down on the ground. I thought of the atrocities, of the horrors, so many of which I had seen. I thought of my beloved Tibet, and how pleasant it would be if I could take even old Abie and fly off and land at the foot of the Potala in Lhasa. Suddenly there were loud bangs, the sky seemed to be filled with whirling planes, planes with the hated "bloodspot" on their wings. I could see them coming into view, and darting out again. I could see tracers and the black smoke of cannon fire. There was no point in my giving signals to Po Ku. It was self-evident that we were being heavily fired upon. Old Abie lurched and dived, and rose again. Her nose went up, and we seemed to claw at the sky. Po Ku was putting us into violent maneuvers, I thought, and I had my work cut out to maintain my position in the tail. Suddenly bullets came whizzing through the fabric just in front of me. At my side a wire twanged, and snapped, and the end of it scraped my face just missing my left eye. I made myself as small as I could

and tried to force myself further back in the tail. There was a ferocious battle in progress, a battle which was now in full view, because bullets had torn a dotted line on the fabric, and the window had gone, and many feet of materiel as well. I seemed to be sitting up in the clouds on a wooden framework. The battle ebbed and flowed, then there was tremendous "CRUMP." The whole plane shook and the nose dropped. I took one frantic look from the window. Japanese planes seemed to fill the sky. As I watched I saw a Japanese and a Chinese plane collide. There was a "BOOM" and a gout of orange-red flame followed by black smoke, and the two planes went whirling down together locked in a death embrace. The pilots spewed out, and fell whirling, hands and legs outstretched, turning over and over like wheels. It reminded me of my early kite flying days in Tibet, when the lama fell out of a kite and went whirling down in much the same way, to crash upon the rock thousands of feet below.

Once again the whole plane shuddered violently, and went wing over wing, like a falling leaf. I thought that the end had come. The nose dropped, the tail rose with such suddenness that I slid straight down the fuselage into the cabin, and into a scene of sheerest horror. The General lay dead; strewn around the cabin were the bodies of the attendants. Cannon shells had ripped through them and just about blown them to bits. All his attendants or aids were either dead or dying. The cabin was a complete shambles. I wrenched open the door of the pilot's compartment and recoiled, feeling sick. Inside was the headless body of Po Ku, hunched over the controls. His head, or what remained of it, was spattered over the instrument panel. The windscreen was a bloody mess, blood and brains. It was so obscured that I could not see out of it. Quickly I seized Po Ku around the shoulders, and threw him aside from the seat. With utter haste I sat down, and grabbed the controls. They were thrashing about, jumping violently. They were slimy with blood, and it was with extreme difficulty that I could hold them. I pulled back on the control column to try and bring up the nose. But I could not see.

I crossed my legs over the column and shuddered using my bare hands to scrape the brains and the blood from the windscreen, to try and make a patch so that I could see. The ground was rushing up. I saw it through the red haze of Po Ku's blood. Things were getting larger and larger. The plane was trembling the engines were screeching. The throttles had no effect whatever upon them. The port wing engine jumped straight out. After that the starboard engine exploded. With the weight of those two gone the nose rose slightly. I pulled back harder and harder. The nose rose slightly more but it was too late, much too late. The plane was too battered to answer its controls properly. I had managed to slow it somewhat, but not enough to make a satisfactory landing. The ground appeared to rise up; the wheels touched the nose fell even more. There was a shocking scrunch, and the rending of woodwork. I felt as if the world was disintegrating around me as, together with the pilot's seat, I shot right out through the bottom of the plane into an odorous mass. There was absolutely excruciating pain in my legs, and for a time I knew no more.

It could not have been very long before I regained consciousness, because I awoke to the sound of gunfire, I looked up. Japanese planes were flying down; there were flashes of red from the gun muzzles. They were shooting at the wreckage of Old Abie, shooting to make sure there was no one in it. A little flicker of fire started at the engine, the only engine left, in the nose. It ran around toward the cabin where the fabric had been saturated with petrol. There was a sudden flare of white flame topped by black smoke. Petrol was spilling on the ground, and it looked as if there was flame pouring down because the petrol was alight. Then there was just a boom, and wreckage came raining down, and Abie was no more. Satisfied at last the Japanese planes made off.

Now I had time to look about me, and to see where I was. To my horror I found that I was in a deep drainage ditch, in a sewer. In China many of the sewers are open and I was in one of them. The stench was simply appalling I consoled myself with the thought that at least the position

in which I had found myself had saved me from Japanese bullets, or from fire. Quickly I freed myself from the wreckage of the pilot's seat. I found that I had snapped both ankles, but with considerable effort I managed to crawl along on hands and knees, scrabbling at the crumbling earth to reach the top of the ditch, and to escape from the clinging mess of sewage.

At the top of the bank, just across from the flames which still flickered on the petrol saturated earth, I fainted again with pain and exhaustion, but heavy kicks in my ribs soon brought me back to consciousness. Japanese soldiers had been attracted to the spot by the flames, and they had found me. "Here is one who is alive," said a voice. I opened my eyes, and there was a Japanese soldier with a rifle with a fixed bayonet. The bayonet was drawn back, ready for a thrust at my heart. "I had to bring him back, so that he would know he was being killed," he said to a comrade of his, and he made to thrust at me. At that moment an officer came hurrying along. "Stop" he shouted. "Take him to the camp. We will make him tell us who were the occupants of this plane, and why they were so guarded. Take him to the camp. We will question him." So the soldier slung his rifle on his shoulder, and caught hold of me by the collar and started to drag me along. "Heavy one, this. Give me a hand," he said. One of his companions came over and caught me by an arm. Together they dragged me along, scraping off the skin of my legs at the same time as I was pulled along the stony ground. At last the officer, who apparently was doing a routine inspection, returned. With a roar of rage he shouted, "Carry him." He looked at my bleeding body, and at the trail of blood I was leaving behind, and he smacked the two guards across the face with the flat of his hand. "If he loses any more blood there will not be enough man to question, and I shall hold you responsible," he said. So for a time I was allowed to rest on the ground while one of the guards went off in search of some sort of conveyance, because I was a large man, quite bulky, and the Japanese guards were small and insignificant.

Eventually I was tossed like a sack of rubbish on to a one-wheeled barrow, and carried off to a building which the Japanese were using as a prison. Here I was just tipped off, and again dragged by the collar to a cell and left to myself. The door was slammed and locked, and the soldiers set to guard outside. After a few moments I managed to set my ankles, and put splints on. The splints were odd pieces of wood which happened to be in the cell which apparently had been used as some sort of store. To bind these splints I had to tear strips from my clothing.

For days I lay in the prison, in the solitary cell, with only rats and spiders for company. Fed once a day on a quart of water and on scraps left over from the tables of the Japanese guards, scraps which perhaps they had chewed, and found unsatisfying, and spat out. But it was the only food I had. It must have been more than a week that I was kept there, because my broken bones were getting well. Then, after midnight, the door was roughly flung open, and Japanese guards entered noisily. I was dragged to my feet. They had to support me because my ankles were still not strong enough to take my weight. Then an officer came in and smacked me across the face. "Your name?" he said. "I am an officer of the Chinese forces, and I am a prisoner-of-war. That is all I have to say," I replied. "MEN do not allow themselves to be taken prisoners. Prisoners are scum without rights. You will answer me," said the officer. But I made no reply. So they knocked me about the head with the flat of their swords, they punched me, kicked me, and spat at me. As I still did not answer they burned me about the face and body with lighted cigarettes, and put lighted matches between my fingers. My training had not been in vain. I said nothing, they could not make me talk. I just kept silent and put my mind to other thoughts, knowing that that was the best way of doing things. Eventually a guard brought a rifle butt down across my back, knocking the wind out of me, and almost stunning me with the violence of the blow. The officer walked across to me, spat in my face, gave me a hard kick and said, "We shall be back, you will speak then." I had collapsed on the floor, so I stayed there, there was no other place to rest.

I tried to recover my strength somewhat. That night there was no further disturbance, nor did I see anyone the next day, nor the day after that, nor the day after that. For three days and four nights I was kept with no food, no water and without seeing anyone at all. Kept in suspense wondering what would happen next.

On the fourth day an officer came again, a different one and said that they were going to look after me, that they were going to treat me well, but that I in return must tell them all that I knew about the Chinese, and about the Chinese forces and Chiang Kai-Shek. They said that they had found out who I was, that I was a high noble from Tibet, and they wanted Tibet to be friendly with them. I thought to myself "Well they are certainly showing a peculiar form of friendship," The officer just made a bow, turned, and left.

For a week I was reasonably well treated, given two meals a day, and water, and that was all. Not enough water, and not enough food, but at least they left me alone. But then three of them came together, and said that they were going to question me, and I was going to answer their questions. They brought a Japanese doctor in with them who examined me, and said that I was in bad shape, but I was well enough to be questioned. He looked at my ankles and said that it was a marvel that I could possibly walk after. Then they bowed ceremoniously to me, and ceremoniously to each other, and trooped out like a gang of schoolboys. Once again the cell door clanged behind them, and I knew that later on that day I was going to face interrogation once again. I composed my mind, and determined that no matter what they did I would not betray the Chinese.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### *When the World was Very Young*

In the early hours of next morning, long before the first streaks of dawn appeared in the sky the cell door was flung open violently, to recoil against the stone wall with a clang. Guards rushed in, I was dragged to my feet, and shaken roughly by three or four men. Then handcuffs were put upon me, and I was marched off to a room which seemed to be a long, long way away. The guards kept prodding me with their rifle butts, not gently either. Each time they did this, which was all too frequent, they yelled, "Answer all questions promptly, you enemy of peace. We will get the truth from you."

Eventually we reached the Interrogation Room. Here there were a group of officers sitting in a semicircle, looking fierce, or trying to look fierce. Actually, to me, they seemed to be a gang of schoolboys who were out for a sadistic treat. They all bowed ceremoniously as I was brought in. Then a senior officer, a colonel, exhorted me to tell the truth. He assured me that the Japanese people were friendly, and peace-loving. But I, he said, was an enemy of the Japanese people because I was trying to resist their peaceful penetration into China. China, he told me, should have been a colony of the Japanese, because China was without culture! He continued. "We Japanese are true friends of peace. You must tell us all. Tell us of the Chinese movements, and of their strength, and of your talks with Chiang Kai-Shek, so that we may crush the rebellion of China without loss of our own soldiers." I said, "I am a prisoner-of-war, and demand to be treated as such. I have nothing

more to say.” He said, “We have to see that all men live in peace under the Emperor. We are going to have an expanded Japanese Empire. You will tell the truth.” They were not at all gentle in their methods of questioning. They wanted information, and they didn't mind what they did to get that information. I refused to say anything, so they knocked me down with rifle butts-rifle butts dashed brutally against my chest or back, or at my knees. Then I was pulled to my feet again by guards so that I could be knocked down again. After many, many hours, during which time I was burned with cigarette ends, they decided that stronger measures were called for. I was bound hand and foot, and dragged off again to an underground cell. Here I was kept bound hand and foot for several days. The Japanese method of tying prisoners led to excruciating pain. My wrists were tied behind me with my hands pointing to the back of my neck. Then my ankles were tied to my wrists, and legs were folded at the knees, so that the soles of the feet also faced the back of the neck. Then a rope was passed from my left ankle and wrist around my neck, and down to the right ankle and wrist. So that if I tried to ease my position at all I half strangled myself. It was indeed a painful process, being kept like a strong bow. Every so often a guard would come in and kick me just to see what happened.

For several days I was kept like that, being unbound for half-an-hour a day only; for several days they kept me like that, and they kept coming and asking for information. I made no sound or response other than to say, "I am an officer of the Chinese forces, a non-combatant officer. I am a doctor and a prisoner-of-war. I have nothing more to say." Eventually they got tired of asking me questions, so they brought in a hose, and they poured strongly peppered water into my nostrils. I felt as if my whole brain was on fire. It felt as if devils were stoking the flames within me. But I did not speak, and they kept on mixing a stronger solution of pepper and water, adding mustard to it. The pain was quite considerable. Eventually bright blood came out of my mouth. The pepper had burned out

the linings of my nostrils. I had managed to survive this for ten days, and I supposed it occurred to them that that method would not make me talk, so, at sight of the bright red blood, they went away.

Two or three days later they came for me again, and carried me to the Interrogation Room. I had to be carried because this time I could not walk in spite of my efforts, in spite of being bludgeoned with gun butts and pricked with bayonets. My hands and legs had been bound for so long that I just could not use them at all. Inside the Interrogation Room I was just dropped to the floor, and the guards—four of them—who had been carrying me stood to attention before the officers who were sitting in a semi-circle. This time they had before them many strange implements which I, from my studies, knew to be instruments of torture “You will tell us the truth now, and cease to waste our time,” said the colonel. “I have told you I am an officer of the Chinese forces.” That was all I said in reply.

The Japanese went red in the face with anger, and at a command I was strapped to a board with my arms outstretched as if I was on a cross. Long slivers of bamboo were inserted beneath my nails right down to the little finger joints, then the slivers were rotated. It really was painful, but it still brought no response. So the guards quickly pulled out the slivers, and then slowly, one by one my nails were split off backwards.

The pain was truly devilish. It was worse when the Japanese dropped salt water onto the bleeding finger ends. I knew that I must not talk and betray my comrades, and so I called to mind the advice of my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. “Do not concentrate on the seat of pain, Lobsang, for if you do you focus all your energies on that spot, and then the pain cannot be borne. Instead think of something else. Control your mind, and think of something else, because if you do that you will still have the pain and the after-effects of pain, but you will be able to bear it. It will seem as something in the background.” So to keep my sanity, and to avoid giving names and information I put my mind to other things. I thought of the past, of my home in Tibet,

and of my Guide. I thought of the beginnings of things as we knew them in Tibet.

Beneath the Potala were hidden mysterious tunnels, tunnels which may hold the key to the history of the world. These interested me, they fascinated me, and it may be of interest to recall once again what I saw and learned there, for it is knowledge apparently not possessed by Western peoples.

I remembered how at the time I was a very young monk in training. The Inmost One, the Dalai Lama, had been making use of my services at the Potala as a clairvoyant, and He had been well pleased with me and as a reward had given me the run of the place. My Guide, the Lama Ming-yar Dondup, sent for me one day, "Lobsang I have been thinking a lot about your evolution, and I have come to the conclusion that you are now of such an age and have attained such a state of development that you can study with me the writings in the hidden caves. Come!"

He rose to his feet, and with me at his side we went out of his room, down the corridor, down many many steps, past groups of monks working at their daily tasks, attending to the domestic economy of the Potala. Eventually, far down in the gloom of the mountain, we came to a little room branching off to the right of the corridor. Little light came through the windows here. Outside the ceremonial prayer flags flapped in the breeze. "We will enter here, Lobsang, so that we may explore those regions to which only few lamas have access." In the little room we took lamps from the shelves, and filled them. Then as a precaution, we each took a spare. Our main lamps were lit, and we walked out, and down the corridor, my Guide ahead of me showing me the way. Down we went, down the corridor, ever down. At long last we came to a room at the end. It seemed to be the end of a journey to me. It appeared to be a storeroom. Strange figures were about, images, sacred objects, and foreign gods, gifts from all the world over. Here

was where the Dali Lama kept his overflow of gifts, those for which he had no immediate use.

I looked about me with intense curiosity. There was no sense in being here so far as I could see. I thought we were going exploring, and this was just a storage room. "Illustrious Master," I said, "surely we have mistaken our path in coming here?" The lama looked at me and smiled benevolently. "Lobsang, Lobsang, do you think I would lose my way?" He smiled as he turned away from me, and walked to a far wall. For a moment he looked about him and then did something. As far as I could see he was fiddling about with some pattern on the wall, some plaster protuberance apparently fabricated by some long-dead hand. Eventually there was a rumble as of falling stones and I spun around in alarm, thinking that perhaps the ceiling was caving in or the floor was collapsing. My Guide laughed. "Oh, no, Lobsang, we are quite safe, quite safe. This is where we continue our journey. This is where we step into another world. A world that few have seen. Follow me."

I looked in awe. The section of the wall had slid aside revealing a dark hole. I could see a dusty path going from the room into the hole, and disappearing into the stygian gloom. The sight rooted me to the spot in astonishment "But Master!" I exclaimed, "there was no sign of a door at all there. How did it happen so?" My Guide laughed at me, and said, "This is an entry which was made centuries ago. The secret of it has been well preserved. Unless one knows one cannot open this door, and no matter how thoroughly one searches there is no sign of a joint or of a crack. But come, Lobsang, we are not discussing building procedure. We are wasting time. You will see this place often." With that he turned and led the way into the hole, into the mysterious tunnel reaching far ahead. I followed with considerable trepidation. He allowed me to go past him, then he turned and again manipulated something. Again came the ominous rumbling and creaking and grating, and a whole panel of the living rock slid before my startled eyes and covered the hole. We were now in darkness, lit only by the flickering glimmer of the golden-flamed

butter lamps which we carried. My Guide passed me, and marched on. His footsteps, muffled though they were, echoed curiously from the rock sides, echoed, and re-echoed. He walked on without speaking. We seemed to cover more than a mile, then suddenly without warning, so suddenly that I bumped into him with an exclamation of astonishment, the lama ahead of me stopped. "Here we replenish our lamps, Lobsang, and put in bigger wicks. We shall need light now. Do as I do, and then we will continue our journey."

Now we had a somewhat brighter flame to light our way, and we continued for a long, long way, for so long that I was getting tired and fidgety. Then I noticed that the passageway was getting wider and higher. It seemed as if we were walking along the narrow end of a funnel, approaching the wider end. We rounded a corridor and I shouted in amazement. I saw before me a vast cavern. From the roof and sides came innumerable pinpoints of golden light, light reflected from our butter lamps. The cavern appeared to be immense. Our feeble illumination only emphasized the immensity and the darkness of it.

My Guide went to a crevice at the left-side of the path, and with a screech dragged out what appeared to be a large metal cylinder. It seemed to be half as high as a man and certainly as wide as a man at the thickest part. It was round, and there was a device at the top which I did not understand. It seemed to be a small, white net. The Lama Mingyar Dondup fiddled about with the thing, and then touched the top of it with his butter lamp. Immediately there was a bright yellow-white flame which enabled me to see clearly. There was a faint hissing from the light, as it was being forced out under pressure. My Guide extinguished our little lamps then. "We shall have plenty of light with this, Lobsang, we will take it with us. I want you to learn some of the history from aeons of long ago." I moved ahead pulling this great bright light, this flaming canister, on a thing like a little sledge. It moved easily. We walked on down the path once again, ever down, until I thought that we must be right down in the bowels of the earth. Eventually he stopped. Before me was a black wall,

shot with a great panel of gold, and on the gold were engravings, hundreds, thousands of them. I looked at them then I looked away to the other side. I could see the black shimmer of water, as if before me was a great lake.

“Lobsang, pay attention to me. You will know about that later. I want to tell you a little of the origin of Tibet, an origin which in later years you will be able to verify for yourself when you go upon an expedition which I am even now planning,” he said. “When you go away from our land you will find those who know us not who will say that Tibetans are illiterate savages who worship devils and indulge in unmentionable rites. But Lobsang, we have culture far older than any in the West, we have records carefully hidden and preserved going back through the ages . . .”

He went across to the inscriptions and pointed out various figures, various symbols. I saw drawings of people, of animals—animals such as we know not now—and then he pointed out a map of the sky, but a map which even I knew was not of the present day because the stars it showed were different and in the wrong places. The lama paused, and turned to me. “I understand this, Lobsang, I was taught this language. Now I will read it to you, read you this age-old story, and then in the days to come I and others will teach you this secret language so that you can come here and make your own notes, keep your own records, and draw your own conclusions. It will mean study, study, study. You will have to come and explore these caverns for there are many of them and they extend for miles beneath us.”

For a moment he stood looking at the inscriptions. Then he read to me part of the past. Much of what he said then, and very much more of what I studied later, simply cannot be given in a book such as this. The average reader would not believe, and if he did and he knew some of the secrets then he might do as others have done in the past; use the devices which I have seen for self-gain, to obtain mastery over others, and to destroy others as nations are now threatening to destroy each other with the atom bomb. The

atom bomb is not a new discovery. It was discovered thousands of years ago, and it brought disaster to the earth then as it will do now if man is not stopped in his folly.

In every religion of the world, in every history of every tribe and nation, there is the story of the Flood, of a catastrophe in which peoples were drowned, in which lands sank and land rose, and the earth was in turmoil. That is in the history of the Incas, the Egyptians, the Christians—everyone. That, so we know, was caused by a bomb; but let me tell you how it happened, according to the inscriptions.

My Guide seated himself in the lotus position, facing the inscriptions on the rock, with the brilliant light at his back shining with a golden glare upon those age-old engravings. He motioned for me to be seated also. I took my place by his side, so that I could see the features to which he pointed. When I had settled myself he started to talk, and this is what he told me.

“In the days of long, long ago earth was a very different place. It revolved much nearer the sun, and in the opposite direction, and there was another planet nearby, a twin of the earth. Days were shorter, and so man seemed to have a longer life. Man seemed to live for hundreds of years. The climate was hotter, and flora was both tropical and luxurious. Fauna grew to huge size and in many diverse forms. The force of gravity was much less than it is at present because of the different rate of rotation of the earth, and man was perhaps twice as large as he is now, but even he was a pigmy compared to another race who lived with him. For upon the earth lived those of a different system who were super-intellectuals. They supervised the earth, and taught men much. Man then was as a colony, a class that is being taught by a kindly teacher. These huge giants taught him much. Often they would get strange craft of gleaming metal and would sweep across the sky. Man, poor ignorant man, still upon the threshold of dawning reason, could not understand it at all, for his intellect was hardly greater than that of the apes.

“For countless ages life on earth followed a placid path. There was peace and harmony between all creatures. Men could converse without speech, by telepathy. They used speech only for local conversations. Then the super-intellectuals, who were so much larger than man, quarreled. Dissident forces rose up among them. They could not agree on certain issues just as races now cannot agree. One group went off to another part of the world, and tried to rule. There was strife. Some of the super-men killed each other, and they waged fierce wars, and brought much destruction to each other. Man, eager to learn, learned the arts of war; man learned to kill. So the earth which before had been a peaceful place became a troubled spot. For some time, for some years, the super-men worked in secret, one half of them against the other half. One day there was a tremendous explosion, and the whole earth seemed to shake and veer in its course. Lurid flames shot across the sky, and the earth was wreathed in smoke. Eventually the uproar died down, but after many months strange signs were seen in the sky, signs that filled the people of earth with terror. A planet was approaching, and rapidly growing bigger, and bigger. It was obvious that it was going to strike the earth. Great tides arose, and the winds with it, and the days and nights were filled with a howling tempestuous fury. A planet appeared to fill the whole sky until at last it seemed that it must crash straight onto the earth. As the planet got closer and closer, immense tidal waves arose and drowned whole tracts of land. Earthquakes shivered the surface of the globe, and continents were swallowed in the twinkling of an eye. The race of supermen forgot the quarrels; they hastened to their gleaming machines, and rose up into the sky, and sped away from the trouble besetting the earth. But on the earth itself earthquakes continued; mountains rose up, and the sea-bed rose with them; lands sank and were inundated with water; people of that time fled in terror, crazed with fear at what they thought was the end of the world, and all the time the winds grew fiercer, and the uproar and the clamor harder to bear,

uproar and clamour which seemed to shatter the nerves and drive men to frenzy.

“The invading planet grew closer and larger, until at last it approached to within a certain distance and there was a tremendous crash, and a vivid electric spark shot from it. The skies flamed with continuous discharges, and soot-black clouds formed and turned the days into a continuous night of fearful terror. It seemed that the sun itself stood still with horror at the calamity, for, according to the records, for many, many days the red ball of the sun stood still, blood-red with great tongues of flame shooting from it. Then eventually the black clouds closed, and all was night. The winds grew cold, then hot; thousands died with the change of temperature, and the change again. Food of the Gods, which some called manna, fell from the sky. Without it the people of the earth, and the animals of the world, would have starved through the destruction of the crops, through the deprivation of all other food.

“Men and women wandered from place to place looking for shelter, looking for anywhere where they could rest their weary bodies wracked by the storm, tortured by turmoil; praying for quiet, hoping to be saved. But the earth shook and shivered, the rains poured down, and all the time from the outer space came the splashes and discharges of electricity. With the passage of time, as the heavy black clouds rolled away, the sun was seen to be becoming smaller, and smaller. It seemed to be receding, and the people of the world cried out in fear. They thought the Sun God, the Giver of Life, was as running away from them. But stranger still the sun now moved across the sky from east to west, instead of from west to east as before.

“Man had lost all track of time. With the obscuring of the sun there was no method with which they could tell its passage; not even the wisest men knew how long ago these events had taken place. Another strange thing was seen in the sky; a world, quite a large world, yellow, gibbous which seemed as if it too was going to fall upon the earth. This which we now know as the moon appeared at this time

as a relic from the collision of the two planets. Later races were to find a great depression in the earth, in Siberia where perhaps the surface of the earth had been damaged by the close proximity of another world, or even a spot from whence the moon had been wrenched.

“Before the collision there had been cities and tall buildings housing much knowledge of the Greater Race. They had been toppled in the turmoil, and they were just mounds of rubble, concealing all that hidden knowledge. The wise men of the tribes knew that within the mounds were canisters containing specimens and books of engraved metal. They knew that all the knowledge in the world reposed within those piles of rubbish, and so they set to work to dig, and dig, to see what could be saved in the records, so that they could increase their own power by making use of the knowledge of the Greater Race.

“Throughout the years to come the days became longer and longer, until they were almost twice as long as before the calamity, and then the earth settled in its new orbit, accompanied by its moon, the moon, a product of a collision. But still the earth shook and rumbled, and mountains rose and spewed out flames and rocks, and destruction. Great rivers of lava rushed down the mountain sides without warning, destroying all that lay in their path, but often enclosing monuments and sources of knowledge, for the hard metal upon which many of the records had been written was not melted by the lava, but merely protected by it, preserved in a casing of stone, porous stone which in the course of time eroded away, so that the records contained within would be revealed and would fall into the hands of those who would make use of them. But that was not for a long time yet. Gradually, as the earth became more settled in its new orbit, cold crept upon the world, and animals died or moved to the warmer areas. The mammoth and the brontosaurus died for they could not adapt to the new ways of life. Ice fell from the sky, and the winds grew bitter. Now there were many clouds, whereas before there had been almost none. The world was a very different place; the sea had tides; before they had been placid lakes, , unruffled except by the passing breeze.

Now great waves lashed up at the sky, and for years the tides were immense and threatened to engulf the land and drown the people. The heavens looked different too. At night strange stars were seen in place of the familiar ones and the moon was very close. New religions sprouted as the priests of that time tried to maintain their power and account for the happenings. They forgot much about the Greater Race, they thought only of their own power, of their own importance. But—they could not say how this occurred, or how that happened. They put it down to the wrath of God, and taught that all man was born in sin.

“With the passage of time, with the earth settled in its new orbit, and as the weather became more tranquil, people grew smaller and shorter. The centuries rolled by, and lands became more stable. Many races appeared as if experimentally, struggled, failed, and disappeared, to be replaced by others. At last a stronger type evolved, and civilization began anew, civilization which carried from its earliest days a racial memory of some dire calamity, and some of the stronger intellects made search to find out what had really happened. By now the wind and the rain had done their work. The old records were beginning to appear from the crumbling lava stone, and the higher intellect of humans now upon the earth were able to gather these and place them before their wise men, who at long last, with much struggle, were able to decipher some of the writings. As little of the records became legible, and as the scientists of the day began to understand them, they set about frantic searches for other records with which to piece together the complete instructions, and to bridge the gaps. Great excavations were undertaken, and much of interest came to light. Then indeed the new civilization sprouted. Towns and cities were built, and science started its rush to destroy. The emphasis always on destruction, upon gaining power for little groups. It was completely overlooked that man could live in peace, and that the lack of peace had caused the calamity before.

“For many centuries science held sway. The priests set up as scientists, and they outlawed all those scientists who

were not also priests. They increased their power; they worshipped science, they did all they could to keep power in their own hands, and to crush the ordinary man and stop him from thinking. They set themselves up as Gods; no work could be done without the sanction of the priests. What the priests wanted they took: without hindrance without opposition, and all the time they were increasing their power until upon earth they were absolutely omnipotent, forgetting that for humans absolute power corrupts.

“Great craft sailed through the air without wings, without sound, sailed through the air, or hovered motionless not even the birds could hover. The scientists had discovered the secret of mastering gravity, and anti-gravity, and harnessing it to their power. Immense blocks of stone were maneuvered into position where wanted by one man and a very small device which could be held in the palm of one hand. No work was too hard, because man merely manipulated his machines without effort to himself. Huge engines clattered across the surface of the earth, but nothing moved upon the surface of the sea except for pleasure because travel by sea was too slow except for those who wanted the enjoyment of the combination of wind and the waves. Everything traveled by air, or for shorter journeys across the earth. People moved out to different lands, and set up colonies. But now they had lost their telepathic power through the calamity of the collision. Now they no longer spoke a common language; the dialects became more and more acute, until in the end they were completely different, and to each other incomprehensible, languages.

“With the lack of communication, and the failure to understand each other, and each other's view points, races quarreled, and began wars. Fearsome weapons were invented. Battles raged everywhere. Men and women were becoming maimed, and the terrible rays which were being produced were making many mutations in the human race. Years rolled by, and the struggle became more intense, and the carnage more terrible. Inventors everywhere, spurred on by their rulers, strove to produce more deadly weapons.

Scientists worked to devise even more ghastly devices of offence. Disease germs were bred, and dropped upon the enemy from high-flying aircraft. Bombs wrecked the sewage and plagues raged through the earth blighting people, animals, and plants. The earth was set on destruction.

“In a remote district far from all the strife a group of far-seeing priests who had not been contaminated by the search for power, took thin plates of gold, and engraved upon them the history of their times, engraved upon them maps of the heavens and of the lands. Upon them they revealed the innermost secrets of their science, and gave grave warnings of the dangers which would befall those who misused this knowledge. Years passed during which time these plates were prepared, and then, with specimens of the actual weapons, tools, books, and all useful things, they were concealed in stone and were hidden in various places so that those who came after them would know of the past, and would, it was hoped, profit from it. For the priests knew of the course of humanity; they knew what was to happen, and as predicted the expected did happen. A fresh weapon was made, and tried. A fantastic cloud swirled up into the stratosphere, and the earth shook, and reeled again, and seemed to rock on its axis. Immense walls of water surged over the land, and swept away many of the races of man. Once again mountains sank beneath the seas, and others rose up to take their place. Some men, women, and animals, who had been warned by these priests were saved by being afloat in ships, afloat and sealed against the poisonous gases and germs which ravaged the earth. Other men and women were carried high into the air as the lands upon which they dwelt rose up; others, not so fortunate, were carried down, perhaps beneath the water, perhaps down as the mountains closed over their heads.

“Flood and flames and lethal rays killed people in millions, and very few people only were left on earth now isolated from each other by vagaries of the catastrophe. These were half-crazed by the disaster, shaken out of their senses by the tremendous noise and commotion. For many

years they hid in caves and in thick forests. They forgot all the culture, and they went back to the wild stages, in the earliest days of mankind, covering themselves with skin and with the juice of berries, and carrying clubs studded with flint in their hands.

“Eventually new tribes were formed, and they wandered over the new face of the world. Some settled in what is now Egypt, others in China, but those of the pleasant low-lying seaside resort, which had been much favoured by the super-race, suddenly found themselves many thousands feet above the sea, ringed by the eternal mountains, and with the land fast cooling. Thousands died in the bitter rarefied air. Others who survived became the founders of the modern, hardy Tibetan of the land which is now Tibet. That had been the place in which the group of far-seeing priests had taken their thin plates of gold, and engraved upon them all their secrets. Those plates, and all the specimens of their arts and crafts, had been hidden deep in a cavern in a mountain to become accessible to a later race of priests. Others were hidden in a great city which is now in the Chang Tang Highlands of Tibet.

“All culture was not quite extinct, however, although mankind was back in the savage state, in the Black Ages. But there were isolated spots throughout the earth's surface where little groups of men and women struggled on to keep knowledge alive, to keep alight the flickering flame of human intellect, a little group struggling on blindly in the stygian darkness of savagery. Throughout the centuries which followed there were many states of religion, many attempts to find the truth of what had happened, and all the time hidden away in Tibet in deep caves was knowledge. Engraved upon plates of imperishable gold, permanent, uncorruptible, waiting for those who could find them, and decipher them.

“Gradually man developed once again. The gloom of ignorance began to dissipate. Savagery turned to semi-civilization. There was actually progress of a sort. Again cities were built, and machines flew in the sky. Once more mountains were no bar, man traveled throughout the

world, across the seas, and over the land. As before, with the increase of knowledge and power, they became arrogant, and oppressed weaker peoples. There was unrest, hatred, persecution, and secret research. The stronger people oppressed the weak. The weaker peoples developed machines, and there were wars, wars again lasting years. Ever there were fresh and more terrible weapons being produced. Each side sought to find the most terrible weapons of all, and all the time in caves in Tibet knowledge was lying. At the time in the Chang Tang Highlands a great city lay desolate, unguarded, containing the most precious knowledge in the world, waiting for those who would enter, and see, lying, just waiting . . .”

Lying. I was lying on my back in an underground cell in a prison, looking up through a red haze. Blood was pouring from my nose, from my mouth, from the ends of my fingers, and toes. I ached all over. I felt as if I was immersed in a bath of flame. Dimly I heard a Japanese voice say, “You've gone too far this time. He cannot live. He cannot possibly live.” But I did live. I determined that I would live on, and show the Japanese how a man of Tibet conducted himself. I would show them not even the most devilish tortures would make a Tibetan speak.

My nose was broken, was squashed flat against my face by an angry bang from a rifle butt. My mouth was gashed, my jaw bones were broken, my teeth kicked out. But not all the tortures of the Japanese could make me talk. After a time they gave up the attempt, for even the Japanese could realize the futility of trying to make a man talk when he would not. After many weeks I was set to work dealing with the bodies of others who had not survived. The Japanese thought that by giving me such a job they would eventually break my nerve, and perhaps then I would talk. Piling up bodies in the heat of the sun, bodies stinking bloated, and discolored, was not pleasant. Bodies would swell up, and burst like pricked balloons. One day I saw a man fall dead. I knew he was dead because I examined him myself but the guards took no notice; he was just picked up by two men, and swung and tossed on to the pile of dead bodies, and left, left so that the hot sun and the

rats could do the work of scavenging. But it did not matter if a man was dead or not, because if a man was too ill to work he was either bayoneted on the spot and tossed on to the dead pile, or he was tossed on while he was still alive.

I decided that I too would “die,” and would be placed with the other bodies. During the hours of darkness I would escape. So I made my few plans, and for the next three or four days I carefully watched the Japanese and their procedure, and decided on how I would act. For a day or so I staggered, and acted as if I were weaker than I really was. the day on which I planned to “die” I staggered as I walked, staggered as I attended roll-call at the first light of dawn. Throughout the morning I showed every sign of utter weariness, and then, just after noon, I let myself collapse. It was not difficult, not really acting, I could have collapsed with weariness at any time. The tortures I had undergone had weakened me considerably. The poor food I had, had weakened me even more, and I was indeed deadly tired. This time I did collapse, and actually fell asleep through tiredness. I felt my body being crudely lifted and swung, and tossed up. The impact as I landed on the pile of creaking dead bodies awakened me. I felt the pile sway a little and then settle down. The shock of that landing made me open my eyes; a guard was looking half-heartedly in my direction, so I opened my eyes still more as dead man's eyes go, and he looked away, he was too used to seeing dead bodies, one more was of no interest to him. I kept very still, very still indeed, thinking of the past again and planning for the future. I kept still in spite of other bodies being thrown up around me, on top of me.

The day seemed to last years. I thought the light would never fade. But at long last it did, the first signs of night were coming, The stench about me was almost unbearable the stench of long-dead bodies. Beneath me I could hear the rustling and squeaks of rats going about their gruesome work, eating the bodies. Every now and then the pile would sag as one of the bottom bodies collapsed under the weight of all those above. The pile would sag and sway, and I

hoped that it would not topple over, as so often it did, for then the bodies would have to be piled again, and who knows—this time I might be found to be alive, or even worse, find myself at the bottom of the pile, when my plight would be hopeless.

At last the prisoners working around were marched in to their huts. The guards patrolled the top of the wall, and there was the chill of the night air. Slowly, oh, so slowly the light began to fade. One by one little yellow lights appeared in windows, in the guardrooms. So slowly as to be almost imperceptible, night came.

For a long, long time I lay still in that stinking bed of dead bodies. Lay still watching as best I could. Then, when the guards were at the far end of their beat, I gingerly pushed aside a body from above me, and pushed away one at my side. It tumbled, and went over the side of the pile, and fell upon the ground with a crunch. I held my breath with dismay; I thought that surely now guards would come running, and I would be found. It was death indeed to move outside in the darkness, because searchlights would come on, and any unfortunate found by the Japanese would be bayoneted to death, or disembowelled perhaps, or hung over a slow fire, or any devilish death which the distorted Japanese ingenuity could devise, and all this would be in front of a sickened group of prisoners, to teach them that it was not policy to try to escape from the Sons of Heaven.

Nothing moved. The Japanese were too used, apparently, to the creakiness and fallings from the dead pile. I moved experimentally. The whole pile of bodies creaked and shook. I moved a foot at a time, and eventually crept over the edge of the pile, and let myself down, grabbing bodies so that I could climb down ten or twelve feet, because I was too weak to jump and risk a sprain or a broken bone. The slight noises that I made did not attract attention. The Japanese had no idea at all that anyone would hide in such a gruesome place. Upon the ground I moved stealthily and slowly to the shadow of the trees near the wall of the prison camp. For some time I waited. Above my head the guards came together. There was a muttered talk, and the

flare of a match as a cigarette was lighted. Then the guards parted, one going off up the wall, and the other down, each with a cigarette hidden in his cupped hands, each of them more or less blinded for the time being by the glare of that match in the darkness. I took advantage of that. Quietly and slowly I managed to climb over the wall. This was a camp which had been set up temporarily, and the Japanese had not got around to electrifying their fences. I climbed over, and stealthily made my way into the darkness. All that night I lay along the branch of a tree, almost in sight of the camp. I reasoned that if I had been missed, if I had been seen, the Japanese would rush by, they would not think that a prisoner would stay so close to them.

The whole of the next day I stayed where I was, I was too weak, and ill, to move. Then at the end of the day, as the darkness again fell, I slithered down the trunk of the tree, and made my way on through territory which I knew well.

I knew that an old, old Chinese lived nearby. I had brought much help to his wife before she died, and to his house I made my way in the darkness. I tapped gently at his door. There was an air of tenseness, an air of fright. Eventually I whispered who I was. Stealthy movements inside, and then gently and silently the door was opened a few inches, and the old face looked out. "Ah," he said, "come in quickly." He opened the door wider, and I crept in beneath his outstretched arm. He put up his shutters, and a light and gasped with horror as he saw me. My left eye was badly damaged. My nose was flattened against my face. My mouth was cut and gashed, and the ends drooped down. He heated water; and washed my hurts, and gave me food. That night and the next day I rested in his hut. He went out, and made arrangements whereby I should be conveyed to the Chinese lines. For several days I had to remain in that hut in the Japanese held territory, for several days while fever raged, and where I nearly died.

After perhaps ten days I was sufficiently recovered to be able to get up, and walk out, and make my way along a

well planned route to the Chinese headquarters near Shanghai. They looked at me in horror as I went in with my squashed and battered face, and for more than a month I was in hospital while they took bone from a leg to rebuild my nose. Then I was sent off again to Chungking to recuperate before returning as an active medical officer to the Chinese medical forces. Chungking! I thought I would be glad to see it after all my adventures, after all that I had gone through. Chungking! And so I set off with a friend who also was going there to recuperate from illnesses caused in the war.

## CHAPTER NINE

### *Prisoner of the Japanese*

WE were amazed at the difference in Chungking. This was no longer the Chungking that we knew. New buildings—new fronts to old buildings—shops of all types springing up everywhere. Chungking! The place was absolutely crowded! People had been pouring in from Shanghai, from all the coastal towns. Businessmen, with their living gone on the coast, had come far inland to Chungking, to start all over again, perhaps with a few pitiful remnants saved from the grasping Japanese. But more often starting again from nothing.

Universities had found buildings in Chungking, or had built their own temporary buildings, ramshackle sheds most of them. But here was the seat of culture of China. No matter what the buildings were like, the brains were there, some of the best brains in the whole world.

We made our way to the temple at which we had stayed previously; it was like coming home. Here, in the calm of the temple, with the incense waving in clouds above our

heads, we felt that we had come to peace, we felt that the Sacred Images were gazing benignly upon us in favour of our efforts, and perhaps even a little sympathetic at the harsh treatment which we had undergone. Yes, we were home at peace, recovering from our hurts, before going out into the fierce savage world to endure fresh and worse torments. The temple bells chimed, the trumpets were sounded. It was time again for the familiar, well beloved service. We took our places with hearts full of joy at being back.

That night we were late in retiring because there was so much to discuss so much to tell, so much to hear as well, because Chungking had been having a hard time with the bombs dropping. But we were from "the great outside," as they called it in the temple, and our throats were parched before we were allowed to roll again in our blankets and sleep in the old familiar place upon the ground near the temple precincts. At last sleep overtook us.

In the morning I had to go to the hospital at which I had previously been student, house surgeon, and then medical officer. This time I was going as a patient. It was a novel experience indeed to be a patient at this hospital. My nose, though, was giving trouble; it had turned septic, and so there was nothing for it but to have it opened and scraped. This was quite a painful process. We had no anesthetics. The Bulman Road had been closed, all our supplies had been stopped, There was nothing for it but to endure as pleasantly as I could, that which could not be avoided. But so soon as the operation was over I returned to the temple, because beds in Chungking hospital were very scarce. Wounded were pouring in, and only the most urgent cases, only those who could not walk at all were allowed to remain in the hospital. Day after day I made the journey down the little path along the high road, to Chungking. At long last, after two or three weeks, the Dean of the Surgical Facility called me into his office, and said, "Well, Lobsang, my friend, we shall not have to engage thirty-two coolies for you after all. We thought we should, you know, it has been touch and go!"

Funerals in China are taken very, very seriously indeed.

It was considered of the utmost importance to have the correct number of bearers according to one's social status. To me it all seemed silly; as I well knew when the spirit had left the body it did not matter at all what happened to the body. We of Tibet made no fuss about our discarded bodies; we just had them collected by the Body Breakers who broke them up and fed the bits to the birds. Not so in China. Here that would be almost akin to condemning one to eternal torment. Here one had to have a coffin borne by thirty-two coolies if it was a first class funeral. The second class funeral, though, had just half that number of bearers, sixteen of them, as if it took sixteen men to carry one coffin! The third class funeral—this was about the average—had eight coolies bearing the lacquered wooden coffin. But the fourth class, which was just the ordinary working class, had four coolies. Of course the coffin here would be quite a light affair, quite cheap. Lower than fourth class had no coolies at all to carry. The coffins were just trundled along in any sort of conveyance. And of course there were not only coolies to be considered; there were the official mourners, those who wept and wailed, and made it their lifes work to attend on the departure of the dead.

Funerals? Death? It is strange how odd incidents stay in one's mind! One in particular has stayed in mine ever since. It occurred near Chungking. It may be of interest to relate it here, to give a little picture of war—and death.

It was the day of the mid-autumn festival of “The Fifteenth Day of the Eighth Month” when the autumn moon was at the full. In China this is an auspicious occasion. It is the time when families try their utmost to come together for a banquet at the ending of the day. “Moon-cakes” are eaten to celebrate the harvest moon; they are eaten as a sort of sacrifice as a sort of token that they hope the next year will be a happier one.

My friend Huang the Chinese monk was also staying at the temple. He too had been wounded and on this particular day we were walking from Chiaoting Village to Chungking. The village is a suburb perched high an the steep sides of

the Yangtse, Here lived the wealthier people, those who could afford the best. Below us through occasional gaps in the trees as we walked we could see the river and the boats upon it. Nearer in the terraced gardens blue-clad men and women worked, bent over at their eternal weeding and hoeing. The morning was beautiful. It was warm and sunny, the type of day when everything seems bright and cheerful. Thoughts of war were far removed from our minds as we strolled along, stopping every so often to look through the trees and admire the view. Close to us in a nearby thicket a bird was singing, welcoming the day. We walked on and breasted the hill. "Stop a minute Lobsang. I'm winded," said Huang. So we sat on a boulder in the shadow of the trees. It was pleasant there with the beautiful view across the water, with the moss covered track sweeping away down the hill, and the little autumn flowers peeping from the ground in profuse flecks of colour. The trees, too, were beginning to turn and change shade. Above us little flecks of cloud drifted idly across the sky.

In the distance approaching us we saw a crowd of people. snatches of sound were borne to us on the light wind. "We must conceal ourselves, Lobsang. It is the funeral of old Shang, the Silk Trader. A first class funeral. I should have attended, but I said I was too ill, and I shall lose face if they see me now." Huang had risen to his feet, and I rose as well from the boulder. Together we retreated a little way into the wood, where we could see, but not be seen. There was a rocky ridge, and we lay down behind it, Huang a little way behind me so that even if I were seen he would not be. We made ourselves at ease, draping our robes around us, robes which blended well with the russet of autumn.

Slowly the funeral procession approached, the Chinese monks were gowned in yellow silk, with their rust red capes around their shoulders. The pale autumn sun shone on their freshly shaven heads, showing up the scars of the initiation ceremony; the sun gleamed on the silver bells they carried in their hands, making flashings and glintings as they were

swung. The monks were singing the minor chant of the funeral service as they walked ahead of the huge Chinese lacquered coffin which was carried by thirty-two coolies. Attendants beat gongs, and let off fireworks to scare any lurking devils, for, according to Chinese belief, demons were now ready to seize the soul of the deceased, and they had to be frightened off by fireworks and by noise. Mourners, with the white cloth of sorrow draped around their heads, walked behind. A woman, far advanced in pregnancy, and evidently a close relation, was weeping bitterly as she was helped along by others. Professional mourners wailed loudly as they shrieked the virtues of the departed to all who listened. Next came servants bearing paper money, and paper models of all the things which the deceased had in this life, and would need in the next. From where we watched, concealed by the ridge of rock, and the overgrowing bushes, we could smell the incense and the scent of the freshly crushed flowers as they were trodden underfoot by the procession. It was a very big funeral indeed. Shang, the Silk Trader, must have been one of the leading citizens, for the wealth here was fabulous.

The party came slowly by us with loud wailings, and the clattering of cymbals, and the blaring of instruments and the ringing of bells. Suddenly shadows came across the sun, and above the clamor of the funeral party we heard the drone of high-powered aero engines, a drone growing louder, and louder, and more and more ominous. Three sinister-looking Japanese planes came into view above the trees, between us and the sun. They circled around. One detached itself, and came lower, and swept right above the funeral procession. We were not perturbed. We thought that even the Japanese would respect the sanctity of death. Our hearts rose as the plane swept back to rejoin the other two, and together they made off. Our rejoicing was short-lived however; the planes circled, and came at us again; little black dots fell from beneath their wings, and grew larger, and larger, as the shrieking bombs fell to earth, fell directly on the funeral procession.

Before us the trees swayed and rocked, the whole earth

appeared to be in turmoil, riven metal went screaming by. So close were we that we heard no explosion. Smoke and dust, and shattered cyprus trees were in the air. Red lumps went swishing by, to land with sickening splats on anything in the way. For a moment all was hidden by a black and yellow pall of smoke. Then it was swept away by the wind and we were left to face the ghastly carnage.

On the ground the coffin gaped wide, and empty. The poor dead body which it had contained was flung asprawl, like a broken doll, shredded, unkempt, discarded. We picked ourselves from the ground, shaken, and half stunned by the havoc, by the violence of the explosion, and by our very close escape. I stood and picked from the tree behind me a long sliver of metal which had barely missed me as it whirred by my head. The sharp end was dripping with blood, and it was hot, so hot that I dropped it with an exclamation of pain as I looked ruefully at my scorched finger tips.

On the rended trees pieces of cloth stirred in the breeze, with with bloody flesh adhering. An arm, complete with shoulder, still swayed across a forked branch some fifty feet away. It teetered, slipped, caught again for a moment on a lower branch, and then finally, sickeningly fell to the earth. From somewhere a red, distorted head, grinning frightened surprise, fell through the stripped branches of the trees, and rolled towards me, to finally stop at my feet as if it were gazing at me in awed wonder at the in-humanity of the Japanese aggressor.

It seemed a moment when even time itself stood still in horror. The air reeked with the odors of high explosive, with blood, and with riven guts. The only sounds were swish and plop, as unmentionable things fell from the sky or from the trees. We hurried to the wreckage, hoping that someone could be helped, sure that there must be some survivor of the tragedy. Here was a body, shredded and disemboweled, so mutilated, so scorched that we could not say if it was male or female; so mutilated that we could hardly say even that it was human. By it, across it, was a small boy, with his legs blown off at the thigh. He was whimpering with terror. As I knelt beside him he erupted

a gout of bright blood, and coughed his life away. Sadly we looked about, and widened our area of search. Beneath a fallen tree we found the pregnant woman. The tree had been blown across her. It had burst her stomach. From the womb her unborn baby protruded, dead. Further along was a severed hand which still tightly grasped a silver bell. We searched and searched, and found no life.

From the sky came the sound of aircraft engines. The attackers were returning to view their ghastly work. We lay back on the blood-stained ground as the Japanese plane circled lower, and lower, to inspect the damage, to make sure that none lived to tell the tale. It turned lazily, banking like a hawk swooping for the kill, then came back, back in straight flight, lower and lower. The harsh crackle of machine-gun fire and the whiplash of bullets along the trees. Something tugged at the skirt of my robe and I heard a scream. I felt as if my leg had been scorched. "Poor Huang," I thought, "he's hit and he wants me." Above us the plane turned circling idly as if the pilot leaned as far as he could to view the ground below. He put his nose down and desultorily fired again and again, and circled once more. Apparently he was satisfied for he wagged his wings and went away. After a while I rose to give aid to Huang but he was many feet away, quite unhurt, still half con-sealed in the ground. I pulled my robe and found my left leg had a scorch mark where the bullet had ploughed its way along the flesh. Inches from me the grinning skull now had a fresh bullet hole through it, straight through one temple and out through the other side; the exit hole was huge and had blown the brains out with it.

Once again we searched in the undergrowth and among the trees, but there was no sign of life. Fifty to a hundred people, perhaps more, had been here only minutes ago to pay homage to the dead. Now they too were dead. Now they were merely red ruin and shapeless mounds. We turned helplessly. There was nothing at all for us to do, nothing to save. Time alone would cover these scars.

This then was the “Fifteenth Day of the Eighth Month” when families came together at the ending of the day, when they came together with joy in their hearts at the reunion. Here at least, by the action of the Japanese, the families had “come together” at the ending of their day. We turned to continue our way, as we left the wrecked area a bird took up its interrupted song as if nothing at all had happened.

Life in Chungking at that time was crude indeed. Many money-grabbers had come in, people who tried to exploit the misery of the poor, who tried to capitalize on war. Prices were soaring, conditions were difficult. We were glad indeed when orders came through for us to resume our duties. Casualties near the coast had been very high indeed. Medical personnel were desperately needed. So once again, we left Chungking, and made our way down to the coast where General Yo was waiting to give us our orders. Days later I was installed as medical officer in charge of the hospital, a laughable term indeed. The hospital was a collection of paddy fields in which the unfortunate patients lay on the water-logged ground, for there was nowhere else to lie, no bed, nothing. Our equipment? Paper bandages. Obsolete surgical apparatus, and anything else we could make, but at least we had the knowledge and the will to bring help to those so badly wounded, and of those we had a surfeit. The Japanese were winning everywhere. The casualties were ghastly.

One day the air-raids seemed to be more intense than usual. Bombs were dropping everywhere. The whole fields were ringed with bomb craters. Troops were retreating. Then in the evening of that day a contingent of Japanese rushed upon us, menacing us with their bayonets, jabbing first one, then another, just to show that they were the masters. We had no resistance, we had no weapons at all, nothing with which to defend ourselves. The Japanese roughly questioned me as the one in charge, and then they went out in the fields to examine the patients. All the patients were ordered to stand up. Those who were too ill to walk and carry a load were bayoneted by the enemy then and there. The rest of us were marched off, just as we were,

to a prison camp much further in the interior. We marched miles and miles each day. Patients were dropping dead by the roadside, and as they fell Japanese guards rushed to examine them for anything of value. Jaws clenched in death were pried open with a bayonet, and any gold fillings of teeth were crudely knocked out.

One day as we were marching along I saw that the guards in front had something strange on the end of their bayonets. They were waving them about. I thought it was some sort of celebration. It looked as if they had got balloons tied on the end of their rifles. Then, with laughs and shouts, guards came rushing down the line of prisoners, and we saw with a sick feeling in the stomach, that they had heads spiked to the end of their bayonets. Heads with the eyes open, the mouth open, too, the jaws dropped down. The Japanese had been taking prisoners, decapitating them and spearing the necks as a sign—again—that they were the masters.

In our hospital we had been dealing with patients of all nations. Now, as we marched along, bodies of all nationalities were by the roadside. They were all of one nationality now, the nation of the dead. The Japanese had taken everything from them. For days we marched on, getting fewer and fewer, getting tiered, and tireder, until those few of us who reached the new camp were stumbling along in a red haze of pain and fatigue, with the blood seeping through our rag-wrapped feet, and leaving a long red trail behind us. At last we reached the camp, and a very crude camp it was too. Here again the questioning started. Who was I? What was I? Why was I, a lama of Tibet, fighting on behalf of the Chinese? My reply to the effect that I was not fighting, but mending broken bodies, and helping those who were ill, brought abuse and blows. "Yes," they said, "yes, mending bodies so that they can fight against us."

At last I was put to work looking after those who were trying to save them for the slave labor of the Japanese. About four months after we reached that camp there was a big inspection. Some high officials were coming to see

how the prison camps were behaving, and whether there was anyone of note who could be of use to the Japanese. We were all lined up in the early dawn, and left standing there for hours, and hours, until the late afternoon, and a sorry crowd we looked by then. Those who fell from fatigue were bayoneted and dragged away to the death pile. We straightened our lines somewhat as high-powered cars drove up with a roar, and bemedalled men jumped out. A visiting Japanese major casually walked down the lines, looking over the prisoners. He glanced at me, then looked at me more carefully. He stared at me, and said something to me which I did not understand. Then as I did not reply he struck me across the face with the scabbard of his sword. The major said something to him. The orderly ran off to the records office, and after a very short time he came back with my record. The major snatched it from him, and read it avidly. Then he shouted abuse at me, and issued an order to the guards with him. Once again I was knocked down by their rifle butts. Once again my nose—so newly repaired and rebuilt—was smashed and I was dragged away to the guard room. Here my hands and feet were tied behind my back, and pulled up and tied to my neck, so that every time I tried to rest my arms I nearly strangled myself. For a long time I was kicked and pummeled, and burned with cigarette ends while questions were shot at me. Then I was made to kneel, and guards jumped on my heels in the hope that that pain would compel me to answer. My arches snapped under the strain.

The questions they asked! How had I escaped? Who had I spoken to while I was away? Did I know that it was an insult to their Emperor to escape? They also demanded details of troop movements because they thought that I, as a lama from Tibet, must know a lot about Chinese dispositions. Of course I did not answer, and they kept burning me with their lighted cigarettes, and going through all the usual routine of torture. Eventually they put me on a crude sort of rack, and pulled the drum tight so that it felt as if my arms and legs were being dragged from their

sockets. I fainted and each time I was revived by having a bucket of cold water thrown over me, and by being pricked with bayonet points. At last the medical officer in charge of the camp intervened. He said that if I had any more suffering I would assuredly die, and they would then not be able to get answers to their questions. They did not want to kill me, because to kill me would be to allow me to escape from their questions. I was dragged out by the neck, and thrown into a deep underground cell shaped like a bottle, made of cement. Here I was kept for days, it might have been weeks. I lost all count of time, there was no sensation of time. The cell was pitch dark. Food was thrown in every two days, and water was lowered in a tin. Often it was spilled, and I had to grovel in the dark, and scabble with my hands to try and find it, or to try and find anything moist from the ground. My mind would have cracked under the strain, under that darkness so profound, but my training saved me. I thought again of the past.

Darkness? I thought of the hermits in Tibet, in their secure hermitages perched in lofty mountain peaks in inaccessible places among the clouds. Hermits who were immured in their cells, and stayed there for years, freeing the mind of the body, freeing the soul from the mind, so that they could realize greater spiritual freedom. I thought not of the present, but of the past, and during my reverie inevitably came back to that most wonderful experience, my visit to the Chang Tang Highlands.

We, my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and a few companions and I, had set out from the golden roofed Potala in Lhasa in search of rare herbs. For weeks we had journeyed upwards ever upwards into the frozen North into Chang Tang Highlands, or, as some call it, Shamballah. This day we were nearing our objective. That day was indeed bitter, the bitterest of many frozen days. Ice blew at us driven by a shrieking gale. The frozen pellets struck our flapping robes, and abraded the skin from any surface which was left exposed. Here, nearly twenty-five thousand feet above the sea, the sky was a vivid purple, few patches of cloud racing across were startling white in

comparison. It looked like the white horses of the Gods, taking their riders across Tibet.

We climbed on, and on, with the terrain becoming more difficult with every step. Our lungs rasped in our throats. We clawed a precarious foothold in the hard earth, forcing our fingers into the slightest crack in the frozen rock. At last we reached that mysterious fog belt again (see *Third Eye*) and made our way through it with the ground beneath our feet becoming warmer, and warmer, and the air around us becoming more and more balmy and comforting. Gradually we emerged from the fog into the lush paradise of that lovely sanctuary. Before us again was that land of a bygone age.

That night we rested in the warmth and comfort of the Hidden Land. It was wonderful to sleep on a soft bed of moss, and to breathe the sweet scent of flowers. Here in this land there were fruits which we had not tasted before, fruits which we sampled, and tried again. It was glorious too, to be able to bathe in warm water, and to loll at ease upon a golden strand.

On the following day we journeyed onward, going higher and higher, but now we were not at all troubled. We marched on through clumps of rhododendron, and passed by walnut trees, and others the names of which we did not know. We did not press ourselves unduly that day. Night fall came upon us once again, but this time we were not cold. We were at ease, comfortable. Soon we sat beneath the trees, and lit our fire, and prepared our evening meal. With that completed we wrapped our robes about us, and lay and talked. One by one we dropped off to sleep.

Again on the next day we continued our march, but we had only covered two or three miles when suddenly, unexpectedly, we came to an open clearing, a spot where the trees ended, and before us—we stopped almost paralyzed with amazement, shaking with the knowledge that we had come upon something completely beyond our understanding. We looked. The clearing before us was a vast one. There was a plain before us, more than five miles across. At its distant side there was an immense sheet of ice ex-

tending upwards, like a sheet of glass reaching toward the heavens, as if indeed it were a window on heaven, a window on the past. For at the other side of that sheet of ice we could see, as if through the purest of water, a city, intact, a strange city, the like of which we had never seen even in the books of pictures which we had at the Potala.

Projecting from the glacier were buildings. Most of them were in a good state of preservation, because the ice had been thawed out gently in the warm air of the hidden valley, thawed out so gently, so gradually that not a stone or part of a structure had been damaged. Some of them, indeed, were quite intact, preserved throughout countless centuries by the wonderful pure dry air of Tibet. Some of those buildings in fact, could have been erected perhaps a week before, they looked so new.

My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, broke our awed silence, saying, "My brothers, half a million years ago this was the home of the Gods. Half a million years ago this was a pleasant seaside resort in which lived scientists of a different race and type. They came from another place together, and I will tell you of their history one day; but through their experiments they brought calamity upon the earth, and they fled the scene of their disaster leaving the ordinary people of the earth behind. They caused calamity, and through their experiments the sea rose up and froze, and here before us we see a city preserved in the eternal ice from that time, a city which was inundated as the land rose and the water rose with it, inundated and frozen."

We listened in fascinated silence as my Guide continued with his talk, telling us of the past, telling us of the ancient records far beneath the Potala, records engraved upon sheets of gold, just as now in the Western world records are preserved for posterity in what they called "time capsules."

Moved by a common impulse we rose to our feet, and then walked to explore the buildings within our reach. The closer we got, the more dumbfounded we became. It was so very very strange. For a moment we could not under-

stand the sensation that we felt. We imagined that we had suddenly become dwarfs. Then the solution hit us. The buildings were immense, as if they were built for a race twice as tall as we. Yes, that was it. Those people, those super-people, were twice as tall as ordinary people of earth. We entered some of the buildings, and looked about. One in particular seemed to be a laboratory of some kind, and there were many strange devices, and many of them still worked.

A gushing current of ice cold water jerked me back to reality with stunning suddenness, jerked me back to the misery and pain of my existence in the stone oubliette. The Japanese had decided that I had been in there long enough, and I had not been “softened up” enough. The easiest way to get me out, they thought, was to fill the oubliette with water, so that I would float to the surface as a cork floats to the surface of a filled bottle. As I reached the top, reached the narrow neck of the cell, rough hands grabbed me and dragged me out. I was marched off to another cell, this time to one above ground, and flung in.

The next day I was put to work, again treating the sick. Later that week there was another inspection by the high Japanese officials. There was much rushing about. The inspection was being carried out without any previous warning, and the guards were in a panic. I found myself at the time quite near the main gate of the prison. No one was taking any notice of me, so I took the opportunity to keep walking, not too fast, as I did not want to attract attention but not too slow, either, it was not healthy to linger there! I kept walking, and walking, as if I had a perfect right to be out. One guard called to me, and I turned toward him and raised my hand, as if in salute. For some reason he just waved back, and turned about his ordinary work. I continued with my walk. When I was out of sight of the prison, hidden by the bushes, I ran as fast as my weakened frame would enable me.

A few miles further on, I recollected, was a house owned by Western people whom I knew. I had, in fact, been able

to do them some service in the past. So, cautiously, by nightfall, I made my way to their home. They took me in with warm exclamations of sympathy. They bandaged my many hurts, and gave me a meal, and put me to bed, promising that they would do everything they could to get me through the Japanese lines. I fell asleep, soothed by the thought that once again I was in the hands of friends.

Rough shouts and blows soon brought me back to reality, soon jerked me back from sleep. Japanese guards were standing over me, dragging me out of the bed, prodding me again with their bayonets. My hosts, after all their protestations of sympathy, had waited until I was asleep, and had then notified the Japanese guards that they had an escaped prisoner. The Japanese guards had lost no time in coming to collect me. Before I was taken away I managed to ask the Western people why they had so treacherously betrayed me. Their illuminating answer was, "You are not one of us. We have to look after our own people. If we kept you we should antagonize the Japanese, and endanger our work."

Back in that prison camp I was treated very badly indeed. For hours I was strung up from the branches of a tree, suspended by my two thumbs tied together. Then there was a sort of mock trial in front of the commandant of the camp. He was told, "This man is a persistent escaper. He is causing us too much work." So he passed sentence on me. I was knocked down, and laid out on the ground. Then blocks were put beneath my legs so that my legs were supported clear of the ground. Two Japanese guards stood on each leg, and bounced, so that the bone snapped. I fainted with the agony of it. When I recovered consciousness I was back in the cold, dank, cell, with the rats swarming around me.

It was death not to attend the pre-dawn roll-call, and I knew it. A fellow prisoner brought me some bamboos, and tied splints to each leg to support the broken bones. I used two other bamboos as crutches, and I had a third which I used as a sort of tripod leg in order to balance. With that I managed to attend the roll-call, and so saved myself

from death by hanging, or bayoneting, or disemboweling, or any other of the usual forms in which the Japanese specialized.

As soon as my legs were healed and the bones knit together—although not very well, as I had set them myself—the commandant sent for me, and told me that I was going to be moved to a camp yet further into the interior, where I was to be medical officer of this camp for women. So, once again, I was on the move. This time there was a convoy of lorries going to the camp and I was the only prisoner being moved there. So I was just ordered aboard and kept chained like a dog near the tail board of one lorry. Eventually, several days later, we arrived at this camp where I was taken off and led to the commandant.

Here we had no medical equipment of any kind, and no drugs. We made what we could from old tins sharpened on stones, from fire-hardened bamboo, and from threads unraveled from tattered clothing. Some of the women had no clothing at all, or were very ragged. Operations were performed on conscious patients, and torn bodies were stitched with boiled cotton. Often by night the Japanese would come along and order out all women to inspect them. Any which they found to their liking they took off to the officers' quarters to entertain the permanent officers and any visitors. In the morning the women would be returned looking shamefaced, and ill, and I as the prisoner-doctor would have to try to patch up their maltreated bodies.

## CHAPTER TEN

### *How to Breathe*

The Japanese guards were in a bad mood again. Officers and men strode about the place scowling, striking at any unfortunate who happened to meet their gaze. We were glum indeed as we contemplated another day of terror, another day of food shortage and useless tasks. Hours before there had been a swirl of dust as a large captured American car pulled up with a jerk that would have torn the hearts of its makers. There were shouts and yells, and the running men buttoned their shabby uniforms. Guards rushed by grabbing any bit of equipment that they could lay their hands on to make some sort of a show to indicate that they were efficient and doing their work.

It was a surprise visit from one of the generals commanding the area. Quite definitely it was a surprise. No one had even contemplated another inspection because there had been one only two days before. It seemed that sometimes in the camp the Japanese would call an inspection just to look over the women and to have parties. They would line up the women and examine them, and pick out ones that they wanted, and these would be marched off under armed guard, and a little later we would hear anguished shrieks and cries of terror or pain. This time, though, it was the real thing, a genuine inspection, an inspection by a high-ranking general straight from Japan, who had come to see what was really happening in the camps. We found out later that the Japanese had been having a few setbacks, and it occurred to someone that if there were too many atrocities there may be retributions for a few officials later.

At last the guards were in a more or less straight line

ready for inspection. There was much shuffling and clouds of dust were rising from the feet of the frightened men. We watched from behind our wire, interested, because this time the guards were being inspected and not the prisoners. For a long time the men were being lined up, and then at last there was an impression of tenseness, an impression that something was going to happen. As we watched we saw movements at the Guard House, men presenting arms. Then the general came out, swaggering along, and strutted down the line of men with his long samurai sword trailing behind him. His face was distorted with rage at having been kept waiting, and his aides were all looking nervous and ill at ease. Slowly he went down the lines of men, picking out one here or there with whom to find fault. Nothing seemed to be light that day. Things were looking blacker and blacker.

The little "Sons of Heaven" were indeed a sorry-looking crew. In the hurry they picked up any equipment available no matter how unsuitable. They had lost their heads completely. They just HAD to show that they were doing something instead of lounging about wasting time. The general moved on, and then came to a sudden halt with a screech of rage. One man had a prisoner's drain-clearing pole with a tin on the end instead of his rifle. Some time before one of the prisoners had been using that pole and that tin to clear out our camp drains. The general looked at the man and looked at the pole, and raised his head higher to look at the can at the end of the pole. He became more and more furious. He became quite inarticulate for a moment with rage. Already he had raised himself to his toes and given hard right and left face slaps to a number of men who incurred his displeasure. Now at the sight of this drain-clearing pole he was completely overcome. Eventually he regained the power of movement, he jumped with rage then looked about him for something with which to strike the man. A thought occurred to him. He looked down, unhooked his sword and scabbard, and brought that ornamental weapon down on the unfortunate guard's head with stunning force. The poor wretch buckled at the knees,

and just dropped flat on the ground. Blood poured out of his nostrils, and out of his ears. The general contemptuously kicked him and motioned to the guards. The unfortunate man was picked up by his feet, and trailed along the ground, his head bumping and bumping. At last he disappeared from our sight, and he was not seen again in our camp.

Nothing at all seemed to go right with that inspection. The general and his accompanying officers found fault everywhere. They were turning a peculiar purple with rage. They carried out one inspection, and then they carried out another. We had never seen anything like it. But there was one bright spot from our point of view. The general was so irate with the guards that he forgot to inspect the prisoners. At last the high-ranking officers disappeared again into the Guard Room from whence came shouts of rage, and a shot or two. Then they came out again, climbed into their cars, and disappeared from our sight. The guards were given the order to fall out, and they dispersed still shaking with fright.

So—the Japanese guards were in a very bad mood. They had just beaten up a Dutch woman because she was large, and towered over them, and so made them feel inferior. As they said, she was taller than they, and that was an insult to their Emperor! She was knocked down with the butt of a rifle and kicked and prodded, so that she was injured internally and bleeding. For another hour or two, until sunset, she would have to remain on the ground outside the Guard Room at the main entrance. She would have to remain kneeling on the ground, kneeling with the blood pouring out her. No one, no matter how ill, could be moved before the guards gave permission. If a prisoner died, well, that was one less to feed. Certainly the guards did not mind in the least, and die she did. Just before sunset she toppled over. No one could go to her aid. At last a guard motioned to two prisoners to come and drag away the body. They brought her to me, but it was useless. She was dead. She had bled to death.

It was difficult indeed treating patients under camp con-

ditions. We lacked all supplies. Now our bandages were finished. They had been washed and washed, and used until they had rotted away, until the last few threads had failed to hang together. We could not make any more from clothing because no one had any to spare. Some of the prisoners indeed, had no clothing at all. The matter was becoming quite acute. We had so many sores, so many wounds, and no method of treating them. In Tibet I had studied her and on one of our work expeditions beyond the confines of the camp I had found a local plant that seemed quite familiar to me. It was wide with thick leaves, and it was a very useful astringent, a thing that we desperately needed. The problem was to get a supply of these leaves into camp. A group of us talked it over, long into the night. Eventually it was decided that working parties must collect them somehow, and hide them in some unspecified manner when they were returning to camp. We discussed how they could be hidden. At last some really wise person suggested that as there was a working party collecting large bamboos, leaves could be hidden in the stems.

Women, or “girls” as they called themselves no matter their age, collected large quantities of fleshy leaves. I was delighted to see them. It was like greeting old friends. We spread all the leaves on the ground behind the huts. The Japanese guards looked on not at all worried about what we were doing. They thought that we had gone off our heads, or something, but we had to spread the leaves so that they could be sorted carefully, because all kinds had been brought in by the women who were not used to picking one particular plant, and only the one variety could be used. We picked over the leaves, and sorted out the one type that we wanted. The rest—well, we had to get rid of those as well, and we spread them upon the pile of dead at the edge of our compound.

The leaves left were sorted into large and small, and carefully cleaned from the dirt on them. We had no water which to wash them, because water was a very scarce commodity. Now we had to find a suitable container in which to mash the leaves. The camp rice bowl was the

largest thing available, so we took that and put the carefully picked leaves in it. The next worry was finding a suitable stone, one with sharp points on it so that the leaves could be macerated, and made into a fine pulp. Eventually we were able to find a stone such as we required. It was a stone requiring two hands to lift it. The women who were helping me took it in turns to stir and pound leaves until they were reduced to a sticky green dough.

Our next problem was to find something to absorb blood and pus while the astringent was acting, and something to hold the mass together. Bamboo is a plant of many uses; we decided to put that plant to yet another use. From old canes and waste wood material we scraped a pith, and dried it over a fire in tins. When quite dry it became as fine as flour, and more absorbent than cotton wool. Half bamboo pith and half mashed leaves made a highly satisfactory mixture. Unfortunately it was friable and fell to pieces at a touch.

The construction of a base on which to lay the compound was not easy. We had to shred the outer fibres off the young green bamboo shoots, and tease them apart carefully so that we obtained the longest possible threads. These we layed on a thoroughly scrubbed metal sheet, which normally protected the floor from the fire. We laid the fibres on lengthwise and crisscross, as if we were weaving, as if we were making a long, narrow carpet. Eventually, after much toil, we had an untidy looking net about eight feet long and two feet wide.

With a rolling pin made of large diameter bamboo we forced the leaf and pith mixture into the network, pushing it in so that all the strands of the bamboo were converted, till we had a fairly even filling of our mashed mixture. Then we turned it over and did the same with the other side. When we finished we had a pale green dressing with which to staunch the flow of blood and promote healing. It had been something like paper-making, and the finished result was similar to thick green cardboard, pliable, not easily bent, indeed not easily cut with the crude implement which we had at our disposal. But eventually we did manage to cut the material into strips about four inches wide, and then

we peeled them from the metal plate to which they had been adhering. In their present state they would keep and remain flexible for many weeks. We found them a blessing indeed.

One day a woman who had been working in the Japanese canteen pretended that she was ill. She came to me in a state of great excitement. She had been cleaning out a store-room containing much equipment captured from the Americans. Somehow she had knocked over a tin from which the label had fallen, and some red-brown crystals had poured out. Idly she had poked her fingers into them stirring them round, wondering what they were. Later, on putting her hands into water to continue scrubbing, she had found ginger-brown stains on her hands. Was she poisoned? Was it a trap of the Japanese? She had decided that she had better come to me in a hurry. I looked at her hands, I sniffed them, and then if I had been emotional I should have jumped for joy. It was obvious to me what caused the stains. Permanganate of potash crystals, just the thing we needed for our many tropical ulcer cases. I said, "Nina, you get that tin out somehow. Fix the lid on and put the tin in a bucket, but get it here, and keep it dry." She returned to the canteen absolutely bubbling over with joy to think that she had been responsible for discovering something which would alleviate a little of the suffering. Later in the day she returned and produced a tin of crystals, and a few days after she produced another, and yet another tin. We blessed the Americans that day. We even blessed the Japanese for capturing the American supplies!

Tropical ulcers are dreadful things. Lack of adequate food and neglect are the main causes. It may be that the inability to have a good wash contributes toward it. First there is a slight itch, and the victim absent-mindedly scratches. Then a small pimple like a red pin-head appears, and it is scratched or dug with exasperation. Infection from the finger nails gets into the abrasion. Gradually the whole area becomes red, an angry red. Little yellow nodules form beneath the skin and cause further irritation, and more severe scratching. The ulcer would grow outwards, and

outwards. Pus, evil smelling stuff, would appear. In course of time the body resources would become further depleted, and the health would deteriorate even more. Down and down would grow the ulcer, eating through the flesh, through the cartilage, and eventually through the bone killing the marrow and the tissue. If nothing was done the patient would eventually die.

But something had to be done. The ulcer, the source of the infection, had to be removed somehow and as quickly as possible. Lacking all medical equipment we had to resort to truly desperate measures. The ulcer had to be removed to save the life of the patient, the whole thing had to be lifted out. So—there was only one thing for it. We made a scoop from a tin, and carefully sharpened the edge. Then sterilized the tin the best way we could over the flame of our fire. Fellow prisoners held the affected limb of the sufferer, and with the sharpened tin I would scoop out the dead flesh and the pus, until only clean healthy tissue was left. We had to be quite sure that no spot of infection was overlooked and left behind, or the ulcer would grow again like a malignant weed. With the tissue cleansed of the ulcer's ravages the large cavity would be filled with the herbal paste, and with infinite care the patient would be nursed back to health, health as measured by our camp standard! And that standard would be almost death anywhere else. This permanganate of potash would help the healing process by assisting in keeping down pus and other sources of infection. We treated it like gold dust.

So our treatment sounds brutal? It was! But our “brutal” methods saved many a life, and many a limb too. Without such treatment the ulcer would grow, and grow, poisoning the system, so that eventually the arm or leg had to be amputated (without anesthetics!) to save the life of the sufferer. Health was indeed a problem in our camp. The Japanese gave us no assistance of any kind, so in the end I drew upon my knowledge of breathing, and taught many of those in the camp special breathing for special purposes because by breathing correctly, breathing to cer-

tain rhythms, one can do much to improve the health both mentally and physically.

My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, taught me the science of breathing after he had caught me one day panting up a hill almost collapsing with exhaustion. “Lobsang, Lobsang,” he said, “what have you been doing to yourself in that horrible state?” “Honourable Master “ I replied gaspingly, “I have been trying to walk up the hill on stilts.” He looked at me sadly, and shook his head with an air of sad resignation. He sighed and motioned for me to sit down. For a time there was silence between us silence, that is, except for the rasping of my breath as I strove to get back to normalcy.

I had been walking about down near the Linghor Road on stilts, showing off to the pilgrims—showing off by boasting how the monks of Chakpori could walk better, and further, and faster on stilts than anyone else in Lhasa. To prove the matter even more conclusively I had turned and run on stilts up the hill. As soon as I had managed to turn the first bend and was out of sight of the pilgrims I had fallen off with sheer exhaustion, and just after my Guide had come along and seen me in that sorry plight.

“Lobsang, it is indeed time that you learned some more. There has been enough play, enough sport. Now, as you have so clearly demonstrated, you are in need of instruction on the science of correct breathing. Come with me. We will see what we can do to remedy that state of affairs.” He rose to his feet, and led the way up the hill. I rose reluctantly, picked up my stilts which had fallen askew, and followed him. He strode on easily, seeming to glide. There was no effort in his movement at all, and I, many years younger, struggled on after him, panting away like a dog on a hot summer's day.

At the top of the hill we turned into the enclosure of our lamasery, and I followed my Guide to his room. Inside we seated ourselves on the floor in the usual way, and the lama rang for the inevitable tea without which no Tibetan can carry on a serious discussion! We kept silence while the serving monks came in with tea and tsampa, and then

as they left the lama poured out the tea, and gave me my first instruction on the art of breathing, instruction which was to be invaluable to me in this prison camp.

“You are puffing and panting away like an old man, Lobsang,” he said. “I will soon teach you to overcome that, because no one should work so hard at what is an ordinary, natural, everyday occurrence. Too many people neglect breathing. They think you just take in a load of air, and expel that load of air, and take in another.” “But, Honourable Master,” I replied, “I have been able to breathe quite nicely for nine years or more. How else can I breathe but the way in which I have always managed?” “Lobsang, you must remember that breath is indeed the source of life. You can walk, and you can run, but without breath you can do neither. You must learn a new system, and first of all you must take a standard of time in which to breathe, because until you know this standard of time there is no way in which you can apportion the various ratios of time to your breathing, and we breathe at different rates for different purposes.” He took my left wrist and pointed out a spot saying “Take your heart, your pulse. Your pulse goes in the rhythm of one, two, three, four, five, six. Put your finger on your pulse yourself, and feel, and then you will understand what I am talking about.” I did so; I put a finger on my left wrist and felt my pulse rate as he said, one, two, three, four, five, six. I looked up at my Guide as he continued, “If you think about it you will find that you breathe in air for as long as your heart takes to beat six times. But that is not good enough. You will have to be able to vary that breathing quite a lot, and we will deal with that in a few moments.” He paused and looked at me and then said, “Do you know, Lobsang, you boys—I have been watching you at play—get yourselves really exhausted because you do not know the first thing about breathing. You think that as long as you take in air and let out air that is all that matters. You could not be more incorrect. There are four main methods of breathing, so let us examine them and see what they have to offer us, see what they

are. The first method is a very poor one indeed. It is known as top breathing, because in this system only the upper part of the chest and lungs is used, and that as you should know is the smallest part of your breath cavity, so when you do this top breathing you get very little air into your lungs but you get a lot of stale air in the deepest recesses. You see you make only the top of your chest move. The bottom part of your chest and your abdomen are stationary, and that is a very bad thing indeed. Forget about top breathing Lobsang, because it is quite useless. It is the worst form of breathing one can do, and we must turn to others.”

He paused, and turned to face me, saying, “Look, this is top breathing. Look at the strained position I have to adopt. But that, as you will find later, is the type of breathing done by most Westerners, by most people outside Tibet and India. It causes them to think in a woolly manner, and to be mentally lethargic.” I looked at him in open-mouthed amazement. I certainly did not imagine that breathing was such a difficult affair. I thought that I had always managed reasonably well, and now I was learning that I was wrong. “Lobsang, you are not paying much attention to me. Now let us deal with the second system of breathing. This is known as middle breathing. It is not a very good form either. There is no point in dealing with it more fully because I do not want you to use it, but when you get to the West, you will hear people refer to it as rib breathing, or breathing in which the diaphragm is kept stationary. The third system of breathing is low breathing, and while it is possibly a little better than the other two systems it still is not correct. Some people call this low breathing abdominal breathing. In this system the lungs do not get completely filled with air. The air in the lungs is not completely replaced, and so again there is staleness, bad breath, and illness. So do nothing at all about these systems of breathing, but do as I do, do as other lamas here do, the Complete Breath, and here is how you should do it.” “Ah!” I thought, “now we are getting down to it, now I am going to learn something, now why did he tell me all that other stuff, and

then say I mustn't do it?" "Because, Lobsang," my Guide said—obviously having read my thoughts—"because you should know faults as well as virtues. Since you have been here at Chakpori," said my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, "you have undoubtedly noticed that we stress and stress again the importance of keeping one's mouth shut. That is not merely so that we can make no false statements, it so that one can breathe only through the nostrils. If you breathe through the mouth you lose the advantage of air filters in the nostrils, and of the temperature control mechanism which the human body has. And again, if you persist in breathing through the mouth the nostrils eventually become stopped up, and so one gets catarrh and a stuffy head, and a whole host of other complaints." I guiltily became aware that I was watching my Guide with open-mouthed amazement. Now I closed my mouth with such a snap that his eyes twinkled with amusement, but he said nothing about that; instead he continued, "Nostrils really are very important things, and they must be kept clean. If ever your nostrils become unclean, sniff a little water up them, and let it run down inside the mouth so that you can expel it through the mouth. But whatever you do, do not breathe through the mouth, but only through the nostrils. It might help, by the way, if you use warm water. Cold water may make you sneeze." He turned, and touched the bell at his side. A servant entered and refilled the tea jug and brought fresh tsampa. He bowed, and left us. After a few moments the Lama Mingyar Dondup resumed his discourse to me. "Now, Lobsang, we will deal with the true method of breathing, the method which has enabled certain of the lamas of Tibet to prolong their life to a truly remarkable span. Let us deal with Complete Breathing. As the name implies it embodies the other three systems, low breathing, middle breathing, and top breathing, so the lungs are truly filled with air, and the blood is therefore purified and filled with life force. This is a very easy system of breathing. You have to sit, or stand, in a reasonably comfortable position and breathe through the nostrils. I saw you just a few moments ago, Lobsang, crouched over,

absolutely slouching, and you just cannot breathe properly when you are slouched over. You must keep your spine upright. That is the whole secret of correct breathing.” He looked at me, and sighed, but the twinkle in the corners of his eyes belied the depth of the sigh! Then he got up, and walked across to me, put his hands beneath my elbows and lifted me up so that I was sitting quite upright. “Now Lobsang, that's how you must sit, like that, with your spine upright, with your abdomen under control, with your arms at your sides. Now sit like that. Expand your chest, force your ribs outwards, and then push down your diaphragm so that the lower abdomen protrudes also. In that way you will have a complete breath. There is nothing magical about it, you know, Lobsang. It is just ordinary common-sense breathing. You have to get as much air in you as you can, and then you have to get all the air out again and replace it. For the moment you may feel that this is involved or intricate you may feel that it is too difficult, not worth the effort, but it IS worth the effort. You feel that it is not because you are lethargic, because you have got into a somewhat slovenly way of breathing of late, and you have to have breath discipline.” I breathed as directed, and to my considerable astonishment I found that it was easier. I found that my head swam a little for the first few seconds, and then it was easier still. I could see colours more clearly, and even in the few minutes I felt better.

“I am going to give you some breathing exercises every day, Lobsang, and I am going to ask you to keep on at it. It is worthwhile. You will have no more trouble with getting out of breath. That little jaunt up the hill distressed you, but I who am many times your age can come up without difficulty.” He sat back, and watched me while I breathed in the way he had instructed. Certainly I could even now at this early stage appreciate the wisdom of what he was saying. He settled himself again and continued: “The only purpose of breathing no matter what system one adopts, is to take in as much air as possible, and to distribute it throughout the body in a different form, in a form which we call prana. That is the life force itself. That prana is the

force which activates man, which activates everything that lives, plants, animals, man, even the fishes have to extract oxygen from water and convert it to prana. However, we are dealing with your breathing, Lobsang. Inhale slowly. Retain that breath for a few seconds. Then exhale quite slowly. You will find that there are various ratios of inhaling, holding, exhaling, which accomplish various effects such as cleansing, vitalizing, etc. Perhaps the most important general form of breathing is what we call the cleansing breath. We will go into this now, because from now on I want you to do it at the beginning and ending of every day, and at the beginning and ending of every particular exercise.” I had been following very carefully. I knew well the power that these high lamas had, how they could glide across the earth faster than a man could gallop on a horse, and how they could arrive at their destination untroubled, serene, controlled, and I determined that long before I too was a lama—for at this stage I was just an acolyte—I would master the science of breathing.

My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup continued, “Now, Lobsang, for this cleansing breath. Inhale completely, three complete breaths. No, not shallow little things like that. Deep breaths, really deep ones, the deepest that you can manage, fill your lungs, draw yourself up and let yourself become full of air. That is right,” he said. “Now with the third breath retain that air for some four seconds, screw up your lips as if you were going to whistle, but do not puff out the cheeks. Blow a little air through the opening in your lips with all the vigor that you can. Blow it out hard, let it go free. Then stop for a second, retaining the air which is left. Blow out a little more, still with all the vigor you can muster. Stop for another second, and then blow out the remainder so that there is not a puff of air left inside your lungs. Blow it out as hard as you can. Remember you **MUST** exhale in this case with very considerable vigor through the opening in your lips. Now, do you not find that this is remarkably refreshing?” To my surprise I had to agree. It had seemed to me a bit stupid just puffing out and blowing out but now that I had tried

it a few times I really found that I was tingling with energy feeling perhaps better than I had ever felt before. So I buffed, and I puffed, and I expanded myself, and I blew my cheeks out. Then suddenly I felt my head swimming. It seemed to me that I was getting lighter, and lighter. Through the haze I heard my Guide, "Lobsang, Lobsang, stop! You must not breathe like that. Breathe as I tell you. Do not experiment, for to do so is dangerous. Now you have got yourself intoxicated through breathing incorrectly, by breathing too quickly. Exercise only as I am telling you to exercise, for I have the experience. Later you can experiment on your own. But, Lobsang, always caution those whom you are teaching to be careful to follow the exercises and not to experiment. Tell them never to experiment with different ratios of breathing unless they have a competent teacher with them, for to experiment with breathing is dangerous indeed. To follow the set exercise is safe, it is healthy, and no harm at all can fall to those who breathe as instructed."

The lama stood up, and said, "Now, Lobsang, it will be a good idea if we increase your nervous force. Stand erect as I am standing now. Inhale as much as you can, then when you think that your lungs are full force in yet a little more breath. Slowly exhale. Slowly. Refill your lungs completely, and retain that breath. Extend your arms straight in front of you, not using any effort, you know, just to keep your arms in front of you with just enough strength to keep them horizontal, but use as little effort as you can. Now, look, watch me. Draw your hands back toward the shoulder, gradually contracting the muscles and making them tight so that by the time your hands can touch your shoulders the muscles will be quite taut, and the fists clenched. Watch me, see how I am clenching mine. Clench your hands so tightly that they tremble with the effort. Still keeping the muscles taut push the fists slowly out, then draw them back rapidly several times, perhaps half a dozen times. Exhale vigorously, really vigorously as I told you before, with the mouth, with the lips pursed up, and

with just a hole through which you blow the breath as strongly as you can. After you have done that a few times finish by practicing the cleansing breath once again.” I tried it, and I found it as before of great benefit to me. Besides it was fun, and I was always ready for fun! My Guide broke in on my thoughts. “Lobsang, I want to emphasize, and emphasize again, that the speed of the drawing back of the fists and then tension of the muscles determines how much benefit you can get from this. Naturally you will have made quite sure that your lungs are absolutely full before doing this exercise. This, by the way, is a truly invaluable exercise, and will help you enormously during later years.”

He sat down and watched me go through that system, gently correcting my faults, praising me when I did it well, and when he was satisfied he made me go through all the exercises again to be quite sure that I could do it without further instruction. Eventually he motioned for me to sit beside him while he told me how the Tibetan system of breathing was formed after deciphering the old records deep down in the caverns beneath the Potala.

Later in my studies I was taught various things about breath, for we of Tibet do not cure only by herbs, but we also cure through the patient's breathing. Breathing is indeed the source of life, and it may be of interest to give a few notes here which may enable those who have some ailment, perhaps of long standing, to banish or to alleviate their suffering. It can be done through correct breathing you know, but do remember—breathe only as advised in these pages, for to experiment is dangerous unless there is a competent teacher at hand. To experiment blindly is folly indeed.

Disorders of the stomach, the liver, and the blood, can be overcome by what we term the “retained breath.” There is nothing magical in this, mind, except in the result, and the result can appear to be quite magical, quite without parallel. But—at first you must stand erect, or if you are in bed, lie straight. Let us assume, though, that you are out of bed and can stand erect. Stand with your heels together, with your shoulders back and your chest out. Your lower

abdomen will be tightly controlled. inhale completely, take in as much air as you can, and keep it in until you feel a slight—very slight throbbing in your temples to the left and to the right. As soon as you feel that exhale vigorously through the open mouth, REALLY vigorously, you know, not just letting it drift out, but blowing it out through the mouth with all the force at your command. Then you must do the cleansing breath. There is no point in going into that again because I have told you about that as my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, told me. I will just reiterate that the cleansing breath is absolutely invaluable to enable you to improve your health.

Before we can do anything about breathing we must have a rhythm, a unit of time which represents a normal inhalation. I have already mentioned it as it was taught to me, but perhaps repetition in this case will be a useful thing as it will help to fix it permanently in one's mind. The heart beat of the person is the proper rhythmic standard for that particular individual's breathing. Hardly anyone has the same standard of course, but that does not matter. You can find your normal breathing rhythm by placing your finger on your pulse and counting. Put your right-hand fingers on your left wrist and feel about for the pulse. Let us assume that it is an average of one, two, three, four, five, six. Get that rhythm firmly fixed in your sub-conscious so that you know it unconsciously, sub-consciously, so that you do not have to think about it. It does not matter—to repeat—what your rhythm is as long as you know it, as long as your sub-conscious knows it, but we are imagining that your rhythm is the average one in which the air intake lasts for six beats of your heart. This is just the ordinary work-a-day routine. We are going to alter that breathing rate quite a lot for various purposes. There is nothing difficult in it. It is a very easy thing indeed which can lead to spectacular results in improved health. All acolytes of the higher grade in Tibet were taught breathing. We had certain exercises which we had to do before studying anything else, and this was the preliminary procedure in all cases. Would YOU like to try it? Then first of all sit erect, you can stand if

you like, but there is no point in standing if you can sit. Inhale slowly the complete breathing system. That is, chest and abdomen while counting six pulse units. That is quite easy, you know. You only have to keep a finger on the pulse in your wrist and let your heart pump out once, twice three, four, five, six times. When you have got the breath in after your six pulse units, retain it while your heart beats three times. After that exhale through the nostrils for six heart beats. That is, for the same time as that in which you inhaled. Now that you have exhaled keep your lungs empty for three pulse units, and then start all over again. Repeat this as many times as you like but—do not tire yourself. As soon as you feel any tiredness, stop. You should never tire yourself with exercises because if you do you defeat the whole object of those exercises. They are to tone one up and make one feel fit, not to run one down or to make one tired.

We always started with the cleansing breath exercise and that cannot be done too often. It is completely harmless and is most beneficial. It rids the lungs of stale air, rids them of impurities, and in Tibet there is no T.B.! So you can do the cleansing breath exercises whenever you feel like it, and you will get the greatest benefit from it.

One extremely good method of acquiring mental control is by sitting erect, and inhaling one complete breath. Then inhale one cleansing breath. After that inhale in the rate of one, four, two. That is (let us have seconds for a change!) inhale for five seconds, then hold your breath for four times five seconds, that is, twenty seconds. When you have done that breathe out for ten seconds. You can cure yourself of a lot of pain by breathing properly, and this is a very good method; if you have some pain either lie down, or sit erect, it does not matter which. Then breathe rhythmically, keeping the thought in your mind that with each breath the pain is disappearing, with each exhalation the pain is being pushed out. Imagine that every time you breathe in you are breathing in the life force which is displacing the pain, Imagine that every time you breathe out you are pushing out the pain. Put your hand over the

affected part, and imagine that with your hand with every breath you are wiping the cause of pain away. Do this for seven complete breaths. Then try the cleansing breath, and after that rest for a few seconds, breathing slowly and normally.. You will probably find that the pain has either completely gone, or has so much lessened that it does not bother you. But if for any reason you still have the pain, repeat the same thing, try the same thing once, or twice more until eventually relief comes. You will of course quite understand that if it is an unexpected pain, and if it recurs, you will have to ask your doctor about it because pain is nature's warning that something is wrong, and while it is perfectly correct and permissible to lessen pain when one is aware of it, it is still essential that one does something to find out what caused the pain, and to cure the cause. Pain should never be left untended.

If you are feeling tired, or if there has been a sudden demand on your energies, here is the quickest way to recuperate. Once again it doesn't matter if you are standing or sitting, but keep your feet close together, toes and heels touching. Then clasp your hands together so that your fingers of each hand interlock, and so that your hands and feet each form a sort of closed circle. Breathe rhythmically for a few times, rather deep breaths, and slow in the exhaling. Then pause for three pulse units, and next do the cleansing breath. You will find that your tiredness has gone.

Many people are very, very nervous indeed when going for an interview. They get clammy palms and perhaps shaky knees. There is no need for anyone to be like that because it is so easy to overcome, and this is a method of doing it while you are, perhaps in the waiting room, possibly at the dentist! Take a really deep breath, breathing through your nostrils of course, and hold that breath for ten seconds. Then exhale slowly with the breath under full control all the time. Allow yourself to take two or three ordinary breaths, and then again inhale deeply taking ten seconds to fill your lungs. Hold the breath again, and exhale

slowly, again taking ten seconds. Do this three times, as you can without anyone noticing, and you will find that you are absolutely reassured. The pounding of your heart will have stopped and you will feel much strengthened in confidence. When you leave that waiting room and go to your place of interview you will find that you are in control of yourself. If you feel a flutter or two of nervousness, then—take a deep breath and hold it for a second or so, as you can easily do while the other man is talking. This will reinforce your flagging confidence. All Tibetans use systems such as this. We also used breath control when lifting, because the easiest way to lift anything, it may be furniture, or lifting a heavy bundle, the easiest way is to take a really deep breath and hold it while you lift. When the actual act of lifting is over, then you can let out your breath slowly and continue to breathe in the normal way. Lifting while you hold a deep breath is easy. It is worth trying for your self. It is worth trying to lift something fairly heavy with your lungs full of air and see the difference.

Anger, too, is controlled by that deep breathing, and by holding the breath and exhaling slowly. If for any reason you feel really angry—justly or otherwise!—take a deep breath. Hold it for a few seconds, and then expel that breath quite slowly. You will find that your emotion is under control, and you are master (or mistress) of the situation. It is very harmful to give way to anger and irritation, because that can lead to gastric ulcers. So—remember this breathing exercise of taking a deep breath, retaining it, and then expelling slowly.

You can do all these exercises with absolute confidence, knowing that they just cannot harm you in any way, but—a word of warning—keep to these exercises, and do not try anything more advanced except under the guidance of a competent teacher, because ill advised breathing exercises can do quite a lot of harm. In our prison camp we had our prisoners breathe like this. We also went far more deeply into the matter, and taught them to breathe so that they would not feel pain, and that, allied with hypnosis, enabled

us to do deep abdominal operations and to amputate arms and legs. We had no anesthetics, and so we had to resort to this method of killing pain—hypnosis and breath control. That is nature's method, the natural way.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### *The Bomb*

The days crawled by with soul-searing monotony, lengthening into weeks, spreading into months, into years. At last there came a diversion from the everyday sameness of treating those who were afflicted. One day the guards came hurrying around with sheaves of paper in their hands, beckoning to a prisoner here, to a prisoner there. I was on that list. We were assembled on the square facing our huts. We were kept for some hours just standing idly, and then, as the day had almost ended, the commandant came before us and said, "You trouble-makers, you who have insulted our Emperor, you are going elsewhere for further treatment. You will leave in ten minutes." He turned abruptly and marched away. We stood more or less stunned. Ready in ten minutes? Well, at least we had no possessions. All we had to do was to say a few hurried farewells and then return to the compound.

So we were going to be taken to another camp? We speculated on the sort of camp, on where it would be. But, as is inevitable in such cases, no one had any really constructive thought. At the end of ten minutes whistles were blown, guards came hurrying around again, and we were marched off, some three hundred of us. We marched out through the gates; we left full of wonder, full of speculation, what sort of camp would this be? We were acknowledged trouble-makers. We had never given in to the Japanese blandishments. We knew them for what they were. We

knew, though, that wherever we were going it was not to a pleasant camp.

We marched past soldiers going the other way. They appeared to be in a high state of humour. No wonder, we thought, because according to the reports reaching us the Japanese were winning everywhere. Soon, we were told they would be in control of the whole world. How mistaken they were! At that time though we could only believe what the Japanese told us, we had no other source of information. These soldiers were most aggressive as they passed by and they lost no opportunity of dealing a blow at us—striking out wildly, irrationally, just for the sheer joy of hearing a rifle butt thud on shrinking flesh. We marched on, driven on by the curses of the guards. They too freely used their rifle butts. All too frequently the sick fell by the wayside where they were belabored by the guards. If they could not regain their feet and stumble blindly perhaps supported by others, then the guards stepped up and a bayonet thrust would end the struggle. Sometimes though the guard would decapitate the victim and stick the severed head on the end of his bayonet. He would then run up and down the lines of toiling prisoners, grinning fiendishly at our looks of horror.

Eventually, after many days of tiring, grueling marching, with far too little food, we arrived at a small port and were driven into a rude camp which had been constructed by the harbor. Here there were a number of men, men of all nations, trouble-makers like us. They were so apathetic with weariness and with ill-treatment that they hardly looked up as we entered. Our number was now sadly reduced. Of three hundred or so who had started out only about seventy-five arrived. That night we stayed sprawled on the ground in the encampment behind barbed wire.

There was no shelter for us, no privacy, but we were used to that by now. Men and women lay on the ground, or did what they had to do under the eyes of the Japanese guards that long night.

In the morning we had a roll-call, and then we were kept

standing in a ragged line for two or three hours. Eventually, the guards condescended to come and march us out, march us further down to the harbor, to a quay where there was a rusty old tramp ship, a really derelict affair. I was not by any means an expert on shipping. In fact almost every one of the prisoners knew more about nautical affairs than I, yet even to me this ship looked as if at any moment it would sink at its moorings. We were marched aboard along a creaking, rotted gang plank which also threatened to collapse at any moment and throw us into the scummy sea, which was littered with debris, floating boxes, empty tins, bottles, dead bodies.

As we boarded the ship we were forced down a hold in the forward part. Some three hundred of us were there. There was not enough room for us to sit down, certainly not enough room to move around. The last of the party was forced down with blows of rifle butts, and with the curses of the Japanese guards. Then came a clang as if the Gates of Doom were closing upon us. The cover of the hatch was slammed down, sending clouds of stinking dust upon us. We heard the sound of mallets driving home wooden wedges, and all light was excluded. After what seemed to be a terribly long time the ship started to vibrate. There was the creaking rumble of the derelict old engine. It really felt as if the whole framework would shake itself to pieces and drop us out through the bottom of the ship. From the deck we could hear muffled shouts and screamed instructions in Japanese. The chugging continued. Soon there was a terrific rolling and pitching which told us that we had gone beyond the harbor and had reached the open sea. The journey was very rough indeed. The sea must have been tumultuous. We were continually thrown against each other, toppled over to be trampled on by others. We were shut down in the hold of that cargo boat and allowed on deck once only, during the hours of darkness. For the first two days no food at all was given to us. We knew why. It was to make sure that our spirit was broken. But it had little effect upon us. After two days we had about a cupful of rice each for each day.

Many of the weaker prisoners soon died in the suffocating stench, shut down in that stinking hold. There was not enough oxygen to keep us alive. Many died, and collapsed like broken discarded dolls upon the steel floor beneath us. We, the hardly more fortunate survivors, had no choice but to stand on the dead and decomposing bodies. The guards would not allow us to move them out. We were all prisoners, and it did not matter to the guards whether we were dead or alive, we had to be the correct number as shown on their papers. So the rotting dead had to be kept in the hold with the suffering living until we arrived at our port of destination, when bodies dead and alive would be counted.

We lost all track of days, but eventually after an unspecified time there was a change in the note of the engine. The pitching and tossing lessened. The vibration altered and we surmised correctly that we were approaching a harbor. After much noise and fuss there came the clatter of chains, and the anchors were dropped. After what seemed to be an interminable time the hatches were flung off and Japanese guards started to descend with a Japanese port medical officer with them. Half way down they stopped in disgust. The Medical Officer vomited with the stench, vomited over us beneath. Then throwing dignity to the winds, they beat a hasty retreat up to the deck.

The next thing we knew was that hoses were being brought and streams of water rained down upon us. We were half drowned. The water was rising to our waists, our chests, to our chins, floating particles of the dead, the rotted dead, to our mouths. Then there were shouts and exclamations in Japanese and the water flow stopped. One of the deck officers came and peered over, and there was much gesticulation and discussion. He said that the boat would sink if any more water was pumped in. So a larger hose was dropped in and all the water was pumped out again.

All that day and all that night we were kept down there, shivering in our wet rags, sick with the stench of the decayed dead. The next day we were allowed up, two or three at a time. Eventually my turn came, and I went up

on deck. I was roughly questioned. Where was my identity disc? My name was checked against a list, and I was roughly shoved over the side into a barge which was already crowded, and overcrowded, with a shivering collection of humanity, living scarecrows clad in the last vestiges of clothing. Some, indeed, were not clad at all. At last with the gunwales awash and with the barge threatening to sink if another person was put aboard, the Japanese guards decided that no more could safely be crammed in. A motor boat chugged up to the bows and a rope was made fast. The motor boat started for the shore dragging us in the decrepit old barge behind.

That was my first sight of Japan. We had reached the Japanese mainland and once ashore we were put into an open camp, a camp upon waste ground surrounded by barbed wire. For a few days we were kept there while the guards interrogated each man and woman, and then eventually a number of us were segregated and marched off a few miles into the interior where there was a prison which had been kept vacant to await our arrival.

One of the prisoners, a white man, gave way under the torture and said that I had been helping prisoners escape, that I had military information given me by dying prisoners. So once again I was called in for interrogations. The Japanese were most enthusiastic about trying to make me talk. They saw from my record that all previous attempts had failed, so this time they really excelled themselves. My nails, which had regrown, were split off backwards and salt was rubbed into the raw places. As that still did not make me speak I was suspended by my two thumbs from a beam and left for a whole day. That made me very sick indeed, but the Japanese were still not satisfied. The rope suspending me was cast loose, and I dropped with a bone shaking thud to the hard floor of the compound. A rifle butt was jammed in my chest. Guards knelt upon my stomach, my arms were pulled out and I was pegged down to ringbolts—apparently they had specialized in this method of treatment before! A hose was forced down my throat and water turned on. I felt that I was either going to suffocate through lack

of air, or drown through too much water, or burst with the pressure. It seemed that every pore of my body was oozing water; it seemed that I was being blown up like a balloon. The pain was intense. I saw bright lights. There seemed to be an immense pressure on my brain, and eventually I fainted. I was given restoratives which brought me around to consciousness again. By now I was far too weak and ill to get to my feet, so three Japanese guards supported me—I was quite a bulky man—and dragged me again to that beam from whence I had previously been suspended. A Japanese officer came and said, “You look quite wet. I think it is time you were dried off. It might help you to talk more. String him up.” Two Japanese guards bent suddenly and snatched my ankles from the ground, snatched so abruptly that I fell violently and banged my head on the concrete. A rope was passed around my ankles and thrown over the beam again, and while they puffed like men having a hard task, I was hoisted feet uppermost, a yard or so from the ground. Then slowly, as if they were enjoying every moment of it, the Japanese guards spread paper and a few sticks on the ground beneath me. Grinning maliciously, one struck a match and lit the paper. Gradually waves of heat came upon me. The wood ignited, and I felt the skin of my head shriveling, wrinkling, in the heat. I heard a voice say, “He is dying. Do not let him die or I will hold you responsible. He must be made to talk.” Then again a stunning thud as the rope was cast off, and I dropped head first into the burning embers. Once again I fainted.

When I regained consciousness I found that I was in a semi-basement cell lying on my back in the dank pool of water on the floor. Rats were scurrying about. At my first movement they jumped away from me, squeaking in alarm. Hours later guards came in and hoisted me to my feet, for I still could not stand. They carried me with many a prod and a curse to the iron barred window which was just level with the ground outside. Here my wrists were handcuffed to the iron bars so that my face was pressed against those bars. An officer gave me a kick and said, “You will watch all that happens now. If you turn away or close your

eyes you will have a bayonet stuck into you.” I watched, but there was nothing to see except this level stretch of ground—ground just about level with my nose. Soon there was a commotion at the end and a number of prisoners came into view, being propelled by guards who were treating them with excessive brutality. The group came nearer and nearer, then the prisoners were forced to kneel just in front of my window. Their arms were already bound behind them. Now they were bent back like a bow, and then their wrists were tied to their ankles. Involuntarily I closed my eyes, but I was soon forced to open them as a white hot pain shot through my body. A Japanese guard had inserted a bayonet, and I could feel the blood trickling down my legs.

I looked outside. It was a mass execution. Some of the prisoners were bayoneted, others were beheaded. One poor wretch had apparently done something dreadful according to Japanese guards' standards, for he was disemboweled and left to bleed to death. This went on for several days. Prisoners were brought in front of me and executed by shooting, by bayoneting, or by beheading. The blood used to flow into my cell, and huge rats used to swarm in after it.

Night after night I was questioned by the Japanese, questioned for the information which they hoped to get out of me. But now I was in a red haze of pain, continual pain, day and night, and I hoped that they would just execute me and get it over. Then after ten days, which seemed like a hundred, I was told I was going to be shot unless I gave all the information which the Japanese wanted. The officers told me that they were sick of me, that my attitude was an insult to the Emperor. Still I declined to say anything. So I was taken back to my cell, and flung in through the door to crash, half stunned against my concrete bed. The guard turned at the door and said, “No more food for you. You won't need any after tomorrow.”

As the first faint rays of light shot across the sky the next morning the door of the cell opened with a crash, and

a Japanese officer and a squad of riflemen came in. I was marched out to the execution ground where I had seen so many killed. The officer pointed to the blood-saturated ground and said, "Yours will be here, too, soon. But you will have your own grave, you shall dig it." They brought a shovel, and I, prodded on by bayonets, had to dig my own shallow grave. Then I was tied to a post so that when I was shot the rope could be just cut and I would fall head first into the grave which I, myself, had dug. The officer struck a theatrical pose, as he read out the sentence which said that I was to be shot for not co-operating with the Sons of Heaven. He said, "This is your last chance. Give the information that we want or you will be sent to join your dishonored ancestors." I made no reply—there did not seem to be anything suitable to say—so he repeated his statement. I still kept silent. At his command the squad of men raised their rifles. The officer came to me once again, and said that it really was my last chance. He emphasised it by smacking my face left and right with every word. I still made no reply, so he marked the position of my heart for the riflemen, and then for good measure he smacked my face with the flat of his sword and spat at me before turning away in disgust to rejoin his men.

Half way between me and them—but being very careful not to stand in the line of fire—he looked toward them, and gave the order to take aim. The men lifted their rifles. The barrels converged upon me. It seemed to me that the world was full of huge black holes; the black holes were the muzzles of the rifles. They seemed to grow larger and larger, ominous, and I knew that at any moment they would spit death. Slowly the officer raised his sword and brought it down violently with the command, "FIRE!"

The world seemed to dissolve in flame and pain, and clouds of choking smoke. I felt as if I had been kicked by giant horses with red-hot hooves. Everything spun around. The world seemed to be crazy. The last thing I saw was a red haze, blood pouring down, then blackness, a roaring

blackness. Then as I sagged at my bonds-nothingness.

Later I recovered consciousness with some astonishment that the Heavenly Fields or the Other Place seemed so familiar. But then everything was spoiled for me. I was resting face down in the grave. Suddenly I was plodded with a bayonet. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the Japanese officer. He said that the bullets of the execution squad had been specially prepared. "We experimented on more than two hundred prisoners," he said. They had withdrawn some of the charge, and had also removed the lead bullet and replaced it with something else, so that I should be hurt but not killed—they still wanted that information. "And we shall get it," the officer said, "we shall have to devise other methods. We will get it in the end, and the longer you hold out, the more pain you will endure."

My life had been a hard life indeed, full of rigorous training, full of self discipline, and the special training which I had had at the lamasery was the only thing which enabled me to keep going, to keep sane. It is doubtful in the extreme if anyone without that training would have been able to survive.

The bad wounds which I received at the "execution" caused double pneumonia. For the time being I was desperately ill, hovering on the brink of death, denied any medical attention at all, denied any comfort. I lay in my cell on the concrete floor without blankets, without anything, and shivered and tossed, and hoped to die.

Slowly I recovered somewhat, and for some time I had been conscious of the drone of aircraft engines, unfamiliar engines they appeared to be, too. Not the Japanese ones which I had come to know so well, and I wondered what was really happening. The prison was at a village near Hiroshima, and I imagined that the Japanese victors—the Japanese were winning everywhere—were flying back the captured aircraft.

One day when I was still very ill indeed there was a sound of aircraft engines again. Suddenly the ground shook

and there was a thudding, throbbing roar. Clouds of dust fell out of the sky, and there was a stale, musty odour. The air seemed to be electric, tense. For a moment nothing seemed to move. Then the guards ran in terror, screaming in fright, calling upon the Emperor to protect them from they knew not what. It was the atom bombing of Hiroshima of 6th August 1945. For some time I lay wondering what to do. Then it seemed obvious that the Japanese were far too busy to think about me, so I got shakily to my feet and tried the door. It was unlocked. I was so seriously ill that it was considered impossible for me to escape. Besides, normally there were guards about, but those guards had disappeared. There was panic everywhere. The Japanese thought that their Sun God had deserted them, and they were milling around like a colony of disturbed ants, milling around in the last extremity of panic. Rifles had been discharged, bits of uniform, food—everything. In the direction of their air raid shelters there were confused shouts and screams as they all tried to get in at the same time.

I was weak. I was almost too weak to stand. I bent to pick up a Japanese tunic and cap, and I almost fell over as giddiness overtook me. I dropped to my hands and knees, and struggled into the tunic and put the cap on. Just near there was a pair of heavy sandals. I put on these, too, because I was bare footed. Then slowly I crawled into the bushes and continued to crawl, painfully. There were many thuds and thumps, and all the anti-aircraft guns were firing. The sky was red with vast banners of black and yellow smoke. It seemed that the whole world was breaking up and wondered at the time why I was making such an effort to get away when obviously this was the end of everything.

Throughout the night I made my slow, torturous way to the seashore, which, as I well knew, was a very few miles from the prison. I was indeed sick. The breath rasped in my throat, and my body shook and quivered. It took every bit of self control that I could muster to force myself along. At last in the dawn light I reached the shore, reached the shore reached the creek. Warily, half dead with fatigue and illness,

I peered out of the bushes and saw before me a small fishing boat rocking at its moorings. It was deserted. Apparently the owner had panicked and rushed off inshore. Stealthily I made my way down to it and managed painfully to pull myself upright to look over the gunwale. The boat was empty. I managed to put one foot on the rope mooring the boat, and with immense effort I levered myself up. Then my strength gave out and I toppled head first to the bottom of the boat among the bilge water and a few pieces of stale fish which apparently had been kept for bait. It took me a long time to gather enough strength to cut the mooring rope with a knife which I found. Then I slumped back into the bottom again as the vessel drifted out of the creek on the ebb tide. I made my way to the stern and crouched there utterly exhausted. Hours later I managed to hoist the ragged sail as the wind appeared favourable. The effort was too much for me and I sank back into the bottom of the boat in a dead faint.

Behind me on the mainland of Japan the decisive step had been taken. The atom bomb had been dropped and had knocked the fight out of the Japanese. The war had ended, and I knew it not. The war had ended for me, too, or so I thought, for here I was adrift upon the Sea of Japan with no food except the bits of rotten fish in the bottom, and with no water. I stood and clung to the mast for support, bracing my arms around it, putting my chin against it, holding myself up as best I could. As I turned my head toward the stern I could see the coast of Japan receding. A faint haze enveloped it. I turned toward the bows. Ahead there was nothing.

I thought of all that I had gone through. I thought of the Prophecy. As if from afar I seemed to hear the voice of my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, "You have done well, my Lobsang. You have done well. Be not disheartened, for this is not the end." Over the bows a ray of sunshine lit up the day for a moment, and the wind freshened, and the little ripples of bow waves sprang away from the boat and made a pleasant hissing. And I? I was headed—where? All I knew was that for the moment I was

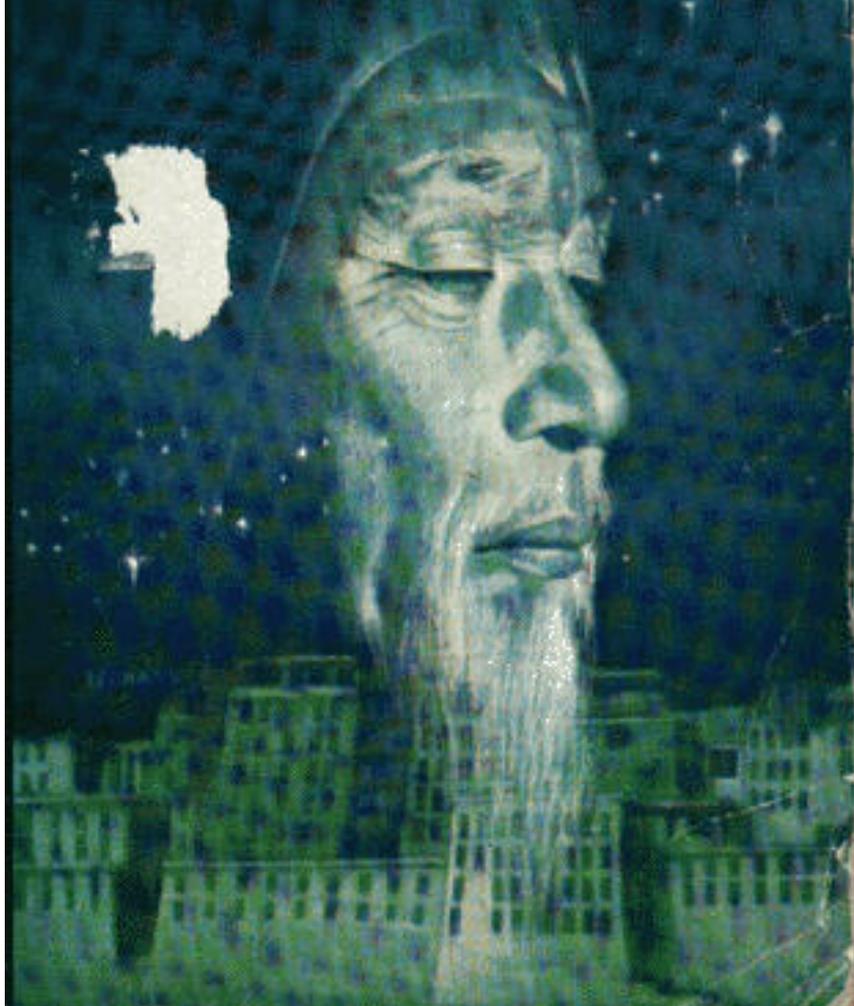
free, free from torture, free from imprisonment, free from the living hell of camp life. Perhaps I was even free to die. But no, although I longed for the peace of death, for the belief that it would give me from my suffering, I knew that I could not die yet, for my Fate said that I would have to die in the land of the red man, America. And here I was afloat, alone, starving, in an open boat on the Sea of Japan. Waves of pain engulfed me. I felt once again I was being tortured. The breath rasped in my throat, and my eyes grew dim. I thought that possibly at that moment the Japanese had discovered my escape and were sending a fast boat in pursuit. The thought was too much for me. My grip of the mast slipped. I sagged, sank, and toppled, and once again I knew blackness, the blackness of oblivion. The boat sailed on into the unknown.



552 07249 4 A CORAL BOOK

# LOBSANG RAMPA

## THE RAMPA STORY



# THE INCREDIBLE TRUTH

Few books have aroused more controversy in recent years than Lobsang Rampa's *THE THIRD EYE*, and the other works which have come from his pen.

The reason is simple enough. When an Englishman claims that his body has been taken over by the spirit of a Tibetan Lama, he can reasonably expect mockery. When, in addition, he recounts extraordinary, highly detailed experiences which pre-suppose the possession of personal powers quite outside the laws of nature as we understand them, the reaction not surprisingly becomes an uproar.

But uproars of this kind do sometimes spring from ignorance. To glimpse what was previously unknown is always disturbing. The fact that Dr. Rampa now has many thousands of readers throughout the world is evidence that not all minds are closed against the unfamiliar.

It is for this great body of readers—and, no less, for the skeptics who have been able neither to disprove his story nor to explain how he came by his knowledge if his story is untrue—that Dr. Rampa wrote this, his third book.

*THE RAMPA STORY* is Lobsang Rampa's reply to all his critics, and every page carries his own unswerving guarantee of the truth.

DEDICATED

*to my friends in Howth, Ireland*

They were my friends when the "winds blew fair."  
They were loyal, understanding, and greater friends  
when the unfair winds blew foul, for the people of  
Ireland know persecution; and they know how to  
judge Truth. So-

Mr. and Mrs. O'Grady  
The Loftus Family  
Dr. W. I. Chapman  
and  
Brud Campbell  
(to mention just a few)

THANK YOU!

(Published in 1960)

## AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

“No bitterness,” said Mr. Publisher.

“All right,” I thought to myself, “but why should I have any bitterness? I am merely trying to do my job—writing a book as directed.”

“Nothing against the Press!” said Mr. Publisher.  
“*Nothing!!*”

“Dear, dear,” I said to myself “What does he take me for?”  
So it shall be. Nothing against the Press. After all, they think they are doing their job, and if they are fed incorrect information, then I suppose they cannot be held wholly responsible. But my idea about the Press? Tut, tut, No. Nothing more about the subject.

This book follows on from *The Third Eye*, and from *Doctor from Lhasa*. At the very outset I am going to tell you that this is Truth, not fiction. Everything that I have written in the other two books is true, and is my own personal experience. What I am going to write about concerns the ramifications of the human personality and ego, a matter at which we of the Far East excel.

However, no more Foreword. The book itself is the thing!

## CHAPTER ONE

The jagged peaks of the hard Himalayas cut deeply into the vivid purple of the Tibetan evening skies. The setting sun, hidden behind that mighty range, threw scintillating, iridescent colors on the long spume of snow perpetually blowing from the highest pinnacles. The air was crystal clear, invigorating, and giving almost limitless visibility.

At first glance, the desolate, frozen countryside was utterly devoid of life. Nothing moved, nothing stirred except the long pennant of snow blowing high above. Seemingly nothing could live in these bleak mountainous wastes. Apparently no life had been here since the beginning of time itself

Only when one knew, when one had been shown time after time, could one detect—with difficulty the faint trace that humans lived here. Familiarity alone would guide one's footsteps in this harsh, forbidding place. Then only would one see the shadow-enshrouded entrance to a deep and gloomy cave, a cave which was but the vestibule to a myriad of tunnels and chambers honeycombing this austere mountain range.

For long months past, the most trusted of lamas, acting as menial carriers, had painfully trudged the hundreds of miles from Lhasa carrying the ancient Secrets to where they would be forever safe from the vandal Chinese and traitorous Tibetan Communists. Here too, with infinite toil and suffering, had been brought the Golden Figures of past Incarnations to be set up and venerated in the heart of a mountain. Sacred Objects, age-old writings, and the most venerable and learned of priests were here in safety. For years past, with a full knowledge of the coming Chinese invasion, loyal Abbots had periodically met in solemn conclave to test and pick those who should go to the New Home in the far distance. Priest after priest was tested, without his knowledge, and his record examined, so that

only the finest and most spiritually advanced should be chosen. Men whose training and faith was such that they could, if need be, withstand the worst tortures that the Chinese could give, without betraying vital information.

So, eventually, from a Communist over-run Lhasa, they had come to their new home. No aircraft carrying war loads would fly this high. No enemy troops could live off this arid land, land devoid of soil, rocky and treacherous with shifting boulders and yawning chasms. Land so high, so poor in oxygen, that only a hardy mountain people could breathe. Here, at last, in the sanctuary of the mountains, was Peace. Peace in which to work to safeguard the future, to preserve the Ancient Knowledge, and to prepare for the time when Tibet should rise again and be free of the aggressor.

Millions of years ago this had been a flame-spewing range of volcanoes erupting rocks and lava over the changing face of the young Earth. The world then was semi plastic and undergoing the birth-pangs of a new age. Over countless years the flames died down and the half molten rocks had cooled. Lava had flowed for the last time, and gaseous jets from the deep interior of the Earth had expelled the remnants into the open air, leaving the endless channels and tunnels bare and empty. A very few had been choked by rock falls, but others had remained intact, glass hard and streaked with traces of once-molten metals. From some walls trickled mountain springs, pure and sparkling in any shaft of light.

For century after century the tunnels and caves had remained bare of life, desolate and lonely, known only to astral-traveling lamas who could visit anywhere and see all. Astral travelers had scoured the country looking for such a refuge. Now, with Terror stalking the land of Tibet, the corridors of old were peopled by the elite of a spiritual people, a people destined to rise again in the fullness of time.

As the first carefully chosen monks wended their way northwards, to prepare a home within the living rock, others at Lhasa were packing the most precious articles, and preparing to leave unobtrusively. From the lamaseries

and nunneries came a small trickle of those chosen. In small groups, under cover of darkness, they journeyed to a distant lake, and encamped by its bank to await others.

In the “new home” a New Order had been founded, the School of the Preservation of Knowledge, and the Abbot in charge, a wise old monk of more than a hundred years, had, with ineffable suffering, journeyed to the caves within the mountains. With him had traveled the wisest in the land, the Telepathic Lamas, the Clairvoyants, and the Sages of Great Memory. Slowly, over many months, they had wended their way higher and higher up the mountain ranges, with the air becoming thinner and thinner with the increasing altitude. Sometimes a mile a day was the most their aged bodies could travel, a mile of scrambling over mighty rocks with the eternal wind of the high passes tearing at their robes, threatening to blow them away. Sometimes deep crevices forced a long and arduous detour. For almost a week the ancient Abbot was forced to remain in a tightly closed yak-hide tent while strange herbs and potions poured out life-saving oxygen to ease his tortured lungs and heart. Then, with superhuman fortitude he continued the appalling journey.

At last they reached their destination, a much reduced band, for many had fallen by the wayside. Gradually they became accustomed to their changed life. The Scribes carefully penned the account of their journey, and the Carvers slowly made the blocks for the hand printing of the books. The Clairvoyants looked into the future, predicting, predicting the future of Tibet and of other countries. These men, of the utmost purity, were in touch with the Cosmos, and the Akashic Record, that Record which tells all of the past and of the immediate present everywhere and all the probabilities for the future. The Telepaths too were busy, sending messages to others in Tibet, keeping in touch telepathically with those of their Order everywhere—keeping in touch with *Me!*

“Lobsang. *Lobsang!*” The thought dinned into my head, bringing me back from my reverie. Telepathic messages were nothing to me, they were more common to me than

telephone calls, but this was insistent. This was in some way different. Quickly I relaxed, sitting in the Lotus position, making my mind open and my body at ease. Then, receptive to telepathic messages, I waited. For a time there was nothing, just a gentle probing, as if “Someone” were looking through my eyes and seeing. Seeing what? The muddy Detroit River, the tall skyscrapers of Detroit city. The date on the calendar facing me, April 9th, 1960. Again—nothing. Suddenly, as if “Someone” had reached a decision, the Voice came again.

“Lobsang. You have suffered much. You have done well, but there is no time for complacency. There is a task for you yet to do.” There was a pause as if the Speaker had been unexpectedly interrupted, and I waited, sick at heart and wholly apprehensive. I had more than enough of misery and suffering during the past years. More than enough of change, of being hunted, persecuted. As I waited I caught fleeting telepathic thoughts from others nearby. The girl tapping her foot impatiently at the bus stop below my window, “Oh, this bus service, it's the worst in the world. Will it *never* come?” Or the man delivering a parcel at the house next door: “Wonder if I dare ask the Boss for a rise? Millie will sure be mad if I don't get some money for her soon!” Just as I was idly wondering who “Millie” was, much as a person waiting at a telephone thinks idly, the insistent Inner voice came to me again.

“Lobsang! Our decision is made. The hour has come for you to write again. This next book will be a vital task. You must write stressing one theme, that one person can take over the body of another, with the latter person's full consent.”

I started in dismay, and almost broke the telepathic contact. *Me* write again? About *that*. I was a “controversial figure” and hated every moment as such. I knew that I was all that I claimed to be, that all I had written before was the absolute truth, but how would it help to rake up a story from the lurid Press's silly season? That was beyond me. It left me confused, dazed, and very sick at heart, like a man awaiting execution.

“*Lobsang!*” The telepathic voice was charged with considerable acerbity now; the rasping asperity was like an electric shock to my bemused brain. “Lobsang! We are in a better position to judge than you; you are enmeshed in the toils of the West. We can stand aside and evaluate. You have but the local news, we have the world.”

Humbly I remained silent, awaiting a continuation of the message, agreeing within myself that “They” obviously knew what was right. After some interval, the Voice came again. “You have suffered much unjustly, but it has been in a good cause. Your previous work has brought much good to many, but you are ill and your judgment is at fault and warped on the subject of the next book.”

As I listened I reached out for my age-old crystal and held it before me on its dull black cloth. Quickly the glass clouded and became as white as milk. A rift appeared, and the white clouds were parted like the drawing aside of curtains to let in the light of the dawn. I saw as I heard. A distant view of the towering Himalayas, their tops mantled in snow. A sharp sensation of falling so real that I felt my stomach rising within me. The landscape becoming larger, and then, the Cave, the New Home of Knowledge. I saw an Aged Patriarch, a very ancient figure indeed, sitting on a folded rug of yak wool. Although a High Abbot, he was clad simply in a faded, tattered robe, which seemed almost as ancient as he. His high, domed head glistened like old parchment, and the skin of his wrinkled old hands scarce covered the bones which supported it. He was a venerable figure, with a strong aura of power, and with the ineffable serenity which true knowledge gives. Around him, in a circle of which he was the center, sat seven lamas of high degree. They sat in the attitude of meditation, with their palms face-up and their fingers entwined in the immemorial symbolic clasp. Their heads, slightly bowed, all pointed towards me. In my crystal it was as if I were in the same volcanic chamber with them, as if I stood before them. We conversed as though almost in physical contact.

“You have aged greatly,” said one.

“Your books have brought joy and light to many, do

not be discouraged at the few who are jealous and evilly disposed,” said another.

“Iron ore may think itself senselessly tortured in the furnace, but when the tempered blade of finest steel looks back it knows better,” said a third.

“We are wasting time and energy,” said the Aged Patriarch. “His heart is ill within him and he stands in the shadow of the Other World, we must not overtax his strength nor his health for he has his task clear before him.”

Again there was a silence. This time it was a healing silence, while the Telepathic Lamas poured life-giving energy into me, energy which I so often lacked since my second attack of coronary thrombosis. The picture before me, a picture of which I seemed to be a part, grew even brighter, almost brighter than reality. Then the Aged Man looked up and spoke. “My Brother,” he said, which was an honor indeed, although I too was an Abbot in my own right. “My Brother, we must bring to the knowledge of many the truth that one ego can depart his body voluntarily and permit another ego to take over and reanimate the vacated body. This is *your* task, to impart this knowledge.”

This was a jolt indeed. *My* task? I had never wanted to give any publicity about such matters, preferring to remain silent even when it would have been to my material advantage to give information. I believed that in the esoterically blind West most people would be better for not knowing of the occult worlds. So many “occult” people that I had met had very little knowledge indeed, and a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. My introspection was interrupted by the Abbot. “As you well know, we are upon the threshold of a New Age, an Age wherein it is intended that Man shall be purified of his dross and shall live at peace with others and with himself. The populations shall be stable, neither rising nor falling and this without warlike intent, for a country with a rising population must resort to warfare in order to obtain more living space. We would have people know how a body may be discarded like

an old robe for which the wearer has no further use, and passed on to another who needs such a body for some special purpose.”

I started involuntarily. Yes, I knew all about this, but I had not expected to have to write about it. The whole idea frightened me.

The old Abbot smiled briefly as he said: “I see that this idea, this task, finds no favor with you, my Brother. Yet there are recorded many, many instances of ‘possession’. That so many such cases are regarded as evil, or black magic is unfortunate and merely reflects the attitude of those who know little about the subject. Your task will be to write so that those who have eyes may read, and those who are ready may know.”

“Suicides,” I thought. “People will be rushing to commit suicide, either to escape from debt and troubles or to do a favor to others in providing a body.”

“No, no, my Brother,” said the old Abbot, “You are in error. No one can escape his debt through suicide, and no one can leave his body for another yet, unless there be very special circumstances which warrant it. We must await the full advent of the New Age, and none may rightfully abandon his body until his allotted span has elapsed. As yet, only when Higher Forces permit, may it be done.”

I looked at the men before me, watching the play of golden light around their heads, the electric blue of wisdom in their auras, and the interplay of light from their Silver Cords. A picture, in living color, of men of wisdom and of purity. Austere men, ascetic, shut away from the world. Self possessed and self reliant. “All right for them,” I mumbled to myself. “They don't have to live through the rough-and-tumble of Western life.” Across the muddy Detroit River the roar of traffic came in waves. An early Great Lakes steamer came past my window, the river ice crunching and crackling ahead of it. Western Life? Noise. Clatter. Blaring radios shrieking the alleged merits of one car dealer after another. In the New Home there was peace, peace in which to work, peace in which to think

without one having to wonder who—as here—was going to be the next to stab one in the back for a few dollars.

“My Brother,” said the Old Man, “*We* live through the ‘rough-and-tumble’ of an invaded land wherein to oppose the oppressor is death after slow torture. Our food has to be carried on foot through more than a hundred miles of treacherous mountain paths where a false step or a loose stone could send one tumbling thousands of feet to death. *We* live on a bowl of tsampa which suffices us for a day. For drink we have the waters of the mountain stream. Tea is a needless luxury which we have learned to do without, for to have pleasures which necessitate risks for others is evil indeed. Look more intently into your crystal, my Brother, and we will endeavor to show you the Lhasa of today.”

I arose from my seat by the window, and made sure that the three doors to my room were safely shut. There was no way of silencing the incessant roar of traffic, traffic on this, the riverside of Canada, and the more muted hum of pulsing, bustling Detroit. Between me and the river was the main road, closest to me, and the six tracks of the railroad. Noise? There was no end to it! With one last glance at the scurrying modern scene before me, I closed the Venetian blinds and resumed my seat with my back to the window. The crystal before me was pulsating with blue light, light that changed and swirled as I turned towards it. As I picked it up and touched it briefly to my head to again establish “rapport” it felt warm to my fingers, a sure sign that much energy was being directed to it from an external source.

The face of the Aged Abbot looked benignly upon me and a fleeting smile crossed his face, then, it were as if an explosion occurred. The picture became disoriented, a patchwork of a myriad non-related colors and swirling banners. Suddenly it was as if someone had thrown open a door, a door in the sky, and as if I were standing at that open door. All sensation of “looking in a crystal” vanished. I was *there!*

Beneath me, glowing softly in the evening sunlight, was

my home, my Lhasa. Nestling under the protection of the mighty mountain ranges, with the Happy River running swiftly through the green Valley. I felt again the bitter pangs of homesickness. All the hatreds and hardships of Western Life welled up within me and it seemed that my heart would break. The joys and sorrows and the rigorous training that I had undergone there, the sight of my native land made all my feelings revolt at the cruel lack of understanding of the Westerners.

But I was not there for my own pleasure! Slowly I seemed to be lowered through the sky, lowering as though I were in a gently descending balloon. A few thousand feet above the surface and I exclaimed in horrified amazement. *Airfield?* There were *airfields* around the City of Lhasa! Much appeared unfamiliar, and as I looked about me I saw that there were two new roads coming over the mountain ranges, and diminishing in the direction of India. Traffic, wheeled traffic, moved swiftly along. I dropped lower, under the control of those who had brought me here. Lower, and I saw excavations where slaves were digging foundations under the control of armed Chinese. Horror of Horrors! At the very foot of the glorious Potala sprawled an ugly hut-city served by a network of dirt roads. Straggling wires linked the buildings and gave a slovenly, unkempt air to the place. I gazed up at the Potala, and—by the Sacred Tooth of Buddha!—the Palace was desecrated by Chinese Communist slogans! With a sob of sick dismay I turned to look elsewhere.

A truck swirled along the road, ran right through me—for I was in the astral body, ghostly and insubstantial, and shuddered to a stop a few yards away. Yelling, sloppily dressed Chinese soldiers poured out of the big truck, dragging five monks with them. Loudspeakers on the corners of all the streets began to blare, and at the brazen-voiced commands, the square in which I was standing quickly filled with people. Quickly, because Chinese overseers with whips and bayonets slashed and prodded those who tarried. The crowd, Tibetans and unwilling Chinese colonists, looked dejected and emaciated. They shuffled nervously,

and small clouds of dust rose and were borne away on the evening wind.

The five monks, thin and blood-stained, were thrown roughly to their knees. One, with his left eyeball right out of its socket, and dangling on his cheek, was well known to me, he had been an acolyte when I was a lama. The sullen crowd grew silent and still as a Russian-made “jeep” came racing along the road from a building labeled “Department of Tibetan Administration”. All was silent and tense as the car circled the crowd and came to a stop about twenty feet behind the truck.

Guards sprang to attention, and an autocratic Chinese stepped arrogantly from the car. A soldier hurried up to him unreeling wire as he walked. Facing the autocratic Chinese, the soldier saluted and held up a microphone. The Governor, or Administrator, or whatever he styled himself, looked disdainfully round before speaking into the instrument. “You have been brought here,” he said, “to witness the execution of these five reactionary and subversive monks. No one shall stand in the way of the glorious Chinese people under the able chairmanship of Comrade Mao.” He turned away, and the loudspeakers on the top of the truck clicked into silence. The Governor motioned to a soldier with a long, curved sword. He moved to the first prisoner kneeling bound before him. For a moment he stood with his legs apart, testing the edge of his sword with the ball of his thumb. Satisfied, he took his stance, and gently touched the neck of the bound man. Raising the sword high above his head, with the evening sunlight glinting on the bright blade, he brought it down. There was a soggy noise, followed instantly by a sharp ‘crack’ and the man’s head sprang from his shoulders, followed by a bright gout of blood which pulsed, and pulsed again, before dying away to a thin trickle. As the twitching, headless body lay upon the dusty ground, the Governor spat upon it and exclaimed: “So shall die all enemies of the commune!”

The monk with his eyeball dangling upon his cheek raised his head proudly and cried in a loud voice: “Long live Tibet. By the Glory of Buddha it shall rise again.”

A soldier was about to run him through with his bayonet when the Governor hastily stopped him. With his face contorted with rage, he screamed: "You insult the glorious Chinese people? For that you shall die slowly!" He turned to the soldiers, shouting orders. Men scurried everywhere. Two raced off to a nearby building, and returned, running, with ropes. Other men slashed at the bonds of the tied monk, cutting his arms and legs in the process. The Governor stamped up and down, yelling for more Tibetans to be brought to witness the scene. The loudspeakers blared and blared again, and truckloads of soldiers came bringing men and women and children to "see the justice of the Chinese Comrades". A soldier struck the monk in the face with his gun-butt, bursting the dangling eye and smashing his nose. The Governor, standing idly by, glanced at the other three monks still kneeling bound in the dirt of the road. "Shoot them," he said, "Shoot them through the back of the head and let their bodies lie." A soldier stepped forward and drew his revolver. Placing it just behind a monk's ear he pulled the trigger. The man fell forward, dead, his brains leaking on the ground. Quite unconcerned, the soldier stepped to the second monk and speedily shot him. As he was moving to the third, a young soldier said, "Let me, Comrade, for I have not killed yet." Nodding assent, the executioner stepped aside to allow the young soldier, trembling with eagerness, to take his place. Drawing his revolver, he pointed it at the third monk, *shut his eyes*, and pulled the trigger. The bullet sped through the man's cheeks and hit a Tibetan spectator in the foot. "Try again," said the former executioner, "and keep your eyes open." By now his hand was trembling so much with fright and shame that he missed completely, as he saw the Governor scornfully watching him. "Put the muzzle of the revolver in his ear, and then shoot," said the Governor. Once again the young soldier stepped to the side of the doomed monk, savagely rammed the muzzle of his gun in his ear and pulled the trigger. The monk fell forward, dead, beside his companions.

The crowd had increased, and as I looked round I saw

that the monk whom I knew had been tied by his left arm and left leg to the jeep. His right arm and right leg were tied to the truck. A grinning Chinese soldier entered the jeep and started the engine. Slowly, as slowly as he possibly could, he engaged gear and moved forward. The monk's arm was pulled out straight, rigid as an iron bar, there was a "snick" and it was torn completely from the shoulder. The jeep moved on. With a loud "crack" the hip bone broke, and the man's right leg was torn from his body. The jeep stopped, and the Governor entered. Then it drove off, with the bleeding body of the dying monk bouncing and jolting over the stony road. Soldiers climbed aboard the big truck, and that drove off, trailing behind it a bloody arm and leg.

As I turned away, sickened, I heard a feminine scream from behind a building, followed by a coarse laugh. A Chinese oath as the woman evidently bit her attacker, and a bubbling shriek as she was stabbed in return.

Above me, the dark blue of the night sky, liberally besprinkled with the pin-points of colored lights which were other worlds. Many of them, as I knew, were inhabited. How many I wondered, were as savage as this Earth? Around me were bodies. Unburied bodies. Bodies preserved in the frigid air of Tibet until the vultures and any wild animals ate them up. No dogs here now to help in that task, for the Chinese had killed them off for food. No cats now guarded the temples of Lhasa, for they too had been killed. Death? Tibetan life was of no more value to the invading Communists than plucking a blade of grass.

The Potala loomed before me. Now, in the faint starlight, the crude slogans of the Chinese blended with the shadows and were not seen. A searchlight, mounted above the Sacred Tombs, glared across the Valley of Lhasa like a malignant eye. The Chakpori, my Medical School, looked gaunt and forlorn. From its summit came snatches of an obscene Chinese song. For some time I remained in deep contemplation. Unexpectedly, a Voice said: "My Brother, you must come away now, for you have been absent long. As you rise, look about you well."

Slowly I rose into the air, like thistledown bobbing in a vagrant breeze. The moon had risen now, flooding the Valley and mountain peaks with pure and silvery light. I looked in horror at ancient lamaseries, bombed and untenanted, with all the debris of Man's earthly possessions strewn about uncared for. The unburied dead lay in grotesque heaps, preserved by the eternal cold. Some clutched prayer wheels, some were stripped of clothing and ripped into tattered shreds of bloody flesh by bomb blast and metal splinters. I saw a Sacred Figure, intact, gazing down as if in compassion at the murderous folly of mankind.

Upon the craggy slopes, where the hermitages clung to the sides of the mountains in loving embrace, I saw hermitage after hermitage which had been despoiled by the invaders. The hermits, immured for years in solitary darkness in search of spiritual advancement, had been blinded on the instant when sunlight had entered their cells. Almost without exception, the hermit was stretched dead beside his ruined home, with his life-long friend and servant stretched dead beside him.

I could look no more. Carnage? Senseless murder of the innocent, defenseless monks? What was the use? I turned away and called upon those who guided me to remove me from this graveyard.

My task in life, I had known from the start, was in connection with the human aura, that radiation which entirely surrounds the human body, and by its fluctuating color shows the Adept if a person is honorable or otherwise. The sick person could have his or her illness seen by the colors of the aura. Everyone must have noticed the haze around a street light on a misty night. Some may even have noticed the well-known "corona discharge" from high tension cables at certain times. The human aura is somewhat similar. It shows the life force within. Artists of old painted a halo, or nimbus round the head of saints. Why? Because they could see the aura of those people. Since the publication of my first two books people have written to me from all over the world, and some of those people can also see the aura.

Years ago a Dr. Kilner, researching at a London Hospital, found that he could, under certain circumstances, see the aura. He wrote a book about it. Medical science was not ready for such a discovery, and all that he had discovered was hushed up. I too, in my way, am doing research, and I visualize an instrument which will enable *any* medical man or scientist to see the aura of another and cure “incurable” illnesses by ultra-sonic vibrations. Money, money, that is the problem. Research always was expensive!

And now, I mused, they want me to take on *another* task! About a change of bodies!

Outside my window there was a shuddering crash which literally shook the house. “Oh,” I thought, “The railroad men are shunting again. There will be no more quiet for a long time.” On the river a Great Lakes freight steamer hooted mournfully-like a cow mooing for her calf and from the distance came the echoing response of another ship.

“My Brother!” The Voice came to me again, and hastily I gave my attention to the crystal. The old men were still sitting in a circle with the Aged Patriarch in the center. Now they were looking tired, exhausted would perhaps describe their condition more accurately, for they had transmitted much power in order to make this impromptu, unprepared trip possible.

“My Brother, you have seen clearly the condition of our country. You have seen the hard hand of the oppressor. Your task, your *two* tasks are clear before you and you can succeed at both, to the glory of our Order.”

The tired old man was looking anxious. He knew—as I knew—that I could with honor refuse this task. I had been greatly misunderstood through the lying tales spread by an ill-disposed group. Yet I was very highly clairvoyant, very highly telepathic. Astral traveling to me was easier than walking. Write? Well, yes, people could read what I wrote and if they could not *all* believe, then those who were sufficiently evolved would believe *and know* the truth.

“My Brother,” said the Old Man, softly, “Even though the unevolved, the unenlightened, pretend to believe that

you write fiction, enough of the Truth will get to their subconscious and—who knows?—the small seed of truth may blossom in this or in their next life. As the Lord Buddha Himself has said in the Parable of the Three Chariots, the end justifies the means.”

The Parable of the Three Chariots! What vivid memories that brought back to me. How clearly I remember my beloved guide and friend, the Lama Mingyar Dondup instructing me at the Chapkori.

An old medical monk had been easing the fears of a very sick woman with some harmless “white lie”. I, young and inexperienced, had, with smug complacency, been expressing shocked surprise that a monk should tell an untruth even in such an emergency. My Guide had come along to me, saying, “Let us go to my room, Lobsang. We can with profit turn to the Scriptures.” He smiled at me with his warm, benevolent aura of contentment as he turned and walked beside me to his room far up, overlooking the Potala.

“Tea and Indian cakes, yes, we must have refreshment, Lobsang, for with refreshment you can also digest information.” The monk-servant, who had seen us enter, appeared unbidden with the delicacies which I liked and which I could only obtain through the good offices of my Guide.

For a time we sat and talked idly, or rather I talked as I ate. Then, as I finished, the illustrious Lama said: “There are exceptions to every rule, Lobsang, and every coin or token has two sides. The Buddha talked at length to His friends and disciples, and much that He said was written down and preserved. There is a tale very applicable to the present. I will tell it to you.” He resettled himself, cleared his throat, and continued:

“This is the tale of the Three Chariots. Called so because chariots were greatly in demand among the boys of those days, just as stilts and Indian sweet cakes are now. The Buddha was talking to one of His followers named Sariputra. They were sitting in the shade of one of the large Indian trees discussing truth and untruth, and how

the merits of the former are sometimes outweighed by the kindness of the latter.

“The Buddha said, ‘Now, Sariputra, let us take the case of a very rich man, a man so rich that he could afford to gratify every whim of his family. He is an old man with a large house and with many sons. Since the birth of those sons he has done everything to protect them from danger. They know not danger and they have not experienced pain. The man left his estate and his house and went to a neighboring village on a matter of business. As he returned he saw smoke rolling up into the sky. He hurried faster and as he approached his home he found that it was on fire. All the four walls were on fire, and the roof was burning. Inside the house his sons were still playing, for they did not understand the danger. They could have got out but they did not know the meaning of pain because they had been so shielded; they did not understand the danger of fire because the only fire they had seen had been in the kitchens.

“ ‘The man was greatly worried for how could he alone get into the house and save his sons? Had he entered, he could perhaps have carried out one only, the others would have played and thought it all a game. Some of them were very young, they might have rambled and walked into the flames they had not learned to fear. The father went to the door and called to them, saying, “Boys, boys, come out. Come here immediately.”

“ ‘But the boys did not want to obey their father, they wanted to play, they wanted to huddle in the center of the house away from the increasing heat which they did not understand. The father thought: “I know my sons well, I know them exactly, the differences in their characters, their every shade of temperament; I know they will only come out if they think there is some gain, some new toy here.” And so he went back to the door and called loudly: “Boys, boys, come out, come out immediately. I have toys for you here beside the door. Bullock chariots, goat chariots, and a chariot as fleet as the wind because it is drawn by a deer. Come quickly or you shall not have them.”

“ ‘The boys, not fearing the fire, not fearing the dangers of the flaming roof and walls, but fearing only to lose the toys, came rushing out. They came rushing, scrambling, pushing each other in their eagerness to be first to reach the toys and have first choice. And as the last one left the building, the flaming roof fell in amid a shower of sparks and debris.

“ ‘The boys heeded not the dangers just surmounted, but set up a great clamor. “Father, father, where are the toys which you promised us? Where are the three chariots! We hurried and they are not here. You *promised*, father.”

“ ‘The father, a rich man to whom the loss of his house was no great blow, now that his sons were safe, hurried them off and bought them their toys, the chariots, knowing that his artifice had saved the lives of his sons.’

“The Buddha turned to Sariputra and said, ‘Now Sariputra, was not that artifice justified? Did not that man by using innocent means, justify the end? Without his knowledge his sons would have been consumed in the flames:

“Sariputra turned to the Buddha and said, ‘Yes, Oh Master, the end well justified the means and brought much good.’ ”

The Lama Mingyar Dondup smiled at me as he said, “You were left for three days outside the Chakpori, you thought you were barred from entry, yet we were using a test on you, a means which was justified in the end, for you progress well.”

I too am using “a means which will be justified in the end”. I am writing this, my true story—*The Third Eye* and *Doctor from Lhasa* are absolutely true also—in order that I may later continue with my aura work. So many people have written to ask *why* I write that I give them the explanation; I write the *truth* in order that Western people may know that the Soul of man is greater than these sputniks, or fizzling rockets. Eventually Man will go to other planets by astral travel as I have done! But Western Man will not so go while all he thinks of is self gain, self advancement and never mind the rights of the other fellow. I write the *truth* in order that I may later advance

the cause of the human aura. Think of this (it will come), a patient walks into a doctor's consulting room. The doctor does not bother to make any enquiries, he just takes out a special camera and photographs the aura of the patient. Within a minute or so, this non-clairvoyant medical practitioner has in his hand a color-photograph of his patient's aura. He studies it, its striations and shades of color, just as a psychiatrist studies the recorded brain waves of a mentally sick person.

The general practitioner, having compared the color-photograph with standard charts, writes down a course of ultra-sonic and color spectrum treatments which will repair the deficiencies of the patient's aura. Cancer? It will be cured. T.B.? That too will be cured. Ridiculous? Well, just a short time ago it was "ridiculous" to think of sending radio waves across the Atlantic. "Ridiculous" to think of flying at more than a hundred miles an hour. The human body would not stand the strain, they said. "Ridiculous" to think of going into space. Monkeys have already. This "ridiculous" idea of mine. *I have seen it working!*

The noises from without penetrated my room, bringing me back to the present. Noises? Shunting trains, a screaming fire engine whizzed by, and loud-talking people hasten in to the bright lights of a local place of entertainment. "Later," I tell myself, "when this terrible clamor stops, I will use the crystal and will tell Them that I will do as they ask."

A growing "warm-feeling" inside tells me that "They" already know, and are glad.

So, here as it is directed, the *truth*, The Rampa Story.

## CHAPTER TWO

TIBET, at the turn of the century, was beset by many problems. Britain was making a great uproar, shouting to all the world that Tibet was too friendly with Russia, to the detriment of British Imperialism. The Czar of all the Russia's was shrieking in the vast halls of his palace in Moscow, complaining vociferously that Tibet was becoming too friendly with Britain. The Royal Court of China resounded with fevered accusations that Tibet was being too friendly with Britain and with Russia and was most certainly not friendly enough with China.

Lhasa swarmed with spies of various nations, poorly disguised as mendicant monks or pilgrims, or missionaries, or anything which seemed to offer a plausible excuse for being in Tibet at all. Sundry gentlemen of assorted races met deviously under the dubious cover of darkness to see how they could profit by the troubled international situation. The Great Thirteenth, the Thirteenth Dalai Lama Incarnation and a great statesman in His own right, kept his temper and the peace and steered Tibet clear of embroilment. Polite messages of undying friendship, and insincere offers of "protection" cross the Sacred Himalayas from the heads of the leading nations of the world.

Into such an atmosphere of trouble and unrest I was born. As Grandmother Rampa so truly said, I was born to trouble and have been in trouble ever since, and hardly any of it of my own making! The Seers and Sooth-Sayers were loud in their praise of "the boy's" inborn gifts of clairvoyance and telepathy. "An exalted ego," said one. "Destined to leave his name in history," said another. "A Great Light to our Cause," said a third. And I, at that early age, raised up my voice in hearty protest at being so foolish as to be born once again. Relatives, as soon as I was able to understand their speech, took every opportunity to remind me of the noise I made; they told me

with glee that mine was the most raucous, the most unmusical voice that it had been their misfortune to hear.

Father was one of the leading men of Tibet. A nobleman of high degree, he had considerable influence in the affairs of our country. Mother, too, through her side of the family exercised much authority in matters of policy. Now, looking back over the years, I am inclined to think that they were almost as important as Mother thought, and that was of no mean order.

My early days were spent at our home near the Potala, just across the Kaling Chu, or Happy River. "Happy" because it gave life to Lhasa as it ran chuckling over many brooks, and meandered in rivulet form through the city. Our home was well wooded, well staffed with servants, and my parents lived in princely splendor. I—well I was subjected to much discipline, much hardship. Father had become greatly soured during the Chinese invasion in the first decade of the century, and he appeared to have taken an irrational dislike to me. Mother, like so many society women throughout the world, had no time for children, looking upon them as things to be got rid of as speedily as possible, and then parked on some hired attendant.

Brother Paljor did not stay with us long; before his seventh birthday he left for "The Heavenly Fields" and *Peace*. I was four years of age then, and Father's dislike for me seemed to increase from that time. Sister Yasodhara was six at the time of the passing of our brother, and we both bemoaned, not the loss of our brother, but the increased discipline which started at his passing.

Now my family are all dead, killed by the Chinese Communists. My sister was killed for resisting the advances of the invaders. My parents for being landowners. The home from whence I gazed wide-eyed over the beautiful parkland has been made into dormitories for slave workers. In one wing of the house are women workers, and in the right wing are men. All are married, and if husband and wife behave and do their quota of work, they can see each other once a week for half an hour, after which they are medically examined.

But in the far-off days of my childhood these things were in the future, something which was known would happen but which, like death at the end of one's life, did not obtrude too much. The Astrologers had indeed foretold these happenings, but we went about our daily life blissfully oblivious of the future.

Just before I was seven years of age, at the age when my brother left this life, there was a huge ceremonial party at which the State Astrologers consulted their charts and determined what my future was going to be. Everyone who was "anything" was there. Many came uninvited by bribing servants to let them in. The crush was so thick that there was hardly room to move in our ample grounds.

The priest fumbled and bumbled, as priests will, and put on an impressive show before announcing the outstanding points of my career. In fairness I must state that they were absolutely right in everything unfortunate which they said. Then they told my parents that I must enter the Chakpori Lamasery to be trained as a Medical Monk.

My gloom was quite intense, because I had a feeling that it would lead to trouble. No one listened to me, though, and I was shortly undergoing the ordeal of sitting outside the Lamasery gate for three days and nights just to see if I had the endurance necessary to become a medical monk. That I passed the test was more a tribute to my fear of Father than of my physical stamina. Entry to the Chakpori was the easiest stage. Our days were long, it was hard indeed to have a day which started at midnight, and which required us to attend services at intervals throughout the night as well as throughout the day. We were taught the ordinary academic stuff, our religious duties, matters of the metaphysical world, and medical lore, for we were to become medical monks. Our Eastern cures were such that Western medical thought still cannot understand them. Yet—Western pharmaceutical firms are trying hard to synthesize the potent ingredients which are in the herbs we used. Then, the age-old Eastern remedy, now artificially

and will be hailed as an example of Western achievement. Such is progress.

When I was eight years of age I had an operation which opened my “Third Eye”, that special organ of clairvoyance which is moribund in most people because they deny its existence. With this “eye” seeing, I was able to distinguish the human aura and so divine the intention of those around me. It was—and is!—most entertaining to listen to the empty words of those who pretended friendship for self gain, yet truly had black murder in their hearts. The aura can tell the whole medical history of a person. By determining what is missing from the aura, and replacing the deficiencies by special radiations, people can be cured of illness.

Because I had stronger than usual powers of clairvoyance I was very frequently called upon by the Inmost One, the Great Thirteenth Incarnation of the Dalai Lama, to look at the aura of those who visited Him “in friendship”. My beloved Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, a very capable clairvoyant, trained me well. He also taught me the greatest secrets of astral traveling, which now to me is easier than walking. Almost anyone, no matter what they call their religion, believes in the existence of a “soul” or “other body”. Actually there are several “bodies” or “sheaths”, but the exact number does not concern us here. We believe—rather, we know! that-it is possible to lay aside the ordinary physical body (the one that supports the clothes!) and travel anywhere, even beyond the Earth, in the astral form.

Everyone does astral traveling, even the ones who think it is “all nonsense”! It is as natural as breathing. Most people do it when they are asleep and so, unless they are trained, they know nothing about it. How many people, in the morning, exclaim: “Oh! I had such a wonderful dream last night, I seemed to be with So-and-so. We were very happy together and she said she was writing. Of course it is all very vague now!” And then, usually in a very few days a letter does arrive. The explanation is that one of the persons traveled astrally to the other, and be-

cause they were not trained, it became a “dream”. Almost anyone can astral travel. How many authenticated cases there are of dying persons visiting a loved one in a dream in order to say good-bye. Again, it is astral traveling. The dying person, with the bonds of the world loosened, easily visits a friend in passing.

The trained person can lie down and relax and then ease off the ties that chain the ego, or companion body, or soul, call it what you will, it is the same thing. Then, when the only connection between is the “Silver Cord”, the second body can drift off, like a captive balloon at the end of its line. Wherever you can think of, there you can go, fully conscious, fully alert, when you are trained. The dream state is when a person astral travels without knowing it, and brings back a confused, jumbled impression. Unless one is trained, there are a multitude of impressions constantly being received by the “Silver Cord” which confuses the “dreamer” more and more. In the astral you can go anywhere, even beyond the confines of the Earth, for the astral body does not breathe, nor does it eat. All its wants are supplied by the “Silver Cord” which, during life, constantly connects it to the physical body.

The “Silver Cord” is mentioned in the Christian Bible: “Lest the ‘Silver Cord’ be severed, and the ‘Golden Bowl’ be shattered.” The “Golden Bowl” is the halo or nimbus around the head of a spiritually evolved person. Those not spiritually evolved have a halo of a very different color! Artists of old painted a golden halo around the pictures of saints because the artists actually saw the halo, otherwise he would not have painted it. The halo is merely a very small part of the human aura, but is more easily seen because it is usually much brighter.

If scientists would investigate astral travel and auras, instead of meddling with fizzling rockets which so often fail to go into orbit, they would have the complete key to space travel. By astral projection they could visit another world and so determine the type of ship needed to make the journey in the physical, for astral travel has one great drawback; one cannot take any material object nor can

one return with any material object. One can only bring back knowledge. So—the scientists will need a ship in order to bring back live specimens and photographs with which to convince an incredulous world, for people cannot believe a thing exists unless they can tear it to pieces in order to prove that it might be possible after all.

I am particularly reminded of a journey into space which I took. This is absolutely true, and those who are evolved will know it as such. It does not matter about the others, they will learn when they reach a greater stage of spiritual maturity.

This is an experience which happened some years ago when I was in Tibet studying at the Chakpori Lamasery. Although it happened many years ago, the memory of it is as fresh in my mind as if it happened but yesterday.

My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and a fellow lama, actually a close friend of mine named Jigme, and I, were upon the roof of the Chakpori, on Iron Mountain, in Lhasa, Tibet. It was a cold night indeed, some forty degrees below zero. As we stood upon the exposed roof the shrieking wind pressed our robes tightly against our shivering bodies. At the side of us away from the wind our robes streamed out like Prayer Flags, leaving us chilled to the marrow, threatening to pull us over the precipitous mountainside.

As we looked about us, leaning heavily against the wind to maintain our balance, we saw the dim lights of Lhasa city in the distance, while off to our right the lights of the Potala added to the mystical air of the scene. All the windows seemed to be adorned with gleaming butter lamps, which even though protected by the mighty walls, wavered and danced at the bidding of the wind. In the faint starlight the golden roofs of the Potala were reflecting and glinting as if the Moon itself had descended and played among the pinnacles and tombs atop the glorious building.

But we shivered in the bitter cold, shivered, and wished that we were warm in the incense-laden air of the temple beneath us. We were on the roof for a special purpose, as the Lama Mingyar Dondup enigmatically put it. Now

he stood between us, seemingly as firm as the mountain itself, as he pointed upwards at a far distant star—a red—a red looking world—and said, “My brothers this is the star Zhoru, an old, old planet, one of the oldest in this particular system. Now it is approaching the end of its long lifetime.”

He turned to us with his back to the biting wind, and said, “You have studied much in astral traveling. Now, together, we will travel in the astral to that planet. We will leave our bodies here upon this windswept roof, and we will move up beyond the atmosphere, beyond even Time.”

So saying he led the way across the roof to where there was some slight shelter afforded by a projecting cupola of the roof. He lay down and bade us to lie beside him. We wrapped our robes tightly around us and each held the hand of the other. Above us was the deep purple vault of the Heavens, speckled with faint pin-pricks of light, colored light, because all planets have different lights when seen in the clear night air of Tibet. Around us was the shrieking wind, but our training had always been severe, and we thought naught of remaining on that roof. We knew that this was not to be an ordinary journey into the astral, for we did not often leave our bodies thus exposed to inclement weather. When a body is uncomfortable the ego can travel further and faster and remember in greater detail. Only for small transworld journeys does one relax and make the body comfortable.

My Guide said, “Now let us clasp our hands together, and let us project ourselves together beyond this Earth. Keep with me and we will journey far and have unusual experiences this night.”

We lay back and breathed in the accepted pattern for astral traveling release. I was conscious of the wind screaming through the cords of the Prayer Flags which fluttered madly above us. Then, all of a sudden, there was a jerk, and I felt no more the biting fingers of the chill wind. I found myself floating as if in a different time, above my body, and all was peaceful. The Lama Mingyar

Dondup was already standing erect in his astral form, and then, as I looked down, I saw my friend Jigme also leaving his body. He and I stood and made a link to join us to our guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup. This link, called ectoplasm, is manufactured from the astral body by thought. It is the material from which mediums produce spirit manifestations.

The bond completed, we soared upwards, up into the night sky; I, ever inquisitive, looked down. Beneath us, streaming beneath us, were our Silver Cords, those endless cords which join the physical and the astral bodies during life. We flew on and on, upwards. The Earth receded. We could see the corona of the sun peering across the far ridge of the Earth in what must have been the Western world, the Western world into which we had so extensively traveled in the astral. Higher we went and then we could see the outlines of the oceans and continents in the sunlit part of the world. From our height the world now looked like a crescent moon, but with the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, flashing across the poles.

We moved on and on, faster and faster, until we outstripped the speed of light for we were disembodied spirits, soaring ever onwards, approaching almost the speed of thought. As I looked ahead of me I saw a planet, huge and menacing and red, straight in front of me. We were falling towards it at a speed impossible to calculate. Although I had had much experience of astral traveling I felt pangs of alarm. The astral form of the Lama Mingyar Dondup chuckled telepathically and said, "Oh Lobsang, if we were to hit that planet it would not hurt them or us. We should go straight through it, there would be no bar."

At last we found ourselves floating above a red, desolate world; red rocks, red sand in a tideless red sea. As we sank down towards the surface of this world we saw strange creatures like huge crabs moving lethargically along the water's edge. We stood upon that red rock shore and looked upon the water, tideless, deadly, with red scum upon it, stinking scum. As we watched, the turbid surface rippled unwillingly, and rippled again, and a strange un-

earthly creature emerged, a creature also red, heavily armored, and with remarkable joints. It groaned as if tired and dispirited, and reaching the red sand, it flopped down by the side of the tideless sea. Above our heads a red sun glowed dully casting fearful, blood-red shadows, harsh and garish. About us there was no movement, no sign of life other than the strange shelled creatures which lay half-dead on the ground. Even though I was in the astral body I shivered in apprehension as I gazed about me. A red sea upon which floated red scum, red rocks, red dying embers of a fire, a fire which was about to flicker into nothingness.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup said, "This is a dying world. There is no longer rotation here. This world floats derelict in the sea of Space, a satellite to a dying sun, which is soon to collapse, and thus to become a dwarf star without life, without light, a dwarf star which eventually will collide with another star, and from those another world shall be born. I have brought you here because yet in this world there is life of a high order, a life which is here for research and investigation of phenomena of this sort. Look about you."

He turned and pointed with his right hand to the far distance, and we saw three immense towers reaching up into the red, red sky, and on the very top of those towers three gleaming crystal balls glowed and pulsated with clear, yellow light, as if they were alive.

As we stood there wondering one of the lights changed, one of the spheres turned a vivid electric blue. The Lama Mingyar Dondup said, "Come, they are bidding us welcome. Let us descend into the ground to where they are living in an underground chamber."

Together we moved toward the base of that tower, and then, as we stood beneath the framework we saw there was an entrance heavily secured with some strange metal which glimmered and stood out like a scar upon that red and barren land. We moved through it, for metal, or rocks, or anything is no bar to those in the astral. We moved through

and traversed long red corridors of dead rock until at last we stood in a very large hall, a hall surrounded by charts and maps, and strange machines and instruments. In the center there was a long table at which sat nine very aged men, all unlike each other. One was tall and thin, and with a pointed head, a conical head. Yet another was short and very solid looking. Each of these men was different. It was clear to us that each man was of a different planet, of a different race. Human? Well perhaps humanoid would be a better word with which to describe them. They were all human, but some were more human than others.

We became aware that all nine were looking fixedly in our direction. "Ah," said one telepathically, "we have visitors from afar. We saw you land upon this, our research station, and we bid you welcome."

"Respected Fathers," said the Lama Mingyar Dondup, "I have brought to you two who have just entered upon the state of Lamahood and who are earnest students in search of knowledge."

"They are indeed welcome," said the tall man, who was apparently the leader of the group. "We will do anything to help as we have helped you with others previously."

This was indeed news to me because I had no idea that my Guide did such extensive astral traveling through celestial places.

The shorter man was looking at me, and smiled. He said in the universal language of telepathy, "I see, young man, that you are greatly intrigued by the difference in our appearances."

"Respected Father," I replied, somewhat overawed by the ease with which he had divined my thoughts, thoughts which I had tried hard to conceal. "That is indeed a fact. I marvel at the disparity of sizes and shapes between you, and it occurred to me that you could not all be men of Earth."

"You have perceived correctly," said the short man. "We are all human, but due to environment we have altered our shapes and our stature somewhat, but can you not see the same thing on your own planet, where upon

the land of Tibet there are some monks whom you employ as guards who are seven feet tall. Yet upon another country of that world, you have people who are but half that stature, and you call them pygmies. They are both human; they are both able to reproduce each with the other, notwithstanding any difference in size, for we are all humans of carbon molecules. Here in this particular Universe everything depends upon the basic molecules of carbon and hydrogen for these two are the bricks composing the structure of your Universe. We who have traveled in other Universes far beyond this particular branch of our nebulae know that other Universes use different bricks. Some use silicon, some use gypsum, some use other things, but they are different from people of this Universe, and we find to our sorrow that our thoughts are not always in affinity with them.”

The Lama Mingyar Dondup said, “I have brought these two young lamas here so that they can see the stages of death and decay in a planet which has exhausted its atmosphere, and in which the oxygen of that atmosphere has combined with metals to burn them and to reduce everything to an impalpable dust.”

“That is so,” said the tall man. “We would like to point out to these young men that every thing that is born must die. Everything lives for its allotted span, and that allotted span is a number of units of life. A unit of life in any living creature is a heartbeat of that creature. The life of a planet is 2,700,000,000 heartbeats, after which the planet dies, but from the death of a planet others are born. A human, too, lives for 2,700,000,000 heartbeats, and so does the lowliest insect. An insect which lives for but twenty-four hours has, during that time, had 2,700,000,000 heartbeats. A planet—they vary, of course—but one planet may have one heartbeat in 27,000 years, and after that there will be a convulsion upon that world as it shakes itself ready for the next heartbeat. All life, then,” he went on, “has the same span, but some creatures live at rates different from those of others. Creatures upon Earth, the elephant, the tortoise, the ant and the dog, they all live for the same number of

heartbeats, but all have hearts beating at different speeds, and thus they may appear to live longer or to live less.” Jigme and I found this extremely enthralling, and it explained so much to us that we had perceived upon our native land of Tibet. We had heard in the Potala about the tortoise which lives for so many years, and about the insect which lived for but a summer's evening. Now we could see that their perceptions must have been speeded up to keep pace with their speeding hearts.

The short man who seemed to look upon us with considerable approval, said, “Yes, not only that, but many animals represent different functions of the body. The cow, for instance, as anyone can see, is merely a walking mammary gland, the giraffe is a neck, a dog—well, anyone knows what a dog is always thinking of—sniffing the wind for news as his sight is so poor—and so a dog can be regarded as a nose. Other animals have similar affinities to different parts of one's anatomy. The ant-eater of South America could be looked upon as a tongue.”

For some time we talked telepathically, learning many strange things, learning with the speed of thought as one does in the astral. Then at last the Lama Mingyar Dondup stood up and said it was time to leave.

Beneath us as we returned the golden roofs of the Potala gleamed in the frosty sunlight. Our bodies were stiff, heavy and difficult to work with their half frozen joints. “And so,” we thought, as we stumbled to our feet, “another experience, another journey has ended. What next?”

A science at which we Tibetans excelled was healing by herbs. Always, until now, Tibet has been shut off from foreigners, and our fauna and flora have never been explored by the foreigners. On the high plateaus grow strange plants. Curare, and the “recently discovered” mescaline, for instance, were known in Tibet centuries ago. We could cure many of the afflictions of the Western world, but first the people of the Western world would have to have a little more faith. But most of the Westerners are mad anyway, so why bother?

Every year parties of us, those who had done best at

their studies went on herb-gathering expeditions. Plants and pollens, roots and seeds, were carefully gathered, treated, and stored in yak-hide sacks. I loved the work and studied well. Now I find that the herbs I knew so well cannot be obtained here.

Eventually I was considered fit to take the Ceremony of the Little Death, which I wrote about in *The Third Eye*. By special rituals I was placed in a state of cataleptic death, far beneath the Potala, and I journeyed into the past, along the Akashic Record. I journeyed, too, to the lands of the Earth. But let me write it as it felt to me then.

The corridor in the living rock hundreds of feet beneath the frozen earth was dank, dank and dark with the darkness of the tomb itself. I moved along its length drifting like smoke in the blackness, and with increasing familiarity with that blackness I perceived at first indistinctly the greenish phosphorescence of moldering vegetation clinging to the rock walls. Occasionally where the vegetation was most prolific and the light the brightest I could catch a yellow gleam from the gold vein running the length of this rocky tunnel.

I drifted along soundlessly without consciousness of time, without thought of anything except that I must go farther and farther into the interior of the earth, for this was a day which was momentous to me, a day when I was returning from three days in the astral state. Time passed and I found myself deeper, deeper in the subterranean chamber in increasing blackness, a blackness which seemed to sound, a blackness which seemed to vibrate.

In my imagination I could picture the world above me, the world to which I was now returning. I could visualize the familiar scene now hidden by total darkness. I waited, poised in the air like a cloud of incense smoke in a temple. Gradually, so gradually, so slowly that it was some time before I could even perceive it, a sound came down the corridor, the vaguest of sounds, but gradually swelling and increasing in intensity. The sound of chanting, the sound of silver bells, and the muffled “shush-shush” of leather-bound feet. At last, at long last, an eerie wavering light

appeared glistening along the walls of the tunnel. The sound was becoming louder now. I waited poised above a rock slab in the darkness. I waited.

Gradually, oh so gradually, so painfully slowly, moving figures crept cautiously down the tunnel towards me. As they came closer I saw that they were yellow-robed monks bearing aloft glaring torches, precious torches from the temple above with rare resin woods and incense sticks bound together giving a fragrant scent to drive away the odors of death and of decay, bright lights to dim and make invisible the evil glow of the rank vegetation.

Slowly the priests entered the underground chamber. Two moved to each of the walls near the entrance and fumbled on the rocky ledges. Then one after the other flickering butter lamps sprang into life. Now the chamber was more illuminated and I could look about me once again and see as I had not seen for three days.

The priests stood around me and saw me not, they stood around a stone tomb resting in the center of the chamber. The chanting increased, and the ringing of the silver bells too. At last, at a signal given by an old man, six monks stopped and panting and grunting lifted the stone lid off the coffin. Inside as I looked down I saw my own body, a body clad in the robes of a priest of the lama class. The monks were chanting louder now, singing:

“Oh Spirit of the Visiting Lama, wandering the face of the world above, return for this, the third day, has come and is about to pass. A first stick of incense is lit to recall the Spirit of the Visiting Lama.”

A monk stood forth and lit a stick of sweet smelling incense, red in color, and then took another from a box as the priests chanted:

“Oh Spirit of the Visiting Lama, returning here to us, hasten for the hour of your awakening draws nigh. A second stick of incense is lit to hasten your return.”

As the monk solemnly drew a stick of incense from the box, the priest recited :

“Oh Spirit of the Visiting Lama, we await to reanimate and nourish your earthly body. Speed you on your way

for the hour is at hand, and with your return here another grade in your education will have been passed. A third stick of incense is lit at the call of returning.”

As the smoke swirled lazily upwards engulfing my astral form, I shivered in dread. It was as if invisible hands were drawing me, as if hands were drawing on my Silver Cord, drawing me down, reeling me in, forcing me into that cold, lifeless body. I felt the coldness of death, I felt shivering in my limbs, I felt my astral sight grow dim, and then great gasps wracked my body which trembled uncontrollably. High Priests bent down into the stone tomb, lifted my head and my shoulders and forced something bitter between my tightly clenched jaws.

“Ah,” I thought, “back in the confining body again, back in the confining body.”

It seemed as if fire was coursing through my veins, veins which had been dormant for three days. Gradually the priests eased me out of the tomb, supporting me, lifting me, keeping me on my feet, walking me around in the stone chamber, kneeling before me, prostrating themselves at my feet, reciting their mantras, saying their prayers, and lighting their sticks of incense. They forced nourishment into me, washed me and dried me, and changed my robes.

With consciousness returning into the body, for some strange reason my thoughts wandered back to the time three days before when a similar occurrence had taken place. Then I had been laid down in this self same stone coffin. One by one the lamas had looked at me. Then they had put the lid upon the stone coffin and extinguished the sticks of incense. Solemnly they had departed up the stone corridor, bearing their lights with them, while I lay quite a little frightened in that stone tomb, frightened in spite of all my training, frightened in spite of knowing what was to happen. I had been long in the darkness, in the silence of death. Silence? No, for my perceptions had been trained, and were so acute that I could hear their breathing, sounds of life diminishing as they went away. I could hear the shuffling of their feet growing fainter and fainter, and then darkness, silence, and stillness, and nothingness.

Death itself could not be worse than this, I thought. Time crawled endlessly by as I lay there becoming colder and colder. All of a sudden the world exploded as in a golden flame, and I left the confines of the body, I left the blackness of the stone tomb, and the underground chamber. I forced my way through the earth, the icebound earth, and into the cold pure air, and away far above the towering Himalayas, far out over the land and oceans, far away to the ends of the earth with the speed of thought. I wandered alone, ethereal, ghostlike in the astral, seeking out the places and palaces of the Earth, gaining education by watching others. Not even the most secret vaults were sealed to me, for I could wander as free as a thought to enter the Council Chambers of the world. The leaders of all lands passed before me in constant panorama, their thoughts naked to my probing eye.

“And now,” I thought, as dizzily I stumbled to my feet supported by lamas, “Now I have to report all that I saw, all that I experienced, and then? Perhaps soon I shall have another similar experience to undergo. After that I shall have to journey into the Western world, to endure the hardship forecast.”

With much training behind me, and much hardship too, I set out from Tibet to *more* training, and *much* more hardship. As I looked back, before crossing the Himalayas, I saw the early rays of the sun, peeping over the mountain ranges, touching the golden roofs of the Sacred Buildings and turning them into visions of breath-taking delight. The Valley of Lhasa seemed still asleep, and even the Prayer Flags nodded drowsily at their masts. By the Pargo Kaling I could just discern a yak-train, the traders, early risers like me, setting out for India while I turned towards *Chungking*.

Over the mountain ranges we went, taking the paths trodden by the traders bringing tea into Tibet, bricks of tea from China, tea which with tsampa was one of the staple foods eaten by Tibetans. 1927 it was when we left Lhasa, and made our way to Chotang, a little town on the river Brahmaputra. On we went to Kanting, down into the

lowlands, through lush forests, through valleys steaming with dank vegetation, on we went suffering with our breathing, because we, all of us, were used to breathing air only at 15,000 feet or higher. The lowlands with their heavy atmosphere pressing upon us depressed our spirits, compressing our lungs, making us feel that we were drowning in air. On we went day after day, until after a thousand miles or more we reached the outskirts of the Chinese City Of Chungking.

Encamped for the night, our last night together, for on the morrow my companions would set off on the return journey to our beloved Lhasa, encamped together, we talked mournfully. It distressed me considerably that my comrades, my retainers, were already treating me as a person dead to the world, as a person condemned to live in the lowland cities. And so on the morrow I went to the University of Chungking, a University where almost all the professors, almost all the staff worked hard to ensure the success of the students, to help in any way possible, and only the very minute minority were difficult or unco-operative, or suffered from xenophobia.

In Chungking I studied to be a surgeon and a physician. I studied also to be an air pilot, for my life was mapped out, foretold in minutest detail, and I knew, as proved to be the case, that later I would do much in the air and in medicine. But in Chungking there were still only the mutterings of war to come and most of the people in this, an ancient and modern city combined, lived day by day enjoying their ordinary happiness, doing their ordinary tasks.

This was my first visit in the physical to one of the major cities, my first visit, in fact, to any city outside Lhasa, although in the astral form I had visited most of the great cities of the world, as anyone can if they will practice, for there is nothing difficult, nothing magical in the astral, it is as easy as walking, easier than riding a bicycle because on a bicycle one has to balance; in the astral one has merely to use the abilities and faculties which our birthright gave us.

While I was still studying at the University of Chungking I was summoned back to Lhasa because the Thirteenth Dalai Lama was about to die. I arrived there and took part in the ceremonies which followed His death, and then after attending to various business in Lhasa I again returned to Chungking. At a later interview with a Supreme Abbot, T'ai Shu, I was persuaded to accept a commission in the Chinese air force, and to go to Shanghai, a place which although I knew I had to visit had no attraction whatever for me. So once again I was uprooted and made my way to another home. Here on July 7th, 1937, the Japanese staged an incident at the Marco Polo Bridge. This was the actual starting point of the China-Japanese war, and it made things very difficult indeed for us. I had to leave my quite lucrative practice in Shanghai and place myself at the disposal of the Shanghai Municipal Council for a time, but afterwards I devoted all my time to mercy flying for the Chinese forces. I and others flew to places where there was a great need of urgent surgery. We flew in old aircraft which were actually condemned for anything else but which were considered good enough for those who were not fighting but patching up bodies.

I was captured by the Japanese, after being shot down, and they treated me quite roughly. I did not look like a Chinaman, they did not quite know what I looked like, and so because of my uniform, because of my rank, they were thoroughly unpleasant.

I managed to escape and made my way back to the Chinese forces in the hope of continuing with my work. First I was sent to Chungking to have a change of scene before returning to active duty. Chungking was then a different place from the Chungking which I had known before. The buildings were new, or rather some of the old buildings had new fronts because the place had been bombed. The place was absolutely crowded and all types of businesses from the major cities of China were now congregating in Chungking in the hopes of escaping the devastation of the war which was raging elsewhere.

After recovering somewhat I was sent down to the coast

under the command of General Yo. I was appointed as medical officer in charge of the hospital, but the “hospital” was merely a collection of paddy fields which were thoroughly waterlogged. The Japanese soon came along and captured us and killed all those patients who were unable to rise and walk. I was taken off again and treated remarkably badly because the Japanese recognized me as one who had escaped before, and they really did not like people who escape.

After some time I was sent to be Prison Medical Officer in charge of a prison camp for women of all nationalities. There due to my specialized training in herbs, I was able to make the best use of the natural resources of the camp to treat patients who otherwise would have been denied all medication. The Japanese thought that I was doing too much for the prisoners and not letting them die enough, and so they sent me to a prison camp in Japan, a camp which they said was for terrorists. I was herded across the Sea of Japan in a leaky ship and we were very badly treated indeed. I was badly tortured by them, and their continual torture gave me pneumonia. They did not want me to die and so in their way they looked after me, and gave me treatment. When I was recovering—I did not let the Japanese know how well I was recovering—the earth shook; I thought it was an earthquake, and then I looked out of the window and found that the Japanese were running in terror, and all the sky turned red, it looked as if the sun was obscured. Although I did not know it, this was the atom bombing of Hiroshima, the day of the first bomb on October 6th, 1945.

The Japanese had no time for me, they needed all their time to look after themselves, I thought, and so I managed to pick up a uniform, a cap, and a pair of heavy sandals. Then I tottered out into the open air through the narrow unguarded doorway, and managed to make my way down to the shore where I found a fishing boat. Apparently the owner had fled in terror as the bomb dropped, for he was nowhere in sight. The boat idly rocked at its moorings. In the bottom there were a few pieces of stale fish already

starting to give off the odor of decay. There was a discarded can nearby which had stale water in it, drinkable, but only just. I managed to hack away the flimsy rope holding the boat to the shore, and cast off. The wind filled out the ragged sail when I managed to hoist it hours later, and the boat headed out into the unknown. The effort was too much for me. I just toppled to the bottom in a dead faint.

A long time after, how long I cannot say, I can only judge the passage of time by the state of decomposition of the fish, I awakened to the dimness of a dawn. The boat was racing on, the little waves breaking over the bows. I was too ill with pneumonia to bale, and so I just had to lie with my shoulders and the bottom of my body in the salt water, in all the refuse which swilled about. Later in the day the sun came out with blinding power. I felt as if my brains were being boiled in my head, as if my eyes were being burned out. I felt as if my tongue was growing to be the size of my arm, dry, aching. My lips and my cheeks were cracked. The pain was too much for me. I felt that my lungs were bursting again, and I knew that once more pneumonia had attacked both lungs. The light of the day faded from me, and I sank back into the bilge water, unconscious.

Time had no meaning, time was just a series of red blurs, punctuated by darkness. Pain raged through me and I hovered at the border between life and death. Suddenly there was a violent jolt, and the screech of pebbles beneath the keel. The mast swayed as if it would snap, and the tattered rag of a sail fluttered madly in the stiff breeze. I slid forward in the bottom of the boat, unconscious amid the stinking, swirling water.

“Gee, Hank, dere's a gook in de bottom of de boat, sure looks like a stiff to me!” The nasal voice roused me to a flicker of consciousness. I lay there, unable to move, unable to show that I was still alive.

“Whatsamadder wid ya? Scairt of a corpse? We want da boat, don't we? Give me a hand and we toss him out.”

Heavy footsteps rocked the boat, and threatened to crush my head.

“Man oh man!” said the first voice, “Dat poor guy he sure took a beating from exposure. Mebbe he still breathes, Hank, what ya think.”

“Aw, stop bellyachin. He's good as dead. Toss him out. We got no time to waste”

Strong, harsh hands grabbed me by the feet and head. I was swung once, twice, and then let go and I sailed over the side of the boat to fall with a bone-rattling crash on to a pebble-and-sand beach. Without a backward glance, the two men heaved and strained at the stranded boat.

Grunting and cursing they labored, throwing aside small rocks and stones. At last the boat broke free and with a grating scrunch floated slowly backwards into the water. In a panic, for some reason unknown to me, the two men scrambled frenziedly aboard and went off in a series of clumsy tacks.

The sun blazed on. Small creatures in the sand bit me, and I suffered the tortures of the damned. Gradually the day wore out, until at last the sun set, blood-red and threatening. Water lapped at my feet, crept up to my knees. Higher. With stupendous effort I crawled a few feet, digging my elbows into the sand, wriggling, struggling. Then oblivion.

Hours later, or it may have been days, I awakened to find the sunlight streaming in upon me. Shakily I turned my head and looked about. The surroundings were wholly unfamiliar. I was in a small one-roomed cottage, with sea sparkling and glistening in the distance. As I turned my head I saw an old Buddhist priest watching me. He smiled and came towards me, sitting on the floor by my side.

Haltingly, and with some considerable difficulty, we conversed. Our languages were similar but not identical, and with much effort, substituting and repeating words, we discussed the position.

“For some time,” the priest said, “I have known that I would have a visitor of some eminence, one who had a great task in life. Although old, I have lingered on until my task was completed.”

The room was very poor, very clean, and the old priest

was obviously on the verge of starvation. He was emaciated and his hands shook with weakness and age. His faded, ancient robe was patterned with neat stitches where he had repaired the ravages of age and accidents.

“We saw you thrown from the boat,” he said. “For long we thought you were dead and we could not get to the beach to make sure because of marauding bandits. At nightfall two men of the village went out and brought you here to me. But that was five days ago; you have been very ill indeed. We know that you will live to journey afar and life will be hard.”

*Hard!* Why did everyone tell me so often that life would be hard? Did they think I liked it? Definitely it was hard, always had been, and I hated hardship as much as anyone.

“This is Najin,” the priest continued. “We are on the outskirts. As soon as you are able, you will have to leave for my own death is near.”

For two days I moved carefully around, trying to regain my strength, trying to pick up the threads of life again. I was weak, starved, and almost beyond caring whether I lived or died. A few old friends of the priest came to see me and suggested what I should do, and how I should travel. On the third morning as I awakened, I saw the old priest lying stiff and cold beside me. During the darkness he had relinquished his hold upon life, and had departed. With the help of an old friend of his, we dug a grave and buried him. I wrapped what little food was left in a cloth, and with a stout stick to help me, I departed.

A mile or so and I was exhausted. My legs shook and my head seemed to spin, making my vision blurry. For a time I lay by the side of the coast road, keeping out of sight of passers-by, for I had been warned that this was a dangerous district indeed for strangers. Here, I was told, a man could lose his life if his expression did not please the armed thugs who roamed at large terrorizing the district.

Eventually I resumed my journey and made my way to Unggi. My informants had given me very clear instructions on how to cross the border into Russian territory.

My condition was bad, frequent rests were necessary, and on one such occasion I was sitting by the side of the road idly watching the heavy traffic. My eyes wandered from group to group until I was attracted to five Russian soldiers, heavily armed and with three huge mastiffs. For some reason, at the same time, one of the soldiers chanced to look at me. With a word to his companions he unleashed the three dogs which came towards me in a blue of speed, their snarling fangs slavering with fierce excitement. The soldiers started towards me, fingering their sub-machine-guns. As the dogs came, I sent friendly thoughts to them, animals had no fear or dislike of me. Suddenly they were upon me, tails wagging, licking and slobbering over me and nearly killing me with friendship, for I was very weak. A sharp command, and the dogs cowered at the feet of the soldiers, now standing over me. "Ah!" said the corporal in charge, "You must be a good Russian and a native here, otherwise the dogs would have torn you to pieces. They are trained for just that. Watch awhile and you will see."

They walked away, dragging the reluctant dogs, who wanted to stay with me. A few minutes later the dogs leaped urgently to their feet and dashed off to the undergrowth at the side of the road. There were horrible screams suddenly choked off by frothy bubbling. A rustling behind me, and as I turned, a bloody hand, bitten off at the wrist, was dropped at my feet while the dog stood there wagging his tail!

"Comrade," said the corporal, strolling over, "you must be loyal indeed for Serge to do that. We are going to our base at Kraskino. You are on the move, do you want a ride that far with five dead bodies?"

"Yes, Comrade corporal, I should be much obliged," I replied.

Leading the way, with the dogs walking beside me wagging their tails, he took me to a half track vehicle with a trailer attached. From one corner of the trailer a thin stream of blood ran to splash messily on the ground.

Casually glancing in at the bodies piled there, he looked

more intently at the feeble struggle of a dying man. Pulling out his revolver he shot him in the head, then reholstered his gun and walked off to the half track without a backward glance.

I was given a seat on the back of the half track. The soldiers were in a good mood, boasting that no foreigner ever crossed the Border when they were on duty, telling me that their platoon held the Red Star award for competency. I told them that I was making my way to Vladivostok to see the great city for the first time, and hoping I would have no difficulty with the language. “Aw!” guffawed the corporal. “We have a supply truck going there tomorrow, taking these dogs for a rest, because with too much human blood they get too savage so that even we cannot handle them. You have a way with them. Look after them for us and we will take you to Vladi tomorrow. You understand us, you will be understood everywhere in this district—this is not Moscow!”

So I, a confirmed hater of Communism, spent that night as a guest of the soldiers of the Russian Frontier Patrol. Wine, women and song were offered me, but I pleaded age and ill-health. With a good plain meal inside me, the best for a long, long time, I went to bed on the floor, and slept with an untroubled conscience.

In the morning we set out for Vladivostok, the corporal, one other rank, three dogs and me. And so, through the friendship of fierce animals, I got to Vladivostok without trouble, without walking, and with good food inside me.

## CHAPTER THREE

The road was dusty and full of holes. As we drove along we passed gangs of women in the charge of an armed overseer, filling up the deepest of the holes with stones and with anything at hand. As we passed, the soldiers with me yelled ribald remarks and made suggestive gestures.

We passed through a populated district and on, on until we came to grim buildings which must have been a prison. The halftrack swept on and into a cobbled courtyard. No one was in sight. The men looked about in consternation. Then, as the driver switched off the engine we became immediately aware of a tremendous clamor, the shouting of men and the fierce barking of dogs. We hurried towards the source of the sound, I with the soldiers. Passing through an open door set in a high stone wall we saw a strong fenced enclosure which seemed to contain about fifty huge mastiffs.

Quickly a man on the edge of the crowd of soldiers outside the enclosure gabbled out his story. The dogs, with human blood-lust upon them had got out of hand and had killed and devoured two of their keepers. A sudden commotion, and as the crowd shifted and swayed, I saw a third man, clinging high up on the wire fence, lose his grip on the wire and fall among the dogs. There was a horrid scream, a really blood chilling sound, and then nothing but a snarling mass of dogs.

The corporal turned to me, "Hey, *you!* You can control dogs." Then, turning to a soldier beside him, "Ask the Comrade Captain to come this way, say we have a man here who can control dogs."

As the soldier hurried off I nearly fainted with fright on the spot. *Me?* Why always *me* for the difficulties and dangers? Then as I looked at the dogs I thought, "Why not? These animals are not so fierce as Tibetan mastiffs, and these soldiers smell of fear to the dogs and so the dogs attack."

An arrogant-looking captain strode through the crowd, which parted respectfully before him. Stopping a few feet from me he looked me up and down, and a disdainful sneer passed over his face. "Faugh, corporal," he said haughtily, "What have we here? An ignorant native priest?"

"Comrade Captain," said the corporal, "This man was not attacked by our dogs, Serge bit off the hand of a frontier-crosser and gave it to him. Send him into the enclosure, Comrade Captain."

The captain frowned, shuffled his feet in the dust, and industriously bit his nails. At last he looked up. "Yes, I will do it," he said. "Moscow said that I must not shoot any more dogs, but they did not tell me what to do when the dogs had the blood-lust. This man, if he is killed, well, it was an accident. If he should live, though very unlikely, we will reward him." He turned and paced about, then stood looking at the dogs gnawing at the bones of the three keepers whom they had killed and eaten. Turning to the corporal, he said, "See to it, corporal, and if he succeeds, you are a sergeant." With that he hastened away.

For a time the corporal stood wide-eyed. "*Me, a sergeant? Man!*" he said, turning to me, "You tame the dogs and every man of the Frontier Patrol will be your friend. Get in."

"Comrade corporal," I replied, "I should like the other three dogs to go in with me, they know me and they know these dogs."

"So it shall be," he answered, "Come with me and we will get them."

We turned and went out to the trailer of the half track. I fondled the three dogs, letting them lick me, letting them put their smell on me. Then, with the three dogs jostling and bounding around me, I went to the barred entrance of the enclosure. Armed guards stood by in case any dog escaped. Quickly the gate was opened a trifle, and I was roughly thrust inside.

Dogs rushed at me from everywhere. The snapping jaws of "my" three discouraged most from coming too close to me, but one huge, ferocious beast, obviously the leader sprang murderously at my throat. For that I was well

prepared, and as I stepped aside I gave him a quick thrust in the throat, a judo (or karate as people now term it) thrust which killed him before he touched the ground. The body was covered with a seething, struggling mass of dogs almost before I could jump out of the way. The snarling and snapping noises were hideous.

For a few moments I waited, unarmed, defenseless, thinking only kind and friendly thoughts towards the dogs, telling them by thought that I was not afraid of them, that I was their master. Then they turned, and I had a moment of revulsion as I saw the bare skeleton of what had moments ago been the leader. The dogs turned towards me. I sat upon the ground and *willed* them to do the same. They crouched before me, in a half circle, paws outstretched, grinning, tongues lolling lazily, and tails sweeping from side to side.

I stood up, and called Serge to my side. Putting my hand on his head, I said loudly, "From now on, you, Serge, will be leader of all these dogs, and you will obey me and will see that they obey me."

From outside the enclosure came a spontaneous roar of applause. I had forgotten all about the soldiers! As I turned I saw that they were waving their hands in friendship. The captain, his face suffused with excitement, came close to the wire and yelled, "Bring out the bodies of the keepers or their skeletons." Grimly I walked to the first body, a shredded, bloody mass, with the chest bones bare of flesh. I took it by an arm and pulled, but the arm came off at the shoulder. Then I pulled the man by the head, with his entrails dragging along behind. There was a gasp of horror, and I saw that Serge was walking beside me, carrying the man's arm. Laboriously I removed all three bodies, or what was left of them. Then, really exhausted with the strain, I stepped to the gate and was let out.

The captain stood before me. "You stink!" he said. "Get cleaned of the filth of those bodies. You shall remain here for a month looking after the dogs. After a month they return to their patrols and you can go. You shall have the pay of a corporal." He turned to the corporal and said, "As

promised, you are now a sergeant as from this moment.” He turned and walked away, obviously quite delighted with the whole affair.

The sergeant beamed upon me. “You are a magic-maker! Never will I forget how you killed that dog. Never will I forget the sight of the captain hopping from foot to foot filming the whole affair. You have done a big thing for yourself. Last time we had a dog riot we lost six men and forty dogs. Moscow came down heavy on the captain's neck. Told him what would happen if he lost any more dogs. He will treat you good. You mess-in with us now. We don't ask questions. But come, you stink, as the captain said. Wash off all that filth. I always told Andrei he ate too much and smelled bad, now I have seen him in pieces I know I was right.” I was so tired, so exhausted, that even such macabre humor as this did not shock me.

A group of men, corporals, in the mess hall, guffawed loudly and said something to the sergeant. He roared, and hastened over to me. “Haw! Haw! Comrade priest,” he bellowed, eyes streaming with mirth. “They say that you have so much of Andrei's inside on your outside that you should have all his possessions now he is dead. He has no relatives. We are going to call you Comrade Corporal Andrei for as long as you are here. All that was his is now yours. And you won me many roubles when I bet on you in the enclosure. You are my friend.”

Sergeant Boris was quite a good fellow at heart. Uncouth, rude in manner, and without any pretence of education, he still showed much friendship to me for securing his promotion—“I would have been a corporal all my life else,” he said—and for the large number of roubles he had won on me. A number of men had been saying that I had not a chance in the dog enclosure. Boris had heard, and said, “My man is good. You should have seen him when we set the dogs on him. Didn't move. Sat like a statue. The dogs thought he was one of them. He will get that crowd straightened out. You'll see!”

“Bet on it, Boris?” cried one man.

“Take you three months to pay,” said Boris. As a direct

outcome, he had won about three and a half years' pay and was grateful.

That night, after a very ample supper, for the Border Patrol men lived well, I slept in a warm hut by the side of the dog enclosure. The mattress was well stuffed with dried esparto grass, and the men had obtained new blankets for me. I had every reason to be grateful for the training which gave me such an understanding of animals' nature.

At first light I was dressed and went to see the dogs. I had been shown where their food was kept, and now I saw that they had a very good feed indeed. They clustered around me, tails awag, and every so often one would rear up and put his paws on my shoulders. At one such time I happened to look around, and there was the captain, outside of the wire of course, looking on. "Ah! Priest," he said, "I merely came to see why the dogs were so quiet. Feeding time was a time of madness and fights, with the keeper standing outside and throwing food in, with the dogs tearing at each other to get their share. I will ask you no questions, Priest. Give me your word to remain here for four to five weeks until the dogs all move out and you can have the run of the place and go to the city when you want to."

"Comrade Captain," I replied, "I will gladly give you my word to remain here until all these dogs leave. Then I will be on my way."

"Another matter, Priest," said the captain. "At the next feeding time I will bring my cine camera and take a film so that the Superiors can see how we keep our dogs in order. Go to the Quartermaster and draw a new corporal's uniform, and if you can find anyone to help you in the enclosure, get them to clean it thoroughly. If they are afraid, do it yourself."

"I will do it myself, Comrade Captain," I replied, "then the dogs will not be upset."

The captain nodded curtly, and marched off, obviously a very happy man that he could now show how *he* managed the blood-lusting dogs!

For three days I did not move more than a hundred

yards from the dog enclosure. These men were “trigger-happy” and thought nothing of shooting into the bushes “in case there should be spies hiding” as they put it.

For three days I rested, regaining my strength, and mixing with the men. Getting to know them, getting to know their habits. Andrei had been much the same size as me, so his clothes fitted reasonably well. Everything of his had to be washed and washed again, though, because he had not been noted for cleanliness. Many times the captain approached me, trying to engage me in conversation, but while he seemed genuinely interested and friendly enough, I had to remember my role of a simple priest who merely understood the Buddhist Scriptures—and dogs! He would sneer at religion, saying that there was no afterlife, no God, nothing but Father Stalin. I would quote Scriptures, never exceeding the knowledge that a poor village priest could be expected to have.

At one such discussion, Boris was present, leaning up against the dog compound idly chewing a sliver of grass. “Sergeant,” exclaimed the captain in exasperation, “the Priest has never been out of his little village. Take him around and show him the City. Take him on patrol to Artem and to Razdol'noye. Show him *life*. He only knows about death, thinking that that is life.” He spat on the ground, lit a contraband cigarette, and stalked away.

“Yes, come on, Priest, you have stayed with the dogs so long you are beginning to look like them. Though I must admit that you have them well-behaved now. And you did win for me a pile of money. I float on air with it, Priest, and must spend it before I die.”

He led the way to a car, got in, and motioned for me to do the same. He started the engine, moved the gear lever, and let in the clutch. Off we went, bouncing on the rutted roads, roaring into the narrow streets of Vladivostok. Down by the harbor there were many ships, almost more ships than I had known existed in the world. “Look, Priest,” said Boris, “those ships have captured goods. Goods which were going to be ‘lend-lease’ from the Americans to some other country. They think the Japanese captured them, but

we ship the cargoes over The Railway (the Trans-Siberian Railway) back to Moscow where the Party Bosses have what they think is first pick. We have first pick because we have an arrangement with the docks. We turn a blind eye on their doings while they turn a blind eye on ours. Have you ever had a watch, Priest?"

"No," I replied, "I have owned very little in my life. I know the time by the position of the sun and the shadows."

"You must have a watch, Priest!" Boris speeded up the car and shortly we drew alongside a freighter moored to the dock side. The ship was streaked with red rust and sparkling with dried salt spray. The journey round the Golden Horn had been a hard and rough one. Cranes were swinging their long jibs, unloading the produce from different parts of the world. Men were shouting, gesticulating, manipulating cargo nets, and pulling on hawsers. Boris jumped out, dragging me with him, and rushed madly up the gangplank, still with me in tow.

"We want watches, Cap'n," he bawled at the first man in uniform. "Watches, for the arm."

A man with a more ornate uniform than the others appeared and motioned us to his cabin. "Watches, Cap'n," bawled Boris. "One for him and two for me. You want to come ashore, Cap'n? Good time ashore. Do what you like. Girls, get drunk, we not interfere. We want *watches*."

The captain smiled, and poured drinks. Boris drank his noisily, and I passed mine to him. "He no drink, Cap'n, he a Priest turned dog watcher, good dog watcher, too, good fellow," said Boris.

The captain went to a space beneath his bunk and drew out a box. Opening it, he displayed perhaps a dozen wrist watches. Almost quicker than the eye could see, Boris picked two gold ones, and without bothering to wind them, slipped one on each arm.

"Take a watch, Priest," commanded Boris.

I reached out and took a chromium one. "This is a better one, Priest," said the Captain. "This is a stainless steel, waterproof Omega, a far better watch."

“Thank you, Captain,” I replied, “If you have no objection, I will have the one of your choice.”

“Now I know you are crazed, Priest,” said Boris, “a steel watch when you can have gold?”

I laughed and replied, “Steel is good enough for me, you are a sergeant, but I am only a very temporary corporal.”

From the ship we went to the Trans-Siberian Railroad sidings. Work gangs were busily loading the trucks with the choicest goods from the ships. From here the trucks would leave for Moscow, some six thousand miles away. As we stood there, one train moved out. Two engines pulling a vast array of railroad cars, each engine with five wheels on each side. Giant things which were well kept and which were regarded almost as living creatures by the train crew.

Boris drove along beside the tracks. Guards were everywhere, from pits in the ground armed men scanned the undersides of the passing trains, looking for stowaways.

“You seem to be very afraid of anyone illegally riding the trains,” I said, “this is a thing which I do not understand. What harm could it do to allow people to take a ride?”

“Priest,” sadly replied Boris, “you have no knowledge of Life, just as the captain said. Enemies of the Party, saboteurs, and capitalist spies would try to steal into our cities. No honest Russian would want to travel unless so directed by his Commissar.”

“But are there many trying to take rides? What do you do with them when you see them?”

“Do with them. Why, shoot them, of course! Not many stowaways just here, but tomorrow I am going to Artem and I will take you. There you will see how we deal with such subversive elements. The train crews, when they catch one, tie his hands, slip a rope round his neck, and throw him off. Makes a mess of the track, though, and encourages the wolves.” Boris slumped in the driving seat, his eyes scanning the packed railroad cars trundling along. As if electrified, he sat bolt upright and jabbed the accelerator right down. The car leaped ahead and raced past the head of the train. Slamming on the brakes, Boris jumped

out, grabbed his sub-machine-gun, and hid by the side of the car. Slowly the train rumbled by. I caught a glimpse of someone riding between two railroad coaches, and then there was the stuttering stammer of the sub-machine-gun. The body tumbled to the ground between the tracks. "Got him!" said Boris triumphantly, as he carefully cut another nick in the stock of his gun. "That makes fifty-three, Priest, fifty-three enemies of the State accounted for."

I turned away, sick at heart, and afraid to show it, for Boris would have shot me as easily as he had shot that man if he had known that I was not the village priest.

The train passed on, and Boris walked to the riddled, bleeding body. Turning it over with his foot he looked at the face, and said, "I recognize this as a railroad worker. He should not have been riding. Perhaps I should blow off his face so there will be no difficult questions." So saying, he put the muzzle of the gun near the face of the dead man and pulled the trigger. Leaving the now headless corpse,

"I have never been on a train, Boris," I said.

"Well," he replied, "tomorrow we will go to Artem by goods train and you can look around. I have some good friends there I want to meet now that I am a sergeant."

For long I had cherished the idea of stowing away aboard some ship and steaming off to America. I mentioned ship-stowaways to Boris.

"Boris," I said, "you spend all your time stopping people at the frontier and making sure there are no stowaways on the trains. Yet all these ships, anyone could walk aboard and stay."

Boris leaned back and roared with laughter. "Priest," he guffawed, "you must be a simpleton! The Water Guards board the ships a mile from the shore and they check all members of the crew. Then they seal all hatches and ventilators, and pour cyanide gas into the holds and other spaces, not forgetting the life-boats. They get a good bag of stiffs from reactionaries who do not know about this."

I felt very sick at the callous manner in which these men

treated the whole affair as sport, and I hastily changed my mind about stowing aboard ship!

Here I was in Vladivostok, but I had my allotted task in life, and as the Prophecy had stated, I had to go first to America, then to England, and back to the North American continent. The problem was—how to get out of this part of the world. I determined to find out as much as possible about the Trans-Siberian Railway, where the checks and searches ended, and what happened at the Moscow end.

The next day I exercised and fed the dogs early, and with them well settled, I set out with Boris and three other Guards. We traveled some fifty miles to an outpost where the three Guards were to replace three others. All the way the men were chatting about how many “escapees” they had shot, and I picked up some useful information. I learned the point at which there were no more checks, I learned that if one was careful one could travel to the outskirts of Moscow without being caught.

Money was going to be the problem, that I could see. I made money by standing duty for other men, by treating their ills, and through the good offices of some of them, treating wealthy Party members in the city itself. Like others, I arranged to visit ships, and took my share of the spoils of new train loads. All my “bounty” was turned into roubles. I was preparing to cross Russia.

Nearly five weeks later the captain told me that the dogs were now going back to their patrol stations. A new Commissar was coming, and I must leave before he arrived. Where was I going? he asked. Knowing my man by now, I replied, “I will remain in Vladivostok, Comrade Captain. I like it here.”

His face grew apprehensive. “You must leave, get right out of the district. Tomorrow.”

“But Comrade Captain, I have nowhere to go, and no money,” I answered.

“You shall be given roubles, food, clothing, and taken out of this district.”

“Comrade Captain,” I reiterated, “I have nowhere to go. I have worked hard here, and I *want* to stay in Vladivostok.”

The captain was adamant. “Tomorrow we send men to the very limit of our area, to the boundary of Voroshilov. You shall be taken there and left. I will give you a letter saying that you have helped us and you have gone there with our permission. Then the Voroshilov Police will not arrest you.”

This was far better than I had hoped. I *wanted* to get to Voroshilov, because that was where I intended to board the train. I knew that if I could get to the other side of that city I should be fairly safe.

The next day, with a number of other men, I climbed aboard a fast troop-carrier and we roared up the road on the way to Voroshilov. This time I was wearing a good suit of clothes, and had a large rucksack stuffed with belongings. I also had a shoulder bag full of food. It gave me not a qualm to remember that the clothes I wore had been taken from a dead ship-jumper.

“Don't know where you are going, Priest,” said Boris, “but the captain has said that *he* trained those dogs, so you had to leave. You can sleep at the outpost tonight, and be on your way in the morning.”

That night I was unsettled. I was sick and tired of roaming from place to place. Sick and tired of living with Death nudging my elbow. It was utterly lonely living with these people who were so alien, so absolutely opposed to my peaceful way of living.

In the morning, after a good breakfast, I said good-bye to Boris and the others, shouldered my load, and set off. Mile after mile I covered, avoiding the main road, trying to circle Voroshilov. There was the roar of a speeding car behind me, the squeal of hastily-applied brakes and I found myself looking down the muzzle of a sub-machine-gun. “Who are you? Where are you going?” snarled a scowling corporal.

“I am on my way to Voroshilov,” I replied. “I have a letter here from Comrade Captain Vassily.”

Snatching the letter from me, he tore it open, frowning in the concentration of reading. Then his face broke into a broad grin. “We have just come from Sergeant Boris,” he

said. "Get in, we will drive you to Voroshilov and let you off where you say."

This was a nuisance, I was trying to avoid the city! But I climbed into the patrol car and was speedily driven to Voroshilov. I alighted near the Police Headquarters, and as the car shot off into the garage, I walked smartly along, trying to cover as many miles as possible before nightfall. I planned to camp out near the Railroad and observe what happened for a night and day before climbing aboard.

Passenger trains were stopped and checked at Voroshilov, but the goods trains stopped just outside, possibly so that the local people should not see how many stowaways were killed. I watched and watched, and decided that my only hope was to get on a train just as it was pulling out.

On the night of the second day a very desirable train stopped. A train which my experience told me had many "lend-lease" cargoes aboard. This was not one to be missed, I thought, as I eased myself along the tracks, peering under, testing locked doors, opening those which were not locked. Every now and then a shot rang out, followed by the thud of a falling body. Dogs were not used here for fear that they would be killed by the wheels. I rolled in the dust, making myself as dirty as possible.

The guards came by, peering at the train, shouting to each other, flashing powerful lamps. No one thought to look behind the train, and the train only engaged their attention. I, prone on the ground behind them, thought, "my dogs would be far more efficient than this. Dogs would soon have found me!"

The men, satisfied with their search, strolled off. I rolled sideways to the track and darted between the wheels of a railroad car. Quickly I climbed on to an axle and hitched a rope I had ready to a projecting lug. Fastening it to the other side, I drew myself up and tied myself to the bottom of the railroad car floor—in the only position which would escape scrutiny. This I had planned for a month. The train started with a jerk which nearly dislodged me, and as I anticipated, a jeep with a spotlight came racing alongside, with armed guards peering at the axle-bars. I drew myself

tighter to the floor, feeling as a naked man would before a convention of nuns! The jeep raced on, turned and came back, and passed out of my sight and life. The train rumbled on. For five or six miles I held grimly to my painful position, then convinced that the danger was over, I slowly eased myself out from the rope and managed to balance on one of the covers of the axles.

For a time I rested as best I could, getting feeling back into my cramped and aching limbs. Then slowly, cautiously, I edged myself along to the end of the railroad car and managed to grasp an iron bar. For perhaps half an hour I sat on the couplings, then drawing myself up on that swaying platform, I crept blindly around the end and on to the roof. It was quite dark now, except for the starlight. The moon had not yet risen, and I knew that I had to work fast to get inside a wagon before any prowling trainman saw me in the Siberian moonlight. On the roof I tied an end of the rope around me, passed the other end around the roof rail, and slid cautiously down over the side, paying out the rope I held. Bumping and scraping along the rough edges, I soon managed to unlock the door with a key which I had obtained in Vladivostok for the purpose—one key fitted all the train locks. It proved to be fantastically difficult to slide the door open as I swung like a pendulum, but sight of the first rays of the bright moon gave me that extra impetus, the door slid open and I crawled exhaustedly inside. Relinquishing the free end of the rope, I jerked and pulled until the whole length was in my hands. Shaking with utter exhaustion, I slid the door shut and dropped to the floor.

Two or three days later—one loses all count of time under such conditions—I felt the train slowing. Hurrying to the door, I opened it a crack and peered out. There was nothing to be seen except snow, so I rushed to the other side. Train guards were running along after a group of refugees. Obviously a big search was under way. Picking up my belongings, I dropped over the side and into the snow. Dodging and twisting between the wheels of the trucks I managed to completely confuse my snow-trail. While I was still at it, the train started to move, and I grabbed desperately at the

nearest icy coupling. By great good fortune I managed to get my arms around one, and I hung there, feet dangling, until a sudden jolt enabled me to get my legs up as well.

Standing up, I found that I was at the end of a truck which was covered with a stiff, frozen tarpaulin. The knots were solid ice, the heavy canvas was like sheet iron. I stood upon the swaying, ice-covered couplings battling with the icy knots. I breathed upon them, hoping that they would soften, but my breath froze and made the ice thicker. I dragged the rope backwards and forwards against the metal of the truck side. Darkness was falling when the last frayed strand parted, and I was able, with immense effort, to prise up an edge of the canvas and crawl inside. Inside, as I fell to the floor, a man jumped at me, flailing a piece of sharp steel at my throat. Instinct and habit came to my rescue, and the man was soon nursing a broken arm and moaning. Two other men came at me, one with an iron bar and one with a broken jagged bottle. To one with my training, they presented no real problem, and they were soon disarmed. Here was the law of the jungle, the strongest man was king! Now that I had beaten them, they were my servants.

The wagon was full of grain which we ate just as it was. For drink we collected snow or sucked ice which we broke from the tarpaulin. We could get no warmth, for there was nothing to burn, and the train crew would have seen the smoke. I could manage with the cold, but the man with the broken arm froze solid one night and we had to dump him over the side.

Siberia is not all snow, parts of it are mountainous, like the Canadian Rockies, and other parts are as green as Ireland. Now, though, we were troubled with snow, for this was the worst season in which to be traveling.

We found that the grain disturbed us badly, it caused us to swell up, and gave us severe dysentery, weakening us so much that we hardly cared whether we lived or died. At last the dysentery abated, and we suffered the sharp pangs of starvation. I lowered myself over the side with my rope and scraped the grease from the axle boxes. We ate that, retching horribly in the process.

The train rumbled on. Around the end of Lake Baykal, on to Omsk. Here, as I knew, it would be shunted and re-assembled, I should have to leave before reaching the city, and jump aboard another train which had been remade. There is no point in detailing all the trials and tribulations of the change of trains, but I, in company with a Russian and a Chinaman, managed to board a fast freight train to Moscow.

The train was in good condition. My carefully-preserved key opened a wagon and we clambered inside, hidden by the darkness of a moonless night. The wagon was very full, and we had to force our way in. There was no glimmer of light and we had no idea of the contents. A pleasant surprise awaited us in the morning. We were starving, and I saw that one corner of the wagon was stacked with Red Cross parcels which had apparently *not* reached their destination, but had been “liberated” by the Russians. Now we lived well. Chocolate, canned foods, canned milk, everything. We even found in a parcel a little stove with a supply of solid, smokeless fuel.

Investigating the bales, we found them to be full of clothing and articles which could have been looted from Shanghai stores. Cameras, binoculars, watches. We fitted ourselves out in good clothes, for ours were in a shocking state. Our greatest need was for water. We had to depend upon snow which we could scrape off ledges.

Four weeks and six thousand miles after I left Vladivostok, the train was approaching Noginsk, some thirty or forty miles from Moscow. The three of us held a discussion and decided that as the train crews were becoming active—we heard them walking across our roofs—we would be wise to leave. Very carefully we inspected each other to make sure that there was nothing suspicious about us, then we picked a very good supply of food and “treasures” with which to barter. The Chinaman went first, and as we slid the door shut after him, I heard rifle fire. Three or four hours later the Russian dropped off, followed by me after a half hour interval.

I plodded along in the dark, quite sure of my way, for

the Russian, a native of Moscow who had been exiled in Siberia, had carefully coached us. By morning I had covered a good twenty miles, and my legs, so badly battered in prison camps, were troubling me greatly.

In an eating place I showed my papers as a corporal in the Frontier Guards. These were Andrei's; I had been told that I could have all his belongings, and no one had thought of adding "except his official papers and Identity Card". The waitress looked doubtful, and called a policeman who was standing outside. He came in and there was much discussion. No, I had no food ration card, I had inadvertently left it in Vladivostok, food regulations were not enforced for the Guards at Vladivostok. The policeman fiddled with my papers, and then said, "You will have to eat on the Black Market until you can get to the Food Bureau and obtain another Card. They will have to get in touch with Vladivostok first." With that he turned and walked away.

The waitress shrugged her shoulders. "Have what you like, Comrade, it will cost you five times the official price." She brought me some sour, black bread and some awful-looking and worse-tasting paste. She misunderstood my signs for "drink" and brought me some stuff which almost made me pass out on the spot. One sip of it, and I thought I had been poisoned. One sip was enough, but the waitress even charged me for water while she slurped up the vile brew for which I had paid so much.

As I left the policeman was waiting. He fell into step as I walked along. "This is very irregular, Comrade, walking with a pack on your back. I wonder if I should not take you to the Station for interrogation. Have you a spare watch on you, Comrade, to make me forget my duty?"

Silently I fumbled in my pocket, and then I produced one of the watches I had taken from the train. The policeman took it, glanced at it, and said, "Moscow—straight ahead. Avoid the main thoroughfare and you will be all right." Then he turned and walked away.

I plodded along the side roads, keeping a good look-out for policemen who might demand watches. It seemed to me, from my own experience, that Russians had a simply

dreadful craving for *watches*. Many of them could not tell the time, but the mere fact of having a watch seemed to satisfy them in some strange manner. An emaciated man tottering ahead of me suddenly swayed and fell on to his face in the gutter at the side of the road. Passers-by did not even glance at him, but went on their way. I made as if to go to him when an old man just behind me muttered, "Careful, Comrade stranger, if you go to him the police will think you are looting. He is dead anyway. Starvation. It happens to hundreds here every day."

Nodding my thanks, I walked straight on. "This is a *terrible* place," I thought, "with every man's hand against his fellows. It must be because they have no religion to guide them."

That night I slept behind the crumbling wall of a derelict Church. Slept, with about three hundred others for company. My rucksack was my pillow, and during the night I felt stealthy hands trying to unfasten the straps. A quick blow to the would-be thief's throat sent him gasping and reeling backwards, and I was not troubled again.

In the morning I bought food on the Government Black Market, for in Russia the *Government* runs the Black Market, and then continued on my way. The Russian on the train had told me to pose as a tourist and to hang a camera (taken from the train) around my neck. I had no film, and in those days hardly knew one side of the camera from the other.

Soon I found myself in the better part of Moscow, the part that the ordinary tourist sees, for the ordinary tourist does *not* see "behind the scenes",—the misery, poverty and death which exists in the slum side streets. The Moscow River was before me, and I walked along its banks for a time before turning up into Red Square. The Kremlin, and the Tomb of Lenin impressed me not at all. I was used to the grandeur and sparkling beauty of the Potala. Near an entrance to the Kremlin a small group of people waited, apathetic, slovenly, looking as if they had been driven there like cattle. With a "*swoosh*" three huge black cars rushed, out, across the Square, and disappeared into the obscurity of the streets. As people were looking dully in my direction,

I half raised the camera. Suddenly I felt a terrific pain shoot through my head. For a moment I thought that a building had fallen on me. I fell to the ground, and the camera was smashed from my hands.

Towering Soviet guards stood over me; one of them was methodically and unemotionally kicking me in the ribs in order to make me rise to my feet. Half stunned as I was, it was difficult for me to rise, so two policemen reached down and roughly dragged me to my feet. They fired questions at me, but they spoke so rapidly and in such a “Moscow accent” that I understood not a word. At last, tired of asking questions and getting no reply, they marched me off along Red Square, a policeman on each side, and one behind me with a huge revolver poking painfully into my spine.

We stopped at a dismal-looking building, and entered by a basement door. I was roughly pushed—shoved would be a better word—down some stone steps and into a small room. An officer was sitting at a table, with two armed guards standing by a wall of the room. The senior policeman in charge of me gabbled out a lengthy explanation to the officer, and placed my rucksack on the floor beside him. The officer wrote what was obviously a receipt for me and for my belongings, and then the policemen turned and left.

I was roughly pushed into another room, a very large one, and left standing before an immense desk, with an armed guard on each side of me. Some time later, three men came in and seated themselves at the desk and went through the contents of my rucksack. One rang for an attendant, and, when he entered, gave him my camera, giving him brusque instructions. The man turned, and went off, carefully carrying that inoffensive camera as if it were a bomb about to explode.

They kept on asking me questions which I could not understand. At last, they called an interpreter, then another, and another until they found one who could converse with me. I was stripped of my clothes and examined by a doctor. All the seams of my clothing were examined, and some of them were ripped open. At last my clothes were flung at

me, less buttons, less belt and shoe laces. At a command the guards hustled me out of the room, carrying my clothes, and marched me along corridor after corridor. They made no sound, felt slippers were on their feet, nor did they speak to each other or to me. As we marched silently along, a really blood-curdling scream rose and fell quavering on the still air. I involuntarily slowed down, but the guard behind me jumped at my shoulder with such force that I thought he had broken my neck.

At last we stopped at a red door. A guard unlocked it, and I was pushed in to fall headlong down three stone steps. The cell was dark and very damp. It was about six feet by twelve feet, with a foul and stinking mattress on the floor. For a quite unknown time I stayed there in the darkness, becoming hungrier and hungrier, wondering why mankind had such a savage nature.

After a very long interval, a hunk of sour black bread and a small jug of brackish water was passed in. The silent guard motioned for me to drink the water then. I took a gulp, and he snatched the jug from my lips, poured the water on the floor, and went out. The door closed silently. There was no sound except occasional hideous screams which were quickly and violently suppressed. Time crawled on. I nibbled at the sour black bread. I was hungry and thought that I could have eaten anything, but this bread was terrible; it stank as if it had been dragged through a cesspool.

A long time after, so long that I feared I was quite forgotten, armed guards came silently to my cell. Not a word was spoken; they gestured for me to go with them. Having no choice, I did so, and we tramped through endless corridors, giving me the impression that we were retracing our steps time after time in order to build up a suspense. At last I was marched into a long room which had a brightly painted white wall at one end. Roughly the guards manacled my arms behind me, and turned me to face the white wall. For long moments nothing happened, then very powerful, utterly dazzling lights were switched on so as to reflect from the white wall. It felt as if my eyeballs were being scorched

even with my eyes shut. The guards wore dark glasses. The light beat down in waves. The sensation was as if needles were being pushed into my eyes.

A door softly opened and shut. The scrape of chairs and the rustle of papers. A low-voiced muttered conversation which I did not understand. Then—the blow of a rifle-butt between my shoulders, and the questioning began. Why had I a camera which had no film in it? Why had I the papers of a Frontier Guard stationed at Vladivostok. How? Why? When? Hour after hour the same stupid questions. The light blazed on, giving me a splitting headache. A blow from a gun-butt if I refused to answer. The only respite was for a few moments every two hours when the guards and questioners were replaced by fresh ones; for the guards too because exhausted by the bright lights.

After what seemed to be endless hours, but which in reality could not have been more than six, I collapsed on the floor. Guards quite unemotionally began pricking me with their sharpened bayonets. To struggle to my feet with my arms fixed behind me was difficult, but I did it, again and again. When I became unconscious buckets of cesspool water were thrown over me. Hour after hour the questioning went on. My legs began to swell. My ankles became thicker than my thighs as the body fluids drained down and made the flesh waterlogged.

Always the same questions, always the same brutality. Sixty hours of standing. Seventy hours. The world was a red haze now, I was all but dead on my feet. No food, no rest, no respite. Just a drink of some sleep-preventing drug forced into my mouth. Questions. Questions. Questions. Seventy-two hours, and I heard no more, saw no more. The questions, the lights, the pain, all faded, and there was blackness.

An unspecified time elapsed, and I regained a pain-filled consciousness, flat on my back on the cold, wet floor of a reeking cell. It was agony to move, my flesh felt soggy and my back felt as if the spine were made of broken glass. No sound there was to show that others were alive, no glimmer of light to mark night from day. Nothing, but an eternity

of pain, hunger and thirst. At last there was a chink of light as a guard roughly shoved a plate of food on to the floor. A can of water slopped beside it. The door shut, and again I was alone with my thoughts in the darkness.

Much later the guards came again, and I was dragged—I could not walk—to the Interrogation Room. There I had to sit and write my life history. For five days the same thing happened. I was taken to a room, given a pencil stub and paper and told to write everything about myself. For three weeks I remained in my cell, recovering slowly.

Once again I was taken to a room, where I stood before three high officials. One glanced at the others, looked at a paper in his hands, and told me that certain influential people had testified that I had helped people in Vladivostok. One testified that I had helped his daughter escape from a Japanese Prisoner of War camp.

“You will be released,” said the official, “and taken to Stryj, in Poland. We have a detachment of men going there. You will accompany them.”

Back to a cell—a better one this time—while my strength was built up enough to enable me to travel. At last I marched through the gate of the Lubianka Prison, Moscow, on my way to the West.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Outside the Lubyanka three soldiers were waiting. The prison guard who thrust me through the opened door handed a paper to the senior soldier, a corporal. “Sign here, Comrade, it is just to say you acknowledge receipt of a Deportee.” The corporal dubiously scratched his head, licked the pencil and wiped his palms on his trouser legs before hesitatingly scribbling his name. The prison guard turned back without a word, and the Lubyanka door slammed shut—fortunately this time with me on the outside.

The corporal scowled at me. “Now, through you, I have had to sign a paper. Lenin only knows what will happen, I might even end up in the Lubyanka myself. Come on, *get moving!*”

The corporal took his place in front of me, and with a soldier on each side, I was marched through the streets of Moscow to a railway station. I had nothing to carry, everything I owned was upon me, my suit of clothes. The Russians had kept my rucksack, my watch, everything except the clothes which I actually wore. And those clothes? Heavy shoes with wooden soles, trousers, and a jacket. Nothing else. No underwear, no money, no food. Nothing. Yes, there was something! I had in my pocket a paper saying that I was deported from Russia and that I was free to make my way to Russian-occupied Germany where I should report to the nearest police station.

At the Moscow railway station we sat and waited in the freezing cold. One after the other the soldiers wandered off and returned so that another could go. I sat on the stone platform and shivered. I was hungry. I felt ill and weak. At long last a sergeant and about a hundred men appeared. The sergeant marched down the platform and took a look at me.

“Do you want him to die?” he bawled at the corporal.

“We have to deliver him alive at Lwow. See that he eats, we have six hours before the train leaves.”

The corporal and an ordinary soldier each took one of my arms and dragged me to my feet. The sergeant looked me in the face and said, “H’m. Not a bad sort of fellow. He looked at my papers which the corporal was carrying. “My brother was in the Lubianka,” he said, making sure that none of his men were within listening distance. “He did nothing either. They sent him to Siberia. Now I will have you taken for food. Eat well, for after we reach Lwow, you will be on your own.” He turned away, and called two corporals. “Look after him, see he gets all the food and drink he wants, he has to leave us in good condition or the Commissar will say we kill prisoners.”

Wearily I went off between the two corporals. At a little eating place outside the station the senior corporal ordered great bowls of cabbage soup and loaves of black bread. The stuff stank of decayed vegetation, but I managed to get it down, as I was so hungry. I thought of the “soup” we had had in the Japanese Prison Camps, where bits of gristle spat out by the Japanese, and food which they left was collected and made into “soup” for the prisoners.

With a meal inside us, we were ready to leave. A corporal ordered more bread and three copies of Pravda. We wrapped our bread in the papers, first being sure that we did not desecrate any pictures of Stalin in the process, and then returned to the railway station.

The wait was terrible. Six hours in the freezing cold, sitting on a stone platform. Eventually we were all herded into a weary old train, and set off for Kiev. That night I slept propped up between two snoring Russian soldiers. There was not room for any of us to lie down, we were jammed in very tightly. The hard wooden seats were uncomfortable, and I wished that I could sit on the floor. The train jolted on, coming to a creaky halt, so it seemed, every time I had just managed to go to sleep. Very late the following night, after a painful journey of some four hundred and eighty miles or so, we drew into a second-rate station at

Kiev. There was much bustling, much shouting, and we all marched off to the local barracks for the night. I was shoved into a cell and after many hours I was awakened from my sleep by the entry of a Commissar and his assistant. They asked me questions, endless questions, and after perhaps two or two and a half hours, they went out again.

For some time I tossed and turned, trying to get to sleep. Violent hands smacked my face, shouting “wake up, wake up, are you dead? Here is food. Hurry—you have minutes only before you leave.”

Food? More cabbage soup. More sour black bread, and water to drink. I gulped the stuff down, afraid that I should have to go before I had finished my miserable meal. Gulped it down, and waited. Waited *hours*. Late that afternoon two Military Policemen entered, questioned me all over again, took my fingerprints once more, and then said, “We are late. There is no time for you to have a meal now. You may be able to get something at the railway station.”

Outside the barracks, three troop-carriers were waiting. Forty soldiers and I crammed unbelievably into one, the others climbed aboard the two other vehicles, and we were off, jolting dangerously along the road to the station. Jammed so tight that I could scarce breathe. The driver of our troop-carrier seemed to be mad, far outstripping the other two cars. He drove as if all the devils of Communism were after him. We swayed and jolted in the back, all of us standing as there was not room to sit. We caromed down the road in a frenzy of speed, there was the shrill squeal of brakes too hastily applied, and the carrier slithered sideways. The side in front of me ripped away in a shower of sparks as we collided with a thick stone wall. Screams, yells, and oaths, and a veritable sea of blood, and I found myself flying through the air: Flying, and I could see below me the wrecked carrier, now blazing furiously. A sensation of falling, a shattering *crash*, and blackness.

“Lobsang!” said a well-loved voice, the voice of my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. “You are very ill, Lobsang, your body is still on Earth, but we have you here

in a world beyond the Astral. We are trying to help you, because your task on Earth is not yet finished.”

Mingyar Dondup? Ridiculous! He had been killed by the treacherous Communists when trying to arrange a peaceful settlement in Tibet. I had seen the dreadful wounds made when he was stabbed in the back. But of course, I had seen him several times since he had passed to the Heavenly Fields.

The light hurt my closed eyes. I thought that I was again facing that wall in the Lubianka Prison, and that the soldiers would again club me between the shoulders with their rifle-butts. But this light was different, it did *not* hurt my eyes; that must have been the association of ideas, I thought dully.

“Lobsang, open your eyes and look at me!” The kind voice of my Guide warmed me and sent a thrill of pleasure through my being. I opened my eyes and looked about me. Bending over me I saw the Lama. He was looking better than I had ever seen him on Earth. His face looked ageless, his aura was of the purest colors without trace of the passions of Earth people. His saffron robe was of a material not of Earth, it positively glowed as if imbued with a life of its own. He smiled down at me and said, “My poor Lobsang, Man's inhumanity to Man has indeed been exemplified in your case, because you have lived through that which would have killed others many times over. You are here for a rest, Lobsang. A rest in what we call ‘The Land of the Golden Light’. Here we are beyond the stage of re-incarnating. Here we work to help peoples of many different worlds, not merely that called Earth. Your soul is bruised and your body is shattered. We have to patch you up, Lobsang, for the task has to be done, and there is no substitute for you.”

I looked about me and saw that I was in what appeared to be a hospital. From where I lay I could look out over beautiful parkland, in the distance I could see animals grazing, or at play. There seemed to be deer, and lions, and all those animals which could not live together in peace on Earth, here were friends who gamboled as members of one family.

A rasping tongue licked my right hand, which hung limply over the side of the bed. As I looked, I saw Sha-lu, the immense guard cat of the Chakpori, one of my first friends there. He *winked* at me, and I felt the goose-pimples start out all over me as he said, “Ah, my friend Lobsang, I am glad to see you again even for this short while. You will have to return to Earth for a time, after leaving here, then in a few short years you will return to us for always.”

A *cat* talking? Telepathic cat talk I knew well, and fully understood, but *this* cat actually uttered words, not merely telepathic messages. Loud chuckles caused me to look up at my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. He really was enjoying himself—at my expense, I thought. My scalp prickled again; Sha-lu was standing on his hind legs by the bed, resting his elbows beside me. He and the Lama looked at me, then at each other; both chuckled. *Both* chuckled, I swear it!

“Lobsang,” said my Guide, “you *know* there is no death, you know that upon leaving Earth at so-called ‘death’ the ego goes to that plane where he or she rests a while before preparing to reincarnate in a body which will afford opportunities for learning other lessons and progressing ever upwards. Here we are in a plane from whence there is no reincarnating. Here we live, as you see us now, in harmony, at peace, and with the ability to go anywhere at any time by what you would call ‘super-astral traveling’. Here animals and humans, and other species too, converse by speech as well as by telepathy. We use speech when close, and telepathy when distant.”

In the distance I could hear soft music, music which even I could understand. My tutors at the Chakpori had lamented long over my inability to sing or make music. Their hearts would have been gladdened, I thought, if they could have seen how I enjoyed *this* music. Across the luminous sky colors flitted and wavered as if accompanying the music. Here, on this glorious landscape, the greens were greener, and the water bluer. Here were no trees gnarled by disease, no leaves with blight upon them. Here was only perfection.

*Perfection?* Then what was I doing here? I was painfully far from perfect, as I well knew.

“You have fought the good fight, Lobsang, and you are here, for a holiday and to be encouraged, by right of attainment.” My Guide smiled benevolently as he spoke.

I lay back, then started up in fright, “My body, where is my Earth body?”

“Rest, Lobsang, rest,” replied the Lama. “Rest and we will show you much when your strength is greater.”

Slowly the light in the room faded from golden to a restful purplish haze. I felt a cool, strong hand placed upon my forehead, and a soft, furry paw rested in the palm of my right hand, and I knew no more.

I dreamed that I was again upon Earth. I gazed down, emotionless while Russian soldiers raked through the ruined troop-carrier, pulling out burned bodies and bits of bodies. I saw a man look up, and point. Heads turned upwards in answer to his gestures, and I looked as well. There was my broken body teetering across the top of a high wall. Blood was running from the mouth and nostrils. I watched while my body was removed from the wall and placed in an ambulance. As the car drove off to a hospital I hovered above and saw all. My Silver Cord was intact, I observed; it glistened like blue morning mists in the valleys.

Russian orderlies pulled out the stretcher, not being particularly careful. Joltingly they carried it into an operating theatre and rolled my body on to a table. Nurses cut off my blood-stained clothes and dropped them in a refuse bin. An X-ray unit took photographs, and I saw that I had three broken ribs, one had perforated my left lung. My left arm was broken in two places, and my left leg was broken again at the knee and at the ankle. The broken end of a soldier's bayonet had penetrated my left shoulder, narrowly missing a vital artery. The women surgeons sighed noisily, wondering where to start. I seemed to float over the operating table, watching, wondering if their skill would be great enough to patch me up. A gentle tugging upon my Silver Cord, and I found myself floating up through the ceiling, seeing in my passing, patients in their beds in wards

above. I drifted up and away, out into space, out among the limitless stars, beyond the astral, through etheric plane after plane, until I reached again the “Land of the Golden Light”.

I started, trying to peer through the purple mist. “He has returned,” a gentle voice said, and the mists receded giving way to the glorious Light again. My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, stood beside me, looking down. Sha-lu was lying on the bed beside me, gently purring. Two other High Personages were in the room. When I saw them, they were looking out of the window watching the people strolling many feet below.

At my gasp of surprise they turned and smiled upon me. “You have been so very ill,” said one, “we feared that your body would not endure.”

The other, whom I knew well in spite of the exalted position he had had on Earth, took my hands between his. “You have suffered too much, Lobsang. The world has been too cruel to you. We have discussed this and feel that you may like to withdraw. There would be very much more suffering for you if you continued. You can abandon your body now and remain here through eternity. Would you prefer it so?”

My heart leaped within me. Peace after all my sufferings. Sufferings which, but for my hard and special training, would have ended my life years ago. Special training. Yes, for what? So that I could see the aura of people, so that I could influence thought in the direction of auric research. And if I gave up—who would continue that task? “The world has been too cruel to you. No blame will attach to you if you give up.” I must think carefully here. No blame—from others, but throughout eternity I would have to live with my conscience. What was life? Just a few years of misery. A few more years of hardship, suffering, misunderstanding, then, provided I had done all I could, my conscience would be at peace. For eternity.

“Honored Sir,” I replied, “you have given me my choice I will serve as long as my body will hold together. It is very shaky at this moment,” I added. Happy smiles of approval

broke out among the assembled men. Sha-lu purred loudly and gave me a gentle, playful bite of love.

“Your Earth body, as you say, is in a deplorable condition through hardship,” said the Eminent Man. “Before you make a final decision, we must tell you this. We have located a body in the land of England, the owner of which is most anxious to leave. His aura has a fundamental harmonic of yours. Later, if conditions necessitate it, you can take over his body.”

I nearly fell out of bed in horror. *Me* take over another body? My Guide laughed, “Now Lobsang, where is all your training? It is merely like taking over the robe of another. And at the passing of seven years the body would be *yours*, molecule for molecule *yours*, with the self same scars to which you are so attached. At first it would be a little strange, as when you first wore Western clothes. I well remember that, Lobsang.”

The Eminent Man broke in again, “You have your choice, my Lobsang. You can with a clear conscience relinquish your body now and remain here. But if you return to Earth, the time of the changing of bodies is not yet. Before you decide, I will tell you that if you return, you will return to hardship, misunderstanding, disbelief, and actual hatred, for there is a force of evil which tries to prevent all that is good in connection with human evolution. You will have evil forces with which to contend.”

“My mind is made up,” I replied. “You have given me my choice. I will continue until my task is done, and if I have to take over another body, well, so be it.”

Heavy drowsiness assailed me. My eyes closed in spite of my efforts. The scene faded and I lapsed into unconsciousness.

The world seemed to be spinning round. There was a roaring in my ears, and a babble of voices. In some way that I could not explain, I seemed to be tied up. Was I in prison again? Had the Japanese caught me? Was my journey across Russia a dream, had I *really* been to the “Land of the Golden Light”?

“He is coming to,” said a rough voice. “Hey! WAKE

UP!” yelled someone in my ear. Drowsily I opened my aching eyes. A scowling Russian-woman stared into my face. Beside her a fat woman doctor glanced stonily around the ward. Ward? I was in a ward with perhaps forty or fifty other men. Then the pain came on. My whole body came alive with flaming pain. Breathing was difficult. I could not move.

“Aw, he'll do,” said the stony-faced doctor as she and the nurse turned and walked away. I lay panting, breath coming in short gasps because of the pain in my left side. No pain-relieving drugs here. Here one lived or died on one's own, neither expecting nor getting sympathy or relief from agony.

Heavy nurses stomped by, shaking the bed with the weight of their tread. Every morning callous fingers tore off the dressings and replaced them by others. For one's other needs, one had to depend on the good offices of those patients who were ambulant, and willing.

For two weeks I lay there, almost neglected by the nurses and medical staff, getting what help I could from other patients, and suffering agonies when they could not or would not attend to my needs. At the end of two weeks the stony-faced woman doctor came, accompanied by the heavy-weight nurse. Roughly they tore the plaster off my left arm and left leg. I had never seen any patient treated like this before, and when I showed signs of falling, the stalwart nurse supported me by my damaged left arm.

During the next week I hobbled round, helping patients as best I could. All I had to wear was a blanket, and I was wondering how I would get clothing. On the twenty-second day of my stay in the hospital two policemen came to the ward. Ripping off my blanket, they shoved a suit of clothes at me, and shouted, “Hurry, you are being deported. You should have left three weeks ago.”

“But how could I leave when I was unconscious through no fault of mine?” I argued.

A blow across the face was the only answer. The second policeman loosened his revolver in its holster suggestively. They hustled me down the stairs and into the office of the Political Commissar.

“You did not tell us, when you were admitted, that you were being deported,” he said angrily. “You have had treatment under false pretences and now you must pay for it.”

“Comrade Commissar,” I replied, “I was brought here unconscious, and my injuries were caused by the bad driving of a Russian soldier. I have suffered much pain and loss through this.”

The Commissar thoughtfully stroked his chin. “H'mm,” he said, “how do you know all this if you were unconscious? I must look into the matter.” He turned to the policeman and said, “Take him off and keep him in a cell in your police station until you hear from me.”

Once again I was marched through crowded streets as an arrested man. At the police station my fingerprints were taken once more, and I was taken to a cell deep below the ground level. For a long time nothing happened, then a guard brought me cabbage soup, black bread and some very synthetic acorn coffee. The light in the corridor was kept on all the time, and there was no way of telling night from day, nor of marking the passing of the hours. Eventually I was taken to a room where a severe man shuffled his papers and peered at me over his glasses.

“You have been found guilty,” he said, “of remaining in Russia after you had been sentenced to be deported. True, you were involved in an accident not of your making, but immediately you became conscious you should have drawn the attention of the Hospital Commissar to your position. In your treatment you have cost Russia much,” he went on, “but Russia is merciful. You will work on the roads in Poland for twelve months to help pay for your treatment.”

“But you should pay me,” I answered hotly. “Through the fault of a Russian soldier I have been badly injured.”

“The soldier is not here to defend himself He was uninjured, so we shot him. Your sentence stands. Tomorrow you will be taken to Poland where you will work on the roads.” A guard roughly grabbed my arm, and led me off to the cell again.

The next day I and two other men were taken from our cells and marched off to the railway station. For some time, in company with the police, we stood around. Then a platoon of soldiers appeared, and the policeman in charge of us went to the Sergeant in charge of the soldiers and presented a form to be signed. Once again we were in the custody of the Russian army!

Another long wait, and at long last we were marched off to a train which would eventually take us to Lwow in Poland.

Lwow was a drab place. The countryside was dotted with oil wells, the roads were terrible because of the heavy war traffic. Men and women worked on the roads, breaking stones, filling in holes, and trying to keep body and soul together on a starvation diet. The two men who had traveled from Kiev with me were very dissimilar. Jakob was a nasty-minded man who rushed to the guards with any tale he could trump up. Jozef was different altogether and could be relied upon to "pull his weight". Because my legs were bad and made it difficult for me to stand for long, I was given the job of sitting by the side of the road breaking stones. Apparently it was not considered that my damaged left arm and barely healed ribs and lungs were any drawback. For a month I stuck at it, slaving away for my food only. Even the women who worked were paid two zloty for each cubic yard of stone they broke. At the end of the month I collapsed, coughing blood. Jozef came to my aid as I lay by the roadside, ignoring the command of the guards. One of the soldiers raised his rifle and shot Jozef through the neck fortunately missing any vital part. We lay by the side of the road together until a farmer came by in his horse-drawn cart. A guard stopped him and we were tumbled roughly on top of his load of flax. The guard jumped up beside him, and we trundled off to the prison hospital. For weeks I lay on the wooden planks that served as my bed, then the prison doctor said that I would have to be moved out. I was dying, he said, and he would get into trouble if any more prisoners died that month, he had exceeded his quota!

There was an unusual consultation in my hospital cell.

The prison Governor, the doctor, and a senior guard. “You will have to go to Stryj,” said the Governor. “Things are not so strict, and the country is healthier.”

“But Governor,” I replied, “why should I move? I am in prison for no offence, for I have done no wrong at all. Why should I move and keep quiet about it? I will tell everyone I meet how it was arranged.”

There was much shouting, much bickering, and at last, I, the prisoner, came up with a solution. “Governor,” I said, “you want me out to save yourselves. I will *not* be shunted to another prison and keep quiet. If you want me to remain silent, let Jozef Kochino and I go to Stryj as free men. Give us clothes that we may be decent. Give us a little money that we may buy food. We will remain silent and will go right away over the Carpathians”

The Governor grumbled and swore, and all the men rushed out of my cell. The next day the Governor came back and said that he had read my papers and saw that I was “a man of honor”, as he put it, who had been jailed unjustly. He would do as I said.

For a week nothing happened, nothing more was said. At three o'clock on the morning of the eighth day a guard came into my cell, roughly awakened me, and told me I was wanted at “The Office”. Quickly I dressed and followed the guard to the office. He opened the door and pushed me inside. A guard was sitting inside with two piles of clothing and two Russian Army packs. Food was on a table. He motioned me to be silent and come to him.

“You are being taken to Stryj,” he whispered. “When you get there ask the guard—there will be one only—to drive you a little farther. If you can get him on a quiet road, overpower him, tie him up and leave him by the side of the road. You have helped me with my illness, so I will tell you that there is a plot to shoot you as escapees.”

The door opened and Jozef came in. “Now eat your breakfast,” said the guard, “and hurry up. Here is a sum of money to help you on your way.” Quite a large sum it was, too. I could see the plot. The Prison Governor was going to say that we had robbed him and escaped.

With breakfast inside us, we went out to a car, a four-wheel-drive jeep type. A surly police driver sat at the wheel, revolver on the seat beside him. Curtly motioning to us to get in, he let in the clutch and shot out of the open gate. Thirty-five miles on our way—five miles from Stryj—I thought it was time to act. Quickly I reached over and did a little Judo push under the guard's nose, with the other hand taking the steering wheel. The guard toppled, foot hard on the accelerator. Hastily I switched off and steered the car to the side of the road. Jozef was watching open-mouthed. Hastily I told him of the plot.

“Quick, Jozef,” I said. “Off with your clothes and put on his. You will have to be the guard.”

“But Lobsang,” wailed Jozef, “I cannot drive, and you do not look like a Russian.”

We pushed the guard out of the way and I got into the driver's seat, started the engine, and drove on until we reached a rutted lane. We drove along a little way and stopped. The guard was stirring now so we propped him up. I held the gun at his side.

“Guard,” I exclaimed as fiercely as I could manage, “if you value your life you will do as I say. You will drive us around the outskirts of Stryj and on to Skolye. There we will let you go.”

“I will do anything you say,” whimpered the guard, but if you are going to cross the Border, let me cross with you, or I shall be shot.”

Jozef sat in the back of the jeep, carefully nursing the gun and looking with considerable longing at the back of the guard's neck. I sat by the driver, in case he should try any tricks such as running off the road, or throwing away the ignition key. We sped along, avoiding the main roads. The countryside became more hilly as we moved up into the Carpathian Mountains. The trees became denser, providing better hiding places. At a suitable spot we stopped to stretch our legs and have some food, sharing what we had with the guard. At Vel'ke-Berezni, almost out of petrol, we stopped and hid the jeep. With the guard between us we moved stealthily along. This was Border country, and

we had to be careful. Anyone who has sufficient reason can cross the border of any country. It merely calls for a little ingenuity and enterprise. I have never had the slightest real trouble in crossing a frontier illegally. My only difficulties have been when I had a perfectly legitimate passport. Passports merely inconvenience the innocent traveler, causing him to be subjected to ridiculous red tape. Lack of a passport has never hindered a person who *had* to cross frontiers. However, presumably there have to be passports in order to harass harmless travelers and give work to hordes of often very unpleasant officials. This is not a treatise on how to cross frontiers illegally, so I will just say that without difficulty the three of us entered Czechoslovakia. The guard went his way, and we went ours.

“My home is at Levice,” said Jozef, “I want to go home. You can stay with me as long as you like.”

Together we made our way to Kosice, Zvolen, and on to Levice, walking, getting lifts, and riding on trains. Jozef knew the country well, knew where to get potatoes or beets or anything which could be eaten.

At long last, we walked up a mean street in Levice to a small house. Jozef knocked, and as there was no reply, knocked again. With extreme caution, a curtain was drawn aside an inch or so. The watcher saw and recognized Jozef. The door was flung open and he was dragged inside. The door slammed in my face. I paced up and down outside. Eventually the door opened again and Jozef came out looking more troubled than I had thought possible.

“My mother won't have you in,” he said. “She says there are too many spies about and if we have anyone else in, we may all get arrested. I'm sorry.” With that he turned shame-facedly away and re-entered the house.

For long moments I stood dazed. I had been responsible for getting Jozef out of prison, I had saved him from getting shot. My efforts had brought him here, and now he had turned and left me to manage the best way I could. Sadly I turned and retraced my way down the street and on the long road again. No money, no food, no understanding of

the language. I marched on blindly, saddened at the treachery of one I had called "friend".

For hour after hour I plodded along by the side of the highway. The few passing cars gave me not a glance, there were too many people on the march for me to attract attention. A few miles back I had assuaged my hunger somewhat by picking up some half rotten potatoes which a farmer had put out for his pigs. Drink was never a problem, for there were always the streams. Long ago I had learned that streams and brooks were safe, but rivers were polluted.

Far ahead of me on the straight road I saw a bulky object. In the distance it appeared to be a police truck, or road blockage. For several minutes I sat by the side of the road watching. There was no sign of police or soldiers, so I resumed my journey, being very cautious about it. As I drew near I saw that a man was trying to do something to the engine. He looked up at my approach and said something which I did not understand. He repeated it in another language, and then in another. At last I could roughly understand what he was saying. The engine had stopped and he could not make it go, did I know about motors? I looked, and fiddled about, looked at the points, and tried the starter. There was ample petrol. Looking under the dash at the wiring I saw where the insulation had worn away, cutting off the ignition when the car had hit a bump in the road and jolted two bare wires together. I had no insulating tape or tools, but it was merely the work of moments to wrap the wires in strips of cloth and tie them safely. The engine started and purred smoothly. "Something wrong here," I thought. "This engine goes too well to be an old farmer's car!"

The man was hopping up and down with joy. "Brava brava," he kept exclaiming. "You have saved me!"

I looked at him in some puzzlement, how had I "saved him" by starting his car? He looked me over carefully.

"I have seen you before," he said. "You were with another man, and you were crossing the River Hron Bridge at Levice."

"Yes," I replied, "and now I am on my way alone."

He motioned me to get into the car. As he drove along I told him all that had happened. By his aura I could see that he was a trustworthy and well-intentioned man.

“The war ended my profession,” he said, “and I have to live and support my family. You are good with cars and I can use a driver who will not get stuck on the road. We take foodstuffs and a few luxury articles from one country to another. All you have to do is to drive and maintain a car.” I looked very dubious. Smuggling? I had never done it in my life. The man looked at me and said, “No drugs, no weapons, nothing harmful. Food to keep people alive, and a few luxury articles for women to keep them happy.”

It seemed peculiar to me, Czechoslovakia did not appear to be a country which could afford to export food and luxury goods. I said so, and the man replied, “You are perfectly correct, it all comes from another country, we merely forward it on. The Russians steal from the Occupied peoples, taking all their possessions. They put all the valuable goods on trains and send back loads of stuff to high party leaders. We merely intercept those trains which have the most good food which we can direct to other countries who are in need. All the Frontier Guards are in it. You would merely have to drive, with me beside you.”

“Well,” I said, “show me in this truck. If there are no drugs, nothing harmful, I will drive you to wherever you wish.”

He laughed and said, “Come on in the back. Look as much as you want. My regular driver is ill, and I thought I could manage this car myself. I cannot for I know nothing of mechanical things. I was a well-known lawyer in Vienna before the war put me out of work.”

I rummaged, and turned out the back. As he said, there was only food and a few silk things which women wear. “I am satisfied,” I said. “I will drive you.”

He motioned me to the driver's seat, and we were off on a journey which took me through Bratislava, into Austria, through Vienna and Klagenfurt, and eventually into Italy, where the journey ended at Verona. Frontier Guards stopped us, made a show of inspecting the goods, then waved

us on when a little package was placed in their hands. Once a police car raced ahead of us, stopped suddenly, and caused me to really stand on the brakes. Two policemen dashed at us with drawn revolvers. Then, on production of certain papers, they backed away, looking very embarrassed and muttering profuse apologies. My new employer seemed to be very pleased with me. "I can put you in touch with a man who runs trucks to Lausanne, in Switzerland," he said, "and if he is as satisfied as I am, he can pass you on to someone who will get you to Ludwigshafen in Germany."

For a week we lazed in Venice while our cargo was being unloaded and other goods put aboard. We also wanted a rest after the exhausting drive. Venice was a terrible place for me, I found it difficult to breathe in that lowland. It appeared to me that the place was merely an open sewer.

From Venice, in a different truck, we went on to Padua, Vicenza, and Verona. Among all the officials we were treated as public benefactors, and I wondered who my employer really was. From his aura, and the aura cannot lie, it was obvious that he was a *good* man. I made no enquiries, as I was not really interested. All I wanted was to get going, to get on with my own task in life. As I knew, my task could not start until I could settle down, free from all this jumping from country to country.

My employer walked into my room in the Verona hotel. "I have a man I want you to meet. He is coming here this afternoon. Ah, Lobsang, you would do better if you shaved off your beard. Americans seem to dislike beards, and this man is an American who reconditions trucks and cars and moves them from country to country. How about it?"

"Sir," I replied, "if the Americans or anyone else dislike my beard, they will have to go on disliking. My jaw bones were shattered by Japanese boots, and I wear a beard to disguise my injuries."

My employer talked with me for quite a time and before we parted he gave me a very satisfactory sum of money, saying that I had kept my part of the bargain, he would keep his.

The American was a flashy individual, rolling a huge

cigar between his thick lips. His teeth were liberally studded with gold fillings, and his clothes really dazzled with their gaudiness. Dancing attendance upon him was a very artificially-blonde woman whose clothing scarce concealed those portions of her anatomy which Western convention decreed should be covered.

“Sa-ay,” she squealed as she looked at me. Isn't he cute? Isn't he a *doll*?”

“Aw shut it, Baby,” said the man who provided her income. “Scram, go take a walk. We got business.” With a pout and a jiggle that shook everything dangerously, and placed a heavy strain on flimsy fabric, “Baby” flounced out of the room in search of drinks.

“We gotta get a swell Mercedes out,” said the American. “No sale for it here, it will fetch plenty money in another country. It used to belong to one of Musso's Big Shots. We liberated it and painted it over. I got a dandy contact in Karlsruhe, in Germany, if I can get it there, I stand to make a packet.”

“Why do you not drive it yourself?” I asked. “I do not know Switzerland or Germany.”

“Gee, *me* drive it? I have done it too often, all the Frontier Guards know me.”

“So you want *me* to get caught?” I replied. “I have come too far too dangerously to get stopped now. No, I do not want this job.”

“Aw, man! It's a cinch for you, you look honest and I can provide papers saying that it is your car and you are a tourist. Sure I can give you all the papers.” He fished in a large brief case which he was carrying, and shoved a whole sheaf of papers and forms at me. Idly I glanced at them. *Ship's engineer!* I saw that they referred to a man, a ship's engineer. His union card and all were there. *Ship's engineer!* If I could get those papers I could get aboard a ship. I had studied engineering as well as medicine and surgery in Chungking; I had a B.Sc. in engineering, I was a fully qualified pilot . . . my mind raced on.

“Well, I am not keen on it.” I said. “Too risky. These papers do not have my photograph on them. How do I know

that the real owner will not turn up at the wrong moment?"

"The guy is dead, dead and buried. He got drunk and he was driving a Fiat at speed. Guess he fell asleep; anyhow he spattered himself along the side of a concrete bridge. We heard about him and picked up his papers."

"And if I agree, what will you pay me, and can I keep these papers? They will help me across the Atlantic."

"Sure, Bud, sure. I give you two-fifty bucks and all expenses, and you keep all the papers. We will get your photograph put on them instead of his. I got contacts. I fix it *real good!*"

"Very well," I replied, "I will drive the car to Karlsruhe for you."

"Take the girl along with you, she will be company and it will get her out of my hair. I gotta fresh one lined up.

For some moments I looked at him in a daze. He evidently mistook my expression. "Aw, sure, She's game for anything. You'll have plenty of fun."

"*No!*" I exclaimed, "I will not take that woman with me. I would not stay in the same car with her. If you distrust me, let us call it off, or you can send a man, or two men, but no woman."

He leaned back in his chair and roared, opening his mouth wide; the display of gold reminded me of the Golden Objects on display in Temples of Tibet. His cigar fell to the floor and became extinguished in a shower of sparks. "That dame," he said when he could finally speak, "she costs me five hundred bucks a week. I offer to give her to you for the trip and you refuse. Well, ain't that sump'n!"

Two days later the papers were ready. My photograph had been fixed on, and friendly officials had carefully examined the papers and covered them with official seals as necessary. The great Mercedes was gleaming in the Italian sunlight. I checked, as always, the fuel, oil and water, got in and started the engine. As I drove off the American gave me a friendly wave.

At the Swiss border, the officials very carefully inspected the papers which I presented. Then they turned their attention to the car. A probe into the fuel tank to make sure

there was no false compartment, tapping along the body to make sure that nothing was hidden behind the metal panels. Two guards looked underneath, under the dash, and even looked at the engine. As they gave me clearance and I moved off, shouts broke out behind me. Quickly I braked. A guard ran up, panting. "Will you take a man to Martigny?" he asked. "He is in rather a hurry and has to go on a matter of some urgency."

"Yes," I replied, "I will take him if he is ready now."

The guard beckoned, and a man hurried out of the Frontier offices. Bowing to me, he got into the car and sat beside me. By his aura I saw that he was an official and was suspicious. Apparently he was wondering why I should be driving alone, with no woman friends.

He was a great talker, but he left time enough to ply me with questions. Questions which I could answer. "No women, Sir?" he said, "but how unusual. Perhaps you have other interests?"

I laughed and said, "You people think only of sex, you think that a man traveling alone is a freak, someone of whom you must be suspicious. I am a tourist, I am seeing the sights. I can see women anywhere."

He looked at me with some understanding in his eyes, and I said, "I will tell you a story which I know is true. It is another version of the Garden of Eden."

"Throughout history in all the great religious works of the world there have been stories which some have believed, but which others, with perhaps greater insight, have regarded as legends, as legends designed to conceal certain knowledge which should not fall before any chance person because such knowledge can be dangerous in such hands.

"Such is the story or legend of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, wherein Eve was tempted by a serpent and in which she ate the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge, and having been tempted by the serpent, and having eaten of the Tree of Knowledge, they gazed upon each other and saw that they were naked. Having obtained this forbidden knowledge, they were no longer allowed to remain in the Garden of Eden.

“The Garden of Eden, of course, is that blissful land of ignorance in which one fears nothing because one understands nothing, in which one is, to all intents and purposes, a cabbage. But here, then, is the more esoteric version of the story.

“Man and woman are not just merely a mass of protoplasm, of flesh stuck upon a bony framework. Man is, or can be, a much greater thing than that. Here on this Earth we are mere puppets of our Overself, that Overself which temporarily resides in the astral and which obtains experience through the flesh body which is the puppet, the instrument of the astral.

“Physiologists and others have dissected man's body, and they have reduced everything to a mass of flesh and bone. They can discuss this bone or that bone, they can discuss various organs, but these are all material things. They have not discovered, nor have they tried to discover, the more secret things, the intangible things, things which the Indians, the Chinese, and the Tibetans knew centuries and centuries before Christianity.

“The spine is a very important structure indeed. It houses the spinal cord, without which one is paralyzed, without which one is useless as a human. But the spine is more important than that. Right in the center of the spinal nerve, the spinal cord is a tube which extends to another dimension. It is a tube upon which the force known as the Kundalini can travel when awakened. At the base of the spine is what the Easterners call the Serpent Fire. It is the seat of Life itself.

“In the average Westerner this great force is dormant, asleep, almost paralyzed with disuse. Actually it is like a serpent coiled at the base of the spine, a serpent of immense power, but which, for various reasons, cannot escape from its confines for the time being. This mythical figure of a serpent is known as the Kundalini, and in awakened Easterners the serpent force can arise through the channel in the spinal nerve, rise straight up to the brain and beyond, beyond into the astral. As it rises its potent force activates each of the chakrams, or centers of power, such as the

umbilicus, throat, and various other parts. When those centers are awakened a person becomes vital, powerful, dominant.

“With complete control of the serpent force one can achieve almost anything. One can move mountains, or walk on water, or levitate, or allow oneself to be buried in the earth in a sealed chamber from which one would emerge alive at any specified time.

“So we have it in the legend that Eve was tempted by a serpent. In other words, in some way Eve got to know about the Kundalini. She was able to release the serpent power coiled at the base of her spine and that rose up and surged through the spinal column, and awakened her brain and gave her knowledge. Thus in the story it can be said that she ate of the Tree of Knowledge, or of the fruit thereof. She had this knowledge and with it she could see the aura, the force around the human body. She could see the aura of Adam, his thoughts and intentions, and Adam, too, being tempted by Eve, had his Kundalini awakened and then he could see Eve as she was.

“The truth is that each gazed upon the aura of the other, seeing the other's naked astral form, the form unclothed by the human body, and so could see all the other's thoughts, all his desires, all his knowledge, and that should not be at the stage of evolution of Adam and Eve.

“Old priests knew that under certain conditions the aura could be seen, they knew that the Kundalini could be awakened by sex. So in the old days priests taught that sex was sinful, that sex was the root of all evil, and because Eve tempted Adam, sex was the downfall of the world. They taught this because sometimes, as I have said, sex can stir the Kundalini which rests dormant in most people at the base of the spine.

“The Kundalini force is coiled down low, a terrific force, like a clock spring the way it is coiled. Like a clock spring suddenly uncoiled it can do damage. This particular force is located at the base of the spine, part of it actually within the generative organs. People of the East

recognize this; certain of the Hindus use sex in their religious ceremonies. They use a different form of sex manifestation, and a different sex position to achieve specified results, and they do achieve those results. The ancients, centuries and centuries ago, worshipped sex. They went in for phallic worship. There were certain ceremonies in temples which raised the Kundalini which gave one clairvoyance, telepathy, and many other esoteric powers.

“Sex used properly and in a certain way in love can raise one's vibrations. It can cause what the Easterners call the Flower of the Lotus to open, and to embrace the world of the spirit. It can cause the Kundalini to surge and to awaken certain centers. But sex and the Kundalini should never be abused. One should complement and supplement the other. Those religions which say that there should be no sex between husband and wife are tragically wrong. This is often advocated by many of the more dubious cults of Christianity. The Roman Catholics come nearer to the truth when they advise husband and wife to have sexual experiences, but the Catholics advocate it blindly, not knowing why and believing that it is merely for the procreation of children, which is not the main purpose of sex, although most people believe it is.

“These religions, then, which say that one should have no sexual experiences are trying to stifle individual evolution and the evolution of the race. This is how it works: In magnetism one obtains a powerful magnet by arranging the molecules of the substance to face in one direction. Normally in a piece of iron, for example, all the molecules are in any direction like an undisciplined crowd. They are haphazardly arranged, but when a certain force is applied (in the case of iron, a magnetizing force) all the molecules face in one direction, and so one has the great power of magnetism without which there would be no radio or electricity, without which there would be no road or rail transport, or air travel either.

“In the human, when the Kundalini is awakened, when the Serpent Fire becomes alive, then the molecules in the

body all face in one direction because the Kundalini force, in awakening, has pulled the molecules in that direction. Then the human body becomes vibrant with life and health, it becomes powerful in knowledge, it can see all.

“There are various methods of awakening the Kundalini completely, but this should not be done except with those who are suitably evolved because of the immense power and domination of others which a complete awakening would give, and power can be abused and used for ill. But the Kundalini can be partly awakened, and can vivify certain centers by love between a married couple. With the true ecstasy of intimacy the molecules of the body become so arranged that many of them face in one direction, and so these people become people of great dynamic power.

“When all the false modesty and all the false teachings about sex are removed, then once again will Man arise as a great being, once again will Man be able to take his place as a traveler to the stars.”

## CHAPTER FIVE

The car droned on, surging with power that no mountain-by me, only occasionally speaking to point out landmarks of surpassing beauty. We approached the environs of Martigny and he spoke. "As an astute man like you will have guessed I am a Government official. Will you give me the pleasure of your company at dinner?"

"I should be delighted, sir," I replied. "I had intended to drive on to Aigle before stopping, but I will stay at this town instead."

We drove on, he directing me, until we arrived at a most excellent hotel. My luggage was carried in, I drove the car round to the garage and gave instructions for servicing.

Dinner was a most enjoyable meal, my ex-passenger, now host, was an interesting conversationalist, now that he had overcome his initial suspicion of me. On the old Tibetan principle that "He who listens most learns most," I let him do all the talking. He discussed Customs cases, and told me of a recent case where an expensive car had false panels behind which were stored narcotics. "I am an ordinary tourist," I said, "and one of the major dislikes in my life is drugs. Will you have my car examined to see if any false panels are in it? You have just told me of a case where they were installed without the owner's knowledge." At my insistence, the car was driven to the local Police headquarters and left overnight for them to examine. In the morning I was greeted as an old and trusted friend. They had examined every inch of the car and had found it to be innocent. The Swiss Police, I found, were courteous and affable, and very ready to assist a tourist.

I drove on, alone with my thoughts, wondering what the future had in store for me. More trouble and hardship, that I knew, for all the Seers had simply drummed that into me!, Behind me in the luggage compartment I had

the luggage of a man whose papers I had taken over. He had no known relatives, like me he seemed to have been alone in the world. In his—or mine, now—cases he had a few books on marine engineering. I stopped the car, and took out the Manual. As I drove I recited to myself various rules which, as a Ship's Engineer, I should have to know. I planned to get a ship of a different Line; the Discharge Book would show me which Lines to avoid for fear of being recognized.

The miles reeled out beneath me. Aigle, Lausanne, and across the frontier into Germany. The German Frontier Guards were very thorough, checking everything, even engine and tire numbers. They were also completely humorless and dour.

On and on I drove. At Karlsruhe I went to the address which I had been given and was told that the man whom I was to see was at Ludwigshafen. So on I drove to Ludwigshafen and there, at the best hotel, I found the American. "Aw, Gee Bud," he said, "I could not take that auto over the mountain roads, my nerves are bad. Too much booze, I guess." I "guessed" so, too. His room at the hotel was like a remarkably well-equipped bar, complete with barmaid! This one had more to show, and showed more, than the one he had left in Italy. She had just three thoughts in her head, German marks, drink, and sex, in that order. The American was very pleased with the condition of the car, not a scratch and spotlessly clean. He marked his appreciation by a substantial gift of American dollars.

For three months I worked for him, driving immense trucks to various cities and bringing back cars which had to be reconditioned or rebuilt. I did not know what it was all about, I still do not, but I was well paid, and I was having time to study my marine engineering books. In the various cities I visited the local museums and carefully examined all the ship models, and models of ship engines.

Three months later the American came to the poor little room I had rented, and flopped down on my bed, reeking cigar fairly stinking out the place. "Gee, Bud," he said. "You sure don't go in for luxury! A U.S. prison cell is

more comfortable than this. I gotta job for you, a big job. Want it?"

"If it will get me nearer the sea, to Le Havre or Cherbourg," I said.

"Well, this will take you to Verdun and it is quite legitimate. I gotta rig with more wheels than a caterpillar has legs. It's a crazy thing to drive. There's a *lot* of dollars in it."

"Tell me more about it," I answered. "I told you I could drive anything. Have you got clearance papers for it to enter France?"

"Yep," he said. "Been waiting three months to get them. We have been keeping you on ice and letting you earn some pocket money. Guess I never thought you were living in a dump like this, though."

He got up and motioned for me to follow him out. At the door he had his car, complete with girl-friend. "You drive," he said, getting in the back with the woman. "I will direct you." At what appeared to be an abandoned airfield outside Ludwigshafen we stopped. There, in a huge shed, was the weirdest machine that I had ever seen. It seemed to be mainly yellow girders supported on a whole series of eight-foot wheels. Ridiculously high off the ground was a small glassed-in enclosure. Fixed on the back of the contraption were a whole series of lattice girders, and an immense steel scoop. Gingerly I climbed up to the seat. "Sa-ay," yelled the American, "Don't you want the handbook?" He reached up, and passed me a Manual dealing with these contraptions. "I had a guy," he said, "who was delivering a street sweeping truck, a new one. He would not read the book and when he got to his destination he found that he had had the brushes sweeping all the time and he had worn them out. I don't want you wrecking the road from here to Verdun,"

Fingering through the book I soon had the engine running. It made a roar like a plane taking off. Gingerly I let in the clutch and the mammoth machine lumbered out of the shed and on to what had once been a runway. I drove up and down a few times to become accustomed

to the machine's controls, and as I turned to go back to the shed a German Police car drove up. A policeman got out, a savage looking fellow who appeared as if he had just shed the Gestapo badge. "You are driving that without an attendant," he barked.

"Attendant?" I thought, "Does he think I need a *keeper*?" I drove up alongside him. "Well, what is the trouble with you?" I shouted. "This is private property. *Get off!*" To my utter surprise he did! He got in his car and just drove outside the grounds.

The American walked over to him. "What's biting you, Bud?" he said.

"I have come to tell you that that machine can only be driven on the roads when accompanied by an attendant on the back to watch for overtaking traffic. It can only be driven at night, unless you have a police car at front and rear." For a moment I thought he was going to say "Heil, Hitler." Then he turned, got in his car and drove off.

"Gee," said the American. "That sure beats cockfighting. It *sure* do! I got a German named Ludvig who . . ."

"Not for me," I exclaimed fervently. "*Not* a German, they are too stodgy for me."

"Okay, Bud, okay. So no Kraut. Take it easy, don't get riled up. I got a Franchie who you'll like. Marcel. C'mon. We will go see him." I parked the machine in the shed, looked over it to see that everything was shut off, and sauntered out, locking the door. "Don't you ever get rattled?" said the American. "Guess you better drive us."

Marcel had to be fished out of a bar. At first sight of him I thought his face had been stepped on by a horse. A second glance convinced me that his face would have been better if he had been stepped on by a horse. Marcel was ugly. Painfully ugly, but there was something about him which made me like him on sight. For some time we sat in the car discussing terms, then I returned to the machine to drive it and so become accustomed to it. As I lumbered round the track I saw a battered old car drive up. Marcel jumped out, waving frantically. I eased the

machine to a standstill beside him. "I've got it, I've got it," he cried, all excitement. With much gesticulation he turned to his car—and nearly brained himself on the low-roofed door. Rubbing his head, and muttering fearsome imprecations against the makers of small cars, he rummaged on the back seat and came out with a large parcel. "Intercom," he shouted. He always shouted, even when standing just a few inches from one. "Intercom, we talk, yes? You there, me here, wire between, we talk all time. Good?" Shouting away at the top of his voice, he jumped on to the Earthmover, trailing wires and bits all over the place. "You want headset, no?" he yelled. "You hear me so much better. Me. I have mike." From the uproar he was making, I came to the conclusion that no intercom was necessary. His voice carried well above the throbbing of the mighty engine.

I drove along again, practicing turns, getting used to the thing. Marcel pranced and chattered from front to rear of the machine, twisting the wires around the girders. Coming to my "conning tower" he thrust an arm through the open window, thumped me on the shoulder, and bellowed, "The headset, you put her on, yes? You hear so good. Wait—I go back!" He scuttled along the girders, plonked into his seat at the far end of the machine, and shrieked into the microphone. "You hear good? Yes? I come!" In his exuberance he had forgotten that I too had a microphone. Almost before I could collect my wits he was back, hammering at the window, "Good? Good? You hear good?"

"Say," said the American. "You guys take off tonight. All the papers are here. Marcel knows how to get you to Paris, with the chance of earning francs on the way. Sure been nice knowing you." The American walked away, out of my life. Perhaps he will read this and get in touch with me through the publishers. I went off to my solitary room. Marcel went off to the local place of refreshment. For the rest of the day I slept.

With the coming of darkness I had a meal and took a cab out to the shed. My luggage, now reduced to a bare minimum, I stowed in the space behind my seat. Engine

started, pressures satisfactory. Fuel gauge reading Full. Lights working normally. I trundled the machine out in the open and drove around the track to warm it up. The moon rose higher and higher. No sign of Marcel. With the engine off I got out and walked around. At long last a car drove into the grounds, and Marcel got out. "Party," he roared. "Farewell party. We go now, yes?"

Disgustedly I restarted the engine, switched on the powerful lights, and rolled out into the road. Marcel was yelling so much that I just put the earphones around my neck and forgot all about him. Miles farther on a German police car pulled to a halt in front of me. "Your look-out is asleep. You are breaking Regulations by driving without a man keeping watch behind." Marcel came bounding up, "*Me?* Asleep? You do not see straight, Policeman. Because I sit in comfort you become officious." The policeman came closer and smelled my breath carefully. "No, he is a saint," said Marcel. "He does not take drink. Nor women," he added as an afterthought.

"Your papers!" said the policeman. Carefully he examined them, looking for any excuse to make trouble. Then he saw my American Ships' Engineer papers. "So. You are an American? Well, we want no trouble with your Consul. On your way." Pushing back the papers as if they were contaminated with the plague, he hurried back to his car and sped away. Telling Marcel what I thought of him, I sent him back to his seat, and we drove on through the night. At twenty miles an hour, the speed at which we were instructed to travel, the seventy miles to the French border seemed endless. Just short of Saarhrucken we stopped, pulled off the road so as not to impede traffic, and prepared to spend the day. After a meal I took our papers and went to the local police station in order to obtain clearance across the border. With a police motor cyclist at front and rear, we crept along side roads until we reached the Customs post.

Marcel was in his element talking to his French compatriots. I gathered that he and one of the Customs men whom he had met in "the Resistance" had, almost alone,

won the war! With our papers checked, we were allowed to move into French territory. The friendly Customs man took Marcel off for the day, and I curled up beside the girders of the machine and went to sleep.

Very, very late indeed Marcel returned in charge of two French policemen. With a wink at me, they strapped him in his seat, dead to the world, and cheerily waved me on my way. I roared on into the darkness, a mighty machine beneath me, a drunken “lookout” behind me. The whole time I kept careful watch for any prowling police cars. One came whizzing up, a policeman leaned out of his window, made a derisory gesture towards Marcel, waved his hand in greeting—and whizzed on.

With Metz well behind me, and no sign of life from Marcel, I pulled into the side of the road, got out and walked behind to look at him. He was fast asleep. No amount of shaking would rouse him, so I drove on again. As dawn was breaking I drove through the streets of Verdun, on, and into the large car park which was my destination.

“Lobsang”, called a sleepy voice from the back. “If you don’t get started we shall be late.”

“Late?” I said. “*We are at Verdun.*”

There was a dead silence. Then an explosive “*Verdun?*”

“Listen, Marcel,” I said. “You were brought to me drunk and incapable. You were strapped in your seat. I had to do all the work, I had to find my way. Now you get going and bring me breakfast. Get moving.” A very chastened Marcel tottered off down the street to eventually return with breakfast.

Five hours later a short swarthy man drove up in an old Renault. Not a word to us, he walked round the Earth-mover, carefully inspecting it, looking for scratches, looking for anything at which to complain. His thick eyebrows met like a bar across the bridge of his nose, a nose which had been broken at some time and badly set. At last he came up to us. “Which of you is the driver?”

“I am,” I said.

“You will take this back to Metz,” he said.

“No,” was my answer, “I have been paid to bring it here. All the papers are made out for here. I have finished with it.”

His face flushed with rage, and to my consternation he drew from his pocket a spring-loaded knife. I was easily able to disarm him, the knife flew over my shoulder, and the swarthy man was flat on his back. To my surprise, as I looked around, I saw that quite a crowd of workmen had arrived. “He’s thrown the Boss,” said one; “He must have been taken by surprise,” muttered another. Violently the swarthy man erupted from the ground, like a rubber ball bouncing. Dashing into the workshop he picked up a steel bar with a claw on the end, a bar used for opening packing cases. Rushing out, yelling oaths, he swung at me, trying to rip my throat. I fell to my knees and grabbed his knees and pushed. He screamed horribly, and fell to the ground with his left leg broken. The steel bar left his nerveless hand, skidded along the ground, and clanged against metal somewhere.

“Well, Boss,” I said, as I rose to my feet. “You are not Boss of me, eh? Now apologize nicely, or I will beat you up some more. You tried to murder me.”

“Get a doctor, get a doctor,” he groaned, “I’m dying.”

“Apologize first,” I said fiercely, “or you will want an undertaker.”

“What’s going on here? *Eh? What is it?*” Two French policemen pushed into the throng, looked at “the Boss” on the ground, and laughed uproariously. “*Haw! Haw!*” roared one. “So he has met a better man at last! This is worth all the trouble we have had with him.” The policemen looked at me with respect, and then demanded to see my papers. Satisfied on that point, and having heard the reports of the bystanders, they turned and walked away. The ex-Boss apologized, tears of mortification in his eyes, then I knelt beside him, set his leg, and fixed two boards from a packing case as a splint. Marcel had disappeared. He had run from trouble and out of my life.

My two suitcases were heavy. Taking them from the Earthmover I walked out into the street on another stage

of my journey. I had no job and knew no one. Marcel had proved to be a broken reed with his brains pickled in drink. Verdun did not attract me at all at that moment. I stopped passer-by after passer-by for directions on how to get to the railway station so that I could leave my suitcases. Everyone seemed to think that I would be better off looking at the battlefields than looking for a station, but eventually I succeeded in obtaining the directions. Along the Rue Poincare I plodded, resting every so often and wondering what I could throw away to lighten my cases. Books? No, I had to keep those very carefully. Merchant Navy uniforms? Definitely a “must”. Reluctantly I came to the conclusion that I had only essentials with me. On to the Place Chevert I trudged. Turning right I arrived at the Quai de la Republique. Looking at the traffic on the River Meuse and wondering about ships I decided to sit a while and rest. A large Citroen slid silently along, slowed up, and finally stopped by me. A tall, dark-haired man looked at me for some moments and then got out. Walking towards me, he said, “You are the man who earned our gratitude by beating up The Boss”

“I am,” I replied. “Does he want some more?”

The man laughed and answered, “For years he has terrorized the district, even the police were afraid of him. He did great things in the war, he says. Now, do you want a job?”

I looked the man over carefully before replying. “Yes I do,” I answered, “if it is legitimate!”

“The job I have to offer is *very* legitimate.” He paused and smiled at me. “You see, I know all about you. Marcel was instructed to bring you to me, but he ran away. I know of your Russian journey and of your travels since. Marcel delivered a letter from ‘the American’ about you and then ran off from me as he did from you.” What a network, I thought. However, I consoled myself, these Europeans did things in a manner different from us of the East.

The man motioned to me. “Put your cases in the car and I will take you off to lunch so that we may talk.” This

was sense indeed. At least it would get those horrid cases off my hands for a time. Gladly I put them in the luggage compartment and then got into the seat beside him. He drove off to the best hotel, the du Coq Hardi, where he was very obviously well known. With many exclamations at my modest requirements in the refreshment line, he came to the point.

“There are two elderly ladies, one of eighty-four and the other of seventy-nine,” he told me, looking carefully around. “They are most anxious to go to the son of one of them who is living in Paris. They, are afraid of bandits—old people have such fears, and they have been through two severe wars—and they want a capable man who is able to protect them. They can pay well.”

Women? Old women? Better than young ones, I thought. But I still did not like the idea much. Then I considered my heavy cases. Considered how I was going to get to Paris. “They are generous old ladies,” said the man. “There is only one drawback. You must not exceed thirty-five miles an hour.” Cautiously I glanced round the big room. *Two old ladies!* Sitting three tables away. “Holy Buddha's Tooth,” I said to myself. “What have I come to?” A picture of those suitcases rose before my mind's eye. Heavy cases, cases that I could not lighten. Money, too, the more money I had the easier I would live in America while looking for a job. I sighed dolefully, and said, “They pay well, you said. And how about the car? I am not coming back this way.”

“Yes, my friend, they pay exceedingly well. The Countess is a wealthy woman. The car? She is taking a new Fiat to her son as a gift. Come—meet them.” He rose and led the way to the two old ladies. Bowing so low that I was reminded of a pilgrim in the Holy Way in Lhasa, he introduced me. The Countess looked at me haughtily through her lorgnette.

“So you consider yourself to be capable of driving us safely, my man?”

I looked at her equally haughtily and replied, “Madam, I am not ‘your man’. As to the question of safety, my life

is as valuable to me as yours evidently is to you. I have been *asked* to discuss this driving matter with you, but I confess that now I have my doubts.”

For long moments she stared icily at me, then the stony rigidity of her jaws relaxed, and she broke into quite a girlish laugh. “Ah!” she exclaimed, “I *do* like a bit of spirit. It is so rare in these difficult days. When can we start?”

“We have not discussed terms yet, nor have I seen your car. When do you want to go, if I agree? And why do you want me to drive? Surely there are plenty of Frenchmen willing to drive?”

The terms she offered were generous, the reasons she gave were good. “I prefer a *bold* man, a man of spirit, one who has been places and seen life. When do we leave? As soon as you are ready.”

Two days I gave them, then we started out in a de-luxe Fiat. We cruised along the road to Reims, about eighty miles away, and there we spent the night. Dawdling along at thirty to thirty-five miles an hour gave me time to see the countryside and to collect my thoughts which had hardly time to catch up with my travels. On the following day we started at midday and arrived in Paris in time for tea. At her son's house in the suburbs I garaged the car, and started off again with my two suitcases. That night I slept in a cheap Paris lodging house. The next day I looked about for anything that would take me to Cherbourg or Le Havre.

Car dealers were my first choice; did anyone want a car delivered in Cherbourg or Le Havre? I trudged miles, from dealer to dealer. No, no one wanted my services. At the end of the day I went back to that cheap little lodging house and walked into a scene of trouble. A man was being carried in by a policeman and another lodger. A wrecked bicycle, the front wheel completely twisted, lay at the side of the road. The man, coming home from work had looked behind over his shoulder, his front wheel had caught in a drain, and he was flung over the handlebars. His right ankle was badly sprained. “I shall lose my job,

I shall lose my job," he was moaning. "I have to go to Caen on a furniture delivery tomorrow."

Caen? The name was vaguely familiar. *Caen?* I looked it up. A town some hundred and twenty-five miles from Paris and on the way to Cherbourg, it was roughly seventy-five miles from Cherbourg. I thought it over and went to him.

"I want to get to Cherbourg or Le Havre," I said. "I will go on the furniture van and do your job if there is someone to bring the van back. You can collect the money for it. I will be satisfied with the trip."

He looked at me in joy. "But yes, it can be arranged, my mate drives, we have to load furniture from a big house here and take it to Caen and unload it." By fast work it was arranged. On the morrow I was going to be a furniture remover's assistant, unpaid.

Henri, the driver, could easily have obtained a certificate of incompetence. In one thing only was he a past-master. He knew every dodge imaginable to get out of doing work. Just out of sight of the house, he stopped and said, "You drive, I'm tired." He wandered round to the back, perched on the most comfortable furnishings he could find, and went to sleep. I drove.

At Caen he said, "You start unloading, I must get these papers signed." Everything except the two-man things were in the house by the time he returned. Slouching off again, he returned with the gardener who helped me carry things in. He "directed" us so that the walls would not be damaged! Unloaded, I climbed into the driver's seat. Henri unthinkingly climbed up beside me. I turned the van and drove to the railway station which I had noticed some way up the road. There I stopped, took out my two cases, and said to Henri, "Now *you* drive!" With that I turned and entered the station.

There was a train for Cherbourg in twenty minutes. I bought my ticket, had something to eat, and then the train just pulled in. We rattled off into the growing dusk. At Cherbourg Town Station I left my two cases and wandered off down the Quai de l'Entrepot looking for accommodation. At last I found it, Lodgings for Seamen. I entered,

booked a very modest room, paid in advance, and went back for my luggage. Being tired, I went to bed and slept.

In the morning I associated as much as possible with other lodger-seamen who were waiting for ships. By great good fortune I was during the next few days able to visit the engine rooms of vessels at the Port. During the week I haunted the Shipping Agents in search of an appointment which would take me across the Atlantic. The Agents would look at my papers, examine my Discharge Book, and ask, "So you ran out of funds on vacation? and want to work a one-way trick? All right, we will keep you in mind and let you know if anything turns up." I mixed more and more with seamen, learning their terminology, learning all that I could of personalities. Above all I learned that the less one said and the more one listened, the greater one's reputation for intelligence became.

At last, after some ten days, I was called to a Shipping Agent's Office. A short, square looking man was sitting with the Agent. "Are you free to sail tonight, if wanted?" asked the Agent.

"I am free to sail now, sir," I replied. The short, square man was watching me closely. Then he shot out a spate of questions in an accent which I found hard to follow. "The Chief here is a Scotsman, his Third Engineer has fallen sick and has been taken to hospital. He wants you to go aboard with him immediately," translated the Agent. By great concentration I was able to follow the rest of the Scotsman's speech and was able to answer his questions satisfactorily. "Get your dunnage," he said at last, "and come aboard."

Back at the Lodging House I hastily settled my bill, picked up my cases, and hired a cab to the ship's side. She was a battered old thing, rust streaked, sadly in need of a coat of paint, and woefully small for Atlantic crossings. "Aye," said a man on the dockside, "she's past her prime ye ken, and in a following sea she wallows fit t' twist yer guts out!"

I hurried up the gangplank, left my cases by the galley, and clattered down the iron ladder to the engine room

where Chief Mac was waiting. He discussed the engines with me and was satisfied with my answers. "Okay, Laddie," he said at last, "we'll go an' sign the Articles. The Steward will show you to your cabin." We hastened back to the Shipping Office, "signed Articles", and then returned to the ship. "Ye're on straight away, Laddie," said Mac. So, probably for the first time in history, a Tibetan Lama, posing as an American, took his place aboard ship as a watch-keeping engineer. The eight hours I first served, with the ship moored, was a blessing to me. My intensive reading was now supplemented by some practical experience, and I felt fully confident.

With the clanging of bells, and the noisy hissing of steam, the shining steel rods rose and fell, rose and fell. Wheels turned faster and faster, bringing the ship to life. There was the smell of heated oil and steam. To me this was a strange life, as strange as life in a lamasery would be to Chief Mac who now stood so stolidly, pipe between his teeth, one hand resting lightly on a glittering steel control wheel. The bell clanged again and the telegraph dial indicated "half astern". With scarcely a glance Mac spun the wheel and flicked a lever. The thudding of the engine increased and the whole hull quivered lightly. "Stop!" said the telegraph dial, followed quickly by "half ahead". Almost before Mac could spin the controls, the bell clanged again for "full-ahead". Smoothly the ship forged ahead. Mac stepped forward to me, "Ah, Laddie," he said, "ye've done yer eight hours. Be off with ye. Tell the Steward Ah want ma cocoa as ye step by."

Cocoa, food! It reminded me that I had not eaten for more than twelve hours. Hastily I climbed the steel ladders, reaching the deck and the open air. Spray was breaking over the bows, and the ship plunged somewhat as we headed out into open sea. Behind me the lights of the French coast were fading into the darkness. A sharp voice behind me brought me back to the present: "Who are you, my man?" I turned and saw the First Mate standing beside me.

"Third Engineer, sir," I answered.

“Then why are you not in uniform?”

“I am a relief engineer, sir, joined at Cherbourg and went on watch immediately.”

“Hrrumph,” said the Mate. “Get into uniform right away, we must have discipline here.” With that he stalked off as if he were First Mate on one of the Queens instead of just on a dirty, rusty old tramp ship.

At the galley door I gave Chief Mac’s order. “You the new Third?” said a voice behind me. I turned and saw the Second Engineer who had just entered. “Yes, sir,” I replied. “I am just on my way to get into uniform and then I want some food.”

He nodded, “I will come along with you. The Mate has just complained that you are out of uniform. Said he thought you were a stowaway. Told him you had just joined and had gone straight on duty.” He walked along with me and pointed out that my cabin was just across the alley from his. “Call when you are ready,” he said, “and we will go for dinner.”

I had had to have the uniforms altered to fit me. Now as I stood dressed as a Merchant Marine Officer I wondered what my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup would say if he could see me. It made me chuckle to think what a sensation I would be in Lhasa if I appeared there dressed thus. Calling for the Second Engineer, we walked together back to the Officers’ Mess for dinner. The Captain, already at his table, gave us a scowling glance from beneath his bushy eyebrows.

“Faugh!” said the Second Engineer, when the first course was placed before him. “Same old pig-swill, don’t you ever get a change round here?”

“*Mister!*” The Captain’s voice nearly lifted us from our seats. “*Mister!* You are always complaining, you should change to another ship when we get to New York.”

Somebody started to snigger, a snigger which changed to an embarrassed cough as the Captain looked angrily in his direction. The rest of the meal was in silence until the Captain, finished before us, left. “Hell ship,” said one officer. “The Old Man was a Jimmy-the-One (First Mate)

in the British Navy during the war. He was on a transport and he cannot get it out of his system.”

“Aw, you guys is nuts, always bellyachin’,” said another voice.

“No,” whispered the Second to me, “he is not American, just a Puerto Rican who has seen too many movies.”

I was tired, and went out on deck before turning in. Just off to the lee side the men were dumping the hot ashes in the sea and getting rid of the accumulated garbage of a stay in port. The ship was tossing a bit, and I walked off to my cabin. The walls were plastered with pin-up girls, which I ripped off and tossed into the waste paper basket. As I undressed and tumbled into my bunk I knew that I would be able to carry out my duties.

“Time up!” yelled a voice, and a hand opened the door and flicked on the light switch. “Time already?” I thought to myself. Why, it seemed that I had barely got to sleep. I glanced at my watch, and rolled out. A wash, dressed, and I was on my way to breakfast. The Mess was deserted now, and I ate alone and quickly. With a glance outside at the first streaks of light across the side, I hurried down the steel ladders to the engine room. “You’re punctual,” said the Second Engineer. “That I like. Nothing to report except that there are two greasers in the tunnel. Oh well, I’m going,” he said, yawning heavily.

The engines thudded on rhythmically, monotonously, every revolution bringing us nearer to New York. Outside in the stokehold the “black-gang” tended their fires, raking and slicing, keeping the head of steam just short of the red line. From out of the tunnel housing the propeller shaft two sweat-stained and dirty men emerged. Fortune was with me, bearing temperatures were normal, there was nothing to report. Grubby papers were shoved at me, coal consumed, CO<sub>2</sub> percentages, and other data. I signed, sat down, and wrote up the Engine Room Log for my watch. “How she doin’ Mister?” said Mac as he came clattering down the companionway.

“All right,” I answered. “Everything normal.”

“Good,” said Mac. “I wish I could make that –

Captain normal. He says we used too much coal last trip. What should I do? Tell him to row the ship . He sighed, put on steel-framed glasses, read the Log and signed it.

The ship forged on through the rough Atlantic. Day followed day in monotonous sameness. This was not a happy ship, the Deck Officers sneered at the Engine staff. The Captain was a gloomy man who thought he commanded an Atlantic liner instead of a wallowing old tub of a freighter. Even the weather was bad. One night I could not sleep for the heaving and tossing, and I went on deck. The wind was howling through the rigging in a depressing threnody, reminding me irresistibly of the time when I had stood upon the roof of the Chakpori with the Lama Mingyar Dondup and Jigme, and went off into the astral. At the lee side of the ship, amidships, a lonely figure clutched desperately at the rail and heaved and heaved, almost "bringing his heart up", as he later said. I was quite immune to seasickness, and found considerable amusement at the sight of life-long sailors being bowled over like this. The binnacle light in the bridge cast the faintest glow upwards. In the Captain's cabin all was dark. Spray rushed over the bows and swept aft to where I was standing. The ship rolled and tossed like a thing demented, with the masts describing a crazy arc across the night sky. Far off to starboard an Atlantic liner, all lights blazing, came towards us, corkscrewing with a motion which must have left the passengers unhappy. With a following wind she was making good time, her immense superstructure acting as a sail. "She'll soon be in Southampton Roads," I thought to myself as I turned to go below.

At the height of the storm one of the bilge pump intakes clogged on something dislodged by the violence of the ship's motion, and I had to go right down in the bilge and supervise the men who were working on it. The noise was terrific, the propeller shaft was vibrating as the propeller alternately raced madly when the ship's stern was in the air, and juddered when the stern dipped in the water before bouncing to the crest of the next wave.

In the holds the deckmen were working feverishly

securing a heavy crate of machinery which had broken loose. It seemed to me so strange that there was so much friction on this ship, we were all doing our jobs to the best of our abilities. What did it matter if one man worked among machines in the bowels of the ship, while another walked the deck, or stood in the Docking Bridge to watch the water slide along the side of the ship?

Work? There was plenty of work here, pumps to be overhauled, stuffing boxes to be repacked, glands to be inspected and checked, and the lines to the winches overhauled in preparation for docking at New York.

Chief Mac himself was a good worker and a fair man. He loved his engines as a mother loves her first born child. One afternoon I was sitting on a grating waiting to go on watch. Light storm-clouds scudded across the sky, and there was a hint of the heavy rain which was to follow. I sat in the shelter of a ventilator, reading. Suddenly a heavy hand descended upon my shoulder, and a booming Scottish voice said, "Ah! Laddie, I wondered what ye did with yer spare time. What is it? Westerns? Sex?"

Smilingly I passed the book to him. "Marine engines," I said. "More interesting to me than Westerns—or Sex!"

He grunted approvingly as he glanced through the book before passing it back to me. "Guid fer ye, Laddie," he said. "We'll make an engineer of ye yet, and ye'll soon be a Chief yer'sel if ye stick to that." Pushing his battered old pipe back in his mouth, he nodded amiably to me and said, "Ye can take over now, Laddie."

The ship was abustle. "Captain's Inspection, Third," whispered the Second. "He's a crazy guy, thinks he's on a liner, inspects the whole ship—cabins and all—every trip."

I stood beside my bunk as the Captain entered, followed by the First Mate and the Purser. "Hum," muttered the Great Man as he glanced disdainfully around. "No pin-ups?" he said. "I thought all Americans were leg-crazy!" He glanced at my engineering books, and a cynical smile played round his mouth. "Is there a novel inside that technical cover?" he asked. Without a word I stepped forward and opened every book at random. The Captain

rubbed a finger here and there, on a rail, beneath the bunk, and on top of the door ledge. Looking at his still clean fingertips, he nodded in disappointment and stalked out. The Second smiled knowingly, “You got him that time, he's a nosey—!”

There was an air of tense expectancy. Men were getting out their shore-going togs, cleaning themselves up, trying to decide how to get their parcels through Customs. Men were talking of their families, of their girl-friends. All tongues were loosened, all restraints thrown off. Soon they would be ashore to go to friends and loved ones. Only I had nowhere to go, no one of whom to talk. Only I would walk ashore at New York as a stranger, friendless, unknown.

On the skyline stood the tall towers of Manhattan glistening in the sunlight after being washed by the rainstorm. Isolated windows threw back the rays of the sun after turning them to burnished gold. The Statue of Liberty—I noticed with her *back* to America—loomed up before us. “Half ahead,” clanged the telegraph. The ship slowed, and the little bow wave died as our momentum dropped. “*Stop,*” said the telegraph as we nosed to our berth. Lines were thrown, and caught, and the ship was once more tied to the land. “Finished with engines,” said the telegraph. Steam died in the pipes with wailing hisses. The giant piston rods were stilled, and the ship wallowed gently at her moorings, but faintly disturbed by the wake of passing ships. We worked turning valves, bringing the auxiliary equipment to life, hoists and winches.

Up on deck men rushed round knocking the wedges off the hatch covers, dragging off tarpaulins, opening the holds. The Ship's Agents came aboard, followed by the stevedores. Soon the ship was a madhouse of raucous voices bellowing commands. The cranes rattled and chuffed, and there was the continuous scuffle of heavy feet. The Port Medical Officer's Deputy pored over the crew records. Police came aboard and took off a wretched stowaway of whom we in the Engine Room had heard nothing. The unfortunate man was led off in handcuffs, escorted by two burly, rough-

looking policemen who led him to a waiting Police car and urgently pushed him inside.

We lined up, collected our money, signed for it and went on to get our Discharge Books. Chief Mac had written in mine, "Great devotion to duty. Efficient in all branches. Shall welcome him as a shipmate at any time." "What a pity," I thought, "that I have to scrap all this, that I cannot continue."

I went back to my cabin and tidied up, folding the blankets and putting them aside. Packing my books, dressing in civilian clothes, and placing my gear in the two suitcases. With a last look round I went out and shut the door behind me.

"Will ye no' change yer mind?" said Chief Mac. "Yer a guid shipmate, and I'd be glad t' put ye in fer Second after this round trip."

"No, Chief," I answered, "I want to move around a bit and get more experience."

"Experience is a wunnerful thing. Guid luck t' ye!"

I walked down the gangplank carrying my two cases. Off by the side of the moored ships. Another life before me; how I *hated* all this moving round, all this uncertainty, with no one to call "friend".

"Where ya born?" said the Customs man.

"Pasadena," I replied, thinking of the papers in my hand.

"What ya got?" he demanded.

"Nothing," I told him. He looked at me sharply, "Okay, open up," he snarled. Placing my cases before him I opened them. He rummaged and rummaged, then tipped everything out and examined the linings. "Pack 'em up," he said as he walked away and left me.

I packed my cases again, and walked out of the gates. Outside, in the mad roar of traffic, I stopped a moment to get my bearings and my breath. "*Wassamadderwidyabud ? Disisnooyoik!*" said a crude voice behind me. Turning, I saw a policeman glaring at me.

"Any crime in stopping?" I answered him.

"*Awgitmovin*" he bellowed.

Slowly I picked up my suitcases and wandered up the

road, marveling at the man-made metal mountains of Manhattan, I had never felt lonelier than now, completely alien to this part of the world. Behind me the roaring cop bellowed at some other unfortunate, "*Wedontdodisinnoo-yoik. Git!*" The people looked harassed, strained. Motor vehicles zoomed by at crazy speeds. There was the continual squeal of tires and the smell of burning rubber.

I walked on. At last I saw before me the sign "Seamen's Hostel," and I gratefully turned in at the door. "Sign," said a cold, impersonal voice. Carefully I completed the form thrust roughly at me, and handed it back with a "thank you". "Don't thank me," said the cold voice, "I am not doing you any favor, this is my job." I stood waiting. "Well, what is it?" said the voice. "Room three-oh-three, it said so on the form and on the key tag."

I turned away. How *could* one argue with a human automaton. I walked over to a man, obviously a sailor, sitting in a chair looking at a man's magazine. "We guys sure get in Jenny's hair," he said before I could speak. "What is your room number?"

"Three-oh-three," I answered miserably. "My first time here."

"Three floors up," he said. "It'll be the third room to starboard." Thanking him, I walked over to a door marked "Elevator." "Go and press the button," said the man in the chair. I did so, and after some moments the door was flung open, and a Negro boy beckoned me in. "Number?" he asked.

"Three-oh-three," I replied. He pressed a button and the little room moved swiftly up and came to a sudden halt. The Negro boy opened the door and said, "*Toid.*" The door closed behind me, and I was alone once more.

Fumblingly, I looked at the key tag to again check the number, and then moved along to find my room. Yes—there it was—the number "303" was on a small plate above the third door to the right of the elevator. I inserted the key and turned it. The door opened, and I entered the room. Quite a small room, I saw, something like a ship's cabin. As soon as I shut the door I saw a printed list of

Rules. Carefully reading them, I found that I could stay only twenty-four hours unless I was actually joining a ship, then the maximum time one was permitted to stay was forty-eight hours. *Twenty four hours!* So even now there was no peace. I set down my cases, brushed the dust from me, and went out in search of food and newspapers so that I could see if there were any jobs advertised which I could do.

## CHAPTER SIX

New York seemed such an unfriendly place. People whom I attempted to stop to enquire the way gave me a frightened look and hurried on. After a night's sleep, I had my breakfast and boarded a bus for the Bronx. From the papers I had gained the idea that lodgings would be cheaper there. Near Bronx Park I alighted and trudged along the street looking for a "Room for Rent" sign. A speeding car flashed between two delivery vans and on to the wrong side of the road, skidding, it mounted the sidewalk and struck me on the left side. Once again I heard the breaking of bones. As I slid to the sidewalk, and before merciful oblivion claimed me, I saw a man snatch up my two suitcases and hurry off.

The air was full of the sound of music. I was happy, comfortable after years of hardship. "Ah!" exclaimed the voice of the Lama Mingyar Dondup, "So you have had to come here again?" I opened my eyes to find him smiling down upon me, with the utmost compassion shining from his eyes. "Life upon Earth is hard and bitter, and you have had experiences from which, happily, most people are spared. It is just an interlude, Lobsang, just an unpleasant interlude. After the long night will come the awakening to a perfect day when no longer need you return to Earth, nor to any of the lower worlds." I sighed. It was pleasant here and that accentuated even more the harshness and unfairness of the Earth life. "You, my Lobsang," said my Guide, "are living your last life upon Earth. You are clearing up all Karma and are also doing a momentous task, a task which evil powers seek to hinder.

Karma! It recalled vividly to my mind the lesson which I had learned in beloved, far-off Lhasa. . . .

The tinkling of the little silver bells had ended. No longer did the trumpets blare across the Valley of Lhasa, sounding loud and clear in the crisp, thin air. About me was uncanny silence, a silence that should not be. I awakened from my

reverie just as the monks in the temple started their deep-toned Litany for the Dead. Dead? Yes! Of course, the Litany for the old monk who had so recently died. Died, after a life-time of suffering, of service to others, of being misunderstood and unhanded.

“What a terrible Karma he must have had,” I said to myself. “What a wicked person he must have been in his past life to merit such retribution.”

“*Lobsang!*” The voice behind me was like a clap of distant thunder. The blows that rained upon my shrinking body—well—they were not so distant, unfortunately.

“*Lobsang!* You here skulking, showing disrespect to our departed Brother, take that, and that!” Suddenly the blows and the abuse stopped as if by magic. I turned my anguished head round and gazed up at the giant figure towering above me, heavy cudgel still in his upraised hand.

“Proctor,” said a well-loved voice, “that was vicious punishment indeed for a small boy. What has he done to suffer that? Has he desecrated the Temple? Has he shown disrespect to the Golden Figures? Speak, and explain your cruelty.”

“Lord Mingyar Dondup,” whined the tall Proctor of the Temple, “the boy was here day-dreaming when he should have been at the Litany with his fellows.”

The Lama Mingyar Dondup, no small man himself, gazed sadly up at the seven-foot Man of Kham standing before him. Firmly the Lama spoke, “You may go, Proctor, I will deal with this myself.” As the Proctor respectfully bowed, and turned away, my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup turned to me, “Now Lobsang, let us go to my room so that you can recount the tale of your numerous well-punished sins.” With that he stooped gently and lifted me to my feet. In my short life no one but my Guide had ever shown me kindness, and I was hard put to keep back tears of gratitude and love.

The Lama turned away and slowly walked up the long deserted corridor. I humbly followed in his footsteps, followed even eagerly, knowing that no injustice could ever come from this great man.

At the entrance to his room he stopped, turned to me, and put a hand on my shoulder, "Come along, Lobsang, you have committed no crime, come in and tell me about this trouble." With that he pushed me before him and bade me be seated. "Food, Lobsang, *Food*, that also is upon your mind. We must have food and tea while we talk." Leisuredly he rang his silver bell, and an attendant entered.

Until food and drink was placed before us we sat in silence, I thinking of the sureness with which all my offences were found out and punished almost before they were committed. Once again a voice broke into my thoughts. "Lobsang! You are day-dreaming! *Food*, Lobsang, *Food* is before you and *you, you* of all people, do not see it." The kindly, bantering voice brought me back to attention and almost automatically I reached out for those sweet sugared cakes which so greatly entranced my palate. Cakes which had been brought from far-off India for the Dalai Lama, but which through his kindness were available to me.

For some moments more we sat and ate, or rather I ate, and the Lama smiled benevolently upon me. "Now, Lobsang," he said when I showed signs of repletion, "what is all this about?"

"Master," I replied, "I was reflecting upon the terrible Karma of the monk who died. He must have been a very wicked man in many lives past. So thinking, I forgot all about the temple service, and the Proctor came upon me before I was able to escape."

He burst out with a laugh, "So, Lobsang, you would have tried to escape from *your* Karma if you could!" I looked glumly at him, knowing that few could outrun the athletic proctors, so very fleet of foot.

"Lobsang, this matter of Karma. Oh *how* it is misunderstood by some even here in the Temple. Make yourself comfortable, for I am going to talk to you on this matter at some length."

I shuffled around a bit and made a show of "getting comfortable". I wanted to be out with the others, not sitting here listening to a lecture, for even from such a great man as the Lama Mingyar Dondup a lecture was a

lecture, and medicine with a pleasant taste was still medicine.

“You know all this, Lobsang, or should if you have paid any attention to your teachers (which I doubt!) but I will remind you again as I fear that your attention is still somewhat lacking.” With that he gave me a piercing glance and resumed. “We come to this Earth as to a school. We come to learn our lessons. In our first attendance at school we are in the lowest class because we are ignorant and as yet have learned nothing. At the end of our term we either pass our examinations or fail them. If we pass we go on to a higher class when we return from the school vacation. If we fail, then we return to the same class as that which we left. If we fail in perhaps one subject only we may be permitted to go on to the higher class and there also study the subject of our failure.”

This was speaking to me in language which I well understood. I knew all about examinations, and failing in a subject and having to go on to a higher class, competing with bigger boys, and at the same time studying in what should have been my free time, studying under the eagle eye of some moldy old lama teacher, one who was so ancient that he forgot all about his own boyhood days.

There was a crash, and I jumped so much with fright that I almost left the ground. “Ah, Lobsang, so we did get a reaction after all,” said my Guide as he laughingly replaced the silver bell he had dropped behind me; “I spoke to you on a number of occasions, but you were wandering far afield.”

“I am sorry, Honorable Lama,” I replied, “but I was thinking how clear your lecture was.”

The Lama stifled a smile and continued. “We come to this Earth as do children to a schoolroom. If, in our lifetime, we do well and learn that which caused us to come, then we progress further and take up life in a higher state. If we do not learn our lessons we come back to almost the same type of body and conditions. In some cases a man, in a past life, will have shown much cruelty to others. He must come back to this Earth and try to atone for his misdeeds. He must come back and show kindness to others.

Many of the greatest reformers in this life were offenders in the past. So the Wheel of Life revolves, bringing first riches to one, and then poverty to another, and the beggar of today may be the prince of tomorrow, and so it continues from life to life.”

“But Honorable Lama,” I interjected, “does it mean that if a man is now a beggar with one leg, he must have cut off the leg of some other person in another life?”

“No, Lobsang, it does not. It means that the man needed to be poor, and needed to suffer the loss of one leg so that he could learn his lesson. If you have to study figures you take your slate and your abacus. If you are going to study carving you take a knife and a piece of wood. You take tools suitable for the task in hand. So it is with the type of body we have, the body and our life circumstances are the most suitable for the task we have to overcome.”

I thought of the old monk who had died, he was always bewailing his “bad Karma”, wondering what he had done to deserve such a hard life. “Ah, yes, Lobsang,” said my Guide, reading my thoughts, “the unenlightened always bemoan the workings of Karma. They do not realize that they are sometimes the victims of the bad acts of others, and though they suffer unjustly now, yet in a later life they will have full recompense. Again I say to you, Lobsang, you cannot judge a man's evolution by his present status on Earth, nor can you condemn him as evil because he seems to be in difficulties. Nor should you condemn, for until you have all the facts, which you cannot have in this life, you have no sound judgment.”

The voice of the temple trumpets echoing through the halls and corridors summoned us from our talk to attend the evening service. Voice of the temple trumpet ? Or was it a deep-toned gong? It seemed that the gong was in my head, booming away, jerking me, bringing me back to life on Earth. Warily I opened my eyes. Screens were around my bed and an oxygen cylinder stood nearby. “He is awake, Doctor,” said a voice. Shuffling of feet, and the rustle of well-starched cloth. A red face came into range of my vision. “Ah!” said the American doctor. “So you have

come back to life! You sure got yourself smashed up!" I gazed blankly at him.

"My suitcases?" I asked, "Are they all right?"

"No, a guy made off with them and the police cannot find him."

Later in the day the police came to my bedside seeking information. My cases had been stolen. The man whose car had knocked me down and gravely injured me was not insured. He was an unemployed Negro. Once again I had my left arm broken, four ribs broken, and both feet smashed. "You will be out in a month," cheerily said the doctor. Then double pneumonia set in. For nine weeks I lingered in the hospital. As soon as I was able to get up I was asked about payment. "We found two hundred and sixty dollars in your wallet, we shall have to take two hundred and fifty for your stay here." I looked at the man aghast. "But I shall have no job, nothing," I said. "How shall I live on ten dollars?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Oh you will have to sue the Negro. You have had treatment and we have to be paid. The case is nothing to do with us—make an action against the man who caused the trouble."

Shakily I went down the stairs. Tottered into the street. No money, other than ten dollars. No job, nowhere to live. How to live, that was the problem. The janitor jerked his thumb, "Up the street, Employment Agency there, go see them." Nodding dumbly, I wandered off, looking for my only hope. In a shoddy side-street I saw a battered sign, "Jobs". The climb to the third floor office was almost more than I could manage. Gasping, I clung to the rail at the top until I felt a little better.

"Kin ye scrub, Bud?" said the yellow-toothed man, rolling a ragged cigar between his thick lips. He eyed me up and down. "Guess you have just come out of the penitentiary or the hospital," he said. I told him all that had happened, how I had lost my belongings and my money. "So you want some bucks mighty fast," he said, reaching for a card and filling in some details. He gave it to me, and told me to take it to a hotel with a very cele-

brated name, one of the hotels! I went, spending precious cents on bus fares.

“Twenty dollars a week and one meal per day,” said the Staff Manager. So, for “twenty dollars and one meal per day” I washed mountains of filthy plates, and scrubbed endless stairs for ten hours each day.

Twenty dollars a week—and one meal. The meals served to the staff were not of the same quality as those served to the guests. Staff meals were rigidly supervised and checked. My wages were so poor that I could not afford a room. I made my home in the parks, beneath arches and bridges, and learned to move at night before the Cop on the Beat came along with his prodding night stick and his gruff “*Getamoveonwillya?*” I learned to stuff my clothes with newspaper to keep out the bitter winds that swept New York's deserted streets by night. My one suit of clothes was travel-worn and work-stained, and I had no change of underwear. To wash my clothing I locked myself in the Men's Room, removed my underwear, put my trousers on again, and washed my clothing in a basin, drying them on the steam pipes after, for until I could wear them I could not go out. My shoes had holes in the soles, and I patched them with cardboard, while watching the garbage bins for any better pair which a guest might throw out. But there were many keen eyes and many eager hands to examine the “guest-trash” before it reached me. I lived and worked on one meal a day, and plenty of water. Gradually I accumulated a change of clothing, a second-hand suit, and second-hand shoes. Slowly I accumulated a hundred dollars.

One day I heard two guests talking as I worked near a service door. They were discussing the failure of an advertisement to bring in a reply from the type of man they wanted. I worked slower and slower. “Knowledge of Europe. Good voice, radio training . . .” Something happened to me, I dashed round the door and exclaimed, “I can claim all those!” The men looked at me dumbfounded and then broke into yells of laughter. The Chief Waiter and an under waiter dashed forward, utter fury on their

faces. “*Out!*” said the Chief Waiter as he grabbed violently at my collar, ripping my poor old jacket from top to bottom. I turned on him and threw the two halves of my jacket in his face: “Twenty dollars a week does not enable you to speak to a man like that!” I said fiercely. One of the two men looked at me in hushed horror, “Twenty dollars a week, you said?”

“Yes, sir, that is what I am paid, and one meal a day. I sleep in the parks, I am chased from place to place by the police. I came to this ‘Land of Opportunity’ and on the day after I landed a man ran me down with his car, and when I was unconscious an American robbed me of all I had. Proof? Sir? I will give you proof, then you check my story!” The Floor Manager rushed up, wringing his hands and almost weeping. We were ushered into his office. The others sat down, I was left standing. The older of the two men phoned the hospital, and after some delay, my story was authenticated in every detail. The Floor Manager pressed a twenty-dollar bill on me, “Buy a new jacket,” he said, “*and clear out!*” I pressed the money back into his flabby hands. “You take it,” I replied, “You will need it more than I.” I turned to leave and as I reached the door a hand shot out and a voice said “Stop!” The older man looked me straight in the eyes. “I think that you may suit us. We will see. Come to Schenectady tomorrow. Here is my card.” I turned to go. “Wait—here are fifty dollars to see you there.”

“Sir,” I said, refusing the money offered, “I will get there under my own steam. I will not take money until you are sure that I will meet your requirements, for I could not possibly pay you back if you do not want me.” I turned and left the room. From my locker in the Staff Room I took my meager belongings and walked out in the street. I had nowhere to go but to a seat in the park. No roof, no one to whom to say good-bye. In the night the pitiless rain came down and soaked me to the skin. By good fortune I kept my “new suit” dry by sitting on it.

In the morning I had a cup of coffee and a sandwich and found that the cheapest way to travel from New York

City to Schenectady was by bus. I bought my ticket and settled in a seat. Some passenger had left a copy of the *Morning Times* on a seat, so I read through it to keep me from brooding on my very uncertain future. The bus droned on, eating up the miles. By afternoon I was in the city. I went to the public baths, made myself as smart as possible, put on my clean clothes and walked out.

At the radio studios the two men were waiting. For hour after hour they plied me with questions. Man after man came in and went out again. At last they had my whole story. "You say you have papers stored with a friend in Shanghai?" said the senior man. "Then we will engage you on a temporary basis and will cable to Shanghai to have your things sent on here. As soon as we see these papers, you will be on a permanent footing. A hundred and ten dollars a week; we will discuss it further when we see those papers. Have them sent at our expense."

The second man spoke, "Sure guess he could do with an advance," he said.

"Give him a month in advance," said the first man. "Let him start the day after tomorrow."

So began a happy period in my life. I liked the work, and I gave complete satisfaction. In the course of time my papers, my age-old crystal, and a very few other things arrived. The two men checked everything, and gave me a fifteen dollar a week raise. Life was beginning to smile upon me, I thought.

After some time, during which I saved most of my money, I began to experience the feeling that I was getting nowhere, I was not getting on with my allotted task in life. The senior man was very fond of me now, and I went to him and discussed the problem, telling him that I would leave when he found a suitable replacement for me. For three months more I stayed.

My papers had come from Shanghai, among them a passport issued by the British authorities at the British Concession. During those far-off war days the British were very fond of me, for they made use of my services. Now, well, now they think they have no more to gain. I took my

passport and other papers to the United Kingdom Embassy in New York, and after a lot of trouble and much delay, managed to obtain first a visa and then a work permit for England.

At last a replacement for me was obtained, and I stayed two weeks to “show him the ropes”, then I left. America is perhaps unique in that a person who knows how, can travel almost anywhere free. I looked at various newspapers until I saw, under “Transportation”, the following:

“California, Seattle, Boston, New York.  
Gas free, Call 000000 XXX Auto Drive-away.”

Firms in America want cars delivered all over the continent. Many drivers want to travel, so a good and cheap method is for the would-be driver to get in touch with the auto delivery firm. On passing a simple driving test one is then given gas (petrol) vouchers for certain selected filling stations on the route.

I called on the XXX Auto Drive-away and said I wanted to drive a car to Seattle. “No difficulty at all, at all,” said the man with the Irish brogue. “I am looking for a good driver to take a Lincoln there. Drive me round, let's see how you shape.” As I drove him round he told me of various useful matters. He seemed to have taken quite a liking to me, then he said, “I recognized your voice, you were an Announcer.” This I confirmed. He said, “I have a short-wave radio which I use to keep in touch with the Old Country. Something wrong with it, it won't get the short waves any more. The local men do not understand this type of radio, do you?”

I assured him that I would have a look at it and he invited me to his home that evening, even lending me a car with which to get there. His Irish wife was exceptionally pleasant, and they left within me a love for Ireland which became intensified when I went there to live.

The radio was a very famous English model, an exceptionally fine Eddystone which has no peer. Fortune smiled upon me. The Irishman picked up one of the plug-in coils and I saw how he held it. “Let me have that coil,” I said,

“and have you a magnifying glass?” He had, and a quick examination showed me that in his incorrect handling of the coil he had broken a wire free from one of the pins. I showed it to him. “Have you a soldering iron and solder?” I asked. No, but his neighbor had. Off he dashed, to return with a soldering iron and solder. It was the work of minutes to resolder the wire—and the set worked. Simple little adjustments to the trimmers and it worked better. Soon we were listening to the B.B.C. in London, England.

“I was going to send the radio back to England to be put right,” said the Irishman. “Now I’m going to do something for you. The owner of the Lincoln wanted one of our firm’s drivers to take it to him in Seattle. He is a rich man. I am going to put you on our payroll so you can get paid. We will give you eighty dollars and we will charge him a hundred and twenty. Done?” *Done?* Most certainly, it suited me just fine.

On the following Monday morning I started off. Pasadena was my first destination. I wanted to make sure that the Ship’s Engineer whose papers I had used really had no relatives. New York, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Kansas City, the miles mounted up. I did not hurry, I allowed a week for the trip. By night I slept in the big car to save hotel expenses, pulling off the road wherever I thought suitable. Soon I was at the foot-hills of the American Rockies, enjoying the better air, enjoying it even more as the car climbed higher and higher. For a whole day I lingered here in the mountainous ranges, and then I drove off to Pasadena. The most scrupulous enquiries failed to reveal that the Engineer had any relatives. He seemed to have been a morose sort of man who preferred his own company to that of any other person.

Through the Yosemite National Park I drove. Crater Lake National Park, Portland, and finally Seattle. I took the car into the garage where it was carefully inspected, greased and washed. Then a call was made by the garage manager. “Come on,” he said to me, “he wants us to take it over to him.” I drove the Lincoln, and the manager drove another car so that we had return transportation.

Up the spacious drive of a big house, and three men appeared. The manager was very deferential to the frosty-faced man who had bought the Lincoln. The two men with him were automobile engineers who proceeded to give the Lincoln a thorough examination. "It has been very carefully driven," said the senior engineer, "you may take delivery with complete confidence."

The frosty-faced man nodded condescendingly at me. "Come along to my study," he said, "I am going to give you a bonus of a hundred dollars—for you alone—because you have driven so carefully."

"Man, oh! Man!" said the manager afterwards. "That was mighty big of him, you sure made a hit."

"I want a job taking me into Canada," I said. "Can you help me?"

"Well," replied the manager, "you really want to go to Vancouver and I have nothing in that direction, but I have a man who wants a new De Soto. He lives at Oroville, right on the Border. He will not drive that far himself. He'd be good. I'll call him."

"Gee, Hank!" said the manager to the man on the telephone, "Will ye quit yer dickering! and say if you want the De Soto?" He listened for a while and then broke in, "Well, ain't I a-telling you? I gotta guy here who is coming to Oroville on his way to Canada. He brought a Lincoln from New York. What say, Hank?" Hank babbled away at length in Oroville. His voice came through to me as a confused jumble of sound. The manager sighed with exasperation. "Well, ain't you an ornery doggone crittur?" he said. "You can place your cheque in the bank, guess I've known you for twenty years and more, not scairt of you running out on me." He listened for a little longer. "00-kay," he said at last, "I will do that. Yep, I'll add it on the bill." He hung up the receiver and let out his breath in a long, low whistle. "Say, Mister," he said to me, "D'ye know anything about wimmin?" Women? What did he think I knew about women? Who does know about them? They are enigmas even to themselves! The manager saw my

blank look and continued, "Hank up there, he's been a bachelor for forty years, that I know. Now he asks for you to bring up some feminine fripperies for him. Well, well, well, guess the ol' daug's gone gay. I shall ask the Missus what to send."

Later in the week I drove out to Seattle in a brand new De Soto and a load of women's clothes. Mrs. Manager had sensibly telephoned Hank to see what it was all about! Seattle to Wenatchee, Wenatchee to Oroville. Hank was satisfied, so I wasted little time but pressed on into Canada. For a few days I stayed at Osoyoos. By not a little good fortune I was able to make my way across Canada, from Trail, through Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec. There is no point in going into that here, because it was so unusual that it may yet be the subject of another book.

Quebec is a beautiful city with the disadvantage that in some parts of it one is unpopular unless one can speak French. My own knowledge of the language was just sufficient to get me through! I frequented the waterfront, and by managing to obtain a Seaman's Union Card, I joined a ship as deck hand. Not a highly paid job, but one which enabled me to work my way across the Atlantic once more. The ship was a dirty old tramp. The Captain and the Mates had long ago lost any enthusiasm for the sea and their ship. Little cleaning work was done. I was unpopular because I did not gamble or talk of affairs with women. I was feared because the attempts of the ship's bully to assert his superiority over me resulted in his screaming for mercy. Two of his gang fared even worse, and I was hauled before the Captain and reprimanded for disabling members of the crew. There was no thought that I was merely defending myself! Apart from those very minor incidents, the journey was uneventful, and soon the ship was making her slow way up the English Channel.

I was off duty and on deck as we passed The Needles and entered the Solent, that strip of water bounded by the Isle of Wight and the mainland. Slowly we crept up past Netley Hospital, with its very beautiful grounds. Up past the busy ferries at Woolston, and into the Harbor at Southampton.

The anchor dropped with a splash, and the chain rattled through the hawse-holes. The ship swung head to stream, the engine room telegraph rang out, and the slight vibration of the engine ceased. Officials came aboard, examined the ship's papers and poked about in the crew's quarters. The Port Medical Officer gave us clearance, and slowly the ship steamed up to her moorings. As a member of the crew, I stayed aboard until the ship was unloaded, then, paid off, I took my scanty belongings and went ashore.

"Anything to declare?" asked the Customs Officer.

"Nothing at all," I replied, opening my case as directed. He looked through my few possessions, closed the case, and scribbled his sign on it in chalk.

"How long are you staying?" he asked.

"Going to live here, sir," I replied.

He looked at my Passport, Visa and Work Permit with approval. "Okay," he motioned me through the gate. I walked on, and turned to take a last look at the ship I had just left. A stunning blow almost knocked me to the ground and I turned quickly. Another Customs Officer had been hurrying in from the street, late for duty, he had collided with me and now he sat half dazed in the roadway. For a moment he sat there, then I went to help him up. He struck out at me in fury, so I picked up my case to move on.

"Stop!" he yelled.

"It is all right, sir," said the Officer who had passed me through, "He has nothing and his papers are in order."

"I will examine him myself," shouted the Senior Official. Two other Officers stood by me, their faces showing considerable concern. One attempted to remonstrate, but was told roughly to "shut up".

I was taken to a room, and soon the irate Officer appeared. He looked through my case, throwing my things on the floor. He searched the linings and bottom of the battered old case. Chagrined that nothing was to be found, he demanded my Passport. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "You have a Visa and a Work Permit. The Officer in New York had no authority to issue both. It is left to *our* discretion here in England." He was beaming with triumph, and with a

theatrical gesture he tore my Passport right across and threw it in the rubbish container. On an impulse, he picked up the tattered remnants, and stuffed them in his pocket. Ringing a bell, two men came in from the outer office. "This man has no papers," he said, "He will have to be deported, take him to the Holding Cell."

"But, Sir!" said one of the Officers, "I actually saw them, they were in order."

"Are you questioning my ability?" roared the Senior man. "*Do as I say!*"

A man sadly took my arm. "Come on," he said. I was marched out and lodged in a bare cell.

"By Jove, Old Boy!" said the Bright Young Man from the Foreign Office when he entered my cell much, much later. "All this is a frightful pothor, what?" He stroked his baby-smooth chin and sighed noisily. "You see our position, Old Chap, it really is just too too simply desperate! You must have had papers, or the Wallahs in Quebec would not have let you embark. Now you have no papers. They must have been lost overboard. Q.E.D. Old Boy, what? I mean to say . . . ." I glowered at him and remarked, "My papers were deliberately torn up. I demand that I be released and be permitted to land."

"Yes, yes," replied the Bright Young Man, "but can you *prove* it? I have had a gentle breeze in my ear which told me exactly what happened. We have to stand by our uniformed staff, or the Press would be around our ears. Loyalty and esprit de corps, and all that sort of thing."

"So," I said, "you know the truth, that my papers were destroyed, yet you, in this much-vaunted 'Land of the Free', can stand blandly aside and watch such persecution?"

"My dear fellow, you merely had the Passport of a resident of an Annexed State, you are not a Commonwealth member by birth. I'm afraid you are rather out of our orbit. Now, Chappie, unless you agree that your papers were—ah!—*lost overboard*, we shall have to make a case against you for illegal entry. That might net you a stretch in the cooler for up to two years. If you play ball with us, you will merely be returned to New York."

“New York? Why New York?” I asked.

“If you return to Quebec, you might cause us some trouble. We can prove that you came from New York. So it is up to you. New York or up to two years as an involuntary Guest of His Majesty. He added as an afterthought Of course, you would still be deported after you had served your sentence, and the Authorities would gladly confiscate that money which you have. Our suggestion will enable you to keep it.”

The Bright Young Man stood up and brushed imaginary specks of dust from his immaculate jacket. “Think it over Old Boy, think it over, we offer you a perfectly wizard way out!” With that he turned and left me alone in the cell.

Stodgy English food was brought in and I attempted to cut it up with the bluntest knife I have ever used. They might have thought that in my extremity I contemplated suicide. Well, no one would commit suicide with that knife.

The day wore on. A friendly Guard tossed in some English newspapers. After a glance I put them aside, so far as I could see they dealt only in sex and scandal. With the coming of darkness I was brought a thick mug of cocoa and a slice of bread and margarine. The night was chilly, with a dankness that reminded me of tombs and moldering bodies.

The morning Guard greeted me with a smile which threatened to crack his stony face. “You leave tomorrow” he said. “A ship's Captain has agreed to take you if you work your passage. You will be turned over to the New York Police when you arrive.”

Later in the morning an official arrived to tell me officially, and to tell me that I would be doing the hardest work aboard ship, trimming coal in the bunkers of an ancient freighter with no labor saving devices at all. There would be no pay and I would have to sign the Articles to say that I agreed to those terms. In the afternoon I was taken down to the Shipping Agent, under guard, where—in the presence of the Captain, I signed the Articles.

Twenty-four hours later, still under guard, I was taken to the ship and locked in a small cabin, being told that I

would have to remain there until the ship was beyond the limits of territorial waters. Soon the thudding of the old engine awakened the ship to sluggish life. There was the clatter of heavy feet above me and by the rise and fall of the deck I knew that we were heading out into a choppy sea. Not until Portland Bill was well off to starboard, and receding in the distance, was I released. "Git crackin', chum," said the fireman, handing me a battered shovel and rake. "Clean out them there 'oles of clinker. Take 'em on deck and dump 'em. Look lively, now!"

"Aw! Looky here!" bawled the huge man in the foc'sle later when I went there. "We gotta Gook, or Chink or a Jap. Hey you," he said slapping me across the face, "Remember Pearl 'Arber?"

"Let 'im be, Butch," said another man, "the cops are arter 'im."

"Haw haw!" roared Butch, "Let's give 'im a workin' over fust, just fer Pearl 'Arber." He sailed in to me, fists going like pistons, and becoming more and more furious as none of his blows reached me. "Slippery swab, eh?" he grunted, reaching out in an attempt to get my throat in a strangle-hold. Old Tzu, and others in far-off Tibet had well prepared me for such things. I dropped, limp, and Butch's momentum carried him forward. He tripped over me and smashed his face on the edge of the foc'sle table, breakin his jaw and nearly severing an ear on a mug which he broke in his fall. I had no more trouble with the crew.

Slowly the New York skyline loomed up ahead of us. We ploughed on, leaving a black wake of smoke in the sky from the inferior coal we were using. A Lascar stoker, looking fearfully over his shoulder, edged up to me. "De cops come for you soon," he said. "You good man, heard Chief saying what Cap'n told him. They got to keep their noses clean." He passed me over an oilskin tobacco pouch. "Put your money in that and slip over de side before dey gets you ashore." He whispered confidentially, telling me where the Police boat would head, telling *me* where I could hide, as he had done in the past. I listened with great care as he told me how to escape the Police hunt after I had

jumped overboard. He gave me names and addresses of people who would help me and he promised to get in touch with them when he went ashore. "I have been in trouble like this," he said. "I got framed because of th' color of ma skin,"

"Hey, you!" A voice bawled from the Bridge. "The Cap'n wants you. Double to it!" I hurried up to the Bridge, the Mate jerked a thumb in the direction of the Chart Room. The Captain was sitting at a table looking over some papers. "Ah!" he said, as he looked up at me. "I put you in charge of the police. Have you anything to tell me first?"

"Sir," I replied, "my papers were all in order, but a senior Customs Officer tore them up."

He gazed at me and nodded, looked at his papers again and apparently made up his mind. "I know the man you mean. I have had trouble with him myself. The face of officialdom must be saved, no matter what misery it causes for others. I know your story is true, for I have a friend at Customs who confirmed your tale." He looked down again and fiddled with the papers. "I have a complaint here that you were a stowaway."

"But, sir!" I exclaimed, "the British Embassy in New York can confirm who I am. The Shipping Agents in Quebec can do likewise."

"My man," sadly said the Captain, "You do not know the ways of the West. No enquiries will be made. You will be taken ashore, placed in a cell, tried, convicted, and sent to prison. Then you will be forgotten. When the time for your release is near, you will be detained until you can be deported back to China.

"That will be death, Sir," I said.

He nodded. "Yes, but the course of official duty will have been followed. We on this ship had an experience 'way back in Prohibition days. We were arrested on suspicion and heavily fined, yet we were quite innocent."

He opened the drawer in front of him and took out a small object. "I will tell the Police that you have been framed, I will help you all I can. They may handcuff you,

but they will not search you until they get you ashore. Here is a key which fits the Police handcuffs. I will not give it to you, but will place it here, and turn away." He placed the shiny key in front of me, rose from his desk, and turned to the chart behind him. I picked up the key and put it in my pocket.

"Thank you, Sir," I said, "I feel better for your faith in me."

In the distance I saw the Police boat coming up towards us, a white cascade of spray at the bows. Smartly it came alongside, executed a half turn, and edged in towards us. The ladder was lowered, and two policemen came aboard and made their way up to the Bridge, amid sour looks from members of the crew. The Captain greeted them, giving them a drink and cigars. Then he produced the papers from his desk. "This man has worked well, in my opinion he has been framed by a Government official. Given time to call at the British Embassy, he could prove his innocence."

The senior policeman looked cynical, "All these guys are innocent; the penitentiaries are full of innocent men who have been framed, to listen to them. All we want is to get him tucked nicely in a cell and then we go off duty. "C'mon, fella!" he said to me. I turned to pick up my case. "Aw, you won't want that," he said, hustling me along. On an afterthought he snapped the handcuffs round my wrists.

"Oh, you don't want that," called the Captain. "He can't run anywhere, and how will he get down to your boat?"

"He can fall in the drink and we will fish him out," replied the policeman, laughing coarsely.

Climbing down the ladder was not easy, but I managed it without mishap, to the obvious regret of the police. Once on the cutter, they took no more notice of me. We sped along past many ships and rapidly approached the Police jetty. "Now is the time," I thought, and with a quick leap I was over the side, allowing myself to sink. With acute difficulty I slipped the key in the lock, and turned. The handcuffs came off and sank. Slowly, very slowly, I rose to

the surface. The police cutter was a long way off, the men spotted me, and started firing. Bullet splashes were all around me as I sank again. Swimming strongly until I felt that my lungs would burst, I surfaced again. The police were far off, searching round the “obvious place”, where I would be expected to land. I crawled ashore at the least obvious place, but will not mention it in case some other unfortunate should need refuge.

For hours I lay on half sunken timbers, shivering and aching, with the scummy water swirling round me. There came the creak of rowlocks and the splashing of oars in the water. A row boat with three policemen came into sight. I slid off the beam, and let myself sink in the water so that only my nostrils were above the surface. Although I was hidden by the beam, I kept in readiness for instant flight. The boat prowled up and down. At long, long last a hoarse voice said, “Guess he's a stiff by now. His body will be recovered later. Let's get off for some cawfee.” The boat drifted out of my range. After a long interval I dragged my aching body on the beam again, shivering almost uncontrollably.

The day ended, and stealthily I inched along the beam to a half rotten ladder. Gingerly I climbed up, and seeing no one, darted for the shelter of a shed. Stripping off my clothing, I wrung them as dry as possible. Off to the end of the wharf a man appeared, the Lascar. As he came down and was opposite me, I gave a low whistle. He stopped, and sat upon a bollard. “You kin come out cautious-like,” he said. “De cops be sure out in force on de udder side. Man! You sure got dem boys rattled.” He stood up and stretched, and looked around him. “Follow me,” he said, “but I don't know you if you is caught. A colored gennulmun is waiting wit a truck. When we get dere you climb in de back and cover yo-self with de tarp.”

He moved away, and giving him plenty of time, I followed, slipping from one shadowed building to another. The lapping of water around the piles and the far-off wail of a police car were the only sounds disturbing the peace. Suddenly there was the rattle of a truck engine being

started and tail lights appeared just ahead. A huge Negro nodded to the Lascar and gave me, following behind, a friendly wink as he gestured to the back of his truck. Painfully I climbed in and pulled the old tarpaulin over me. The truck moved on and stopped. The two men climbed out and one said, "We gotta load up a bit now move forward." I crawled towards the driver's cab, and there was the clatter of boxes being loaded on.

The truck moved on, jolting over the rough roads. Soon it came to a halt, and a rough voice yelled, "What have you got there, folks?"

"Only garbage, sir," said the Negro. Heavy footsteps came along beside me. Something poked about in the rubbish at the back. "Okay," said the voice, "on your way."

A gate clanged, the Negro shifted into gear, and we drove out into the night. We seemed to drive for hours, then the truck turned sharply, braked, and came to a halt. The tarpaulin was pulled off, and there stood the Lascar and the Negro, grinning down at me. I stirred wearily, and felt for my money. "I will pay you," I said.

"Pay nuthin'," said the Negro.

"Butch was going to kill me before we reached New York," said the Lascar. "You saved me, now I save you, and we put up a fight against the discrimination against us. Come on in."

"Race, creed, and color do not matter," I thought. "All men bleed red." They led me into a warm room where there were two light colored Negro women. Soon I was wrapped in hot blankets, eating hot food. Then, they showed me a place where I could sleep, and I drifted off.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

For two days and nights I slept, my exhausted body hovering between two worlds. Life had always been hard to me, always suffering and great misunderstanding. But now I slept.

My body was left behind me, left upon Earth. As I soared upwards I saw that one of the Negro women was looking down at my empty shell with great compassion on her face. Then she turned away and sat by a window, looking out upon the dingy street. Freed of the fetters of the body, I could see even more clearly the colors of the astral. These people, these colored people who were helping me when those of the white race could only persecute, were good. Suffering and hardships had refined their egos, and their insouciant attitude was merely to cover up their inner feelings. My money, all that I had earned by hardship, suffering and self-denial, was tucked beneath my pillow, as safe with these people as in the strongest bank.

I soared on and on, leaving the confines of time and space, entering astral plane after astral plane. At last I reached the Land of the Golden Light where my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup waited to receive me.

“Your sufferings have been truly great,” he said, “but all that you have endured has been to good purpose. We have studied the people of Earth, and the people of strange, mistaken cults there who have and will persecute you, for they have little understanding. But now we have to discuss your future. Your present body is nearing the end of its useful life, and the plans which we have for this event must come to pass.” He walked beside me along the banks of a beautiful river. The waters sparkled and seemed to be alive. On either bank there were gardens so wonderful that I could scarce believe my senses. The air itself seemed to vibrate with life. In the distance a group of people, clad in

Tibetan robes, came slowly to meet us. My guide smiled at me, “This is an important meeting,” he said, “for we have to plan your future. We have to see how research into the human aura can be stimulated, for we have noticed that when ‘aura’ is mentioned on Earth, most people try to change the subject.”

The group moved nearer, and I recognized those of whom I had stood in awe. Now they smiled benevolently upon me, and greeted me as an equal. “Let us move to more comfortable surroundings,” said one, “so that we may talk and discuss matters at leisure.” We moved along the path in the direction from whence the men had come until, turning to follow a bend in the path, we saw before us a Hall of such surpassing beauty that involuntarily I stopped with a gasp of pleasure. The walls seemed to be of purest crystal, with delicate pastel shades and undertones of color which changed as one looked. The path was soft underfoot, and it needed little urging on the part of my Guide to persuade me to enter.

We moved in, and it was as if we were in a great Temple, a Temple without dark, clean, with an atmosphere that simply made one feel that *this* was Life. Through the main body of the building we went, until we came to what on Earth I would have called the Abbot's room. Here there was comfortable simplicity, with a single picture of the Greater Reality upon the wall. Living plants were about the walls, and from the wide windows one could see across a superb expanse of parkland.

We sat upon cushions placed upon the floor, as in Tibet. I felt at home, contented almost. Thoughts of my body back on Earth still disturbed me, for so long as the Silver Cord was intact, I would have to return. The Abbot—I will call him that although he was much higher—looked about him, then spoke. “From here we have followed all that has happened to you upon the Earth. We want first to remind you that you are *not* suffering from the effects of Karma, but are instead acting as our instrument of study. For all the bad that you now suffer, so shall you have your reward.” He smiled at me, and added, “Although that does

not help much when you are suffering upon Earth! However,” he went on. “we have learned much, but there are certain aspects yet to be covered. Your present body has suffered too much and will shortly fail. We have established a contact in the Land of England. This person wants to leave his body. We took him to the astral plane and discussed matters with him. He is most anxious to leave, and will do all we require. At our behest he changed his name to one more suitable to you. His life has not been happy, he willingly discontinued association with relatives. Friends he had never made. He is upon a harmonic of yours. For the moment we will not discuss him further, for later, before you take his body, you will see just a little of his life. Your present task is to get your body back to Tibet that it may be preserved. By your efforts and sacrifices you have amassed money, you need just a little more to pay your fare. It will come through your continued efforts. But enough for now. For a day enjoy your visit here before returning to your body.”

This was bliss indeed, to be with my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, not as a child, but as an adult, as one who could appreciate that great man's unusual abilities and character. We sat alone on a mossy hillside overlooking a bay of bluest water. The trees swayed to a gentle breeze and wafted to us the scent of cedar and pine. For hours we stayed thus, talking, discussing the past. My history was an open book to him, now he told me of his. So the day passed, and as the purple twilight came upon me, I knew that it was time to go, time to return to the troubled Earth with its bitter man and spiteful tongues, tongues that caused the evils of Earth.

“Hank! Oh, Hank! He is awake!” There was the creak of a chair being moved, and as I opened my eyes I saw the big Negro looking down at me. He was not smiling now, his face was full of respect, awe, even. The woman crossed herself and bowed slightly as she looked in my direction. “What is it? What has happened?” I asked.

“We have seen a miracle. All of us.” The big Negro's voice was hushed as he spoke.

“Have I caused you any trouble?” I asked.

“No, Master, you have brought us only joy,” the woman replied.

“I would like to make you a present,” I said, reaching for my money.

The Negro spoke softly, “We are poor folk, but we will not take your money. Make this your home until you are ready to leave. We know what you are doing.”

“But I *would* like to show my gratitude,” I answered. “Without you I would have died.”

“And gone to Greater Glory!” said the woman, adding, “Master, you can give us something greater than money. Teach us to pray!”

For a moment I was silent, taken aback by the request. “Yes,” I said, “I *will* teach you to pray, as I was taught.

“All religions believe in the power of prayer, but few people understand the mechanics of the process, few understand why prayers work for some and seemingly not for others. Most Westerners believe that people of the East either pray to a graven image or do not pray at all. Both statements are untrue, and I am going to tell you now how you can remove prayer from the realm of mysticism and superstition and use it to help others, for prayer is a very real thing indeed. It is one of the greatest forces on this Earth when used as it was intended to be used.

“Most religions have a belief that each person has a Guardian Angel or someone who looks after him. That also is true, but the Guardian Angel is oneself, the other self, the other self which is at the other side of life. Very, very few people can see this angel, this Guardian of theirs, while they are on the Earth, but those who can are able to describe it in detail.

“This Guardian (we must call it something, so let us call it a Guardian) has not a material body such as we have on Earth. It appears to be ghostly; sometimes a clairvoyant will see it as a blue scintillating figure larger than life-size and connected to the flesh body by what is known as the Silver Cord, that Cord which pulses and glistens with life as it conveys messages from one to the other. This Guardian

has not a body such as that of Earth, but it is still able to do things which the Earth body can do, with the addition that it can do very many more things which the Earth body cannot. For example, the Guardian can go to any part of the world in a flash. It is the Guardian which does astral traveling and relays back to the body through the Silver Cord that which is needed.

“When you pray, you pray to yourself, to your other self, to your Greater Self. If we knew properly how to pray we should send those prayers through the Silver Cord, because the telephone line we use is a very faulty sort of instrument indeed, and we have to repeat ourselves in order to make sure that the message gets through. So when you pray, speak as you would speak through a very long distance telephone line, speak with absolute clarity, and actually think of what you are saying. The fault, I should add, lies with us here on this world, lies with the imperfect body we have on this world, the fault is not in our Guardian. Pray in simple language making sure that your requests are always positive and never negative.

“Having framed your prayer to be absolutely positive and to be absolutely clear of any possibility of misunderstanding, repeat that prayer perhaps three times. Let us take an example; suppose, for instance, that you have a person who is ill and suffering, and you want to do something about it—you should pray for the relief of that person's suffering. You should pray three times saying exactly the same thing each time. You should visualize that shadowy figure, that insubstantial figure, actually going to the house of the other person, following the route which you would follow yourself, entering the house and laying hands on that person and so effecting a cure. I will return to this particular theme in a moment, but first let me say—repeat that as many times as are necessary, and, if you really believe, then there will be an improvement.

“This matter of a complete cure; well, if a person has a leg amputated, no amount of prayer will replace that leg. But if a person has cancer or any other grave disease, then that can be halted. Obviously the less the seriousness of

the complaint, the easier it is to effect a cure. Everyone knows of the records of miracle cures throughout the history of the world. Lourdes and many other places are famed for their cures, and these cures are effected by the other self, by the Guardian of the person concerned in association with the fame of the locality. Lourdes, for example, is known throughout the world as a place for miracle cures so people go there utterly confident that they will be cured, and very often that confidence is passed on to the Guardian of the person and so a cure is effected very, very easily. Some people like to think that there is a saint or angel, or some ancient relic of a saint, that does the cure, but in reality each person cures himself, and if a healer gets in touch with a person with the intention of curing that sick person, then a cure is effected only through the Guardian of that sick person. It all comes down, as I told you before, to yourself, the real self which you are when you leave this, the shadow life, and enter the Greater Reality. While upon Earth we all tend to think that this is the only thing that matters, but Earth, this world—no, this is the World of Illusion, the world of hardship, where we come to learn lessons not so easily learned in the kinder, more generous world to which we return.

“You may yourself have some disability, you may be ill, or you may lack the desired esoteric power. That can be cured, it can be overcome, if you believe it and if you really want it. Suppose you have a great desire, a burning desire, to help others; you may want to be a healer. Then pray in the seclusion of your private room, perhaps your bedroom. You should rest in the most relaxed position that you can find, preferably with your feet together and with your fingers interlinked, not in the usual attitude of prayer, but with your fingers interlinked. In that way you preserve and amplify the magnetic circuit of the body, and the aura becomes stronger, and the Silver Cord is able to convey messages more accurately. Then, having got yourself in the right position and in the right frame of mind, you should pray.

“You could pray, for example: ‘Give me healing power

that I may heal others. Give me healing power that I may heal others. Give me healing power that I may heal others.' Then have a few moments while you remain in your relaxed position, and picture yourself encompassed in the shadowy outline of your own body.

"As I told you before, you must visualize the route you would take to the sick person's house, and then make that body travel in your imagination to the home of that person you desire to heal. Picture yourself, your Overself, arrived at the house, arrived in the presence of the person you desire to help. Picture yourself putting out your arm, your hand, and touching that person. Imagine a flow of life-giving energy going along your arm, through your fingers, into that other person like a vivid blue light. Imagine that the person is gradually becoming cured. With faith, with a little practice, it can be done, it is being done, daily, in the Far East.

"It is useful to place one hand in imagination on the back of the person's neck, and the other hand on or over the afflicted part. You will have to pray to yourself in groups of three prayers a number of times each day until you get the desired results. Again, if you believe, you will get results. But let me issue a grave, grave warning. You cannot increase your own fortune in this way. There is a very ancient occult law which stops one from profiting from prayers for self gain. You cannot do it for yourself unless it is to help others, and unless you sincerely believe that it will help others. I know of an actual case wherein a man who had a moderate income and was fairly comfortably off, thought that if he won the Irish Sweepstake he would help others; he would be a great benefactor of mankind.

"Knowing a little, but not enough, of esoteric matters, he made great plans of what he would do. He set out with a carefully prepared program of prayers. He prayed along the lines set out in this chapter for two months; he prayed that he would pick the winner of the Irish Sweepstake. For two months he prayed in groups of three prayers, three times a day—nine prayers in all during the day. As

he fully anticipated, he won the Irish Sweepstake, and he won one of the biggest prizes of them all.

“Eventually he had the money and it went to his head. He forgot all about his good intentions, all about his promises. He forgot all about everything except that he had this vast sum of money and he could now do exactly as he wanted to do. He devoted the money to his own self gratification. For a very few months he had a wonderful time, during which he became harder and harder, and then the inexorable law came into force, and instead of keeping that money and helping others, he lost everything that he had gained, and everything that he had before. In the end he died and was buried in a pauper's grave.

“I say to you that if you use the power of prayer properly, without thought of self gain, without thought of self aggrandizement, then you have tapped one of the greatest powers on Earth, a force so great that if just a few genuine people got together and prayed for peace, then there would be peace, and wars and thoughts of wars would be no more.”

For some time after there was silence as they digested what I had told them, then the woman said, “I wish you would stay here awhile and teach us! We have seen a miracle, but Someone came and told us not to talk about it.”

I rested for a few hours, then dressed and wrote a letter to my official friends in Shanghai, telling them what had happened to my papers. By airmail they sent me a fresh Passport which certainly eased my position. By airmail there arrived a letter from a very rich woman. “For some time,” she wrote, “I have been trying to find your address. My daughter, whom you saved from the Japanese, is now with me and is completely restored to health. You saved her from rape and worse, and I want to repay, at least in part, our debt to you. Tell me what I can do for you.” I wrote to her and told her that I wanted to go home to Tibet to die. “I have enough money to buy a ticket to a port in India,” I replied, “but not enough to cross that continent. If you really want to help me, buy me a ticket

from Bombay to Kalimpong in India.” I treated it as a joke, but two weeks later I received a letter and first class sea ticket and first class rail tickets all the way to Kalimpong. Immediately I wrote to her and expressed my gratitude, telling her that I intended giving my other money to the Negro family who had so befriended me.

The Negro family were sad that I was going to leave, but overjoyed that for once in my life I was going to have a comfortable journey. It was so difficult to get them to accept money. In the end we shared it between us! “There is one thing,” said the friendly Negro women. “You knew this money would come as it was for a good purpose. Did you send what you called a ‘thought form’ for it?”

“No,” I answered, “it must have been accomplished by a source far removed from this world.”

She looked puzzled. “You said that you would tell us about thought forms before you left. Will you have time now?”

“Yes,” I replied. “Sit down, and I will tell you a story.” She sat and folded her hands. Her husband turned out the light and sat back in his chair as I began to speak:

“By the burning sands, amid the gray stone buildings with the glaring sun overhead, the small group of men wended their way through the narrow streets. After a few minutes they stopped at a shabby-looking doorway, knocked and entered. A few muttered sentences were uttered, and then the men were handed torches which spluttered and sent drops of resin around. Slowly they made their way through corridors, getting lower and lower into the sands of Egypt. The atmosphere was cloying, sickly. It seeped into the nostrils, nauseating by the manner in which it clung to the mucous membrane.

“There was hardly a glimmer of light here except that which came from the torch bearers, the torch bearers who moved along at the head of the small procession. As they went further into the underground chamber the smell became stronger, the smell of Frankincense, of Myrrh, and of strange exotic herbs from the Orient. There was also the odor of death, of decay, and of decaying vegetation.

“Against the far wall was a collection of canopic jars

containing the hearts and entrails of the people who were being embalmed. They were carefully labeled with the exact contents and with the date of sealing. These the procession passed with hardly a shudder, and went on past the baths of Nitre in which bodies were immersed for ninety days. Even now bodies were floating in these baths, and every so often an attendant would come along and push the body under with a long pole and turn it over. With scarcely a glance at these floating bodies, the procession went on into the inner chamber. There, resting upon planks of sweet smelling wood, was the body of the dead Pharaoh, wrapped tightly with linen bandages, powdered well with sweet smelling herbs, and anointed with unguents.

“The men entered, and four bearers took the body and turned it about; and put it in a light wooden shell which had been standing against a wall. Then, raising it to shoulder height, they turned and followed the torch bearers out of the underground room, past the baths of nitre, out of the rooms of the embalmers of Egypt. Nearer the surface the body was taken to another room where dim daylight filtered in. Here it was taken out of the crude wooden shell and placed in another one the exact shape of the body. The hands were placed across the breast and tightly bound with bandages. A papyrus was tied to them giving the history of the dead man.

“Here, days later, the priests of Osiris, of Isis, and of Horus came. Here they chanted their preliminary prayers conducting the soul through the Underworld. Here, too, the sorcerers and the magicians of old Egypt prepared their Thought Forms, Thought Forms which would guard the body of the dead man and prevent vandals from breaking into the tomb and disturbing his peace.

“Throughout the land of Egypt were proclamations of the penalties which would befall any who violated the tomb. The sentence: first the tongue of the violator would be torn out, and then his hands would be severed at the wrists. A few days later he would be disemboweled, and buried to the neck in the hot sand where he would live out the few short hours of life.

“The tomb of Tutankhamen made history because of the curse which fell upon those who violated that tomb. All the people who entered the tomb of Tutankhamen died or suffered mysterious, incurable illnesses.

“The priests of Egypt had a science which had been lost to the present-day world, the science of creating Thought Forms to do tasks which are beyond the skill of the human body. But that science need not have been lost, because anyone with a little practice, with a little perseverance, can make a thought form which will act for good or for bad.

“Who was the poet who wrote: ‘I am the captain of my soul’? That man uttered a great truth, perhaps greater than he knew, for Man is indeed the captain of his soul. Western people have contemplated material things, mechanical things, anything to do with the mundane world. They have tried to explore Space, but they have failed to explore the deepest mystery of all—the sub-consciousness of Man, for Man is nine-tenths sub-conscious, which means that only one-tenth of Man is conscious. Only one-tenth of man's potential is subject to his volitional commands. If a man can be one and one-half tenths conscious, then that man is a genius, but geniuses upon Earth are geniuses in one direction only. Often they are very deficient in other lines.

“The Egyptians in the days of the Pharaohs well knew the power of the sub-conscious. They buried their Pharaohs in deep tombs, and with their arts, with their knowledge of humanity, they made spells. They made Thought Forms which guarded the tombs of the dead Pharaohs and prevented intruders from entering, under penalty of dire disease.

“But you can make Thought Forms which will do good, but make sure they are for good because a Thought Form cannot tell good from evil. It will do either but the evil Thought Form in the end will wreak vengeance on its creator.

“The story of Aladdin is actually the story of a Thought Form which was conjured up. It is based upon one of the old Chinese legends, legends which are literally true.

“Imagination is the greatest force upon Earth. Imagina-

tion, unfortunately, is badly named. If one uses the word 'imagination' one automatically thinks of a frustrated person given to neurotic tendencies, and yet nothing could be further from the truth. All great artists, all great painters, great writers too, have to have a brilliant, controlled imagination, otherwise they could not visualize the finished thing that they are attempting to create.

"If we in everyday life would harness imagination, then we could achieve what we now regard as miracles. We may, for example, have a loved one who is suffering from some illness, some illness for which as yet medical science has no cure. That person can be cured if one makes a Thought Form which will get in touch with the Overself of the sick person, and help that Overself to materialize to create new parts. Thus, a person who is suffering from a diabetic condition could, with proper help, re-create the damaged parts of the pancreas which caused the disease.

"How can we create a Thought Form? Well, it is easy. We will go into that now. One must first decide what one wants to accomplish, and be sure that it is for good. Then one must call the imagination into play, one must visualize exactly the result which one wants to achieve. Supposing a person is ill with an organ invaded by disease. If we are going to make a Thought Form which will help, we must exactly visualize that person standing before us. We must try to visualize the afflicted organ. Having the afflicted organ pictorially before us, we must visualize it gradually healing, and we must impart a positive affirmation. So, we make this Thought Form by visualizing the person, we imagine the Thought Form standing beside the afflicted person and with super-normal powers reaching inside the body of that sick person, and with a healing touch causing the disease to disappear.

"At all times we must speak to the Thought Form which we have created in a firm, positive voice. There must not at any time be any suspicion of negativeness, nor of indecision. We must speak in the simplest possible language and in the most direct manner possible. We must speak to it as we would speak to a very backward child, because this

Thought Form has no reason and can accept only a direct command or a simple statement.

“There may be a sore on some organ, and we must say to that Thought Form: ‘You will now heal such-and-such an organ. The tissue is knitting together.’ You would have to repeat that several times daily, and if you visualize your Thought Form actually going to work, then it will indeed go to work. It worked with the Egyptians, and it can work with present-day people.

“There are many authenticated instances of tombs being haunted by a shadowy figure. That is because either the dead persons, or others, have thought so hard that they have actually made a figure of ectoplasm. The Egyptians in the days of the Pharaohs buried the embalmed body of the Pharaoh, but they adopted extreme measures so that their Thought Forms would be vivified even after thousands of years. They slew slaves slowly, painfully, telling the slaves that they would get relief from pain in the after-world if in dying they provided the necessary substance with which to make a substantial Thought Form. Archaeological records have long substantiated hauntings and curses in tombs, and all these things are merely the outcome of absolutely natural, absolutely normal laws.

“Thought Forms can be made by anyone at all with just a little practice, but you must first at all times concentrate upon good in your Thought Forms because if you try to make an evil form, then assuredly that Thought Form will turn upon you and cause you the gravest harm perhaps in the physical, in the mental, or in the astral state.”

The next few days were frantic ones, transit visas to obtain, final preparations to be made, and things to be packed up and sent back to friends in Shanghai. My crystal was carefully packed and returned there for my future use, as were my Chinese papers, papers which, incidentally, quite a number of responsible people have now seen.

My personal possessions I kept to the absolute minimum, consisting of one suit of clothing and the necessary change

of underwear. Now trusting no officials, I had photographic copies made of everything, passport, tickets, medical certificates and all! "Are you coming to see me off?" I asked my Negro friends.

"No," they replied. "We should not be allowed near because of the color bar!"

The final day arrived, and I went by bus to the docks. Carrying my small case, and presenting my ticket, I was confronted with a demand as to the whereabouts of the rest of my luggage. "This is all," I replied. "I am taking nothing more."

The Official was plainly puzzled—and suspicious. "Wait here," he muttered, and hurried off to an inner office. Several minutes later he came out accompanied by a more senior official. "Is this all your luggage, sir?" the new man asked.

"It is," I replied.

He frowned, looked at my tickets, checked the details against entries in a book, and then stalked off with my tickets and the book. Ten minutes later he came back looking very disturbed. Handing me my tickets and some other papers, he said, "This is very irregular, all the way to India and no luggage!" Shaking his head he turned away. The former clerk apparently had decided to wash his hands of the whole affair, for he turned away and would not answer when I asked the location of the ship. Finally I looked at the new papers in my hand and saw that one was a Boarding Card giving all the required details.

It was a long walk to the ship's side and when I reached it I saw policemen lounging about but carefully watching passengers. I walked forward, showed my ticket and walked up the gangplank. An hour or so later two men came to my cabin and asked why I had no luggage. "But my dear man," I said, "I thought this was the land of the free? Why *should* I be encumbered with luggage? What I take is my own affair, surely?" He muttered and mumbled, and fiddled with papers and said, "Well, we have to make sure that everything is all right. The clerk thought you were

trying to escape from justice as you had no luggage. He was only trying to make sure.”

I pointed to my case. “All I need is there; it will get me to India; in India I can pick up other luggage.”

He looked relieved, “Ah! So you *have* other luggage, in India? Then that is all right.”

I smiled to myself as I thought, “The only time I have trouble in entering or leaving a country is when I do it legally, when I have all the papers Red Tape demands.”

Life aboard the ship was dull, the other passengers were very class conscious and the story that I had brought “only one case!” apparently put me outside the range of human society. Because I did not conform to the snobbish norm I was as lonely as if I had been in a prison cell, but with the great difference that I could move about. It was amusing to see other passengers call a steward to have their deck-chairs moved a little further away from me.

We sailed from the port of New York to the Straits of Gibraltar. Across the Mediterranean Sea we steamed, calling at Alexandria, and then going on to Port Said, steaming along the Suez Canal to enter the Red Sea. The heat affected me badly, the Red Sea was almost steaming, but at last it came to an end, and we crossed the Arabian Sea to finally dock at Bombay. I had a few friends in that city, Buddhist priests and others, and I spent a week in their company before continuing my journey across India to Kalimpong. Kalimpong was full of Communist spies and newspaper men. New arrivals found their life was made a misery by the endless, senseless questioning, questions which I never answered but continued what I was doing. This penchant of Western people to pry into the affairs of others was a complete mystery to me, I really did not understand it.

I was glad to get out of Kalimpong and move into my own country, Tibet. I had been expected, and was met by a party of high lamas disguised as mendicant monks and traders. My health was deteriorating rapidly, and necessitated frequent stops and rest. At long last, some ten weeks later, we reached a secluded lamasery high in the

Himalayas, overlooking the Valley of Lhasa, a lamasery so small and so inaccessible that Chinese Communists would not bother about it.

For some days I rested, trying to regain a little of my strength, rested, and meditated. I was *home* now, and happy for the first time in years. The deceptions and treachery of Western peoples seemed to be no more than an evil nightmare. Daily, little groups of men came to me, to tell me of events in Tibet, and to listen to me while I told them of the strange harsh world outside our frontiers.

I attended all the Services, finding comfort and solace in the familiar rituals. Yet I was a man apart, a man who was about to die and live again. A man who was about to undergo one of the strangest experiences to fall to the lot of a living creature. Yet *was* it so strange? Many of our higher Adepts did it for life after life. The Dalai Lama himself did it, time after time taking over the body of a new-born baby. But the difference was, I was going to take over the body of an adult, and mould his body to mine, changing molecule by molecule the complete body, not just the ego. Although not a Christian, my studies at Lhasa had required me to read the Christian Bible and listen to lectures on it. I knew that in the Bible it was stated that the body of Jesus, the Son of Mary and Joseph, was taken over by the "Spirit of the Son of God" and became Christ. I knew too that the Christian priests had had a Convention in the year sixty (A.D.) to ban certain teachings of Christ. Reincarnation was banned, the taking over of the body of others was banned, together with many, many matters taught by Christ.

I looked out of my glassless window at the city of Lhasa so far below. It was hard to realize that the hated Communists were in charge there. So far they were trying to win over the young Tibetans by wonderful promises. We called it "The honey on the knife", the more one licked the "honey" the sooner was the sharp blade revealed. Chinese troops stood on guard at the Pargo Kaling, Chinese troops stood at the entrances to our temples, like pickets at a

Western-world strike, stood jeering at our ancient religion. Monks were being insulted, even manhandled, and the illiterate peasants and herdsmen were encouraged to do likewise.

Here we were safe from the Communists, safe in this almost unclimbable precipice. About us the whole area was honeycombed with caves, and there was but one precipitous path winding round the very edge of the cliffs, with a sheer drop of more than two thousand feet for those who slipped. Here, when venturing out in the open, we used gray robes which blended with the rock face. Grey robes which concealed us from the chance gaze of the Chinese using binoculars.

Far off I could see Chinese specialists with theodolites and measuring sticks. They crawled about like ants, placing pegs into the ground, making entries in their books. A monk crossed in front of a soldier, the Chinese jabbed at the monk's leg with his bayonet. Through the twenty magnification binoculars—my one luxury—which I had brought, I could see the spurt of blood and the sadistic grin on the face of the Chinese. These glasses were good, revealing the proud Potala and my own Chakpori. Something nagged at the back of my mind, something was missing. I refocused the binoculars and looked again. Upon the waters of the Serpent Temple Lake nothing stirred. In the streets of Lhasa no dogs nuzzled among refuse piles. No wild fowl, no dogs! I turned to the monk at my side. "The Communists had them all killed for food. Dogs do not work, therefore they shall not eat, said the Communists, but they shall do one service in providing food. It is now an offence to have a dog or a cat or a pet of any kind." I looked in horror at the monk. An offence to keep a pet! Instinctively I looked again at the Chakpori. "What happened to our cats there?" I asked.

"Killed and eaten," was the reply.

I sighed and thought, "Oh! If I could tell people the *truth* about Communism, how they *really* treat people. If only the Westerners were not so squeamish!"

I thought of the community of nuns of whom I had

heard so recently from a high lama who, upon his journey, had come across a lone survivor and heard her story before she died in his arms. Her community of nuns, she told him, had been invaded by a wild band of Chinese soldiers. They had desecrated the Sacred Objects and stolen all that there was of value. The aged Superior, they had stripped and rubbed her with butter. Then they had set her alight and laughed and shouted with joy at her screams. At last her poor blackened body lay still upon the ground, and a soldier drew his bayonet the length of her body to make sure that she was dead.

Old nuns were stripped and had red hot irons thrust into them so that they died in agony. Younger nuns were raped in front of each other, each being raped some twenty or thirty times during the three days that the soldiers stayed. Then they tired of the “sport”, or were exhausted, for they turned upon the women in a last frenzy of savagery. Some women had parts cut off, some were slit open. Yet others were driven, still naked, out into the bitter cold.

A little party of monks who were traveling to Lhasa had come upon them and had tried to help them, giving the women their own robes, trying to keep the feeble light of life flickering. The Chinese Communist soldiers, also on the way to Lhasa, had come upon them and had treated the monks with such savage brutality that such things could not be put into print. The monks, mutilated beyond hope of saving, had been turned loose, naked, bleeding, until they died from loss of blood. One woman alone had survived; she had fallen in a ditch and had been hidden by prayer flags which the Chinese had ripped from their posts. At long last, the lama and his attendant acolyte had come upon the gruesome scene and together had heard the full tale from the nun's dying lips.

“Oh! To tell the Western world of the terrors of Communism,” I thought, but as I was later to find, to my cost, one cannot write or talk of the truth in the West. All horrors must be smoothed over, all must have a patina of “decency”. Are the Communists “decent” when they rape, mutilate, and kill? If the people of the West would listen

to the *true* accounts of those who have suffered, they would indeed save themselves such horrors, for Communism is insidious, like cancer, and while people are prepared to think that this dreadful cult is merely different *politics*, then there is danger indeed for the peoples of the world. As one who has suffered, I would say—*show* people in print and pictures (no matter how dreadful) what goes on behind these “Iron Curtains”.

While I was ruminating upon these things, and spasmodically scanning the landscape before me, an aged man, bent and walking with a stick, entered my room. His face was lined with much suffering, and his bones stood out prominently, covered only by parchment-tight, withered skin. I saw that he was sightless and I rose to take his arm. His eye-sockets glared as angry red holes, and his movements were uncertain, as are those of the recently blinded. I sat him by me, and gently held his hand, thinking that here in this invaded land we had nothing now with which to alleviate his suffering and ease the pain of those inflamed sockets.

He smiled patiently and said, “You are wondering about my eyes, Brother. I was upon the Holy Way, making my prostrations at a Shrine. As I rose to my feet I gazed upon the Potala, and by a mischance a Chinese officer was in my line of sight. He charged that I was gazing upon him arrogantly, that I was looking at him offensively. I was tied by a rope to the end of his car and dragged along the ground to the square. There spectators were rounded up, and in front of them my eyes were gouged out and thrown at me. My body, as you can surely see, has many half healed wounds. I was brought here by others and now I am glad to greet you.”

I gasped with horror as he pulled open his robe, for his body was a raw red mass through being dragged along the road. I well knew this man. Under him, as an Acolyte, I had studied things of the mind. I had known him when I became a lama, for he had been one of my sponsors. He had been one of the lamas when I had journeyed far down beneath the Potala to endure the Ceremony of the Little

Death. Now he sat beside me, and I knew that his death was not far off.

“You have traveled far and have seen and endured much,” he said. “Now my last task in this Incarnation is to help you obtain glimpses, through the Akashic Record, of the life of a certain Englishman who is most anxious to depart his body that you may take over. You will have glimpses only, for it takes much energy and we are both low in strength.” He paused, and then, with a faint smile on his face, continued, “The effort will finish this present life of mine, and I am glad to have this opportunity of acquiring merit through this last task. Thank you, Brother, for making it possible. When you return here from the Astral Journey, I shall be dead beside you.”

The Akashic Record! What a wonderful source of knowledge that was. What a tragedy that people did not investigate its possibilities instead of meddling with atom bombs. Everything we do, everything that happens, is indelibly impressed upon the Akasha, that subtle medium which interpenetrates all matter. Every movement which has taken place on Earth since Earth first was, is available for those with the necessary training. To those with their “eyes” open, the history of the world lies before them. An old prediction says that after the end of this century scientists will be able to use the Akashic Record to look into history. It would be interesting to know what Cleopatra *really* said to Anthony, and what Mr. Gladstone's famous remarks were. To me it would be delightful to see my critics' faces when they saw what asses they really are, when they *had* to admit that I wrote the truth after all, but, sad to say, none of us will be here then.

But this Akashic Record, can we explain it more clearly? Everything that happens “impresses” itself upon that medium which interpenetrates even air. Once a sound has been made, or an action initiated, it is there for all time. With suitable instruments anyone could see it. Look at it in terms of light, or the vibrations which we call light and sight. Light travels at a certain speed. As every scientist knows, we see stars at night which may no longer be in

existence. Some of those stars are so very far away that the light from them which is now reaching us may have started on its journey before this Earth came into being. We have no way of knowing if the star died a million or so years ago because the light would still reach us for perhaps a million more years. It might be easier to remind one of sound. We see the flash of lightning and hear the sound some time later. It is the slowness of sound which makes for the delay in hearing it after seeing the flash. It is the slowness of light which may make possible an instrument for “seeing” the past.

If we could move instantly to a planet so far distant that it took light one year to reach it from the planet which we had just left, we would see light which had started out one year before us. If we had some, as yet imaginary, super-powerful, super-sensitive telescope with which we could focus on any part of the Earth, we would see events on Earth which were a year old. Given the ability to move with our super telescope to a planet so far distant that the light from Earth took one million years to reach it, we should then be able to see Earth as it was one million years ago. By moving further and further, instantly, of course, we should eventually reach a point from which we would be able to see the birth of Earth, or even the sun.

The Akashic Record enables us to do just that. By special training we can move into the astral world where Time and Space do not exist and where other “dimensions” take over. Then one sees all. Other Time and Space? Well, as a simple example, suppose one had a mile of thin thread, sewing cotton if you like. One has to move from one side to the other. As things are on Earth we cannot move *through* the cotton, nor around its circumference. One has to travel all along the surface to the end a mile away, and back the other side, another mile. The journey is long. In the astral we should just move through. A very simple example, but moving through the Akashic Record is as simple, when one knows how!

The Akashic Record cannot be used for wrong purposes, it cannot be used to gain information which would harm

another. Nor without special dispensation, could one see and afterwards discuss the private affairs of a person. One can, of course, see and discuss those things which are properly the affairs of history. Now I was going to see glimpses of the private life of another, and then I had to finally decide; should I take over this other body to substitute for mine? Mine was failing rapidly, and to accomplish my allotted task, I had to have a body to "tide me over" until I could change its molecules to mine.

I settled myself, and waited for the blind lama to speak.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Slowly the sun sank behind the distant mountain range, outlining the high peaks in the late effulgence. The faint spume streaming from the towering pinnacles caught the fading light and reflected a myriad of hues which changed and fluctuated with the vagaries of the soft evening breeze. Deep purple shadows stole from the hollows like creatures of the night coming out to play. Gradually the velvet darkness crept up along the base of the Potala, climbing ever higher, until only the golden roofs reflected a last gleam before they too were submerged in the encroaching darkness. One by one little glimmers of light appeared, like living jewels placed upon blackness for greater display.

The mountainous wall of the Valley stood out hard and austere, with the light behind it diminishing in intensity. Here, in our rocky home, we caught a last glimpse of the declining sun as it illuminated a rocky pass. Then we too were in darkness. No light for us, we were denied all for fear of betraying our sanctuary. For us there was naught but the darkness of the night and the darkness of our thoughts as we gazed upon our treacherously invaded land.

“Brother,” said the blind lama, whose presence I had almost forgotten while thinking my own unhappy thoughts. “Brother, shall we go?” Together we sat in the lotus position and meditated upon that which we were going to do. The gentle night wind moaned softly in ecstasy as it played around the crags and pinnacles of rock and whispered in our window. With the not unpleasing jerk which so often accompanies such release, the blind lama—now blind no longer—and I soared from our earthly bodies into the freedom of another plane.

“It is good to see again,” said the lama, “for one treasures one's sight only when it is gone.” We floated along together, along the familiar path to that place which we termed the Hall of Memories. Entering in silence, we saw that others

were engaged in research into the Akashic but what they saw was invisible to us, as our own scenes would be invisible to them.

“Where shall we start, Brother,” said the old lama. “We do not want to intrude,” I replied, “but we should see what sort of a man with whom we deal.”

For a while there was silence between us as pictures sharp and clear formed for us to see. “*Eek!*” I exclaimed jumping up in alarm. “He is married. What can I do about that? I am a celibate monk! I am getting out of this.” I turned in great alarm and was stopped by the sight of the old man fairly shaking with laughter. For a time his mirth was so great that he simply could not speak.

“Brother, Lobsang,” he managed to say at last, “you have greatly enlivened my declining days. I thought at first that the whole hierarchy of devils had bitten you as you sat, you jumped so high. Now, Brother, there is no problem at all, but first let me have a friendly ‘dig’ at you. You were telling me of the West, and of their strange beliefs. Let me quote you this, from their own Bible: ‘Marriage is honorable in all’ (Hebrews, Chapter Thirteen, Verse Four).” Once again he was attacked by a fit of laughter, and the more glumly I looked at him, the more he laughed, until in the end he stopped from exhaustion.

“Brother,” he continued, when he was able, “those who guide us and help us had that in mind. You and the lady may live together in a state of companionship, for do not our own monks and nuns live at times under the same roof? Let us not see difficulties where none exist. Let us continue with the Record.”

With a heart-felt sigh, I nodded dumbly. Words for the moment were quite beyond me. The more I thought of it all, the less I liked any of it. I thought of my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, sitting in comfort somewhere up in the Land of the Golden Light. My expression must have become blacker and blacker, for the old lama started laughing again.

At last we both calmed down and together watched the living pictures of the Akashic Record. I saw the man

whose body it was hoped I would take. With increasing interest I observed that he was doing surgical fitting. To my delight it was obvious that he certainly knew what he was doing, he was a competent technician, and I nodded in involuntary approval as I watched him deal with case after case.

The scene moved on and we were able to see the city of London, in England, just as if we mingled with the crowds there. The huge red buses roared along the streets, weaving in and out of traffic and carrying great loads of people. A hellish shrieking and wailing broke out and we saw people dart for shelter in strange stone buildings erected in the streets. There was the incessant “crump-crump” of anti-aircraft shells and fighters droned across the sky. Instinctively we ducked as bombs fell from one of the planes and whistled down. For a moment there was a hushed silence, and then whoom! Buildings leaped into the air and came down as dust and rubble.

Down in the deep subways of the underground railways, people were living a strange, troglodytic existence, going to the shelters at night, and emerging like moles in the morning. Whole families apparently lived there, sleeping upon make-shift bunks, and trying to obtain a little privacy by draping blankets from any available protrusion in the smooth tiled walls.

I seemed to be standing on an iron platform high above the roof tops of London, with a clear view across to the building which people called “The Palace”. A lone plane dived from the clouds, and three bombs sped down to the home of the King of England. I looked about me. When seeing through the Akashic Record one “sees” as did the principal character, so the old lama and I both saw as if both of us were the chief figure. It seemed to me that I was standing on a fire escape stretching across the roof tops of London. I had seen such things before, but I had to explain the use of it to my companion. Then it dawned on me, he—the figure I was watching—was doing aircraft spotting in order to give warning to those below if imminent danger should threaten. The sirens sounded again,

the All Clear, and I saw the man climb down and remove his Air Raid Warden's steel helmet.

The old lama turned to me with a smile, "This is most interesting, I have not watched events in the occident, my interests have been confined to our own country. I now understand what you mean when you say that 'one picture is worth a thousand words'. We must look again."

As we sat and watched the Record we saw the streets of London blacked out, with motor cars fitted with special headlamp shields. People bumped into posts and into each other. Inside the subway trains, before they came to the surface, the ordinary lights were switched off, and dismal blue bulbs were switched on. The beams of searchlights probed into the night sky, sometimes illuminating the gray sides of the barrage balloons. The old lama looked at the balloons in absolute fascination. Astral traveling he well understood, but these gray monsters, tethered on high, shifting restlessly in the night wind really amazed him. I confess that I found my companion's expression as interesting as the Akashic Record.

We watched the man get out of the train and walk along the darkened streets until he reached a large block of flats. We watched him enter, but did not enter with him; instead we looked at the busy scene outside. Houses were wrecked by bombs, and men were still digging in order to recover the living and the dead. The wail of the sirens interrupted rescue operations. Far up, like moths fluttering in the lamplight, enemy bombers were caught in a criss-cross of searchlight beams. Glinting light from one of the bombers attracted our curious gaze, and then we saw that the "lights" were the bombs on their way down. One dropped with a "crump" into the side of the big block of flats. There was a vivid flash and a shower of shattered masonry. People came pouring out of the building, came out into the doubtful safety of the streets.

"You have had worse than this, my Brother, in Shanghai?" asked the old lama.

"*Much* worse," I replied. "We had no defenses and scant facilities. As you know, I was buried for a time in

a wrecked shelter there, and escaped only with great difficulty.”

“Shall we move on a little in time,” asked my companion. We do not need to watch endlessly for we are both enfeebled in health.”

I agreed with the utmost alacrity. I merely needed to know what sort of person it was from whom I was going to take over. For me there was no interest whatever in prying into the affairs of another. We moved along the Record, halted experimentally, and moved on again. The morning light was besmirched by the smoke of many fires. The night hours had been an inferno. It seemed that half London was ablaze. The man walked down the debris-littered street, a street that had been heavily bombed. At a temporary barricade a War Reserve policeman stopped him. “You cannot go any farther, sir, the buildings are dangerous.” We saw the Managing Director arrive and speak to the man whose life we were watching. With a word to the policeman, they ducked under the rope and walked together to the shattered building. Water was spraying over all the stock from broken pipes. Plumbing and electric wires were inextricably entwined, like a skein of wool with which a kitten had played. A safe hung at a precarious angle still teetering on the very edge of a large hole. Sodden rags flapped miserably in the breeze, and from adjacent buildings flecks of burnt paper floated down like flakes of coal-black snow. I who had seen more of war and suffering than most, was still sickened by the senseless destruction. The Record went on . . .

Unemployment, in war-time London! The man tried to enlist as a War Reserve Policeman. Tried in vain. His medical papers were marked Grade Four, unfit for service. Now, with his employment gone, through the dropping of the bomb, he walked the streets in search of work. Firm after firm refused to take him. There seemed to be no hope, nothing to lighten the darkness of his hard times.

At last, through a chance visit to a Correspondence School with whom he had studied—and impressed them with his mental alertness and industry, he was offered

employment at their war-time offices outside London. "It is a beautiful place," said the man who made the offer. "Go down on the Green Line bus. See Joe, he should be there by one, but the others will look after you. Take the Missus for the trip. I've been trying to get shifted there myself." The village was indeed a dump! Not the "beautiful place" he had been led to suppose. Aircraft were made there, tested, and flown to other parts of the country.

Life in a Correspondence College was boring indeed. So far as we could see, watching the Akashic Record, it consisted of reading forms and letters from people and then suggesting what Course of postal instruction they should take. My own personal opinion was that correspondence teaching was a waste of money unless one had facilities for practical work as well.

A strange noise like a faulty motor-cycle engine came to our ears. As we watched, a peculiar aeroplane came into view, a plane with no pilot or crew. It gave a spasmodic cough and the engine cut, the plane dived and exploded just above the ground. "That was the German robot plane," I said to the old lama, "The V.1 and the V.2 seem to have been unpleasant affairs." Another robot plane came over near the house in which the man and his wife lived. It blew windows in at one side of the house, and out at the other side and cracked a wall.

"They do not appear to have many friends," said the old lama. "I think they have possibilities of the mind which the casual observer would overlook. It seems to me that they live together more as brother and sister than as husband and wife. That should comfort you, my Brother!" the old man said with quite a chuckle.

The Akashic Record went on, portraying a man's life at the speed of thought. We could yet move from one portion to another, ignoring certain parts or seeing other incidents time after time. The man found that a series of coincidences occurred which turned his thoughts more and more to the East. "Dreams" showed him life in Tibet, dreams which really were astral traveling trips under the

control of the old lama. "One of our very minor difficulties," the old man told me, "was that he wanted to use the word 'master' whenever he spoke to one of us."

"Oh!" I replied, "that is one of the common mistakes of the Western people, they love to use any name which implies power over others. What did you tell him?"

The old lama smiled and said, "I gave him a little talk, I also tried to get him to ask less questions. I will tell you what I said, because it is of use in deducing his inner nature. I said: That is a term which is most abhorrent to me and to all Easterners. 'Master' infers that one is seeking domination over others, seeking supremacy over those who have no right to use 'master'. A school master endeavors to inculcate learning in his pupils. To us 'Master' means Master of Knowledge, a source of knowledge, or one who has *mastered* the temptations of the flesh. We—I told him—prefer the word Guru, or Adept. For no Master, as we know the word, would ever seek to influence a student nor to impose his own opinions. In the West certain little groups and cults there are who think that they alone have the key to the Heavenly Fields. Certain religions used tortures in order to gain converts. I reminded him of a carving over one of our lamaseries—'a thousand monks, a thousand religions'.

"He seemed to follow my talk very well," said the old lama, "so I gave him a little more with the idea of striking while the iron was hot. I said: In India, in China, and in old Japan, the student-to-be will sit at the feet of his Guru seeking information, not asking questions, for the wise student never asks questions lest he be sent away. To ask a question is proof positive to the Guru that the student is not yet ready to receive answers to his questions. Some students have waited as long as seven years for information, for the answer to an unspoken question. During this time the student tends the bodily wants of the Guru, attends to his clothing, to his food, and to the few other needs that he has. All the time his ears are alive for information, because by receiving information, perhaps hearing that which is being given to other people, the wise student can deduce,

can infer, and when the Guru in his wisdom sees that the student is making progress, that Guru, in his own good time, and in his own suitable way, questions the student, and if he finds some of the pupil's accumulated store of knowledge is faulty or incomplete, then the Guru, again in his own good time, repairs the omissions and deficiencies.

“In the West people say—‘Now, tell me this. Madame Blavatsky said—Bishop Ledbetter says—Billy Graham says—What do *you* say?—I think you are wrong!’ Westerners ask questions for the sake of talk, they ask questions not knowing what they want to say, not knowing what they want to hear, but when perhaps a kindly Guru answers a question, the student immediately argues and says, ‘Oh well, I heard so-and-so say this, or that, or something else.’

“If the student asks a Guru a question, it must imply that the student does not know the answer, but considers that the Guru does, and if the student immediately questions the answer of the Guru, it shows that the student is ignorant and has preconceived and utterly erroneous ideas of decorum and of ordinary common decency. I say to you that the only way to obtain answers to your questions is, leave your questions unasked and collect information, deduce and infer, then in the fullness of time, provided you are pure in heart, you will be able to do astral traveling and the more esoteric forms of meditation, and will thus be enabled to consult the Akashic Record which cannot lie, cannot answer out of context, and cannot give an opinion or information colored by personal bias. The human sponge suffers from mental indigestion and sadly retards his or her evolution and spiritual development. The only way to progress? That is to wait and see. There is no other way, there is no way of forcing your development except at the express invitation of a Guru who knows you well, and that Guru, knowing you well, would soon speed your development if he thought that you were worthy.”

It seemed to me that most Westerners would benefit by being taught that! But we were not here to teach, but to watch the unfolding of vital scenes from a man's life, a man who would shortly vacate his earthly shell.

“This is interesting,” said the old lama, drawing my attention to a scene on the Record. “This took much arranging, but when he saw the desirability of it, he made no demur.” I looked at the scene in some puzzlement, then it dawned upon me. Yes! That was a solicitor's office. That paper was a Change of Name Deed Poll. Yes, that was correct, I remembered, he had changed his name because that which he had had previously had the wrong vibrations as indicated by our Science of Numbers. I read the document with interest and saw that it was not quite correct, although it was near enough.

Of suffering there was plenty. A visit to a dentist caused much damage, damage which necessitated his removal to a nursing home for an operation. Out of technical interest, I watched the proceedings with considerable care.

He—the man whose life we were watching—felt that the employer was uncaring. We, watching, felt the same, and the old lama and I were glad the man gave notice of the termination of his engagement in the postal training school. The furniture was loaded on a van, some of it was sold, and the man and his wife left the area for an entirely fresh district. For a time they lived in the house of a strange old woman who “told fortunes”, and had an amazing idea of her own importance. The man tried and tried to obtain employment. *Anything* which would enable him to earn money honestly.

The old lama said, “Now we are approaching the crucial part. As you will observe, he rails against fate constantly. He has no patience and I am afraid that he will depart his life violently unless we hurry.”

“What do you wish me to do?” I asked.

“You are the senior,” said the old man, “but I would like you to meet him in the astral, and see what you think.”

“Certainly,” was my rejoinder, “We will go together.” For a moment I was lost in thought, then I said, “In Lhasa it is two o'clock in the morning. In England it will be eight o'clock in the evening, for their time lags behind ours. We will wait and rest for three hours, and will then draw him over to the astral.”

“Yes,” said the old lama. He sleeps in a room alone, so we can do it. For the present let us rest, for we are weary.”

We returned to our bodies, sitting side by side in the faint starlight. The lights of Lhasa were extinguished now, and the only glimmers came from the habitations of monks and the brighter lights from Chinese Communist guard posts. The tinkling of the little stream outside our walls sounded unnaturally loud against the silence of the night. From high above came the rattling of a small shower of pebbles dislodged by the higher wind. They rattled and bounced by us, jarring loose bigger stones. Down the mountainside they rushed, to end in a noisy heap by a Chinese barracks. Lights flashed on, rifles were discharged into the air, and soldiers ran wildly around, fearing attack from the monks of Lhasa. The commotion soon subsided, and the night was peaceful and still once again.

The old lama laughed softly, and said, “How strange to me that the people beyond our land cannot understand astral traveling! How strange that they think all this is imagination. Could it not be put to them that even changing one's body for that of another is merely like a driver changing from one automobile to another? It seems inconceivable that a people with their technical progress should be so blind to the things of the spirit.”

I, with much experience of the West, replied, “But Western people, except for a very small minority, have not the capacity for spiritual things. All they want is war, sex, sadism, and the right to pry into the affairs of others.”

The long night wore on, we rested and refreshed ourselves with tea and tsampa. At last the first faint streaks of light shot across the mountain range behind us. As yet the valley at our feet was immersed in darkness. Somewhere a yak began to bellow as if sensing that a new day would soon be upon us. Five in the morning Tibetan time. About eleven o'clock by the time in England, I judged. Gently I nudged the old lama who was dozing lightly. “Time we went into the astral!” I said.

“It will be the last time for me,” he replied, “for I shall not return to my body again.”

Slowly, not hurrying at all, we again entered the astral state. Leisurely we arrived at that house in England. The man lay there sleeping, tossing a little, on his face there was a look of extreme discontent. His astral form was encompassing his physical body with no sign yet of separation.

“Are you coming?” I asked, in the astral. “Are you coming,” repeated the old lama. Slowly, almost reluctantly, the man’s astral form rose above his physical body. Rose, and floated above it, reversed, head of astral to feet of physical, as one does. The astral body swayed and bobbed. The sudden roar of a speeding train nearly sent it back into the physical, Then, as though a sudden decision had been reached, his astral form tilted, and stood before us. Rubbing his eyes as one awakening from sleep, he gazed upon us.

“So you want to leave your body?” I asked.

“I do, I *hate* it here!” he exclaimed vehemently.

We stood looking at each other. He seemed to me to be a much misunderstood man. A man who, in England, would not make his mark on life, but who in Tibet would have his chance. He laughed sourly, “So *you* want my body! Well, you will find your mistake. It does not matter what you know in England, it is *who* you know that matters. I cannot get a job, cannot even get unemployment benefit. See if you can do better!”

“Hush, my friend,” said the old lama, “for you know not to whom you are speaking. Perhaps your truculence may have impeded you from obtaining employment.”

“You will have to grow a beard,” I said, “for if I occupy your body, mine will soon be substituted, and I must have a beard to hide the damage to my jaws. Can you grow a beard?”

“Yes, Sir,” he replied, “I will grow a beard.”

“Very well,” I said. “I will return here in one month and will take over your body, giving you release, so that my own body may eventually replace that which I shall have taken. Tell me,” I asked, “how were you first approached by my people?”

“For a long time, Sir,” he said, “I have hated life in

England, the unfairness of it, the favoritism. All my life I have been interested in Tibet and Far East countries. All my life I have had 'dreams' in which I saw, or seemed to see, Tibet, China, and other countries which I did not recognize. Some time ago I had a strong impulse to change my name by legal deed, which I did."

"Yes," I remarked, "I know all about that, but how were you *approached* recently, and what did you see?"

He thought a bit, and then said, "To tell you that, I should have to do it in my own way, and some of the information I have seems to be incorrect in view of my later knowledge."

"Very well," was my reply, "tell it to me in your own way and we can correct any misconceptions later. I must get to know you better if I am to take your body, and this is one way of so doing."

"Perhaps I may start with the first actual 'contact'. Then I can collect my thoughts better." From the railway station up the road came the braking judder of a train, bringing late-comers back from the City of London. Shortly there came the sound of the train starting off again, and then 'the man' got down to his story while the old lama and I listened carefully.

"Rose Croft, Thames Ditton," he started, "was quite a nice little place. It was a house set back from the road with a garden in front, a small garden, and a much larger garden at the rear. The house itself had a balcony at the back which gave quite a good view across the countryside. I used to spend a lot of time in the garden, particularly in the front garden because for some time it had been neglected and I was trying to put it in order. The grass had been allowed to grow so that it was several feet high and clearing it had become a major problem. I had already cut half of it with an old Indian Gurkha knife. It was hard work because I had to get on my hands and knees and take swipes at the grass and sharpen the knife on a stone at every few strokes. I was interested also in photography, and for some time I had been trying to take a photograph of an owl which lived in an old fir tree nearby, a fir tree well encased in climbing ivy.

My attention was distracted by the sight of something fluttering on a branch not far above my head. I looked up and to my delighted surprise I saw a young owl there, flapping about, clutching at the branch, blinded by the bright sunlight. Quietly I put down the knife which I had been using and made my way indoors to fetch a camera. With that in my hands and with the shutter set, I made my way to the tree and silently, or as silently as I could, I climbed up to the first branch. Stealthily I edged along. The bird, unable to see me in the bright light but sensing me, edged further away out towards the end. I, quite thoughtless of the danger, moved forward and forward, and with each movement of mine, the bird went further forward until it was almost at the end of the branch, which was now bending dangerously beneath my weight.

“Suddenly I made a precipitous movement and there was a sharp crack and the odorous smell of powdered wood. The branch was rotten and it gave beneath me. I catapulted head first towards the earth beneath me. I seemed to take an eternity to fall those few feet. I remember the grass never looked greener, it seemed larger than life, I could see each individual blade with little insects on it. I remember, too, a ladybird took off in fright at my approach, and then there was a blinding pain, and a flash as if of colored lightning, and all went black. I do not know how long I lay a crumpled inert mass beneath the branches of the old fir tree, but quite suddenly I became aware that I was disengaging myself from the physical body, I was seeing things with a greater perception than ever before. Colors were new and startlingly vivid.

“Gingerly I got to my feet, and looked about me. To my horrified amazement I found that my body was lying prone upon the ground. There was no blood to be seen, but certainly there was evidence of a nasty bump just over the right temple. I was more than a little disconcerted, because the body was breathing stertorously and showing signs of considerable distress. ‘Death,’ I thought, ‘I have died; now I shall never get back.’ I saw a thin smoky cord ascending from the body, from the head of the body to me. There was

no movement in the cord, no pulsation, and I felt sickening panic. I wondered what I should do. I seemed to be rooted to the spot in fear, or perhaps for some other reason. Then a sudden movement, the only movement in this strange world of mine, attracted my eye, and I nearly screamed, or should have screamed if I had had a voice. Approaching me across the grass was the figure of a Tibetan lama dressed in the saffron robe of the High Order. His feet were several inches from the ground, and yet he was coming to me steadily. I looked at him with utter stupefaction.

“He came towards me, stretching out his hand, and smiled. He said, ‘You have nothing to fear. There is nothing here to worry you at all.’ I had the impression that his words were in a different tongue from mine, Tibetan maybe, but I understood it, and yet I had heard no sound. There was no sound at all. I could not even hear the sound of the birds, or the whistling of the wind in the trees. ‘Yes,’ he said; divining my thoughts, ‘we do not use speech, but telepathy. I am speaking to you by telepathy.’ Together we looked at each other, and then at the body lying on the ground between us. The Tibetan looked up at me again, and smiled, and said, ‘You are surprised at my presence? I am here because I was drawn to you. I have left my body at this particular instant and I was drawn to you because your own particular life vibrations are a fundamental harmonic of one for whom I act. So I have come, I have come because I want your body for one who has to continue life in the Western world, for he has a task to do which brooks no interference.’

“I looked at him aghast. The man was mad saying that he wanted my body! So did I, it was my body. I wasn't having anyone take off my property like that. I had been shaken out of the physical vehicle against my wish, and I was going back. But the Tibetan obviously got my thoughts again. He said, ‘What have you to look forward to? Unemployment, illness, unhappiness, a mediocre life in mediocre surroundings, and then in the not too distant future death and the start all over again. Have you achieved anything in life? Have you done anything to be proud of? Think it over.’

“I did think it over. I thought of the past, of the frustrations, the misunderstandings, the unhappiness. He broke in on me, ‘Would you like the satisfaction of knowing that your Karma had been wiped away, that you had materially contributed towards a job of the utmost benefit to mankind?’ I said, ‘Well, I don't know about that, mankind hasn't been too good to me. Why should I bother?’

“He said, ‘No, on this Earth you are blinded to the true reality. You do not know what you are saying, but with the passage of time, and in a different sphere, you will become aware of the opportunities you have missed. I want your body for another.’ I said, ‘Well, what am I going to do about it? I can't wander about as a ghost all the time, and we can't both have the same body.’

“You see, I took all this absolutely literally. There was something compelling about the man, something absolutely genuine. I didn't question for one moment that he could take my body and let me go off somewhere else, but I wanted more information, I wanted to know what I was doing. He smiled at me, and said—reassuringly, ‘You, my friend, shall have your reward, you shall escape your Karma, you shall go to a different sphere of activity, and you shall have your sins erased because of what you are doing. But your body cannot be taken unless you are willing.’

“I really did not like the idea at all. I had had my body some forty years, and I was quite attached to it. I didn't like the idea of anyone else taking my body and walking off with it. Besides, what would my wife say, living with a strange man and knowing nothing about it? He looked at me again, and he said, ‘Have you no thought for humanity? Are you not willing to do something to redeem your own mistakes, to put some purpose to your own mediocre life? You will be the gainer. The one for whom I act will take over this hard life of yours.’

“I looked about me. I looked at the body between us, and I thought, ‘Well, what does it matter? It's been a hard life. I'm well out of it.’ So I said, ‘All right, let me see what sort of place I will go to, and if I like it, I'll say yes.’ Instantly I

had a glorious vision, a vision so glorious that no words could describe it. I was well satisfied, and I said I would be willing, *very* willing, to have my release and go as soon as possible.”

The old lama chuckled and said, “We had to tell him that it was not *that* quick, that you would have to come and see for yourself before you made a final decision. After all, it was a happy release for him, hardship for you.”

I looked at them both. “Very well,” I finally remarked, “I will come back in a month. If you then have a beard, and if you then are sure beyond all doubt that you want to go through with this, I will release you and send you off on your own journey.”

He sighed with satisfaction, and a beatific expression stole over his face as he slowly withdrew into the physical body. The old lama and I rose up, and returned to Tibet.

The sun was shining from a blue cloudless sky. Beside me, as I returned to my physical body, the empty shell of the old lama slumped lifeless to the floor. He, I reflected, had gone to peace after a long and honorable life. I—by the Holy Tooth of Buddha—*what had I let myself in for?* Messengers went forth into the high mountain lands to the New Home carrying my written affirmation that I would do the task as requested. Messengers came to me, bringing me as a graceful gesture of friendship some of those Indian cakes which had so often been my weakness when I was at the Chakpori. To all intents I was a prisoner in my mountain home. My request that I be permitted to steal down, even in disguise, for a last visit to my beloved Chakpori was denied me. “You may fall victim to the invaders, my brother,” they told me, “for they are remarkably quick to pull the trigger if they have any suspicion.”

“You are sick, Reverend Abbot,” said another. “Should you descend the mountain side your health may not permit you to return. If your Silver Cord be severed, then the Task will not be accomplished.”

The Task! It was so amazing to me that there was “a task” at all. To see the human aura was to me as simple as for a man with perfect sight to see a person standing a few

feet away from him. I mused upon the difference between East and West, thinking how easy it would be to convince a Westerner of a new labor-saving food, and how easy it would be to convince an Easterner of something new in the realms of the mind.

Time slipped by. I rested extensively, more extensively than ever in my life before. Then, shortly before the month was up, shortly before I was to return to England, I had an urgent call to visit again the Land of the Golden Light. Seated in front of all those High Personages, I had the somewhat irreverent thought that this was like a briefing during the war days! My thought was caught by the others, and one of them smiled and said, “Yes, it *is* a briefing! And the enemy? The Power of Evil which would stop our task from being accomplished.”

“You will meet much opposition and very much calumny,” said one. “Your metaphysical powers will not be altered or lost in any way during the change-over,” said another.

“This is your last Incarnation,” said my beloved Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. “When you have finished this life you are taking over, you will then return Home—to us.” How like my Guide, I thought, to end on a *happy* note. They went on to tell me what was going to happen. Three astral-traveling lamas would accompany me to England and would do the actual operation of severing one free from his Silver Cord, and attaching the other—*me*! The difficulty was that my own body, still in Tibet, had to remain connected as I wanted my own “flesh molecules” to be eventually transferred. So, I returned to the world and together with three companions journeyed to England in the astral state.

The man was waiting. “I am *determined* to go through with it,” he said.

One of the lamas with me turned to the man and said, “You must allow yourself to fall violently by that tree as you did when we first approached you. You must have a severe shake, for your Cord is very securely attached.”

The man pulled himself a few feet off the ground and

then let go, falling to the earth with a satisfying ‘*thud*’. For a moment it seemed as if Time itself stood still. A car which had been speeding along halted on the instant, a bird in full flight suddenly stopped motionless—and stayed in the air. A horse drawing a van paused with two feet upraised and did not fall. Then, motion came back into our perception. The car jumped into motion, doing about thirty-five miles an hour. The horse started to trot, and the bird hovering above flashed into full flight. Leaves rustled and twisted and the grass rippled into little waves as the wind swept across it.

Opposite, at the local Cottage Hospital, an ambulance rolled to a stop. Two attendants alighted, walked round to the back, and pulled out a stretcher upon which was an old woman. Leisurely the men maneuvered into position and carried her into the hospital. “Ah!” said the man. “She is going to the hospital, I am going to freedom.” He looked up the road, down the road, and then said, “My wife, she knows all about this. I explained it to her and she agrees.” He glanced at the house and pointed. “That’s her room, yours is there. Now I’m more than ready.”

One of the lamas grasped the astral form of the man and slid a hand along the Silver Cord. He seemed to be tying it as one ties the umbilical cord of a baby after its birth. “Ready!” said one of the priests. The man, freed of his connecting Cord, floated away in company with the priest who was assisting him. I felt a searing pain, an utter agony which I never want to feel again, and then the senior lama said, “Lobsang, can you enter that body? We will help you.”

The world went black. There was an utterly clammy feeling of black-redness. A sensation of suffocating. I felt that I was being constricted, constrained in something too small for me. I probed about inside the body feeling like a blind pilot in a very complicated aeroplane, wondering how to make this body work. “What if I fail now?” I thought miserably to myself. Desperately I fiddled and fumbled. At last I saw flickers of red, then some green. Reassured, I intensified my efforts, and then it was like a blind being drawn aside. I could see! My sight was precisely

the same as before, I could see the auras of people on the road. But I could not move.

The two lamas stood beside me. From now on, as I was to find, I could always see astral figures as well as physical figures. I could also keep even more in touch with my companions in Tibet. "A consolation prize," I often told myself, "for being compelled to remain in the West at all."

The two lamas were looking concernedly at my rigidity, at my inability to move. Desperately I strained and strained, blaming myself bitterly for not having tried to find out and master any difference between an Eastern body and a Western. "Lobsang! Your fingers are twitching!" called out one of the lamas. Urgently I explored and experimented. A faulty movement brought temporary blindness. With the help of the lamas I vacated the body again, studied it, and carefully re-entered. This time it was more successful. I could see, could move an arm, a leg. With immense effort I rose to my knees, wavered and tottered, and fell prone again. As if I were lifting the whole weight of the world I rose shakily to my feet.

From the house came a woman running, saying, "Oh, what have you done now? You should come in and lie down." She looked at me and a startled expression came upon her face, and for a moment I thought she was going to scream in hysteria. She controlled herself, and put an arm round my shoulders and helped me across the grass. Over a little gravel path, up one stone step, and through a wooden doorway and into a small hallway. From thence it was difficult indeed, for there were many stairs to climb and I was as yet very uncertain and clumsy in my movements.

The house really consisted of two flats and the one which I was to occupy was the upper. It seemed so strange, entering an English home in this manner, climbing up the somewhat steep stairs, hanging on to the rail to prevent myself from falling over backwards. My limbs felt rubbery, as if I lacked full control over them—as indeed was the case, for to gain complete mastery of this strange new body took some days. The two lamas hovered round, showing considerable concern, but of course there was nothing they

could do. Soon they left me, promising to return in the small hours of the night.

Slowly I entered the bedroom which was mine, stumbling like a sleepwalker, jerking like a mechanical man. Gratefully I toppled over on to the bed. At least, I consoled myself, I cannot fall down now! My windows looked out on to both the front and the back of the house. By turning my head to the right I could gaze across the small front garden, on to the road, across to the small Cottage Hospital, a sight which I did not find comforting in my present state.

At the other side of the room was the window through which, by turning my head to the left, I could see the length of the larger garden. It was unkempt, coarse grass growing in clumps as in a meadow. Bushes divided the garden of one house from the next. At the end of the grassy stretch there was a fringe of straggly trees and a wire fence. Beyond I could see the outlines of farm buildings and a herd of cows grazing nearby.

Outside my windows I could hear voices, but they were such "English" voices that I found it almost impossible to understand what was being said. The English I had heard previously had been mostly American and Canadian, and here the strangely accented syllables of one of the Old School Tie Brigade baffled me. My own speech was difficult, I found. When I tried to speak I produced just a hollow croak. My vocal cords seemed thick, strange. I learned to speak slowly, and to visualize what I was going to say first. I tended to say "cha" instead of "j", making "chon" for John, and similar errors. Sometimes I could hardly understand what I was saying myself!

That night the astral traveling lamas came again and cheered away my depression by telling me that now I should find astral traveling even easier. They told me, too, of my lonely Tibetan body safely stored in a stone coffin, under the unceasing care of three monks. Research into old literature, they told me, showed that it would be easy to let me have my own body, but that the complete transfer would take a little time.

For three days I stayed in my room, resting, practicing

movements, and becoming accustomed to the changed life. On the evening of the third day I walked shakily into the garden, under cover of darkness. Now, I found, I was beginning to master the body, although there were unaccountable moments when an arm or a leg would fail to respond to my commands.

The next morning the woman who was now known as my wife said, "You will have to go to the Labor Exchange today to see if they have any job for you yet." Labor Exchange? For some time it conveyed nothing to me, until she used the term "Ministry of Labor" then it dawned on me. I had never been to such a place and had no idea of how to behave or what to do there. I knew, from the conversation, that it was some place near Hampton Court but the name was Molesey.

For some reason which I did not then comprehend, I was not entitled to claim any unemployment benefit. Later I found that if a person left his employment voluntarily, no matter how unpleasant or unreasonable that employment, he was not entitled to claim benefit, not even if he had paid into the fund for twenty years.

Labor Exchange! I said, "Help me get the bicycle, and I will go." Together we walked down the stairs, turned left to the garage now stuffed with old furniture, and there was the bicycle, an instrument of torture which I had used only once before, in Chungking, where I had gone flying down the hill before I could find the brakes. Gingerly I got on the contraption and wobbled off along the road towards the railway bridge, turning left at the forked road. A man waved cheerily, and waving back, I almost fell off. "You don't look at all well," he called. "Go carefully!"

On I pedaled, getting strange pains in the leg. On, and turned right, as previously instructed, into the wide road to Hampton Court. As I rode along, my legs suddenly failed to obey my commands, and I just managed to free-wheel across the road to tumble in a heap, with the bicycle on top of me, on a stretch of grass beside the road. For a moment I lay there, badly shaken, then a woman who had been doing something to her mats outside her front door

came storming down the path, yelling, “You ought to be ashamed of yourself, drunk at this time of the day. I saw you. I’ve a mind to ring up the police!” She scowled at me, then turned and dashed back to her house, picked up the mats and *slammed* the door behind her.

“How little she knows!” I thought. “How little she knows!”

For perhaps twenty minutes I lay there, recovering. People came to their doors and stared out. People came to their windows and peered from behind curtains. Two women came to the end of their gardens and discussed me in loud, raucous voices. Nowhere did I detect the slightest thought that I might be ill or in need of attention.

At last, with immense effort, I staggered to my feet, mounted the bicycle, and rode off in the direction of Hampton Court.

## CHAPTER NINE

The exchange was a dismal house in a side street. I rode up, dismounted, and started to walk in the entrance. “Want your bike stolen?” asked a voice behind me. I turned to the speaker. “Surely the unemployed do not steal from each other?” I asked.

“You must be new around here; put a lock and chain round the bike or you will have to walk home.” With that the speaker shrugged his shoulders and went into the building. I turned back and looked in the saddle-bag of the machine. Yes, there was a lock and chain. I was just going to put the chain round the wheel as I had seen others do when a horrid thought struck me—*where was the key?* I fumbled in those unfamiliar pockets and brought out a bunch of keys. Trying one after the other, I eventually found the correct one.

I walked up the path and into the house. Cardboard signs with black inked arrows pointed the way. I turned right and entered a room where there were a lot of hard wooden chairs packed tightly together.

“Hello, Prof!” said a voice. “Come and sit by me and wait your turn.”

I moved to the speaker and pushed my way to a chair beside him. “You look different this morning,” he continued. “What have you been doing to yourself?”

I let him do the talking, picking up stray bits of information. The clerk called names, and men went up to his desk and sat before him. A name was called which seemed vaguely familiar. “Someone I know?” I wondered. No one moved. The name was called again. “Go on—that’s you!” said my new friend. I rose and walked to the desk and sat down as I had seen the others do.

“What’s the matter with you this morning?” asked the clerk. “I saw you come in, then I lost sight of you and thought you had gone home.” He looked at me carefully.

“You look different this morning, somehow. Can't be hair style, because you haven't any hair.” Then he straightened up and said, “No, nothing for you, I'm afraid. Better luck next time. Next, please.”

I walked out, feeling despondent, and cycled back to Hampton Court. There I bought a newspaper, and continued on to the banks of the Thames. This was a beauty spot, a place where Londoners came for a holiday. I sat down on the grassy bank, with my back to a tree, and read the Situations Vacant columns in the paper.

“You'll never get a job through the Exchange!” said a voice, and a man came off the path and plonked down on the grass beside me. Plucking a long-stemmed grass, he chewed it reflectively, rolling it from side to side of his mouth. “T hey don't pay you any dole, see? So they don't get you fixed up either. They gives the jobs to them as what they has to pay. Then they save money, see? If they get you a job they have to keep somebuddy else on the dole and the Gov'ment makes a fuss, see?”

I thought it over. It made sense to me, even if the man's grammar almost made my head swim. “Well, what would you do?” I asked.

“Me! Blimey, I don't want no job, I just goes to get the dole, it keeps me, that an' a bit I makes on the side, like. Well, Guv. If you really want a job, go to one of them Bureys—here—let's have a look.” He reached over and took my paper, leaving me to wonder blankly what a Burey could be. What a lot there was to learn, I thought. How ignorant I was of everything to do with the Western world. Licking his fingers, and mumbling the letters of the alphabet to himself, the man fumbled through the pages. “Here y'are!” he exclaimed triumphantly. “Employment Bureys—here—take a look at it yerself.”

Quickly I scanned the column so clearly indicated by his very dirty thumb mark. Employment Bureaux, Employment Agencies. Jobs. “But this is for women,” I said disgustedly.

“Garn!” he replied, “You can't read, it says there men and women. Now you go along an' see 'em an' don't take

no old buck from them. Oh! They'll play you up and string you along if you let 'em. Tell 'em you want a job, or else!"

That afternoon I hurried off to the heart of London, climbing the dingy stairs to a ramshackle office in a back street of Soho. A painted woman with artificially blond hair and scarlet talons of nails was sitting at a metal desk in a room so small it might once have been a cupboard.

"I want a job," I said.

She leaned back and surveyed me coolly. Yawning widely, she displayed a mouthful of decayed teeth and a furred tongue. "Ooaryer?" she said. I gaped at her blankly. "Ooaryer?" she repeated.

"I am sorry," I said, "but I do not understand your question."

"Oogawd!" she sighed wearily. "Ee don't speak no English. 'Erefillupaform." She threw a questionnaire at me, removed her pen, clock, a book and her handbag, and disappeared into some back room. I sat down and struggled with the questions. At long last she reappeared and jerked her thumb in the direction from whence she had come.

"Git in there," she commanded. I rose from my seat and stumbled into a little larger room. A man was sitting at a battered desk untidily littered with papers. He was chewing on the butt of a cheap and stinking cigar, a stained trilby hat was perched on the back of his head. He motioned for me to sit in front of him.

"Got yer Registration money?" he asked. I reached in my pocket and produced the sum stated on the form. The man took it from me, counted it twice, and put it in his pocket. "Where you bin waitin'?" he asked.

"In the outer office," I replied innocently. To my consternation he broke out into great guffaws of laughter.

"*Ho! Hor! Hor!*" he roared. "I said, 'Where you bin waitin'?' and 'e sezs 'in th' outer office'!" Wiping his streaming eyes, he controlled himself with a visible effort, and said, "Look, Cock, you ain't 'alf a comic, but I ain't got no time to waste. 'Ave you bin a waiter or aincha?"

"No," I replied. "I want employment in any of these

lines”—giving him a whole list of things I could do—“now, can you help or can you not?”

He frowned as he looked at the list. “Well, I dunno,” he said doubtfully, “you speak like a dook . . . look, we’ll see what we can do. Come in a week today.” With that, he relit his now extinguished cigar, parked his feet on the desk as he picked up a racing paper and started to read. I made my disillusioned way out, past the painted woman who greeted my departure with a haughty stare and a sniff, down the creaking stairs and into the dismal street.

Not far away there was another agency, and to it I made my way. My heart sank at the sight of the entrance. A side door, bare wooden stairs, and dirty walls with the paint peeling off Upstairs, on the second floor, I opened a door marked ‘*enter*’. Inside was one large room, extending the width of the building. Rickety tables stood about and at each one sat a man or a woman with a pile of index cards in front.

“Yes? What can I do for you?” asked a voice at my side. Turning I saw a woman who might have been seventy, although she looked older. Without waiting for me to say anything, she handed me a questionnaire with the request that I complete it and hand it to the girl at the desk. I soon filled in all the numerous and very personal details and then took it to the girl as directed. Without a glance at it she said, “You may pay me your registration fee now.” I did so thinking that they had an easy way of making money. She counted the money carefully, passed it through a hatch to another woman who also counted it, then I was given a receipt. The girl stood up and called, “Is anyone free?” A man at a desk in the far distance lethargically waved a hand. The girl turned to me and said, “That gentleman over there will see you.” I walked over to him, threading my way between desks. For some time he took no notice of me but went on writing, then he held out his hand. I took it, and shook it, but he snatched it away crossly, saying irritably, “*No, no!* I want to see your Receipt, your Receipt, you know.” Scrutinizing it carefully, he turned it over, and examined the blank side. Re-reading the front side, he

apparently decided that it was genuine after all for he said, "Will you take a chair?"

To my amazement he took a fresh form, and asked me the answers to all the questions which I had just written. Dropping my completed form in the waste-paper basket, and his in a drawer, he said, "Come to me in a week's time and we will see what we can do." He resumed his writing, writing which I could see was a personal letter to some woman!

"Hey!" I said loudly, "I want attention *now*."

"My dear fellow!" he expostulated, "We simply *cannot* do things so hurriedly, we must have system, you know, system!"

"Well," I said, "I want a job *now*, or my money back."

"Dear, dear!" he sighed. "How perfectly ghastly!" With a quick glance at my determined face, he sighed again, and began pulling out drawer after drawer, as if stalling for time while he thought what to do next. One drawer he pulled too far. There was a crash and all sorts of personal belongings scattered on the floor. A box of some thousand paper clips spilled open. We scabbled about on the floor, picking up things and tossing them on the desk.

At last everything was picked up and swept into the drawer. "That blawsted drawer!" he said resignedly, "Always slipping out of place like that, the other wallahs are used to it." For some time he sat there, going through his File Cards, then looking up bundles of papers, shaking his head negatively as he tossed them back and removing another bundle. "Ah!" he said at last, then fell silent. Minutes later, he said, "Yes, I have a job for you!"

He rifled through his papers, changed his spectacles and reached out blindly towards a pile of cards, Picking up the top one he placed it in front of him and slowly began to write. "Now where is it? Ah! Clapham, do you know Clapham?" Without waiting for a reply, he continued, "It is a photographic processing works. You will work by night. Street photographers in the West End bring in their stuff at night and collect the proofs in the morning. H'mm yes, let me see." He went on fumbling through the papers, "You

will sometimes have to work in the West End yourself with a camera as a relief man. Now take this card to that address and see him," he said, pointing with his pencil to a name he had written on the card.

Clapham was not one of the most salubrious districts of London; the address to which I went, in a mean back street in the slums adjacent to the railway sidings, was an ill-favored place indeed. I knocked at the door of a house which had the paint peeling off, and one window of which had the glass "repaired" with sticky paper. The door opened slightly and a slatternly woman peered out, tousled hair falling over her face.

"Yeh? 'Oo d'ye want?" I told her and she turned without speaking and yelled, "'Arry! Man to see ye!" Turning she pushed the door shut, leaving me outside. Sometime later the door opened, and a rough looking man stood there, unshaven, no collar, cigarette hanging from his lower lip. His toes showed through great holes in his felt slippers.

"What d'ye want, Cock?" he said. I handed him the card from the Employment Bureau. He took it, looked at it from all angles, looked from the card to me and back again, then said, "Furriner, eh? Plenty of 'em in Clapham. Not so choosey as us Britishers."

"Will you tell me about the job?" I asked.

"Not now!" he said, "I've got to see you fust. Come in, I'm in the bismint."

With that he turned and disappeared! I entered the house in a considerably fuddled state of mind. How could he be in the "bismint" when he had been in front of me, and what was the "bismint" anyhow?

The hall of the house was dark. I stood there not knowing where to go, and I jumped as a voice yelled beside me, seemingly at my feet, "Hi Cock, ain't'cha comin' dahn?" A clatter of feet, and the man's head appeared from a dimly lit *basement* door which I had not noticed. I followed him down some rickety wooden stairs, fearing that any moment I would fall through. "The woiks!" the man said, proudly. A dim amber bulb shone through a haze of cigarette smoke. The atmosphere was stifling. Along one wall was a bench

with a drain running through its length. Photographic dishes stood at intervals along it. On a table off to the side stood a battered enlarger, while yet another table, covered in lead sheet, contained a number of large bottles.

"I'm 'Arry," said the man, "Make up yer solutions so I kin see how yer shape." As an afterthought, he added "We always use Johnson's Contrasty, brings 'em up real good." 'Arry stood aside, striking a match on the seat of his trousers so that he could light a cigarette. Quickly I made up the solutions, developer stop-bath, and fixer.

"Okay," he said. "Now get a holt of that reel of film and run off a few proofs. I went to make a test-strip, but he said, "No, don't waste paper, give 'em five seconds."

'Arry was satisfied with my performance. "We pays monthly, Cock," he said. "Don't do no noods. Don't want no trouble with the cops. Give all the noods to me. The boys sometimes gets ideas and slips in special noods for special customers. Pass 'em all to me, see? Now you starts here at ten tonight and leaves at seven in the mornin, Okay? Then it's a deal!"

That night, just before ten, I walked along the dingy street, trying to see the numbers in the all-pervading gloom. I reached the house and climbed the untidy steps to the scarred and blistered door. Knocking, I stepped back and waited. But not for long. The door was flung open with a creak from its rusted hinges. The same woman was there, the one who had answered my knock earlier. The same woman, but what a *different* woman. Her face was powdered and painted, her hair was carefully waved and her almost transparent dress, with the hall light behind her, showed her plump form in clear detail. She directed a wide, tooth smile at me and said, "Come in Dearie. I'm Marie. Who sent you?" Without waiting for my reply, she bent over towards me her low-cut dress sagging dangerously, and continued, "It's thirty shillings for half an hour, or three pun' ten for the whole night. I know tricks, Dearie!"

As she moved to permit me to enter, the hall light shone upon my face. She saw my beard and glowered at me. "Oh, it's you!" she said frostily, and the smile was wiped

from her face as chalk is wiped from a blackboard by a wet rag. She snorted, "Wasting my time! The *very* idea of it! Here, you," she bawled, "you will have to get a key, I'm usually busy at this time o'night."

I turned, shut the street door behind me, and made my way down to the dismal basement. There were stacks of cassettes to be developed, it seemed to me that all the photographers in London had dumped their films here. I worked in the Stygian darkness unloading cassettes, fixing clips to one end and inserting them in the tanks. "*Clack-clack-clack*" went the timer clock. Quite suddenly the timer bell went off, to tell me that the films were ready for the stop bath. The unexpected sound made me leap to my feet and bump my head against a low beam. Out with all the films, into the stop bath for a few minutes. Out again and into the fixing bath for a quarter of an hour. Another dip, this time in hypo eliminator, and the films were ready for washing. While this was being done, I switched on the amber light and enlarged up a few proofs.

Two hours later I had the films all developed, fixed, washed, and quick-dried in methylated spirits. Four hours on, and I was making rapid progress with the work. I was also becoming hungry. Looking about me, I could see no means of boiling a kettle. There wasn't even a kettle to boil, anyway, so I sat down and opened my sandwiches and carefully washed a photographic measure in order to get a drink of water. I thought of the woman upstairs, wondering if she was drinking beautiful hot tea, and wishing that she would bring me a cup.

The door at the head of the basement stairs was flung open with a crash, letting in a flood of light. Hastily I jumped up to cover an opened packet of printing paper before the light spoiled it, as a voice bawled, "Hey! You there! Want a cuppa? Business is bad tonight and I just made meself a pot before turning in. Couldn't get you out of my mind. Must have been telepathy." She laughed at her own joke and clattered down the stairs. Putting down the tray, she sat on the wooden seat, exhaling noisily. "*Phew!*" she said, "Ain't 'alf 'ot down here." She undid

the belt of her dressing-gown, pulled it open—and to my horror she had nothing on beneath! She saw my look and cackled, “I’m not trying for you, you’ve got other developments on your hands tonight.” She stood up, her dressing-gown falling to the ground, and reached for the stack of drying prints. “*Gee!*” she exclaimed, leafing through them, “What mugs. Don’t know why these geezers have their pictures took.” She sat down again, apparently abandoning her dressing-gown without regret—it was hot here, and I was getting hotter!

“Do you believe in telepathy?” she asked.

“Of course I do!” I replied.

“Well I saw a show at the Palladium and they did telepathy there. I said it was genuine, but the fellow who took me said it was all a fake.” . . .

There is an oriental legend about a traveler on the wide Gobi desert, his camel had died, and the man was crawling along, almost dying of thirst. Ahead of him he suddenly saw what appeared to be a waterskin, a goatskin filled with water which travelers carry. Hurrying desperately to the skin, he bent down to drink, and found it was merely a skin stuffed with first class diamonds which some other thirsty traveler had thrown away to lighten his load. Such is the way of the West, people seek material riches, seek technical advancement, rockets with bigger and better bangs, pilotless aircraft, and attempted investigation in space. The real values, astral traveling, clairvoyance, and telepathy they treat with suspicion, believing them to be fakes or comic stage turns.

When the British were in India it was well known that the Indians could send messages long distances, telling of revolts, impending arrivals, or any news of interest. Such messages would travel the country in mere hours. The same thing was noticed in Africa and was known as the “Bush telegraph”. With training, there need be no telegraph wires! No telephones to jangle our nerves. People could send messages by their own innate abilities. In the East there have been centuries of study into such matters; Eastern countries are “sympathetic” to the idea and there

is no negative thought to impede the working of the gifts of Nature.

“Marie,” I said, “I will show you a little trick which demonstrates telepathy, or Mind over Matter. I being the Mind, you being the Matter.”

She looked at me suspiciously, even glowered for a moment, and then replied, “Orlright, anything for a lark.” I concentrated my thoughts on the back of her neck, imagining a fly biting her. I visualized the insect biting. Suddenly Marie swatted the back of her neck using a very naughty word to describe the offending insect. I visualized the bite being stronger, and then she looked at me and laughed. “My!” she said, “If I could do that I certainly would have some fun with the fellows who visit me!”

For night after night I went to the slovenly house in that drab back street. Often, when Marie was not busy, she would come with a teapot of tea to talk and to listen. Gradually I became aware that beneath her hard exterior, in spite of the life which she led, she was a very kind woman to those in need. She told me about the man who employed me and warned me to be at the house early on the last day of the month.

Night after night I developed and printed and left everything ready for an early morning collection. For a whole month I saw no one but Marie, then on the thirty-first, I stayed on late. About nine o'clock a shifty-looking individual came clattering down the uncarpeted stairs. He stopped at the bottom, and looked at me with open hostility. “Think you are going to get paid first, eh?” he snarled. “You are night man, get out of here!”

“I will go when I am ready, not before,” I answered.

“You—!” he said, “I'll teach you to give me none of yer lip!”

He snatched up a bottle, knocked off the neck against a wall, and came at me with the raw, jagged edge aimed straight at my face. I was tired, and quite a little cross. I had been taught fighting by some of the greatest Masters of the art in the East. I disarmed the measley little fellow—a simple task—and put him across my knees, giving him the

biggest beating he had ever had. Marie, hearing the screams, dashed out from her bed and now sat on the stairs enjoying the scene! The fellow was actually weeping, so I shoved his head in the print-washing tank in order to wash away his tears and stop the flow of obscene language. As I let him stand up, I said, "Stand in that corner. If you move until I say you may, I will start all over again!" He did *not* move.

"My! That was a sight for sore eyes," said Marie. "The little runt is a leader of one of the Soho gangs. You have got him frightened, thought he was the greatest fighter ever, he did!"

I sat and waited. About an hour later, the man who had employed me came down the stairs, turning pale as he saw me and the gangster. "I want my money," I said. "It's been a poor month, I haven't any money, I have had to pay Protection to him," he said, pointing to the gangster.

I looked at him. "D'you think I'm working in this stinking hole for nothing?" I asked.

"Give me a few days and I'll see if I can rake some up. He"—pointing to the gangster "takes all my money because if I don't pay him he gets my men in trouble."

No money, not much hope of getting any, either! I agreed to continue for another two weeks to give "the Boss" time to get some money somewhere. Sadly I left the house, thinking how fortunate it was that I cycled to Clapham in order to save fares. As I went to unchain my cycle, the gangster sidled furtively up to me. "Say, Guv'," he whispered hoarsely, "d'ye want a good job? Lookin' arter me. Twenty quid a week, all found."

"Get out of it, you runny-nosed little squirt," I answered dourly.

"Twenty-five quid a week!"

As I turned toward him in exasperation he skipped nimbly away, muttering, "Make it thirty, top offer, all the wimmin you want, and the booze you kin drink, be a sport!"

At the sight of my expression he vaulted over the basement railing and disappeared into somebody's private rooms. I turned, mounted the bicycle, and rode off.

For nearly three months I kept the job, doing processing and then having a turn on the streets as street-photographer, but neither I nor the other men got paid. At last, in desperation, we all finished.

By now we had moved to one of those dubious Squares in the Bayswater district, and I visited Labor Exchange after Labor Exchange in an attempt to get work. At last, probably in order to get rid of me, one official said, "Why don't you go to the Higher Appointments branch, at Tavistock Square? I'll give you a card." Full of hope I went to Tavistock Square. Wonderful promises were made to me. Here is one of them:

"By Jove, yes, we can suit you *exactly*, we want a man for a new atom research station in Caithness, in Scotland. Will you go up for an interview?" Industriously he raked among his papers.

I replied, "Do they pay traveling expenses?"

"Oh! Dear *dear* no!" was the emphatic reply, "You will have to go at your own expense."

On another occasion I traveled—at my own expense—to Cardigan in Wales. A man with a knowledge of civil engineering was required. I traveled, at my own expense, across England and into Wales. The Station was a shocking distance from the place of interview. I trudged through the streets of Cardigan and reached the other side. "My, *my*! It is indeed a long way yet, look you!" said the pleasant woman of whom I sought directions. I walked on, and on, and at last reached the entrance to a house hidden by trees. The drive was well kept. It was also very long; uphill. At last I reached the house. The amiable man whom I saw looked at my papers (which I had had sent to me in England from Shanghai). He looked, and nodded approvingly. "With papers such as these you should have no difficulty in gaining employment," he said. "Unfortunately you have no experience in England on civil engineering contracts. Therefore I cannot offer you an appointment. But tell me," he asked, "You are a qualified doctor, why did you also study Civil Engineering? I see you have a Bachelor's degree in Civil Engineering."

“As a medical man, I was going to travel to remote districts, and I wanted to be able to build my own hospital,” I said.

“H'mmph!” he grunted, “I wish I could help you, but I cannot.”

Off I wandered through the streets of Cardigan, back to the dreary railway station. There was a two-hour wait for a train, but at last I arrived home to report, once again, *no job*. The next day I went back to the Employment Agency. The man sitting at his desk—did he *ever* move? I wondered, said, “I say, Old Boy, we simply cannot talk here. Take me out to lunch and I may be able to tell you something, what?”

For more than an hour I loitered about in the street outside, looking in the windows, and wishing that my feet would stop aching. A London policeman sourly watched me from the other side of the street, apparently unable to decide if I was a harmless individual or a prospective bank robber. Perhaps *his* feet were aching too! At last the Man was separated from his desk and came clattering down the creaky stairs. “A Number Seventy-Nine, Old Boy, we will take a Number Seventy-Nine. I know a nice little place, quite moderate for the service they give.” We walked up the street, boarded a “79” bus, and soon reached our destination, one of those restaurants in a side street just off a main thoroughfare where the smaller the building the higher the charge. The Man Without his Desk and I had our lunch, mine a very frugal one and his exceedingly ample, then, with a sigh of satisfaction, he said, “You know, Old Boy, you fellows expect to get *good* appointments, but do you ever think that if the appointments available were *that* good, we of the staff would take them first? Our own jobs do not allow us to live in comfort, you know.”

“Well,” I said, “there must be some way of obtaining employment in this benighted city or outside it.”

“Your trouble is that you look different, you attract attention. You also look ill. Maybe it would help if you shaved off your beard.” He gazed at me reflectively, obviously wondering how to make a graceful exit. Suddenly he looked at his watch and jumped to his feet in alarm; “I *say*,

Old Boy, I must simply *fly*, the old Slave Master will be watching y'know." He patted my arm and said, "Ta! Ta! Don't waste money coming to us, we simply have no jobs except for waiters and their ilk!" With that he turned in a whirl and was gone, leaving me to pay his quite considerable bill.

I wandered out and along the street. For want of something better to do, I looked at small advertisements in a shop window. "Young widow with small child wants work . . ." "Man, able to undertake intricate carvings, needs commissions." "Lady Masseur gives treatment at home." (I'll bet she does, I thought!) As I walked away, I pondered the question; if the orthodox agencies, bureaux, exchanges etc., could not help me, then why not try an advertisement in a shop window. "Why not?" said my poor tired feet as they pounded hollowly on the hard, unsympathetic pavement.

That night, at home, I racked my brains trying to work out how to live and how to make enough money to carry on with Aura research. At last, I typed six postcards saying, "Doctor of Medicine (Not British Registered) offers help in psychological cases. Enquire within." I did another six which read, "Professional man, very widely traveled, scientific qualifications, offers services for anything unusual. Excellent references. Write Box—" The next day, with the advertisements prominently displayed in certain strategic windows in London shops, I sat back to await results. They came. I managed to obtain enough psychological work to keep me going and the flickering fires of our finances slowly improved. As a sideline I did free-lance advertising, and one of the greatest pharmaceutical firms in England gave me part-time work. The very generous and human Director, a doctor, whom I saw, would have taken me on but for the Staff Insurance Scheme which was in force. I was too old and too sick. The strain of taking over a body was terrible. The strain of having the molecules of the "new" body exchanged for those of my own was almost more than I could stand, yet, in the interests of science, I stuck it out. More frequently now I traveled in the astral

to Tibet by night or on week-ends when I knew that I should not be disturbed, for to disturb the body of one who is astral traveling can so easily be fatal. My solace was in the company of those High Lamas who could see me in the astral, and my reward was in their commendation of my actions. On one such visit I was mourning the passing of a very much beloved pet, a cat with intelligence to put many humans to shame. An old lama, with me in the astral, smiled in sympathy, and said, "My Brother, do you not remember the Story of the Mustard Seed?" The Mustard Seed, yes! How well I remembered it, one of the teachings of our Faith. . .

The poor young woman had lost her first-born child. Almost demented with grief she wandered through the streets of the city, pleading for something, someone, to bring her son back to life. Some people turned away from her in pity, some sneered and mocked her, calling her insane that she should believe her child could be restored to life. She would not be consoled, and none could find words with which to ease her pain. At last an old priest, noting her utter despair, called her and said, "There is only one man in the whole world who can help you. He is the Perfect One, the Buddha who resides at the top of that mountain. Go and see him."

The young bereaved mother, her body aching with the weight of her sorrow, slowly walked up the hard mountain path until at last she turned a corner and saw the Buddha seated upon a rock. Prostrating herself, she cried "Oh! Buddha! Bring my son back to life." The Buddha rose and gently touched the poor woman, saying, "Go down into the city. Go from house to house and bring to me a mustard seed from a house in which no one has ever died." The young woman shouted with exultation as she rose to her feet and hastened down the mountain side. She hurried to the first house and said, "The Buddha bids me bring a mustard seed from a house which has never known death."

"In this house," she was told, "many have died."  
At the next house she was told, "It is impossible to tell how many have died here, for this is an old house."

She went from house to house, throughout that street, to the next street, and the one after. Scarcely pausing for rest or food, she went through the city from house to house and she could not find a single house which had not at some time been visited by death.

Slowly she retraced her steps up the mountain slopes. The Buddha was, as before, sitting in meditation. "Have you brought the mustard seed?" He asked.

"No, nor do I seek it any more," she said. "My grief blinded me so that I thought that only I suffered and sorrowed."

"Then why have you again come to me?" asked the Buddha.

"To ask you to teach me the truth," she answered.

And the Buddha told her: "In all the world of man, and all the world of Gods, this alone is the Law: All things are impermanent."

Yes, I knew all the Teachings, but the loss of one dearly loved was still a loss. The old lama smiled again and said, "A beautiful Little Person shall come to you to cheer your extraordinary difficult and hard life. Wait!"

Some time after, several months after, we took the Lady Ku'ei into our home. She was a Siamese kitten of surpassing beauty and intelligence. Brought up by us as one would bring up a human, she has responded as a good human would. Certainly she has lightened our sorrows and eased the burden of human treachery.

Free-lance work without any legal standing was difficult indeed. Patients subscribed to the view that; the Devil was ill, the Devil a monk would be. The Devil was well, the Devil was he! The stories which defaulting patients told to explain their non-payment would fill many books, and cause the critics to work overtime. I continued my search for permanent work.

"Oh!" said a friend, "you can do free-lance writing, "ghost" writing. Have you thought of that? A friend of mine has written a number of books, I will give you an introduction to him." Off I went to one of the great London Museums to see the friend. Into an office I was shown, and

for a moment I thought I was in the Museum storeroom! I was afraid to move in case I knocked something over, so I just sat and became weary of sitting. At last “the Friend” came in. “Books?” he said. “Free-lance writing? I’ll put you in touch with my agent. He may be able to fix you up.” He scribbled industriously, and then handed me a paper with an address upon it. Almost before I knew what had happened, I was outside the office. “Well,” I thought, “Will this be another wild-goose chase?”

I looked at the piece of paper in my hand. Regent Street? Now, which end of the street would it be? I got out of the train at Oxford Circus, and with my usual luck, found that I was at the wrong end! Regent Street was crowded, people seemed to be milling round the entrance of the big stores. A Boys' Brigade or Salvation Army Band, I did not know which, was proceeding noisily down Conduit Street. I walked on, past the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, thinking how a little of their wares would enable me to get on with research. Where the street curved to enter Piccadilly Circus I crossed the road and looked for that wretched number. Travel Agency, Shoe Shop, but no Authors' Agent. Then I saw the number, sandwiched in between two shops. In I went to a little vestibule at the far end of which was an open lift. There was a bell push, so I used it. Nothing happened. I waited perhaps five minutes and then pressed the button again.

A clatter of feet, “You brought me up from the coal 'ole!” said a voice. “I was just 'avin' a cup of tea. Which floor d'ye want?”

“Mr. B—,” I said, “I do not know which floor.” “Aw, third floor,” said the man. “'E's in, I took 'im up. This is it,” he said, sliding open the iron gate. “Turn right, in that door.” With that he disappeared back to his cooling tea.

I pushed open the door indicated and walked up to a little counter. “Mr. B—?” I said. “I have an appointment with him.” The dark haired girl went off in search of Mr. B— and I looked around me. At the other side of the counter girls were drinking tea. An elderly man was being

given instruction about delivering some parcels. There was a table behind me with a few magazines upon it—like in a dentist's waiting room, I thought—and on the wall was an advertisement for some publishers. The office space seemed to be littered with parcels of books, and newly-opened typescripts were in a neat row against a far wall.

“Mr. B— will be with you in a moment,” said a voice, and I turned to smile my thanks to the dark-haired girl. At that moment a side door opened, and Mr. B— came in. I looked at him with interest for he was the first Authors' Agent I had ever seen—or heard of! He had a beard, and I could visualize him as an old Chinese Mandarin. Although an Englishman, he had the dignity and courtesy of an elderly, educated Chinese of which there is no peer in the West. Mr. B— came, greeted me and shook my hand, and let me through the side door to a very small room which reminded me of a prison cell without the bars. “And now what can I do for you?” he asked.

“I want a job,” I said.

He asked me questions about myself, but I could see from his aura that he had no job to offer, that he was being courteous because of the man who had introduced me. I showed him my Chinese papers, and his aura flickered with interest. He picked them up, examined them most carefully, and said, “You should write a book. I think I can get one commissioned for you.” This was a shock which almost bowled me over; *me* write a book? *Me?* *About me?* I looked at his aura carefully in order to see if he really meant it or if it was just a polite “brush-off”. His aura said that it was meant but that he had a doubt as to my writing ability. As I took my leave his last words were, “You really should write a book.”

“Aw, don't look so glum” said the liftman. “The sun is shining outside. Didn't he want your book?”

“That's just the trouble,” I replied, as I got out of the lift, “He did!”

I walked along Regent Street thinking that everyone was mad. *Me* write a book? Crazy! All I wanted was a job providing enough money to keep us alive and a little over so

that I could do auric research, and all the offers I had was to write a silly book about myself.

Some time before I had answered an advertisement for a Technical Writer for instruction books in connection with aircraft. By the evening mail I received a letter asking me to attend for an interview on the morrow. "Ah!" I thought, "I may get this job at Crawley after all!"

Early the next morning, as I was having breakfast before going to Crawley, a letter dropped in the box. It was from Mr. B—. "You should write a book," the letter said. "Think it over carefully and come and see me again."

"*Pah!*" I said to myself, "I should *hate* to write a book!" Off I went to Clapham Station to get a train for Crawley.

The train was the slowest ever, to my mind. It seemed to dawdle at every station and grind along the stretches between as if the engine or the driver was at the last gasp. Eventually I arrived at Crawley. The day was swelteringly hot now and I had just missed the bus. The next one would be too late. I plodded along through the streets, being mis-directed by person after person, because the firm I was going to see was in a very obscure place. At long last, almost too tired to bother, I reached a long, unkempt lane. Walking along it I finally reached a tumble-down house which looked as if a regiment of soldiers had been billeted there.

"You wrote an exceptionally good letter," said the man who interviewed me. "We wanted to see what sort of man could write a letter like that!"

I gasped at the thought that he had brought me all this way out of idle curiosity. "But you advertised for a Technical Writer," I said, "and I am willing for any test."

"Ah! Yes," said the man, "but we have had much trouble since that advertisement was inserted, we are reorganizing and shall not take on anyone for six months at least. But we thought you would like to come and see our firm."

"I consider you should pay my fare," I retorted, "as you have brought me here on a fool's errand."

"Oh, we cannot do that," he said. "You offered to come for an interview; we merely accepted your offer."

I was so depressed that the long walk back to the station

seemed even longer. The inevitable wait for a train, and the slow journey back to Clapham. The train wheels beneath me seemed to say: "You should write a book, you should write a book, you should write a book." In Paris, France, there is another Tibetan lama who came to the West for a special purpose. Unlike me, circumstances decreed that he should evade all publicity. He does his job and very few people know that he was once a lama in a Tibetan lamasery at the foot of the Potala. I had written to him asking his opinion and—to anticipate a little—it was to the effect that I would be unwise to write.

Clapham Station looked dirtier and dingier than ever, in my unhappy state of mind. I walked down the ramp to the street, and went home. My wife took one glance at my face and asked no questions. After a meal, although I did not feel like eating, she said: "I telephoned Mr. B— this morning. He says you should do a synopsis and take it for him to see." Synopsis! The mere thought sickened me. Then I read the mail which had arrived. Two letters saying that "the position had been filled. Thank you for applying," and the letter from my lama friend in France.

I sat down at the battered old typewriter which I had "inherited" from my predecessor, and started to write. Writing to me is unpleasant, arduous. There is no "inspiration", nor have I any gift, I merely work harder than most at a subject, and the more I dislike it, the harder and faster I work so that it is the sooner completed.

The day drew to a weary end, the shadows of dusk filled the streets and were dispelled as the street lamps came on to shed a garish glow over houses and people. My wife switched on the light and drew the curtain. I typed on. At last, with stiff and aching fingers, I stopped. Before me I had a pile of pages, thirty of them, all closely typed. "There!" I exclaimed. "If that does not suit him I will give up the whole thing, and I hope it does *not* suit him!"

The next afternoon I called on Mr. B— again. He looked once more at my papers, then took the synopsis and settled back to read. Every so often he nodded his head approvingly, and when he had finished, said, very cautiously,

“I think we may be able to get it placed. Leave it with me. In the meantime write the first chapter.”

I did not know whether to be pleased or sorry as I walked down Regent Street towards Piccadilly Circus. Finances had reached a dangerously low point, yet I just hated the thought of writing about myself.

Two days later I received a letter from Mr. B— asking me to call, telling me that he had good news for me. My heart sank at the thought, so I was going to have to write that book after all! Mr. B— beamed benevolently upon me. “I have a contract for you,” he said, “but first I would like to take you to see the publisher.” Together we went off to another part of London and entered a street which used to be a fashionable district, with high houses. Now the houses were used as offices, and people who should have been living in them lived in remote districts. We walked along the street and stopped at an undistinguished-looking house. “This is it,” said Mr. B—. We entered a dark hallway and mounted a curving flight of stairs to the first floor. At last we were shown in to Mr. Publisher, who seemed a little cynical at first, only gradually warming up. The interview was of short duration and then we were back on the street.

“Come back to my office—dear me! Where are my spectacles?” said Mr. B—, feverishly going through his pockets in search of the missing glasses. He sighed with relief as he found them, continuing, “Come back to the office, I have the contract ready to sign.”

At last here was something definite, a contract to write a book. I decided that I would do my part, and hoped that the publisher would do his. Certainly *The Third Eye* has enabled Mr. Publisher to put “a little jam on it!”

The book progressed, I did a chapter at a time and took it in to Mr. B—. On a number of occasions I visited Mr. and Mrs. B— at their charming home, and I would here like particularly to pay tribute to Mrs. B—. She welcomed me, and few English people did that. She encouraged me, and she was the first English woman to do so. At all times she made me welcome, so—thank you, Mrs. B—!

My health had been deteriorating rapidly in London's climate. I struggled to hold on while finishing the book, using all my training to put aside illness for a while. With the book finished, I had my first attack of coronary thrombosis and nearly died. At a very famous London hospital the medical staff were puzzled indeed by many things about me, but I did not enlighten them; perhaps this book will!

"You must leave London," said the specialist. "Your life is in danger here. Get away to a different climate."

"Leave London?" I thought. "But where shall we go? At home we had a discussion, discussing ways and means and places to live. Several days later I had to return to the hospital for a final check. "When are you going?" asked the specialist. "Your condition will not improve here."

"I just do not know," I replied. "There are so many things to consider."

"There is only one thing to consider," he said impatiently, "Stay here and you will die. Move and you may live a little longer. Do you not understand that your condition is *serious*?"

Once again I had a heavy problem to face.

## CHAPTER TEN

“Lobsang! *Lobsang!*” I turned restlessly in my sleep. The pain in my chest was acute, the pain of that clot. Gasping, I returned to consciousness. Returned to hear again, “Lobsang!”

“My!” I thought, “I feel *terrible.*”

“Lobsang,” the voice went on. “Listen to me, lie back and listen to me.”

I lay back wearily. My heart was pumping and my chest was thobbing in sympathy. Gradually, within the darkness of my lonely room, a figure manifested itself. First a blue glow, turning to yellow, then the materialized form of a man of my own age. “I cannot astral travel tonight,” I said, “or my heart will surely cease to beat and my tasks not yet ended.”

“Brother! We well know your condition, so I have come to you. Listen, you need not talk.”

I leaned back against the bed-head, my breath coming in sobbing gasps. It was painful to take a normal breath, yet I had to breathe in order to live.

“We have discussed your problem among us,” said the materialized lama. “There is an island off the English coast, an island which was once part of the lost continent of Atlantis. Go there, go there as quickly as you can. Rest a while in that friendly land before journeying to the continent of North America. Go not to the western shores whose coastline is washed by the turbulent ocean. Go to the green city and then beyond.”

Ireland? Yes! An ideal place. I had always got on well with Irish people. Green city? Then the answer came to me; Dublin, from a great height, looked green because of Phoenix Park and because of the River Liffey flowing from the mountains down to the sea.

The lama smiled approvingly. “You must recover some part of your health, for there will be a further attack upon it. We would have you live so that the Task may be ad-

vanced, so that the Science of the Aura may come nearer to fruition. I will go now, but when you are a little recovered, it is desired that you visit again the Land of the Golden Light.”

The vision faded from my sight, and my room was the darker for it, and more lonely. My sorrows had been great, my sufferings beyond the ability of most to bear or to understand. I leaned back, gazing unseeingly through the window. What had they said on a recent astral visit to Lhasa? Oh, yes! “You find it difficult to obtain employment? Of course you do, my brother, *for you are not part of the Western world*, you live on borrowed time. The man whose living space you have taken would have died in any case. Your need, temporarily for his body, more permanently for his living space, meant that he could leave the Earth with honor and with gain. This is not Karma, my brother, but a task which you are doing upon this, your last life on Earth.” A very hard life, too, I told myself.

In the morning I was able to cause some consternation or surprise by announcing, “We are going to live in Ireland. Dublin first, then outside Dublin.”

I was not much help in getting things ready, I was very sick, and almost afraid to move for fear of provoking a heart attack. Cases were packed, tickets obtained, and at last we set off. It was good to be in the air again, and I found that breathing was much easier. The airline, with a “heart-case” passenger aboard, took no risks. There was an oxygen cylinder on the rack above my head.

The plane flew lower, and circled over a land of vivid green, fringed by milk-white surf. Lower still, and there was the rumble of an undercarriage being lowered, followed shortly by the screech of the tires touching the landing strip.

My thoughts turned to the occasion of my first entry to England, and my treatment by the Customs official. “What will this be like?” I mused. We taxied up to the airport buildings, and I was more than a little mortified to find a wheel-chair awaiting me. In Customs the officials looked hard at us and said, “How long are you staying?”

“We have come to live here,” I replied.

There was no trouble, they did not even examine our belongings. The Lady Ku'ei fascinated them all as, serene and self possessed, she stood guard on our luggage. These Siamese cats, when properly trained and treated as beings, not just animals, are possessed of superlative intelligence. Certainly I prefer the Lady Ku'ei's friendship and loyalty to that of humans; she sits by me at night and awakens my wife if I am ill!

Our luggage was loaded on a taxi, and we were driven off to Dublin city. The atmosphere of friendliness was very marked; nothing seemed to be too much trouble. I lay upon my bed in a room overlooking the grounds of Trinity College. On the road below my window, traffic moved at a sedate pace.

It took me some time to recover from the journey, but when I could get about, the friendly officials of Trinity College gave me a pass which enabled me to use their grounds and their magnificent library. Dublin was a city of surprises; one could buy almost anything there. There was a far greater variety of goods than there is in Windsor, Canada, or Detroit, U.S.A. After a few months, while I was writing *Doctor from Lhasa*, we decided to move to a very beautiful fishing village some twelve miles away. We were fortunate in obtaining a house overlooking Balcadden Bay, a house with a truly amazing view.

I had to rest a very great deal, and found it impossible to see through the windows with binoculars because of the distorting effect of the glass. A local builder, Brud Campbell, with whom I became very friendly, suggested plate glass. With that installed, I could rest on my bed and watch the fishing boats out in the bay. The whole expanse of harbor was within my view, with the Yacht Club, the harbor master's office and the lighthouse as prominent features. On a clear day I could see the Mountains of Mourne, away in British occupied Ireland, while, from Howth Head, I could dimly see the mountains of Wales far across the Irish Sea.

We bought a second-hand car and often journeyed up

into the Dublin Mountains, enjoying the pure air and the beautiful scenery. On one such trip we heard of an elderly Siamese cat who was dying from an immense internal tumor. After much pressure, we managed to take her into our household. The best veterinary surgeon in the whole of Ireland examined her but thought she had only hours to live. I persuaded him to operate to remove the tumor caused by neglect and too many kittens. She recovered, and proved to have the sweetest nature of any person or animal I have ever met. Now, as I write, she is walking round like the gentle old lady she is. Quite blind, her beautiful blue eyes radiate intelligence and goodness. The Lady Ku'ei walks with her, or directs her telepathically so that she does not bump into things or hurt herself. We call her Granny Greywhiskers as she is so much like an elderly granny walking around, enjoying the evening of her life, after raising many families.

Howth brought me happiness, happiness that I had not known before. Mr. Loftus, the policeman, or "Guard" as they are called in Ireland, frequently stopped to chat. He was always a welcome visitor. A big man, as smart as a Guard at Buckingham Palace, he had a reputation for utter fairness and utter fearlessness. He would come in, when off duty, and talk off far-off places. His "My God, Doctor, ye've brains to throw away!" was a delight to hear. I had been badly treated by the police of many countries, and Guard Loftus, of Howth, Ireland, showed me that there were good policemen as well as the bad which I had known.

My heart was showing signs of distress again, and my wife wanted the telephone installed. Unfortunately all the lines of "The Hill" were in use so we could not have one. One afternoon there came a knock at the door, and a neighbour, Mrs. O'Grady, said, "I hear you want the telephone and cannot get it. Use ours at any time you like—here is a key to the house!" The Irish treated us well. Mr. and Mrs. O'Grady were always trying to do something for us, trying to make our stay in Ireland even more pleasant. It has been our pleasure and our privilege to bring Mrs. O'Grady to our home in Canada for an all too brief visit.

Suddenly, shockingly, I was taken violently ill. The years in prison camps, the immense strains I had undergone, and the unusual experiences had combined to make my heart condition serious indeed. My wife rushed up to the O'Grady's house and telephoned a doctor to come quickly. In a surprisingly short time, Dr. Chapman came into my bedroom, and with the efficiency that comes only from long years of practice, got busy with his hypodermic! Dr. Chapman was one of the "old school" of doctors, the "family doctor" who had more knowledge in his little finger than half a dozen of the "factory produced" State aided specimens so popular today. With Dr. Chapman and me it was a case of "friends at first sight!" slowly, under his care, I recovered enough to get out of bed. Then came a round of visiting specialists in Dublin. Someone in England had told me never to trust myself to an Irish doctor. I did trust myself, and had better medical treatment than in any other country of the world. The personal, the human touch was there, and that is better than all the mechanical coldness of the young doctors.

Brud Campbell had erected a good stone wall round our grounds, replacing a broken one, because we were sorely troubled by trippers from England. People used to come on excursions from Liverpool and enter the gardens of the Howth people and camp there! We had one "tripper" who caused some amusement. One morning there was a loud knock at the door. My wife answered it, and found a German woman outside. She tried to push her way in, but failed. Then she announced that she was going to camp on our doorstep until she was allowed in to "sit at the feet of Lobsang Rampa." As I was in bed, and certainly did not want anyone sitting at *my* feet, she was asked to go. By afternoon she was still there. Mr. Loftus came along, looking very fierce and efficient, and persuaded the woman to go down the hill, get on a bus for Dublin, and not come back!

They were busy days, with me trying not to overtax my strength. *Doctor from Lhasa* was now completed, but letters were coming in from all over the world. Pat the Postman

would come wheezing to the door, after the long climb up the hill. “Ah! Good marnin' to ye,” he would say to whoever answered his knock, “And how is Himself today? Ah, sure the letters are breakin' me back!”

One night as I lay upon my bed watching the twinkling lights of Portmarnock, and of the ships far out to sea, I was suddenly aware of an old man sitting gazing at me. He smiled as I turned in his direction. “I have come,” he said, “to see how you progress, for it is desired that you go again to the Land of the Golden Light. How do you feel?”

“I think I can manage, with a little effort,” I replied. “Are you coming with me?”

“No,” he answered, “for your body is more valuable than ever before, and I am to stay here and guard it.”

During the past few months I had suffered greatly. One of the causes of my suffering was a matter which would cause a Westerner to recoil in disbelief; the whole change-over of my original body had taken place. The substitute body had been teleported elsewhere and allowed to fall to dust. For those who are sincerely interested, it is an old Eastern art and can be read about in certain books.

I lay for a few moments, collecting my strength. Outside the window a late fishing boat went phut-phutting by. The stars were bright, and Ireland's Eye was bathed in moonlight. The old man smiled and said, “A pleasant view you have here!” I nodded silently, straightened my spine, folded my legs beneath me, and drifted off like a puff of smoke. For a time I hovered above the headland, gazing down at the moonlit countryside. Ireland's Eye, the island just off the coast, farther out the Island of Lambay. Behind glowed the bright lights of Dublin, a modern, well-lit city indeed. As I rose higher, slowly, I could see the magnificent curve of Killenye Bay, so reminiscent of Naples, and beyond—Greystones and Wicklow. Off I drifted, out of this world, out of this space and time. On, to a plane of existence which cannot be described in the languages of this three-dimensional world.

It was like going from darkness into the sunlight. My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, was awaiting me. “You

have done so well, Lobsang, and have suffered so much,” he said. “In a short time you will be returning here not to leave again. The struggle has been worthwhile.” We moved together through the glorious countryside, moved to the Hall of Memories where there was much yet to learn.

For some time we sat and talked, my Guide, an august group, and I. “Soon,” said one, “you will go to the Land of the Red Indians and there we have another task for you. For a few short hours refresh yourself here, for your ordeals of late have sorely taxed your strength.”

“Yes,” remarked another, “and be not upset by those who would criticize you, for they know not whereof they speak, being blinded by the self imposed ignorance of the West. When Death shall close their eyes, and they become born to the Greater Life, then indeed will they regret the sorrows and troubles they have so needlessly caused.”

As I returned to Ireland the land was yet in darkness, with just a few faint streaks shooting across the morning sky. Along the long stretch of sands at Clontarf the surf was breaking with a sighing moan. The Head of Howth loomed up, a darker shape in the pre-dawn darkness. As I floated down, I glanced at our rooftop. “Dear me!” I remarked to myself. “The seagulls have bent my aerial rods. I shall have to call in Brud Campbell to put them straight.” The old man was still sitting by my bedside. Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers was sitting on the end of my bed as if on guard. As I entered my body and re-animated it, she came up to me, rubbed against me and purred. She uttered a low call, and Lady Ku'ei came in, jumped on the bed and took up her station on my lap. The old man gazed down upon them in marked affection and remarked, “Truly entities of a high order. I must go, my brother.”

The morning post brought a savage assessment from the Irish Income Tax Office. The only Irish people I dislike are those connected with the Tax Office; they seemed to me to be so unhelpful, so unnecessarily officious. For writers in Ireland, the tax is absolutely penal, and it is a tragedy, because Ireland could well do with those who would spend money. Tax or no tax, I would rather live in

Ireland than in any other place in the world except Tibet.

“We will go to Canada,” I said. Gloomy looks greeted that statement. “How will we take the cats?” I was asked.

“By air, of course, they will travel with us,” I answered.

The formalities were considerable, the delays long. The Irish officials were helpful in the extreme, the Canadians not at all helpful. The American Consulate offered far more help than did the Canadian. We were fingerprinted and investigated, then we went for our medical examinations. I failed. “Too many scars,” said the doctor. “You will have to be X-rayed.” The Irish doctor who X-rayed me looked at me with compassion. “You must have had a terrible life,” he said. “Those scars . . . ! I shall have to report my findings to the Canadian Board of Health. In view of your age I anticipate that they will admit you to Canada, subject to certain conditions.”

The Lady Ku'ei and Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers were examined by a veterinary surgeon and both pronounced fit. While waiting for a ruling about my case, we made enquiries about taking the cats on the plane with us. Only Swissair would agree, so we provisionally booked with them.

Days later I was called to the Canadian Embassy. A man looked at me sourly. “You are sick!” he said. “I have to be sure that you will not be a charge on the country.” He fiddled and fiddled, and then, as if with immense effort, said, “Montreal has authorized your entry provided you report to the Board of Health immediately you arrive, and take whatever treatment they say you need. If you don't agree, you can't go,” he said, hopefully. It seemed very strange to me that so many Embassy officials in other countries are so needlessly offensive; after all, they are merely hired servants, one cannot always call them “civil servants!”

We kept our intentions private; only our closest friends knew that we were going and knew where we were going. As we knew to our cost, it was almost a case that if we sneezed, a press reporter would come hammering at the door to ask why. For the last time we drove around Dublin, and around the beauty spots of Howth. It was indeed a

wrench to even think of leaving, but none of us are here for pleasure. A very efficient firm in Dublin had agreed to drive us to Shannon in a bus, us, the cats, and our luggage.

A few days before Christmas we were ready to go. Our old friend Mr. Loftus came to say good-bye, and to see us off. If there were not tears in his eyes, then I was much mistaken. Certainly I felt that I was parting from a very dear friend. Mr. and Mrs. O'Grady came to see us, Mr. O'Grady taking the day off for that purpose. "Ve O'G" was openly upset, Paddy was trying to hide his emotion with a show of joviality which deceived no one. I locked the door, gave the key to Mr. O'Grady to mail to the solicitor, got in the bus and we drove away from the happiest time of my life since I left Tibet, drove away from the nicest group of people I had met in long, long years.

The bus rushed along the smooth highway to Dublin, threading through the city's courteous traffic. On, and into open country skirting the mountains. For hours we drove on, the friendly driver, efficient at his task, pointing out landmarks and being solicitous of our welfare and comfort. We stopped half way for tea. The Lady Ku'ei likes to sit up high and watch the traffic and yell encouragement to whoever is driving her. Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers prefers to sit quietly and think. With the bus stopped for tea, there was great consternation. *Why* had we stopped? Was everything all right?

We continued on, for the road was long and Shannon far distant. Darkness came upon us and slowed us somewhat. Late in the evening we arrived at Shannon Airport, left our main luggage, and were driven to the accommodation we had booked for the night and the next day. Because of my health and the two cats we stayed at Shannon a night and a day, leaving on the next night. We had a room each, fortunately they had communicating doors, because the cats did not know where they wanted to be. For a time they wandered around, sniffing like vacuum cleaners, "reading" all about people who had previously used the rooms, then they fell silent and were soon asleep.

I rested the next day, and looked round the Airport.

The "Duty-Free" Shop interested me, but I could not see the use of it; if one bought an article one had to declare it somewhere and then pay duty, so what was the gain?

The Swissair officials were helpful and efficient, the formalities were soon completed and all we waited for was the plane. Midnight came and went, one o'clock. At one-thirty we were taken aboard a big Swissair plane, we, and our two cats. People were most impressed by them, by their self-control and composure. Not even the noise of the engines disturbed them. Soon we were speeding along the runway faster and faster. The land dropped away, the River Shannon flowed briefly beneath a wing and was gone. Before us the wide Atlantic surged, leaving a white surf along the coast of Ireland. The engine note changed, long flames trailed from the glowing exhaust pipes. The nose tilted slightly. The two cats looked silently at me; was there anything to worry about, they wondered. This was my seventh Atlantic crossing, and I smiled reassuringly at them. Soon they curled up and went to sleep.

The long night wore on. We were traveling with the darkness, for us the night would be some twelve hours of darkness. The cabin lights dimmed, leaving us with the blue glow and a faint prospect of sleep. The droning engines carried us on, on at thirty-five thousand feet above the gray, restless sea. Slowly the pattern of stars changed. Slowly a faint lightening was observed in the distant sky on the edge of the Earth's curve. Bustling movement in the galley, the clatter of dishes, then, slowly, like a plant growing, came the lights. The amiable Purser came walking through, ever attentive to his passengers' comfort. The efficient cabin crew came round with breakfast. There is no nation like the Swiss for efficiency in the air, for attending to the passengers' wants, and for providing truly excellent food. The cats sat up and were all attention at the thought of eating again.

Far off to the right a hazy gray line appeared and rapidly grew larger. New York! Inevitably I thought of the first time I had come to America, working my way as a ship's engineer. Then the skyscrapers of Manhattan had towered

heavenwards, impressing with their size. Now, where were they? Not those little dots, surely? The great plane circled, and a wing dipped. The engines changed their pitch.

Gradually we sank lower and lower. Gradually buildings on the ground took shape, what had appeared to be a desolate waste resolved itself into Idlewild International Airport. The skilled Swiss Pilot set the plane down with just a faint scrunch of tires. Gently we taxied along the runway to the Airport buildings. "Keep your seats, please!" said the Purser. A gentle "thud" as the mobile stairway came to rest against the fuselage, a metallic scraping, and the cabin door was swung open. "Good-bye," said the cabin crew, lining the exit, "Travel with us again!" Slowly we filed down the stairway and into the Administrative Buildings.

Idlewild was like a railway station gone mad. People rushed everywhere, jostling any that stood in their path. An attendant stepped forward, "This way, Customs clearance first." We were lined up by the side of moving platforms. Great masses of luggage suddenly appeared, moving along the platforms, stretching from the entrance to the Customs man. The Officials walked along, rummaging through open cases. "Where you from, folks?" said an Officer to me.

"Dublin, Ireland," I replied.

"Where you going?"

"Windsor, Canada," I said.

"Okay, got any pornographic pictures?" he asked suddenly.

With him settled, we had to show Passports and Visas. It reminded me of a Chicago meat packing factory, the way people were "processed."

Before we left Ireland we had booked seats on an American plane to fly us to Detroit. They agreed to take the cats in the plane with us. Now the officials of the Airline concerned repudiated our tickets, and refused to take our two cats who had crossed the Atlantic without trouble or fuss. For a time it seemed that we were stuck in New York, the Airline was not remotely interested. I saw an advertisement for "Air taxis to anywhere" from La Guardia Airfield.

Taking an airport limousine we went the several miles to a Motel just outside La Guardia. "Can we bring in our cats?" we asked the man at the registration desk. He looked at them, two demure little ladies, and said, "Sure, sure, they're welcome!" The Lady Ku'ei and Mrs. Fifi Grey-whiskers were glad indeed to have a chance to walk about and investigate two more rooms.

The strain of the journey was now telling upon me. I retired to bed. My wife crossed the road to La Guardia, trying to find what an air taxi would cost, and when we could be taken. Eventually she returned looking worried. "It is going to cost a lot of money!" she said.

"Well, we cannot stay here, we *have* to move," I replied. She picked up the telephone and soon arranged that on the morrow we would fly by air taxi to Canada.

We slept well that night. The cats were quite unconcerned, it even seemed that they were enjoying themselves. In the morning, after breakfast, we were driven across the road to the Airport. La Guardia is immense, with a plane taking off or landing every minute of the day. At last we found the place from whence we were to go, and we, our cats, and our luggage were loaded aboard a small twin-engined plane. The pilot, a little man with a completely shaven head, nodded curtly to us, and off we taxied to a runway. For some two miles we taxied and then pulled in to a bay to wait our turn to take off. The pilot of a big inter-continental plane waved to us, and spoke hurriedly into his microphone. Our pilot uttered some words which I cannot repeat, and said, "We have a ——— puncture."

The air was rent by a screaming police siren. A police cruiser raced madly along a service road and pulled up alongside us with a mad squeal of tires. "Police? What have we done now?" I asked myself. More sirens, and the fire brigade arrived, men spilling off as the machines slowed. The policemen came across and spoke to our pilot. They moved away to the fire engine, and at last the police and firemen moved off. A repair car raced along, jacked up the plane in which we were sitting, removed the offending wheel-and-raced off. For *two hours* we sat there waiting

for the wheel to be returned to us. At last the wheel was on, the pilot started his engines again, and we took off. Off we flew, over the Alleghany range, headed first for Pittsburg. Right over the mountains the fuel gauge—right in front of me—dropped to zero and started knocking against the stop. The pilot seemed blandly unaware of it. I pointed it out and he said, in a whisper, “Ah, sure, we can always go down!” Minutes after we came to a level space in the mountains, a space where many light planes were parked. The pilot circled once, and landed, taxiing along to the petrol pumps. We stopped just long enough to have the plane refuelled, and then off again from the snow-covered, frozen runway. Deep banks of snow lined the sides, great drifts were in the valleys. A short flight, and we were over Pittsburg. We were sick of traveling, stiff and weary. Only the Lady Ku'ei was alert, she sat and looked out of a window and appeared pleased with everything.

With Cleveland beneath us, we saw Lake Erie right in front. Great masses of ice were piled up, while fantastic cracks and fissures ran across the frozen lake. The pilot, taking no risks, made course for Pelee Island, half way across the lake. From there he flew on to Amherstburg, and on to Windsor Airport. The Airport looked strangely quiet. There was no bustle of activity. We moved up to the Customs Building, alighted from the plane, and went inside. A solitary Customs man was just going off duty—it was after six at night. Gloomily he contemplated our baggage. “There is no Immigration Officer here,” he said. “You will have to wait until one comes.” We sat and waited. The slow minutes crawled by. Half an hour, time itself seemed to stand still, we had had no food or drink since eight o'clock that morning. The clock struck seven. A relief Customs man came in and dawdled about. “I can't do a thing until the Immigration Officer has cleared you,” he said. Time seemed to be going more slowly. Seven-thirty. A tall man came in and went to the Immigration Officer's office. Looking frustrated and a little red in the face, he came out to the Customs man. “I can't get the desk open,” he said. For a time they muttered together, trying keys, banging push-

ing. At last, in desperation, they took a screwdriver and forced the desk lock. It was the wrong desk, it was quite empty. Eventually the forms were found. Wearily we filled them in, signing here, signing there. The Immigration Officer stamped our Passports "Landed Immigrant".

"Now you go to the Customs Officer," he said. Cases to open, boxes to unlock. Forms to show, giving details of our belongings as "Settlers"—More rubber stamps, and at last we were free to enter Canada at Windsor, Ontario. The Customs Officer warmed up considerably when he knew we came from Ireland. Of Irish descent himself, with his Irish parents still living, he asked many questions and—wonder of wonders—he helped carry our luggage to the waiting car.

Outside the Airport it was bitter, the snow was thick upon the ground. Just across the Detroit River the skyscrapers towered aloft, a mass of light as all the offices and rooms were illuminated, for Christmas was at hand.

We drove down the wide Ouellette Avenue, the main street of Windsor. The River was invisible, and it looked as if we were going to drive straight to America. The fellow who was driving us did not seem at all sure of his directions; missing a main intersection, he made a remarkable maneuver which made our hair stand on end. Eventually we reached our rented house and were glad indeed to alight.

Very soon I had a communication from the Board of Health demanding my presence, threatening terrible things—including deportation—if I did not attend. Unfortunately threats seem to be the main hobby of the Ontario officials, that is why we are now going to move again, to a more friendly Province.

At the Board of Health I was X-rayed, more details were taken, and at last I was allowed to go home again. Windsor has a terrible climate, and that and the attitude of officials soon decided us to move as soon as this book is written.

Now the Rampa Story is finished. The truth has been told, as in my other two books. I have much that I could tell the Western world, for in astral traveling I have touched merely upon the fringe of things which are possible. Why

send out spy planes with its attendant risks when one can travel in the astral and see *inside* a council chamber? One can see and one can remember. Under certain circumstances one can teleport articles, if it be wholly for good. But Western man scoffs at things he does not understand, yells “faker” to those who have abilities which he himself does not possess, and works himself into a frenzy of vituperation against those who dare to be in any way “different”.

Happily I put aside my typewriter and settled down to entertain the Lady Ku'ei and blind Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers who both had waited so patiently.

That night, telepathically, came the Message again. “Lobsang! You have not yet finished your book!” My heart sank, I *hated* writing, knowing that so few people had the capacity to perceive Truth. I write of the things which the human mind can accomplish. Even the elementary stages described in this book will be disbelieved, yet if one were to be told that the Russians had sent a man to Mars, that would be believed! Man is afraid of the powers of Man's mind, and can contemplate only the worthless things like rockets and space satellites. Better results can be achieved through mental processes.

“Lobsang! *Truth?* Do you remember the Hebrew tale? Write it down, Lobsang, and write also of what *could* be, in Tibet!”

A Rabbi, famed for his learning and his wit, was once asked why he so often illustrated a great truth by telling a simple story. “That,” said the wise Rabbi, “can best be illustrated by a parable! A parable about Parable. There was a time when Truth went among people unadorned, as naked as Truth. Whoever saw Truth turned away in fear or in shame because they could not face him. Truth wandered among the peoples of the Earth, unwelcome, rebuffed, and unwanted. One day, friendless and alone, he met Parable strolling happily along, dressed in fine and many colored clothes. ‘Truth, why are you so sad, so miserable?’ asked Parable, with a cheerful smile. ‘Because I am so old and so ugly that people avoid me,’ said Truth, dourly. ‘Nonsense!’ laughed Parable. ‘That is not why people avoid

you. Borrow some of my clothes, go among people and see what happens.' So Truth donned some of Parable's lovely garments, and wherever he now went he was welcome." The wise old Rabbi smiled and said, "Men cannot face naked Truth, they much prefer him disguised in the clothing of Parable."

"Yes, yes, Lobsang, that is a good translation of our thoughts, now the Tale."

The cats wandered off to sit on their beds and wait until I really had finished. I picked up the typewriter again, inserted the paper, and continued . . .

From afar the Watcher sped, gleaming a ghostly blue as he flashed over continents and oceans, leaving the sunlit side of the Earth for the dark. In his astral state he could be seen only to those who were clairvoyant, yet he could see all and, returning later to his body, remember all. He dropped, immune to cold, untroubled by thinness of air, to the shelter of a high peak, and *waited*.

The first rays of the morning sun glinted briefly on the highest pinnacles of rock, turning them to gold, reflecting a myriad of colors from the snow in the crevices. Vague streaks of light shot across the lightening sky as slowly the sun peeped across the distant horizon.

Down in the valley strange things were happening. Carefully shielded lights moved about, as if on trailers. The silver thread of the Happy River gleamed faintly, throwing back flecks of light. There was much activity, strange, concealed activity. The lawful inhabitants of Lhasa hid in their homes, or lay under guard in the forced-labor barracks.

Gradually the sun moved upon its path. Soon the first rays, probing downwards, glinted upon a strange shape that loomed up far across the Valley floor. As the sunlight grew brighter the Watcher saw the immense shape more clearly. It was huge, cylindrical, and on its pointed end, facing the heavens above, were painted eyes and a tooth-ensnagged mouth. For centuries the Chinese seamen had painted eyes upon their ships. Now, upon this Monster the eyes glared hate.

The sun moved on. Soon the whole Valley was bathed in light. Strange metal structures were being towed away from the Monster, now only partly enshrouded in its cradle. The immense rocket, towering on its fins, looked sinister, deadly. At its base technicians with headphones on were running about like a colony of disturbed ants. A siren sounded shrilly, and the echoes rebounded, from rock to rock, from mountain wall to mountain wall, blending into a fearful, horrendous cacophony of sound which built up, becoming louder and louder. Soldiers, guards, laborers, turned on the instant and ran as fast as they could to the shelter of the distant rocks.

Halfway up the mountain side the light glinted on a little group of men clustered around radio equipment. A man picked up a microphone and spoke to the inhabitants of a great concrete and steel shelter lying half concealed about a mile from the rocket. A droning voice counted out the seconds and then stopped.

For scant moments nothing happened, there was peace. The lazy tendrils of vapor seeping from the rocket were the only things that moved. A gush of steam, and a roaring that grew louder and louder, starting small rock-falls. The earth itself seemed to vibrate and groan. The sound became louder and louder until it seemed that the ear-drums must shatter under such intensity. A great gout of flame and steam appeared from the base of the rocket, obscuring all below. Slowly, as if with immense, with stupendous effort, the rocket rose. At one time it seemed to be standing stationary on its tail of fire, then it gathered speed and climbed up into the quaking heavens, booming and roaring defiance to mankind. Up, up it went, leaving a long train of steam and smoke. The scream vibrated among the mountain tops long after all sight of it had gone.

The group of technicians on the mountainside feverishly watched their radarscopes, yammered into their microphones, or scanned the skies with high-power binoculars. Far, far overhead a vagrant gleam of light flashed down as the mighty rocket turned and settled on its course.

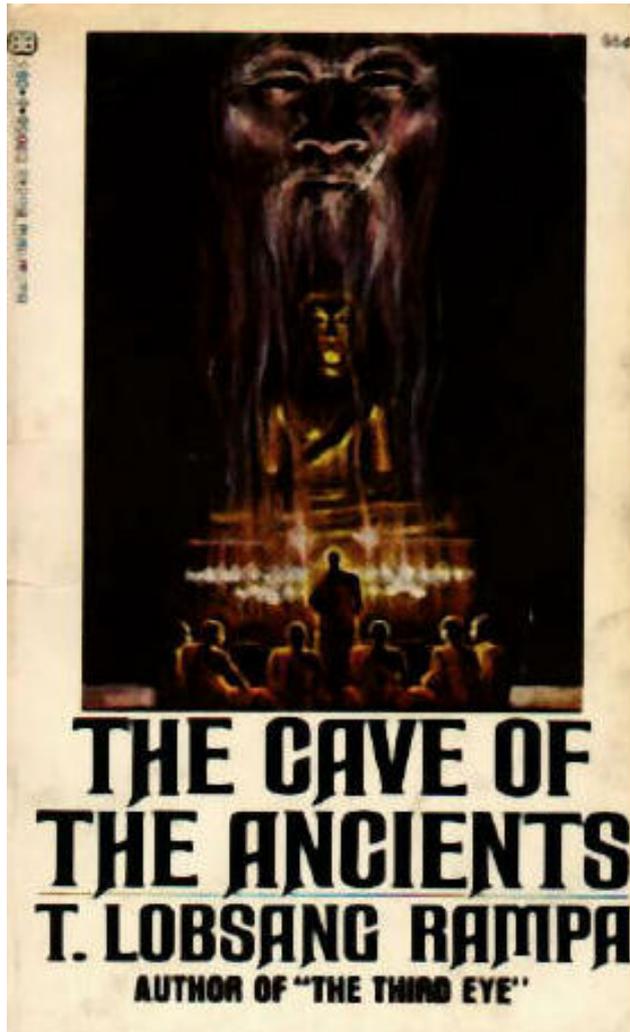
Scared faces appeared from behind rocks. Little groups

of people congregated, with all distinction between guards and slave-laborers temporarily forgotten. The minutes ticked on. Technicians switched off their radar sets, for the rocket had soared far beyond their range. The minutes ticked on.

Suddenly the technicians leapt to their feet, gesticulating madly, forgetting to switch on the microphones in their excitement. The rocket, with an atomic warhead, had landed in a far distant, peace-loving country. The land was a shambles, with cities wrecked, and people vaporized to incandescent gas. The Chinese Communists, with the loud-speakers full on, screamed and shouted with glee, forgetting all reserve in the joy of their dreadful accomplishment. The first stage of war had ended, the second was about to start. Exulting technicians rushed to make the second rocket ready.

Is it fantasy? It could be fact! The higher the launching point of a rocket; the less the atmosphere impedes it and so it takes far, far less fuel. A rocket launched from the flat lands of Tibet, seventeen thousand feet above sea level, would be more efficient than one launched from the lowlands. So the Communists have an incalculable advantage over the rest of the world, they have the highest and most efficient sites from which to launch rockets either into space or at other countries.

China has attacked Tibet—not conquered it—so that she shall have this great advantage over Western powers. China has attacked Tibet so that she shall have access to India, when she is ready, and perhaps drive on through India to Europe. It could be that China and Russia will combine to make a pincer thrust which could crush out the free life of all countries that stood in their way. It *could* be—unless something is done soon. Poland? Pearl Harbor? Tibet? “Experts” would have said that such enormities could not be. They were wrong! Are they going to be wrong again?



## FOREWORD

This is a book about the Occult, and about the powers of Man. It is a simple book in that there are no “foreign words,”

no Sanskrit, nothing of dead languages. The average person wants to KNOW things, does not want to guess at words which the average Author does not understand either! If an Author knows his job he can write in English without having to disguise lack of knowledge by use of a foreign language.

Too many people get caught up in mumbo jumbo. The laws of Life are simple indeed; there is no need at all to dress them up with mystic cults or pseudo religions. Nor is there need for anyone to claim “divine revelations.” ANYONE can have the same “revelations” if they work for it.

No one religion holds the Keys of Heaven, nor will one be forever damned because he enters a church with his hat on instead of his shoes off. In Tibet lamasery entrances bear the inscription “A thousand monks, a thousand religions.” Believe what you will, if it embraces “do as you would be done by” you will GET by when the final Call comes.

Some say that Inner Knowledge can only be obtained by joining this cult or that cult, and paying a substantial subscription too. The Laws of Life say, ‘Seek, and you shall find.’

This book is the fruit of a long life, training culled from the greater Lamaseries of Tibet and from powers which were gained by a very close adherence to the Laws. This is knowledge taught by the Ancients of old, and is written in the Pyramids of Egypt, in the High Temples of the Andes, and the greatest repository of Occult knowledge in the world, the Highlands of Tibet.

T. LOBSANG RAMPA

## CHAPTER ONE

The evening was warm, deliciously, unusually warm for the time of the year. Gently rising on the windless air, the sweet scent of incense gave tranquility to our mood. Far away the sun was setting in a blaze of glory behind the high peaks of the Himalayas, tinting the snow-clad mountain tops a blood red as if in warning of the blood which would drench Tibet in the days to come.

Lengthening shadows crept slowly towards the City of Lhasa from the twin peaks of the Potala and our own Chakpori. Below us, to the right, a belated caravan of traders from India wended their way to the Pargo Kaling, or Western Gate. The last of the devout pilgrims hurried with unseemly haste on their circuit of the Lingkor Road, as if afraid of being overtaken by the velvet darkness of the fast approaching night.

The Kyi Chu, or Happy River, ran merrily along on its endless journey to the sea, throwing up blight flashes of light as tribute to the dying day. The City of Lhasa was agleam with the golden glow of butter lamps. From the nearby Potala a trumpet sounded at the end of the day its notes rolling and echoing across the Valley, rebounding from rock surfaces, and returning to us with altered timbre.

I gazed at the familiar scene, gazed across at the Potala, hundreds of windows atwinkle as monks of all degree went about their business at the close of the day. At the top of the immense building, by the Golden Tombs, a solitary figure, lonely and remote, stood watching. As the last rays of the sun sank below the mountain ranges, a trumpet sounded again, and the sound of deep chanting rose from the Temple below. Swiftly the last vestiges of light faded; swiftly the stars in the sky became a blaze of jewels set in

a purple background. A meteor flashed across the sky and flared into a burst of final flaming glory before falling to the Earth as a pinch of smoking dust.

“A beautiful night, Lobsang!” said a well-loved voice. “A beautiful night, indeed,” I replied as I swiftly rose to my feet in order that I might bow to the Lama Mingyar Dondup. He sat by the side of a wall and motioned for me to sit also. Pointing upwards, he said, Do you realize that people, you, and I, may look like that? I gazed at him dumbly, how could I look like stars in the night sky. The Lama was a big man, handsome, and with a noble head. Even so, he did not look like a collection of stars. He laughed at my bemused expression. “Literal as usual, Lobsang, literal as usual,” he smiled. “I meant to imply that things are not always what they seem. If you wrote ‘Om! ma-ne-pad-me Hum’ so large that it filled the whole Valley of Lhasa people would not be able to read it, it would be too large for them to grasp.” He stopped and looked at me to make sure that I was following his explanation and then continued, “In the same way the stars are ‘so large’ that we cannot determine what they really form.”

I looked at him as if he had taken leave of his senses. The stars forming something? They were—well—stars! Then I thought of writing so large that it filled the Valley, and so became unreadable because of its size. The gentle voice went on, “Think of yourself shrinking, shrinking, becoming as small as a grain of sand. How would I look to you then? Suppose you became even smaller, so small that the grain of sand was as large as a world to you. Then what would you see of me?” He stopped and looked piercingly at me. “Well?” he asked “what would you see?” I sat there and gaped, brain paralyzed at the thought, mouth open like a newly landed fish.

“You would see, Lobsang,” the Lama said, “a group of widely dispersed worlds floating in darkness. Because of your small size you would see the molecules of my body as separate worlds with immense space in between. You

would see worlds rotating around worlds, you would see 'suns' which were the molecules of certain psychic centers, you would see a universe!" My brain creaked, I would almost swear that the 'machinery' above my eyebrows gave a convulsive shudder with all the effort I was expending in order to follow all this strange, exciting knowledge.

My guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup reached forward and gently raised my chin. "Lobsang!" he chuckled, "your eyes are becoming crossed with the effort to follow me." He sat back, laughing, and gave me a few moments in which to recover somewhat. Then he said, "Look at the material of your robe. Feel it!" I did so, feeling remarkably foolish as I gazed at the tattered old garment I wore. The Lama remarked, "It is cloth, somewhat smooth to the touch. You cannot see through it. But imagine seeing it through a glass which magnified it by ten. Think of the thick strands of yak wool, each strand ten times thicker than you see it here. You would be able to see light between the strands. But magnify it by a million and you would be able to ride a horse through it, except that each strand would be too huge to climb over!"

It made sense to me, now that it was pointed out. I sat and thought, nodding, as the Lama said, "Like a decrepit old woman!" "Sir!" I said at last, "then all life is a lot of space sprinkled with worlds." "Not quite so simple as that," he replied, "but sit more comfortably and I will tell you a little of the Knowledge we discovered in the Cave of the Ancients." "Cave of the Ancients!" I exclaimed, full of avid curiosity, "you were going to tell me about that and the Expedition!" "Yes! Yes!" he soothed, "so I will, but first let us deal with Man and Life as the Ancients in the days of Atlantis believed them to be."

I was secretly far more interested in the Cave of the Ancients which an expedition of high lamas had discovered, and which contained fabulous stores of knowledge and artifacts from an age when the Earth was very young. Knowing my Guide as well as I did, I knew that it would

be useless to expect to be told the story until he was ready, and that was not yet. Above us the stars shone in all their glory, hardly dimmed by the rare, pure air of Tibet. In the Temples and Lamaseries the lights were fading one by one. From afar, carried on the night air, came the plaintive wail of a dog, and the answering barks of those in the Village of Sho below us. The night was calm, placid even, and no clouds drifted across the face of the newly risen moon. Prayer flags hung limp and lifeless at their masts. From somewhere came the faint clacking of a Prayer Wheel as some devout monk, encased in superstition and not aware of Reality, twirled the Wheel in the vain hope of gaining the favour of the Gods.

The Lama, my Guide, smiled at the sound and said, "To each according to his belief, to each according to his need. The trappings of ceremonial religion are a solace to many, we should not condemn those who have not yet traveled far enough upon the Path, nor are able to stand without crutches. I am going to tell you, Lobsang, of the nature of Man." I felt very close to *this* Man, the only one who had ever shown me consideration and love. I listened carefully in order to justify his faith in me. At least, that is how I started, but I soon found the subject to be fascinating, and then I listened with unconcealed eagerness.

"The whole world is made of vibrations, all Life, all that is inanimate, consists of vibrations. Even the mighty Himalayas," said the Lama, "are just a mass of suspended particles in which no particle can touch the other. The world, the Universe, consists of minute particles of matter around which other particles of matter whirl. Just as our Sun has worlds circling around it, always keeping their distance, never touching, so is everything that exists composed of whirling worlds." He stopped and gazed at me, perhaps wondering if all this was beyond my understanding, but I could follow it with ease.

He continued, "The ghosts that we clairvoyants see in the Temple are people, living people, who have left this

world and entered into a state where their molecules are so widely dispersed that the 'ghost' can walk through the densest wall without touching a single molecule of that wall." "Honourable Master," I said, "why do we feel a tingle when a 'ghost' brushes past us?" "Every molecule, every little 'sun and planet' system is surrounded by an electric charge, not the sort of electricity which Man generates with machines, but a more refined type. The electricity which we see shimmering across the sky some nights. Just as the Earth has the Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis flickering at the Poles, so has the meanest particle of matter its 'Northern Lights.' A 'ghost' coming too close to us imparts a mild shock to our aura, and so we get this tingle."

About us the night was still, not a breath of wind disturbed the quiet; there was a silence that one knows only in such countries as Tibet. "The aura, then, that we see, is *that* an electric charge?" I asked. "Yes!" replied my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup. "In countries outside of Tibet, where wires carrying electric current at high voltages are strung across the land, a 'corona effect' is observed and recognized by electrical engineers. In this 'corona effect' the wires appear to be surrounded by a corona or aura of bluish light. It is observed mostly on dark, misty nights, but is of course there all the time for those who can see." He looked at me reflectively. "When you go to Chungking to study medicine you will use an instrument which charts the electrical waves of the brain. All Life, all that exists, is electricity and vibration."

"Now I am puzzled!" I replied, "for how can Life be vibration and electricity? I can understand one, but not both." "But my dear Lobsang!" laughed the Lama, "there can be no electricity without vibration, without movement! It is *movement* which generates electricity, therefore the two are intimately related." He saw my puzzled frown and with his telepathic powers read my thoughts. "No!" he said, "just any vibration will not do! Let me put it to you in

this way; imagine a truly vast musical keyboard stretching from here to infinity. The vibration which we regard as solid will be represented by one note on that keyboard. The next might represent sound and the next again will represent sight. Other notes will indicate feelings, senses, purposes, for which we have no understanding while upon this Earth. A dog can hear higher notes than can a human, and a human can hear lower notes than can a dog. Words could be said to the dog in high tones which he could hear and the human would know nothing of it. So can people of the so-called Spirit World communicate with those yet upon this Earth, when the Earthling has the special gift of clairaudience.”

The Lama paused and laughed lightly, “I’m keeping you from your bed, Lobsang but you shall have the morning off in order to recover.” He motioned upwards toward the stars glittering so brightly in the clear, clear air. “Since visiting the Cave of the Ancients and trying the wonderful instruments there, instruments preserved intact since the days of Atlantis, I have often amused myself with a whimsy. I like to think of two small sentient creatures, smaller even than the smallest virus. It does not matter what shape they are, just agree that they are intelligent and have super-super instruments. Image them standing upon an open space of their own infinitesimal world (just as we are now!) ‘My! It is a beautiful night!’ exclaimed Ay, staring intently upwards at the sky. ‘Yes,’ replied Beh, ‘it makes one wonder at the purpose of Life, what are we, where are we going?’ Ay pondered, gazing at the stars sweeping across the heavens in endless allay. ‘Worlds without limit, millions, billions of them. I wonder how many are inhabited?’ ‘Nonsense! Sacrilege! Ridiculous!’ stuttered Beh, ‘you know there is no life except upon this our world, for do not the Priests tell us that we are made in the Image of God? And how can there be other life unless it is exactly like ours — no, it is impossible, you are losing your wits!’ Ay muttered bad-temperedly to himself as he

strode off, 'They could be wrong, you know, they could be wrong!' ” The Lama Mingyar Dondup smiled across at me and said, “I even have a sequel to it! Here it is:

“In some distant laboratory, with a science undreamed of by us, where microscopes of fantastic power were available, two scientists were working. One sat hunched up at a bench, eyes glued to the super-super microscope through which he gazed. Suddenly he started, pushing back his stool with a noisy scrape upon the polished floor, ‘Look, Chan!’ he called to his Assistant, ‘Come and look at this!’ Chan rose to his feet, walked across to his excited Superior and sat down before the microscope. ‘I have a millionth of a grain of lead sulphide on the slide,’ said the Superior. ‘glance at it!’ Chan adjusted the controls and whistled with startled surprise. ‘My!’ he exclaimed, ‘it is just like looking at the Universe through a telescope. Blazing sun, orbiting planets . . . !’ The Superior spoke wistfully, ‘I wonder if we shall have enough magnification to see down to an individual world - I wonder if there is life there!’ ‘Nonsense!’ said Chan brusquely, ‘of course there is no sentient life. There cannot be, for do not the Priests say that we are made in the Image of God, how can there be intelligent Life there?’ ”

Over us the stars wheeled on their course, endless, eternal. Smiling, the Lama Mingyar Dondup reached in his robe and brought forth a box of matches, treasure brought all the way from far-off India. Slowly he extracted one match and held it up. “I will show you Creation, Lobsang!” he said gaily. Deliberately he drew the match head across the igniting surface of the box, and as it flared into life, he held up the blazing sliver. Then blew it out! “Creation, and dissolution,” he said. “The flaring match head emitted thousands of particles each exploding away from its fellows. Each was a separate world, the whole was a Universe. And the Universe died when the flame was extinguished. Can you say that there was no life on those worlds?” I looked dubiously at him, not knowing what to

say, “If they were worlds, Lobsang, and had life upon them, to that Life the worlds would have lasted for millions of years. Are we just a stricken match? Are we living here, with our joys and sorrows—mostly sorrows—thinking that this is a world without end? Think about it, and we will talk some more tomorrow.” He rose to his feet and was gone from my sight.

I stumbled across the roof and groped blindly for the top of the ladder leading down. Our ladders were different from those used in the Western world, consisting of notched poles. I found the first notch, the second, and the third, then my foot slipped where someone had spilled butter from a lamp. Down I crashed, landing at the foot in a tangled heap, seeing more “stars” than there were in the sky above and raising many protests from sleeping monks. A hand appeared through the darkness and gave me a cuff that made bells ring in my head. Quickly I leaped to my feet and sped away into the safety of the enshrouding darkness. As quietly as possible I found a place in which to sleep, wrapped my robe around me and loosed my hold on consciousness. Not even the “shush-shush” of hurrying feet disturbed me, nor did the conches or silver bells interrupt my dreams.

The morning was far advanced when I was awakened by someone enthusiastically kicking me. Blearily I peered up into the face of a hulking chela, “Wake up Wake up! By the Sacred Dagger, you're a lazy dog!” He kicked me again—hard. I reached out, grabbed his foot and twisted. With a bone-shaking jar he fell to the floor yelling, “The Lord Abbot! The Lord Abbot! He wants to see you, you cross grained idiot!” Giving him a kick to make up for the many he had given me, I straightened my robe and hurried off. “No food—no breakfast!” I mumbled to myself “why does everyone want me just when it is time to eat?” Racing along the endless corridors, swinging round corners, I almost gave heart-failure to a few old monks doddering around, but I reached the Lord Abbot's room in record

time. Rushing in I dropped to my knees and made my bows of respects.

The Lord Abbot was perusing my Record and at one time I heard a hastily suppressed chuckle. "Ah!" he said, "the wild young man who falls over cliffs, greases the bottom of stilts, and causes more commotion than anyone else here." He paused and looked sternly at me; "But you have studied well, extraordinarily well," he said. "Your metaphysical abilities are of such a high order, and you are so far advanced in your academic work that I am going to have you specially and individually taught by the Great Lama, Mingyar Dondup. You are given an unprecedented opportunity by the express command of His Holiness. Now report to the Lama your Guide." Dismissing me with a wave of his hand, the Lord Abbot turned again to his papers. Relieved that none of my numerous "sins" had been found out, I hurried off. My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, was sitting waiting for me. Eyeing me keenly as I entered, he said, "Have you broken your fast?" "No, Sir," I said, "the Reverend Lord Abbot sent for me while I was yet asleep—I am hungry!" He laughed at me and said, "Ah! I thought you had a woebegone look as if you were being ill used. Be off with you, get your breakfast and then return here." I needed no urging—I was hungry and did not like it. Little did I know then although it had been predicted!—that hunger was to follow me through many years of my life.

Refreshed by a good breakfast, but chastened in spirit at the thought of more hard work, I returned to the Lama Mingyar Dondup. He rose to his feet as I entered. "Come!" he said, "we are going to spend a week at the Potala." Leading the way, he strode out of the Hall and out to where a groom-monk was waiting with two horses. Gloomily I surveyed the horse allotted to me. Even more gloomily he stared at me, thinking less of me than I of him. With a feeling of impending doom I mounted the horse and hung on. Horses were terrible creatures, unsafe, tem-

peramental, and without brakes. horse riding was the least of any accomplishment that I might have possessed.

We jogged down the mountainous path from Chakpori. Crossing the Mani Lakhang road, with the Pargo Kaling on our right, we soon entered the Village of Sho—where my Guide made a brief stop, then we toiled up the steep steps of the Potala. Riding a horse up steps is an unpleasant experience, and my main concern was not to fall off! Monks, lamas and visitors, an unceasing throng of them were trudging up and down the Steps, some stopping to admire the view, others who had been received by the Dalai Lama Himself thought only of that interview. At the top of the Steps we stopped, and I slid gratefully but ungracefully from my horse. He, poor fellow, gave a whinny of disgust and turned his back on me!

On we walked, climbing ladder after ladder until we reached the high level of the Potala where the Lama Mingyar Dondup had permanent rooms allotted to him near the Room of Sciences. Strange devices from countries the world over were in that Room, but the strangest devices of all were those from the remotest past. So, at last we reached our destination, and I settled for a time in what was now my room.

From my window, high up in the Potala, only one floor lower than the Dalai Lama, I could look out upon Lhasa, upon the Valley. Far off I could see the great Cathedral (Jo Kang) with golden roof a gleam. The Ring Road, or Lingkor, stretched away in the distance, making a complete circuit of Lhasa City. Devout pilgrims thronged it, all coming to offer prostrations at the world's greatest seat of Occult learning. I marveled at my good fortune in having such a wonderful Guide as the Lama Mingyar Dondup; without him I should be an ordinary chela, living in a dark dormitory instead of being almost on top of the world. Suddenly, so suddenly that I emitted a squeak of surprise, strong arms grasped mine and lifted me in the air. A deep voice said, "So! All you think of your Guide is that he

gets you high in the Potala and feeds you those sickly sweet confections from India?" He laughed down my protestations; and I was too blind, or too confused to realize that he knew what I thought of him!

At last he said, "We are in rapport, we knew each other well in a past life. You have all the knowledge of that past life and merely need to be reminded. Now we have to work. Come to my room." I straightened my robe and put back my bowl which had fallen out when I was lifted into the air, then I hurried to the room of my Guide. He motioned for me to sit, and when I was settled, he said, "And have you pondered on the matter of Life, on our discussion of last night?" I hung my head in some dismay as I replied, "Sir, I had to sleep, then the Lord Abbot wanted to see me, then you wanted to see me, then I had to have food and then you wanted to see me again. I have had no time to think of anything today!" There was a smile on his face as he said, "We are going to discuss later the effects of food but first let us resume about Life." He stopped and reached out for a book which was written in some outlandish foreign language. Now I know it was the English language.

Turning over pages he at last found that which he was seeking. Passing the book to me, opened at a picture, he asked, "Do you know what that is?" I looked at the picture, and it was so very ordinary that I looked at the strange words beneath. It meant nothing at all to me. Passing the book back I said reproachfully, "You know I cannot read it, Honourable Lama!" "But you recognize the picture?" he persisted "Well, yes, it is just a Nature Spirit, no different from anything here." I was becoming more and more puzzled. What was it all about? The Lama opened the book again and said, "In a far-off country across the seas the general ability to see Nature Spirits has been lost. If one sees such a Spirit it is a matter for jest, the Seer is literally accused of 'seeing things.' Western people do not believe in things unless they can be torn to pieces or held in the hands, or put in a cage. A Nature Spirit is termed a Fairy

in the West — and Fairy Tales are not believed.” This amazed me immensely. I could see Spirits at all times and took them as absolutely natural. I shook my head to clear some of the fog out of it.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup spoke, “All Life, as I told you last night, consists of rapidly vibrating Matter generating an electrical charge, the electricity is the Life of Matter. As in music there are various octaves. Imagine that the ordinary Man in the Street vibrates on a certain octave, then a Nature Spirit and a Ghost will vibrate at a higher octave. Because the Average Man lives and thinks and believes on one octave only, people of other octaves are invisible to him!” I fiddled with my robe, thinking it over; it did not make sense to me. I could see ghosts and nature spirits, therefore *anyone* should be able to see them also. The Lama, reading my thoughts, replied, “You *see* the aura of humans. Most other humans do not. You *see* nature spirits and ghosts. Most other humans do not. All very young children see such things, because the very young are more receptive. Then as the child grows older, the cares of living coarsen the perceptions. In the West, children who tell their parents that there has been a game with Spirit Playmates are punished for telling lies, or are laughed at for their ‘vivid imagination.’ The child resents such treatment and after a time convinces himself that it was all imagination! You, because of your special upbringing see ghosts and nature spirits, and you always will - just as you will always see the human aura.”

“Then even the nature spirits who tend flowers are the same as us?” I asked. “Yes,” he replied, “the same as us except that they vibrate faster and their particles of matter are more diffused. That is why you can put your hand right through them just as you can put your hand right through a sunbeam.” “Have you ever *touched*—you know, *held*—a ghost?” I queried. “Yes I have!” he replied. “It can be done if one raises one's own rate of vibrations. I will tell you about it.”

My Guide touched his silver bell, a gift from a High Abbot of one of Tibet's better known Lamaseries. The monk-servant, knowing us well, brought—not tsampa, but tea from Indian plants, and those sweet cakes which were carried across the high mountains specially for His Holiness, the Dallas Lama, and which I, just a poor chela, enjoyed so much. “Reward for special efforts at study” as His Holiness had often said. The Lama Mingyar Dondup had toured the world, both in the physical and the astral. One of his very few weaknesses was an addiction to Indian tea. A weakness which I heartily endorsed! We settled down comfortably, and as soon as I had finished my cakes, my Guide and Friend spoke.

“Many years ago, when I was a young man, I scurried round a corner here at the Potala—just as you do, Lob-sang! I was late for Service, and to my horror I saw a portly Abbot blocking my way. He was hurrying too! There was no time to avoid him; I was just rehearsing my apology when I crashed right through him. He was as alarmed as I. However, I was so bemused that I kept on running and so was not late, not too late, after all.” I laughed, thinking of the dignified Lama Mingyar Dondup scurrying! He smiled at me and continued.

“Late that night I thought about it. I thought ‘why shouldn't I touch a ghost?’ The more I thought about it the more determined I was that I would touch one. I laid my plans carefully, and read all the old Scripts about such matters. I also consulted a very very learned man who lived in a cave high in the mountains. He told me much, he put me on the right path, and I am going to tell you the same, because it leads directly to the theme of touching a ghost.”

He poured himself some more tea and sipped awhile before continuing. “Life, as I told you, consists of a mass of particles, little worlds circling around little suns. The motion generates a substance which, for want of a better term, we will call ‘electricity.’ If we eat sensibly we can increase our rate of vibration. A sensible diet, none of the

crank cult ideas, increases one's health, increases one's basic rate of vibration. So we come nearer to the ghost's rate of vibration." He stopped and lit a fresh stick of incense. Satisfied that the end was glowing satisfactorily, he turned his attention again to me.

"The sole purpose of incense is to increase the rate of vibration of the area in which it is burned, and the rate of those within that area. By using the correct incense, for all are designed for a certain vibration, we can attain certain results. For a week I held myself to a rigid diet, one which increased my vibration or 'frequency.' For that week also I continually burned the appropriate incense in my room. At the end of that time I was almost 'out' of myself; I felt that I floated rather than walked, I felt the difficulty of keeping my astral form within my physical." He looked at me and smiled as he said, "You would not have appreciated such a restricted diet!" "No" I thought, "I would rather touch a square meal than any good ghost!"

"At the end of the week," said the Lama my Guide, "I went down to the Inner Sanctuary and burned more incense while I implored a ghost to come and touch me. Suddenly I felt the warmth of a friendly hand on my shoulder. Turning to see who was disturbing my meditation, I almost jumped straight out of my robe when I saw that I was being touched by the spirit of one who had 'died' more than a year ago." The Lama Mingyar Dondup stopped abruptly, then laughed out loud as he thought of that long-past experience.

"Lobsang!" he exclaimed at last, "the old 'dead' lama laughed at me and asked me why I had gone to all that trouble, when all I had to do was to go into the astral! I confess that I felt mortified beyond measure to think that such an obvious solution had escaped me. Now, as you well know, we do go into the astral to talk to ghosts and nature people." "Of course, you spoke by telepathy," I remarked, "and I do not know of any explanation for telepathy. I do it, but how do I do it?"

“You ask the most difficult questions, Lobsang!” laughed my Guide. “The simplest things are the most difficult to explain. Tell me, how would you explain the process of breathing? You do it, everyone does it, but how does one explain the process?” I nodded glumly. I knew I was always asking questions, but that was the only way to get to know things. Most of the other chelas were not interested, as long as they had their food and not too much work they were satisfied. I wanted more, I wanted to know. “The brain,” said the Lama, “is like a radio set, like the device which that man Marconi is using to send messages across the oceans. The collection of particles and electrical charges which constitutes a human being, has the electrical, or radio, device of the brain to tell it what to do. When a person thinks of moving a limb, electric currents race out along the appropriate nerves to galvanize the muscles into the desired action. In the same way, when a person thinks, radio or electrical waves—actually they come from the higher part of the radio spectrum—are radiated from the brain. Certain instruments can detect the radiations and can even chart them into what the Western doctors term ‘alpha, beta, delta, and gamma’ lines.” I nodded slowly, I had already heard of such things from the Medical Lamas.

“Now,” my Guide continued, “sensitive persons can detect these radiations also, and can understand them. I read your thoughts, and when you try, you can read mine. The more two people are in sympathy, in harmony, with each other, the easier it is for them to read these brain radiations which are thoughts. So we get telepathy. Twins are often quite telepathic to each other. Identical twins, where the brain of one is a replica of the other, are so telepathic each to the other that it is often difficult indeed to determine which one originated a thought.”

“Respected Sir,” I said, “as you know, I can read most minds. Why is this? Are there many more with this particular ability?” “You, Lobsang,” replied my Guide, “are

especially gifted and specially trained. Your powers are being increased by every method at our command for you have a difficult task in the Life ahead of you.” He shook his head solemnly, “A difficult task indeed. In the Old Days Lobsang, Mankind could commune telepathically with the animal world. In the years to come, after Mankind has seen the folly of wars, the power will be regained; once again Man and Animal will walk in peace together, neither desiring to harm the other.”

Below us a gong boomed and boomed again. There came the blare of trumpets, and the Lama Mingyar Dondup jumped to his feet, saying, “We must hurry, Lobsang the Temple Service is about to commence, and His Holiness Himself will be there.” I hastily rose to my feet, re-arranged my robe, and rushed after my Guide, now far down the corridor and almost out of sight.

## CHAPTER TWO

The great Temple seemed to be a living thing. From my vantage point, high in the roof, I could look down and see the whole vast extent of the place. Earlier in the day my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and I had journeyed to this place on a special mission. Now the Lama was closeted with a high dignitary, and I—free to wander—had found this priestly observation post amid the mighty rafters which supported the roof. Prowling about on the walkway of the roof, I had discovered the door and daringly pushed it open. No loud shout of wrath greeting the action, I peeped inside. The place was empty, so I entered and found myself in a small stone room, like a cell built into the stone of the Temple wall. Behind me was the small wooden door, stone walls on either side, and before me a stone ledge perhaps three feet high.

Silently I moved forward and knelt so that only my head was above the stone ledge. I felt like a God in the Heavens peering down on the lowly mortals, peering down on the dim obscurity of the Temple floor so many many feet below. Outside the Temple the purple dusk was giving way to darkness. The last rays of the sinking Sun would be fading behind the snow covered peaks sending iridescent showers of light through the perpetual spume of snow flying from the very highest ranges.

The darkness of the Temple was relieved, and in places intensified, by hundreds of flickering butter lamps. Lamps which shone as golden points of light, yet still diffused a radiance around. It looked as if the stars were at my feet instead of over my head. Weird shadows stole silently across mighty pillars; shadows now thin and elongated, now short and squat, but always grotesque and bizarre

with the cross lighting making the usual seem unearthly, and the unusual strange beyond description.

I peered, staring down, feeling as if in a half-world, uncertain of what I was seeing and what I was imagining. Between me and the floor floated clouds of blue incense smoke rising in layer after layer, reminding me even more of a viewpoint of a God looking down through the clouds of the Earth. Gently rising clouds of incense swirled thickly from the Censers swung by young and devout chelas. Up and down they paced, silent of foot and immobile of face. As they turned and turned again, a million points of light reflected from the golden Censers and sent forth dazzling beams of light. From my vantage I could look down and see the red-glowing incense as, fanned by the breeze, it at times almost flared into flames and sent off showers of red, fast dying sparks. Given fresh life, the incense smoke rose in thicker columns of blue to form trailing paths above and behind the chelas. Rising higher, the smoke formed yet another cloud within the Temple. Wreathing and twisting on the faint air currents from moving monks, it seemed like a thing alive, like a creature, dimly seen, breathing and turning in sleep. For a while I gazed, becoming almost hypnotized with the fantasy that I was inside a living creature, watching the lift and sway of its organs, listening to the sounds of the body, of Life itself.

Through the gloom, through the clouds of incense smoke, I could see the serried ranks of lamas, trappas, and chelas. Sitting cross legged upon the floor they stretched in their endless rows until they became invisible in the farthest recesses of the Temple. All in their Robes of Order they appeared as a living, rippling patch-work of familiar colour. Gold, saffron, red, brown, and a very faint sprinkling of grey, the colours seemed to come alive and flow into each other as their wearers moved. At the head of the Temple sat His Holiness, the Inmost One, the Thirteenth Incarnation of the Dalai Lama, the most revered Figure in the whole of the Buddhist world.

For a time I watched, listened to the chant of the deep-voiced lamas accented by the high treble of the small chelas. Watched the incense clouds vibrate in sympathy with the deeper vibrations. Lights flickered into darkness and were replaced, incense burned low and was replenished in a shower of red sparks. The service droned on and I knelt there and watched. Watched the dancing shadows grow and die upon the walls, watched the glittering pin-points of light until I hardly knew where I was nor what I was doing.

An aged lama, bent under the weight of years far beyond the normal span, moved slowly before his Brothers of the Order. Around him hovered attentive trappas, with sticks of incense and a light at hand. Bowing to the Inmost One, and turning slowly to bow to each of the Four Corners of the Earth, he at last faced the assembly of monks within the Temple. In a surprisingly strong voice for so aged a man, he chanted:

“Hear the Voices of our Souls. This is the World of Illusion. Life on Earth is but a dream that, in the time of the Life Eternal, is but the twinkling of an eye. Hear the Voices of our Souls, all you that are sore depressed. This Life of Shadow and Sorrow will end, and the Glory of the Life Eternal will shine forth on the righteous. The first stick of incense is lit that a troubled Soul may be guided.”

A trappa stood forth and bowed to the Inmost One before turning slowly and bowing in turn to the Four Corners of the Earth. Lighting a stick of incense, he turned again and pointed with it to the Four Corners. The deep-voiced chant rose again and died, to be followed by the high treble of the young chelas. A portly lama recited certain Passages, punctuating them by ringing, his Silver Bell with a vigor occasioned only by the presence of the Inmost One. Subsiding into silence, he looked covertly around to see if his performance had obtained due approval.

The Aged Lama stepped forward once more, and bowed to the Inmost One and to the Stations. Another trappa

hovered at ready attention, over-anxious in the Presence of the Head of the State and Religion. The Aged Lama chanted:

“Hear the Voices of our Souls. This is the World of Illusion. Life on Earth is the Testing, that we may be purified of our dross and soar ever upwards. Hear the Voices of our Souls, all you that are in doubt. Soon the memory of the Earth life will pass away, and there will be Peace, and release from Suffering. The second stick of incense is lit that a doubting Soul may be guided.”

The chanting of the monks below me increased and swelled again as the trappa lit the second stick and went through the ritual of bowing to the Inmost One and pointing the incense to each Corner in turn. The walls of the Temple appeared to breathe, to sway in unison with the chanting. Around the Aged Lama ghostly forms gathered, those who had recently passed from this life without the preparation, and who now wandered unguided, and alone.

The flickering shadows seemed to leap and writhe like souls in torment; my own consciousness, my perceptions, my feelings even, flickered between two worlds. In the one I peered with rapt attention at the progress of the Service beneath me. In the other I saw the “between worlds” where the souls of the newly departed trembled in fear at the strangeness of the Unknown. Isolated souls, clad in dank, clinging darkness, they wailed in their terror and loneliness. Apart from each other, apart from all others because of their lack of belief, they were as immobile as a yak stuck in a mountain bog. Into the sticky darkness of the “between worlds,” relieved only by the faint blue light from those ghostly forms, came the chanting, the Invitation, of the Aged Lama:

“Hear the Voices of our Souls. This is the World of Illusion. As Man died in the Greater Reality that he might be born on Earth, so must he die on Earth that he may be reborn again to the Greater Reality. There is no Death, but girth, The pangs of Death are the pangs of Birth. The

third stick of incense is lit that a Soul in Torment may be guided.”

Into my consciousness came a telepathic command; “Lobsang! Where are you? Come to me now!” Jerking myself back to *this* world by a great effort, I staggered to my numb feet and tottered out of the little door. “I am coming, Respected Sir!” I thought to my Guide. Rubbing my eyes, watering in the cold night air after the warmth and incense smoke of the Temple, I stumbled and felt my way along high above the ground to where my Guide was waiting in a room right over the main entrance. He smiled as he saw me. “My! Lobsang!” he exclaimed, “you look as if you have seen a ghost!” “Sir!” I replied, “I have seen several.”

“Tonight, Lobsang, we shall remain here,” said the Lama. “Tomorrow we shall go and call upon the State Oracle. You should find the experience of interest; but now it is time, first for food, and then for sleep. . .” While we ate I was preoccupied; thinking of what I had seen in the Temple, wondering *how* this was “the World of Illusion.” Quickly I finished my supper and went to the room allotted to me. Wrapping myself in my robe, I lay down and soon was fast asleep. Dreams, nightmares, and strange impressions plagued me throughout the night.

I dreamed that I was sitting up, wide awake, and great globes of *something* came at me like the dust in a storm. I was sitting up, and from the great distance small specks appeared, growing larger and larger until I could see that the globes, as they were now, were of all colours. Growing to the size of a man's head, they rushed at me and streaked away beyond. In my dream — if it was a dream! — I could not turn my head to see where they had gone; there were just these endless globes pouring out of nowhere and rushing on past me to — nowhere? It amazed me immensely that none of the globes crashed into me. They looked solid, yet to me they had no substance. With such horrid suddenness that it shook me wide awake, a voice behind me said, “As

a ghost sees the stout, solid walls of the Temple, so now do you!” I shivered in apprehension; was I dead? Had I died in the night? But why was I worrying about “death”? I knew that so-called death was merely re-birth. I lay down and eventually fell asleep once more.

The whole world was shaking, creaking, and tumbling in crazy manner. I sat up in great alarm, thinking that the Temple was falling about me. The night was dark, with only the ghostly radiance of the stars above to shed the merest suspicion of light. Gazing straight ahead of me, I felt my hair rise in fright. I was paralyzed; I could not move a finger and worse—the world was growing larger. The smooth stone of the walls coarsened and became porous rock from the extinct volcanoes. The holes in the stone grew and grew and I saw that they were peopled with nightmare creatures which I had seen through the Lama Mingyar Dondup's good German microscope.

The world grew and grew, the frightening creatures grew to ponderous size, becoming so vast with the passage of time that I could see their pores! Larger and larger grew the world, then it dawned on me that I was becoming smaller and smaller. I became aware that a dust storm was blowing. From somewhere behind me, the grains of dust roared by, yet none of them touched me. Rapidly they grew larger and larger. Some of them were as large as a man's head, others were as large as the Himalayas. Yet not one touched me. Still they grew larger until I lost all sense of size, until I lost all sense of time. In my dream I appeared to be lying out among the stars, lying cold and motionless while galaxy after galaxy streaked past me and vanished into the distance. How long I remained thus I cannot say. It seemed as if I lay there throughout eternity. At long, long last a whole galaxy, a whole series of Universes swung down directly upon me. “This is the end!” I thought vaguely as that multitude of worlds crashed into me.

“Lobsang! Lobsang! Have you gone to the Heavenly Fields?” The Voice boomed and re-echoed around the uni-

verse, rebounding from worlds . . . re-echoing from the walls of my stone chamber. Painfully I opened my eyes and tried to get them into focus. Above me was a cluster of bright stars which somehow seemed familiar. Stars which slowly vanished to be replaced by the benign face of the Lama Mingyar Dondup. Gently he was shaking me. Bright sunlight streamed into the room. A sunbeam illuminated some dust motes, and they flashed with all the colours of the rainbow.

“Lobsang! The morning is far advanced. I have let you sleep but now it is time for you to eat and then we will be upon our way.” Warily I scrambled to my feet. I was “out of sorts” this morning; my head seemed to be too big for me, and my mind was still dwelling upon the ‘dreams’ of the night. Bundling my scant possessions into the front of my robe, I left the room in search of tsampa, our staple food. Down the notched ladder I went, hanging on grimly for fear of falling. Down to where the cook-monks were lounging about.

“I have come for food,” I said meekly. “Food? At this time of the morning? Be off with you!” roared the head cook-monk. Reaching out, he was about to give me a blow when another monk whispered hoarsely, “He is with the Lama Mingyar Dondup!” The head cook-monk jumped as if he had been stung by a hornet then bellowed to his assistant, “Well!? What are you waiting for? Give the young gentleman his breakfast!” Normally I should have had enough barley in the leather pouch which all monks carry, but as we were visiting my supplies were exhausted. All monks, no matter whether chelas, trappas or lamas, carried the leather bag of barley and the bowl from which to eat it. Tsampa was mixed with buttered tea and thus provided the staple food of Tibet. If Tibetan lamaseries printed menus, there would be one word only to print; tsampa!

Somewhat refreshed after my meal, I joined the Lama Mingyar Dondup and we set off on horseback for the Lamasery of the State Oracle. We did not talk while

journeying, my horse had a peculiar motion which required my full attention if I were to remain in place. As we traveled along the Lingkor Road, pilgrims, seeing the high rank of my Guide's robes, called to him for blessing. Receiving it, they continued the Holy Circuit looking as if they were at least half way to salvation. Soon we walked our horses through the Willow Grove and came to the stony path leading to the Home of the Oracle. In the courtyard monk-servants took our horses as thankfully, I at last slid to the ground .

The place was crowded. The highest lamas had traveled the length and breadth of our country to be present. The Oracle was going to get in communication with the Powers that ruled the world. I, by special arrangement, by special command of the Inmost One, was to be present. We were shown to where we would sleep, I next to the Lama Ming-yar Dondup, and not in a dormitory with many other chelas. As we passed a small temple within the main building I heard "Hear the Voices of our Souls. This is the World of Illusion."

"Sir!" I said to my Guide when we were alone, "*how* is this the 'World of Illusion'?" He looked at me with a smile. "Well," he replied, "What *is* real? You touch this wall and your finger is stopped by the stone. Therefore you reason that the wall exists as a solid that nothing can penetrate. Beyond the windows the mountain ranges of the Himalayas stand firm as the backbone of the Earth. Yet a ghost, or you in the astral can move as freely through the stone of the mountains as you can through the air." "But how is that 'illusion'?" I asked. "I had a dream last night which really *was* illusion; I feel pale even to think of it!" My Guide, with infinite patience, listened while I told of that dream and when I had finished my tale he said, "I shall have to tell you about the World of illusion. Not for the moment, though, as we must first call upon the Oracle."

The State Oracle was a surprisingly young man, thin, and of very sickly appearance. I was presented to him and

his staring eyes burned straight through me, making tingles of fright race up and down my spine. "Yes! You are the one, I recognize you well," he said. "You have the power within; you shall have the knowledge also. I will see you later." The Lama Mingyar Dondup, my beloved friend, looked well pleased with me. "You pass every test, Lobsang, every time!" he said. "Now come, we will retire to the Sanctuary of the Gods and talk." He smiled down at me as we walked along. "Talk, Lobsang," he remarked, "about the World of Illusion."

The Sanctuary was deserted, as my Guide knew in advance. Flickering lamps burned before the Sacred Images, causing their shadows to jump and move as though in some exotic dance. Incense smoke spiraled upwards to form a low-lying cloud above us. Together we sat by the side of the Lectern from whence the Reader would read from the Sacred Books. We sat in the attitude of contemplation, legs crossed, and fingers entwined.

"This is the World of Illusion," said my Guide, "Wherefore we call to souls to hear us, for they alone are in the World of Reality. We say, as you well know, Hear the Voices of our Souls, we do not say Hear our Physical Voices. Listen to me, and do not interrupt, for this is the basis of our Inner Belief. As I shall explain later, people not sufficiently evolved must first have a belief which sustains them, makes them feel that a benevolent Father or Mother is watching over them. Only when one has evolved to the appropriate stage can one accept this which I shall now tell you." I gazed at my Guide, thinking that he was the whole world to me, wishing we could be always together. "We are creatures of the Spirit," he said, "we are like electric charges endowed with intelligence. This world, this life, is Hell, it is the testing place wherein our Spirit is purified by the suffering of learning to control our gross flesh body. Just as a puppet is controlled by strings manipulated by the Puppet Master, so is our flesh body controlled by strings of electric force from our Overself, our Spirit. A

good Puppet Master can create the illusion that the wooden puppets are alive, that they act of their own volition. In the same way we, until we learn better, consider that our flesh body is the only thing that matters. In the spirit-strangling atmosphere of the Earth we forget the Soul that truly controls us, we think that we do things of our own free will and are answerable only to our “conscience.” So, Lobsang, we have the first Illusion, the illusion that the puppet, the flesh body, is the one that matters.” He stopped at the sight of my puzzled expression. “Well?” he asked, “and what troubles you?”

“Sir!” I said, “where are my strings of electric force? I cannot see anything connecting me to my Overself!” He laughed as he replied, “Can you see air, Lobsang? Not while you are in the flesh body.” Leaning forward he grasped my robe, nearly scaring the life out of me as I stared into his penetrating eyes. “Lobsang!” he said sternly, “have *all* your brains evaporated? Are you *really* bone from the neck up? Have you forgotten the Silver Cord, that collection of lines of electric force linking you — here — with your soul? Truly, Lobsang, you are in the World of Illusion!” I felt my face grow red. *Of course* I knew about the Silver Cord, that cord of bluish light which connects the physical body to the spirit body. Many times, when astral travelling, I had watched the Cord shimmering and pulsing with light and life. It was like the umbilical cord which connects the mother and the new-born child, only the ‘child’ which was the physical body could not exist for a moment if the Silver Cord was severed.

I looked up, my Guide was ready to continue after my interruption. “When we are in the physical world we tend to think that only the physical world matters. That is one of the safety devices of the Overself; if we remembered the Spirit World with its happiness we would be able to remain here only by a strong effort of will. If we remembered past lives when, perhaps, we were more important than in this life, we should not have the necessary humility. We will

have some tea brought in and then I will show you, or tell you, of the life of a Chinaman from his death, to his re-birth and to his death and arrival in the Next World.” The Lama stretched forth his hand to ring the small silver bell in the Sanctuary, then stopped at my expression. “Well?” he asked, “what is your question?” “Sir!” I answered, “why a Chinaman? Why not a Tibetan?” “Because,” he replied, “if I say ‘a Tibetan’ you will try to associate the name with someone you know—with incorrect results.” He rang the bell and a servant-monk brought us tea. My Guide looked at me thoughtfully. “Do you realize that in drinking this tea we are swallowing millions of worlds?” he asked. “Fluids have a more sparsely molecular content. If you could magnify the molecules of this tea you would find that they roll like the sands beside a turbulent lake. Even a gas, even the air itself is composed of molecules, of minute particles. However, that is a digression, we were going to discuss the death and life of a Chinaman.” He finished his tea and waited while I finished mine.

“Seng was an old mandarin,” said my Guide. “His life had been a fortunate one and now, in the evening of that life he felt a great contentment. His family was large, his concubines and slaves many. Even the Emperor of China himself had shown him favours. As his aged eyes peered short-sightedly through the window of his room he could dimly discern the beautiful gardens with the strutting peacocks. Softly to his failing ears came the song of birds returning to the trees as the day grew old. Seng lay back, relaxed upon his cushions. Within himself he could feel the rustling fingers of Death loosing his bonds with life. Slowly the blood red sun sank behind the ancient pagoda. Slowly Old Seng sank back upon his cushions, a harsh rattling breath hissing through his teeth. The sunlight faded, and the little lamps in the room were lighted, but Old Seng had gone, gone with the last dying rays of the sun.” My Guide looked at me in order to be sure that I was following him,

“Old Seng lay slumped upon his cushions, with his body sounds creaking and wheezing into silence. No longer did blood rush through arteries and veins, no longer did body fluids gurgle within. The body of Old Seng was dead, finished with, of no more use. But a clairvoyant, if one had been present, would have seen a light blue haze form around the body of Old Seng. Form, then lift over the body, floating horizontally above, attached by the thinning Silver Card. Gradually the Silver Cord thinned, and parted. The Soul which had been Old Seng floated off, drifted like a cloud of incense smoke, vanished effortlessly through the walls.” The Lama refilled his cup, saw that I also had tea, then continued.

“The Soul drifted on through realms, through dimensions which the materialist mind cannot comprehend. At last it reached a wondrous parkland, dotted with immense buildings at one of which he stopped, here the Soul that had been Old Seng entered and made his way across a gleaming floor. A soul, Lobsang, in its own surroundings, is as solid as you are upon this world. The soul in the world of the soul, can be confined by walls, and walk upon a floor. The soul there has different abilities and talents from those we know upon the Earth. This Soul wandered on and at last entered a small cubicle. Sitting down, he gazed at the wall before him. Suddenly the wall appeared to vanish, and in its place he saw scenes, the scenes of his life. He saw that which we term The Akashic Record, which is the Record of all that has ever happened and which can be seen readily by those who are trained. It is also seen by everyone who passes from the Earth life to the life beyond, for Man sees the Record of his own successes and failures. Man sees his past and *judges himself*. There is no sterner judge than Man himself. We do not sit trembling before a God; we sit and see all that we did and all that we meant to do.” I sat silent, I found all this of quite absorbing interest. I could Listen to this for hours—better than dull lessonwork!

“The Soul that had been Old Seng the Chinese Mandarin sat and saw again the life that he, upon Earth, had thought so successful,” continued my Guide. “He saw, and sorrowed for his many faults, and then he rose and left the cubicle, going speedily to a larger room where men and women of the Soul World awaited him. Silently, smiling with compassion and understanding, they awaited his approach, his request to be guided. Sitting in their company he told them of his faults, of the things he had attempted to do, meant to do, and failed.” “But I thought you said he was not judged, he judged himself!” I said quickly. “That is so, Lobsang,” replied my Guide. “Having seen his past and his mistakes, he now approached these Advisors in order to receive their suggestions—but do not interrupt, listen to me and save your questions for after.”

“As I was saying,” continued the Lama, “the soul sat with the Advisors and told them of his failures, told them of the qualities which he had to ‘grow’ in to his Soul before he could evolve further. First would come the return to view his body, then would come a period of rest—years or hundreds of years—and then he would be helped to find conditions such as were essential for his further progress. The Soul that had been Old Seng went back to Earth to gaze finally upon his dead body, now ready for burial. Then, no longer the Soul of Old Seng, but a Soul ready for rest, he returned to the Land Beyond. For a time unspecified he rested and recuperated, studying the lessons of past lives, preparing for the life to come. Here, in this life beyond death, articles and substances were as solid to his touch as they had been on Earth. He rested until the time and conditions were pre-arranged.” “I like this!” I exclaimed, “I find it of great interest.” My Guide smiled at me before continuing.

“At some pre-determined time, the Soul in Waiting was called and was led forth into the World of Mankind by one whose task was such service. They stopped, invisible to the eyes of those in the flesh, watching the parents-to-be,

looking at the house, assessing the probabilities that this house would afford the desired facilities for learning the lessons which had to be learned this time. Satisfied, they withdrew. Months later the Mother-to-Be felt a sudden quickening inside her as the Soul entered and the Baby came to life. In time the Baby was born to the World of Man. The Soul that had once activated the body of Old Seng now struggled anew with the reluctant nerves and brain of the child Lee Wong living in humble circumstances in a fishing village of China. Once again the high vibrations of a Soul were converted to the lower octave vibrations of a flesh body.”

I sat and thought. Then I thought some more. At last I said, “Honorable Lama, as this is so, why do people fear death, which is but a release from the troubles of Earth?” “That is a sensible question, Lobsang,” replied my Guide. “Did we but remember the joys of the Other World many of us would not be able to tolerate, hardships here, wherefore we have implanted within us a fear of death.” Giving me a quizzical sideways glance, he remarked, “Some of us do not like school, do not like the discipline so necessary at school. Yet when one grows up and becomes adult the benefits of school become apparent. It would not do to run away from school and expect to advance in learning; nor is it advisable to end one's life before one's allotted time.” I wondered about this, because just a few days before an old monk, illiterate and sick, had thrown himself from a high hermitage. A sour old man he had been, with a disposition that made him refuse all offers of help. Yes, old Jigme was better out of the way, I thought. Better for himself. Better for others.

“Sir!” I said, “then the monk Jigme was at fault when he ended his own life?” “Yes, Lobsang, he was very much at fault,” replied my Guide. “A man or woman has a certain allotted span upon the Earth. If one ends his or her life before that time, then he or she has to return almost immediately. Thus we have the spectacle of a baby born to

live perhaps a few months only. That will be the soul of a suicide returning to take over the body and so live out the time which should have been lived before. Suicide is *never* justified; it is a grave offence against oneself, against one's Overself." "But Sir," I said, "how about the high born Japanese who commits ceremonial suicide in order to atone for family disgrace? Surely he is a brave man that he does that." "Not so, Lobsang," my Guide was most emphatic. "Not so. Bravery consists not of dying but in living in face of hardship, in face of suffering. To die is easy, to live — *that* is the brave act! Not even the theatrical demonstration of pride in 'Ceremonial Suicide' can blind one to its wrongness. We are here to learn and we can only learn through living our allotted span. Suicide is *never* justified!" I thought again of old Jigme. He was very old when he killed himself, so when he came again, I thought, it would be for a short stay only.

"Honourable Lama," I asked, "what is the purpose of fear? Why do we have to suffer so much through fear? Already I have discovered that the things I fear most never happen, yet I fear them still!" The Lama laughed and said, "That happens to us all. We fear the Unknown. Yet fear is necessary. Fear spurs us on when otherwise we should be slothful. Fear gives us added strength with which to avoid accidents. Fear is a booster which gives us added power, added incentive, and makes us overcome our own inclination to laziness. You would not study your school work unless you *feared* the teacher or *feared* appearing stupid in front of others."

Monks were coming into the Sanctuary; chelas darted around lighting more butter lamps, more incense. We rose to our feet and walked out into the cool of the evening where a slight breeze played with the leaves of the willows. The great trumpets sounded from the Potala so far away, and dimly the echoes rolled around the walls of the State Oracle Lamasery.

## CHAPTER THREE

The Lamasery of the State Oracle was small, compact, and very secluded. Few small chelas played with carefree abandon. No groups of trappas lounged indolently in the sun-drenched courtyard, whiling away the noonday hour in idle chatter. Old men—old Lamas too!—were in the majority here. Aged men, white of hair and bent under the weight of years, they went slowly about their business. This was the Home of the Seers. To the aged lamas in general, and to the Oracle himself, was entrusted the task of Prophecy, of Divination. No uninvited visitor entered here, no stray traveler called in search of rest or food. This was a place feared by many and forbidden to all except those specially invited. My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup was the exception; at any time he could enter and find that he was indeed a welcome visitor.

A gracious grove of trees gave the Lamasery privacy from prying eyes. Strong stone walls gave the buildings protection from the over-curious, if there should be any who would risk the wrath of the powerful Oracle Lama for idle curiosity. Carefully kept rooms were set aside for His Holiness the Inmost One who so frequently visited this Temple of Knowledge. The air was quiet, the general impression was of quietude, of men placidly going about their important business.

Nor was there opportunity for brawls, for noisy intruders. The Place was patrolled by the mighty Men of Kham, the huge men, many of them over seven feet tall, and none of them weighing less than two hundred and fifty pounds, who were employed throughout Tibet as monk-police charged with the task of keeping order in communities of sometimes thousands of monks. The monk-police strode about

the grounds constantly alert, constantly on guard. Carrying mighty staves they were indeed a frightening sight to those with guilty consciences. A monk's robe does not necessarily cover a religious man; there are wrongdoers and lazy men in all communities, so the Men of Kham were busy.

The lamastic buildings too were in keeping with their intended purpose. No high buildings here, no long notched poles to scale; this was for aged men, men who had lost the elasticity of youth, men whose bones were frail. The corridors were easy of access, and those of greatest age lived upon the ground floor. The State Oracle himself also lived upon the ground floor, at the side of the Temple of Divination. Around him lodged the oldest men, the most learned. And the senior monk-police of the Men of Kham.

“We will go to see the Oracle, Lobsang,” said my Guide. “He has expressed great interest in you and is prepared to give you much of his time.” The invitation—or command—filled me with the greatest gloom; any visit to an astrologer or ‘seer’ in the past had been productive of bad news, more suffering, more confirmation of hardships to come. Usually, too, I had to wear my best robe and sit like a stuffed duck while listening to some prosy old man bleating out a string of platitudes which I would rather not hear. I looked up suspiciously; the Lama was struggling to conceal a smile as he gazed down at me. Obviously, I thought dourly, he has been reading my mind! He broke into a laugh as he said, “Go as you are, the Oracle is not at all swayed by the state of one's robe. He knows more about you than you know yourself!” My gloom deepened, what was I going to hear next, I wondered.

We walked down the corridor and went out into the inner courtyard. I glanced at the looming mountain ranges, feeling like one going to execution. A scowling police-monk approached, looking to me almost like a mountain on the move. Recognizing my Guide he broke into welcoming smiles and bowed deeply. “Prostrations at thy Lotus Feet, Holy Lama,” he said. “Honour me by permitting me to

lead you to His Reverence the State Oracle.” He fell into step beside us and I felt sure that the ground trembled to his ponderous tread.

Two lamas stood beside the door, lamas, not ordinary monk-guards, at our approach they stood aside that we might enter. “The Holy One awaits you,” said one smiling upon my Guide. “He is looking forward to your visit, Lord Mingyar,” said the other. We walked in and found ourselves to be in a somewhat dimly lighted room. For some seconds I could distinguish very little indeed; my eyes had been dazzled by the bright sunlight in the courtyard. Gradually, as my vision returned to normal, I perceived a bare room with but two tapestries upon the walls and a small incense burner which stood smoking in a corner. In the centre of the room, upon a plain cushion, sat a quite young man. He looked thin and frail, and I was amazed indeed when I realized that *this* was the State Oracle of Tibet. His eyes protruded somewhat, and stared at me and through me. I had the impression that he was seeing my soul and not my earthly body.

My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and I prostrated ourselves in traditional and prescribed greeting, then we rose to our feet and stood waiting. At last, when the silence was becoming decidedly uncomfortable, the Oracle spoke. “Welcome, Lord Mingyar, welcome Lobsang!” He said. His voice was somewhat high in pitch and was not at all strong; it gave the impression of coming from a great distance. For a few moments my Guide and the Oracle discussed matters of common interest, then the Lama Mingyar Dondup bowed, turned, and left the room. The Oracle sat looking at me and at last said, “Bring a cushion and sit by me, Lobsang.” I reached for one of the padded squares resting against a far wall and placed it so that I could sit before him. For a time he gazed at me in a somewhat moody silence, but at long last, when I was becoming uncomfortable beneath his scrutiny, he spoke. “So you are Tuesday Lobsang Rampa!” he said. “We knew each other

well in another phase of existence. Now, by order of the Inmost One, I have to tell you of hardships to come, difficulties to overcome.” “Oh, Sir!” I exclaimed, “I must have done terrible things in past lives to have to suffer thus in this. My Karma, my predestined Fate, seems to be harder than anyone else’s.” “Not so,” he replied, “it is a very common mistake for people to think that because they have hardships in *this* life they are necessarily suffering for the sins of past lives. If you heat metal in a furnace do you do so because the metal has erred and must be punished, or do you do it in order to *improve* the qualities of the material?” He looked hard at me and said, “However, your Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup will discuss that with you. I have to tell you only of the future.”

The Oracle touched a silver bell and an attendant entered silently. Padding across to us he placed a very low table between the State Oracle and me, and upon the table he placed an ornate silver bowl lined, apparently, with a form of porcelain. Within the bowl glowed charcoal embers which flared bright red as the monk-attendant swung it in the air before placing it in front of the Oracle. With a muttered word, the import of which was lost upon me, he placed a richly carved wooden box to the right of the bowl, and departed as silently as he had come. I sat still, ill at ease, wondering why all this had to happen to me. *Everyone* was telling me what a hard life I was going to have; they seemed to delight in it. Hardship was hardship, even though apparently I was not having to pay for the sins of some past life. Slowly the oracle reached forward and opened the box. With a small gold spoon he ladled out a fine powder which he sprinkled on to the glowing embers.

The room filled with a fine blue haze; I felt my senses reel and my sight grow dim. From a measureless distance away I seemed to hear the tolling of a great bell. Closer came the sound, and its intensity grew and grew until I felt my head would split. My sight cleared and I watched intently as a column of smoke rose endlessly from the bowl.

Within the smoke I saw movement, movement which came closer and engulfed me so that I was part of it. From somewhere beyond my comprehension the voice of the State Oracle reached me, droning on and on. But I had no need of his voice, I was seeing the future, seeing it as vividly as he. Within a point of Time I stood apart and watched the events of my life reel before me as if pictured upon an ever-moving film. My early childhood, events in my life, the fierceness of my father—all were portrayed before me. Once again I sat before the great Lamasery of Chakpori. Once again I felt the hard rocks of the Iron Mountain as the wind whipped me from the Lamasery roof to fling me with bone-breaking force down the mountain side. The smoke swirled and the pictures (what we term “the Akashic Record”) moved on. I saw again my initiation, secret ceremonies wreathed in smoke as I was not then initiated. On the pictures I saw myself setting out on the long, lonely trail to Chungking in China.

A strange machine twisted and tossed in the air, soaring and falling above the steep cliffs of Chungking. And I—I—was at the controls! Later I saw fleets of such machines, with the Rising Sun of Japan flaunted from their wings. From the machines fell black blobs which rushed to the earth to erupt into flame and smoke. Wrecked bodies hurtled heaven-wards, and for a time the skies rained blood and human fragments. I felt sick at heart, and dazed, as the pictures moved and showed me myself being tortured by the Japanese. I saw my life, saw the hardships, felt the bitterness. But the greatest sorrow of all was the treachery and evil of some people of the Western world, who, I saw, were bent on destroying work for good for the sole reason that they were jealous. The pictures moved on and on, and I saw the probable course of my life before I lived it.

As I well knew, *probabilities* can be most accurately forecast. Only the minor details are sometimes different. One's astrological configurations set the limit of what one can be and can endure just as the governor of an engine

can set its minimum and maximum speeds. “A hard life for me, all right!” I thought. Then I jumped so hard that I almost left the cushion; a hand was laid upon my shoulder. As I turned I saw the face of the State Oracle, now sitting behind me. His look was of utter compassion, of sorrow for the difficult way ahead. “You are very psychic, Lobsang,” he said, “I normally have to tell these pictures to onlookers. The Inmost One, as one would expect, is quite correct.”

“All I want,” I replied, “is to stay here in peace. Why should I want to go to the Western world where they so ardently preach religion—and try to cut one’s throat behind one’s back?” “There is a Task my friend,” said the Oracle, “which *must* be accomplished. *You* can do it in spite of all oppositions. Hence the special and difficult training which you are undergoing.” It made me feel most glum, all this talk about hardships and Tasks. All I wanted was peace and quiet and some harmless amusement now and then. “Now,” said the Oracle, “it is time for you to return to your Guide, for he has much to tell you and he is expecting you.” I rose to my feet and bowed before turning and leaving the room. Outside the huge monk-policeman was waiting to lead me to the Lama Mingyar Dondup. Together we walked, side by side, and I thought of a picture book I had seen wherein an elephant and an ant walked a jungle path side by side . . . .

“Well, Lobsang!” said the Lama as I entered his room, “I hope you are not too depressed at all that you have seen?” He smiled at me and motioned for me to sit. “Food for the body first, Lobsang, and then food for the Soul,” he exclaimed laughingly as he rang his silver bell for the monk-attendant to bring our tea. Evidently I had arrived just in time! Lamasery rules stated that one must not look about while one was eating, one’s eyes should not stray, and full attention should be given to the Voice of the Reader. Here in the Lama Mingyar Dondup’s room there was no Reader perched high above us, reading aloud from the

Sacred Books in order to keep our thoughts from such common things as food. Nor were there any stern Proctors ready to jump at us for the slightest infraction of the Rules. I gazed out of the window at the Himalayas stretching endlessly before me, thinking that soon the time would come when I should gaze upon them no more. I had received glimpses into the future—my future—and I dreaded the things which I had not seen clearly but which had been partly veiled in smoke.

“Lobsang!” said my Guide, “you have seen much, but much more has remained hidden. If you feel that you cannot face the planned Future, then we will accept the fact—though sadly—and you may remain in Tibet.” “Sir!” I replied, “you once told me that the man who sets out upon one of Life's Paths, falters, and turns back, is no man. I will go ahead in spite of knowing the difficulties before me.” He smiled, and nodded his approval. “As I expected,” he said, “you will succeed in the end.” “Sir!” I asked, “why do not people come to this world with a knowledge of what they have been in past lives and what they are supposed to do in this life? Why must there be what you term ‘Hidden Knowledge’? Why cannot we all know everything?”

The Lama Mingyar Dondup raised his eyebrows and laughed. “You certainly want to know a lot!” he said. “Your memory is failing, too, quite recently I told you that we do not normally remember our past lives as to do so would be to increase our load upon this world. As we say, ‘The Wheel of Life revolves, bringing riches to one and poverty to another. The beggar of today is the prince of tomorrow.’ If we do not know of our past lives we all start afresh without trying to trade on what we were in our last incarnation.” “But,” I asked, “what about the Hidden Knowledge? If all people had that knowledge everyone would be better, would advance more quickly.” My Guide smiled down at me. “It is not so simple as that!” he replied. For a moment he sat in silence, then he spoke again.

“There are powers within us, within the control of our Overself, immeasurably greater than anything that Man has been able to make in the material, the physical world. Western Man in particular would abuse such Powers as we can command, for all that Western Man cares about is money. Western Man has but two questions: can you prove it? and — what do I get out of it?” He laughed quite boyishly and said, “I always feel most amused when I think of the vast array of mechanisms and apparatus which Man uses to send a ‘wireless’ message across the oceans. ‘Wireless’ is the last term they should use, for the apparatus consists of miles and miles of wire. But here, in Tibet, our trained lamas send telepathic messages with no apparatus at all. We go into the astral and travel through space and time, visiting other parts of the world, and other worlds. We can levitate—lift immense loads by the application of powers not generally known. Not all men are pure, Lobsang, nor does a monk's robe always cover a holy man. There can be an evil man in a lamasery just as there can be a saint in prison.” I looked at him in some puzzlement. “But if all men had this knowledge, surely they would all be good?” I asked.

The Lama looked at me sorrowfully as he replied. “We may be safeguarded. Many men, particularly those of the West, think only of money and of power over others. As has been foretold by the Oracle and others, this our land will later be invaded and physically conquered by a strange cult, a cult which has no thought for the common man, but exists solely in order to bolster up the power of dictators, dictators who will enslave half the world. There have been high lamas who have been tortured to death by the Russians because the lamas would not divulge forbidden knowledge. The average man, Lobsang, who suddenly had access to forbidden knowledge, would react like this: first he would be fearful of the power now within his grasp. Then it would occur to him that he had the means of making

himself rich beyond his wildest dreams. He would experiment, and money would come to him. With increasing money and power he would desire yet more money and power. A millionaire is never satisfied with one million, but wants many millions more! It is said that in the unevolved, absolute power corrupts. The Hidden Knowledge gives absolute power.”

A great light dawned upon me; I knew how Tibet could be saved! Jumping up excitedly, I exclaimed, “Then Tibet is saved! The Hidden Knowledge will save us from invasion!” My Guide looked upon me with compassion. “No, Lobsang,” he replied sadly, “we do not use the Powers for things like that. Tibet will be persecuted, almost annihilated, but in the years to come she will rise again and become greater, purer. The country will be purified of dross in the furnace of war just as, later, the whole world will be.” He gave me a sideways glance. “There *has* to be wars, you know, Lobsang!” he said quietly. “If there were no wars the population of the world would become too great. If there were not wars there would be plagues. Wars and sickness regulate the population of the world and provide opportunities for people on the Earth—and on other worlds—to do good to others. There will *always* be wars until the population of the world can be controlled in some other way.”

The gongs were summoning us to the evening service. My Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup rose to his feet. “Come along, Lobsang,” he said, “we are guests here and must show respect for our hosts by attending the service.” We walked out of the room and went into the courtyard. The gongs were calling insistently — being sounded longer than would have been the case at Chakpori. We made our surprisingly slow way to the Temple. I wondered at our slowness, then as I looked around I saw very aged men, and the infirm, hobbling across the courtyard in our footsteps. My Guide whispered to me, “It would be a courtesy, Lobsang, if you went across and sat with those chelas.” Nod-

ding, I made my way round the inner walls of the Temple until I came to where the chelas of the State Oracle Lama-sery were sitting. They eyed me with curiosity as I sat down to one side of them. Almost imperceptibly, when the Proctors were not looking, they edged forward until they surrounded me.

“Where do you come from?” asked one boy, one who seemed to be the leader. “Chakpori,” I replied in a whisper. “You the fellow sent by the Inmost One?” whispered another. “Yes,” I whispered back, “I have been to see the Oracle, he told me——” “SILENCE!” roared a fierce voice just behind me, “Not another sound out of you boys!” I saw the big man move away. “Ga!” said a boy, “don't take any notice of him, his bark is worse than his bite.” Just then the State Oracle and an Abbot appeared through a small door at the side, and the service commenced.

Soon we were streaming out into the open again. With the others I went to the kitchen to have my leather barley bag refilled and to get tea. There was no opportunity to talk; monks of all degree were standing about, having a last minute discussion before retiring for the night. I made my way to the room allotted to me, rolled myself in my robe and lay down to sleep. Sleep did not come quickly, though. I gazed out at the purple darkness, pin-pointed by the golden-flamed butter lamps. Far away the eternal Himalayas stretched rock-fingers skywards as if in supplication to the Gods of the World. Vivid white shafts of moonlight flashed through mountain crevices, to disappear and flash again as the moon climbed higher. There was no breeze tonight, the prayer flags hung listlessly from their poles. The merest trace of cloud floated indolently above the City of Lhasa. I turned over, and fell into a dreamless sleep.

In the very early hours of the morning I awakened with a start of fright; I had overslept and would be late for the early service. Jumping to my feet, I hastily shrugged into

my robe and bolted for the door. Racing down the deserted corridor I dashed out into the courtyard — straight into the arms of one of the Men of Kham. “Where are you going?” he whispered fiercely as he held me in an iron grip. “To early morning service,” I replied, “I must have overslept. He laughed and released me. “Oh!” he said “you are a visitor. There is no early service here. Go back and sleep again.” “No early service?” I cried, “why *everyone* has early service!” The monk-policeman must have been in a good mood, for he answered me civilly, “We have old men here, and some who are infirm, for that reason we dispense with the early service. Go, and rest awhile in peace.” He patted me on the head, gently for him, like a thunderclap for me, and pushed me back into the corridor. Turning, he resumed his pacing of the courtyard, his ponderous footsteps going “bonk! bonk!” with the heavy stave going “thunk! thunk!” as the butt thudded into the ground at every other step. I raced back along the corridor and in minutes was sound asleep again.

Later in the day I was presented to the Abbot and two of the senior lamas. They questioned me intently asking me questions about my home life, what I remembered of past lives, my relationship with my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. Finally the three rose tottering to their feet and filed toward the door. “Come” said the last one, crooking a finger in my direction. Dumbfounded, walking as one in a daze, I followed meekly behind. They wended a slow way out of the door and shuffled lethargically along the corridor. I followed, almost tripping over my feet in an effort to go slowly enough. We crawled on, past open rooms where trappas and chelas alike looked up in curiosity at our slow passing. I felt my cheeks burn with embarrassment at being on the “tail” of this procession; at its head, the Abbot shuffling along with the aid of two sticks. Next came two old lamas who were so decrepit and withered that they could scarce keep up with the Abbot. And I, bringing up the rear, could hardly go slowly enough.

At long last, or it seemed “long last” to me, we reached a small doorway set in a far wall. We stopped while the Abbot fumbled with a key and mumbled beneath his breath. One of the lamas stepped forward to assist him, and eventually a door was pushed open with a squeal of protesting hinges. The Abbot entered, followed by first one lama and then the other. No one said anything to me, so I went in as well. An old lama pushed the door shut behind me. Before me there was a fairly long table laden with old and dust-covered objects. Old robes, ancient Prayer Wheels, old bowls, and assorted strings of Prayer Beads. Scattered on the table were a few Charm Boxes and various other objects which I could not at first glance identify. “Hmmm. Mmmm. Come here my boy!” commanded the Abbot. I moved reluctantly toward him and he grasped my left arm with his bony hand. I felt as if in the clutch of a skeleton! “Hmmm. Mmmm. Boy! Hmmm. Which, if any, of these objects and articles were in your possession during a past life?” He led me the length of the table, then turned me about and said, “Hmmm. Mmmm. If you believe that any article was yours. Hmmm, pick it or them out and Hmmm, Mmmm, bring it or them to me.” He sat down heavily and appeared to take no more interest in my activities. The two lamas sat with him, and no word was uttered .

“Well!” I thought to myself, “if the three old men want to play it this way—all right, I will play it their way!” Psychometry is, of course, the simplest thing of all to do. I walked slowly along with my left hand extended palm down over the various articles. At certain objects I experienced a form of itch in the centre of the palm, and a slight shiver, or tremor, thrilled along my arm. I picked out a Prayer Wheel, an old battered bowl, and a string of beads. Then I repeated my journey by the side of the long table. Only one more article caused my palm to itch and my arm to tingle; an old tattered robe in the last stages of decay. The saffron robe of a high official, the colour almost

bleached out by age. the material rotten and powdery to the touch. Gingerly I picked it up, half afraid that it would disintegrate between my cautious hands. Carefully I carried it to the old Abbot, deposited it at his feet, and returned for the Prayer Wheel, the battered bowl, and the string of beads. Without a word the Abbot and the two lamas examined the articles and compared certain signs, or secret markings, with those in an old black book which the Abbot produced. For a time they sat facing each other, heads a-nod on withered necks, ancient brains almost creaking with the effort to think.

“Harrumph! Arrrf!” mumbled the Abbot, wheezing like an over-worked yak. “Mmmmmnnn. It is indeed he. Hmmm. A remarkable performance. Mmmmn. Go to your Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, my boy and Hmmm, tell him that we should be honoured by his presence. You my boy, need not return. Harrumph! Arrrf!” I turned and raced from the room, glad to be free from these living mummies whose desiccated remoteness was so far removed from the warm humanity of the Lama Mingyar Dondup. Scurrying round a corner I came to a full stop inches from my Guide. He laughed at me and said, “Oh! Don't look so startled, I received the message also.” Giving me a friendly pat on the back he hastened on toward the room containing the Abbot and the two old lamas. I wandered out into the courtyard and idly kicked a stone or two.

“You the fellow whose Incarnation is being Recognized?” asked a voice behind me. I turned to see a chela regarding me intently. “I don't know what they are doing,” I replied. “All I know is that I have been dragged round the corridors so that I could pick out some of my old things. *Anyone* could do that!” The boy laughed good-naturedly, “You Chakpori men know your stuff,” he said, “or you would not be in that Lamasery. I heard it said that you were someone *big* in a past life. You *must* have been for the Oracle Himself to devote half a day to you.” He shrugged

his shoulders in mock horror and remarked, "You'd better look out. Before you know what is happening they will have Recognized you and made you an Abbot. Then you won't be able to play with the other men at Chakpori any longer."

From a door at the far end of the courtyard appeared the form of my Guide. Rapidly he strode toward us. The chela with whom I had been talking bowed low in humble salutation. The Lama smiled upon him and spoke kindly—as always. "We must be on our way, Lobsang!" said the Lama Mingyar Dondup to me, "soon night will be upon us, and we do not want to ride through the darkness." Together we walked to the stables where a monk-groom was waiting with our horses. Reluctantly I mounted and followed my Guide on to the path through the willow trees. We jogged along in silence; I could never converse intelligently on horse-back as the whole of my energies was devoted to staying on. To my astonishment we did not turn off at Chakpori, but wended our way on to the Potala. Slowly the horses climbed the Road of Steps. Beneath us the Valley was already fading into the shadows of the night. Gladly I dismounted and hurried into the now-familiar Potala in search of food.

My Guide was waiting for me when I went to my room after supper. "Come in with me, Lobsang," he called. I went in and at his bidding seated myself. "Well!" he said, "I expect you are wondering what it is all about." "Oh! I expect to be Recognized as an Incarnation!" I replied airily. "One of the men and I were discussing it at the State Oracle Lamasery when you called me away!" "Well that is very nice for you," said the Lama Mingyar Dondup. "Now we have to take some time and discuss things. You need not attend service tonight. Sit more comfortably and listen, and do not keep interrupting."

"Most people come to this world in order to learn things," commenced my Guide. "Others come in order that they may assist those in need, or to complete some special,

highly important task.” He looked sharply at me to make sure that I was following, then continued, “Many religions preach about a Hell, the place of punishment, or expiation for one's sins. Hell is *here*, on this world. Our real life is on the other World. Here we come to learn, to pay for mistakes made in previous lives or—as I said—to attempt the accomplishment of some highly important task. You are here to do a task in connection with the human aura. Your ‘tools’ will be an exceptionally sensitive psychic perception, a greatly intensified ability to see the human aura, and all the knowledge that we can give you concerning *all* the occult arts. The Inmost One has decreed that every possible means be used to increase your abilities and talents. Direct teaching, actual experiences, hypnotism, we are going to use them all in order that we may get the most knowledge into you in the shortest time.”

“Hell it is, all right!” I exclaimed gloomily. The Lama laughed at my expression. “But *this* Hell is merely the stepping stone to a far better life,” he replied. “Here we are able to get rid of some of the baser faults. Here, in a few years of Earth life, we shed faults which may have plagued us in the Other World for countless spans of time. The whole life of this world is but the twinkling of an eye to that of the Other World. Most people in the West,” he went on, “think that when one ‘dies’ one sits on a cloud and plays a harp. Others think that when one leaves *this* world for the next one they exist in a mystical state of nothingness and like it.” He laughed and continued, “If we could only get them to realize that the life after death is *more* real than anything on Earth! Everything on this world consists of vibrations; the whole world's vibrations—and everything within the world—may be likened to an octave on a musical scale. When we pass to the Other Side of Death the ‘octave’ is raised further up the scale.” My Guide stopped, seized my hand and rapped my knuckles on the floor. “That, Lobsang,” he said, “is stone, the vibrations which we term stone.” Again he took my hand and

rubbed my fingers on my robe. "That," he exclaimed, "is the vibration which indicates wool. If we move *everything* up the scale of vibrations we still maintain the relative degrees of hardness and softness. So, in the Life after Death, the *real* Life, we can possess things just as we do on this world. Do you follow that clearly?" he asked.

Obviously it was clear, I had known things like that for a very long time. The Lama broke into my thoughts. "Yes, I am aware that all this is common knowledge here, but if we vocalize these 'unspoken thoughts' we shall make it clearer in your mind. Later," he said, "you will journey to the lands of the Western world. There you will meet many difficulties through Western religions." He smiled somewhat wryly and remarked, "The Christians call us heathens. In their Bible it is written that 'Christ wandered in the wilderness.' In our records it is revealed that Christ wandered throughout India, studying Indian religions, and then He came to Lhasa and studied at the Jo Kang under our foremost priests of that time. Christ formulated a *good* religion, but the Christianity practiced today is not the religion that Christ produced." My Guide looked at me somewhat severely and said, "I know you are a little bored by this, thinking I am talking for the sake of words, but I have traveled throughout the Western world and I have a duty to warn you of what you will experience. I can do that best by telling you of their religions, for I know you have an eidetic memory." I had the grace to blush; I *had* been thinking "too many words!"

Outside in the corridors monks were shush-shushing along toward the Temple to the evening service. On the roof above trumpeters looked out across the Valley and sounded the last notes of the dying day. Here, in front of me my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup continued his talk. "There are two basic religions in the West but innumerable subdivisions. The Jewish religion is old and tolerant. You will have no trouble, no difficulties caused by Jews. For centuries they have been persecuted, and they

have great sympathy and understanding for others. The Christians are not so tolerant, except on Sundays. I am not going to say anything about individual beliefs, you will read of them, but I am going to say how religions started.

“In the early days of life upon Earth,” said the Lama, “people were first in little groups, very small tribes. There were no laws, no code of behavior. Strength was the only law; a stronger and fiercer tribe made war upon those weaker. In course of time a stronger and wiser man arose. He realized that his tribe would be the strongest if it were organized. He founded a religion and a code of behavior. ‘Be fruitful and multiply,’ he commanded, knowing that the more babies were born the stronger would his tribe grow. ‘Honour thy father and thy mother’ he ordered, knowing that if he gave parents authority over their children he would have authority over the parents. Knowing too that if he could persuade children to feel indebted to their parents, discipline would be easier to enforce. ‘Thou shalt not commit adultery’ thundered the Prophet of that time. His real command was that the *tribe* should not be ‘adulterated’ with the blood of a member of another tribe, for in such cases there are divided loyalties. In course of time the priests found that there were some who did not always obey religious teachings. After much thought, much discussion, those priests worked out a scheme of reward and punishment. ‘Heaven’, ‘Paradise,’ ‘Valhalla,—term it what you will—for those who obeyed *the priests*. Hell fire and damnation with everlasting tortures for those who disobeyed.”

“Then you are opposed to the organized religions of the West, Sir?” I asked. “No, most certainly not,” replied my Guide, “there are many who feel lost unless they can feel or imagine an all-seeing Father peering down at them, with a Recording Angel ready to note any good deeds as well as bad! We are God to the microscopic creatures who inhabit our bodies, and the even smaller creatures that inhabit *his* molecules! As for prayer, Lobsang, do you often listen to the prayers of the creatures existing on your

molecules?” “But you said that prayer was effective,” I responded with some astonishment. “Yes, Lobsang, prayer is *very* effective *if we pray to our own Overself*, to the real part of us in another world, the part which controls our ‘puppet strings’. Prayer is *very* effective *if we obey the simple, natural rules which make it so.*”

He smiled at me as he said, “Man is a mere speck in a troubled world. Man is only comfortable when feeling safe in some form of ‘Mother's embrace.’ For those in the West, untrained in the art of dying, the last thought, the last cry, is ‘Mother!’ A man who is unsure of himself while trying to give an appearance of confidence will suck a cigar or cigarette just as a baby will suck a dummy. Psychologists agree that the smoking habit is merely a reversion to the traits of early childhood where a baby drew nourishment *and confidence* from his mother. Religion is a comforter. Knowledge of the truth of life — and death — is of even greater comfort. We are like water when on Earth, like steam when we pass over in ‘death’ and we condense again to water when we are reborn to this world once more.”

“Sir!” I exclaimed, “do you think that children should *not* honour their parents?” My Guide looked at me in some surprise; “Good gracious, Lobsang, of course children should pay respect to their parents—so long as the parents merit it. Over-dominant parents should not be permitted to ruin their children, though, and an adult ‘child’ certainly has first responsibility to his or her wife or husband. Parents should *not* be permitted to tyrannise and dictate to their adult offspring. To allow parents to act thus is to harm the parents as well as oneself; it makes a debt which the parents must pay in some other life.” I thought of my parents. My stern and harsh father, a father who had never been a ‘father’ to me. My mother whose main thought was of the social life. Then I thought of the Lama Mingyar Dondup who was *more* than a mother and father to me, the only person who had shown me kindness and love at all times.

A monk-messenger hastened in and bowed deeply. "Honourable Lord Mingyar," he said respectfully, "I am commanded to convey to you the respects and salutations of the Inmost One and to ask you to be good enough to go to Him. May I lead you to Him, Sir?" My Guide rose to his feet and accompanied the messenger.

I walked out and climbed to the roof of the Potala. Slightly higher, the Medical Lamasery of Chakpori loomed out of the night. By my side a Prayer Flag flapped weakly against its mast. Standing in a nearby window I saw an old monk busily twirling his Prayer Wheel, its 'clack-clack' a loud sound in the silence of the night. The stars stretched overhead in endless procession, and I wondered, did we look like that to some other creature, somewhere?

## CHAPTER FOUR

The season was that of Logsar, the Tibetan New Year. We chelas—and trappas also—had been busy for some time now, making butter images. Last year we had not bothered and had therefore occasioned some ill feeling; other lamaseries had held to the belief (correctly!) that we of Chakpori had neither time nor interest for such childish pursuits. This year, then, by order of the Inmost One Himself, we had to make butter images and enter the contest. Our effort was a modest one compared to that of some lamaseries. On a wooden framework, some twenty feet high by thirty feet long, we were moulding in coloured butter various scenes from the Sacred Books. Our figures were fully three-dimensional, and we hoped that when seen by the light of the flickering butter lamps there would be an illusion of movement.

The Inmost One Himself, and all the senior lamas, viewed the exhibits every year and much praise was accorded the builders of the winning effort. After the Season of Logsar the butter was melted down and used in the butter lamps throughout the year. As I worked—I had some skill in modeling—I thought of all that I had learned during the past few months. Certain things about religion still puzzled me and I resolved to ask my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup about them at the first opportunity, but now butter sculpture was the thing! I stooped and scraped up a fresh load of flesh-coloured butter and carefully climbed up the scaffolding so that I could build up the ear to Buddha-like proportions. Off to my right two young chelas were having a butter ball fight, scooping up hand loads of butter, moulding the stuff roughly round, then throwing that messy missile at the “enemy”. They were

having a great time, unfortunately a monk-proctor appeared round a stone pillar to see what all the noise was about. Without a word he seized both boys, one in his right hand and the other in his left and threw them both into a great vat of warm butter!

I turned and got on with my work. Butter mixed with lamp-black formed very suitable eyebrows. Already there was illusion of life in the figure. "This *is* the World of Illusion, after all," I thought. Down I climbed, and walked across the floor so that I could obtain a better impression of the work. The Master of the Arts smiled upon me; I was perhaps his favourite pupil as I liked modeling and painting and really worked to learn from him. "We are doing well, Lobsang," he said pleasantly, "the Gods look alive." He walked away in order that he could direct alterations to another part of the scene and I thought, "The Gods look alive! *Are* there Gods? Why are we taught about them if there are none? I must ask my Guide."

Thoughtfully I scraped the butter from my hands. Over in the corner the two chelas who had been thrown into the warm butter were trying to get themselves clean by rubbing their bodies with fine brown sand, looking very foolish indeed as they rubbed away. I chuckled and turned to go. A heavy-set chela walked beside me and remarked, "Even the Gods must have laughed at that!" "Even the Gods— Even the Gods— Even the Gods" the refrain echoed through my mind in time with my footsteps. The Gods *were* there Gods? I walked on down to the Temple and settled myself waiting for the familiar service to commence. "Hear the Voices of our Souls, all you who wander. This is the World of Illusion. Life is but a dream. All that are born must die." The priest's voice droned on, reciting the well-known words, words which now struck at my curiosity; "The third stick of incense is lit to summon a wandering ghost that he may be guided." "Not helped by the Gods," I thought, "but guided by *his fellow men*, why not by the Gods? Why did we pray to our Overself and not to

a God?" The rest of the service had no attraction, no meaning for me. I was jolted out of my thoughts by an elbow digging violently into my ribs. "Lobsang! *Lobsang!* What is the matter with you, are you *dead?* Get up, the service is over!" I stumbled to my feet and followed the others out of the Temple.

"Sir!" I said to my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup some hours later, "Sir! Is there a God? Or Gods?" He looked down at me and said, "Let us go and sit on the roof, Lobsang, we can hardly talk here in this crowded place." He turned and led the way along the corridor, out through the Lamas' quarters, up the notched pole and so on to the roof. For a moment we stood looking at the well-loved scene, the towering mountain ranges, the bright water of the Kyi Chu, and the reed-girt Kaling Chu. Beneath us the Norbu Linga, or Jewel Park, showed as a mass of living green. My Guide waved his hand. "Do you think all *this* is chance, Lobsang? Of *course* there is a God!" We moved to the highest part of the roof and sat down.

"You are confused in your thinking, Lobsang," stated my Guide. "There is a God; there are Gods. While upon this Earth we are in no position to appreciate the Form and Nature of God. We live in what may be termed a three-dimensional world: God lives in a world so far removed that the human brain *while on earth*, cannot hold the necessary concept of God and thus men tend to rationalise. 'God' is assumed to be something human, super-human if you prefer the term, but Man, in his conceit, believes that he is made in the Image of God! Man also believes that there is no life on other worlds. If Man is made in the Image of God and the peoples of other worlds are in a different image—what is to become of our concept that Man *only* is made in God's Image?" The Lama looked keenly at me to make sure that I was following his remarks. Most certainly I was; all this appeared self-evident.

"Every world, every country of every world, has its God, or Guardian Angel. We call the God in charge of the world

the Manu. He is a highly evolved Spirit, a human who through incarnation after incarnation has purged the dross, leaving only the pure behind. There is a band of Great Beings who at times of need come to this Earth that they may set an example whereby ordinary mortals may be enabled to lift from the mire of worldly desires.”

I nodded my head; I knew about this, knew that Buddha, Moses, Christ and many others were of that Order. I knew also of Maitreya, who, it is stated in the Buddhist Scriptures, will come to the world 5,656 *million* years after the passing of Buddha, or Gautama as He should more accurately be named. All this, and more, was part of our standard religious teaching as was the knowledge that *any* good person had an equal chance no matter what name his own religious belief carried. We never believed that only one religious sect “went to Heaven,” and all others were tumbled down to Hell for the amusement of sundry sanguinary fiends. But my Guide was ready to continue.

“We have the Manu of the world, the Great Evolved Being who controls the destiny of the world. There are minor Manus who control the destiny of a country. In endless years, the World Manu will move on, and the next best, now well trained, will evolve, will take over the Earth.” “Ah!” I exclaimed in some triumph, “then not all Manus are good! The Manu of Russia is allowing Russians to act against our good. The Manu of China permits the Chinese to raid our borders and kill our people.” The Lama smiled across at me. “You forget, Lobsang,” he replied, “this world is Hell, we come here to learn lessons. We come here to suffer that our *spirit* may evolve. Hardship teaches, pain teaches, kindness and consideration do not. There are wars in order that men may show courage on the battlefields and—like iron ore in the furnace—be tempered and strengthened by the fire of battle. The flesh body does not matter, Lobsang, that is only a temporary puppet. The Soul, the Spirit, the Overself (call it what you will) is all that need be considered. On Earth, in our blindness, we

think that the body alone matters. Fear that the body may suffer clouds our outlook and warps our judgement. We have to act for the good of our own Overselves, while still assisting others. Those who follow blindly the dictates of overbearing parents add a load to the parents as well as to themselves. Those who blindly follow the dictates of some stereotyped religious belief also cramp their evolution.”

“Honourable Lama!” I expostulated, “may I add two comments?” “Yes, you may,” replied my Guide. “You said that we learn more quickly if conditions are harsh. I would prefer a little more kindness. I could learn that way.” He looked thoughtfully at me. “Could you?” he asked. “Would you learn the Sacred Books even if you did not fear the teachers? Would you do your share in the kitchens if you did not fear punishment if you lazed? Would you?” I hung my head, it was right, I worked in the kitchens when ordered to. I studied the Sacred Books because I feared the result of failure. “And your next question?” asked the Lama. “Well, Sir, how does a stereotype religion injure one's evolution?” “I will give you two examples,” replied my Guide. “The Chinese believed that it did not matter what they did in this life as they could pay for faults and sins when they came again. Thus they adopted a policy of mental slothfulness. Their religion became as an opiate and drugged them into spiritual laziness; they lived only for the next life, and so their arts and crafts fell into disuse. China thus became a third-rate power in which bandit war-lords started a reign of terror and pillage.”

I had noticed that the Chinese in Lhasa seemed to be unnecessarily brutal and quite fatalistic. Death to them meant nothing more than passing to another room! I did not fear death in any way, but I wanted to get my task finished in one lifetime instead of slacking, and having to come to this World time after time. The process of being born, being a helpless baby, having to go to school, all that to me was trouble. I hoped that this life would be my last on Earth. The Chinese had had wonderful inventions,

wonderful works of art, a wonderful culture. Now, through too slavishly adhering to a religious belief, the Chinese people had become decadent, a ready prey to Communism. At one time age and learning had been deeply respected in China, as should be the case, now—no more were the sages given the honour due to them; all that mattered now was violence, personal gain and selfishness.

“Lobsang!” The voice of my Guide broke in to my thoughts. “We have seen a religion which taught inaction, which taught that one should not in any way influence another in case one added to one's own Kharma—the debt which passes on from life to life.” He looked out across the City of Lhasa, seeing our peaceful Valley, then turned to me again. “Religions of the West tend to be very militant. People there are not content to believe what *they* want to believe, but they are willing to kill others to make them believe the same.” “I don't see how *killing* a person would be good religious practice,” I remarked. “No, Lobsang,” replied the Lama, “but in the time of the Spanish Inquisition one branch of Christians tortured any other branch in order that they might be ‘converted and saved.’ People were stretched on the rack and burned at the stake that they might thus be persuaded to change their belief! Even now these people send out missionaries who try by almost any means to obtain converts. It seems that they are so unsure of their belief that they must have others express approval and agreement of their religion—on the lines, presumably, that there is safety in numbers!”

“Sir!” I said, “do you think people should follow a religion?” “Why, certainly, if they so desire,” replied the Lama Mingyar Dondup. “If people have not yet reached the stage where they can accept the Overself, and the Manu of the World, then it may be a comfort for them to adhere to some formal system of religion. It is a mental and spiritual discipline, it makes some people feel that they belong within a family group, with a benevolent Father watching over them, and a compassionate Mother ever

ready to intercede on their behalf with the Father. Yes, for those in a certain stage of evolution, such religion is good. But the sooner such people realize that they should pray to their Overself the sooner will they evolve. We are sometimes asked why we have Sacred Images in our Temples, or why we have Temples at all. To that we can reply that such Images are reminders that we too can evolve and in time become high Spiritual Beings. As for our Temples, they are places where people of like mind may congregate for the purpose of giving mutual strength in the task of reaching one's Overself. By prayer, even when that prayer be not properly directed, one is able to reach a higher rate of vibration. Meditation and contemplation within a Temple, a Synagogue, or Church is beneficial."

I mused upon that which I had just heard. Below us the Kaling Chu tinkled and ran faster as it squeezed to crowd itself beneath the Bridge of the Lingkor Road. Off to the south I perceived a party of men waiting for the Ferryman of the Kyi Chu. Traders had come earlier in the day, bringing papers and magazines for my Guide. Papers from India, and from strange countries of the world. The Lama Mingyar Dondup had traveled far and often, and kept in close touch with affairs outside Tibet. Papers, magazines. I had a thought at the back of my mind. Something that had bearing on this discussion. Papers? Suddenly I jumped as if stung. Not papers, but a magazine! Something I had seen, now what was it? I knew! It was all clear to me; I had flicked over some pages, not understanding a single word of the foreign languages, but seeking pictures. One such page had stopped beneath my questing thumb. The picture of a winged being hovering in the clouds, hovering above a field of bloody battle. My Guide, to whom I had shown the picture, had read and translated for me the caption.

"Honourable Lama!" I exclaimed excitedly, "earlier today you told me of that Figure—you called it the Angel of Mons—which many men claimed to see above a battlefield. Was that a God?" "No, Lobsang," replied my Guide,

“many many men, in the hour of their desperation, longed to see the figure of a Saint, or as they term it, an Angel. Their urgent need and strong emotions inherent in a battle-field gave strength to their thoughts, their desires and their prayers. Thus, in the manner of which I have shown you, they formed a thought form to their own specifications. As the first ghostly outline of a figure appeared, the prayers and thoughts of the men who caused it were intensified, and so the figure gained in strength and solidity and persisted for an appreciable time. We do the same thing here when we ‘raise thought-forms’ in the Inner Temple. But come, Lobsang, the day is far advanced and the Ceremonies of Logsar are not yet concluded.”

We walked down the corridor, down into the scene of bustle, the busy turmoil which was the everyday life within a lamasery during a Season of Celebration. The Master of the Arts came in search of me, wanting a small, light boy to climb the scaffold and make some alterations to the head of a figure at the top. Trailing in the Master's wake, I followed him at a brisk pace down the slippery path to the Butter Room. I donned an old robe, one liberally coated with coloured butter, and tying a light line around my waist that I might haul up material, I climbed the scaffold. It was as the Master had surmised, part of the head had broken away from the wooden slats. Calling down what I wanted, I dangled my rope and pulled up a pail of butter. For some hours I worked, twisting slivers of thin wood round the struts of the backing, moulding once again the butter to hold the head in place. At long last, the Master of the Arts, watching critically from the ground, indicated that he was satisfied. Slowly, stiffly, I disentangled myself from the scaffolding and slowly descended to the ground. Thankfully I changed my robe and hurried off.

The next day I and many other chelas were down on the Plain of Lhasa, at the foot of the Potala, by the Village of Sho. In theory we were watching the processions, the games, and the races. In actuality we were showing off in

front of the humble pilgrims who thronged the mountain paths that they might be in Lhasa at the time of Logsar. From all over the Buddhist world they came, to this, the Mecca of Buddhism. Old men crippled with age, young women carrying small babies, all came in the belief that in completing the Holy Circuit of the City and the Potala, they were atoning for past sins and ensuring a good rebirth to the next life on Earth. Fortune tellers thronged the Lingkor Road, ancient beggars whined for alms, and traders with their goods suspended from their shoulders pushed their way through the throngs in search of customers. Soon I tired of the frenzied scene, tired of the gaping multitude and their endless, inane questions. I slipped away from my companions and slowly wandered up the mountain path to my lamastic home.

Upon the roof, in my favourite spot, all was quiet. The sun provided a gentle warmth. From below me, now out of sight, there arose a confused murmur from the crowds, a murmur which in its indistinctness, soothed me and made me drowse in the noonday heat. A shadowy figure materialised almost at the extreme limit of my vision. Sleepily I shook my head and blinked my eyes. When I again opened them the figure was still there, clearer now and glowing more dense. The hairs at the back of my neck rose in sudden fright. "You are not a ghost!" I exclaimed. "Who are you?" The Figure smiled slightly and replied, "No, my son, I am not a ghost. Once I too studied here at the Chakpori, and lazed as you are lazing now upon this roof. Then I desired above all to speed my liberation from Earthly desires. I had myself immured within the walls of that hermitage," he gestured upwards, and I turned to follow the direction of his outstretched arm. "Now," he continued, telepathically, "on this the eleventh Logsar since that date I have attained that which I sought; freedom to roam at will, while leaving my body safe within the hermitage cell. My first journey is to here, that I may once again gaze upon the crowd, that I may once again visit this well-

remembered spot. Freedom, boy, I have attained freedom.” Before my gaze he vanished like a cloud of incense dispersed by the night wind.

The hermitages! We chelas had heard so much about them, what were they like inside? We often wondered. Why did men incarcerate themselves within those rock chambers, perched precariously upon the mountain's edge? We wondered about that too! I determined that I would ask my beloved Guide. Then I remembered that an old Chinese monk lived a few yards from where I was. Old Wu Hsi had had an interesting life; for some years he had been a monk attached to the Palace of the Emperors in Peking. Tiring of such life, he had wandered into Tibet in search of enlightenment. Eventually he had reached the Chakpori, and had been accepted. Tiring of that after a few years, he had gone to a hermitage and for seven years had lived the solitary life. Now, though, he was back at Chakpori waiting to die. I turned and hastened to the corridor below. Making my way to a small cell, I called to the old man. “Come in! Come in!” he called in a high, quavering voice. I entered his cell, and for the first time met Wu Hsi the Chinese monk. He was sitting cross-legged and in spite of his age his back was as straight as a young bamboo. He had high cheekbones, and very very yellow, parchment-like skin. His eyes were jet black and slanted. A few straggly hairs grew from his chin, and from his upper lip depended a dozen or so hairs of his long moustache. His hands were yellow-brown, and mottled with great age, while his veins stood out like the twigs of a tree. As I walked toward him he peered blindly in my direction, sensing rather than seeing, “Hmnm, hmnm,” he said, “a boy, a young boy from the way you walk. What do you want, boy?” “Sir!” I replied, “you lived for long in a hermitage. Will you, Holy Sir, have the goodness to tell me of it?” He mumbled and chewed at the ends of his moustache and then said, “Sit boy, it is long since I talked of the past, although I think of it constantly now.”

“When I was a boy,” he said, “I traveled far and went to India. There I saw the hermits encloistered within their caves, and some of them appeared to have attained to enlightenment.” He shook his head; “The ordinary people were very lazy, spending their days beneath the trees. Ah! It was a sad sight!” “Holy Sir!” I interrupted, “I should much prefer to hear of the hermitages of Tibet.” “Eh? What’s that?” he asked feebly. “Oh yes, the hermitages of Tibet. I returned from India and went to my native Peking. Life there bored me, for I was not learning. I took again my staff and my bowl and made my way, over many months, to the borders of Tibet.” I sighed to myself in exasperation. The old man continued, “In course of time, after having stayed at lamasery after lamasery, always in search of enlightenment, I reached Chakpori. The Abbot permitted me to stay here as I was qualified as a physician in China. My specialty was acupuncture. For a few years I was content, then I conceived a great desire to enter a hermitage.” By now I was almost dancing with impatience. If the old man took much longer I should be too late—I could not miss evening service! Even as I thought of it, I could hear the first booming of the gongs. Reluctantly I rose to my feet and said, “Respected sir, I have to go now.” The old man chuckled. “No, boy,” he replied, “you may stay, for are you not here receiving instruction from an Elder Brother? Stay, you are excused from evening service.” I seated myself again, knowing that he was correct; although he was still a trappa, and not a lama, yet still he was considered as an Elder because of his age, his travels, and his experience. “Tea boy, tea!” he exclaimed, “we will have tea, for the flesh is frail and the weight of the years press heavily upon me. Tea, for the young and for the old.” In response to his summons, a Monk Attendant to the Aged brought us tea and barley. We mixed our tsampa, and settled down, he to talk and I to listen.

“The Lord Abbot gave me permission to leave Chakpori and enter a hermitage. With a monk-attendant I journeyed

from this place and ascended in to the mountains. After five days of travel we reached a spot which may be discerned from the roof above us." I nodded, I knew the place, a solitary building set high in the Himalayas. The old man continued, "This place was empty, the former occupant had recently died. The Attendant and I cleaned out the place then I stood and looked out across the Valley of Lhasa for the last time. I looked down at the Potala and at Chakpori, then turned and went into the inner chamber. The Attendant walled up the door, cementing it firmly, and I was alone." "But Sir! What is it *like* inside?" I asked.

Old Wu Hsi rubbed his head. "It is a stone building," he replied slowly. "A building with very thick walls. There is no door, once one is inside the inner chamber because the doorway is walled up. In the wall there is a trap entirely lightproof, through which the hermit received food. A dark tunnel connects the inner chamber with the room wherein lives the Attendant. I was walled in. The darkness was so thick that I could almost feel it. Not a glimmer of light entered, nor could any sound be heard. I sat upon the floor and began my meditation. First I suffered from hallucinations, imagining that I saw streaks and bands of light. Then I felt the darkness strangling me as if I were covered in soft, dry mud. Time ceased to exist. Soon I heard, in my imagination, bells, and gongs, and the sound of men chanting. Later I beat against the constraining walls of my cell, trying in my frenzy to force a way out. I knew not the difference between day or night, for here all was as black and as silent as the grave. After some time I grew calm, my panic subsided."

I sat and visualized the scene, old Wu Hsi—young Wu Hsi then!—in the almost living darkness within the all-pervading silence. "Every two days," said the old man, "the attendant would come and place a little tsampa outside the trap. Come so silently that I could never hear him. The first time, feeling blindly for my food in the darkness I knocked it of and could not reach it. I called and screamed,

but no sound escaped from my cell; I just had to wait for another two days.” “Sir!” I asked, “what happens if a hermit is ill, or dies?” “My boy,” said old Wu Hsi, “if a hermit is ill—he dies. The attendant places food every two days for fourteen days. After fourteen days, if the food is still untouched, men come and break down the wall and take out the body of the hermit.”

Old Wu Hsi had been a hermit for seven years. “What happens in a case like yours, when you have stayed for the time decided upon?” “I stayed for two years and then for seven. When it was almost time for me to come out the smallest of small holes was made in the ceiling so that a very minute shaft of light entered, Every few days the hole was enlarged, permitting more light to enter. At last I could withstand the full light of day. If the hermit is suddenly brought out into the light he is immediately struck blind as his eyes have been so long dilated in the darkness that they can no longer contract. When I came out I was white, bleached white, and my hair was as white as the mountain snows. I had massage and did exercise, for my muscles were almost useless with disuse. Gradually I recovered my strength until at last I was able with my attendant to descend the mountain to reside again at Chakpori.”

I pondered his words, thinking of the endless years of darkness, of utter silence, thrown upon his own resources, and I wondered, “What did you learn from it, Sir?” I asked at last, “was it *worth* it?” “Yes, boy, yes, it was worth it!” said the old monk. “I learned the nature of life, I learned the purpose of the brain. I became free of the body and could send my spirit soaring afar just as you do now in the astral.” “But how do you know that you did not imagine it? How do you know you were sane? *Why* could you not travel in the astral as I do?” Wu Hsi laughed until the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. “Questions—questions—questions, boy, just as I used to ask them!” he replied. “First I was overcome by panic. I cursed the day I became a monk, cursed the day I entered the cell. Gradually

I was able to follow the breathing patterns and to meditate. At the start I had hallucinations, vain imaginings. Then one day I slipped free of my body and the darkness was dark no more to me. I saw my body sitting in the attitude of meditation. I saw my sightless, staring, wide-open eyes. I saw the pallor of my skin and the thinness of my body. Rising, I passed through the roof of the cell and saw below me the Valley of Lhasa. I saw certain alterations, saw people with whom I was acquainted and, passing into the Temple, I was able to converse with a telepathic lama who confirmed my release for me. I wandered far and wide and beyond the borders of this country. Every two days I returned and entered my body, re-animating it that I might eat and nourish it” “But why could you not do astral travelling without all that preparation?” I asked again.

“Some of us are very ordinary mortals. Few of us have the special ability given to you by virtue of the task you have to undertake. You too have traveled far by the astral way. Others, such as I, have to endure solitude and hardship before one's spirit can break free from the flesh. You, boy, are one of the fortunate ones one of the *very* fortunate ones!” The old man sighed, and said, “Go! I must rest, I have talked long. Come and see me again, you will be a welcome visitor in spite of your questions.” He turned away, and with a muttered word of thanks I rose to my feet, bowed, and slipped quietly from the room. I was so busy thinking that I walked straight into the opposite wall and almost knocked my spirit out of my body. Rubbing my aching head, I walked sedately along the corridor until I reached my own cell.

The midnight service was almost over. Monks were fidgeting slightly, ready to hurry off for a few more hours of sleep before returning. The old Reader up on the podium carefully inserted a marker between the pages of the Book and turned in readiness to step down. Sharp eyed proctors, ever alert for disturbances, or for inattentive small boys, relaxed their gaze. The service was almost over. Small

chelas swung the censers for the last pass, and there was the barely suppressed hum of a large gathering preparing to move. Suddenly there was an ear-splitting screech, and a wild figure bounded over the heads of the sitting monks and tried to seize a young trappa, holding two sticks of incense. We jerked upright with shock. Before us the wild figure whirled and spun, foam flying from writhing lips, hideous screams pouring from tortured throat. For a moment of time the world seemed to stand still; police-monks frozen into immobility with surprise, officiating priests standing with arms upraised. Then violently, the proctors swung into action. Converging on the mad figure, they quickly subdued him, winding his robe about his head to silence the evil oaths which streamed in a torrent from his mouth. Efficiently, speedily, he was lifted and removed from the Temple. The service ended. We rose to our feet and hastened out, anxious to get beyond the Temple bounds so that we could discuss that which we had just seen.

“That’s Kenji Tekeuchi,” said a young trappa near me. “He is a Japanese monk who has been visiting everywhere.” “Been around the world, so they say,” added another. “Searching for Truth, and hoping to get it handed to him instead of working for it,” remarked a third. I wandered off, somewhat troubled in mind. Why should ‘Searching for Truth’ make a man mad? The room was cold, and I shivered slightly as I wrapped my robe around me and lay down to sleep. It seemed that no time at all had elapsed before the gongs were booming again for the next service. As I looked through the window I saw the first rays of the sun come over the mountains, rays of light like giant fingers probing the sky, reaching for the stars. I sighed, and hurried down the corridor, anxious not to be the last one to enter the Temple and thus merit the wrath of the proctors.

“You are looking thoughtful, Lobsang,” said my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup when I saw him later in the day, after the noon service. He motioned for me to sit.

“You saw the Japanese monk, Kenji Tekeuchi, when he entered the Temple. I want to tell you about him, for later you will meet him.” I settled myself more comfortably, this was not going to be a quick session—I was ‘caught’ for the rest of the day! The Lama smiled as he saw my expression. “Perhaps we should have Indian tea . . . and Indian sweetcakes . . . to sugar the pill, Lobsang, eh?” I brightened up a bit, and he chuckled and said, “The attendant is bringing it now, I expected you!” Yes I thought, as the monk-servant entered, “where else would I have such a Teacher?” The cakes from India were my special favourites, and even the Lama's eyes sometimes widened with astonishment at the number I could ‘put away’!

“Kenji Tekeuchi,” said my Guide, “is—was—a very versatile man. A well traveled one. Throughout his life (he is now over seventy) he has wandered the world in search of what he calls ‘Truth’. Truth is within him yet he knows it not. Instead he has wandered, and wandered again. Always he has been studying religious beliefs, always he has been reading the books of many lands in pursuit of this search, this obsession. Now, at long last, he has been sent to us. He has read so much of a conflicting nature that his aura is contaminated. He has read so much and understood so little that most of the time he is insane. He is a human sponge, mopping up all knowledge and digesting very little.” “Then, Sir!” I exclaimed “you are opposed to book-study?” “Not at all, Lobsang,” replied the Lama, “I am opposed, as are all thinking men, to those who obtain the brochures, the pamphlets, and the books written about strange cults, about so-called occultism. These people poison their soul, they make further progress impossible for them until they have shed all the false knowledge and become as a little child.”

“Honourable Lama,” I asked, “*how* does one become insane; *how* does wrong reading sometimes lead to confusion?” “That is quite a long story,” replied the Lama Mingyar Dondup. “First we have to deal with some funda-

mentals. Possess yourself in patience and listen! Upon Earth we are as puppets, puppets made of vibrating molecules surrounded by an electric charge. Our Overself vibrates at a very much higher rate, and has a very much higher electric charge. There is a definite relationship between our rate of vibration and that of our Overself. One can liken the process of communication between each one of us on this Earth and our Overself elsewhere to a new process on this world, the process whereby radio waves are sent across continents and seas, thus enabling a person in one country to communicate with a person in a far distant land. Our brains are similar to radio receivers in that they receive the 'high frequency' messages, orders and instructions, from the Overself and turn them into low frequency impulses which control our actions. The brain is the electro-mechanical-chemical device which makes us useful on Earth. Chemical reactions cause our brain to function in a faulty manner by perhaps blocking part of a message, for rarely, on Earth, do we receive the exact message 'broadcast' by the Overself. The Mind is capable of limited action without reference to the Overself. The Mind is able to accept certain responsibilities, form certain opinions, and attempts to bridge the gap between the 'ideal' conditions of the Overself and the difficult ones of Earth."

"But do Western people accept the theory of electricity in the brain?" I asked. "Yes," replied my Guide, "in certain hospitals the brain waves of patients are charted, and it has been found that certain mental disorders have a characteristic brain-wave pattern. Thus, from the brain waves it can be stated that a person does or does not suffer from some mental disease or illness. Often an illness of the body will send certain chemicals to the brain, contaminate its wave-form, and thus give symptoms of insanity." "Is the Japanese very mad?" I asked. "Come! We will see him now, he has one of his lucid spells." The Lama Mingyar Dondup rose to his feet and hurried from the room. I jumped to my feet and sped after him. He led the way on

down the corridor, down to another level, and to a distant wing where lodged those undergoing medical treatment. In a little alcove, overlooking the Khati Linga, the Japanese monk sat looking moodily outwards. At the approach of the Lama Mingyar Dondup he rose to his feet, clasped his hands and bowed low. "Be seated," said my Guide. "I have brought a young man to you that he may listen to your words. He is under special instruction by order of the Inmost One." The Lama bowed, turned and left the alcove. For some moments the Japanese stared at me, then motioned for me to sit. I sat—at a discreet distance as I did not know when he would become violent!

"Do not cram your head with all the occult stuff you can read, boy!" said the Japanese monk. "It is indigestible matter which will impede your spiritual progress. I studied all the Religions. I studied all the metaphysical cults which I could find. It poisoned me, clouded my outlook led me to believe that I was a Specially Chosen One. Now my brain is impaired and at times I lose control of myself—escape from the direction of my Overself." "But Sir!" I exclaimed, "how may one learn if one may not read? What possible harm can come of the printed word?" "Boy!" said the Japanese monk, "certainly one may read, but choose with care what you read and make sure that you quite understand that which you are reading. There is no danger in the printed word, but there is danger in the thoughts which those words may cause. One should not eat everything, mixing the compatible with the incompatible; nor should one read things which contradict or oppose others, nor should one read things which promise occult powers. It is easily possible to make a Thought-form which one can not control, as I did, and then the Form injures one." "Have you been to all the countries of the world?" I asked. The Japanese looked at me, and a slight twinkle appeared in his eyes.

"I was born in a small Japanese village," he said, "and when I was old enough I entered Holy Service. For years

I studied religions and occult practices. Then my Superior told me to leave and to travel in countries far beyond the oceans. For fifty years I have traveled from country to country, from continent to continent, always studying. By my thoughts I have created Powers which I could not control. Powers that live in the astral plane and which at times affect my Silver Cord. Later maybe I shall be permitted to tell you more. For the present, I am still weak from the last attack and thus must rest. With the permission of your Guide you may visit me at a later date.” I made my bows and left him alone in the alcove. A medical monk, seeing me leave, hastened in to him. Curiously I peeped about me, peeped at the old monks lying there in this part of the Chakpori. Then, in response to an urgent telepathic call, I hastened away to my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup.

## CHAPTER FIVE

I hurried along the corridors, rushing round corners to the peril of those who got in my way. An old monk grabbed me in passing, shook me, and said, "It is not good to have this unseemly haste, boy, it is not the way of the true Buddhist!" Then he peered into my face, recognized me as the ward of the Lama Mingyar Dondup. With a muttered sound that appeared to be "*ulp!*" he dropped me like a hot coal and *hastened* on his way. I sedately followed my own course. At the entrance to my Guide's room I stopped with such a jerk that I almost fell over; with him were two very senior abbots. My conscience was giving me a very bad time; *what* had I done now? Worse, which of my many 'sins' had been discovered? Senior abbots did not wait for small boys unless it was bad news for the small boys. My legs felt distinctly rubbery and I ransacked my memory to see if I had done anything that could cause my expulsion from Chakpori. One of the abbots looked at me and smiled with the warmth of an old iceberg. The other looked toward me with a face that seemed carved from a piece of the Himalayas. My Guide laughed. "You certainly have a guilty conscience, Lobsang. Ah! These Reverend Brother Abbots are also telepathic lamas," he added with a chuckle.

The grimmer of the two abbots looked hard at me, and in a voice reminiscent of falling rocks said, "Tuesday Lobsang Rampa, The Inmost One has caused investigation to be made whereby it has been determined that you be Recognized as the present Incarnation of . . ." My head was awhirl, I could hardly follow what he was saying, and barely caught his concluding remarks, ". . . and the style, rank, and title of Lord Abbot be conferred upon you by virtue of this at a ceremony the time and place of which

shall be determined at a later occasion.” The two abbots bowed solemnly to the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and then bowed as solemnly to me. Picking up a book, they filed out and gradually the sound of their footfalls became no more. I stood as one dazed, gazing down the corridor after them. A hearty laugh, and the clasp of a hand on my shoulder brought me back to the present. “Now you know what all the running about was for. The tests have merely confirmed what we knew all the time. It calls for a special celebration between you and me, then I have some interesting news for you.” He led me into another room, and there was spread a real Indian meal. Without any need to be encouraged, I set to!

Later, when I could eat no more, when even the sight of the remaining food made me feel queasy, my Guide rose and led the way back into the other room. “The Inmost One has given me permission to tell you about the Cave of the Ancients,” he said, immediately adding, “rather, the Inmost One has suggested that I tell you about it.” He gave me a sideways glance, then almost in a whisper, remarked, “We are sending an expedition there within a few days.” I felt the excitement surge through me and had the impossible impression that perhaps I was going “home” to a place I had known before. My Guide was watching me very closely indeed. As I looked up, under the intensity of his gaze, he nodded his head. “Like you, Lobsang, I had special training, special opportunities. My own Teacher was a man who long ago passed from this life, whose empty Shell is even now in the Hall of Golden Images. With him I traveled extensively throughout the world. You, Lobsang, will have to travel alone. Now sit still and I will tell you of the finding of the Cave of the Ancients.” I wet my lips, this was what I had wanted to hear for some time. In a lamasery, as in every community, rumors were often spread in confidential corners. Some rumors were self-evident as *rumors* and nothing more. This, though, was different, somehow I believed what I had heard.

“I was a very young lama, Lobsang,” commenced my Guide. “With my Teacher and three young lamas we were exploring some of the remoter mountain ranges. Some weeks before there had been an extraordinary loud bang, followed by a heavy rock-fall. We were out to investigate matters. For days we had prowled round the base of a mighty rock pinnacle. Early on the morning of the fifth day my Teacher awakened, yet was not awake; he appeared to be in a daze. We spoke to him and received no answer. I was overcome by worry, thinking that he was ill, wondering how we should get him down the endless miles to safety. Sluggishly, as if in the grip of some strange power, he struggled to his feet, fell over, and at last stood upright. Stumbling, jerking, and moving like a man in a trance, he moved ahead. We followed almost in fear and trembling. Up the steep rock face we climbed, with showers of small stones raining down upon us. At last we reached the sharp edge of the range top and stood peering over. I experienced a feeling of deep disappointment; before us was a small valley now almost filled with huge boulders. Here evidently was where the rock fall had originated. Some rock-fault had developed, or some Earth tremor had occurred which had dislodged part of the mountainside. Great gashes of newly exposed rock glared at us in the bright sunlight. Moss and lichen drooped disconsolately now deprived of any support. I turned away in disgust. There was nothing here to engage my attention, nothing but a rather large rock-fall. I turned to start the descent, but was immediately halted by a whispered ‘Mingyar!’ One of my companions was pointing. My Teacher, still under some strange compulsion was edging down the mountainside.” I sat enthralled, my Guide stopped talking for a moment and took a sip of water, then continued.

“We watched him with some desperation. Slowly he climbed down the side, toward the rock-strewn floor of the little valley. We reluctantly followed, expecting every moment to slip on that dangerous range. At the bottom,

my Teacher did not hesitate, but picked a careful way across the immense boulders, until at last he reached the other side of the stone valley. To our horror he commenced to climb upwards, using hand and foot holds which were invisible to us a few yards behind him. We followed reluctantly. There was no other course open to us, we could not return and say that our senior had climbed from us, that we were afraid to follow him—dangerous though the climb was. I climbed first, picking a very careful way. It was hard rock, the air was thin. Soon the breath was rasping in my throat and my lungs were filled with a harsh, dry ache. Upon a narrow ledge perhaps five hundred feet from the valley, I lay stretched out, gasping for breath. As I glanced up, preparatory to resuming the climb, I saw the yellow robe of my Teacher disappear over a ledge high above. Grimly I clung to the mountain face, edging ever upwards. My companions, as reluctant as I, followed behind. By now we were clear of the shelter afforded by the small valley, and the keen wind was whipping our robes about us. Small stones pelted down and we were hard put to keep going.” My Guide paused a moment to take another sip of water and to look to see that I was Listening. I was!

“At last,” he continued, “I felt a ledge level with my questing fingers. Taking a firm grip, and calling to the others that we had reached a place where we could rest, I pulled myself up. There was a ledge, sloping slightly down towards the back and so quite invisible from the other side of the mountain range. At first glance the ledge appeared to be about ten feet wide. I did not stop to see further, but knelt so that I could help the others up, one by one. Soon we stood together, shivering in the wind after our exertion.

Quite obviously the rock fall had uncovered this ledge, and—as I peered more closely, there was a narrow crevice in the mountain wall. Was there? From where we stood it might have been a shadow, or the stain of dark lichen. As one, we moved forward. It was a crevice, one that was about two feet six inches wide by about five feet high. Of

my Teacher there was no sign.” I could visualize the scene well. But this was not the time for introspection. I did not want to miss a word!

“I stepped back to see if my Teacher had climbed higher,” my Guide went on, “but there was no sign of him. Fearfully I peered into the crevice. It was as dark as the grave. Inch by inch, painfully bent, I moved inside. About fifteen feet in I turned a very sharp corner, another, and then another. Had I not been paralyzed with fright I would have screamed with surprise; here was light, a soft silvery light, brighter than the brightest moonlight. Light that I had never seen before. The cave in which I now found myself was spacious, with a roof invisible in the darkness above. One of my companions pushed me out of the way and was in turn pushed by another. Soon the four of us stood silent and frightened gazing at the fantastic sight before us. A sight which would have made any one of us alone think that he had taken leave of his senses. The cave was more like an immense hall, it stretched away in the distance as if the mountain itself was hollow. The light was everywhere, beating down upon us from a number of globes which appeared to be suspended from the darkness of the roof. Strange machines crammed the place machines such as we could not have imagined. Even from the high roof depended apparatus and mechanisms. Some, I saw with great amazement, were covered by what appeared to be the clearest of glass.” My eyes must have been round with amazement, for the Lama smiled at me before resuming his story.

“By now we had quite forgotten my Teacher, when he suddenly appeared we jumped straight off the ground in fright! He chuckled at our staring eyes and stricken faces. Now, we saw, he was no longer in the grip of that strange, overpowering compulsion. Together we wandered round looking at the strange machines. To us they had no meaning, they were just collections of metal and fabric in strange, exotic form. My Teacher moved toward a rather large black panel apparently built into one of the walls of the cave.

As he was about to feel its surface it swung open. By now we were almost at the point of believing that the whole place was bewitched, or that we had fallen prey to some hallucinating force. My Teacher jumped back in some alarm. The black panel swung shut. Greatly daring one of my companions stretched out his hand and the panel swung open again. A force which we could not resist propelled us forward. Uselessly fighting against every step, we were—somehow—made to enter through the panel doorway. Inside it was dark, as dark as the darkness of a hermit's cell. Still under the irresistible compulsion, we moved in many feet and then sat on the floor. For minutes we sat shivering with fright. As nothing happened we regained some calmness, and then we heard a series of clicks, as if metal were tapping and scraping on metal.” Involuntarily I shivered. I had the thought that I probably would have died of fright! My Guide continued.

“Slowly, almost imperceptibly, a misty glow formed in the darkness before us. At first it was just a suspicion of blue-pink light, almost as if a ghost were materializing before our gaze. The mist-light spread, becoming brighter so that we could see the outlines of incredible machines filling this large hall, all except the centre of the floor upon which we sat. The light drew in upon itself, swirling, fading, and becoming brighter and then it formed and remained in spherical shape. I had the strange and unexplainable impression of age-old machinery creaking slowly into motion after eons of time. The five of us huddled together on the floor, literally spellbound. There came a probing inside my brain, as if demented telepathic lamas were playing, then the impression changed and became as clear as speech.” My Guide cleared his throat, and reached again for a drink, staying his hand in mid-air. “Let us have tea, Lob-sang,” he said as he rang his silver bell. The monk-attendant obviously knew what was wanted, for he came in with tea—*and* cakes!

“Within the sphere of light we saw pictures,” said the

Lama Mingyar Dondup, “hazy at first, they soon cleared and ceased to be pictures. Instead we actually saw the events.” I could contain myself no longer: “But Honourable Lama, *what* did you see?” I asked in a fever of impatience. The Lama reached forward and poured himself more tea. It occurred to me then that I had never seen him eat those Indian sweet cakes. Tea, yes, he drank plenty of tea, but I had never known him take anything but the most sparing and the plainest of food. The gongs went for temple service, but the Lama did not stir. When the last of the monks had hurried by he sighed deeply, and said, “Now I will continue.”

He resumed, “This is what we saw and heard, and you shall see and hear in the not too distant future. Thousands and thousands of years ago there was a high civilization upon this world. Men could fly through the air in machines which defied gravity; men were able to make machines which would impress thoughts upon the minds of others—thoughts which would appear as pictures. They had nuclear fission, and at last they detonated a bomb which all but wrecked the world, causing continents to sink below the oceans and others to rise. The world was decimated, and so, throughout the religions of this Earth we now have the story of the Flood.” I was unimpressed by this latter part. “Sir!” I exclaimed, “we can see pictures like that in the Akashic Record. Why struggle up dangerous mountains just to see what we can more easily experience here?” “Lobsang,” said my Guide gravely, “we can see all in the astral and in the Akashic Record, for the latter contains the knowledge of all that has happened. We can *see* but we cannot *touch*. In astral travel we can go places and return, but we cannot touch anything of the world. We cannot,” he smiled slightly, “take even a spare robe nor bring back a flower. So with the Akashic Record, we can see all, but we cannot examine in close detail those strange machines stored in those mountain halls. We are going to the mountains, and we are going to examine the machines.”

“How strange,” I said, “that these machines should of all the world be only in our country!” “Oh! But you are wrong!” explained my Guide. “There is a similar chamber at a certain place in the country of Egypt. There is another chamber with identical machines located in a place called South America. I have seen them, I know where they are. These secret chambers were concealed by the peoples of old so that their artifacts would be found by a later generation when the time was ready. This sudden rock fall accidentally bared the entrance to the chamber in Tibet, and once inside we gained the knowledge of the other chambers. But the day is far advanced. Soon seven of us - and that includes you—will set out and journey once again to the Cave of the Ancients.”

For days I was in a fever of excitement. I had to keep my knowledge to myself. Others were to know that we were going to the mountains on a herb-gathering expedition. Even in such a secluded place as Lhasa there were always those on the constant lookout for financial gain; the representatives of other countries such as China, Russia, and England, some missionaries, and the traders who came from India, they were all ready to listen to where we kept our gold and our jewels, always ready to exploit anything that promised a profit for them. So—we kept the true nature of our expedition very secret indeed.

Some two weeks after that talk with the Lama Mingyar Dondup, we were ready to depart, ready for the long, long climb up the mountains, through little known ravines and craggy paths. The Communists are now in Tibet, so the location of the Cave of the Ancients is deliberately being concealed, for the Cave is a very real place indeed, and possession of the artifacts there would permit the Communists to conquer the world. All this, all that I write is true, except the exact way to that Cave. In a secret place the precise area, complete with references and sketches, has been noted on paper so that — when the time comes — forces of *freedom* can find the place.

Slowly we descended the path from Chakpori Lamasery and made our way along to the Kashya Linga, passing that Park as we followed the road down to the ferry where the boatman was waiting for us with his inflated yak-hide boat drawn to the side. There were seven of us, including me, and the crossing of the River—the Kyi Chu—took some time. Eventually we were together again on the far bank. Shouldering our loads, food, rope, a spare robe each, and a few metal tools, we set out towards the south-west. We walked until the setting sun and lengthening shadows made it difficult for us to pick our way across the stony path. Then, in the gathering darkness, we had a modest meal of tsampa before settling down to sleep in the lee side of great boulders. I fell asleep almost as soon as my head rested upon my spare robe. Many Tibetan monks of lama grade slept sitting up, as the regulations prescribe. I, and many more slept lying down, but we had to follow the rule that we could sleep only if lying on the right side. My last sight before dropping off to sleep, was that of the Lama Mingyar Dondup sitting like a carved statue against the dark night sky.

At the first light of the dawning day we awakened and had a very frugal meal, then taking up our loads, we marched on. For the whole day we walked, and for the day after. Passing the foothills, we came to the really mountainous ranges. Soon we were reduced to roping ourselves together and sending the lightest man—me!—across dangerous crevices first so that the ropes could be secured to rock pinnacles and thus afford safe passage to the heavier men. So we forged on, climbing up into the mountains. At last, as we stood at the foot of a mighty rock-face almost devoid of hand and foot holds, my Guide said, “Over this slab, down the other side, across the little valley which we shall find, and we are then at the foot of the Cave.” We prowled round the base of the slab looking for a hand hold. Apparently other rock falls throughout the years had obliterated small ledges and clefts. After wasting almost a

day we found a “chimney” of rock up which we climbed using hands and feet and wedging our backs against the other side of the “chimney”. Gasping and puffing in the rarefied air, we climbed to the top and looked over. At last before us was the valley. Staring intently at the far wall we could discern no cave, no fissure in the smooth rock surface. The valley below us was littered with great boulders and—far worse—a rushing mountain stream poured along the centre.

Gingerly we climbed down to the valley and made our way to the banks of that fast-running stream until we came to a part where great boulders afforded a precarious passage for those with the ability to leap from rock to rock. I, being the smallest, had not the length of leg for the jumps, and so was ignominiously hauled through the icy torrent at the end of a rope. Another unfortunate, a small somewhat rotund lama, jumped short—and he too was hauled out at the end of a rope. On the far bank we wrung out our soaked robes and put them on again. Spray made all of us wet to the skin. Picking our way cautiously over the boulders, we crossed the valley and approached the final barrier, the rock slab. My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, pointed to a fresh rock scar. “Look!” he said, “a further rock fall has knocked off the first ledge by which we climbed.” We stood well back, trying to get a view of the ascent before us. The first ledge was about twelve feet above the ground, and there was no other way. The tallest and sturdiest lama stood with his arms outstretched, bracing himself against the rock face, then the lightest of the lamas climbed on to his shoulders and similarly braced himself. At last I was lifted up so that I could climb on to the shoulders of the top man. With a rope around my waist, I eased myself on to the ledge.

Below me the monks called directions, while slowly, almost dying with fright, I climbed higher until I could loop the end of the rope around a projecting pinnacle of rock. I crouched to the side of the ledge as one after the other,

the six lamas climbed the rope, passed me, and continued, upwards. The last one untied the rope, coiled it around his waist, and followed the others. Soon the end of the rope dangled before me, and a shout warned me to tie a loop about myself so that I could be hauled up. My height was not sufficient to reach all the ledges unaided. I rested again at a much higher stage, and the rope was carried upwards. At last I was hauled to the topmost ledge where the others of the party awaited me. Being kind and considerate men, they had waited for me so that we could all enter the Cave together, and I confess that my heart warmed at their thoughtfulness. "Now we have hauled up the Mascot we can continue!" growled one. "Yes," I replied, "but the smallest one had to move first or *you* would not be here!" They laughed, and turned to the well-concealed crevice.

I looked in considerable astonishment. At first I could not see the entrance, all I saw was a dark shadow looking much like a dried-up watercourse, or the stain of minute lichen. Then, as we crossed the ledge, I saw that there was indeed a crack in the rock face. A big lama grabbed me by the shoulders and pushed me into the rock fissure saying, good-naturedly, "You go first, and then you can chase out any rock devils and so protect us!" So I, the smallest and least important of the party, was the first to enter the Cave of the Ancients. I edged inside, and crept round the rock corners. Behind me I heard the shuffle and scrape as the bulkier men felt their way in. Suddenly the light burst upon me, for the moment almost paralyzing me with fright. I stood motionless by the rocky wall, gazing at the fantastic scene within. The Cave appeared to be about twice as large as the interior of the Great Cathedral of Lhasa. Unlike that Cathedral, which always was enshrouded in the dusk which butter lamps tried vainly to dispel, here was brightness more intense than that of the full moon on a cloudless night. No, it was much brighter than that; the quality of the light must have given me the impression of moonlight. I gazed upwards at the globes which provided the illumination. The

lamas crowded in beside me, and, like me, they gazed at the source of light first. My Guide said, “The old records indicate that the illumination here was originally much brighter, these lamps are burning low with the passage of hundreds of centuries.”

For long moments we stood still, silent, as though afraid of waking those who slept throughout the endless years. Then, moved by a common impulse, walked across the solid stone floor to the first machine standing dormant before us. We crowded around it, half afraid to touch it yet very curious as to what it could be. It was dulled with age, yet it appeared ready for instant use—if one knew what it was for and how to operate it. Other devices engaged our attention, also without result. These machines were far far too advanced for us, I wandered off to where a small square platform of about three feet wide, with guard rails, rested on the ground. What appeared to be a long, folded metal tube extended from a nearby machine, and the platform was attached to the other end of the tube. Idly I stepped on to the railed square, wondering what it could be. The next instant I almost died of shock; the platform gave a little tremor and rose high into the air. I was so frightened that I clung in desperation to the rails.

Below me the six lamas gazed upwards in consternation. The tube had unfolded and was swinging the platform straight to one of the spheres of light. In desperation I looked over the side. Already I was some thirty feet in the air, and rising. My fear was that the source of light would burn me to a crisp, like a moth in the flame of a butter lamp. There was a “*click*” and the platform stopped. Inches from my face the light glowed. Timidly I stretched out my hand — and the whole sphere was as cold as ice. By now I had regained my composure somewhat, and I gazed about me. Then a chilling thought struck me; *how was I going to get down?* I jumped from side to side, trying to work out a way of escape, but there appeared to be none. I tried to reach the long tube, hoping to climb down,

but it was too far away. Just when I was becoming desperate, there was another tremor, and the platform started to descend. Hardly waiting for it to touch ground I leaped out! I was taking no risks that the thing would go up again.

Against a far wall crouched a great statue, one that sent a shiver up my spine. It was of a crouching cat body, but with the head and shoulders of a woman. The eyes appeared to be alive; the face had a half-mocking, half-quizzical expression which rather frightened me. One of the lamas was on his knees on the floor, gazing intently at some strange marks. "Look!" he called, "this picture-writing shows men and cats talking, it shows what is obviously the soul leaving a body and wandering in the under-world." He was consumed with scientific zeal, poring over the pictures on the floor—"hieroglyphs" he called them—and expecting everyone else to be similarly enthused. This Lama was a highly trained man, one who learned ancient languages without any difficulties at all. The others were poking around the strange machines, trying to decide what they were for. A sudden shout made us wheel round in some alarm. The tall thin Lama was at the far wall and he seemed to have his face stuck in a dull metal box. He stood there with his head bent and the whole of his face concealed. Two men rushed to him and dragged him away from the danger. He uttered a roar of wrath and dashed back!

"Strange!" I thought, "even the sedate, learned lamas are going crazy in this place!" Then the tall, thin one moved aside and another took his place. So far as I could gather, they were seeing moving machines in that box. At last my Guide took pity on me and lifted me up to what apparently were "eye pieces". As I was lifted up and put my hands on a handle as instructed, I saw inside the box, men, and the machines which were in this Hall. The men were operating the machines. I saw that the platform upon which I had ascended to the light-sphere could be controlled and was a type of moveable "ladder" or rather a device which would dispense with ladders. Most of the machines

here, I observed, were actual working models such as, in later years, I was to see in Science Museums throughout the world.

We moved to the panel which the Lama Mingyar Don-dup had told me about previously, and at our approach it opened with a grating creak, so loud in the silence of the place that I think we all jumped with alarm. Inside was the darkness, profound, almost as if we had clouds of blackness swirling about us. Our feet were guided by shallow channels in the floor. We shuffled along, and when the channels ended we sat. As we did so, there came a series of clicks, like metal scraping against metal, and almost imperceptibly light stole across the darkness and pushed it aside. We looked about us and saw more machines, strange machines. There were statues here, and pictures carved in metal. Before we had time to more than glance, the light drew in upon itself and formed a glowing globe in the centre of the Hall. Colours flickered aimlessly, and bands of light without apparent meaning swirled round the globe. Pictures formed, at first blurred and indistinct, then growing vivid and real and with three-dimensional effect. We watched intently .

This was the world of Long Long Ago. When the world was very young. Mountains stood where now there are seas, and the pleasant seaside resorts are now mountain tops. The weather was warmer and strange creatures roamed afield. This was a world of scientific progress. Strange machines rolled along, flew inches from the surface of the Earth, or flew miles up in the air. Great temples reared their pinnacles skywards, as if in challenge to the clouds. Animals and Man talked telepathically together. But all was not bliss; politicians fought against politicians. The world was a divided camp in which each side coveted the lands of the other. Suspicion and fear were the clouds under which the ordinary man lived. Priests of both sides proclaimed that they alone were the favoured of the gods. In the pictures before us we saw ranting priests—as now—

purveying their own brand of salvation. At a price! Priests of each sect taught that it was a “holy duty” to kill the enemy. Almost in the same breath they preached that Mankind throughout the world were brothers. The illogicality of brother killing brother did not occur to them.

We saw great wars fought, with most of the casualties being civilians. The armed forces, safe behind their armour, were mostly safe. The aged, the women and children, those who did not *fight*, were the ones to suffer. We saw glimpses of scientists working in laboratories, working to produce even deadlier weapons, working to produce bigger and better bugs to drop on the enemy. One sequence of pictures showed a group of thoughtful men planning what they termed a “Time Capsule” (what *we* called “The Cave of the Ancients”), wherein they could store for later generations working models of their machines and a complete, pictorial record of their culture and lack of it. Immense machines excavated the living rock. Hordes of men installed the models and the machines. We saw the cold-light spheres hoisted in place, inert radio-active substances giving off light for millions of years. Inert in that it could not harm humans, active in that the light would continue almost until the end of Time itself.

We found that we could understand the language, then the explanation was shown, that we were obtaining the “speech” telepathically. Chambers such as this, or “Time Capsules”, were concealed beneath the sands of Egypt, beneath a pyramid in South America, and at a certain spot in Siberia. Each place was marked by the symbol of the times; the Sphinx. We saw the great statues of the Sphinx, which did *not* originate in Egypt, and we received an explanation of its form. Man and animals talked and worked together in those far-off days. The cat was the most perfect animal for power and intelligence. Man himself is an animal, so the Ancients made a figure of a large cat body to indicate power and endurance, and upon the body they put the breasts and head of a woman. The head was to

indicate human intelligence and reason, while the breasts indicated that Man and Animal could draw spiritual and mental nourishment each from the other. That Symbol was then as common as is Statues of Buddha, or the Star of David, or the Crucifix at the present day.

We saw oceans with great floating cities which moved from land to land. In the sky floated equally large craft which moved without sound. Which could hover, and almost instantly flash into stupendous speed. On the surface vehicles moved some inches above the ground itself, supported in the air by some method which we could not determine. Bridges stretched across the cities carrying on slender cables what appeared to be roadways. As we watched we saw a vivid flash in the sky, and one of the largest bridges collapsed into a tangle of girders and cables. Another flash, and most of the city itself vanished into incandescent gas. Above the ruins towered a strangely evil-looking red cloud, roughly in the shape of a mushroom miles high.

Our pictures faded, and we saw again the group of men who had planned the "Time Capsules". They had decided that *now* was the time to seal them. We saw the ceremonies, we saw the "stored memories" being fitted into the machine. We heard the speech of farewell which told us—"The People of the Future, if there be any!"—that Mankind was about to destroy itself, or such seemed probable, "and within these vaults are stored such records of our achievements and follies as may benefit those of a future race who have the intelligence to discover it, and having discovered it, be able to understand it." The telepathic voice faded out the picture screen turned black. We sat in silence, stupefied by what we had seen. Later, as we sat, the light grew again and we saw that it was actually coming from the walls of that room.

We rose and looked about us. This Hall was also littered with machines and there were many models of cities and bridges, all formed of some kind of stone or of some type

of metal the nature of which we were unable to determine. Certain of the exhibits were protected by some quite transparent material which baffled us: It was not glass; we just did not know *what* the stuff was, all we knew was that it effectively prevented us from touching some of the models. Suddenly we all jumped; a baleful red eye was watching us, winking at us. I was prepared to run for it when my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup strode over to the machine with the red eye. He looked down at it and touched the handles. The red eye vanished. Instead on a small screen we saw a picture of another room leading from the Main Hall. Into our brains came a message, "As you leave, go to the room (???) where you will find materials with which to seal any opening through which you entered. If you have not reached the stage of evolution where you can work our machines, seal this place and leave it intact for those who will come later."

Silently we filed out into the third room, the door of which opened at our approach. It contained many carefully sealed canisters and a "picture-thought" machine which described for us how we might open the canisters and seal the Cave entrance. We sat upon the floor and discussed that which we had seen and experienced. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" said a lama. "Don't see anything wonderful in it," said I, brashly. "We could have seen all that by looking at the Akashic Record. Why should we not look at those time-stream pictures and see what happened after this place was sealed up?" The others turned enquiringly to the senior of the party, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. He nodded slightly and remarked, "Sometimes our Lobsang shows glimmerings of intelligence! Let us compose ourselves and see what happened, for I am as curious as you." We sat in a rough circle, each facing in, and with our fingers interlocked in the appropriate pattern. My Guide started the necessary breathing rhythm and we all followed his lead. Slowly we lost our Earth identities and became as one floating in the Sea of Time. All that has ever happened can

be seen by those who have the ability to consciously go into the astral and return—conscious—with the knowledge gained. Any scene in history, from an age no matter how remote, can be seen as if one were actually there.

I remembered the first time I had experienced the “Akashic Record.” My Guide had been telling me about such things, and I had replied, “Yes, but what *is* it? How does it work? How *can* one get in touch with things that have passed, that are finished and gone?” “Lobsang!” he had replied, “you will agree that you have a memory. You can remember what happened yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. With a little training you can remember everything that has happened in your life, you can, with training remember even the process of being born. You can have what we term ‘total recall’ and that will take your memory back to *before* you were born. The Akashic Record is merely the ‘memory’ of the whole world. Everything that has ever happened on this Earth can be ‘recalled’ in just the same way as *you* can remember past events in your life. There is no magic involved, but we will deal with that and hypnotism—a closely related subject—at a later date.”

With our training it was easy indeed to select the point at which the Machine had faded out its pictures. We saw the procession of men and women, notables of that time no doubt, file out of the Cave. Machines with vast arms slid what appeared to be half a mountain over the entrance. The cracks and crevices where surfaces met were carefully sealed, and the group of people and the workmen went away. Machines rolled into the distance and for a time, some months, the scene was quiet. We saw a high priest standing on the steps of an immense Pyramid, exhorting his listeners to war. The pictures impressed upon the Scrolls of Time rolled on, changed, and we saw the opposing camp. Saw the leaders ranting and raving. Time moved on. We saw streaks of white vapor in the blue of the skies, and then those skies turned red. The whole world trembled and

shook. We, watching, experienced vertigo. The darkness of the night fell over the world. Black clouds, shot with vivid flames, rolled around the whole globe. Cities flamed briefly and were gone.

Across the land surged the raging seas. Sweeping all before it, a giant wave, taller than the tallest building had been, roared across the land, its crest bearing aloft the flotsam of a dying civilization,. The Earth shook and thundered in agony, great chasms appeared and closed again like the gaping maws of a giant. The mountains waved like willow twigs in a storm, waved, and sank beneath the seas. Land masses rose from the waters and became mountains. The whole surface of the world was in a state of change, of learn something. Then, our mission accomplished, we continuous motion. A few scattered survivors, out of millions, fled shrieking to the newly risen mountains. Others, afloat in ships that somehow survived the upheaval, reached the high ground and fled into any hiding place they could find. The Earth itself stood still, stopped its direction of rotation, and then turned in the opposite direction. Forests flashed from trees to scattered ash in the twinkling of an eye. The surface of the Earth was desolate, ruined, charred to a black crisp. Deep in holes, or in the lava-tunnels of extinct volcanoes, a scattered handful of Earth's population, driven insane by the catastrophe, cowered and gibbered in their terror. From the black skies fell a whitish substance, sweet to the taste, sustaining of life.

In the course of centuries the Earth changed again; the seas were now land, and the lands that had been were now seas. A low-lying plain had its rocky walls cracked and sundered, and the waters rushed in to form the Sea now known as the Mediterranean. Another sea nearby sank through a gap in the sea bed, and as the waters left and the bed dried, the Sahara Desert was formed. Over the face of the Earth wandered wild tribes who, by the light of their camp fires, told of the old legends, told of the Flood of Lemuria, and Atlantis. They told, too, of the day the Sun Stood Still.

The Cave of the Ancients lay buried in the silt of a half-drowned world. Safe from intruders, it rested far beneath the surface of the land. In course of time, fast-running streams would wash away the silt, the debris, and allow the rocks to stand forth in the sunlight once more. At last, heated by the sun and cooled by a sudden icy shower, the rock face would split with thunderous noise and we would be able to enter.

We shook ourselves, stretched our cramped limbs, and rose wearily to our feet. The experience had been a shattering one. Now we had to eat, to sleep, and on the morrow we would look about us again so that we might perhaps would wall up the entrance as directed. The Cave would sleep again in peace until men of goodwill and high intelligence would come again. I wandered to the Cave mouth and looked down upon the desolation, upon the riven rocks, and I wondered what a man of the Old Times would think if he could rise from his grave to stand beside me, here.

As I turned in to the interior I marveled at the contrast; a lama was lighting a fire with flint and tinder, igniting some dried yak dung which we had brought for that purpose. Around us were the machines and artifacts of a bygone age. We—modern men—were heating water over a dung fire, surrounded by such marvelous machines that they were beyond our comprehension. I sighed, and turned my thoughts to that of mixing tea and tsampa.

## CHAPTER SIX

The mid-morning Service had ended; we boys rushed along to our classroom, shoving and pushing in an effort not to be the last one in. Not because of our interest in education, but because the Master at this class had the horrid habit of taking a swipe with his cane at the last one in! I, joy of joys, managed to be *first* one in and basked in the glow of approval of the Master's smile. Impatiently he motioned the others to hurry, standing by the door and cuffing those who even appeared to be slow. At last we were all seated, sitting cross legged upon the seat-mats spread on the floor. As is our custom, we had our backs toward the Master, who constantly patrolled *behind* us so that we never knew where he was and thus we *had* to work hard.

"Today we will discuss how all religions are similar," he intoned. "We have observed how the story of the Flood is common to all beliefs throughout the world. Now we will give our attention to the theme of the Virgin Mother. Even the meanest intelligence," he said, looking hard at me, "knows that our Virgin Mother, the Blessed Dolma, the Virgin Mother of Mercy, corresponds to the Virgin Mother of certain sects of the Christian Faith." Hurrying footsteps stopped at the entrance of the classroom. A monk-messenger entered and bowed low to the Master. "Salutations to you, Learned One," he murmured. "The Lord Lama Ming-yar Dondup presents his compliments and requests that the boy Tuesday Lobsang Rampa be released from class *immediatel*—the matter is urgent" The Master scowled; "Boy!" he thundered, "you are a nuisance and a disturber of the class, *get out!*" Hastily I jumped to my feet, bowed to the Master, and rushed after the hurrying Messenger. "What is it?" I gasped. "Don't know," he said, "wondered

myself. Holy Lama Dondup has surgical things ready, horses ready too.” We hurried on.

“Ah! Lobsang! So you *can* hurry!” laughed my Guide as we came upon him. “We are going down to the Village of Sho where our surgical services are required.” He mounted his horse and motioned for me to mount mine. This was always a difficult operation; horses and I never seemed to be of one mind when it came to mounting. I walked toward the horse, and that creature walked sideways away from me. I slipped round to the other side and took a running jump before the horse knew what was happening. Then I tried to emulate mountain lichen with the tenacity of my grip. Snorting with exasperated resignation, the horse turned without help from me and followed the horse of my Guide down the path. This horse of mine had the horrible habit of stopping at the steepest parts and looking over the edge, lowering his head and doing a kind of shimmy. I firmly believe he had a (misplaced!) sense of humour and was fully aware of the effect he had upon me. We clattered down the path and soon passed the Pargo Kaling, or Western Gate, and thus came upon the Village of Sho. My Guide led the way through the streets until he came to a big building which I recognized as the prison. Guards hurried out and took our horses. I picked up the two cases of my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and carried them into the gloomy place. This was unpleasant, a horrible spot indeed, I could *smell* the fear, *see* the evil thought-forms of wrong-doers. It was indeed a place the atmosphere of which made the hairs stand out upon the back of my neck.

I followed my Guide into a fairly large room. The sunlight was streaming through the windows. A number of guards were standing about, and waiting to greet the Lama Mingyar Dondup was a Magistrate of Sho. While they talked I looked about me. This, I decided, was where criminals were tried and sentenced. Around the walls were records and books. On the floor, to one side, was a groan-

ing bundle. I looked toward it, and at the same time heard the Magistrate talking to my Guide; “Chinese a spy we think, Honourable Lama. He was trying to climb the Holy Mountain, apparently trying to creep into the Potala. He slipped and fell. How far? Perhaps a hundred feet. He is in a bad way.” My Guide moved forward, and I went to his side. A man pulled back the covers and before us we saw a Chinese man, of about middle age. He was fairly small and looked as though he had been remarkably agile - something like an acrobat—I thought. Now he was groaning with pain, his face wet with perspiration, and his complexion of a muddy greenish tinge.

The man was in a bad state, shivering and grinding his teeth in his agony. The Lama Mingyar Dondup looked at him with compassion. “Spy, would-be assassin, or whatever he is, we must do something for him,” he said. My Guide knelt beside the man and put his hands on the suffering wretch's temples and gazed into his eyes. Within seconds the sick man relaxed, eyes half open, a vague smile on his lips. My Guide pulled the coverings further aside then bent over his legs. I felt sick at what I saw; the man's leg bones protruding through his trousers. The legs appeared to be completely shattered. With a sharp knife my Guide cut off the man's clothing. There was a gasp from the onlookers as they saw the leg, with bones completely shattered from feet to thighs. The Lama gently felt them. The injured man did not stir or flinch, he was deeply hypnotised. The leg bones grated and sounded like half-filled sand bags. “The bones are too shattered to set,” said my Guide, “his legs seem to be pulverized we shall have to amputate them.” “Honourable Lama,” said the Magistrate “can you make him tell us what he was doing? We fear he was an assassin.” “We will remove his legs first,” replied the Lama, “*then* we can ask him.” He bent over the man again and gazed once more into his eyes. The Chinese relaxed even more and appeared to go into a deep sleep. I had the bags unrolled and the sterilizing herbal fluid

ready in the bowl. My Guide dipped in his hands so that they could soak. I had his instruments already in another bowl. At his direction I washed the man's body and legs. Touching those legs sent a peculiar feeling through me; it felt as though *everything* was shattered. Now they were a blue, mottled colour, with the veins standing out like black cords. Under the directions of my Guide, who was still soaking his hands, I placed sterilized bands as high as I could on the Chinese man's legs, high, where they joined the body. Sliding a stick into a loop I turned until the pressure stopped the circulation. Very quickly the Lama Ming-yar Dondup seized a knife and cut the flesh in a vee. At the point of the vee he sawed through the leg bone—what was left of it—and then tucked in the two flaps of the vee so that the end of the bone was protected by a double layer of flesh. I passed him thread made from the sterilized parts of yak, and speedily he stitched the flaps tightly together. Slowly, carefully, I eased the pressure of the band about the man's leg, ready to tighten again should the stump bleed. The stitches held, no blood flowed. Behind us a guard retched violently, turned chalk white and fell to the floor in a faint!

Carefully my Guide bandaged the stump and again washed his hands in the solution. I gave my attention to the other leg, the left, and slid the stick through the loop in the band. The Lama nodded, and I turned the stick once more to shut off the blood from that leg. Soon that limb was lying beside the other. My Guide turned to a staring guard and told him to take the legs and wrap them up in cloth. "We must return these legs to the Chinese Mission," said the Lama, "or they will say that their man has been tortured. I shall ask the Inmost One that this man be returned to his people. His mission does not matter; it failed as all such attempts will." "But Honourable Lama!" said the Magistrate, "The man should be *forced* to tell what he was doing, and why." My Guide said nothing, but turned again to the hypnotized man and looked deeply into his

now-opened eyes. "What were you doing?" he asked. The man groaned and rolled his eyes. My Guide asked him again; "What were you going to do? Were you going to assassinate a High Person within the Potala?" Froth formed around the Chinese man's mouth then, reluctantly, he nodded his head in confirmation. "*Speak!*" commanded the Lama. "A nod is not enough." So, slowly, painfully, the story came out. An assassin paid to do murder, paid to stir up trouble in a peaceful country. An assassin who had failed, as all would fail, through not knowing of *our* safety devices! As I was musing upon this the Lama Mingyar Dondup rose to his feet. "I will go to see the Inmost One, Lobsang, you stay here and guard this man," he said.

The man groaned. "You kill me?" he asked weakly. "No!" I replied, "we kill no one." I moistened his lips and mopped his brow. Soon he was still again; I think he slept after the exhausting ordeal. The Magistrate looked on sourly, thinking that priests were crazy to want to save a would-be assassin. The day dragged on. Guards went and others came. I felt my interior crumble with hunger. At last I heard familiar footsteps, and the Lama Mingyar Dondup strode into the room. First he came and looked at the patient, making sure that the man was as comfortable as the circumstances permitted and that the stumps were not bleeding. Rising to his feet, he looked at the senior lay official, and said, "By virtue of the authority vested in me by the Inmost One I command you to obtain two litters, immediately, and take this man and his legs to the Chinese Mission." He turned to me; "You will accompany these men and report to me if they are unnecessarily rough in their handling of the man's litter." I felt distinctly gloomy; here was this assassin with his legs cut off—and my stomach rumbling away as empty of food as a temple drum. While the men were absent in search of litters I rushed outside to where I had seen the officials drinking tea! In a haughty voice I demanded—and got—a generous helping. Hastily cramming tsampa down my throat, I rushed back.

Silently, sullenly, the men filed into the room after me, carrying two rough litters, cloth stretched between the poles. Grumpily they picked up the two legs and put them on one litter. Gently, under the keen eyes of the Lama Mingyar Dondup, they placed the Chinese man upon the other litter. A cover was placed over his body and tied under the litter so that he could not be jolted off. My Guide turned to the senior lay official and said, "You will accompany these men and you will present my compliments to the Chinese Ambassador and tell him we are returning one of his men. You, Lobsang," he turned to me, "will accompany them and on your return you will report to me." He turned away, and the men trudged out of the room. The air was chilly outside and I shivered in my light robe. Down the Mani Lhakhang we trudged, the men carrying the legs first, then the two men carrying the litter with the Chinese. I walked to one side and the senior lay official walked on the other. We turned off to the right, passed the two Parks and headed on towards the Chinese Mission.

With the Happy River glinting ahead of us, showing flecks of bright light through gaps in the trees, we came to the farthest wall of the Mission. Grunting, the men put down their loads for a time while they rested their aching muscles and looked curiously at the Mission wall. The Chinese were very offensive to any who tried to intrude on their ground. There had been cases of small boys being shot "by accident" when they trespassed as small boys will. Now we were going inside! Spitting on their hands, the men stooped and picked up the litters again. Marching on we turned left into the Lingkor Road and entered the Mission grounds. Surly men came to the door and the senior official said, "I have the honour to return to you one of your men who attempted to stray into Holy Ground. He fell and his legs had to be amputated. Here are the legs for your inspection." Scowling guards seized the handles and rushed into the building with the man and his legs. Others, at gunpoint, waved us away. We retreated down the path.

I slipped unseen behind a tree. The others marched on. Screams and shouts rent the air. Looking about, I saw that there were no guards; they had all entered the Mission. On a foolish impulse, I left the doubtful security of the tree and ran silently to the window. The injured man was lying on the floor, one guard was sitting on his chest, while two more sat on his arms. A fourth man was applying burning cigarettes to his amputated stumps. Suddenly the fourth man jumped to his feet, drew his revolver and shot the injured man between the eyes.

A twig cracked behind me. Like a flash I dropped to my knees and turned about. Another Chinese guard had appeared and was aiming a rifle at where my head had been. I dived between his legs, tripping him and causing him to drop his rifle. Hastily I ran from tree to tree. Shots came ripping through the low branches and there was the thud of running feet behind me. Here the advantage was wholly mine; I was fleet of foot and the Chinese stopped often to take shots at me. I rushed to the back of the garden—the gate was now guarded—climbed up a convenient tree and inched along a branch so that I could drop on to the top of the wall. Seconds later I was back on the road ahead of my countrymen who had carried in the injured man. As soon as they heard my story they hurried up their footsteps. No longer were they tarrying in the hope of seeing some excitement; now they wanted to avoid it. A Chinese guard dropped off the top of the wall onto the road and glared at me most suspiciously. I blandly gazed back at him. With a scowl and a muttered oath which reflected adversely on my parentage he turned away. We put on speed!

Back at the Village of Sho the men left me. Looking somewhat apprehensively over my shoulder, I hurried on and soon was speeding up the path to Chakpori. An old monk resting by the wayside called after me, “What is wrong with you Lobsang? You look as if all the Demons were after you!” I rushed on and, breathless, entered the room of my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. For a

moment I stood panting, trying to get my breath. "Ow!" I gasped at last, "The Chinese murdered that man; they *shot* him!" In a torrent of words I told all that had happened. My Guide was silent for a moment. Then he said, "You will see much violence in your life, Lobsang, so do not be too distressed at this event. This is the usual method of diplomacy; kill those who fail and disclaim spies who are caught. It goes on all over the world, in all countries of the world."

Sitting in front of my Guide, recovering in the calm serenity of his presence, I thought of another matter which was troubling me. "Sir!" I exclaimed, "How does hypnotism work?" He looked across at me with a smile on his lips. "When did you eat last?" he queried. With a rush all my hunger came back. "Oh, about twelve hours ago," I replied somewhat ruefully. "Then let us eat now, here, and then when we are somewhat refreshed we can discuss hypnotism." He waved me to silence, and sat in the attitude of meditation. I caught his telepathic message to his servants—food and tea. I caught too a telepathic message to someone at the Potala, someone who had to go to the Inmost One in a hurry to give a detailed report. But my "interception" of the telepathic message was interrupted by the entry of a servant bringing food and tea. . . . !

I sat back, replete with food, feeling even more uncomfortably full. I *had* had a hard day, I *had* been hungry for many many hours, but (the thought troubled me internally) had I eaten too much to unwisely now? Suddenly, suspiciously, I looked up. My Guide was gazing down upon me with obvious amusement on his face. "Yes, Lobsang," he remarked, "you *have* eaten too much. I hope you will be able to follow my talk on hypnotism." He studied my flushed face and his own look softened: "Poor Lobsang, you have had a hard day. Go to your rest now and we will continue our discussion on the morrow." He rose to his feet and left the room. I climbed wearily to mine and almost tottered along the corridor. Sleep! That was

all I wanted. Food? Pfaugh! I had had too much of that. I reached my bedplace and rolled myself in my robes. Sleep was troubled indeed; I had nightmares in which legless Chinese chased me through wooded groves and other Chinese armed with guns kept jumping on my shoulders in an attempt to bring me down.

“*Thump*” went my head on the ground. One of the Chinese guards was kicking me. “*Thump!*” went my head again. Blearily I opened my eyes to find an acolyte energetically banging my head and kicking me in a desperate attempt to wake me. “Lobsang!” he exclaimed as he saw that my eyes were open. “Lobsang, I thought you were dead. You have slept all through the night, missed the Services, and only the intervention of your Master, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, has saved you from the Proctors. *Wake up!*” he shouted, as I almost lapsed into sleep again.

Consciousness flooded into me. Through the windows I saw the early morning rays of sunlight peering over the high Himalayas and lighting up the tallest buildings in the valley, showing the golden roofs of the distant Sera, glowing along the top of the Pargo Kaling. Yesterday I had gone to the Village of Sho—ah! *that* was not a dream. Today, today I *hoped* to miss some lessons and learn direct from my beloved Mingyar Dondup. Learn about Hypnotism, too! Soon I had finished my breakfast and was on my way to the classroom, not to stay and recite from the hundred and eight Sacred Books, but to explain why I was not!

“Sir!” I said, as I saw the Teacher just going into the classroom, “Sir! I have to attend the Lama Mingyar Dondup this day. I beg to be excused from class.” “Ah, yes! my boy,” said the Teacher in amazingly genial tones. “I have had a word with the Holy Lama your Guide. He was good enough to comment favourably upon your progress under my care; I confess I am most gratified, *most* gratified.” Astonishingly, he extended his hand and patted me upon the shoulder before entering the classroom. Bemused, and wondering what sort of magic had been worked

upon him, I wandered off towards the Lamas' Quarters.

On I strolled without a care in the world. Past a half-opened doorway. "Ow!" I exclaimed suddenly, coming to a sudden stop. "*Pickled walnuts!*" The scent of them was strong. Back-tracking silently, I peered through the doorway. An old monk was staring down at the stone floor, muttering things which were not his prayers, mourning the loss of a whole jar of pickled walnuts which had somehow been obtained from India. "May I help you, Reverend Lama?" I asked politely. The old man turned a ferocious face to me and made such a rejoinder that I raced off along the corridor while I was still able. "All those words just for a few walnuts!" I said disgustedly to myself.

"Come in!" said my Guide as I approached his door. "I thought you had gone back to sleep." "Sir!" I said, "I have come to you for instruction. I am anxious to know the nature of hypnotism." "Lobsang," said my Guide, "you have to learn much more than that. You have to learn the basis for hypnotism first. Otherwise you do not know exactly what you do. Sit down." I sat, cross legged of course, upon the floor. My Guide sat opposite me. For a time he seemed lost in thought, and then said: "By now you should have realized that everything is vibration, electricity. The body has many different chemicals in its composition. Certain of those chemicals are conveyed to the brain by the blood stream. The brain, you know, has the best supply of blood and its contained chemicals. Those ingredients, potassium, manganese, carbon, and many others, form the brain tissue. Interaction between them makes a peculiar oscillation of molecules which we term an 'electric current'. When one *thinks* one sets in motion a chain of circumstances which results in the formulation of this electric current and, hence, 'brain waves'."

I pondered the whole matter; I could not see all this. If there were 'electric currents' in my brain, why did I not feel the shock? That boy who was flying a kite, I recalled, had been doing so in a thunderstorm. I remembered the

vivid blue flash as lightning traveled along his wet kite line; I remembered, with a shudder, how he had fallen to the ground as a dried-up, fried crisp of flesh. And once I too had had a shock from the same source, a mere tingle compared to the other, but “tingle” enough to throw me a dozen feet.

“Honourable Lama!” I expostulated, “how *can* there be electricity in the brain? It would drive a man mad with the pain!” My Guide sat and laughed at me. “Lobsang!” he chuckled, “the shock you once had has given you a wholly incorrect idea of electricity. The amount of electricity in the brain is of a very small order indeed. Delicate instruments can measure it and can actually chart the variations as one thinks or undertakes some physical action.” The thought of one man measuring another man's voltage was almost too much for me, I started to laugh. My Guide merely smiled and said: “Let us this afternoon walk over to the Potala. The Inmost One has there a device which will enable us to talk more easily on this electrical subject. Go now and entertain yourself—have a meal, put on your best robe and meet me here when the sun is at noon.” I rose to my feet, bowed, and went out.

For two hours I wandered around, climbing to the roof and idly flicking small pebbles on to the unsuspecting heads of monks passing below. Tiring of that sport, I lowered myself head first through a trap-hatch leading down to a dark corridor. Hanging upside down by my feet I was just in time to hear approaching footsteps. I could not see, because the trap-hatch was at a corner. Sticking out my tongue, and making a ferocious face I waited. An old man came round the corner and, not being able to see me, bumped into me. My wet tongue touched his cheek. He emitted a shriek, and dropping the tray he was carrying with a *crash*, he disappeared at a speed surprising in such an old man. I too had a surprise; as the old monk bumped into me it dislodged my feet from their precarious hold. I fell on my back into the corridor. The trap-hatch fell with

a resounding crash and a whole load of choking dust fell on top of me! Scrambling dizzily to my feet I made off as fast as I could in the opposite direction.

Still suffering from the shock, I changed my robe and had a meal; I was not shocked enough to forget *that!* Punctually, as the shadows vanished, and the day was at noon, I presented myself before my Guide. With some effort he composed his features as he saw me. "An elderly monk, Lobsang, swears that he was beset by a devil in the North corridor. A party of three lamas has gone there to exorcise the devil. No doubt I shall be doing my part if I take him—you—to the Potala as arranged. Come!" He turned and walked out of the room. I followed behind, casting apprehensive glances about me. After all, one never knew for sure what would happen if the Lamas were exorcising. I had vague visions of finding myself flying through the air to some unknown, probably uncomfortable, destination.

Out we went, into the open. Two ponies were being held by grooms. The Lama Mingyar Dondup mounted and slowly rode off down the mountain. I was helped on to my pony, and one of the grooms playfully gave him a slap. The pony felt playful too. Down went his head. Up went his rear, and off his back in an arc went I. A groom again held the animal while I picked myself from the ground and brushed off some of the dust. Then I mounted again, watching warily in case the grooms tried anything else.

That pony *knew* he had a duffer aboard; the moronic animal kept walking to the most dangerous places and stopping on the very edge. Then he would lower his head and gaze earnestly at the rocky ground so far below. At last I dismounted and towed the pony behind me. It was quicker. At the bottom of Iron Mountain I again mounted and followed my Guide into the Village of Sho. He had some business there which detained us for a few moments. Time enough for me to regain my breath and my shattered composure. Then, mounting again, we climbed up the broad, stepped Way to the Potala. Gladly I relinquished

my pony to the waiting grooms. Even more gladly I followed the Lama Mingyar Dondup to his own apartment. My pleasure was increased by the knowledge that I should be staying here for a day or so.

Soon it was time to attend the service in the Temple below. Here at the Potala, services were—I thought—excessively formal, the discipline too strict. Having had more than enough of excitement for one day, as well as suffering from many small bruises, I remained on my best behavior and the service was concluded without incident. It was now an accepted thing that when my Guide was at the Potala I should occupy a small room adjoining his. I went there and sat down to await events, knowing that the Lama Mingyar Dondup was engaged in matters of State with a very senior official who had recently returned from India. It was fascinating to look out of the window and see the City of Lhasa in the distance. The view was one of surpassing beauty; willow fringed lakes, golden gleams from the Jo Kang, and the milling throng of pilgrims who clamored at the foot of the Holy Mountain in the hope of seeing the Inmost One (who was in residence) or at least some high official. An interminable string of traders and their beasts were just wending their slow way past the Pargo Kaling. I dwelt for a moment upon their exotic loads, but was interrupted by a soft footstep behind me. “We will have tea, Lobsang, and then we will continue with our talk,” said my Guide who had just entered. I followed him to his room where was laid out fare very different from that normally served to a poor monk. Tea, of course, but sweet things from India too. It was all *very* much to my taste. Normally monks never talk when they eat; it is considered to be disrespectful to the food, but on this occasion my Guide told me that the Russians were attempting to make trouble for Tibet, were attempting to infiltrate spies. Soon we finished our meal and then made our way to the rooms where the Dalai Lama stored many strange devices from far-off lands. For a time we just looked about

us, the Lama Mingyar Dondup pointing out odd objects and explaining their uses. At last he stopped in a corner of one room and said, "Look at this, Lobsang!" I moved to his side and was not at all impressed with what I saw.

Before me, on a small table, stood a glass jar. Inside there depended two thin threads, each supporting at their far end a small sphere of something that appeared to be pith from a willow tree. "It *is* pith!" commented my Guide dryly, when I remarked upon the matter. "You, Lobsang," said the Lama, "think of electricity as something that gives you a shock. There is another kind, or manifestation, which we term static electricity. Now watch!"

From the table the Lama Mingyar Dondup took a shiny rod, possibly about twelve to fourteen inches long. Briskly he rubbed the rod on his robe and then brought it close to the glass jar. To my intense surprise the two pith spheres flew violently apart—and *stayed* apart even when the rod was withdrawn. "Keep watching!" exhorted my Guide. Well, that is what I was doing. After some minutes the pith balls slowly sank down again under the normal pull of gravity. Soon they were hanging straight down as they had before the experiment.

"You try it," commanded the Lama, extending the black rod to me. "By the Blessed Dolman!" I cried, "I'm *not touching that thing!*" My Guide laughed heartily at my more-than-distressed expression. "Try it, Lobsang," he said mildly, "for I have never played a trick on you yet." "Yes," I grumbled, "but there is always a first time." He pressed the rod upon me. Gingerly I took the awful object. Reluctantly half-heatedly (expecting a shock at any moment) I rubbed the rod on my robe. There was no sensation, no shock or tingle. At last I held it toward the glass jar and wonder of wonders!—the pith balls flew apart again. "As you observe, Lobsang," remarked my Guide, "electricity is flowing, yet even you feel no shock. Such is the electricity of the brain. Come with me."

He led me to another table upon which rested a most remarkable device. It appeared to be a wheel upon whose surface there were innumerable metal plates. Two rods were fixed so that a spray of wires from each lightly touched two of the metal plates. From the rods wires trailed to two metal spheres which were about a foot apart. The thing made no sense at all to me. "Statue of a devil," I thought. My Guide confirmed that impression by his next move. Grasping a handle which projected from the back of the wheel he gave it a very hearty twirl. With a growl of rage the wheel sprang to life; flashing and winking. From the metal spheres a great tongue of blue lightning leaped, hissing and crackling. There was a strange smell as if the air itself were burning. I waited no longer; this most definitely was *not* the place for me. I dived beneath the biggest table and tried to wriggle my way to the far distant door.

The hissing and crackling stopped, to be replaced by another sound. I checked my flight and listened in amazement, was it the sound of *laughter*? Never! Nervously I peered from my sanctuary. There was the Lama Mingyar Dondup almost doubled up with laughter. Tears of merriment were trickling from his eyes, while his face was red with amusement. He seemed to be gasping for breath, too. "Oh, Lobsang!" he said at last, "that is the first time I have known anyone to be frightened of a Wimshurst Machine. These devices are used in many foreign countries that the properties of electricity may be demonstrated.? I crept out, feeling rather silly, and had a closer look at the strange machine. The Lama said, "I will hold these two wires, Lobsang, and you turn the handle as fast as you can. You will see lightning flash all over me, but it will not harm me nor cause me pain. Let us try. Who knows? Perhaps you will have an opportunity to laugh at me!" He took two wires, one in each hand, and nodded for me to start. Grimly I seized the handle and turned as fast as I could. I shouted in amazement as great purple and violet bands of lightning streamed across my Guide's hands and face.

He was quite unperturbed. Meanwhile the smell had started again. "Ozone, quite harmless," said my Guide.

At last I was persuaded to hold the wires with the Lama turning the handle. The hissing and crackling was fearsome in the extreme, but as for feeling—it was more like a cool breeze than anything else! The Lama took various glass things from a box and one by one connected them to the machine by wires. As he turned the handle I saw a bright flame burning inside a glass bottle, and, in other bottles, a cross and other metal shapes outlined by living fire. But nowhere could I get a feeling of electric shock. With this Wimshurst Machine my Guide demonstrated how a person who was not clairvoyant could be enabled to see the human aura, but more of that later.

Eventually, the fading light caused us to desist from our experiments and to return to the Lama's room. First there was the evening service again, our life in Tibet seemed to be completely circumscribed by the needs for religious observance. With the service behind us we returned once again to my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup's apartment, here we sat in our usual cross legged attitude upon the floor with the little table, perhaps fourteen inches high, between us.

"Now Lobsang," said my Guide, "we have to get down to this matter of hypnotism, but first of all we have to decide upon the operation of the human brain. I have shown you—I hope!—that there can be the passage of an electric current without one experiencing pain or discomfort therefrom. Now, I want you to consider that when a person thinks he generates an electric current. We need not go into the matter of how an electric current stimulates muscle fibre and causes reaction, our whole interest for the moment is the electric current—the brain waves which have been so clearly measured and charted by Western medical science." I confess that I found this to be of some interest to me because in my small and humble way it had already occurred to me that thought had force, because I remem-

bered that parchment roughly perforated cylinder which I had used at times in the Lamasery, and which I had caused to rotate by thought power alone.

“Your attention is wandering, Lobsang!” said my Guide. “I am sorry, Honourable Master,” I replied, “I was merely reflecting upon the undoubted nature of thought waves, and considering the amusement I derived from that cylinder to which you introduced me some months ago.”

My Guide looked at me and said, “You are an entity, an individual, and you have your own thoughts. You may consider that you will do some course of action, such as lift that rosary. Even in considering an action your brain causes electricity to flow from its chemical constituents, and the wave from the electricity prepares your muscle for the impending action. If a greater electrical force should occur in your brain, then your original intention of lifting that rosary would be thwarted. It is easy to see that if I can persuade you that you cannot lift that rosary, then your brain—being beyond your immediate control—will generate and send out an opposing wave. You will then be unable to lift the rosary or do the contemplated action.” I looked at him, and thought of the affair, and it really did not make much sense to me, for how could he influence how much electricity my brain was generating? I thought about it, and looked at him, and wondered if I should voice my doubt. There was no necessity to, however, for he divined it and hastened to set my mind at rest. “I can assure you, Lobsang, that what I say is demonstrable fact, and in a Western country we should be able to prove all this under a piece of apparatus which would chart the three basic brain waves, here however, we have no such facilities and we can only debate the matter. The brain generates electricity, it generates waves, and if you decide to lift your arm then your brain generates waves on the intention of your decision. If I can—in rather technical words—feed a negative charge into your brain, then your original inten-

tion would be frustrated. In other words, you would be hypnotized!”

This really did begin to make sense; I had seen that Wimshurst Machine, and I had seen various demonstrations conducted with its assistance, and I had seen how it was possible to alter the polarity of a current and so cause it to flow in the opposite direction. “Honourable Lama,” I exclaimed, “how is it possible for you to feed a current into my brain? You cannot take off the top of my head and put some electricity inside, how then may it be done?” “My dear Lobsang,” said my Guide, “it is not necessary to get into your head because I do not have to generate any electricity and put into you, I can make appropriate suggestions whereby you will be convinced of the accuracy of my statement or suggestions, and you will then—without any voluntary control on your part—generate that negative current yourself.”

He looked at me and said, “I am most unwilling to hypnotize anyone against their will except in a case of medical or surgical necessity, but I think that with your co-operation it might be a good idea to demonstrate a simple little matter of hypnotism.” I exclaimed hastily, “Oh yes, I should love to experience hypnotism!” He rather smiled at my impetuosity and asked, “Now, Lobsang, what would you be unwilling to do, normally? I ask you that because I want to hypnotize you into doing something that you would not willingly do so that you personally can be assured that in doing this thing you are acting under involuntary influence.” I thought for a moment, and really I hardly knew what to say, there were so many things that I did not want to do! I was saved further thought on this matter by my Guide, who exclaimed, “I know! You were not at all anxious to read that rather involved passage in the fifth volume of the Kangyur. You were, I believe, rather afraid that some of the terms used would betray you, and betray the fact that on that particular subject you had not studied so assiduously as desired by your tutor!”

I felt rather gloomy about that, and I confess I also felt my cheeks redden with some embarrassment. It was perfectly true, there was a particularly difficult passage in The Book which caused me extreme difficulty, however, in the interests of science I was quite prepared to be persuaded to read it. Actually I had almost a phobia against reading that particular passage! My Guide smiled and said, “The Book is over there just to the side of the window bring it here, turn to that passage and read it aloud, and if you will try not to read it—if you will try to mess up the whole thing—then that will be a much better test.” I reluctantly went across and fetched The Book, and unwillingly turned over the pages. Our Tibetan pages are much bigger—much heavier—than Western books. I fumbled and fumbled, and made the thing as long-drawn-out as possible. In the end, though, I turned to the appropriate passage, and I confess that this particular passage, because of some earlier incident with a tutor, really did make me feel almost physically sick.

I stood there with The Book in front of me, and try as I might I could not articulate those words—it may seem strange but it is a fact that because I had been so ill-used by an un-understanding tutor I had developed a real hatred for those sacred sentences. My Guide looked at me—nothing more—just looked at me, and then something seemed to click inside my head, and I found to my very considerable surprise that I was reading, not just “reading” but reading fluently, easily, without a trace of hesitation. As I reached the end of the paragraph I had the most inexplicable sensation. I put down The Book and I went to the middle of the room and I stood on my head! “I’m going crazy!” I thought. “Whatever will my Guide think of me for behaving in this utterly foolish manner?” Then it occurred to me, that my Guide was making me—influencing me—to behave thus. Quickly I jumped to my feet, and found that he was smiling most benevolently upon me. “It really is a most easy matter, Lobsang, to

influence a person, there is no difficulty at all when one has mastered the basic matter. I merely thought of certain things and you picked up my thoughts telepathically, and that caused your brain to react in the manner I had anticipated. Thus certain fluctuations in your normal brain pattern were caused which produced this quite interesting result!”

“Honourable Lama!” I said, “then does it mean that if we can put an electric current into a person's brain we can make that person do anything we want?” “No, it does not mean that at all,” said my Guide. “It means instead that if we can persuade a person to do a certain course of action, and the course of action which we desire to persuade is not contrary to that person's belief, then he will undoubtedly do it merely because his brain waves have been altered, and no matter what his original intention, he will react as suggested by the hypnotist. In most cases a person receives suggestions from a hypnotist, there is no real influence exerted by the hypnotist other than the influence of suggestion. The hypnotist, by certain little tricks, is able to induce a course of action in the victim contrary to that which was originally contemplated.” He looked at me seriously for a moment and then added, “Of course you and I have other powers than that. You will be able to hypnotize a person instantly even against a person's wishes, that gift is being made unto you because of the peculiar nature of your life, because of the very great hardships, because of the exceptional work which you are going to have to achieve.”

He sat back and gazed at me in order that he might determine if I had assimilated the information which he had given me, satisfied that I had, he continued, “Later—not yet—you will be taught much more about hypnotism and how to hypnotize quickly. I want to tell you that you will also have your telepathic powers increased, because when you journey from here far out into other countries you will need to keep in touch with us all the time, and the quickest

and the most accurate way is by telepathy.” I felt quite gloomy over all this. I seemed the whole time to be learning something fresh, and the more I learned the less time I had for myself, it seemed to me that more and more work was being added to me but none was being lifted off!

“But, Honourable Lama!” I said, “how does telepathy work? Nothing appears to happen between us, yet you know almost everything I think especially when I do not want you to!” My Guide looked at me and laughed, and said, “It really is quite a simple matter, telepathy, one merely has to control the brain waves. Look at it in this way; you think, your brain generates electric currents which fluctuate in accordance with the variations of your thought. Normally your thoughts go to activate a muscle so that a limb may be raised or lowered, or you may be thinking of a certain subject at a distance, whatever way it is, your mental energy is broadcast — that is, the energy-force from your brain is emitted indiscriminately in all and every direction. If there was some method whereby you could focus your thought, then it would be of a very much greater intensity in the direction in which it was focused.” I looked at him, and I remembered a little experiment which he had shown me some time before; we had been in much the same position as now, that is high up on The Peak (as we Tibetans call the Potala). The Lama, my Guide, had in the darkness of the night Lighted a small candle and the light glimmered faintly around. But then he had put a magnifying glass in front of the candle, and by adjusting the distance of the magnifying glass from the flame he had been able to project upon the wall a much brighter image of the candle flame. To increase the lesson, he had put a shiny surface behind the candle, and that, in turn, had concentrated the light more so that the image upon the wall was even greater. I mentioned this to him, and he said, “Yes! That is perfectly correct, by various tricks it is possible to focus the thought and to send it in a certain predetermined direction. Actually, every person

has what we might term an individual wave-length, that is, the amount of energy on the basic wave emitted from the brain of any one person follows a precise order of oscillation, and if we could determine the rate of oscillation of the basic brain wave of another person and tune in to that basic oscillation, we should have no difficulty whatever in conveying our message by so-called telepathy, irrespective of the distance.” He gazed firmly at me, and added, “You must get it quite clear in your mind, Lobsang, that distance means nothing whatever when it comes to telepathy, telepathy can span oceans, it can even span worlds!”

I confess that I was most anxious to do more in the realm of telepathy, I could visualize myself talking to those of my fellows who were at other lamaseries, such as Sera, or even in far-off districts. It seemed to me, though, that all my efforts had to be devoted to things which would help me in the future, a future—which, according to all prophecies, would be a gloomy affair indeed.

My Guide interrupted my thoughts again, “We will go into this matter of telepathy later. We will also go into the matter of clairvoyance, for you will have abnormal powers of clairvoyance, and it will ease things for you if you are aware of the mechanics of the process. It all revolves around brain waves and interrupting the Akashic Record, but night is upon us, we must cease our discussion for the moment and prepare for sleep that we may during the night hours be refreshed in time for the first service.”

He rose to his feet, and I rose to mine. I bowed to him in the attitude of respect, and I wished that I could show more adequately the profound respect which I felt for this great man who had so befriended me.

Briefly, a fleeting smile crossed his lips, and he stepped forward and I felt his warm handclasp upon my shoulder. A gentle pat, and he said, “Goodnight, Lobsang, we must not delay any longer, or we shall be logheads again—unable to awaken when it is time for us to attend to our devotions.”

In my own room I stood for some moments by the window with the cold night air blowing in. I gazed out upon the lights of Lhasa, and reflected upon all that had been told to me, and upon all that I had yet to learn. It was obvious to me that the more I learned—the more there was to learn, and I wondered where it would all end. With a sigh, perhaps of despair, I rolled myself more tightly in my robe and lay down upon the cold floor to sleep.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

A cold cold wind was blowing down off the mountains. Dust and small stones whipped through the air and most of them seemed to aim directly for our shrinking bodies. Wise old animals stood with bowed head to wind that their fur should not be disturbed and cause them to lose body heat. We rounded the corner from the Kundu Ling and turned into the Mani Lhakhang. A sudden blast of air, even fiercer than the others, swept under the robes of one of my companions, and with a howl of fright he was blown up into the air like a kite. We looked up, awestruck, with our mouths open. He appeared to be flying to the City—arms outstretched robes billowing and making him into giant size. Then there came a lull, and he dropped like a stone into the Kaling Chu! We rushed madly to the scene, fearing he would drown. As we reached the bank he—Yulgye—seemed to be standing knee deep in the water. The gale shrieked with renewed force, swirling Yulgye around and sweeping him backwards to our arms. Wonder of wonders, he was hardly wet, except from the knees down. We hastened away, holding our robes tightly to us lest we too be blown into the air.

Along the Mani Lhakhang we marched. And an easy march it was! The howling gale blew us along; our only effort was to maintain a vertical position! In the Village of Sho a party of high ranking ladies were seeking shelter; I always liked to guess at the identity of the person behind the leather face mask. The “younger” the face painted on the leather the *older* the woman who wore it. Tibet is a cruel and harsh country, with screaming winds blowing torrents of stones and sand from the mountains. Men and women often wore masks made of leather as protection

from the storms. These masks, with slits for eyes and another slit through which one breathed, were invariably painted with a representation of the wearer's opinion of herself!

“Let's go by The Street of Shops!” yelled Timon, striving to make himself heard above the gale. “Waste of time,” screamed Yulgye, “they put up the shutters when there is a gale like this. All their stock would be blown away otherwise.” We hurried on, going at more than twice our normal pace. Crossing by the Turquoise Bridge we had to hold on to each other, the force of the wind was so great. Looking back, we saw that the Potala and Iron Mountain were obscured by a black sullen cloud. A cloud composed of dust particles and small stones worn and torn from the eternal Himalayas. Hurrying on, knowing that the black cloud would overtake us if we were laggardly, we passed the House of Doring just outside the Inner Circle around the immense Jo Kang. With a roar the storm was upon us, beating at our unprotected heads and faces. Timon instinctively raised his hands to protect his eyes. The wind gripped his robe and raised it high over his head, leaving him as bare as a peeled banana, just before the Cathedral of Lhasa.

Stones and twigs came bowling down the street towards us bruising our legs and, at times, drawing blood. The sky became blacker, as dark as night. Hustling Timon before us, struggling with the flapping robe which swirled around his head, we staggered into the Sanctuary of the Holy Place. Inside was pence, profound peace, soothing peace. Here, for some thirteen hundred years, had come the devout to worship. Even the fabric of the building exuded sanctity. The stone floor was ribbed and grooved by the passage of generation after generation of pilgrims. The air felt alive, so much incense had been burned here throughout the ages that it seemed to have endowed the place with a sentient life of its own.

Age-blackened pillars and beams loomed through the

perpetual dusk. The dull glitter of gold, reflecting the light of the gloom. The little flickering flames turned the shadows of the Sacred Figures into a grotesque dance on the Temple walls. God cavorted with Goddess in a never ending play of light and shadow as the endless procession of devout pilgrims moved past the lamps.

Pin-points of light of all colours shot forth from the great heaps of jewels. Diamonds, topaz, beryl, rubies and jade flashed forth the light of their nature, forming an ever-changing pattern, a kaleidoscope of colour. Great open-work iron nets with links just too small to permit the passage of a hand, guarded the gems and gold from those whose cupidity overcame their rectitude. Here and there, in the brilliant dusk behind the iron curtain, pairs of red eyes gleamed, proof that the Temple cats were ever on the alert. Incorruptible, unbribable without fear of Man or beast they padded silently on velvet paws. But those soft feet held sheathed claws of razor-sharpness should their ire be aroused. Of surpassing intelligence, they had but to look at one to know one's intentions. A suspicious move toward the jewels they guarded, and they would become devils incarnate; working in pairs one would flash at the throat of the would-be thief while the other would cling to his right arm. Only death would loose their grip unless the attending monks came quickly. . . . ! To me, or to others like me who loved them the cats would roll and purr, and permit us to play with the priceless gems. Play, but not to take away. All black, with vivid blue eyes which glowed a blood red by reflected light, they were known in other countries as "Siamese" cats. Here, in cold Tibet, they were all black. In the tropics, I was told, they were all white. We wandered around, paying our respects to the Golden Images. Outside, the storm roared and fumed, blowing away all objects which were unsecured and making hazardous the passage of unwary travelers forced by urgent business to be upon the wind-swept roads. Here, though,

in the Temple, all was quiet save for the muted “shush-shush” of many feet as pilgrims did their circuits, and the incessant “clack-chack” of the ever-turning Prayer Wheels. But we did not hear them. Day after day, night after night, the Wheels went round and round with their “clack-chack, clack-chack, clack-chack” until they had become a part of our existence; we heard them no more than we heard our heart-beats or our breath.

But there was another sound; a harsh, rasping *purr-purr* and the chink of the metal curtain as an old Tom butted his head against it to remind me that he and I were old friends. Idly I pushed my fingers through the links and scratched his head. Gently he “bit” my fingers in greeting, and then with his rough old tongue nearly scraped the skin off with the fervor of his licking! A suspicious movement further down the Temple — and he was off like a flash in order to protect “his” property.

“Wish we'd looked at the Shops!” whispered Timon. “Stupid!” whispered Yulgye, “you *know* they are shut during the storms.” “*Be quiet you boys!*” said a fierce Proctor, stepping out of the shadows and aiming a blow which caught poor Timon off balance, and sent him sprawling to the floor. A nearby monk looked disapprovingly at the scene, and twirled his Prayer Wheel furiously. The great Proctor, almost seven feet tall, stood over us like a human mountain and hissed, “If you boys make another *squeak* . . . I'll tear you apart with my hands and toss the pieces to the dogs outside. Now, be *quiet!*” With a last scowl in our direction, he turned and vanished into the shadows. Carefully, afraid of even the rustle of his robes, Timon rose to his feet. We slipped off our sandals and tip-toed to the door. Outside the storm was still raging; from the mountain pinnacles pennants of dazzlingly white snow streamed out. From lower reaches, from the Potala and Chakpori *black* streams of dust and stones flowed. Along the Sacred Way great columns of dust raced into the City. The wind howled and screeched as if even the devils had

gone crazy and were playing a mad cacophony without sense or reason.

Holding on to each other, we crept southwards round the Jo Kang, seeking the shelter of an alcove at the back of the Council Hall. The torrent of turbulent air threatened to lift us from our feet and blow us over the wall into the Tsang Kung Nunnery. We shivered at the mere thought, and pressed on to shelter. Our objective attained, we leaned back, our breath coming in great sobs from the efforts we had made “\* \* \* \*”, said Timon, “I wish I could put a spell on that \* \* \* \* Proctor! Your Honourable Guide could do it, Lobsang. Perhaps you could persuade him to turn that \* \* \* \* into a pig,” he added hopefully. I shook my head, “I am sure he would not,” I replied, “for the Lama Mingyar Dondup never does ill to man or beast. Still, it *would* be nice to have the Proctor turn into something else. He *was* a bully!”

The storm was abating. Less shrill was the keening of the wind around the eaves. Pebbles previously wind-borne dropped to the roads and clattered against roof tops. Nor did the dust penetrate our robes so much. Tibet is a high and exposed country. Winds piled up behind the mountain ranges and rushed in a fury through the passes, frequently flinging travelers to their deaths in the ravines. Gusts of wind roared through lamasery corridors, sweeping them clean, blowing away dust and litter before emerging to scream through the valley, and on to the open stretches beyond.

The clamor and the tumult died. The last of the storm clouds raced across the sky leaving the vast vault of Heaven purple and pure. The harsh glare of the sun beat upon us, dazzling us with its brilliance after the murk and gloom of the storm. With grating creaks doors were cautiously opened; heads appeared and the damage of the day assessed. Poor old Mrs. Raks, near whose house we stood, had her front windows blown in and her rear windows blown out. In Tibet windows are of thick oiled paper, oiled

so that one may, at some strain to the sight, see out. Glass is rare indeed in Lhasa, paper made from the plentiful willow and rushes is cheap. We set out for home—Chakpori — stopping whenever any item of interest attracted our gaze.

“Lobsang!” said Timon, “say, *the shops will be open now*. Come on, it won't take long!” So saying, he turned off to the right at a much faster pace. Yulgye and I followed with just the merest show of reluctance. Arrived at The Street of Shops we looked eagerly about us. What wonders there were! The all-pervading smell of tea, many types of incense from India and China. Jewelry, and things from far off Germany which were so strange to us as to have no meaning. Further along we came to a shop where sweets were sold, sticky things on sticks, cakes covered with white sugar or coloured icing. We looked and longed; as poor chelas we had no money and so could buy nothing, but to look was free.

Yulgye nudged my arm and whispered, “Lobsang, that big fellow, isn't that Tzu who used to look after you?” I turned and stared in the direction where he pointed. Yes! It was Tzu all right, Tzu who had taught me so much and had been so very harsh with me. Instinctively I stepped forward and smiled up at him. “Tzu!” I said, “I am —” He scowled at me and snarled, “Get away, you boys, don't pester an honest citizen about his Master's business. You can't beg from *me*.” He turned abruptly and strode away.

I felt my eyes grow hot and feared that I was going to disgrace myself in front of my friends. No, I could not afford the luxury of tears, but Tzu had ignored me, pretended not to know me. Tzu, who had taught me from birth. I thought how he had tried to teach me to ride my pony Nakkim, how he had taught me to wrestle. Now he had repudiated me—spurned me. I hung my head and disconsolately scratched the dust with my foot. By me, my two companions stood silent, awkward, feeling as I felt,

finding that they too had been slighted. A sudden movement attracted my attention; an elderly bearded Indian, wearing a turban, walked slowly toward me. "Young sir!" he said in his queerly accented Tibetan, "I saw all, but think not ill of that man. Some of us have forgotten our childhood. I have not: Come with me." He led the way to the shop at which we had so recently gazed. "Let these young men take their pick," he said to the shopkeeper. Shyly each of us took one of those gorgeous sticky things and bowed gratefully to the Indian. "*No! No!*" he exclaimed, "one is not enough, take another each." We did so, and he paid the smiling shopkeeper. "Sir!" I said fervently, "may the Blessing of Buddha be with you and protect you; may your joys be many!" He smiled benignly upon us, bowed slightly, and turned away to continue his business.

Slowly we made our way home, slowly eating our sweets in order to make them last as long as possible. We had almost forgotten what such things tasted like. These tasted better than most because they had been given with such good feeling. I reflected, as we walked along, that first my Father had ignored me upon the steps of the Potala, and now Tzu had ignored me. Yulgye broke the silence; "It's a funny world, Lobsang, now we are boys we are ignored and snubbed. When we are lamas the Blackheads will come running for our favor!" In Tibet, the laity are referred to as "Blackheads" because they have hair on their heads; monks, of course, have shaven heads.

That evening at the Service I was very attentive; I determined to work hard so that I should become a lama as soon as possible, then I would stride among those "Blackheads" and spurn them when they sought my services. I was indeed so attentive that I attracted the attention of a Proctor. He regarded me with high suspicion, thinking such devotion from me was wholly unnatural! As soon as the Service ended I hurried away to my quarters as I knew I would have a busy day with the Lama Mingyar Dondup on the morrow. For some time I could not sleep.

I tossed and turned and thought of the past and of the hardships I had undergone.

In the morning I arose and had my breakfast and then was about to make my way to the Lamas' Quarters. As I was leaving the room a hulking monk in a tattered robe grabbed me. "Hey, *you!*" he said, "you work in the kitchen this morning—cleaning millstones too!" "But Sir!" I replied, "my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup wants me." I attempted to squeeze past. "No, you come with me. Doesn't matter *who* wants you, I say you are going to work in the kitchen." He grabbed my arm and twisted it so that I could not escape. Reluctantly I went with him, there was no choice.

In Tibet we all took our turn at manual, at *menial* tasks. "Teaches humility!" said one. "Prevents a boy from getting above himself!" said another. "Knocks out class distinctions!" said a third. Boys—and monks—work at any task assigned purely as discipline. Of course, there was a domestic staff of lower-grade monks, but boys and monks of *all* grades had to take turns at the lowest and most unpleasant tasks as training. We all hated it as the "regulars" inferior men all — treated us as slaves, well knowing that we could not possibly complain. Complain? It was *meant* to be hard!

Down the stone corridor we went. Down the steps made of two wooden uprights with bars fixed across. Into the great kitchens where I had been so badly burned on the leg. "There!" said the monk who was holding me, "get up and clean out the grooves in the stones." Picking up a sharp metal spike, I climbed on to one of the great barley-grinding wheels and industriously dug into the crushed debris lodged in the grooves. This stone had been neglected, and now, instead of grinding, it had just spoiled the barley. My task was to "dress" the surface so that it was again sharp and clean. The monk stood by, idly picking his teeth.

"Hey!" yelled a voice from the entrance, "Tuesday Lobsang Rampa. Is Tuesday Lobsang Rampa here? The

Honourable Lama Mingyar Dondup wants him immediately.” Instinctively I stood up and jumped off the stone. “Here I am!” I called. The monk brought his balled fist down hard on the top of my head, knocking me to the ground. “I say you will stay here and do your work,” he growled. “If anyone wants you, let him come in person.” Catching me by the neck, he lifted me and flung me on to the stone. My head struck a corner, and all the stars in the heavens flamed into my consciousness before fading and leaving the world blank and dark.

Strangely, I had a sensation of being lifted—lifted horizontally—and then stood on my feet. Somewhere a great deep-toiled gong seemed to be tolling out the seconds of life, it went “bong-bong-bong” and with a final stroke I felt that I had been struck by blue lightning. On the instant the world grew very bright, bright with a kind of yellowish light, a light in which I could see more clearly than normal. “Ooo,” I said to myself, “so I am outside of my body! Oh! I do look strange!”

I had had considerable experience of astral travelling, I had traveled far beyond the confines of this old earth of ours, and I had traveled also to many of the greatest cities upon this globe. Now, though, I had my first experience of being “jumped out of my body”. I stood beside the great mill-stone looking down with considerable distaste at the scruffy little figure in the very tattered robe lying on the stone. I gazed down, and it was only a matter of passing interest to observe how my astral body was joined to that battered figure by a bluish white cord which undulated and pulsed, which glowed brightly and faded, and glowed and faded again. Then I gazed more closely at my body upon this stone slab, and was appalled at the great gash over the left temple from whence oozed dark red blood, blood which seeped down into the stone grooves and mixed inextricably with the debris which so far had not been dug out.

A sudden commotion attracted my attention, and as I turned I saw my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, enter-

ing the kitchen, his face white with anger. He strode forward and came to a halt right before the head monk of the kitchen—the monk who had treated me so badly. No word was spoken, no word at all, in fact there was a hushed and deathly silence. My Guide's piercing eyes seemed to strike lightning into the kitchen monk, with a sigh like a punctured balloon he subsided into an inert mass on the stone floor. Without sparing a second glance at him my Guide turned away, turned to my earthly figure stretched out, breathing stertorously upon that stone circle.

I looked about me, I was really fascinated to think that I was now able to get out of my body for short distances. Going “far travels” in the astral was nothing, I always had been able to do that, but this sensation of getting out of myself and looking down upon my earthly suit of clay was a new, intriguing experience.

Ignoring the happenings about me for a moment, I let myself drift—drift up through the ceiling of the kitchen. “Ow!” I said involuntarily as I passed through the stone ceiling into the room above. Here were seated a group of lamas in deep contemplation. I saw with some interest that they had a sort of model of the world before them, it was a round ball upon which were indicated continents and lands and oceans and seas, and the round ball was fixed at an angle, the angle corresponding to the tilt of the earth itself in space. I did not tarry there, this seemed to me to be too much like lesson work, I journeyed upwards.

Through another ceiling, through another, and yet another, and then I stood in the Room of the Tombs! About me were the great golden walls which supported the tombs of the Incarnations of the Dalai Lama for centuries past. I stood here in reverent contemplation for some moments, and then allowed myself to drift upwards, upwards, so that at last below me I saw that glorious Potala with all its gleaming gold, with all its scarlet and crimson and with the wondrous white walls which seemed to melt into the living rock of the mountain itself.

Turning my gaze slightly to the right I could see the Village of Sho and beyond that the City of Lhasa with the blue mountains in the background. As I rose I could see the limitless spaces of our fair and pleasant land, a land which could be hard and cruel through the vagaries of unpredictable weather but which, to me, was *home*!

A remarkably severe tugging attracted my attention and I found myself being reeled in as I often reeled in a kite which was soaring in the sky. I sank down and down, down into the Potala, through floors which became ceilings, and through floors again, until at last I reached my destination and stood again beside my body in the kitchen.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup was gently bathing my left temple—picking pieces from it. “Good gracious!” I said to myself in profound astonishment, “is my head so thick that it cracked or chipped the stone?” Then I saw that I had a small fracture, I saw also a lot of the material being pulled from my head was debris—rubbish—the chippings of stone and the remnants of ground barley. I watched with interest, and—I confess—some amusement, for here standing beside my body in my astral body I felt no pain, no discomfort, only peace.

At last the Lama Mingyar Dondup finished his ministrations and he put a patch, a herbal compress, upon my head and bound it about with silken bonds. Then, motioning to two monks who stood by with a litter, he instructed them to lift me so carefully.

The men—monks of my own Order, gently lifted me and placed me upon that litter with the Lama Mingyar Dondup walking beside. I was carried off.

I looked about me in considerable astonishment, the light was fading, had I been so long that the day was dying? Before I had an answer to that I found that I too was fading, the yellow and the blue of the spiritual light was diminishing in intensity, and I felt an absolutely overwhelming, absolutely overpowering urge to rest—to sleep and not to bother about anything.

I knew no more for a time and then, through my head shot excruciating pains, pains which caused me to see reds and blues and greens and yellows, pains which made me think that I should go mad with the intense agony. A cool hand was placed upon me and a gentle voice said, "It is all right, Lobsang. It is all right, rest, rest, go to sleep!" The world seemed to become a dark fluffy pillow, the pillow was soft as swansdown into which I sank gratefully, peacefully, and the pillow seemed to envelop me so that I knew no more, and again my soul soared in space, while upon the earth my battered body remained at rest.

It must have been many hours later when I again regained consciousness, I awakened to find my Guide sitting beside me, holding my hands in his. As my eyelids fluttered upwards and the light of the evening streamed in, I smiled weakly, and he smiled back at me then, disengaging his hands, he took from a little table beside him a cup with some sweet smelling brew. Gently pressing it to my lips he said, "Drink this up, it will do you good!" I drank, and life flooded through me once again, so much so that I tried to sit up. The effort was too much; I felt as if a great club had been bashed down once more upon my head, I saw vivid lights, constellations of lights, and I soon desisted in my efforts.

The evening shadows lengthened, from below me came the muted sound of the conches, and I knew that the Service was about to start. My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, said, "I have to go for half an hour, Lobsang, because the Inmost One wants me, but your friends Timon and Yulgye are here to look after you in my absence and to call me should the occasion arise." He squeeze my hands, rose to his feet, and left the room.

Two familiar faces appeared, half frightened and wholly excited. They squatted down beside me, and Timon said, "Oh, Lobsang! Did the Kitchen Master get a telling off about all this!" "Yes," said the other, "and he is being turned out of the Lamasery for extreme, unnecessary

brutality. He is being escorted out now!” They were bubbling with excitement and then Timon said again, “I thought you were dead, Lobsang, you really did bleed like a stuffed yak!” I really had to smile as I looked at them, their voices showed how thrilled they were at any excitement to relieve the drab monotony of life in a lamasery. I held no grudge against them for their excitement, knowing that I too would have been excited if the victim had been other than I. I smiled upon them and was then overpowered by an oppressive tiredness. I closed my eyes, intending to rest them for a few moments, and once again I knew no more.

For several days, perhaps seven or eight in all, I rested upon my back and my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, acted as my nurse, but for him I should not have survived, for life in a lamasery is not necessarily gentle or kind, it is indeed survival of the fittest. The Lama was a kind man, a loving man, but even had he been otherwise there would have been the greatest reasons for keeping me alive. I, as I have said before, had a special task to do in life, and I supposed that the hardships which I was undergoing as a boy were meant in some way to toughen me, to make me become immured to hardship and suffering, for all the prophecies that I had heard - and I had heard quite a few! —had indicated that my life would be a life of sorrow, a life of suffering.

But it was not all suffering, as my condition improved there were more opportunities for talk with my Guide. We talked of many things, we covered common subjects and we covered subjects which were most uncommon. We dealt at length with various occult subjects, I remember on one occasion saying, “It must be a wonderful thing, Honourable Lama, to be a librarian and so possess all the knowledge in the world. I would be a librarian were it not for all these terrible prophecies as to my future.” My Guide smiled down upon me. “The Chinese have a saying, ‘a picture is worth a thousand words,’ Lobsang, but I say

that no amount of reading nor looking at pictures will replace practical experience and knowledge.” I looked at him to see if he were serious and then I thought of the Japanese monk, Kenji Tekeuchi, who for almost seventy years had studied the printed word and had failed to practice or to absorb anything that he had read.

My Guide read my thoughts “Yes!” he said, “the old man is not mental. He gave himself mental indigestion by reading everything and anything and not absorbing any of it. He imagines that he is a great man, a man of surpassing spirituality. Instead he is a poor old blunderer who deceives no one so much as himself.” The Lama sighed sadly and said, “He is spiritually bankrupt, knowing all but knowing nothing. The insensate, indiscriminate and ill-advised reading of all that comes one's way is dangerous. This man followed all the great religions and, understanding none of them, he yet set himself up as the greatest spiritual man of all.”

“Honourable Lama!” I said, “if it be so harmful to have books, why are there books?” My Guide looked blankly at me for a moment. (“*Ha!*” I thought, “he does not know the answer to *that* one!”) Then he smiled again and said, “But my dear Lobsang, the answer is so obvious! Read, read, and read again, but never let *any* book overpower your discrimination nor your discernment. A book is meant to teach, to instruct or even to amuse. A book is not a master to be followed blindly and without reason. No person possessed of intelligence should ever be enslaved by a book or by the words of another.” I sat back and nodded my head. Yes, that made sense. But then, *why bother with books?*

“Books, Lobsang?” said my Guide in answer to my query. “Of course there must be books! The libraries of the world contain most of the knowledge of the world, but no one but an idiot would say that mankind is the slave of books. Books exist merely to be a guide unto mankind to be there for his reference, for his use. It is indeed a fact

that books misused can be a curse, for they lead a man to feel that he is greater than he is and thus to lead him to devious paths in life, paths which he has not the knowledge nor the wit to follow to the end.” “Well, Honourable Lama,” I asked again, “what are the uses of books?” My Guide looked hard at me and said, “You cannot go to all the places in the world and study under the greatest Masters of the world, but the printed word—books—can bring their teachings to you. You do not have to believe everything you read, nor do the great masters of writing ever tell you that you should, you should use your own judgment and use their words of wisdom as a pointer to what should be your words of wisdom. I can assure you that a person who is not ready to study a subject can harm himself immeasurably by getting hold of a book and—as it were—trying to raise himself above his karmic station by studying the words and the works of others. It may well be that the reader is a man of low evolutionary development, and in that case, in studying the things which at the present are not for him, he may stunt rather than enhance his spiritual development. I have known many such cases and our Japanese friend is just one.”

My Guide rang for tea, a most necessary adjunct to all our discussions! When tea had been brought by the monk-servant we again resumed our discussion, My Guide said, “Lobsang! You are going to have a most unusual life and to that end your development is being forced, your telepathic powers are being increased by any method at our disposal. I am going to tell you now that in just a few months you are going to study by telepathy allied to clairvoyance some of the greatest books of the world—some of the literary masterpieces of the world, and you are going to study them irrespective of lack of knowledge of the language in which they are written.” I am afraid that I gaped at him in real astonishment, how could I study a book written in a language which I did not know? That was a matter which puzzled me, but I soon received an

answer. “When your powers of telepathy and clairvoyance are a little more acute—as they will be—you will be able to pick up the whole thoughts of a book from people who have just recently read the book or are at present engaged upon such reading. This is one of the lesser known uses of telepathy which, of course, must in such cases be allied to clairvoyance. People in other parts of the world cannot always get to a public library or to one of the leading library centres of a country, they may pass the door but unless they can prove that they are a genuine student in search of knowledge, they are not admitted. Such a bar will not be placed on you, you will be able to travel in the astral and study and that will help you all the days of your life, and to the time when you pass beyond this life.”

He told me of the uses of occultism. Misuse of occult power or the domination of another person by occult means brought a truly terrible punishment. Esoteric powers, metaphysical powers, and extrasensory perceptions were to be used only for good, only in the service of others only to increase the sum total of knowledge contained in the world. “But, Honourable Lama!” I said, urgently, “how about people who get out of their bodies with excitement or with interest, how about when they fall out of their bodies and then nearly die of fright, can nothing be done to warn them?” My Guide smiled rather sadly at this as he said, “It is true, Lobsang, that many many people read books and try experiments without having a suitable Master at hand. Many people get out of themselves, either through drink or through over-excitement or through over-indulgence in something which is not good for the spirit, and then they panic. There is one way in which you can help, throughout your life you should warn those who enquire that the only thing to fear in occult matters is fear. Fear allows undesirable thoughts, undesirable entities to enter and even to take control of one, to take possession of one, and you, Lobsang, should repeat again and again that there is naught ever to fear other than fear itself. In casting out fear, then

you strengthen humanity and make humanity purer. It is fear which causes wars, fear which makes dissension in the world, fear which turns man's hand against man. Fear, and fear alone, is the enemy, and if we throw out fear once and for all then—believe me—there is nothing more that need be feared.”

Fear, what was all this talk about fear? I looked up at my Guide, and I suppose he saw the unspoken question in my eyes. Perhaps instead he read my thoughts telepathically, whatever it was he suddenly said, “So you are wondering about fear? Well, you are young and innocent!” I thought to myself, “Oh! Not so innocent as *he* thinks!” The Lama smiled as if he enjoyed that private joke with me—although of course I had not uttered a word—and then he said, “Fear is a very real thing, a tangible thing, you will have heard tales of those who are addicted to spirits—who become intoxicated. They are men who see remarkable creatures. Some of these drunkards claim to see green elephants with pink stripes, or even more bizarre creatures. I tell you, Lobsang, that the creatures which they see—so-called figments of their imagination—are real creatures indeed.”

I was still not clear about this matter of fear. Of course I knew what fear was in the physical sense, I thought of the time when I had had to stay motionless outside the Chakpori Lamasery so that I could undergo the test of endurance before being permitted to enter and be accepted as the humblest of humble chelas. I turned to my Guide and said, “Honourable Lama, what *is* all this fear? In conversation I have heard of the creatures of the lower astral, yet I myself in all my astral travels have never encountered aught which caused me even a moment's fear. What *is* all this fear?”

My Guide sat still for a moment, then, as if reaching a sudden decision, he rose swiftly to his feet and said, “Come!” I rose also and we went along a stone corridor and turned to the right and to the left and to the right again.

Continuing our journey we at last turned into a room where there was no light. It was like stepping into a pool of blackness, my Guide went first and lit a butter lamp which was standing ready beside the door, then, motioning to me to lie down, he said, "You are old enough to experience the entities of the lower astral. I am prepared to assist you to see these creatures and to make sure that you come to no harm, for they should not be encountered unless one is adequately prepared and protected. I will extinguish this light, and do you rest in peace and let yourself drift away from your body—let yourself drift whither you will, regardless of destination, regardless of intention—just drift and wander as the breeze." So saying he extinguished the lamp and there was no glimmer of light in that place when he had shut the door. I could not even detect his breathing but I could feel his warm, comforting presence near me.

Astral travelling was no new experience to me, I was born with the ability to travel thus and to remember always, everything. Now, stretched upon the ground, with my head resting upon part of my rolled-up robe, I folded my hands and put my feet together and dwelt upon the process of leaving the body, the process which is so simple to those who know. Soon I felt the gentle jerk which indicates a separation of the astral vehicle from the physical, and with that jerk there came a flooding of light. I seemed to be floating at the end of my Silver Cord. Beneath me was utter blackness, the blackness of the room which I had just left, and in which there was no glimmer of light. I looked about me, but this was in no way different from the normal travels that I had undertaken before. I thought of elevating myself above the Iron Mountain, and with the thought I was no longer in that room but hovering above the Mountain, hovering two perhaps three hundred feet. Suddenly I was no longer aware of the Potala, no longer aware of the Iron Mountain, no longer aware of the land of Tibet nor of the Valley of Lhasa. I felt sick with apprehension, my Silver Cord trembled violently and I was appalled to see

that some of the “silver-blue” haze which always emanated from the Cord had turned into a sickly yellow-green.

Without warning there was a terrible twitching, a terrible tugging a sensation as if insane fiends were trying to reel me in. Instinctively I looked down and nearly fainted away at what I saw.

About me, rather, below me, were the strangest and most hideous creatures such as were seen by drunks. The most horrible thing I had ever seen in my life came undulating toward me, it looked like an immense slug with an ugly human face but of such colours as no human ever wore. The face was red but the nose and ears were green, and the eyes seemed to revolve within their sockets. There were other creatures too, each seemed to be more horrible and more nauseating than the one before. I saw creatures which no words could describe yet they all seemed to have a common human trait of cruelty about them. They reached, they tried to pluck at me—they tried to tear me away from my Cord. Others reached down and tried to separate the Cord by pulling at it. I looked, and shuddered, and then I thought, “Fear! So *this* is fear! Well, these things cannot hurt me. I am immune from their manifestations, I am immune from their attacks!” And as I thought thus, the entities disappeared and were no more. The ethereal Cord joining me to my physical body brightened and reverted to its normal colours; I felt exhilarated, free, and I knew that in undergoing and surmounting this test I should not again be afraid of anything which could happen in the astral. It taught me conclusively that the things of what we are afraid cannot hurt us unless we permit them to hurt us through our fear.

A sudden tugging at my Silver Cord attracted my attention again and I looked down without the slightest hesitation, without the slightest sensation or feeling of fear. I saw a little glimmer of light, I saw that my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, had lighted that little flickering butter lamp, and my body was drawing down my astral body.

Gently I floated down through the roof of the Chakpori, floated down so that I was horizontal above my physical body, then, gently so very gently, I drifted down and the astral and the physical merged and were as one. The body which was now “I” twitched slightly, and I sat up. My Guide looked down at me with a loving smile upon his face. “Well done, Lobsang!” he said. “To let you in to a very very great secret, you did better on your first attempt than I did on mine. I am proud of you!”

I was still quite puzzled about this fear business, so I said, “Honourable Lama, what is there to be afraid of really?” My Guide looked quite serious—even somber—as he said, “You have led a good life, Lobsang, and have nothing to fear, therefore you do not fear. But there are those who have committed crimes, who have done wrongs against others, and when they are alone their conscience troubles them sorely. The creatures of the lower astral feed on fear, they are nourished by those of troubled conscience. People make thought forms of evil. Perhaps at some time in the future you will be able to go into an old old cathedral or temple that has stood for countless years. From the walls of that building (such as our own Jo Kang) you will sense the good that has occurred within that building. But then if you can suddenly go to an old old prison where much suffering, much persecution has taken place then you will have indeed the opposite effect. It follows from this that the inhabitants of buildings make thought forms which inhabit the walls of the buildings, wherefore it is apparent that a good building has good thought forms which give out good emanations, and places of evil have evil thoughts within them, wherefore it is again clear that only evil thoughts can come from an evil building, and those thoughts and thought forms can be seen and touched by those who are clairvoyant while in the astral state.”

My Guide thought for a moment, and then said, “There are cases, as you will be aware, when monks and others imagine that they are greater than their own reality, they

build a thought form and in time the thought form colours their whole outlook. There is a case which I recall at this moment where an old Burmese monk—a remarkably ignorant man too, I have to say—he was a lowly monk, a monk of no understanding, yet because he was our brother, and of our Order, we had to make every allowance. This monk lived a solitary life as do so many of us, but instead of devoting his time to meditation and contemplation and other things of good he imagined instead that he was a mighty man in the land of Burma. He imagined that he was not a lowly monk who had hardly set foot upon the Path of Enlightenment. Instead, in the solitude of his cell, he imagined that he was a great Prince, a Prince of mighty estates and great wealth. At the start it was harmless, it was a harmless if useless diversion. Certainly no one would have condemned him for a few idle imaginings and yearnings, for, as I say, he had neither the wit nor the learning to really devote himself to the spiritual tasks at hand. This man throughout the years whenever he was alone, became the great great Prince. It coloured his outlook, it affected his manner, and with the passage of time the humble monk seemed to disappear and the arrogant Prince came to the fore. At last the poor unfortunate man really believed most firmly that he was a Prince of the land of Burma. He spoke to an Abbot one day as if the Abbot was a serf upon the princely estate. The Abbot was not such a peaceful Abbot as some of us, and I am sorry to say that the shock which the poor monk-turned-princeling sustained put him off balance, and reduced him to a state of mental instability. But you, Lobsang, have no need to worry about such things; you are stable and well balanced and without fear. Remember only these words by way of warning: Fear corrodes the soul. Vain and useless imaginings put one on the wrong path so that with the passage of years the imaginings become reality, and the realities fade from sight and do not come to light again for several incarnations. Keep your foot upon the Path, let no wild

yearnings nor imaginings colour or distort your outlook. This is the World of Illusion, but to those of us who can face that knowledge, then the illusion can be turned into reality when we are off this world.”

I thought of all that, and I must confess that I had already heard of that monk-turned-mental-prince, because I had read about it in some book in the Lamas' Library. “Honourable Guide!” I said, “what are the uses of occult power, then?” The Lama folded his hands and looked straight at me. “The uses of occult knowledge? Well, that is easy enough, Lobsang! We are entitled to help those who are worthy of help. We are not entitled to help those who do not want our help, and are not yet ready for help. We do not use occult power or ability for self-gain, nor for hire or reward. The whole purpose of occult power is: to speed one's development upwards, to speed one's evolution and to help the world as a whole, not just the world of humans, but the world of nature, of animals—everything.”

We were again interrupted by the Service starting in the Temple building near us, and as it would have been disrespectful to the Gods to continue a discussion while they were being worshipped, we ended our talk and sat in silence by the flickering flame of the butter lamp, now burning low.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

It was pleasant indeed lying in the cool, long grass at the base of the Pargo Kaling. Above me, at my back, the ancient stones soared heavenwards and, from my viewpoint flat on the ground, the point so high above seemed to scrape the clouds. Appropriately enough, the “Bud of the Lotus” forming the point symbolized Spirit, while the “leaves” which supported the “Bud” represented Air. I, at the base, rested comfortably against the representation of “Life on Earth”. Just beyond my reach—unless I stood—were the “Steps of Attainment”. Well, I was trying to “attain” now!

It was pleasant lying here and watching the traders from India, China and Burma come trudging by. Some of them were afoot while leading long trains of animals carrying exotic goods from far far places. Others, more grand maybe, or possibly just plain tired, rode and gazed about. I speculated idly on what their pannier bags contained, then pulled myself together with a jerk; *that was why I was here!* I was here to watch the aura of as many different people as I could. I was here to “divine” from the aura and from telepathy what these men were doing, what they were thinking, and what were their intentions.

Just off to the opposite side of the road a poor blind beggar sat. He was covered with dirt. Ragged and commonplace he sat and whined at passing travelers. A surprising number threw coins to him, delighting in watching him, blind, scabble for the falling coins and finally locating them by the sound they made as they struck the earth and perhaps chinked against a stone. Occasionally, very occasionally indeed, he would miss a small coin, and the traveler would lift it and drop it again. Thinking of him, I turned my lazy head in his direction and sat upright in

sheer dazed astonishment. His aura! I had never bothered to observe it before. Now, looking carefully, I saw that he was not blind, I saw that he was rich, had money and goods stored away and that he was pretending to be a poor blind beggar as it was the easiest way of making a living that he knew. No! It could not be, I was mistaken, I was over-confident or something. Perhaps my powers were failing. Troubled at such a thought, I stumbled to my reluctant feet and went in search of enlightenment from my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup who was at the Kundu Ling opposite.

Some weeks before I had undergone an operation in order that my "Third Eye" might be the more widely opened. From birth I had been possessed of unusual powers of clairvoyance, with the ability to see the "aura" around the bodies of humans, animals and plants. The painful operation had succeeded in increasing my powers far more than had been anticipated even by the Lama Mingyar Dondup. Now my development was being rushed; my training in all occult matters occupied my waking hours. I felt squeezed by mighty forces as *this* lama and *that* lama "pumped" knowledge into me by telepathy and by other strange forces whose workings I was now so intensively studying. Why do classwork when one can be taught by telepathy? Why wonder at a man's intentions when one can see from his aura? But I was wondering about that blind man!

"Ow! Honourable Lama! Where are you?" I cried, running across the road in search of my Guide. Into the little park I stumbled, almost tripping over my own eager feet. "So!" smiled my Guide, sitting peacefully on a fallen bole, "So! You are excited, you have just discovered that the 'blind' man sees as well as you." I stood panting, panting from lack of breath and from indignation. "Yes!" I exclaimed, "the man is a fraud, a robber, for he steals from those of good heart. He should be put in prison!" The Lama burst out laughing at my red, indignant face.

”But Lobsang,” he said. mildly, “why all the commotion? That man is selling service as much as the man who sells prayer-wheels. People give insignificant coins to him that they may be thought generous; it makes them feel good. For a time it increases their rate of molecular vibration—raises their spirituality—places them nearer the Gods. It does them good. The coins they give? Nothing! They do not miss them.” “But he is not blind!” I said in exasperation, “he is a *robber*.” “Lobsang,” said my Guide, “he is harmless, he is selling service. Later, in the Western world, you will find that advertising people will make claims the falsity of which will injure one's health, will deform babies yet unborn, and will transform the passably sane into raving maniacs.”

He patted the fallen tree and motioned for me to sit beside him. I sat and drummed my heels on the bark. “You must practice using the aura and telepathy together,” said my Guide. “By using one and not the other your conclusions may be warped—as in this case. It is essential to use all one's faculties, bring all one's powers to bear, on each and every problem. Now, this afternoon I have to go away, and the great Medical Lama, the Reverend Chinrobnobo, of the Menzekang Hospital, will talk to you. And you will talk to him” “Ow!” I said, ruefully, “but he never speaks to me, never even notices me!” “All that will be changed—one way or another—this afternoon,” said my Guide. “One way or another!” I thought. That looked very ominous.

Together my Guide and I walked back to the Iron Mountain, pausing momentarily to gaze anew at the old yet always fresh rock coloured carvings. Then we ascended the steep and stony path. “Like Life, this path, Lobsang,” said the Lama. “Life follows a hard and stony path, with many traps and pitfalls, yet if one perseveres the top is attained.” As we reached the top of the path the call to Temple Service was made, and we each went our own way, he to his associates, and I to others of my class. As soon as the Service had ended, and I had partaken of food, a

chela even smaller than I came somewhat nervously to me. “Tuesday Lobsang,” he said diffidently, “the Holy Medical Lama Chinrobnobo wants to see you immediately in the Medical School.”

I straightened my robe, took a few deep breaths that my twanging nerves might be calmed, and walked with assurance that I did not feel over to the Medical School. “Ah!” boomed a great voice, a voice that reminded me of the sound of a deep Temple conch. I stood before him and paid my respects in the time-honoured way. The Lama was a big man, tall, bulky, broad-shouldered, and a wholly awe-inspiring figure for a small boy. I felt that a swipe from one of his mighty hands would knock my head straight off my shoulders and send it tumbling down the mountainside. However, he bade me be seated before him, bade me in such a genial manner that I almost fell into a sitting position!

“Now, boy!” said the great deep voice, like rolling thunder among the distant mountains. “I have heard much of you. Your Illustrious Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup claims that you are a prodigy, that your para-normal abilities are immense. We shall see!” I sat and quaked. “You see me? What do you see?” he asked. I quaked even more as I said the first thing that entered my mind; “I see, such a big man, Holy Medical Lama, that I thought it was a mountain when I came here first.” His boisterous laugh caused such a gale of wind that I half feared that it would blow my robe off. “Look at me, boy, *look at my aura* and tell me what you see!” he commanded. Then, “Tell me what you see of the aura and what it means to you.” I looked at him, not directly, not staring, for that often dims the aura of a clothed figure; I looked toward him, but not exactly “at” him.

“Sir!” I said, “I see first the physical outline of your body, dimly as it would be without a robe. Then, very close to you I see a faint bluish light the colour of fresh wood smoke. It tells me that you have been working too hard;

that you have had sleepless nights of late and your etheric energy is low." He looked at me with eyes somewhat wider than normal, and nodded in satisfaction. "Go on!" he said.

"Sir!" I continued, "your aura extends from you a distance of about nine feet on either side. The colours are in layers both vertical and horizontal. You have the yellow of high spirituality. At present you are marveling that one of my age can tell you so much and you are thinking that my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup knows something after all. You are thinking that you will have to apologize to him for your expressed doubts as to my capabilities." I was interrupted by a great shout of laughter. "You are right, boy, you are right!" he said delightedly, "*Go on!*"

"Sir!" (this was child's play to me!) "You recently had some mishap and sustained a blow over your liver. It hurts when you laugh too hard and you wonder if you should take some tatura herb and have deep massage while under its anaesthetic influence. You are thinking that it is Fate which decided that of more than six thousand herbs, tatura should be in short supply." He was not laughing now, he was looking at me with undisguised respect. I added, "It is further indicated in your aura, Sir, that in a short time you will be the most important Medical Abbot of Tibet."

He gazed at me with some apprehension. "My boy," he said, "You have great power—you will go far. Never *never* abuse the power within you. It can be dangerous. Now let us discuss the aura as equals. But let us discuss over tea." He raised the small silver bell and shook it so violently that I feared it would fly from his hand. Within seconds a young monk hastened in with tea and — oh, joy of joys! — some of the luxuries of Mother India! As we sat there I reflected that all these high lamas had comfortable quarters. Below us I could see the great parks of Lhasa, the Dodpal and the Khati were — so it appeared — within reach of my extended arm. More to the left the Chorten of our area, the Kesar Lhakhang, stood like a sentinel, while across the

road, further north, my favourite spot, the Pargo Kaling (Western Gate) towered aloft.

“What causes the aura, Sir?” I asked. “As your respected Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup has told you,” he commenced, “the brain receives messages from the Overself. Electric currents are generated in the brain. The whole of Life is electric. The aura is a manifestation of electric power. About one's head, as you so well know, there is a halo or nimbus. Old paintings always show a Saint or God with such a ‘Golden Bowl’ around the back of the head.” “Why do so few people see the aura and the halo, Sir?” I asked. “Some people disbelieve the existence of the aura because they can not see it. They forget that they can not see air either, and without air they would not manage very well. Some—a very very few—people see auras. Others do not. Some people can hear higher frequencies, or lower frequencies than others. It has nothing to do with the degree of spirituality of the observer, any more than the ability to walk on stilts indicates a necessarily spiritual person.” He smiled at me and added, “I used to walk on stilts almost as well as you. Now my figure is not suited for it.” I smiled too, thinking that he would need a pair of tree trunks as stilts.

“When we operated upon you for the Opening of the Third Eye,” said the Great Medical Lama, “we were able to observe that portions of your frontal-lobe developments were very different from the average and so we assume that physically you were born to be clairvoyant and telepathic. That is one of the reasons you have received and will receive such intensive and advanced training.” He looked at me with immense satisfaction and continued, “You are going to have to remain here at the Medical School for a few days. We are going to investigate you thoroughly and see how we can even increase your abilities and teach you much.” There was a discreet cough at the door, and my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup walked into the room. I jumped to my feet and bowed to him—as did the Great

Chinrobnobo. My Guide was smiling. “I received your telepathic message,” he said to the Great Medical Lama, “so I came to you as speedily as I was able so that perhaps you would give me the pleasure of hearing your confirmation of my findings in the case of my young friend.” He stopped, and smiled at me and sat down.

The Great Lama Chinrobnobo also smiled and said, “Respected Colleague! I gladly bow to your superior knowledge in accepting this young man for investigation. Respected Colleague, your own talents are numerous, you are startlingly versatile, but never have you found such a boy as this.” Then, of all things, they both laughed, and the Lama Chinrobnobo reached down somewhere behind him and took out—three jars of pickled walnuts! I must have looked stupid for they both turned toward me and started laughing. “Lobsang, you are not using your telepathic ability. If you were you would be aware that the Reverend lama and I were so sinful as to have a bet. It was agreed between us that if you came up to my statements, then the Reverend Medical Lama would give you three jars of pickled walnuts, whereas if you were not up to the standard claimed by me I would do a long journey and undertake certain medical work for my friend.”

My Guide smiled at me again and said, “Of course I am going to do the journey for him in any case, and you will be going with me, but we had to get matters straight and now honour is satisfied.” He pointed to the three jars and said, “Put them by you, Lobsang, when you leave here—when you leave this room—take them with you for they are the spoils of the victor, and in this case you are the victor.” I really felt remarkably foolish, obviously I could not use telepathic powers on these two High Lamas. The very thought of such a thing sent chill shivers along my spine. I loved my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and I greatly respected the knowledge and wisdom of the Great Lama Chinrobnobo. It would have been an insult, it would have been bad manners indeed to have eavesdropped

even telepathically. The Lama Chinrobnobo turned to me and said, “Yes, my boy, your sentiments do you credit. I am pleased indeed to greet you and to have you here among us. We will help you with your development.”

My Guide said, “Now Lobsang, you are going to have to stay in this particular building for, perhaps, a week, because you are going to be taught quite a lot about the aura. Oh yes!” he said, interpreting my glance, “I am aware that you think you know all about the aura. You can see the aura, and you can read the aura, but now you have to learn the whys and wherefores of it and you have to learn how much the other fellow does not see. I am going to leave you now, but I shall see you tomorrow.” He rose to his feet and, of course, we rose as well. My Guide made his farewells and then withdrew from that quite comfortable chamber. The Lama Chinrobnobo turned to me and said, “Do not be so nervous, Lobsang, nothing is going to happen to you—we are merely going to try to help you and to expedite your own development. First of all, let us have a little discussion about the human aura. You of course see the aura vividly and you can understand about the aura, but imagine that you were not so favoured—not so gifted, put yourself in the position of ninety nine and nine tenths, or even more, of the world's population.” He violently rang that little silver bell again and once again the attendant came bustling in with tea and of course the necessary “other things” which most pleased me when I was having tea! It might be of interest here to say that we in Tibet sometimes drank in excess of sixty cups of tea in a day. Of course, Tibet is a cold country and the hot tea warmed us, we were not able to get out and buy drinks such as people of the Western world had, we were limited to tea and tsampa unless some really kind-hearted person brought from a land such as India those things which were not available in Tibet.

We settled down, and the Lama Chinrobnobo said, “We have already discussed the origin of the aura. It is the life

force of a human body. I am going to assume for the moment, Lobsang, that you cannot see the aura and that you know nothing about the aura, because only in assuming that can I tell you what the average person sees and does not see.” I nodded my head to indicate that I understood. Of course I had been born with the ability to see the aura and things like that, and those abilities had been increased by the operation of “the Third Eye”, and on many occasions in the past I had been almost trapped into saying what I saw without it dawning upon me that others did not see the same as I. I remembered an occasion sometime previously when I had said that a person was still alive—a person that old Tzu and I had seen lying beside the road—and Tzu had said that I was quite wrong, the man was dead. I had said, “But Tzu, the man still has his lights on!” Fortunately, as I realized after, the gale of wind which was blowing past us had distorted my words so that Tzu had not comprehended the meaning. On some pulse however, he had examined the man lying beside the road and found he was alive! But this is a digression.

“The average man and woman, Lobsang, cannot see the human aura. Some, indeed, hold to the belief that there is no such thing as a human aura. They might just as well say that there is no such thing as air because they cannot see it!” The Medical Lama looked at me to see if I was following him or if my thoughts were straying walnut-wise. Satisfied with my appearance of attention, he nodded sagely and continued, “So long as there is life in a body, then there is an aura which can be seen by those with the power or gift or ability—call it what you will. I must explain to you, Lobsang, that for the clearest perception of the aura the subject who is being seen must be absolutely nude. We will discuss why later. It is sufficient for just ordinary readings to look at a person while they have some clothing on, but if you are going to look for anything whatever connected with a medical reason, then the person must be completely and absolutely nude. Well, completely enveloping the body

and extending from the body for a distance of an eighth of an inch to three or four inches is the etheric sheath. This is a blue-grey mist, one can hardly call it a mist, for although it appears misty one can see clearly through it. This etheric covering is the purely animal emanation, it derives particularly from the animal vitality of the body so that a very healthy person will have a quite wide etheric, it may even be three or four inches from the body. Only the most gifted, Lobsang, perceive the next layer, for between the etheric and the aura proper there is another band, perhaps; three inches across, and one has to be gifted and talented indeed to see any colours in that band. I confess that I can see nothing but empty space there.”

I felt really gleeful about that because I could see all the colours in that space and I hastened to say so. “Yes, yes, Lobsang! I know you can see in that space, for you are one of our most talented in this direction, but I was pretending that you could not see the aura at all because I have to explain all this to you.” The Medical Lama looked at me reprovingly—reprovingly no doubt, for interrupting the trend of his thoughts. When he thought that I was sufficiently subdued to refrain from further interruption he continued, “First then, there is the etheric layer. Following the etheric layer there is that zone which so few of us can distinguish except as an empty space. Outside of that is the aura itself. The aura does not so much depend upon the animal vitality as upon the spiritual vitality. The aura is composed of swirling bands, and striations of all the colours of the visible spectrum and that means more colours than can be seen with the physical eyes, for the aura is seen by other senses than by the physical sight. Every organ in the human body sends out its own shaft of light, its shaft of rays, which alter and fluctuate as the thoughts of a person fluctuate. Many of these indications are present to a very marked degree in the etheric and in the space beyond, and when the nude body is seen the aura appears to magnify the indications of health or disease,

from which it is clear that those of us who are sufficiently clairvoyant can tell of a person's health or otherwise."

I knew all about that, this was all child's play to me, and I had been practicing things like this ever since the operation for "the Third Eye". I knew of the groups of Medical Lamas who sat beside suffering people and examined the nude body to see how they could be helped, I had thought perhaps that I was going to be trained for work such as that.

"Now!" said the Medical Lama, "you are being specially trained, highly trained, and when you go to that great Western world beyond our borders it is hoped and thought that you may be able to devise an instrument whereby even those with no occult power at all will be able to see the human aura. Doctors, seeing the human aura, and actually seeing what is wrong with a person, will be able to cure that person's illnesses. How, we shall discuss later. I know that all this is quite tiring, much of that which I have told you is very well known indeed to you but it may be tiring from this aspect; you are a natural clairvoyant, you may possibly never have thought of the mechanics of the operation of your gift, and that is a matter which must be remedied because a man who knows only half a subject is only half trained and half useful. You, my friend, are going to be very useful indeed! But let us end this session now, Lobsang, we will repair to our own apartments—for one has been set aside for you—and then we can rest and think on those matters upon which we have so briefly touched. For this week you will not be required to attend any Service, that is by order of the Inmost One Himself, all your energies, all your devotions, are to be directed solely to mastering the subjects which I and my colleagues are going to put before you."

He rose to his feet and I rose to mine. Once again that silver bell was seized in a mighty hand and shaken so vigorously that I really felt that the poor thing would fall to pieces. The attendant monk came running in and the

Medical Lama Chinrobnobo said, "You will attend upon Tuesday Lobsang Rampa, for he is an honoured guest here as you are aware. Treat him as you would treat a visiting monk of high degree." He turned to me and bowed, and of course I hastily bowed back, and then the attendant beckoned for me to follow him. "Stop!" bawled the Lama Chinrobnobo. "You have forgotten your walnuts!" I rushed back and hastily grabbed up those precious jars smiling somewhat in embarrassment as I did so, then I hastened on to the waiting attendant.

We went along a short corridor and the attendant ushered me into a very nice room which had a window overlooking the ferry across The Happy River. "I am to look after you, Master," said the attendant. "The bell is there for your convenience, use it as you will." He turned and went out. I turned to that window. The view across the Holy Valley entranced me, for the ferry of inflated yak hides was just putting out from the shore and the boatman was poling along across the swift river. On the other side, I saw, there were three or four men who, by their dress, must have been of some importance—an impression which was confirmed by the obsequious manner of the ferryman. I watched for some minutes, and then, suddenly, I felt more tired than I could imagine possible. I sat down upon the ground without even bothering about a seat cushion, and before I knew anything about it I had toppled over backwards, asleep.

The hours droned away to the accompaniment of clacking Prayer Wheels. Suddenly I sat up, bolt upright, quaking with fear. *The Service* I was late for the Service. With my head on one side I listened carefully. Somewhere a voice was chanting a Litany. It was enough—I jumped to my feet and raced for the familiar door. It was not there! With a bone-jarring thud I collided with the stone wall and fell bouncily onto my back. For a moment, there was a blue-white flash inside my head as it too struck the stone, then I recovered and sprang to my feet once more. Panicked at

my lateness, I raced around the room and there seemed to be no door. Worse—there was no window either!

“Lobsang!” said a voice from the darkness, “are you ill?” The voice of the attendant brought me back to my senses like a dash of ice water. “Oh!” I said sheepishly, “I forgot, I thought I was late for Service. I forgot I was excused!” There was a subdued chuckle, and the voice said, “I will light the lamp, for it is very dark this night.” A little glimmer came from the doorway — it was in a most unexpected place!—and the attendant advanced towards me. “A most amusing interlude,” he said, “I thought at first that a herd of yaks had broken loose and were in here.” His smile robbed the words of all offence. I settled down again, and the attendant and his light withdrew. Across the lighter darkness that was the window a shooting star flamed into incandescence, and its journey across the countless miles of space was at an end. I rolled over and slept.

Breakfast was the same old dull and dreary tsampa and tea. Nourishing, sustaining, but uninspiring. Then the attendant came and said, “If you are ready, I have to take you elsewhere.” I rose to my feet and walked with him out of the room. We went a different way this time, into a part of the Chakpori which I did not know existed. Downwards, a long way downwards until! I thought we were descending into the bowels of the Iron Mountain itself. Now there was no glimmer of light except from the lamps we carried. At last the attendant stopped, and pointed ahead. “Go on—straight along and turn into the room on the left.” With a nod, he turned and retraced his steps.

I trudged on, wondering “What now?” The Room on the Left was before me, I turned into it and paused in amazement. The first thing to attract my attention was a Prayer Wheel standing in the middle of the room. I had time for only a brief glance at it, but even so it appeared to be a very strange Prayer Wheel indeed, then my name was spoken, “Well, Lobsang! We are glad you are here.” I looked and there was my Guide, the Lama Mingyar

Dondup, by his side sat the Great Medical Lama Chinrobnobo, and on the other side of my Guide there sat a very distinguished-looking Indian Lama named Marfata. He had once studied Western medicine, and had indeed studied at some German University which I believe was called Heidelberg. Now he was a Buddhist monk, a lama, of course, but “monk” is the generic term.

The Indian looked at me so searchingly, so piercingly, that I thought he must be looking at the material comprising the back of my robe—he seemed to look right through me. However, on this particular occasion I had nothing bad on my conscience, and I returned his gaze. After all; why should I not gaze at him? I was as good as he, for I was being trained by the Lama Mingyar Dondup and by the Great Medical Lama Chinrobnobo. A smile forced its way across his rigid lips as if its execution caused him intense pain. He nodded, and turned to my Guide, “Yes, I am satisfied that the boy is as you say.” My Guide smiled—but there was no forcing of his smile, it was natural, spontaneous, and indeed warming to the heart.

The Great Medical Lama said, “Lobsang, we have brought you down here to this secret room because we want to show you things and discuss things with you. Your Guide and I have examined you and we are indeed satisfied with your powers, powers that are going to be increased in intensity. Our Indian colleague, Marfata, did not think that such a prodigy existed in Tibet. We hope that you will prove all our statements.” I looked at that Indian and I thought, “Well, he is a man who has an exalted opinion of himself.” I turned to the Lama Chinrobnobo and said “Respected Sir, the Inmost One who has been good enough to give me an audience on a number of occasions has expressly cautioned me against giving proof, saying that proof was merely a palliative to the idle mind. Those who wanted proof were not capable of accepting the truth of a proof no matter how well proven.” The Medical Lama Chinrobnobo laughed so that I almost feared I would be

blown away by the gale of wind, my Guide also laughed, and they both looked at the Indian Marfata who sat looking sourly at me. "Boy!" said the Indian, "you talk well, but talk proves nothing as you yourself say. Now, tell me, boy, what do you see in me?" I felt rather apprehensive about this, because much of what I saw I did not like. "Illustrious Sir!" I said, "I fear that if I say what I see then you might indeed take it amiss and consider that I am being merely insolent instead of replying to your question." My Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup nodded in agreement, and across the face of the Great Medical Lama Chinrobnobo a huge, beaming smile expanded like the rising of the full moon. "Say what you will, boy, for we have no time for fancy talk here," said the Indian.

For some moments I stood looking at the Great Indian Lama, stood looking until even he stirred a little at the intensity of my gaze, then I said, "Illustrious Sir! You have commanded me to speak as I see, and I understand that my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup and the Great Medical Lama Chinrobnobo also want me to speak frankly. Now, this is what I see, I have never seen you before but from your aura and from your thoughts I detect this: You are a man who has traveled extensively, and you have traveled across the great oceans of the world. You have gone to that small island whose name I do not know, but here the people are all white and where there is another small island lying nearby as if it were a foal to the greater land which was the mare. You were very antagonistic toward those people and they were indeed anxious to take some action against you for something connected with—" I hesitated here, for the picture was particularly obscure, It was referring to things of which I had not the slightest knowledge. However, I ploughed on—"There was something connected with an Indian city which I assume from your mind was Calcutta, and there was something connected with a black hole where the people of that island were gravely inconvenienced or embarrassed. In some way they

thought that you could have saved trouble instead of causing it.” The Great Lama Chinrobnobo laughed again, and it did my ears good to hear that laugh because it indicated that I was on the right track. My Guide gave no indication whatever, but the Indian snorted.

I continued, “You went to another land and I can see the name Heidelberg clearly in your mind. In that land you studied medicine according to many barbarous rites wherein you did much cutting and chopping and sawing, and did not use systems which we here in Tibet use. Eventually you were given some sort of big paper with a lot of seals upon it. I see also from your aura that you are a man with an illness.” I took a deep breath here because I did not know how my next words would be received. “The illness from which you suffer is one which has no cure, it is one in which the cells of the body run wild and grow as weeds grow, not according to pattern, not according to the ordained way, but spread and obstruct and clutch at vital organs. Sir! You are ending your own span upon this earth by the nature of your thoughts which admit of no goodness in the minds of others.” For several moments—they may have been years to me!—there was not a sound, and then the Great Medical Lama Chinrobnobo said, “That is perfectly correct, Lobsang, that is perfectly correct!” The Indian said, “The boy was probably primed about all this in advance.”

My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup said, “No one has discussed you, on the contrary much of what he has told us is news to us, for we have not investigated your aura nor your mind for you did not so invite us. But the main point at issue is, the boy Tuesday Lobsang Rampa has these powers, and the powers are going to be developed even further. We have no time for quarrels, no place for quarrels, instead we have serious work to do. Come!” He rose to his feet and led me to that big Prayer Wheel.

I looked at that strange thing, and I saw that it was not a Prayer Wheel after all, but instead was a device standing

about four feet high, four feet from the ground, and it was about five feet across. There were two little windows at one side and I could see what appeared to be glass set in those windows. At the other side of the machine, and set off-centre, were two very much larger windows. At an opposite side a long handle protruded, but the whole thing was a mystery to me, I had not the slightest idea of what it could be. The Great Medical Lama said, "This is a device, Lobsang, with which those who are not clairvoyant can see the human aura. The Great Indian Lama Marfata came here to consult us and would not tell us the nature of his complaint, saying that if we knew so much about esoteric medicine we would know his complaint without his telling us. We brought him here that he could be examined with this machine. With his permission he is going to remove his robe, and you are going to look at him first, and you are going to tell us just what his trouble is. Then we shall use this machine and see how far your findings and the findings of the machine coincide."

My Guide indicated a spot against a dark wall and the Indian walked to it and removed his robe and other garments so that he stood brown and bare against the wall. "Lobsang! Take a very good look at him and tell us what you see," said my Guide. I looked not at the Indian, but some way to one side, I put my eyes out of focus as that is the easiest way of seeing the aura. That is, I did not use normal binocular vision, but instead saw with each eye separately. It is a difficult thing indeed to explain, but it consisted in looking with one eye to the left and one eye to the right, and that is just a knack—a trick—which can be learned by almost anyone.

I looked at the Indian, and his aura glowed and fluctuated. I saw that he was a great man indeed and of high intellectual power but, unfortunately, his whole outlook had been soured by the mysterious illness within him. As I looked at him I spoke my thoughts, spoke them just as they came into my mind. I was not at all aware of how

intently my Guide and the Great Medical Lama were listening to my words. “It is clear that the illness has been brought on by many tensions within the body. The Great Indian Lama has been dissatisfied and frustrated, and that has acted against his health, causing the cells of his body to run wild, to escape from the direction of the Overself. Thus he has this complaint here” (I pointed to his liver) “and because he is a rather sharp tempered man his complaint is aggravated every time he gets cross. It is clear from his aura that if he would become more tranquil, more placid like my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup, he would stay upon this earth longer and so would accomplish more of his task without the necessity of having to come again.”

Once again there was a silence, and I was pleased to see that the Indian Lama nodded as if in complete agreement with my diagnosis. The Medical Lama Chinrobnobo turned to that strange machine and looked through the little windows. My Guide moved to the handle and turned with increasing force until a word from the Medical Lama Chinrobnobo caused him to maintain the rate of rotation at constant speed. For some time the Lama Chinrobnobo gazed through that device, then he straightened up and without a word the Lama Mingyar Dondup took his place, while the Medical Lama Chinrobnobo turned the handle as had previously my Guide. Eventually they finished their examination, and stood together obviously conversing by telepathy. I made no attempt whatever to intercept their thoughts because to do so would have been a gross slight and would have put me “above my station”. At last, they turned to the Indian and said, “All that Tuesday Lobsang Rampa has told you is correct. We have examined your aura most thoroughly, and we believe that you have cancer of the liver. We believe also that this has been caused by certain shortness of temper. We believe that if you will lead a quiet life you still have a number of years left to you, years in which you can accomplish your task. We are prepared to make representations so that if you agree to our

plan you will be permitted to remain here at Chakpori.”

The Indian discussed matters for a time, and then motioned to Chinrobnobo, together they left the room. My Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup patted me on the shoulder and said, “Well done, Lobsang, well done! Now I want to show this machine to you.”

He walked across to that very strange device and lifted up one side of the top. The whole thing moved, and inside I saw a series of arms radiating from a central shaft. At the extreme end of the arms there were prisms of glass in ruby red, blue, yellow and white. As the handle was turned belts connected from it to the shaft caused the arms to rotate and I observed that each prism in turn was brought to the line which was seen by looking through the two eyepieces. My Guide showed me how the thing worked and then said, “Of course this is a very crude and clumsy affair. We use it here for experiment, and in the hope of one day producing a smaller version. You would never need to use it, Lobsang, but there are not many who have the power of seeing the aura as clearly as you. At some time I shall explain the working in more detail, but briefly, it deals with a heterodyne principle wherein rapidly rotating coloured prisms interrupt the line of sight and thus destroy the normal image of the human body and intensify the much weaker rays of the aura.” He replaced the lid and turned away to another device standing on a table at a far corner. He was just leading the way to that table when the Medical Lama Chinrobnobo came into the room again and joined Us. “Ah!” he said, coming over to us. “so you are going To test his thought power? Good! I must be in on this!” My Guide pointed to a queer cylinder of what appeared to be rough paper. “This, Lobsang, is thick, rough paper. You will see that it has innumerable holes made in it, holes made with a very blunt instrument so that the paper is torn and leaves projections. We then folded that paper so that all the projections were on the outside and the sheet, instead of being flat, formed a cylinder. Across the top of the

cylinder we affixed a rigid straw, and upon a small pedestal we fixed a sharp needle. Thus we have the cylinder supported on an almost frictionless bearing. Now watch me!” He sat down, and put his hands on either side of the cylinder, not touching the cylinder, but leaving about an inch or an inch and a half space between his hands and the projections. Soon the cylinder started to spin, and I was astounded as the thing picked up speed and was soon rotating at quite a merry rate. My Guide stopped it with a touch, and placed his hands in the opposite direction so that the fingers—instead of pointing away from his body as had been the case—now pointed toward his body. The cylinder started to spin but in the opposite direction! “You are blowing upon it!” I said. “Everyone says that!” said the Medical Lama Chinrobnobo, “but they are completely wrong.”

The Great Medical Lama went to a recess in the far wall, and returned bearing a sheet of glass, it was quite a thick sheet, and he carried it carefully to my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup. My Guide stopped the cylinder from rotating and sat quiet while the Great Medical Lama Chinrobnobo placed the sheet of glass between my Guide and the paper cylinder. “Think about rotation,” said the Medical Lama. My Guide apparently did so, for the cylinder started to rotate again. It was quite impossible for my Guide or for anyone else to have blown on the cylinder and made it rotate because of the glass. He stopped the cylinder again and then turned to me and said, “You try it, Lobsang!” He rose from his seat and I took his place.

I sat down and placed my hands just as had my Guide. The Medical Lama Chinrobnobo held the sheet of glass in front of me so that my breath would not influence the rotation of the cylinder. I sat there feeling like a fool. Apparently the cylinder thought I was one too, for nothing happened. “Think of making it rotate, Lobsang.” said my Guide. I did so, and immediately the thing started to go round. For a moment I felt like dropping everything and

running—I thought the thing was bewitched, then reason (of a sort!) prevailed and I just sat still.

“That device, Lobsang “ said my Guide, “runs by the force of the human aura. You think of rotating it and your aura puts a swirl on the thing which causes it to turn. You may be interested to know that a device such as this has been experimented with in all the greater countries of the world. All the greatest scientists have tried to explain away the workings of this thing, but Western people, of course, cannot believe in etheric force and so they invent explanations which are even stranger than the actual force of the etheric! “

The Great Medical Lama said, “I am feeling quite hungry, Mingyar Dondup, I feel that it is time we repaired to our rooms for a rest and for sustenance. We must not tax the young man's abilities nor his endurance, for he will get enough of that in the future.” We turned, and the lights were extinguished in that room, and we made our way up the stone corridor and into the main building of the Chakpori. Soon I was in a room with my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup. Soon—happy thought—I was consuming food and feeling the better for it. “Eat well, Lobsang,” said my Guide “for later in the day we shall see you again and discuss with you other matters.”

For an hour or so I rested in my room, looking out of the window, because I had a weakness; I always liked to look from high places and watch the world moving beneath. I loved to watch the traders wending their slow way through the Western Gate, their every step indicating their delight at having reached the end of a long and arduous journey through the high mountain passes. Traders in the past had told me of the wonderful view there was from a certain spot on a high pass where, as one came from the Indian border one could look down between a cleft in the mountains and gaze upon the Sacred City with its roof tops agleam with gold and off by the side of the mountains, the white walls of “The Rice Heap”, looking indeed Like a heap

of rice as it sprawled in bounteous profusion down the side of the mountainous slopes. I loved to watch the ferryman crossing the Happy River, and I hoped always for the sight of a puncture in his inflated hide boat, I longed to watch him gradually sink from sight until only his head protruded above the water. But I was never that fortunate, the ferryman always reached the other side, took on his load, and returned again.

Soon, once more I was in that deep room with my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup and the Great Medical Lama Chinrobnobo. “Lobsang!” said the great Medical Lama, “you must be sure that if you are going to examine a patient in order that you may assist him or her the clothes be entirely removed.” “Honourable Medical Lama!” I said, in some confusion, “I can think of no reason why I should deprive a person of their clothing in this cold weather, for I can see their aura perfectly without there being any need whatsoever to remove a single garment, and oh! Respected Medical Lama! How could I possibly ask a woman to remove her clothing?” My eyes rolled upwards in horror at the mere thought. I must have presented quite a comical figure, for both my Guide and the Medical Lama burst out laughing. They sat down, and really enjoyed themselves with their laughter. I stood in front of them feeling remarkably foolish, but really, I was quite puzzled about these things. I could see an aura perfectly with no trouble at all—and I saw no reason why I should depart from what was my own normal practice.

“Lobsang!” said the Medical Lama, “you are a very gifted clairvoyant, but there are some things which you do not yet see. We have had a remarkable demonstration from you of your ability in seeing the human aura, but you would not have seen the liver complaint of the Indian Lama Marfata if he had not removed his clothing.” I reflected upon this, and when I thought about it I had to admit that it was correct; I had looked at the Indian Lama while he had been robed, and while I had seen much about his

character and basic traits, I still had not noticed the liver complaint. “You are perfectly correct, Honourable Medical Lama,” I said, “but I should like some further training from you in this matter.”

My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, looked at me and said, “When you look at a person's aura you want to see the person's aura, you are not concerned with the thoughts of the sheep whence came the wool which was made into a robe. Every aura is influenced by that which interferes with its direct rays. We have here a sheet of glass, and if I breathe upon that glass, it will effect what you see through the glass. Similarly, although this glass is transparent, it actually does alter the light or rather the colour of the light, which you would see when looking through it. In the same way, if you look through a piece of coloured glass all the vibrations which you receive from an object are altered in intensity by the action of the coloured glass. Thus it is that a person whose body has upon it clothing, or ornaments of any kind, has his aura modified according to the etheric content of the clothing or ornament.” I thought about it, and I had to agree that there was quite a lot in what he said, he continued, “A further point is this, every organ of the body projects its own picture—its own state of health or sickness—onto the etheric, and the aura, when uncovered and free from the influence of clothes, magnifies and intensifies the impression which one receives. Thus it is quite definite that if you are going to help a person in health or in sickness, then you will have to examine him without his clothing.” He smiled me and said, “And if the weather be cold, why then, Lobsang, you will have to take him to a warmer place!”

“Honourable Lama,” I said “some time ago you told me that you were working on a device which would enable one to cure illness through the aura.” “That is perfectly correct, Lobsang,” said my Guide, “illness is merely a dissonance in the body vibrations. An organ has its rate of molecular vibration disturbed and so it is considered to be

a sick organ. If we could actually see how much the vibration of an organ departs from the normal, then, by restoring the rate of vibration to what it should be we have effected a cure. In the case of a mental affliction, the brain usually receives messages from the Overself which it cannot correctly interpret, and so the actions resulting are those which depart from that which is accepted as normal actions for a human. Thus, if the human is not able to reason or act in a normal manner, he is said to have some mental ailment. By measuring the discrepancy—the under-stimulation—we can assist a person to recover normal balance. The vibrations may be lower than normal resulting in under-stimulation, or they may be higher than normal which would give an effect similar to that of a brain fever. Quite definitely illness can be cured by intervention through the aura.”

The Great Medical Lama interrupted here, and said, “By the way Respected Colleague the Lama Marfata was discussing this matter with me, and he said that at certain places in India—at certain secluded lamaseries—they were experimenting with a very high voltage device known as a—” he hesitated and said, “it is a deGraaf generator.” He was a bit uncertain about his terms, but he was making a truly manful effort to give us the exact information. “This generator apparently developed an extraordinarily high voltage at an extraordinarily low current, applied in a certain way to the body it caused the intensity of the aura to increase many many times so that even the non-clairvoyant could clearly observe it. I am told also that photographs have been taken of a human aura under these conditions.” My Guide nodded solemnly, and said, “Yes, it is also possible to view the human aura by means of a special dye, a liquid which is sandwiched between two plates of glass. By arranging appropriate lighting and background, and viewing the nude human body through this screen many people can indeed see the aura.”

I burst in and said, “But, Honourable Sirs! Why do

people have to use all these tricks? I can see the aura— why cannot they?” My two mentors laughed again, this time they did not feel it necessary to explain the difference between training such as I had had and the training of the average man or woman in the street.

The Medical Lama said, “Now we probe in the dark, we try to cure our patients by rule of thumb, by herbs and pills and potions. We are like blind men trying to find a pin dropped on the ground. I would like to see a small device so that any non-clairvoyant person could look through this device and see the human aura, see all the faults of the human aura, and, in seeing would be able to cure the discrepancy or the deficiency which truly was the cause of the illness.”

For the rest of that week I was shown things by hypnosis and by telepathy, and my powers were increased and intensified, and we had talk after talk on the best ways to see the aura and to develop a machine which would also see the aura, and then, upon the last night of that week. I went to my little room in the Chakpori Lamasery and looked out of the window thinking that on the morrow I would return again to that bigger dormitory where I slept in company with so many others.

The lights in the Valley were atwinkle. The last dying rays peering over the rocky rim of our Valley glanced down, flicking the golden roofs as if with sparkling fingers, sending up showers of golden light, and in doing so breaking the light into iridescent colours which were of the spectrum of the gold itself. Blues and yellows and reds, and even some green struggled to attract the eye, growing dimmer and dimmer as the light faded. Soon the Valley itself was as encased in dark velvet, a dark blue-violet or purple velvet which could almost be felt. Through my open window I could smell the scent of the willows, and the scent of plants in the garden so far below me, a vagrant breeze wafted stronger scents to my nostrils, pollen, and budding flowers.

The last dying rays of the sun sank completely out of sight, no more did those probing fingers of light come over the edge of our rock-bound Valley, instead they shot off into the darkening sky, and reflected on low lying clouds showing red and blue. Gradually the night became darker as the sun sank further and further beyond our world. Soon there were bright specks of light in the dark purple sky, the light of Saturn, of Venus, of Mars. And then came the light of the Moon, hanging gibbous in the sky with all the pock marks showing plain and clear, and across the face of the Moon drifted a light fleecy cloud. It reminded me of a woman drawing a garment across herself after having been examined through her aura. I turned away, resolved in every fiber of my being that I would do all I could to increase the knowledge of the human aura, and to help those who went out into the great world and brought help and ease to suffering millions. I lay down upon the stone floor, and almost as soon as my head touched my folded robe I fell asleep and knew no more.

## CHAPTER NINE

The silence was profound. The air of concentration intense. At long intervals there came an almost inaudible rustle which soon subsided again into death-like quiet. I looked about me, looking at the long lines of motionless robed figures sitting erect on the floor. These were intent men, men concentrating on the doings of the outside world. Some, indeed, were more concerned with the doings of the world *outside* this one! My eyes roamed about, dwelling first on one august figure, and then on another. Here was a great Abbot from a far-off district. There was a lama in poor and humble dress, a man come down from the mountains. Unthinkingly I moved one of the long, low tables so that I had more room. The silence was oppressive, a *living* silence, a silence that should not be, with so many men here.

*Crash.* The silence was rudely and loudly shattered. I jumped a foot off the ground, in a sitting position, and somehow spun round at the same time. Sprawled out at full length, still in a daze, was a Library messenger, with wooden-backed books still clattering around him. Coming in, heavily laden, he had not seen the table which I had moved. Being only eighteen inches from the ground it had effectively tripped him. Now it was on top of him.

Solicitous hands gently picked up the books and dusted them off. Books are revered in Tibet. Books contain knowledge and must never be abused or mishandled. Now the thought was for the books and not for the man. I picked up the table and moved it out of the way. Wonder of wonders, no one thought that I was in any way to blame! The messenger, rubbing his head, was trying to work out what happened. I had not been near; obviously I could not have

tripped him. Shaking his head in astonishment, he turned and went out. Soon calm was restored, and the lamas went back to their reading in the Library.

Having been damaged top and bottom (literally!) while working in the kitchens, I had been permanently banished therefrom. Now, for “menial” work I had to go to the great Library and dust the carvings on book covers and generally keep the place clean. Tibetan books are big and heavy. The wooden covers are intricately carved, giving the title and often a picture as well. It was heavy work, lifting the books from shelves, carrying them silently to my table, dusting them and then returning each book to its allotted place. The Librarian was very particular, carefully examining each book to see that it really was clean. There were wooden covers which housed magazines and papers from countries outside our boundaries. I liked particularly to look at these, although I could not read a single word. Many of these months-old foreign papers had pictures, and I would pore over them whenever possible. The more the Librarian tried to stop me, the more I delved into these forbidden books whenever his attention was taken from me.

Pictures of wheeled vehicles fascinated me. There were, of course, no wheeled vehicles in the whole of Tibet, and our Prophecies indicated most clearly that with the advent of wheels into Tibet there would be the “beginning of the end”. Tibet would later be invaded by an evil force which was spreading across the world like a cancerous blight. We hoped that, in spite of the Prophecy, larger—more powerful nations—would not be interested in our little country which had no warlike intentions, no designs upon the living space of others.

I looked at pictures, and I was fascinated, on one magazine (of course I do not know what it was called) I saw some pictures—a whole series of them—which showed the magazine being printed. There were huge machines with great rollers and immense cog wheels. Men, in the pictures, were working like maniacs, and I thought how different it

was here in Tibet. Here one worked with the pride of craftsmanship, with the pride of doing a job well. No thought of commerce entered the mind of the craftsman of Tibet. I turned and looked at those pages again, and then I thought of how we were doing things.

Down in the Village of Sho books were being printed. Skilled monk-carvers were carving onto fine woods Tibetan characters, carving them with the slowness which ensured absolute accuracy, absolute fidelity to minute detail. After the carvers finished each board of print others would take that board and would polish it so that no flaw nor roughness remained on the wood, then the board would be taken away to be inspected by others for accuracy as to text, for no mistake was ever allowed to creep into a Tibetan book. Time did not matter, accuracy did.

With the boards all carved, all carefully polished and inspected for errors or flaws, it would pass to the monk-printers. They would lay the board face up on a bench, and then ink would be rolled onto the raised, carved words. Of course the words were all carved in reverse, so that when printed they would appear the right way round. With the board inked and carefully inspected once again to make sure that no portion was left uninked, a sheet of stiff paper akin to the papyrus of Egypt would be quickly spread across the type with its inked surface. A smooth rolling pressure would be applied to the back of the sheet of paper, and then it would be stripped off from the printing surface in one swift movement. Monk-inspectors would immediately take the page and examine it with minute care for any fault—any flaw—and if there was any flaw the paper would not be scrapped nor burned, but would be made up into bundles.

The printed word, in Tibet, is held as near-sacred, it is considered to be an insult to learning to destroy or mutilate paper which bears words of learning or religious words, thus in the course of time Tibet has accumulated bundle after bundle, bale after bale, of slightly imperfect sheets.

If the sheet of paper was considered satisfactorily printed, the printers were given the “go-ahead” and they went on producing various sheets each one of which was as carefully examined for flaws as was the first. I often used to watch these printers at work, and in the course of my studies I had to undertake their own work myself. I carved the printed words in reverse, I smoothed the carvings after, and under meticulous supervision I inked and later printed books.

Tibetan books are not bound as are Western books. A Tibetan book is a long affair, or perhaps it would be better to say it was a wide affair and very short, because a Tibetan line of print extends for several feet, but the page may be only a foot high. All the sheets containing the necessary pages would be carefully laid out and in the fullness of time—there was no hurry—they would dry. When they had been allowed time and time again for drying the books would be assembled. First there would be a baseboard to which there were attached two tapes, then upon the baseboard would be assembled the pages of the book in their correct order, and when each book was thus assembled, upon the pile of printed pages would be placed another heavy board which formed the cover. This heavy board would bear intricate carvings, perhaps showing scenes from the book, and of course, giving the title. The two tapes from the bottom board would now be brought up and fastened across the top board, some considerable pressure would be exerted so that all the sheets were forced down into one compact mass. Particularly valuable books would then be carefully wrapped in silk and the wrappings would be sealed so that only those with adequate authority could open the wrapping and disturb the peace of that so carefully printed book!

It seemed to me that many of these Western pictures were of women in a remarkable state of undress; it occurred to me that these countries must be very hot countries, for how otherwise could women go about in such a scanty

state? On some of the pictures people were lying down, obviously dead, while standing over them would be perhaps a villainous looking man with a piece of metal tubing in one hand from whence issued smoke. I never could understand the purpose of this, for—to judge from my own impressions—the people of the Western world made it their chief hobby to go round and kill each other, then big men with strange dresses on would come and put metal things on the hands, or wrists, of the person with the smoking tube.

The underclad ladies did not distress me at all, nor excite any particular interest in me, for Buddhists and Hindus, and, in fact, all the peoples of the East knew well that sex was necessary in human life: It was known that sexual experience was perhaps the highest form of ecstasy which the human could experience while still in the flesh. For that reason many of our religious paintings showed a man and a woman—usually referred to as God and Goddess—in the closest of close embraces. Because the facts of life, and of birth, were so well known there was no particular need to disguise what were facts, and so sometimes detail was almost photographic. To us this was in no way pornographic, in no way indecent, but was merely the most convenient method of indicating that with the union of male and female certain specific sensations were generated, and it was explained that with the union of souls much greater pleasure could be experienced, but that, of course, would not be upon this world.

From talks with traders in the City of Lhasa, in the village of Sho, and those who rested by the wayside at the Western Gate, I gathered the amazing information that in the Western world it was considered indecent to expose one's body to the gaze of another. I could not understand why this should be so, for the most elementary fact of life was that there had to be two sexes. I remembered a conversation with an old trader who frequented the route between Kalimpong in India and Lhasa. Throughout some

considerable time I had made it my business to meet him at the Western Gate, and to greet him at one more successful visit to our land. Often we would stand and chat for quite a while, I would give him news about Lhasa and he would give me news about the great world outside. Often, too, he would bring books and magazines for my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and I would then have the pleasant task of delivering them. This particular trader once said to me, "I have told you much about the people of the West, but I still do not understand them, one of their sayings in particular just does not make sense to me. It is this; Man is made in the image of God, they say, and yet they are afraid to show their body which they claim is made in the image of God. Does it mean, then, that they are ashamed of God's form?" He would look at me questioningly, and I of course was quite at a loss, I just could not answer his question. Man is made in the image of God. Therefore, if God is the ultimate in perfection as should be the case—there should be no shame in exposing an image of God. We so-called heathens were not ashamed of our bodies, we knew that without sex there would be no continuation of the race. We knew that sex, on appropriate occasions, and in appropriate surroundings of course, increased the spirituality of a man and of a woman.

I was also astounded when I was told that some men and women who had been married, perhaps for years, had never seen the unclad body of the other. When I was told that they "made love" only with the blinds down and the light out I recall I thought my informant was taking me for a country bumpkin who really was too foolish to know what was going on in the world, and after one such session I decided that at the first opportunity I would ask my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, about sex in the Western world. I turned away from the Western Gate, and dashed across the road to the narrow, dangerous path which we boys of Chakpori used in preference to the

regular path. This path would have frightened a mountaineer; frequently it frightened us as well, but it was a point of honour not to use the other path unless we were in company with our seniors and, presumably, betters. The mode of progression upwards entailed climbing by hand up jagged “teeth” of rock, dangling precariously from certain exposed routes, and at all times doing those things which no presumably sane person would do if they were paid a fortune. Eventually I reached the top, and got into the Chakpori by a route which was also known to us and which would have given the Proctors fits if they too had known. So—at last I stood within the Inner Courtyard far more exhausted than if I had come up the orthodox path, but at least honour was satisfied. I had done the trip up somewhat faster than some of the boys did it down.

I shook the dust and small stones out of my robe, and emptied my bowl which had collected numerous small ants, and then feeling fairly presentable I wended my way inwards in search of my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. As I rounded a corner I saw him proceeding away from me and so I called, “Ow! Honourable Lama!” He stopped, and turned and walked towards me, an action which possibly no other man in Chakpori would have done, for he treated every man and boy as equal, as he used to say, it is not the outward form, it is not the body which one is at present wearing but what is inside—what is controlling the body—that counts. My Guide himself was a Great Incarnation who easily had been Recognized on his return to body. It was an always-remembered lesson for me that this great man was humble and always considered the feelings of those who were not merely “not so great”, but some who were—to put it bluntly—downright low.

“Well now Lobsang!” said my Guide, “I saw you coming up that forbidden path, and if I had been a Proctor you would have been smarting in quite a number of places now; you would have been glad to remain standing for many hours.” He laughed, and said, “However, I used to

do substantially the same thing myself, and I still get what is possibly a forbidden thrill in seeing others do what I can no longer do. Well, what is the rush any how?" I looked up at him and said, "Honourable Lama, I have been hearing horrible things about the people of the Western world and my mind is indeed in a constant turmoil, for I am unable to tell if I am being laughed at—if I am being made to look a worse fool than usual—or whether the marvels which have been described to me are indeed fact." "Come with me; Lobsang," said my Guide, "I am just going to my room I was going to meditate but let us discuss things instead. Meditation can wait." We turned and walked along side by side to the Lama Mingyar Dondup's room—the one which overlooked the Jewel Park. I entered the room in his footsteps, and instead of immediately sitting down, he rang for the attendant to bring us tea. Then, with me by his side, he moved across to the window and looked out across that lovely expanse of land. Land which was one of the most beautiful places perhaps in the whole world. Below us, slightly to our left, was the fertile wooded garden known as the Norbu Linga of Jewel Park. The beautiful clear water sparkled among the trees, and the Inmost One's small temple set upon an island was gleaming in the sunlight. Someone was crossing the rocky causeway—a path across the water made of flat stones with spaces between so that the water could flow free and the fish would have no bar. I looked carefully and thought I could distinguish one of the high members of the Government.

"Yes, Lobsang, he is going to see the Inmost One," said my Guide in answer to my unspoken thought. Together we watched for some time for it was pleasant here looking out upon that park with, beyond it, The Happy River sparkling and dancing as if with the joy of a beautiful day. We could also see down by the Ferry—one of my favourite spots, it was a never ending source of pleasure and amazement to me to see the ferryman get on his inflated skin boat and paddle away merrily to the other side.

Below us, between us and the Norbu Linga, pilgrims were making their slow way along the Lingkor Road. They went along giving hardly a glance to our own Chakpori but keeping a constant lookout to see if possibly they could see anything of interest from the Jewel Park, for it must have been common knowledge to the ever-alert pilgrims that the Inmost One would be at the Norbu Linga, I could see too the Kashya Linga, a little park, well wooded, which was by the side of the Ferry Road. There was a small road leading from the Lingkor Road down to the Kyi Chu, and it was used mainly by travelers who wanted to use the Ferry. Some, however, used it to reach the Lamas' Garden which was on the other side of the Ferry Road.

The attendant brought in tea for us and pleasant food As well. My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup said, Come, Lobsang, let us break our fast for men who are going to debate must not be empty inside unless their head so proves to be empty!. He sat down on one of the hard cushions which we of Tibet use instead of chairs, for we sit upon the floor cross-legged, so seated, he motioned for me to follow his example, which I did with alacrity because the sight of food was always one to make me hurry, We ate in comparative silence. In Tibet, particularly among monks, it was not considered seemly to speak or to make a noise while food was before us. Monks alone ate in silence, but if they were in a congregation of any great number a Reader would read aloud from the Sacred Books. This Reader would be in a high place where, in addition to seeing his book, he could look out across the gathering monks, and see immediately those who were so engrossed with their food that they had no time for his words. When there was a congregation of monks eating, then Proctors also would be present to see that there was no talking except for the monk-Reader. But we were alone; we passed a few desultory remarks to each other, knowing that many of the old customs, such as remaining silent at meals, were good for discipline when one was in a throng, but were not

necessary for just a pair such as we. So, in my conceit, classed myself as an associate of one of the truly great men of my country. "Well Lobsang," said my Guide when we had finished our meal, "tell me what it is that bothers you so?" "Honourable Lama" I said in some excitement, "a trader passing through here, and with whom I was discussing matters of some moment at the Western Gate, gave me some remarkable information about the people of the West. He told me that they thought our religious paintings obscene. He told me some incredible things about their sex habits, and I am still not at all sure that he was not taking me for a fool." My Guide looked at me and thought for moment or two, then he said, "To go into this matter Lobsang, would take more than one session. We have to go to our Service and the time is near for that. Let us just discuss one aspect of this first, shall we?" I nodded, very eagerly, because I really was most puzzled about all this. My Guide then said, "All this springs from religion. The religion of the West is different from the religion of the East. We should look into this and see what bearing it has on the subject." He arranged his robes about him more comfortably, and rang for the attendant to clear the things from the table. When that had been done, he turned to me and started a discussion which I found to be of enthralling interest.

"Lobsang," he said, "we must draw a parallel between, one of the religions of the West and our own Buddhist religion. You will realize from your lessons that the Teachings of our Lord Gautama have been altered somewhat in the course of time. Throughout the years and the centuries which have elapsed since the passing from this earth of The Gautama and His elevation to Buddhahood, the Teachings which He personally taught have changed. Some of us think they have changed for the worse. Others think that the Teachings have been brought into line with modern thought." He looked at me to see if I was following him

with sufficient attention, to see if I understood what he was talking about. I understood and I followed him perfectly. He nodded to me briefly and then continued.

“We had our Great Being whom we call Gautama, whom some call The Buddha. The Christians also had their Great Being. Their Great Being propounded certain Teachings. Legend and, in fact, actual records testify to the fact that their Great Being who, according to their own Scriptures, wandered abroad in the Wilderness, actually visited India and Tibet in search of information, in search of knowledge, about a religion which would be suitable for Western mentalities and spiritualities. This Great Being came to Lhasa and actually visited our Cathedral, The Jo Kang. The Great Being then returned to the West and formulated a religion which was in every way admirable and suitable for the Western people. With the Passing of that Great Being from this earth—as our own Gautama passed—certain dissensions arose in the Christian Church. Some sixty years after that Passing, a Convention, or Meeting, was held at a place called Constantinople. Certain changes were made in Christian dogma—certain changes were made in Christian belief. Probably some of the priests of the day felt that they had to put in a few torments in order to keep some of the more refractory of their congregation in good order.” Again he looked at me to see if I was following him. Again I indicated that I was not merely following him, but that I was vastly interested.

“The men who attended that Convention at Constantinople in the year 60 were men who were not sympathetic toward women, just as some of our monks feel faint at the mere thought of a woman. The majority of them regarded sex as something unclean, something which should only be resorted to in the case of absolute necessity in order to increase the race. These were men who had no great sexual urges themselves, no doubt they had other urges, perhaps some of those urges were spiritual—I do not know—I only know that in the year 60 they decided that sex

was unclean, sex was the work of the devil. They decided that children were brought into the world unclean and was not fit to go to a reward until in some way they had been cleansed first." He paused a moment and then smiled as he said, "I do not know what is supposed to happen to all the millions of babies born before this meeting at Constantinople!"

"You will understand, Lobsang, that I am giving you information about Christianity as I understand it. Possibly when you go to live among these people you will have some different impression or different information which may in some way modify my own opinions and teachings." As he finished his statement the conches sounded, and the temple trumpets blared. About us there was the ordered bustle of disciplined men getting ready for the Service. We too stood up and brushed off our robes before making our way down to the Temple for the Service. Before leaving me at the entrance, my Guide said, "Come to my room after, Lobsang, and we will continue our discussion." So I entered into the Temple and I took my place among my fellows, and I said my prayers and I thanked my own particular God that I was a Tibetan the same as my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. It was beautiful in the old Temple, the air of worship, the gently drifting clouds of incense which kept us in touch with people on other planes of existence. Incense is not just a pleasant smell, not something which "disinfects" a Temple—it is a living force, a force which is so arranged that by picking the particular type of incense we can actually control the rate of vibration. Tonight, in the Temple, the incense was floating and giving a mellow, old world atmosphere to the place. I looked out from my place among the boys of my group—looked out into the dim mists of the Temple building. There was the deep chanting of the old lamas accompanied by—at times—the silver bells. Tonight we had a Japanese monk with us. He had come all the way across our land after having stopped in India for some time. He was a great man in his own

country, and he had brought with him his wooden drums, drums which play such a great part in the religion of the Japanese monks. I marveled at the versatility of the Japanese monk, at the remarkable music he produced from his drums. It seemed truly amazing to me that hitting a sort of wooden box could sound so very musical; he had the wooden drum and he had sort of clappers, each with little bells attached, and also our own lamas accompanied him with silver bells, with the great temple conch booming out in appropriate time. It seemed to me that the whole Temple vibrated, the walls themselves seemed to dance and shimmer, and the mists away in the distance of the far recesses seemed to form into faces, the faces of long-dead lamas. But for once all too soon, the Service had ended, and I hurried off as arranged to my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup.

“You have not wasted much time, Lobsang!” said my Guide cheerfully. “I thought perhaps you would be stopping to have one of those innumerable snacks!” “No, Honourable Lama” I said, “I am anxious to get some enlightenment, for I confess the subject of sex in the Western world is one which has caused me a lot of astonishment after having heard so much about it from traders and others.” He laughed at me and said, “Sex causes a lot of interest everywhere! It is sex, after all, which keeps people on this earth. We will discuss it as you require it so.”

“Honourable Lama,” I said, “you said previously that sex was the second greatest force in the world. What did you mean by that? If sex is so necessary in order to keep the world populated why is it not the most important force?” “The greatest force in the world, Lobsang,” said my Guide, “is not sex, the greatest force of all is imagination, for without imagination there would be no sexual impulse. If a male had no imagination, then the male could not be interested in the female. Without imagination there would be no writers, no artists, there would be nothing whatever that was constructive or good!” “But, Honourable

Lama,” I said, “are you saying that imagination is necessary for sex? And if you are, how does imagination apply to animals?” “Imagination is possessed by animals, Lobsang, just as it is possessed by humans. Many people think that animals are mindless creatures, without any form of intelligence, without any form of reason, yet I, who have lived a surprisingly long number of years, tell you differently.” My Guide looked at me, and then shaking a finger at me he said, “You profess to be fond of the Temple cats, are you going to tell me that they have no imagination? You always speak to the Temple cats, you stop to caress them. After you have been affectionate with them once they will wait for you a second time, and a third time, and so on. If this were mere insensitive reactions, if these were just brain patterns, then the cat would not wait for you on that second or third occasion, but would wait until the habit had been formed. No, Lobsang, any animal has imagination. An animal imagines the pleasures in being with its mate, and then the inevitable occurs!”

When I came to think about it, to dwell upon the subject it was perfectly clear to me that my Guide was absolutely right. I had seen little birds—little hens—fluttering their wings in much the same way as young women flutter their eyelids! I had watched little birds and seen very real anxiety as they waited for their mates to return from the unceasing forage for food. I had seen the joy with which a loving little bird had greeted her mate upon his return. It was obvious to me, now that I thought about it, that animals really had imagination, and so I could see the sense of my Guide's remarks that imagination was the greatest force on earth.

“One of the traders told me that the more occult a person was the more he was opposed to sex, Honourable Lama,” I said. “Is this true, or am I being teased? I have heard so many very strange things that I really do not know how I stand in the matter.” The Lama Mingyar Dondup nodded sadly, as he replied, “It is perfectly true, Lobsang, that

many people who are intensely interested in occult matters are intensely antipathetic to sex, and for a special reason; you have been told before that the greatest occultists are not normal, that is, they have something wrong with them physically. A person may have a grave disease, such as T.B., or cancer, or anything of that nature. A person may have some nerve complaint—whatever it is, it is an illness and that illness increases metaphysical perceptions.” He frowned slightly as he continued, “Many people find that the sexual impulse is a great drive. Some people for one reason or another use methods of sublimating that sexual drive, and they may turn to things spiritual. Once a man or a woman has turned away from a thing they become a deadly enemy to that thing. There is no greater reformer—nor greater campaigner—against the evils of drink than the reformed drunkard! In the same way, a man or a woman who has renounced sex (possibly because they could not satisfy nor be satisfied!) will turn to occult matters, and all the drive which formerly went (successfully or unsuccessfully) into sexual adventures is now devoted to occult adventures. But unfortunately these people so often tend to be unbalanced about it; they tend to bleat that only in renouncing sex is it possible to progress. Nothing could be more fantastic, nothing could be more distorted, some of the greatest people are able to enjoy a normal life and also to progress vastly in metaphysics.”

Just at that moment the Great Medical Lama Chinrob-nobo came in, we greeted him and he sat down with us. “I am just telling Lobsang some matters about sex and occultism,” said my Guide. “Ah yes!” said the Lama Chinrob-nobo, “it is time he was given some information on this; I have thought so for a long time.” My Guide continued, “It is clear that those who use sex normally—as it is meant to be used—increase their own spiritual force. Sex is not a matter to be abused, but on the other hand nor is it a matter to be repudiated. By bringing vibrations to a person that person can increase spiritually. I want to

point out to you, however,” he said looking sternly at me, “that the sexual act should only be indulged in by those who are in love, by those who are bound together by, spiritual affinity. That which is illicit, unlawful, is mere prostitution of the body and can harm one as much as the other can help one. In the same way a man or a woman should have only one partner, eschewing all temptations which would lead one from the path of truth and righteousness.”

The Lama Chinrobnobo said, “But there is another matter upon which you should dwell, Respected Colleague, and it is this, the matter referring to birth control. I will leave you to deal with it.” He rose to his feet, bowed gravely to us and left the room.

My Guide waited for a moment, and then said, “Are you tired of this yet, Lobsang?” “No, Sir!” I replied, “I am anxious to learn all I can for all this is strange to me.” “Then you should know that in the early days of life upon earth peoples were divided into families. Throughout areas of the world there were small families which, with the passage of time became big families. As seems to be inevitable among humans, quarrels and dissensions occurred. Family fought against family. The victors killed the men they had vanquished and took their women into their own family. Soon it became clear that the bigger the family, which was now referred to as a tribe, the more powerful and the more secure it was from the aggressive acts of others.” He looked at me a bit ruefully, and then continued, “The tribes were increasing in size as the years and centuries went by. Some men set up as priests, but priests with a bit of political power, with an eye to the future! The priests decided that they had to have a sacred edict—what they could call a command from God—which would help the tribe as a whole. They taught that one had to be fruitful and multiply. In those days it was a very real necessity, because unless people ‘multiplied’ their tribe became weak and perhaps completely wiped out. So—the

priests who commanded that the people be fruitful and multiply were even safeguarding the future of their own tribe. With the passage of centuries and centuries, however, it is quite clear that the population of the world is increasing at such a pace that the world is becoming over-populated, there are more people than food resources justify. Something will have to be done about it.”

I could follow all this, it made sense to me, and I was glad to see that my friends of the Pargo Kaling—the traders who had traveled so far and for so long—had told me the truth.

My Guide continued, “Some religions even now think that it is wrong indeed to place any limitation upon the number of children who are born, but if one looks at world history one sees that most of the wars are caused by lack of living space on the part of the aggressor. A country has a rapidly expanding population, and it knows that if it goes on expanding at this rate there will not be enough food, not be enough opportunity, for those of its own peoples. Thus they make war, saying they have to have living space!” “Then, Honourable Lama,” I said, “how would you deal with the problem?” “Lobsang!” he replied, “the matter is easy if men and women of goodwill get together to discuss the thing. The old forms of religions—the old religious teachings were in every way suitable when the world was young, when people were few, but now it is inevitable—and it will be in time!—that fresh approaches be made. You ask what I would do about it? Well, I would do this; I would make birth control legal. I would teach all peoples about birth control, how it could be accomplished, what it was, and all that could be discovered about it. I would see that those people who wanted children could have perhaps one or two, while those who did not want children had the knowledge whereby children would not be born. According to our religion, Lobsang, there would be no offence in doing this. I have studied the old books dating back long long ages before life appeared on

Western parts of this globe, for, as you know, life first appeared in China and in the areas around Tibet, and spread to India before going Westwards. However, we are not dealing with that.”

I decided then and there that as soon as I could I would get my Guide to talk more about the origin of life upon this earth, but I recollected that now I was studying all I could on the matter of sex. My Guide was watching me, and as he saw that I was again paying attention he continued, “As I was saying, the majority of wars are caused by over-population. It is a fact that there will be wars—there will always be wars—so long as there are vast and increasing populations. And it is necessary that there should be for otherwise the world would be absolutely overrun with people in the same way that a dead rat is soon completely overrun by swarms of ants. When you move away from Tibet, where we have a very small population, and you go to some of the great cities of the world, you will be amazed and appalled at the vast numbers, at the vast throngs of people. You will see that my words are correct; wars are utterly necessary to keep down the population. People have to come to earth in order to learn things and unless there were wars and diseases, then there would be no way whatever of keeping the population in control and keeping them fed. They would be like a swarm of locusts eating everything in sight, contaminating everything, and in the end they would finish themselves up completely.”

“Honourable Lama!” I said, “some of the traders who have talked about this birth control thing say that so many people think that it is evil. Now why should they think that?” My Guide thought for a moment, probably wondering how much he should tell me for I was as yet still young, and then he said, “Birth control to some appears to be murder of a person unborn, but in our Faith, Lobsang, the spirit has not entered the unborn baby. In our Faith no murder can possibly have occurred, and anyhow it is, of course manifestly absurd to say that there is any murder

in taking precautions to prevent conception. It is just as well to say that we murder a whole lot of plants if we prevent their seeds from germinating! Humans too often imagine that they are the most wonderful thing that ever happened in this great Universe. Actually, of course, humans are just one form of life, and not the highest form of life at that, however there is no time to go into such matters as that for the present.”

I thought of another thing which I had heard, and it seemed to be such a shocking—such a terrible thing—that I could hardly bring myself to speak of it. However, I did! “Honourable Lama! I have heard that some animals, cows for instance, are made pregnant by unnatural means. Is that correct?” My Guide looked quite shocked for a moment, and then he said, “Yes, Lobsang, that is absolutely correct. There are certain peoples in the Western world who try to raise cattle by what they call artificial insemination, that is the cows are inseminated by a man with a great big syringe instead of having a bull do the necessary work. These people do not seem to realize that in making a baby, whether it be a baby human, a baby bear, or a baby cow, there is more than just a mechanical mating. If one is going to have good stock, then there must be love or a form of affection in the mating process. If humans were artificially inseminated, then it could be that—being born without love—they would be sub-humans! I repeat to you, Lobsang, that for the better type of human or beast it is necessary that the parents shall be fond of each other, that they shall both be raised in spiritual as well as physical vibration. Artificial insemination, carried out in cold, loveless conditions, results in very poor stock indeed. I believe that artificial insemination is one of the major crimes upon this earth.”

I sat there, with the evening shadows stealing across the room, bathing the Lama Mingyar Dondup in the growing dusk, and as the dusk increased I saw his aura flaring with the great gold of spirituality. To me, clairvoyantly, the

light was bright indeed and interpenetrated the dusk itself. My clairvoyant perceptions told me—as if I did not know before—that there I was in the presence of one of the greatest men of Tibet. I felt warm inside me, I felt my whole being throb with love for this, my Guide and tutor. Beneath us the Temple conches blared again, but this time they were not calling us, but calling others. Together we walked to the window and looked out. My Guide put his hand on my shoulder as we looked out at the valley below us—the valley now partially enveloped in the purple darkness. “Let your conscience be your guide, Lobsang,” said my Guide. “You will always know if a thing is right or if a thing is wrong. You are going far—farther than you can imagine—and you will have many temptations placed before you. Let your conscience be your guide. We in Tibet are a peaceful people, we are people of a small population, we are people who live in peace, who believe in holiness, who believe in the sanctity of the Spirit. Wherever you go, whatever you endure, let your conscience be your guide. We are trying to help you with your conscience. We are trying to give you extreme telepathic power and clairvoyance so that always in the future for so long as you live you can get in touch telepathically with great lamas here in the high Himalayas, great lamas who, later, will devote the whole of their time to waiting for your messages.”

Waiting for my messages? I am afraid my jaw dropped with amazement; *my* messages? What was there so special about me? Why should great lamas be waiting for my messages all the time? My Guide laughed and slapped my shoulder. “The reason for your existence, Lobsang, is that you have a very very special task to do. In spite of all the hardships, in spite of all the suffering, you will succeed in your task. But it is manifestly unfair that you should be left on your own in an alien world, a world that will mock you and call you a liar, fraud and fake. Never despair, never give up, for right will prevail. You—Lobsang—will

prevail!” The evening shadows turned into the darkness of night, below us the lights of the City were atwinkle. Above us a new moon was peeping down at us over the edge of the mountains. The planets, vast millions of them, twinkled in the purple heavens. I looked up, thought of all the forecasts about me—all the prophecies about me—and I thought also of the trust and the confidence shown by my friend, my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. And I was content.

## CHAPTER TEN

The Teacher was in a bad mood; perhaps his tea had been too cold, perhaps his tsampa had not been roasted or mixed exactly to his liking. The Teacher was in a bad mood; we boys sat in the classroom just about shivering with fright. Already he had pounced unexpectedly upon boys to my right and boys to my left. My memory was good, I knew the Lessons perfectly—I could repeat chapter and verse from any part of the hundred and eight volumes of The Kan-gyur. “Thwack! Thwack!” I jumped about a foot in the air with surprise, and about three boys to the left and three boys to the right also jumped a foot in the air with surprise. For a moment we hardly knew which of us was getting the hiding, then, as the Teacher laid it on a bit harder I knew that I was the unlucky one! He continued his beating, muttering all the time, “Lama's favorite Pampered idiot! I'll teach you to learn something!” The dust rose from my robe in a choking cloud and started me sneezing. For some reason that enraged the Teacher even more, and he really worked up into knocking more dust out of me. Fortunately—unknown to him—I had anticipated his bad mood and had put on more clothes than usual, so—although he would not have been pleased to know it—his blows did not disturb me unduly. In any case I was hardened.

This Teacher was tyrannical. He was a perfectionist without being perfect himself. Not only did we have to be word-perfect in our Lesson Work, but if the pronunciation, the inflection, was not exactly to his desire he would take out his cane, whip round to the back, and then whip us on our backs. Now he was getting some exercise, and I was nearly suffocating with the dust. Small boys in Tibet, like

small boys everywhere, roll in the dust when they fight or when they play, and small boys completely cut off from all feminine influence do not always make sure that the dust is out of their clothing; mine was full of dust and this really was as good as a spring clean. The Teacher went on thwacking away, "I'll teach you to mispronounce a word! Showing disrespect to the Sacred Knowledge! Pampered Idiot, always missing classes and then coming back and Knowing more than the ones that I've taught—useless brat—I'll teach you, you'll learn from me one way or another!"

In Tibet we sit on the floor cross legged, most times we sit on cushions which are about four inches thick, and in front of us we have tables which may be from twelve to eighteen inches from the ground, depending on the size of the student. This Teacher suddenly put his hand forcibly on the back of my head and pushed my head down onto my table where I had a slate and a few books. Having me in a suitable position, he took a deep breath and really got busy. I wriggled just from habit, not because I was being hurt, because in spite of his most earnest endeavors we boys were toughened, we were almost literally "tanned into leather", and things like this were just an everyday occurrence. Some boy made a soft chuckle six or seven boys away to the right, the Teacher dropped me as if I had suddenly glowed red hot and leapt like a tiger onto the other boy. I was careful to betray no indication of my own amusement when I saw a cloud of dust arising a few boys down the line! There were various exclamations of pain, fright, and horror from my right, because the Teacher was hitting out indiscriminately, not being at all sure which boy it was. At last, out of breath, and no doubt feeling a lot better, the Teacher stopped his exertions. "Ah!" he gasped, "that will teach you little horrors to pay attention to what I am saying. Now, Lobsang Rampa, start again and make sure that you get the pronunciation perfect." I commenced all over again, and when I thought about a thing I really could do it well enough. This time I thought—and then I thought

again—so there were no more hard feelings from the Teacher and harder thwacks on me.

For the whole of that session, five hours in all, the Teacher paraded backwards and forwards keeping a very sharp eye indeed upon all of us, and no provocation at all was needed for him to lash out and catch some unlucky boy just when he thought he was unobserved. In Tibet we have our day starting at midnight, it starts then with a Service, and of course there are regular Services at regular intervals. Then we have to do menial work in order that we may be kept humble, in order that we shall not “look down” on the domestic staff. We also have a period of rest and after that we go to our classes. These classes last five hours non-stop, and during that whole time the teachers were indeed making us learn thoroughly. Our classes, of course, lasted more than five hours a day, but this particular session, the afternoon session, lasted five hours. The hours dragged by, it seemed that we had been in that classroom for days. The shadows seemed scarcely to move and the sun overhead seemed as if rooted to one spot. We sighed in exasperation and with boredom, we felt that one of the Gods should come down and remove this particular Teacher from our midst, for he was the worst of them all, apparently forgetting that once, oh, so long ago! he too had been young. But at last, the conches sounded, and high above us on the roof a trumpet blared forth echoing across the Valley, sending an echo back from the Potala. With a sigh the Teacher said, “Well, I am afraid that I have to let you boys go now, but believe me when I see you again I shall make sure that you have learned something!” He gave a sign and motioned toward the door. The boys in the row nearest jumped to their feet and really bolted for it. I was just going as well but he called me back. “You, Tuesday Lobsang Rampa,” he said, “you go away to your Guide and you learn things, but don't come back here showing up the boys that I have taught, you are being taught by hypnotism and other methods, I am going to see

if I cannot get you kicked out.” He gave me a cuff to the side of the head, and continued, “Now get out of my sight, I hate the sight of you here, other people are complaining that you are learning more than the boys whom I teach.” As soon as he let go of my collar I bolted too and did not even bother to shut the door behind me. He bawled out something but I was travelling too fast to go back.

Outside some of the other boys were waiting, well out of earshot of the Teacher of course. “We ought to do something about that one,” said one boy. “Yes!” said another, “somebody is going to get really hurt if he goes on unchecked like that.” “You, Lobsang,” said a third boy, “you are always boasting about your Teacher and Guide, why don't you say something about the way we are ill-treated?” I thought about it, and it seemed to me to be a good idea, for we had to learn but there was no reason why we should be taught with such brutality. The more I thought about it the more pleasant it seemed; I would go to my Guide and tell him how we were treated, and he would go down and put a spell on this Teacher and turn him into a toad or something like that. “Yes!” I exclaimed, “I will go now.” With that I turned and ran off.

I hastened along the familiar corridors, ascending up and so that I got nearer the roof. At last I turned into the Lamas' Corridor and found that my Guide was already in his room with the door open. He bade me enter and said, “Why, Lobsang! You are in a state of excitement. Have you been made an abbot or something?” I looked at him rather ruefully, and said, “Honourable Lama, why are we boys so ill-treated in class?” My Guide looked at me quite seriously and said, “But how have you been treated badly, Lobsang? Sit down and tell me what it is that is worrying you so much.”

I sat down, and commenced my sad recital. During the time I was speaking my Guide made no comment, made no interruption whatever. He allowed me my say, and at last reached the end of my tale of woe and almost the end of

my breath. "Lobsang," said my Guide, "does it occur to you that life itself is just a school?" "A school?" I looked at him as if he had suddenly taken leave of his senses. I could not have been more surprised if he had told me that the sun had retired and the moon had taken over! "Honourable Lama," I said in astonishment, "did you say that life was a school?" "Most certainly I did, Lobsang, rest awhile, let us have tea, and then we will talk."

The attendant who was summoned soon brought us tea and enjoyable things to eat. My Guide partook of food very sparingly indeed. As he once said, I ate enough to keep about four of him! But he said it with such a twinkling smile that there was no offence implied or taken. He often teased me and I knew that he would never under any consideration say anything that would hurt another person. I really did not mind in the least what he said to me, knowing how well he meant it. We sat and had our tea, and then my Guide wrote a little note and gave it to the attendant to deliver to another Lama. "Lobsang, I have said that you and I will not be at Temple Service this evening, for we have much to discuss, and although Temple Services are very essential things so—in view of your special circumstances—is it necessary to give you more tuition than average."

He rose to his feet and walked across to the window. I scrambled to my feet too and went across to join him, for it was one of my pleasures to look out and see all that was happening, for my Guide had one of the higher rooms at the Chakpori, a room from which one could look out over wide spaces and see for long distances. Besides, he had that most enjoyable of all things, a telescope. The hours I spent with that instrument! The hours I spent looking away across the Plain of Lhasa, looking at the traders in the City itself, and watching the ladies of Lhasa going about their business, shopping, visiting, and just (as I put it) plain wasting time. For ten or fifteen minutes we stood there looking out, then my Guide said, "Let us sit down again,

Lobsang, and discuss this matter about a school, shall we?”

“I want you to listen to me, Lobsang, for this is a matter which you should have clear from the start. If you do not fully understand what I say then stop me immediately, for it is essential that you understand all this, you hear?” I nodded to him, and then as a matter of politeness said, “Yes, Honourable Lama, I hear you and I understand. If I do not understand I will tell you.” He nodded and said, “Life is like a school. When we are beyond this life in the astral world, before we come down into a woman's body, we discuss with others what we are going to learn. Some-time ago I told you a story about Old Seng, the Chinaman. I told you that we would use a Chinese name because you, being you, would try to associate any Tibetan name with a Tibetan of your acquaintance. Let us say that Old Seng who died and saw all his past decided that he had certain lessons to learn. Then, the people who were helping him would look about to find parents, or, rather, prospective parents, who were living in the circumstances and in the conditions which would enable the soul which had been Old Seng to learn the desired lessons.” My Guide looked at me and said, “It is much the same as a boy who is going to become a monk, if he wants to become a medical monk he comes to the Chakpori. If he wants to do perhaps domestic work, then no doubt he can get into the Potala for they always seem to have a shortage of domestic monks there! We choose our school according to what we want to learn.” I nodded, because that was quite clear to me. My own parents had made arrangements for me to get into the Chakpori provided I had the necessary staying power to pass the initial test of endurance.

My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup continued, “A person who is going to be born already has everything arranged; the person is going to come down and be born of a certain woman who lives in a certain district and who is married to a certain class of man. It is thought that that will give the baby to be born the opportunities for gaining

the experience and knowledge previously planned. Eventually, in the fullness of time, the baby is born. First the baby has to learn to feed, it has to learn how to control certain parts of its physical body—it has to learn how to speak and how to listen. At first, you know, a baby cannot focus its eyes, it has to learn how to see. It is at school.” He looked at me and there was a smile on his face as he said, “None of us like school, some of us have to come, but others of us do not have to come. We plan to come—not for karma—but to learn other things. The baby grows up and becomes a boy and then goes to a classroom where often he gets treated rather roughly by his teacher, but there is nothing wrong in that, Lobsang. No one has ever been harmed by discipline. Discipline is the difference between an army and a rabble. You cannot have a cultured man unless that man has been disciplined. Many times now you will think that you are ill-treated, that the teacher is harsh, and cruel, but—whatever you think now—you particularly arranged to come to this earth in these conditions.” “Well Honourable Lama,” I exclaimed excitedly, “if I arranged to come down here, then I think that I should have my brains examined. And if I arranged to come down here, why do I know nothing at all about it?”

My Guide looked at me and laughed—laughed outright. “I know just how you feel, Lobsang, today,” he replied, “but really there is nothing that you should worry about. You came to this earth first to learn certain things. Then, having learned those certain things, you are going out into the greater world beyond our borders to learn other things. The Way will not be easy; but you will succeed in the end, and I do not want you to be despondent. Every person, no matter his station in life, has come down to earth from the astral planes in order that he may learn and, in learning, progress. You will agree with me, Lobsang, that if you want to progress in the Lamasery you study and pass examinations. You would not think much of a boy who was suddenly placed over you and by favoritism alone became

a lama or an abbot. So long as there are proper examinations then you know that you are not being passed over at some superior person's whim or fancies or favouritisms." I could see that too, yes, when it was explained, it was quite a simple matter.

"We come to earth to learn things, and no matter how hard nor how bitter the lessons which we learn on this earth, they are lessons for which we have enrolled before we came here. When we leave this earth we have our vacation for a time in the Other World, and then if we want to make progress we move on. We may return to this earth under different conditions, or we may move on to a completely different stage of existence. Often when we are in school we think that there is going to be no end to the day, we think that there is going to be no end to the harshness of the teacher. Life on earth is like that, if everything went smoothly for us, if we had everything that we wanted we should not be learning a lesson, we should just be drifting along on the stream of life. It is a sad fact that we only learn with pain and suffering." "Well then, Honourable Lama," I said, "why is it that some boys, and some lamas too, have such an easy time? It always appears to me that I get hardships, bad prophecies, and beatings-up by an irritable teacher when I really have done my best." "But, Lobsang, some of these people who apparently are very self-satisfied—are you sure that they are so self-satisfied? Are you sure that conditions are so easy for them, after all? Until you know what they planned to do before they came to the earth you are not in a position to judge. Every person coming to this earth comes with a prepared plan a plan of what they want to learn, what they propose to do, and what they aspire to be when they leave this earth after sojourning in its school. And you say that you tried really hard at class today. Are you *sure*? Were you not rather complacent, thinking that you knew all there was to know about the lesson? Did you not, by your rather superior attitude, make the Teacher feel rather bad?" He looked at

me somewhat accusingly, and I felt my cheeks grow somewhat red. Yes, he really knew something! My Guide had the most unhappy knack of putting his hand on a spot which was tender. Yes, I had been complacent, I had thought that this time the Teacher would not be able to find the slightest fault with me. My own superior attitude had, of course, in no small measure contributed toward the exasperation of that Teacher. I nodded in agreement, "Yes Honourable Lama, I am as much to blame as anyone." My Guide looked at me, smiled, and nodded in approval.

"Later, Lobsang, you will be going to Chungking in China, as you know," said the Lama Mingyar Dondup. I nodded, dumbly, not liking even to think of the time when I should have to leave. He continued, "Before you leave Tibet we shall send to various colleges and universities for details about their instruction. We shall receive all particulars and we shall then decide which college or university will offer you exactly the type of training which you will need in this life. In a similar manner, before a person in the astral world even thinks of coming down to earth he weighs up what he proposes to do, what he wants to learn, and what he finally wants to achieve. Then, as I have already told you, suitable parents are discovered. That is the same as looking for a suitable school."

The more I thought about this school idea the more I disliked it. "Honourable Lama!" I said, "why do some people have so much illness so much misfortune, what does that teach them?" My Guide said, "But you must remember that a person who comes down to this world has much to learn, it is not just a matter of learning to carve, not just a matter of learning a language or reciting from Sacred Books. The person has to learn things which are going to be of use in the astral world after leaving the earth. As I have told you, this is The World of Illusion, and it is extremely well suited to teach us hardship and in suffering hardship, we should learn to understand the difficulties and the problems of others." I thought about all this, and it

seemed that we had got onto a very big subject. My Guide obviously got my thoughts, for he said, "Yes, the night is coming upon us, it is time to end our discussion for this night for we have much to do yet. I have to go across to The Peak (as we called the Potala) and I want to take you with me. You will be there all night and all tomorrow. Tomorrow we can discuss this matter again, but go now and put on a clean robe and bring a spare with you." He rose to his feet and left the room. I hesitated but for a moment—and that because I was in a daze!—and then I hurried off to array myself in my best, and to get my second best as my spare.

Together we jogged down the mountain road and into the Mani Lhakhang, just as we passed the Pargo Kaling, or Western Gate, there was a sudden loud squall behind me that almost lifted me from my saddle. "Ow! Holy Medical Lama!" yelled a feminine voice just to the side of the road. My Guide looked about him, and dismounted. Knowing my own uncertainties on a pony he motioned for me to remain seated, a concession which filled me with gratitude. "Yes, madam, what is it?" asked my Guide in kind tones. There was a sudden blur of movement, and a woman flung herself to the ground at his feet. "Oh! Holy Medical Lama!" she said breathlessly, "my husband could not beget a normal son, the misbegotten son of a she-goat!" Dumbly—stunned at her own audacity—she held out a small bundle. My Guide stooped down from his great height and looked. "But, madam!" he remarked, "why do you blame your husband for your ailing child?" "Because that ill-favoured man was always running around with loose women, all he thinks about is the opposite sex, and then when we get married he cannot even father a normal child." To my dismay she started weeping and her tears ran down to hit the ground with little plops, just like hailstones, I thought, coming down from the mountains.

My Guide looked about him, peering somewhat in the increasing darkness. A figure by the side of the Pargo

Kaling detached himself from the darker shadows and moved forward, a man in a ragged dress and wearing a definitely hang-dog expression. My Guide beckoned to him and he came forward, and knelt on the ground at the feet of the Lama Mingyar Dondup. My Guide looked at both of them and said, “You do not right to blame each other for a mishap of birth, for this is not a matter which occurred between you, but is a matter to do with karma.” He looked at the child again, pulling aside the wrappings in which the baby was swaddled. He looked hard, and I knew that he was looking at the infant's aura. Then he stood up saying, “Madam! Your child can be cured, his cure is well within our abilities. Why did you not bring him to us earlier?” The poor woman dropped to her knees again, and hastily Passed the child to her husband, who took it as if it might explode at any moment. The woman clasped her hands, and looking at my Guide said, “Holy Medical Lama, who would pay attention to us, for we come from the Ragyab and we are not in favour with some of the other lamas. We could not come, Holy Lama, no matter how urgent our need.”

I thought all this was ridiculous, the Ragyab or Dis-posers of the Dead, who lived in the South-East corner of Lhasa were as essential as any in our community. I knew that because my Guide was always stressing that no matter what a person did that person was still a useful member of the community. I remember once laughing heartily when he said, “Even burglars, Lobsang, are useful people, for without burglars there would be no need of policeman, hence burglars provide policemen with employment!” But these Ragyab; many people looked down upon them thinking they were unclean because they dealt with the dead, cutting up dead bodies so that the vultures would eat the scattered pieces. I knew—and felt as my Guide—that they did good work, for much of Lhasa was so rocky, so stony, that graves could not be dug, and even if they could, normally Tibet was so cold that the bodies would just freeze and would not decay and be absorbed into the ground.

“Madam!” commanded my Guide, “you shall bring this child to me in person three days from now; and we shall do our utmost to see that he is cured, for from this brief examination it appears that he can be cured.” He fumbled in his saddlebag and produced a piece of parchment. Quickly he wrote a message upon it, and handed it to the woman. “Bring that to me at the Chakpori and the attendant will see that you are admitted. I shall inform the gatekeeper that you are coming and you will have no difficulty whatever. Rest assured, we are all humans in the sight of our Gods, you have nothing to fear with us.” He turned and looked at the husband; “You should remain loyal to your wife.” He looked at the wife and added, “You should not abuse your husband so much, perhaps if you were kinder to him he would not go elsewhere for solace! Now, go to your home and in three days from now return here to the Chakpori and I will see you and assist you. That is my promise.” He mounted his pony again and we rode off. Diminishing in the distance were the sounds of praises and thanks from the man of the Ragyab and his wife. “I suppose for tonight at least, Lobsang, they will be in accord, they will be feeling kindly disposed to each other!” He gave a short laugh and led the way up to the road to the left just before we reached the Village of Sho.

I really was amazed at this which was one of my first sights of husband and wife. “Holy Lama,” I exclaimed, “I do not understand why these people came together if they do not like each other, why should that be?” My Guide smiled at me as he replied, “You are now calling me ‘Holy Lama’! Do you think you are a peasant? As for your question, well we are going to discuss all that on the morrow. Tonight we are too busy. Tomorrow we will discuss these things and I will try to set your mind at rest, for it is sorely confused!” Together we rode up the hill. I always liked to look back down on the Village of Sho, and I wondered what would happen if I tossed a good sized pebble onto a roof or two; would it go through? Or would

the clatter bring someone out thinking that the Devils were dropping something on them? I had never actually dared drop a stone down because I did not want it to go through the roof and through someone inside. However, I was always sorely tempted.

In the Potala we mounted the endless ladders—not stairways—ladders which were well-worn and steep, and at last we reached our apartments high up above the ordinary monk, above the storehouses. The Lama Mingyar Dondup went to his own room and I went to mine which was adjoining, by virtue of my Guide's position and by being his chela I had been allowed this room. Now I went to the window and as was my wont I looked out. Below us there was some night bird calling to its mate in the Willow Grove. The moon was bright now, and I could see this bird—see the ripples of water as its long legs stirred up water and mud. From somewhere in the quite near distance there came the answering call of a bird. “At least that husband and wife seem to be in harmony!” I thought to myself. Soon it was time to go to sleep for I had to attend the midnight Service, and already I was so tired that I thought that possibly in the morning I could oversleep.

In the afternoon of the next day the Lama Mingyar Dondup came into my room while I was studying an old book. “Come in with me, Lobsang,” he said, “I have just returned from a talk with the Inmost One and now we have to discuss problems which are puzzling you.” He turned and led the way into his own room. Sitting in front of him I thought of all the things which were on my mind. “Sir!” I said, “why are people who marry so unfriendly to each other? I looked at the aura of those two Ragyab last night, and it seemed to me that they really hated each other; if they hated each other why did they marry?” The Lama looked really sad for a few moments, and then he said, “People forget, Lobsang, that they come down to this earth in order to learn lessons. Before a person is born, while a person is still on the other side of life, arrangements are

going ahead deciding what sort, what type, of marriage partner will be chosen. You should understand that a lot of people get married in what one might term the heat of passion. When passion spends itself, then the newness, the strangeness, wears off and familiarity breeds contempt!”

“Familiarity breeds contempt.” I thought about it and Obviously people got married in order that the race might continue. But why could not people get together the same as animals did? I raised my head and asked that question of my Guide. He looked at me and said, “Why, Lobsang! You surprise me, you should know as well as anyone that the so-called animals often mate for life. Many animals mate for life, many birds mate for life, certainly the more evolved ones do. If people got together, as you say, just for the purpose of increasing the race, then the resulting children would be almost soulless people, the same in fact as those creatures who are born by what is known as artificial insemination. There must be love in intercourse, there must be love between the parents if the best type of child is to be born, otherwise it is much the same as just a factory-made article!”

This business of husband and wife really puzzled me. I thought of my own parents, my Mother had been a domineering woman, and my Father had been really harsh to us, his children. I could not summon up much filial affection when I thought of either my Mother or my Father. I said to my Guide, “But why do people get married in the heat of passion? Why do they not get married as a business proposition?” “Lobsang!” said my Guide, “that is often the way of the Chinese and of the Japanese too. Their marriages are often arranged, and I must admit that Chinese and Japanese marriages are far far more successful than marriages in the Western world. The Chinese themselves liken it to a kettle. They do not marry in passion because they say it is like a kettle boiling and cooling off. They marry coolly and allow the mythical kettle to come

up to the boil, and in that way it stays hot longer!” He looked at me to see if I was following—to see if the matter was clear to me. “But I cannot see, Sir, why people are so unhappy together.” “Lobsang, people come to earth as to a classroom, they come to learn things, and if the average husband and wife were ideally happy together then they would not learn, for there would be nothing to learn. They come to this earth to be together and to get on together—that is part of the lesson—they have to learn to give and to take. People have rough edges, edges or idiosyncrasies which jar and grate on the other partner. The grating partner must learn to subdue and perhaps end the annoying trait, while the partner who is annoyed must learn tolerance and forbearance. Almost any couple could live together successfully provided they learned this matter of give and take.”

“Sir!” I said, “how would husband and wife be advised to live together?” “Husband and wife, Lobsang, should wait for a favourable moment, and should then kindly, courteously, and calmly say what is causing them distress. If a husband and a wife would discuss things together, then they would be more happy in their marriage.” I thought about this, and I wondered how my Father and my Mother would get on if they tried to discuss anything together! To me they seemed to be fire and water, with each one being as antipathetic to the other. My Guide obviously knew what I was thinking for he continued, “There must be some give and take, because if these people are going to learn anything at all, then they should be sufficiently aware to know that there is something wrong with them.” “But how is it,” I asked, “that one person falls in love with another, or feels attracted to another? If they are attracted to each other at one stage why do they so soon cool off?” “Lobsang, you will well know that if one sees the aura one can tell about another person. The average person does not see the aura, but instead many people have a feeling, they can say that they like this person, or that they dislike that

person. Most times they cannot say why they like or dislike, but they will agree that one person pleases them and another person displeases them.” “Well, Sir,” I exclaimed, “how can they suddenly like a person and then suddenly dislike a person?” “When people are at a certain stage, when they feel that they are in love, their vibrations are increased, and it may well be that when these two people, some man and some woman, have heightened vibrations they would be compatible. Unfortunately they do not always let it remain heightened. The wife will become dowdy, perhaps she will refuse the husband what is undeniably his right. The husband will then go out after some other woman, and gradually they will drift apart. Gradually their etheric vibrations will alter so that they are no longer compatible, so that they are completely antipathetic.” Yes I could see that, and it really did explain much, but now I returned to the attack!

“Sir! I am most puzzled to know why a baby should live for perhaps a month and then die, what chance does that baby have of learning or paying back karma? It seems just a waste to everyone so far as I can see!” The Lama Mingyar Dondup smiled slightly at my vehemence. “No, Lobsang, nothing is wasted! You are being confused in your mind. You are assuming that a person lives for one life only. Let us take an example.” He looked at me and then looked out of the window for a moment, I could see that he was thinking of those people of the Ragyab thinking perhaps of their baby.

“I want you to imagine that you are accompanying a person who is getting through a series of lives,” said my Guide. “The person has done rather badly in one life, and in later years that person decides that he cannot go on any longer, he decides that conditions are just too bad for him, so he puts an end to his life; he commits suicide. The person therefore died before he should have died. Every person is destined to live for a certain number of years, days and hours. It is all arranged before they come down

to this earth. If a person terminates his own life perhaps twelve months before he would normally have died, then he has to come back and serve the additional twelve months.” I looked at him and visualized some of the remarkable possibilities which could come from that. My Guide continued, “A person ends his life. He remains in the astral world until an opportunity occurs whereby he can come down to earth again under appropriate conditions and live out the time he has to serve on earth. This man with twelve months, well, he may come down and be a sickly baby, and he will die while he is still a baby. In losing that baby the parents also will have gained something; they will have lost a baby but they will have gained experience, they will have paid back a little of what they had to pay back. We will agree that while people are on earth their outlook, their perceptions, their values—everything—are distorted. This, I repeat, is the World of Illusion, the world of false values, and when people return to the Greater World of the Overself then they can see that the hard, senseless lessons and experiences undergone during this sojourn on earth were not so senseless after all.”

I looked about me and thought of all the prophecies about me; prophecies of hardship, prophecies of torture, prophecies of sojourns in far and strange lands. I remarked, “Then a person who makes a prophecy is merely getting in touch with the source of information; if everything is arranged before one comes down to earth, then it is possible under certain conditions to tap that knowledge?” “Yes, that is perfectly correct,” said my Guide, “but do not think that everything is laid out as inevitable. The basic lines are there. We are given certain problems, certain lines to follow, and then we are left to do the best we can. One person can make good and another person can fail. Look at it in this way; supposing two men are told that they have to go from here to Kalimpong in India. They do not have to follow the same path, but they have to arrive at the same destination if they can. One man will take one

route and another man will take another route, depending upon the route which they take so will their experiences and adventures be affected. That is like life, our destination is known but how we get to that destination remains within our own hands.”

As we were talking a messenger appeared, and my Guide, with a short word of explanation to me, followed the messenger down the corridor. I wandered again to the window, and rested my elbows on the ledge, supporting my face in my hands. I thought of all that I had been told, thought of all the experiences that I had had, and my whole being welled with love for that great man, the Lama Mingyar Dondup my Guide who had shown me more love than my parents had ever shown me. I decided that no matter what the future would bring, I would always act and behave as if my Guide were by my side supervising my actions. Down in the fields below monk musicians were practicing their music; there were various “brumps-brumps-brumps” and squeaks and groans from their instruments. Idly I looked at them, music meant nothing to me for I was tone deaf, but I saw that they were very earnest men trying hard indeed to produce good music. I turned away thinking that I would occupy myself once again with a book.

Soon I tired of reading; I was unsettled. Experiences were tumbling upon me faster and faster. More and more idly I turned the pages, then with sudden resolution I put all those printed sheets back between the carved wooden covers and tied the tapes. This was a book which had to be wrapped in silk. With inborn care I completed my task and set aside the book.

Rising to my feet I went to the window and looked out. The night was somewhat stuffy, still, with not a breath of wind. I turned, and left the room. All was still, still with the quietness of a great building which was almost alive. Here in the Potala men had worked at sacred tasks for some centuries and the building itself had developed life of its own. I hurried along to the end of the corridor and

scaled a ladder there. Soon I emerged on to the high roof, by the side of the Sacred Tombs.

Silently I padded across to my accustomed spot, a spot which was well sheltered from the winds which normally raced down from the mountains. Lying back against a Sacred Image, with my hands clasped at the back of my head, I stared out across the Valley. Tiring of that after a time, I lay back and looked up at the stars. As I watched I had the strangest impression that all those worlds above were wheeling around the Potala. For a time it made me feel quite dizzy, as if I were falling. As I watched there was a thin tracery of light. Becoming brighter, it exploded into a sudden burst of brilliant light. "Another comet finished!" I thought, as it burned itself out and expired into a shower of dull red sparks.

I became aware of an almost inaudible "shush-shush" somewhere close by. Cautiously I raised my head, wondering what it could be. By the faint starlight I saw a hooded figure pacing backwards and forwards at the opposite side of the Sacred Tombs. I watched. The figure moved across to the wall facing the City of Lhasa. I saw the profile as he looked into the distance. The loneliest Man in Tibet I thought. The Man with more cares and responsibilities than anyone else in the country. I heard a deep sigh and wondered if He too had had hard prophecies such as I. Carefully I rolled over and crawled silently away; I had no desire to intrude—even innocently—upon the private thoughts of another. Soon I regained the entrance, and made my quiet way down to the sanctuary of my own room.

Some three days later I was present as my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup examined the child of the Ragyab couple. He undressed it and carefully viewed the aura. For some time he pondered upon the base of the brain. This baby did not cry or whimper, no matter what my Guide did. As I knew, small as it was, it understood that the Lama Mingyar Dondup was trying to get it well. My Guide

at last stood up, and said, “Well, Lobsang! we are going to get him cured. It is clear that he has an affliction caused by birth difficulties.”

The parents were waiting in a room near the entrance. I, as close to my Guide as his shadow, went with him to see those people. As we entered they prostrated themselves at the Lama's feet. Gently he spoke to them; “Your son can and will be cured. From our examination it is clear that at the time of birth he was dropped or knocked. That can be remedied; you need have no fear.” The mother trembled as she replied, “Holy Medical Lama, it is as you say. He came unexpectedly, suddenly, and was tumbled upon the floor. I was alone at the time.” My Guide nodded in sympathy and understanding; “Return at this hour tomorrow and I am sure you will be able to take your child with you—cured.” They were still bowing and prostrating themselves as we left the room.

My Guide made me examine the baby carefully. “Look, Lobsang, there is pressure here,” he instructed. “This bone is pressing upon the cord—you observe how the auric light becomes fan shaped instead of round.” He took my hands in his and made me feel round the affected area. “I am going to reduce, to *press out*, the obstructing bone. Watch!” Faster than I could see, he pressed his thumbs in—out. The baby made no outcry; it had been too fast for him to have felt pain. Now, though, the head was not lolling sideways as before, but was upright as a head should be. For some time my Guide massaged the child's neck, carefully from the head down towards the heart, and *never* in the opposite direction.

On the following day, at the appointed hour, the parents returned and were almost delirious with joy at seeing the seeming-miracle. “You have to pay for this,” smiled the Lama Mingyar Dondup; “you have received good. Therefore you must *pay* good to each other. Do not quarrel nor be at variance with each other, for a child absorbs the attitudes of the parents. The child of unkind parents be-

comes unkind. The child of unhappy, loveless parents is unhappy and loveless in its turn. Pay—by kindness and love to each other. We will call upon you to see the child in a week's time.” He smiled, and patted the baby's cheek and then turned and went out, with me by his side.

“Some of the very poor people are proud, Lobsang, they are upset if they have not money with which to pay. Always make it possible for them to *think* they are paying.” My Guide smiled as he remarked, “I told them they must pay. That pleased them, for they thought that, in their best dress, they had so impressed me that I thought they were people with money. The only way they can pay is as I said, by kindness to each other. Let a man and woman keep their pride, their self-respect, Lobsang, and they will do anything you ask!”

Back in my own room I picked up the telescope with which I had been playing. Extending the shining brass tubes I peered in the direction of Lhasa. Two figures came quickly into focus, one carrying a baby. As I watched, the man put an arm around his wife's shoulder and kissed her. Silently I put away the telescope and got on with my studies.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

We were having fun, several of us were out in the courtyard strutting around on our stilts, attempting to topple each other over. The one who could remain on the stilts impervious to the assaults of the others was the winner. Three of us subsided in a laughing heap, someone had put his stilts in a hole in the ground and bumped into us, tripping us. "Old Teacher Raks was in a blue mood today all right!" said one of my companions, happily. "Yes!" cried another of the heap, "it should make one of the others go green with envy that he could get in such a mood and take it out on us without getting out of breath." We all looked at each other and started to laugh; a blue mood? Green with envy? We called the others to come off their stilts and sit on the ground with us, and then we started a new game. How many colours could we use in describing things? "Blue in the face!" exclaimed one. "No," I answered, "we have already had blue, we have already had a blue mood." So we went on, working up from a blue mood to an abbot who was in a brown study, and a teacher who was green with envy. Another referred to a scarlet woman he had seen in the market place in Lhasa! For the moment we did not know if that would apply because none of us were sure of what a scarlet woman was meant to be. "I know!" retorted the boy to my right, "we can have a man who is yellow, he is yellow with cowardice. After all, yellow is often used to indicate cowardice." I thought about all this, and it seemed to me that if such sayings were common usage in any language, then there must be some good underlying cause behind it; that set me off in search of my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup.

"Honourable Lama!" I burst into his study in some

excitement. He looked up at me not at all perturbed at my unceremonious entry. "Honourable Lama, why do we use colours to describe moods?" He put down the book which he was studying and motioned for me to be seated. "I suppose you are meaning those common usage terms about a blue mood, or a man green with envy?" he queried. "Yes," I answered in even more excitement, excitement that he should know precisely what I was referring to. "I really would like to know why all these colors are important. There must be something behind it!" He looked at me and laughed again, retorting, "Well, Lobsang, you have let yourself in for another nice long lecture. But I see that you have been doing some strenuous exercise and I think that you and I might have tea—I was waiting for mine anyhow—before we go on with this subject." Tea was not long in coming. This time it was tea and tsampa, the same as any other monk or lama or boy in the whole of the Lamasery would be having. We ate in silence, I thinking about colours and wondering what the implication of colours would be. Soon we had finished our rather meager meal, and I looked at my Guide expectantly.

"You know a little about musical instruments, Lobsang," he commenced, "you know, for example, that there is a musical instrument much used in the West known as a piano. You will remember that together we looked at a picture of one. It contains a keyboard with a lot of notes on it, some black and some white, well, let us forget the black ones, let us imagine instead that we have got a keyboard perhaps two miles long—longer if you like—it contains every vibration which can be obtained on any plane of existence." He looked at me to see if I was following, because a piano was a strange device as far as I was concerned. I—as my Guide had said—had seen such a thing only in pictures. Satisfied that I could perceive the underlying idea, he continued, "If you had a keyboard containing every vibration, then the whole range of human vibrations would be in perhaps the three middle keys. You will

understand—at least I hope you will!—that everything consists of vibrations. Let us take the lowest vibration known to man. The lowest vibration is that of a hard material. You touch it and it obstructs the passage of your finger, at the same time all its molecules are vibrating! You can go further up the imaginary keyboard, and you can hear a vibration known as sound. You can go higher and your eyes can receive a vibration which is known as sight.”

I jerked bolt upright at that; how could sight be a vibration? If I looked at a thing—well, how did I see? “You see, Lobsang, because the article which is being viewed vibrates and creates a commotion which is perceived by the eye. In other words, an article which you can see generates a wave which can be received by the rods and cones in the eye which in turn translates the impulses received to a portion of the brain which converts the impulses into a picture of the original article. It is all very complicated, and we do not want to go into it too thoroughly. I am merely trying to point out to you that everything is a vibration. If we go higher up the scale we have radio waves, telepathic-waves, and the waves of those people who live on other planes. But, of course, I said that we are going to limit ourselves specifically to the mythical three notes on the keyboard which could be perceived by humans as a solid thing as a sound, or as a sight.” I had to think about all this, it was a matter which really made my brain buzz. I never minded learning, however, by the kind methods of my Guide. The only time I jibbed at learning was when some tyrannical teacher was whacking away at my poor old robe with a thoroughly unpleasant stick.

“You ask about colours, Lobsang. Well, certain vibrations are impressed upon one's aura as colours. Thus, by way of example, if a person is feeling miserable—if he is feeling thoroughly unhappy—then part of his senses will emit a vibration or frequency which approximates to the colour which we call blue, so that even people who are not

clairvoyant can almost perceive the blueness, and so that colour has crept into most languages throughout the world as indicating a blue mood an unpleasant, unhappy mood.” I was beginning to get the drift of the idea now but it still puzzled me how a person could be green with envy, and I said so. “Lobsang, by deduction you should have been able to reason for yourself that when a person is suffering from the vice known as envy his vibrations change somewhat so that he gives the impression to others of being green. I do not mean that his features turn green, as you are well aware, but he does give the impression of being green. I should also make it clear to you that when a person is born under a certain planetary influence, then he is affected more strongly by those colours.” “Yes!” I burst out, “I know that a person born under Aries likes red!” My Guide laughed at my eagerness and said, “Yes, that comes under the law of harmonics. Certain people respond more readily to a certain colour because the vibration of that color is in close sympathy with their own basic vibration. That is why an Aries person (for example) prefers a red colour because the Aries person has much red in his make-up and he finds the colour red itself pleasant to dwell upon.”

I was bursting to ask a question; I knew about these greens and blues, I could even make out why, a person should be in a brown study—because when a person was concentrating on a particular form of study his aura perhaps would be irritated with brown flecks. But I could not understand why a woman should be scarlet! “Honourable Lama!” I burst out, unable to contain my curiosity any longer, “why can a woman be called a scarlet woman?” My Guide looked at me as if he was going to burst and I wondered for a moment what I had said which had caused him to nearly throw a fit with suppressed amusement, then he told me, kindly and in some detail so that in future I should not be so unclear on any subject!

“I want also to tell you, Lobsang, that every person has

a basic frequency of vibration, that is, every person's molecules vibrate at a certain rate and the wavelength generated by a person's brain can fall into special groups. No two persons have the same wavelength—not the same wavelength identical in every respect, but when two people are near the same wavelength, or when their wavelength follows certain octaves of the other, then they are said to be compatible and they usually get on very well together.” I looked at him and wondered about some of our highly temperamental artists. “Honourable Lama, is it true that some of the artists vibrate at a higher rate than others?” I inquired. “Most certainly it is, Lobsang,” said my Guide, “if a man is to have what is known as inspiration, if he is to be a good artist, then his frequency of vibrations must be many times higher than normal. Sometimes it makes him irritable—difficult to get on with. Being of a higher rate of vibration than most of us he tends to look down on us lesser mortals. However, often the work that he turns out is so good that we can put up with his slight fads and fancies!”

I imagined this great keyboard stretching for several miles, and it did seem to me a strange thing if, in a keyboard stretching several miles, the human range of experiences would be limited only to about three notes, and I said so. “The human being, Lobsang, likes to think that he is the only thing in creation that is important, you know. Actually there are many many other forms of life besides humans. On other planets there are forms of life which are utterly alien to humans, and the average human could not even begin to understand such a form of life. On our mythical keyboard the inhabitants of a planet far far removed from this particular Universe would be right away at a different end of the keyboard from that of the humans. Again, people on the astral planes of existence would be higher up the keyboard, for a ghost who can walk through a wall is of such a tenuous nature that his own rate of vibrations would be high indeed although his molecular content would

be low.” He looked at me and laughed at my puzzled expression, and then explained, “Well, you see, a ghost can pass through a stone wall because a stone wall consists of molecules in vibration. There are spaces between every molecule, and if you can get a creature with molecules so small that they can fit between the spaces of a stone wall, then that particular creature would be able to walk through a stone wall with no obstruction whatever. Of course, the astral creatures have a very high rate of vibration, and they are of a tenuous nature, that is, they are not solid, which in its turn means that they have few molecules. Most people imagine that the space beyond our earth—beyond the edge of the air above us—is empty. That is not so, space has molecules throughout. They are mostly hydrogen molecules which are widely dispersed, but the molecules are there and they can indeed be measured in much the same way as can the presence of a so-called ghost be measured.” The Temple conches sounded, calling us once again to our Services. “We will talk about this again tomorrow, Lobsang, because I want you to be very clear on this subject,” said my Guide as we parted at the entrance to the Temple.

The ending of the Temple Service was the start of a race—a race to get food. We were all rather hungry for our own food supplies were exhausted. This was the day when a new supply of freshly roasted barley was available. In Tibet all monks carry a small leather pouch of barley which has been roasted and ground and which, by the addition of buttered tea, becomes tsampa. So we raced on, and soon joined the throng waiting to have their bags filled, then we went to the Hall where tea was available so that we could have our evening meal.

The stuff was terrible. I chewed at my tsampa and wondered if my stomach was wrong. There was a horrible, oily burnt taste to it, and I really did not know how I was going to get it down. “Faugh!” muttered the boy next to me, “this stuff has been burnt to a frazzle, none of us will be able to cram it down!” “It seems to me that everything

has been spoiled in this lot of food!" I said. I tried a bit more, screwing up my face in anxious concentration—wondering how I was going to cram it down. In Tibet to waste such food is a great offence. I looked about me, and saw that others were looking about them! The tsampa was bad, there was no doubt about that. Everywhere bowls were being put down and that was a very rare occurrence in our community where everyone was always just on the point of hunger. I hastily swallowed the tsampa in my mouth, and something very strange about it hit me with unexpected force in the stomach. Hastily scrambling to my feet, and apprehensively holding my mouth with my hand, I bolted for the door . . . !

"Well Young man," said a strangely accented voice as I turned back toward the door after having violently erupted the disturbing food. I turned and saw Kenji Tekeuchi, the Japanese monk who had been everywhere, seen everything, and done everything, and was now paying for it by way of periodic bouts of mental instability. He looked sympathetically at me, "Vile stuff, isn't it?" he remarked sympathetically, "I had the same difficulty as you and I came out here for the same reason. We shall have to see what happens. I am staying out for a few moments hoping that the fresh air will blow away some of the miasma which this bad food has caused." "Sir" I said diffidently, "you have been everywhere, and will you tell me why here in Tibet we have such dreadfully monotonous fare? I am sick to death of tsampa and tea, and tea and tsampa, and tsampa and tea. Sometimes I can hardly cram the muck down."

The Japanese looked at me with great understanding and even greater sympathy. "Ah! So you ask me because I have tasted so many different kinds of food? Yes, and so I have. I have traveled extensively throughout the whole of my life. I have had food in England, Germany, Russia—almost everywhere that you can mention. In spite of my priestly vows I have lived well, or at least I thought so at the time,

but now my dereliction from my vows has brought me to grief.” He looked at me and then seemed to jerk to life again. “Oh! Yes! You ask why you have such monotonous fare. I will tell you. People in the West eat too much, and they have too great a variety of food, the digestive organs work on an involuntary basis, that is, they are not controlled by the voluntary part of the brain. As we teach, if the brain through the eyes has an opportunity of assessing the type of food which is going to be consumed, then the stomach can release the necessary quantity and concentration of gastric juices in order to deal with the food. If, on the other hand, everything is crammed down indiscriminately, and the consumer is busily engaged in idle talk all the time, then the juices are not prepared, digestion cannot be accomplished, and the poor wretch suffers from indigestion and later, perhaps, from gastric ulcers. You want to know why your food is plain? Well! The plainer and, within reason, the more monotonous the food one consumes the better it is for the development of the psychic parts of the body. I was a great student of the Occult, I had great powers of clairvoyance, and then I stuffed myself with all sorts of incredible concoctions and even more incredible drinks. I lost all my metaphysical powers, so that now I have come here to the Chakpori so that I may be attended, so that I may have a place where I can rest my weary body before leaving this earth. And when I have left this earth in just a few short months from now, the body breakers will do the job—will complete the task—which an indiscriminate admixture of drinks and food started.” He looked at me and then gave one of those queer jumps again, and said, “Oh yes, my boy! You take my advice, you stick to plain food for all the days of your life and you will never lose your powers. Go against my advice and cram everything you can down your hungry gullet, and you will lose everything, and your gain? Well, my boy, you will gain indigestion; you will gain gastric ulcers together with a bad temper. Oh ho! I am going off, I can feel another

attack coming.” The Japanese monk, Kenji Tekeuchi rose shakily to his feet and tottered off in the direction of the Lamas' Quarters. I looked after him and shook my head sadly. I should very much have liked to have been able to talk to him much longer. What sort of foods were they? Did they taste good? Then I pulled myself up with a jerk; why tantalize myself when all I had before me was rancid buttered tea and tsampa which had been really burned so much that it was a charred mass, and in some way some strange oily compound had got into it. I shook my head and walked again into the Hall.

Later in the evening I was talking to my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. “Honourable Lama, why do people buy horoscopes from the peddlers down on The Way?” My Guide smiled sadly as he replied, “Of course, as you know, there cannot be any worthwhile horoscope unless it is individually prepared for the person to whom it is alleged to refer. No horoscope can be prepared on a mass production basis. The horoscopes sold by the peddlers on The Road below are merely so that they can get money from the credulous.” He looked at me and said, “Of course, Lob-sang, the pilgrims who have these horoscopes go back home and show they have a memento from the Potala! They are satisfied and so is the peddler so why bother about them? Everyone is satisfied.” “Do you think people should have horoscopes prepared for them?” I asked. “Not really, Lob-sang, not really. Only in certain cases such as your own case. Too often horoscopes are merely used to save a person the effort of adopting a course of action upon his own responsibility. I am very much against the use of astrology or horoscopes unless there is a definite, specific reason for it. As you know, the average person is like a pilgrim threading his way through the City of Lhasa. He cannot see the road ahead for the trees and the houses and the bends and curves in the road. He has to be prepared for whatever is coming. We here can look down upon the road and see any obstructions for we are at a higher elevation.

The pilgrim, then, is like a person with no horoscope. We being higher in the air than the pilgrim are like people with the horoscope, for we can see the road ahead, we can see obstacles and difficulties, and thus should be in a position to overcome difficulties before they really occur.”

“There is another thing which is troubling me greatly, Honourable Lama. Can you tell me how it is that we know things in this life that we knew in the past?” I looked at him most anxiously for I was always rather afraid of asking such questions as really I had no right to be delving so deeply into matters, but he took no offence, instead he replied, “Before we came to this earth, Lobsang, we mapped out what we intended to do. The knowledge was stored in our sub-conscious and if we could get in touch with our sub-conscious—as some of us can!—then we should know everything that we had planned. Of course, if we should know everything that we had planned there would be no merit in striving to better ourselves because we would know that we were working along a pre-determined plan. For some reasons sometimes a person will go to sleep or will get out of the body while conscious, and will get in touch with his Overself. Sometimes the Overself will be able to bring up knowledge from the sub-conscious and transfer it back to the body on earth, so that when the astral body returns to the flesh body there is knowledge in the mind of certain things that happened in a past life. It may be as a special warning not to commit a mistake which may have been committed for life after life. Sometimes a person has a great desire to commit suicide—as just one example—and if a person has been penalized life after life for doing that, then frequently they will have a memory of something about self-destruction in the hope that such a memory will cause the body to refrain from self-destruction.”

I pondered upon all this and then I walked to the window and looked out. Just below there was the fresh green of the swampy area and the beautiful green of the

leaves of the willow trees. My Guide broke into my reverie. “You like looking out of this window, Lobsang, does it occur to you that you look out so frequently because you find the green so soothing to your eyes?” As I thought about it I realized that I did instinctively see green after I had been working at my books. “Green, Lobsang, is the most restful colour for the eyes. It gives ease to tired eyes. When you go to the Western world you will find that in some of their theatres there is a place called the green room where actors and actresses go to rest their eyes after having been subjected to smoke-filled stages and bright glaring footlights and floodlights.” I opened my eyes in amazement at this, and I decided that I would pursue this matter of colours whenever the opportunity presented itself. My Guide said, “I have to leave you now, Lobsang, but tomorrow come to me again because I am going to teach you some other things.” He rose to his feet, patted me on the shoulder, and went out. For some time I stood looking out of the window looking out at the green of the swamp grass and the trees which were so restful to the eyes.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

I stood a little way down the path, looking down the mountainside. My heart was sick within me and my eyes were hot with the tears I dare not shed. The old man was being carried down the mountain. The Japanese monk, Kenji Tekeuchi, had “returned to his Ancestors.” Now the Disposers of the Dead were carrying his poor shriveled old body away from us. Was his Spirit even now wandering on a path lined with cherry blossoms? Or was he seeing the mistakes of his lifetime and planning his return? I looked down again before the men rounded a curve in the path. Looked down at the pathetic bundle that once had been a man. A shadow came over the sun, and for a time I imagined that I saw a face in the clouds.

Was it true, I wondered, that there were Guardians of the World? Great Spirit Guardians who saw to it that Man had suffering on Earth in order to live. Why, they must be like schoolteachers, I thought! Perhaps Kenji Tekeuchi would meet them. Perhaps he would be told that he had learned well. I hoped so, for he had been a frail old man who had seen much and suffered much. Or would he have to come down to the flesh again—reincarnate—so that he could learn more? When would he come? In some six hundred years, or now?

I thought of it; I thought of the service I had just left. The Service for Guiding the Dead. The flickering butter-lamps, flickering like the flames of a feeble life. I thought of the clouds of sweet-smelling incense which seemed to form into living creatures. For a moment I had thought Kenji Tekeuchi had come among us again as a living being instead of propped up before us as a wizened corpse. Now perhaps he would be looking at the Akashic Record, that

indelible Record of all that has ever happened. Maybe he would be able to see where he had gone wrong and remember for when he came again.

The old man had taught me a lot. In his strange way he had been fond of me, talking to me as an equal. Now he was no more on the Earth. Idly I kicked a stone and scuffed my worn sandals in the ground. Had he a mother? Somehow I could not imagine him as young, as having a family. He must have been lonely, living among us strangers, so far from his own land. So far from the warm breezes and his own Sacred Mountain. Often he had told me about Japan, and then his voice had grown hoarse and his eyes strange.

One day he had shocked me by saying that people probed into occult matters when they would be better off by waiting until they were ready, instead of trying to importune a Master. "The Master always comes when the Student is ready, boy!" he said to me, "and when you have a Master—do everything he says, for only then are you ready." The day was becoming duller. Clouds were forming overhead and the wind was beginning to whip up small stones again. Below me, in the Plain, a small group of men appeared from the base of the mountain. Gently they placed their pathetic bundle on the back of a pony, mounted their own, and slowly rode off. I stared out across the Plain, until at last the small cortege vanished from my sight. Slowly I turned away and trudged up the mountain.

THE END

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# LOBSANG RAMPA

## LIVING WITH THE LAMA



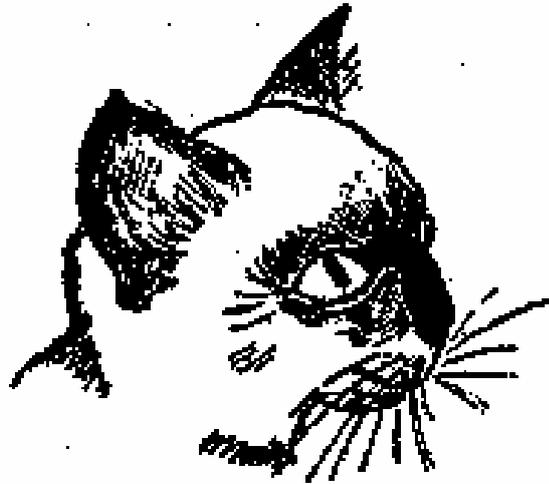
## FOREWORD

“You've gone off your head, Feef,” said the Lama. “Who will believe that YOU wrote a book?” He smiled down at me and rubbed under my chin in just the way I liked best before he left the room on some business.

I sat and pondered. “Why should I not write a book?” I thought. True that I am a Cat, but not an ordinary cat. Oh dear! No! I am a Siamese Cat who has traveled far and seen much. “Seen?” Well, of course, I am quite blind now, and have to rely on the Lama and the Lady Ku'ei to tell me of the present scene, but I have my memories!

Of course I am old, very old indeed, and not a little infirm, but is that not good reason why I should put on paper the events of my life, while I am able? Here, then, is my version of Living with the Lama, and the happiest days of my life; days of sunshine after a lifetime of shadows.

(Mrs.) Fifi Greywhiskers.



## CHAPTER ONE

Mother-to-Be was shrieking her head off. "I want a Tom," she yelled, "A nice STRONG Tom!" The noise, the People said, was TERRIBLE. But then, Mother was renowned for her loud calling voice. At her insistent demand, all the best catteries in Paris were combed for a suitable Siamese Tom with the necessary pedigree. Shriller and louder grew Mother-to-Be's voice. More and more distraught grew the People as they turned with renewed strength to the search.

At last a very presentable candidate was found and he and Mother-to-Be were formally introduced. From that meeting, in course of time, I appeared, and I alone was allowed to live, my brothers and sisters were drowned.

Mother and I lived with an old French family who had a spacious estate on the outskirts of Paris. The Man was a diplomat of high rank who journeyed to the City most days of the week. Often he would not return at night but would stay in The City with his Mistress. The woman who lived

with us, Mme. Diplomat, was a very hard woman, shallow and dissatisfied. We cats were not “Persons” to her (as we are to the Lama) but just things to be shown off at tea parties.

Mother had a glorious figure, with the blackest of black faces and a tail that stood straight up. She had won many many prizes. One day, before I was properly weaned, she sang a song rather more loudly than usual. Mme. Diplomat flew into a tantrum and called the gardener. “Pierre,” she shouted, “Take her to the pond instantly, I cannot bear the noise.” Pierre, an undersized, sallow faced little Frenchman who hated us because we sometimes helped him with the gardening by inspecting plant roots to see if they were growing, scooped up my beautiful Mother and put her into a dirty old potato sack and marched off into the distance. That night, lonely and afraid, I cried myself to sleep in a cold outhouse where Mme. Diplomat would not be disturbed by my lamentations.

I tossed restlessly, feverishly, on my cold bed of old Paris newspapers thrown on the concrete floor. Pangs of hunger wracked my small frame and I wondered how I would manage.

As the first streaks of dawn reluctantly struggled through the cobweb-covered windows of the outhouse, I started with apprehension as heavy footsteps clattered up the path, hesitated at the door, then pushed it open and entered. “Ah!” I thought in relief, “It is only Madame Albertine, the housekeeper.” Creaking and gasping she lowered her massive frame to the floor, dipped a gigantic finger into a bowl of warm milk and gently persuaded me to drink.

For days I walked in the shadow of sorrow, grieving for my murdered Mother, murdered solely because of her glorious singing voice. For days I felt not the warmth of the sun, nor thrilled to the sound of a well-loved voice. I hungered and thirsted, and depended wholly upon the good offices of Madame Albertine. Without her I should have starved to death, for I was then too young to eat unaided.

The days dragged on, and became weeks. I learned to fend

for myself, but the hardships of my early life left me with an impaired constitution. The estate was huge, and I often wandered about, keeping away from People, and their clumsy, unguided feet. The trees were my favorites, I climbed them and stretched at length along a friendly bough, basking in the sun. The trees whispered to me, telling me of the happier days to come in the evening of my life. Then I understood them not, but trusted, and kept the words of the trees ever before me, even in the darkest moments.

One morning I awakened with strange, ill-defined longings. I uttered a yelp of interrogation which, unfortunately, Mme. Diplomat heard. "Pierre!" she called, "Fetch a tomcat, any tomcat will do to break her in." Later in the day I was seized and thrown roughly into a wooden box. Almost before I was aware of anyone being present, a disreputable old tomcat leaped upon my back. Mother had had no opportunity to tell me much about the 'facts of life', so I was not prepared for what followed. The battered old tomcat leaped upon me, and I felt a shocking blow. For a moment I thought that one of the People had kicked me. There was a blinding flash of pain, and I felt something tear. I shrieked in agony and terror and raked fiercely at the old tom ; blood spattered from one of his ears and his yelling voice added to mine. Like a flash of lightning the box top was ripped off and startled eyes peered in. I leaped out; as I escaped I saw the old tom, spitting and snarling, jump straight at Pierre who tumbled over backwards at the feet of Mme. Diplomat.

Streaking across a lawn I made for the shelter of a friendly apple tree. Scrambling up the welcoming trunk, I reached a well-loved limb and lay at full length, panting. The leaves rustled in the breeze and gently caressed me. Branches swayed and creaked and slowly lulled me into the sleep of exhaustion.

For the rest of the day and the whole of the night I lay upon the branch; hungry, afraid and sick, wondering why humans were so savage, so uncaring of the feelings of little animals who were utterly dependent upon them. The night was cold,

and a light drizzle blew over from the City of Paris. I was soaked, and shivering, yet was terrified to descend and seek shelter.

The cold light of early morning slowly gave way to the dull grayness of an overcast day. Leaden clouds scudded across the lowering sky. Occasionally there was a spatter of rain. About mid-morning a familiar figure hove in sight from the direction of the House. Madame Albertine, waddling heavily, and clucking sympathetically, approached the tree, peering short-sightedly. I called weakly to her and she reached her hand towards me. "Ah! My poor little Fifi, come to me quickly for I have your food." I slid backwards along the branch and climbed slowly down the trunk. She knelt in the grass beside me, stroking me as I drank the milk and ate the meat which she had brought. With my meal finished, I rubbed gratefully against her knowing that she did not speak my language, and I did not speak French (although I fully understood it). Lifting me to her broad shoulder, she carried me to the House and took me to her room.

I looked about me in wide-eyed amazement and interest. This was a new room to me and I thought how very suitable the furnishings would be for stretching one's claws. With me still upon her shoulder, Madame Albertine moved heavily to a wide window seat, and looked out. "Ah!" she exclaimed, exhaling gustily, "The pity of it, amid all this beauty there is so much cruelty." She lifted me to her very ample lap and gazed into my face as she said, "My poor, beautiful little Fifi, Mme. Diplomat is a hard and cruel woman. A social climber if ever there was one. To her you are just a toy to be shown off. To me you are one of the Good God's own creatures. But you will not understand what I am saying, little cat!" I purred to show that I did, and licked her hands. She patted me and said, "Oh! Such love and affection going to waste. You will make a good mother, little Fifi."

As I curled more comfortably on her lap I glanced out of the window. The view was so interesting that I had to get up and press my nose to the glass in order to obtain a better view.

Madame Albertine smiled fondly at me as she playfully pulled my tail, but the view engaged my whole attention. She turned and rolled to her knees with a thud. Together we looked out of the window, cheek to cheek.

Below us the well-kept lawns looked like a smooth green carpet fringed by an avenue of stately poplar trees. Curving gently towards the left the smooth grayness of the Drive stretched away to the distant road from whence came the muted roar of traffic surging to and from the great Metropolis. My old friend the Apple Tree stood lonely and erect by the side of a small artificial lake, the surface of which, reflecting the dull grayness of the sky, took upon itself the sheen of old lead. Around the water's edge a sparse fringe of reeds grew, reminding me of the fringe of hair on the head of the old Curé who came to see "le Duc" — Mme. Diplomat's husband.

I gazed again at the Pond; and thought of my poor Mother who had been done to death there. "And how many others?" I wondered. Madame Albertine looked suddenly at me and said, "Why, my little Fifi, you are crying I think—yes, you have shed a tear. It is a cruel, cruel world, little Fifi, cruel for all of us." Suddenly, in the distance, little black specks which I knew to be cars turned into the Drive and came speeding up to the house to halt in a flurry of dust and a squeal of tires. A bell jangled furiously, causing my fur to stand up and my tail to fluff. Madame picked up a black thing which I knew was called a telephone, and I heard Mme. Diplomat's shrill voice pouring agitatedly from it: "Albertine, Albertine, why do you not attend to your duties? Why do I pay you? I am so charitable that I keep you. Come instantly, for we have visitors. You must not laze so Albertine!" The Voice clicked off, and Madame Albertine sighed with Frustration. "Ah! That the war has brought me to this. Now I work for sixteen hours a day for a mere pittance. You rest, little Fifi, and here is a box of earth." Sighing again, she patted me once more and walked out of the room. I heard the stairs creaking beneath her weight, then—silence.

The stone terrace beneath my window was swarming with people. Mme. Diplomat was bowing and being so subservient that I knew there were important persons. Little tables appeared as if by magic, were covered with fine white cloths (I used newspapers — Le Paris Soir — as MY tablecloth) and servants carried out food and drink in ample profusion. I turned away to curl up when a sudden thought made my tail fluff in alarm. I had overlooked the most elementary precaution; I had forgotten the first thing my Mother taught me. “ALWAYS investigate a strange room, Fifi,” she had said. “Go over everything thoroughly. Check all escape routes. Be wary of the unusual, the unexpected. Never NEVER rest until you know the room!”

Guiltily I rose to my feet, sniffed the air, and decided how to proceed. I would take the left wall first and work my way round. Dropping to the floor I peered beneath the window seat, sniffing for anything unusual. Getting to know the layout, the dangers and the advantages. The wall-paper was flowery and faded. Big yellow flowers on a purple background. Tall chairs, spotlessly clean but with the red velvet seating faded. The undersides of the chairs and tables were clean and free from cobwebs. Cats, you know, see the UNDERSIDE of things, not the top, and humans would not recognize things from our view-point.

A tallboy stood against one wall and I edged into the center of the room so as to decide how to get to the top. A quick calculation showed me that I could leap from a chair to the table — Oh! How slippery it was! — and reach the top of the tallboy. For a time I sat there, washing my face and ears as I thought things over. Casually I glanced behind me and almost fell over in startled alarm; a Siamese cat was looking at me — evidently I had disturbed her while she was washing. “Strange,” I thought, “I did not expect to find a cat here. Madame Albertine must be keeping it secret. I will just say ‘hello’ ” I moved towards her, and she, seemingly having the same idea, moved to me. We stopped with some sort of a window between us. “Remarkable!” I mused, “How can

this be?” Cautiously, anticipating a trick, I peered around the back of the window. There was no one there. Amazingly, every move I made she copied. At last it dawned upon me. This was a Mirror, a strange device Mother had told me about. Certainly it was the first I had seen because this was my first visit inside the House. Mme. Diplomat was VERY particular, and cats were not permitted inside the house unless she wanted to show us off — I so far had been spared that indignity.

“Still,” I muttered to myself, “I must get on with my investigation. The Mirror can wait.” Across the room I saw a large metal structure with brass knobs at each corner, and the whole space between the knobs covered in cloth. Hastily I leaped from the tallboy to the table — skidding a little on the high polish — and jumped straight on to the cloth covered metal structure. I landed in the middle and to my horror the thing threw me up into the air! As I landed again I started to run while I decided what to do next.

For a few moments I sat in the center of the carpet, a red and blue “swirly” design which, although spotlessly clean, had seen much better days elsewhere. It appeared to be just right for stretching claws, so I gave a few tentative tugs at it and it seemed to help me to think more clearly. OF COURSE! That huge structure was a bed. My bed was of old newspapers thrown on the concrete floor of an outhouse; Madame Albertine had some old cloth thrown over a sort of iron frame. Purring with pleasure that I had solved the mysterious matter, I walked toward it and examined the underside with vast interest. Immense springs, covered by what was obviously a tremendous sack, or split sack, bore the weight of the clothes piled upon it. I could clearly discern where Madame Albertine's heavy body had distorted some of the springs and caused them to sag.

In a spirit of scientific investigation I poked at a hanging corner of striped material at the far side near the wall. To my incredulous horror, FEATHERS fluttered out. “Great Tomcats!” I exclaimed, “She keeps DEAD BIRDS here.

No wonder she is so big — she must eat them in the night.” A few more cursory sniffs around, and I had exhausted all the possibilities of the bed.

Peering around, wondering where to look next, I saw an open door. Half a dozen leaps, and I cautiously crouched by a door post and edged forward so that one eye could get a first glimpse. At first sight the picture was so strange that I could not comprehend what I was seeing. Shiny stuff on the floor in a black and white pattern. Against one wall an immense horse trough (I knew about them, we had them near the stables!), while against another wall, on a wooden platform, was the largest porcelain cup that I had ever imagined. It rested on the wooden platform and had a white wooden lid. My eyes grew rounder and rounder and I had to sit and scratch my right ear while I thought it over. WHO would drink out of a thing this size, I wondered.

Just then I heard the sound of Madame Albertine climbing the creaking stairs. Barely stopping to see that my vibrassae was brushed back tidily, I rushed to the door to greet her. At my shouts of joy she beamed and said, “Ah! Little Fifi, I have robbed the best from the table for you. The cream, and the best of the frog legs, they are for you. Those pigs are stuffing away, FAUGH! They make me sick!” Stooping, she placed the dishes — REAL dishes! — right in front of me. But I had no time for food yet, I had to tell her how much I loved her. I roared with purrs as she swept me up to her ample bosom.

That night I slept at the foot of Madame Albertine's bed. Snuggled up on the immense coverlet I was more comfortable than at any time since my Mother was taken from me. My education raced ahead; I discovered the purpose of the “horse trough” and that which in my ignorance I had thought to be a giant porcelain cup. It made me blush all over my face and neck to think how ignorant I had been.

In the morning Madame Albertine dressed and went down the stairs. There came the sounds of much commotion, many loud voices. From the window I saw Gaston the chauffeur putting a high polish on the big Renault car. Then he disap-

peared, to return shortly dressed in his best uniform. He drove up to the front entrance and servants loaded the luggage space with many cases and bundles. I crouched lower; “Monsieur le Duc” and Mme. Diplomat went to the car, entered, and were driven down the Drive by Gaston.

The noise below me increased, but this time the sound was as of people celebrating. Madame Albertine came creaking and wheezing up the stairs, her face flushed with happiness and wine. “They have gone, Little Fifi,” she yelled, apparently thinking that I was deaf; “They have GONE — for a whole week we are free from their tyranny. Now we have fun!” Grasping me to her, she carried me down the stairs where a party was in progress. The servants all looked happier now, and I felt very proud that Madame Albertine was carrying me, although I feared that my weight of four pounds might tire her.

For a week we all purred together. At the end of that week we straightened the place and put on our most miserable expression in preparation for the return of Mme. Diplomat and her husband. We did not bother at all about him, he usually walked around fingering the Legion of Honor button in his coat lapel. Anyway, he was always thinking of the “Service” and Countries, not of servants and cats. Mme. Diplomat was the trouble, she was a virago indeed, and it was like a reprieve from the guillotine when we heard, on the Saturday, that they would be away for another week or two as they were meeting “The Best People.”

Time sped on. In the mornings I would help the gardeners by turning up a plant or two so that I might see if the roots were growing satisfactorily. In the afternoons I would retire to a comfortable branch on the old Apple Tree and dream of warmer climates and age-old temples where the yellow-robed priests moved silently around in pursuit of their religious offices. Then I would awaken suddenly to the sound of airplanes of the French Air Force roaring insanely across the sky.

I was becoming heavy, now, and my kittens were begin-

ning to stir within me. Movement was not so easy, I had to pick my steps. For some days past I had been in the habit of going to the Dairy and watching the milk from the cows being put into a thing which whirred and produced two streams, one of milk and one of cream. I sat upon a low shelf, out of everyone's way. The dairy maid would talk to me and I would answer her.

One evening I was sitting on the shelf, about six feet from a half full churn of milk. The dairymaid was talking to me about her latest boy friend and I was purring to her, assuring her that everything would be all right between them. Suddenly there was an ear-splitting shriek, like a Tom with his tail stepped on. Mme. Diplomat rushed into the Dairy shouting, "I told you not to have cats in here, you will POISON us!" She picked up the first thing to hand, a copper measure, and flung it with all her strength at me. It caught me in the side most violently and knocked me of into the milk churn. The pain was terrible. I could hardly paddle to keep afloat. I felt my insides oozing out. The floor shook under heavy footsteps, and Madame Albertine appeared. Quickly she tipped the churn and poured out the blood-stained milk. Gently she placed her hands upon me. "Call Mister the Veterinarian," she commanded. I swooned off.

When I awakened I was in Madame Albertine's bedroom, in a warmly-lined box. Three ribs were broken, and I had lost my kittens. For a time I was very ill indeed. Mister the Veterinarian came to see me often and I was told that he had said stern words to Mme. Diplomat. "Cruelty. Needless cruelty," he had said. "People will not like it. People will say that you are a bad woman. The servants told me," he said, "That the little mother cat was very clean and VERY honest. No, Mme. Diplomat, it was very bad of you."

Madame Albertine wet my lips with water, for I would turn pale at the thought of milk. Day after day she tried to persuade me to eat. Mister the Veterinarian said, "There is no hope now, she will die, she cannot live another day without food." I lapsed into a coma. From somewhere I seemed

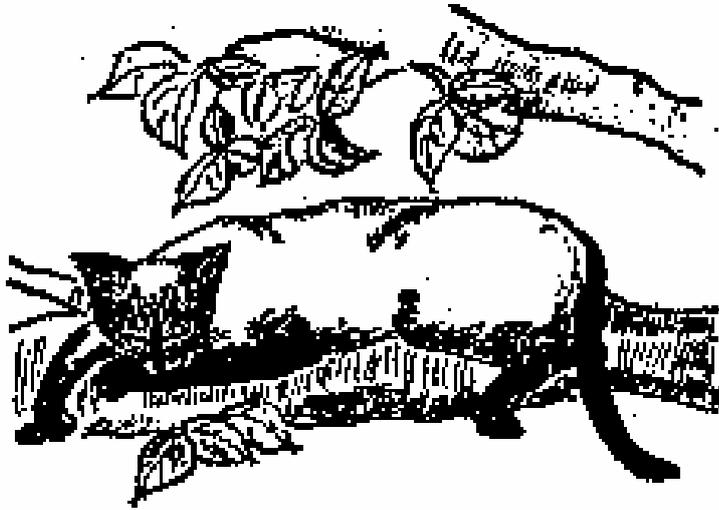
to hear the rustling of the trees, the creaking of branches. “Little Cat,” said the Apple Tree, “Little Cat, this is not the end. Do you remember what I told you, Little Cat.” Strange noises buzzed in my head. I saw a bright yellow light, saw wondrous pictures and smelled the pleasures of Heaven. “Little Cat,” whispered the trees, “This is not the end. Eat, and Live. Eat and Live. This is not the end. You have a purpose in life, Little Cat. You shall end your days in joy, in the fullness of years. Not now. This is not the end”

Wearily I opened my eyes and raised my head a trifle. Madame Albertine, with great tears streaming down her cheeks, knelt beside me, holding some finely sliced pieces of chicken. Mister the Veterinarian stood at a table filling a syringe from a bottle. Weakly I took a piece of chicken, held it in my mouth a moment, and swallowed it. “A Miracle! A Miracle!” said Madame Albertine.

Mister the Veterinarian turned, mouth agape, slowly put down the syringe and walked across to me. “It is, as you say, a miracle,” he remarked. “I was filling the syringe in order to administer the *coup de grâce* and thus save her any further suffering.” I smiled up at them and gave three beats of purr — all that I could manage. As I slipped again into sleep I heard him say “She will recover.”

For a week I was in a sorry state; I could not take a deep breath, nor could I manage more than a few steps. Madame Albertine had brought my earth box very close, for Mother had taught me to be scrupulously careful in my habits. About a week later, Madame Albertine carried me downstairs. Mme. Diplomat was standing at the entrance to a room looking stern and disapproving. “She must be taken to an outhouse, Albertine,” said Mme. Diplomat. “Begging your pardon, Ma'am,” said Madame Albertine, “She is not yet well enough, and if she is badly treated I and other servants will leave.” With a haughty sniff and stare, Mme. Diplomat turned on her heel and re-entered the room. In the kitchens, ‘below stairs,’ some of the older women came to speak to me and told me they were glad I looked better.

Madame Albertine gently put me on the floor so that I could move around and read all the news of things and people. I soon tired, for I was as yet far from well, and I went to Madame Albertine, looked up at her face, and told her I wanted to go to bed. She picked me up and carried me to the top of the house again. I was so tired that I was sound asleep before she laid me in my bed.



## CHAPTER TWO

It is easy to be wise after the event. Writing a book brings back one's memories. Through years of hardship I often thought of the words of the Old Apple Tree: "Little Cat, this is not the end. You have a purpose in life." Then I thought it was mainly a kindness to cheer me. Now I know better.

Now — in the evening of my life — I have much happiness; if I am absent for even a few moments I hear, "Where's Feef? Is she all right?" and I know that I am truly wanted for myself, not just for my appearance. In my young days it was different; I was merely a showpiece, or as modern people have it—a "conversation piece." The Americans would call it a gimmick.

Mme. Diplomat had two obsessions. She was obsessed with the idea that she should climb higher and ever higher in the social scale of France, and showing me off to people was a sure charm to success. It amazed me, because she hated cats (except in public), and I was not allowed in the house unless

there were visitors. The memory of the first “show off” is vivid in my mind.

I was in the garden on a warm, sunny day. For some time I had been studying the flowers, watching the bees carry pollen on their legs. Then I moved on to examine the foot of a poplar tree. A neighbor’s dog had recently been there and left a message which I wanted to read. Casting frequent glances over my shoulder to see that all was safe, I devoted my attention to the message. Gradually I became more and more interested and more and more withdrawn from the events around me. Unexpectedly, rough hands grabbed me and woke me from my contemplation of the dog-message. “Pssst!” I hissed as I leaped free, giving a backwards swipe as I did so. Quickly I scrambled up the tree trunk and looked down. “Always run first and look afterwards,” Mother had said, “It is better to run needlessly than to stop and never be able to run again.”

I looked down. There was Pierre the Gardener holding the end of his nose. A trickle of scarlet blood was leaking past his fingers. Looking at me with hate, he stooped, picked up a stone, and threw it with all his strength. I dodged round the trunk, but even so the vibration of the stone against the trunk almost shook me free. He bent to pick up another stone just as the bushes parted behind him and Madame Albertine, walking silently on the mossy ground, stepped through. Taking in the scene at a glance, she swiftly shot a foot forward, and Pierre fell face-down on to the earth. She grabbed him by his collar and jerked him upright. Shaking him violently — he was just a little man — she swung him round. “You hurt that cat and I KILL you, see! Mme. Diplomat sent you to find her, you son of a pig, not hurt her.”

“The cat jumped out of my hands and I fell against the tree and made my nose bleed,” Pierre muttered, “I lost my temper because of the pain.” Madame Albertine shrugged and turned to me. “Fifi, Fifi, come to Mama,” she called. “I’m coming,” I yelled as I put my arms round the tree trunk and slithered down backwards.

“Now you be on your best behavior, Little Fifi,” said Madame Albertine, “The Mistress wants to show you to her visitors.” The term “Mistress” always amused me. Monsieur le Duc had a Mistress in Paris, so how was Mme. Diplomat the Mistress. However, I thought, if they want her to be called “Mistress” as well it will not hurt me! These were very strange and irrational people.

We walked together across the lawn, Madame Albertine carrying me so that my feet should be clean for the visitors. Up the broad stone steps we went — I saw a mouse scurry into a hole by a bush — and across the balcony. Through the open doors of the Salon I saw a crowd of people sitting and chattering like a flock of starlings. “I have brought Fifi, Madame!” said Madame Albertine. “The Mistress” jumped to her feet and gingerly took me from my friend. “Oh my darling sweet little Fifi!” she exclaimed as she turned so quickly that I was made giddy. Women rose to their feet and crowded close, uttering exclamations of delight. Siamese Cats were a rarity in France in those days. Even the men present moved to have a look. My black face and white body, ending with a black tail, seemed to intrigue them. “Rarest of the rare,” said the Mistress, “A wonderful pedigree, she cost a fortune. So affectionate, she sleeps with me at night.” I yelled a protest at such lies, and everyone jumped back in alarm. “She is only talking,” said Madame Albertine, who had been ordered to stay in the Salon “just in case.” Like me, Madame Albertine's face was registering astonishment that the Mistress should tell such absolute falsehoods. “Oh, Renee,” said a women visitor, “You should take her to America when you go, American women can very greatly assist your husband's career if they like you and the little cat certainly draws attention.” The Mistress pursed up her thin lips so that her mouth completely disappeared. “Take her?” she queried, “How would I do that? She would make trouble and then there would be difficulties when we brought her back.”

“Nonsense, Renee, I am surprised at you,” replied her friend. “I know a vet who can give you a drug to put her to

sleep for the whole air trip. You can have her go in a padded box as diplomatic luggage.” The Mistress nodded her head, “Yes, Antoinette, I will have that address, please,” she answered.

For some time I had to remain in the Salon while people exclaimed at my figure, expressed amazement at the length of my legs and the blackness of my tail. “I thought all the best type of Siamese cat had a kinky tail,” said one. “Oh, no,” asserted the Mistress, “Siamese cats with kinked tails are not now the fashion. The straighter the tail the better the cat. Shortly we shall send this one to be mated then we shall have kittens for disposal.”

At long last Madame Albertine left the Salon. “Phew!” she exclaimed, “Give me four-legged cats any time rather than that two-legged variety.” Quickly I glanced around, I had never seen two-legged cats before and did not really understand how they would manage. There was nothing behind me except the closed door so I just shook my head in bewilderment and walked on beside Madame Albertine.

Darkness was falling and a light rain was pattering on the windows when the telephone in Madame Albertine's room jangled irritably. She rose to answer it and the Mistress's shrill voice disturbed the peace. “Albertine, have you the cat in your room?” “Yes, Ma'am, she is not yet well.” replied Madame Albertine. The Mistress's voice rose an octave, “I have told you, Albertine, I will not have her in the house unless visitors are here. Take her to the outhouse at once. I wonder at my goodness in keeping you, you are so useless!”

Reluctantly Madame Albertine drew on a heavy woolen knitted coat, struggled into a raincoat, and wrapped a scarf around her head. Lifting me, she wrapped a shawl around me and carried me down the backstairs. Stopping at the Servants' Hall to pick up a flashlight, she walked to the door. A blustering wind blew into our faces. Scudding clouds raced low across the night sky. From a tall poplar tree an owl hooted dismally as our presence scared off the mouse which he had been hunting. Rainladen branches brushed against us and

shed their load of water over us. The path was slippery and treacherous in the dark. Madame Albertine cautiously shuffled along, picking her steps by the feeble light of the flashlight, muttering imprecations against Mme. Diplomat and all she stood for.

The outhouse loomed before us, a darker patch in the darkness of the shading trees. She pushed open the door and entered. There was a frightening crash as a plantpot, caught by her voluminous clothes, swept to the floor. In spite of myself, my tail fluffed with fright and a sharp ridge formed along the length of my spine. Flashing her light in a semi-circle before her, Madame Albertine edged further into the shed toward the pile of old newspapers which was my bed. "I'd like to see That Woman shut in a place like this," she muttered to herself. "It would knock some of the fancy airs out of her." Gently she put me down, saw that there was water for me — I never drank milk now, only water — and put a few scraps of frogs' legs beside me. Patting my head, she slowly backed out and shut the door behind her. The fading sound of her footsteps was drowned by the keening of the wind and the pattering of the rain upon the galvanized iron roof.

I hated this shed. Often people forgot all about me, and I could not get out until the door was opened. All too frequently I stayed there without food or water for two or even three days. Shouts were of no avail, for it was too far from the house, hidden in a grove of trees far at the back of all other buildings. I would just lie and starve, becoming more and more parched, waiting for someone in the house to remember that I had not been seen about for a time, then come and investigate.

Now it is so different; here I am treated as a human. In place of near-starvation I always have food and drink, and I sleep in a bedroom on a real bed of my own. Looking back through the years it seems as if the past was a journey through a long night and I have now emerged into the sunlight and warmth of love. In the past I had to beware of heavy feet.

Now everyone looks out for ME! Furniture is never shifted unless I am made aware of its new location, because I am blind and old and can no longer fend for myself. As the Lama says, I am a dearly loved old granny who is enjoying peace and happiness. As I dictate this I sit in a comfortable chair where the warm rays of the sun fall upon me.

But all things in their place, the Days of Shadows were still upon me and the sunlight had yet to break through the storm-wrack.

Strange stirrings took place within me. Softly, for I was as yet unsure of myself, I sang a song. I padded round the grounds seeking SOMETHING. My longings were vague, yet urgent. Sitting beside an open window — not daring to enter — I heard Mme. Diplomat using the telephone. “Yes, she is calling. I will send her immediately and have her collected tomorrow. Yes, I want to sell the kittens as soon as possible.” Shortly after, Gaston came to me and put me in a stuffy wooden box with the lid fastened securely. The smell of the box, apart from the stuffiness was MOST interesting. Groceries had been carried in it. Frogs' legs and snails. Raw meats and things that were green. I was so interested that I hardly noticed when Gaston lifted the box and carried me off to the garage. For a time the box was left resting on the concrete floor. The smell of oil, and petrol made me feel sick. At last Gaston entered the garage again, opened the big front doors, and started up our second car, an old Citroen. Tossing my box rather roughly into the luggage space, he entered the front and drove off. It was a terrible ride, we took corners so fast that my box slid violently and stopped with a bump. At the next corner the process would be repeated. The darkness was intense, and the fumes from the engine exhaust made me choke and cough. I thought the journey would never end.

Violently the car swerved, there was the horrid squeal of skidding rubber, and as the car straightened and shot ahead once more my box rolled over, upside-down. I slid against a sharp splinter and my nose began to bleed. The Citroen juddered to a stop and soon I heard voices. The luggage

compartment was opened and for a moment there was silence, then, "Look, there is blood!" a strange voice said. My box was lifted, I felt swaying as someone carried it along. Some steps were climbed and shadow fell across the cracks of the box and I guessed that I was inside a house or shed. A door shut, I was lifted higher and put on a table.

Fumbling hands scraped against the outer surface, then the lid was thrown open. I blinked in the sudden light. "Poor little cat!" said a woman's voice. Reaching in she put her hands beneath me and lifted me out. I felt ill, sick and dizzy with the exhaust fumes, half stunned from the violent journey, and bleeding from the nose quite heavily. Gaston stood by looking white and frightened. "I must telephone Mme. Diplomat," said a man. "Don't lose me my job," said Gaston, "I drove very carefully." The man lifted the telephone while the woman mopped the blood from my nose. "Mme. Diplomat," said the man, "Your little cat is ill, she is underfed and she has been dreadfully shaken by this journey. You will lose your cat, Madame, unless greater care is taken of her."

"Good Gracious me," I heard Mme. Diplomat's voice reply, "Such a trouble for a mere cat. She IS looked after. I do not pamper her and spoil her, I want her to have kittens."

"But Madame," the man replied, "You will have no cat and no kittens if she is treated like this. You — have a very valuable Pedigree Siamese Cat here, of the best strain in the whole of France. I know, I bred her Mother. To neglect this cat is bad business, like using diamond rings to cut glass."

"I know you," answered Mme. Diplomat, "Is the chauffeur there, I want to speak to him." Silently the man passed the telephone to Gaston. For a time the torrent of words from the Mistress was so great, so vitriolic, that it defeated its own end and merely bemused the senses. At last, after much haggling, terms were agreed upon. I was to stay at — where was I? — until I was better. Gaston departed, still shivering as he thought of Mme. Diplomat. I lay upon the

table as the man and woman worked upon me. There was the sensation of just a little prick and almost before I realized it I was asleep.

It was a most peculiar sensation. I dreamed that I was in Heaven and a lot of cats were talking to me, asking where I came from, what I was doing, and who my parents were. They were speaking in best Siamese Cat French, too! Wearily I raised my head and opened my eyes. Surprise at my surroundings caused my tail to fluff and a ridge to form along the length of my spine. Inches from my face was a wire mesh door. I was lying on clean straw. Beyond the wire mesh door was a large room containing all kinds of cats and a few small dogs. My neighbors on each side were Siamese cats. "Ah! The wreckage is stirring!" said one. "My! Your tail did droop when you were carried in," said the other. "Where did you come from?" yelled a Persian from the opposite side of the room. "These cats make me sick," growled a Toy Poodle from a box on the floor. "Yeh," muttered a small dog just out of my line of sight, "Dese dames would get slapped down real good Stateside." "Hark at that Yank dog shootin' the breeze!" said someone nearby; "He hasn't been here long enough to have a right to talk. Just a boarder, that's what he is!"

"I'm Ghawa," said the cat on my right, "I've been spayed." "Me, I'm Song Tu," said the cat on my left; "I fought with a dog, gee, you should see that dog, I REALLY worked him over!"

"I'm Fifi," I responded timidly, "I didn't know there were any more Siamese cats than my late Mother and me." For a time there was quiet in the big room, then complete uproar broke out as a man entered bearing food. Everyone talked at once. Dogs demanding to be fed first, cats calling the dogs selfish pigs, the clatter of feeding dishes and the gurgle of water as drinking containers were filled. Then the slurp slurp as the dogs started eating.

The man came over and looked at me. The woman entered and came across. "She is awake," said the man. "Nice little

cat,” said the woman. “We shall have to build her up, she will not have kittens in her present state.” They brought me a plentiful supply of food, and moved on to others. I was not feeling so good, but thought it would be bad manners not to eat; so I set to and soon cleared up the whole lot. “Ah!” said the man, coming back, “She was starving.” “Let us put her in the Annexe,” said the woman, “She will get more sunlight there, I think all these other animals bother her.”

The man opened my box and cradled me in his arms as he carried me across the room and through a door which I had not been able to see before. “Goodbye,” yelled Ghawa. “Nice meeting you,” screamed Song Tu, “Remember me to the Toms when you meet them!” We passed through the doorway and entered a sunlit room where there was one large cage in the center. “Going to put her in the monkey cage, Boss?” asked a man whom I had not seen before. “Yes,” replied the man who was carrying me, “She needs looking after because she would not carry in her present state.” Carry? CARRY? What was I supposed to carry? Did they think I was going to work here at carrying dishes or something? The man opened the door of the big cage and put me in. It was nice, except for the smell of disinfectant. There were tree branches and shelves and a pleasant, straw-lined box in which I could sleep. I wandered around cautiously, for Mother had taught me to most thoroughly investigate any strange place before settling down. A tree branch was inviting, so I did my claws to show that I had settled in. By walking up the branch I found that I could look over a small hedge and see beyond.

There was a very very large enclosed space, with netting all the way around it and all the way across the top. Small trees and bushes studded the ground. As I watched, a most magnificent Siamese Tom strolled into view. He was a gorgeous figure, long and slim, with heavy shoulders and the blackest of black tails. As he walked slowly across the ground he was singing the latest love song. I listened entranced, but for the moment was too shy to sing back to him. My heart

fluttered, and I had the strangest feelings. A deep sigh escaped me as he wandered out of sight.

For a time I sat bemused on the topmost reach of that branch. My tail twitched spasmodically, and my legs trembled so much with emotion that they would scarce support me. What a Tom, what a superb figure! I could well imagine him gracing a Temple in far-off Siam, with yellow-robed priests greeting him as he lazed in the sun. And — was I mistaken?— I felt that he had glanced in my direction, knew all about me. My head was awl with thoughts of the future. Slowly, shakily, I descended the branch, entered the sleeping box, and lay down to think things over.

That night I slept restlessly, the next day the Man said I had a fever through the bad car journey and the exhaust fumes. I knew why I had the fever! His handsome black face and long sweeping tail had haunted my sleeping hours. The Man said I was in poor condition and must rest. For four days I lived in that cage, resting and eating. The next morning I was led to a little house inside the netting enclosure. Settling down, I looked about me and saw that there was a netting wall between my compartment and that of the Handsome Tom. His room was neat, and well kept, his straw was clean, and I saw that his bowl of water had no dust floating on the surface. He was not in then, I guessed that he was in the enclosed garden seeing about the plants.

Sleepily I closed my eyes and dozed off. A hearty voice jerked me awake and I glanced timidly towards the netting wall. “Well!” said the Siamese Tom, “Glad to meet you, I’m sure.” His big black face pressed close to the netting, his vivid blue eyes flashing his thoughts towards me. “We are being married this afternoon,” he said, “I’ll like that, will you?” Blushing all over, I hid my face in the straw. “Oh, don’t worry so,” he exclaimed, “We are doing noble work, there are not enough of us in France. You’ll like it, you’ll see!” he laughed as he settled down to rest after his morning walk.

At lunchtime the Man came in and laughed as he found us,

sitting close with only the netting between us, singing a duet. The Tom rose to his feet and roared to the Man: "Get this \* \* \* \*door out of the way!" using some words which made me blush all over again. The Man leisurely unlatched the door, hooked it back safely, and turned and left us.

Oh! That Tom, the ardor of his embraces, the things he said to me. Afterwards we lay side by side in a warm glow, and I had the chilling thought; I was not the first! I rose to my feet and strolled back to my own room. The Man came in and once again shut the screen door between us. In the evening he came and carried me back to the big cage. I slept soundly.

In the morning the Woman came and carried me off to the room at which I first entered the building. She put me on a table and held me securely while the Man carefully examined me all over. "I shall have to see this cat's Owner because the Little thing has been badly treated. See – " he said, pointing to my left ribs and pressing where it was still tender, "Something dreadful has happened to her and she is too valuable an animal to be neglected." "Shall we take a ride in that direction tomorrow and have a word with the Owner?" The Woman seemed to be really interested in me. The Man answered, saying, "Yes, we will take her back, we might be able to collect our fees at the same time. I will telephone her and say that we will deliver the cat and collect the money." He picked up the phone and eventually spoke to Mme. Diplomat. Her sole concern appeared to be that the 'cat delivery' might cost her a few francs more. Assured that it would not, she agreed to pay the bill as soon as I was returned. So it was decided, I should stay until the following afternoon and then should be returned to Mme. Diplomat.

"Here, Georges," called the Man, "Take her back to the monkey cage, she is staying until tomorrow." Georges, an old bent man whom I had not seen before; shambled over to me and lifted me with surprising care. Placing me on his shoulder he walked away. Into the Big Room he carried me, not stopping so that I could have a word with the others. Into the

Other Room, where he entered the Monkey Cage and shut the door behind us. For a few short moments he trailed a piece of string in front of me. "Poor little thing," he muttered to himself, "It is clear that no one has ever played with you in your short life!"

Alone once more; I walked up the sloping branch and looked out across the wired enclosure. No emotion stirred within me now, I knew that the Tom had plenty of Queens, and I was just one of a long line. People who know cats always call the males "toms" and the females "queens." It has nothing to do with pedigree, but is just a generic term.

A solitary branch was swaying, bending beneath a considerable weight. As I watched the big Tom sprang from the tree and plummeted to earth. Rushing up the trunk he did the same thing again, and again. I watched in fascination, then it dawned upon me that he was taking his morning exercise! Idly, for want of something better to do, I lay upon my branch and sharpened my claws until they shone like the pearls around Mme. Diplomat's neck. Then, bored, I slept in the comforting warmth of the noonday sun.

Some time later, when the sun was no longer directly overhead but had moved to warm some other part of France, I was awakened by a soft, motherly voice. Peering with some difficulty at a window almost out of my reach, I saw an old black queen, one who had seen many many summers. She was decidedly plump, and as she sat there on the window ledge, washing her ears, I thought how nice it would be to have a chat.

"Ah!" she said, "so you are awake. I hope you are enjoying your stay here; we pride ourselves that we give better service than anywhere else in France. Are you eating well?" "Yes, thank you," I replied, "I am being looked after very well. Are you Madame the Proprietess?"

"No," she answered, "Although many people think I am. I have the responsible task of teaching new Stud Toms their duties; I give them a try-out before they are put in general circulation. It is very important, very exacting work." We

sat for a few moments, absorbed in our own thoughts.

“What is your name?” I asked.

“Butterball,” she replied, “I used to be very plump, and my coat used to shine like butter, but that was when I was much younger,” she added. “Now I do a variety of tasks — besides THAT which I told you, you know. I also police the food stores to see that the mice do not disturb us.” She relaxed into contemplation of her duties, and then said, “Have you tried our raw horsemeat yet? Oh, you simply MUST try it before you leave. It is truly delicious, the best horsemeat you can buy anywhere. I believe that we may be having some for supper, I saw Georges — that's the helper, you know — cutting it up just a few moments ago.” She paused, then said in a satisfied voice, “Yes, I'm SURE there is horsemeat for supper.” We sat and thought, and washed a little, then Madame Butterball said, “Well, I must go, I will see that you get a good helping — I believe I can smell Georges bringing supper now!” She jumped from the window. In the Big Room behind me I could hear shouts and yells. “HORSEMEAT!” “Feed me first!” “I'm starving — quick, Georges!” But Georges took no notice, instead he came through the Big Room and straight in to me, serving ME first. “You first, Little Cat,” he said. “The others can wait. You are the quietest of the lot, so you get served first.” I purred at him to show that I fully appreciated the honor. He put before me a great quantity of meat. It had a wonderful scent. I rubbed against his legs and purred my loudest. “You are only a little cat,” he said, “I will cut it up for you.” He very civilly cut the whole lot into pieces then, with a “Have a good meal, cat!” he went off to attend to the others.

The meat was just wonderful, sweet to the taste, and tender to the tooth. At long last I sat back and washed my face. A scrabbling sound made me look up just as a black face with twinkling eyes appeared at the window. “Good, wasn't it?” said Mme. Butterball. “What did I tell you? We serve the best horsemeat obtainable here. You wait, though; FISH for breakfast! Lovely stuff, I have just tasted it myself, Oh well,

have a good night!” With that she turned and was gone.

Fish? I could not think of food now, I was full. This was such a change from the food at home, there I was given scraps which humans had left, messed up stuff with silly sauces which often burned my tongue. Here rats lived in real French style.

The light was fading as the sun set in the Western sky. Birds came flapping home, old ravens calling to their fellows, discussing the events of the day. Soon the dusk deepened, and bats came fluttering by, their leathery wings creaking as they wheeled and turned in pursuit of night insects. Over the tall poplar trees the orange moon peeped shyly, as if hesitant about intruding upon the darkness of the night. With a sigh of contentment, I climbed lazily into my box and fell asleep.

I dreamed, and all my longings came to the surface. I dreamed that someone wanted me just for myself, just for companionship. My heart was full of love, love which had to be suppressed because no one at my home knew of a little girl cat's longings and desires. Now, as an old woman cat, I am surrounded with love and I give my all in return. We know hardship, now, and shortages, but to me this is THE perfect life, where I am one with the family and loved as a real person.

The night passed. I was restless and ill at ease wondering about going home. Would it be hardship again? Would I have a bed of straw instead of old, damp newspapers? I wondered. The next thing I knew it was daylight. A dog was barking mournfully in the Big Room. “I want out, I want out,” he was saying, over and over. “I want out!” Nearby a bird was telling off her mate for being late with the breakfast. Gradually the usual sounds of the day came to life. The bell in a church tower clanged as its brazen voice called the humans to do some sort of service. “After Mass I am going to the town to get a new blouse, will you give me a lift?” asked a female voice. They passed from my hearing before I could catch the man's reply. The clattering of buckets reminded

me that it would soon be time for breakfast. From the netted enclosure the Handsome Tom lifted up his voice in a song of praise to greet the new day.

The Woman came with my breakfast. "Hello, cat," she said, "Have a good meal because you are going home this afternoon." I purred and rubbed against her to show that I understood. She was wearing new, frilly underthings, and she appeared to be in the best of spirits. I often smile to myself when I think of how we cats see people! Often we can tell a person's mood by their underclothes. Our viewpoint is different, you see.

The fish was very good, but it was covered with some meal, or wheatey stuff, which I had to scrape off. "Good, isn't it?" said a voice from the window.

"Good morning, Madame Butterball," I replied. "Yes, this is very good, but what is this covering to it?" Madame Butterball laughed good-naturedly. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "You must be a country girl! Here we ALWAYS — but ALWAYS — have cereals in the morning so that we get our vitamins." "But why did I not have them before?" I persisted. "Because you were under treatment and had them in liquid form." Madame Butterball sighed, "I must go now, there is always so much to do, and so little time. I will try to see you before you leave." Before I could reply she had jumped off the window, and I could hear her rustling through the bushes.

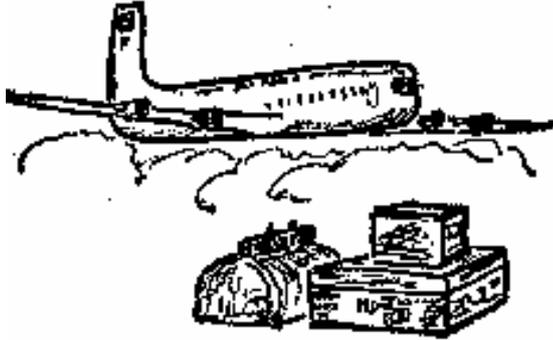
There was a confused babble of talk from the Big Room. "Yeh," said the American dog, "So I sez to him, I don't want you nosin' around MY lamp post, see! You allus snoops round to see what you can sniff out." Tong Fa, a Siamese Cat who came in late in the evening, was talking to Ghawa. "Tell me, Madame, are we not permitted to investigate the grounds here?" I curled up and had a sleep, all this talk was making my head ache.

"Shall we put her in a basket?" I awoke with a start. The Man and the Woman entered my room by a side door. "Basket?" asked the Woman, "No, SHE does not need

putting in a basket, I will have her on my lap.” They walked to the window and stood talking. “That Tong Fa,” mused the Woman, “It is a shame to put him to sleep. Can't we do something about it” The Man shifted uncomfortably and rubbed his chin. “What CAN we do? The cat is old and nearly blind. The Owner has no time for him. What CAN we do?” There was silence for a long time. “I don't like it,” said the Woman, “it's murder!” The Man remained silent. I made myself as small as possible in a corner of the cage. Old and blind? Was that grounds for a death sentence? No thought for years of devotion and love, kill the Old Ones off if they could not fend for themselves. Together the Man and the Woman walked into the Big Room and gently took old Tong Fa from his cage.

The morning dragged on. I had somber thoughts. What would happen to me when I was old? Apple Tree had told me that I would have happiness, but when one is young and inexperienced waiting seems an age without end. Old Georges came in. “Here is a little horsemeat, small cat. Eat it up because you are going home soon.” I purred and rubbed against him, and he stooped to stroke my head. Barely had I finished eating, and doing my toilet, when the Woman came for me. “Here we go, Fifi!” she exclaimed, “Home to Mme. Diplomat (the old witch).” She picked me up and carried me through the side door. Madame Butterball was waiting. “Goodbye, Feef,” she yelled, “Come and see us again soon.” “Goodbye, Madame Butterball,” I replied, “Many thanks for your hospitality.”

The Woman walked on to where the Man was waiting beside a big old car. She got in, made sure the windows were almost shut, then the Man got in and started the engine. We drove off and turned on to the road leading to my home.



### CHAPTER THREE

The car hummed along the highway. Tall poplar trees stood proudly at the side of the road, with frequent gaps in their ranks as testimony to the ravages of a great war, a war which I knew about only by listening to humans. We sped on, seemingly endlessly. Vaguely I wondered how these machines worked, how did they run so fast and so long? It was but a vagrant thought, my attention was almost wholly held by the sights of the passing countryside.

For the first mile or so I had sat upon the Woman's lap. Curiosity got the better of me, and I walked somewhat unsteadily to the back of the car and sat on a shelf level with the rear window, a shelf where there was a Michelin guide, maps and other things. I could see the road behind us. The Woman moved up close to the Man and they murmured sweet things together. I wondered if she also was going to have kittens.

The sun was an hour across the sky as the Man said, "We should be almost there." "Yes," replied the Woman, "I believe it is the big house a mile and a half beyond the church. We shall soon find it." We drove on more slowly now, slowing to a stop as we turned into the Drive and found the

gates shut. A discreet “toot” and a man came running out of the Lodge and approached the car. Seeing and recognizing me, he turned and opened the gates. It gave me quite a thrill to realize that I had been instrumental in having the gates opened without there having to be any explanations given.

We drove on, and the Gatekeeper gravely acknowledged me as we passed. My life had been very narrow, I decided, for I had not even known of the Lodge, or of the gates. Mme. Diplomat was at the side of one of the lawns talking to one of Pierre's helpers. She turned at our approach and walked slowly towards us. The Man stopped the car, got out, and bowed politely to her. “We have brought your little cat, Madame,” he said, “and here is a certified copy of the Stud Tom's pedigree.” Mme. Diplomat's eyes opened wide when she saw me sitting in the car. “Did you not confine her in a box?” she asked. “No, Madame,” replied the Man, “She is a good little cat and she has been quiet and well-behaved all the time she was with us. We consider her to be an exceptionally well-behaved cat.” I felt myself blushing at such praise, and I confess that I was unmannerly enough to purr with complete agreement. Mme. Diplomat imperiously turned to the assistant gardener and said, “Run to the House, tell Madame Albertine I want her instantly.” “Yah!” yelled the Lodgekeeper's Tomcat from behind a tree, “I know where you have been! Us Working Toms are not good enough for you, you have to have Fancy Boys!” “Oh my goodness,” said the Woman in the car, “there is a cat. Fifi must be kept from Toms.” Mme. Diplomat whirled, and threw a stick which she snatched from the ground. It missed the Lodgekeeper's cat by feet. “Ha! Ha!” he laughed as he ran off, “You couldn't hit a church steeple with a whisk-broom if you were six inches from it, you \* \* \* \* \* old woman!” I blushed again. The language was terrible, and I felt a deep sense of relief as I saw Madame Albertine waddling down the Drive at top speed, her face radiant with welcome. I yelled at her and jumped straight into her arms, telling her how much I loved her, how I had missed her, and all that

had happened to me. For a time we were oblivious to everything except each other, then Mme. Diplomat's rasping voice jerked us back to the present. "ALBERTINE!" she grated, "Are you aware that I am addressing you? Pay attention immediately."

"Madame," said the Man who had driven me, "This cat has been neglected. She has not had enough to eat. Scraps are NOT good enough for Pedigree Siamese Cats, and they should have a warm, comfortable bed. This cat is VALUABLE," he went on, "and would be a show-cat if she were better looked after."

Mme. Diplomat fixed him with a haughty glare, "This is just an animal, my man, I will pay your bill, but do not try to teach me my business." "But Madame, I am trying to save your valuable property," said the Man, but she brushed him to silence as she read through the bill, clucking with displeasure at the items there. Then, opening her purse, she took out her check book and wrote something on a piece of paper before handing it to him. Rudely Mme. Diplomat turned and stalked off. "We have to live through this every day," whispered Madame Albertine to the Woman. They nodded in sympathy and drove slowly away.

Almost a week I had been away. Much must have happened during my absence. I spent the rest of the day going round from place to place renewing past associations, and reading all the news. For a time I rested snug and secure on a branch of my old friend the Apple Tree.

Supper was the usual scraps, of good quality, but still scraps. I thought how perfectly wonderful it would be to have something bought specially for me instead of always having "leavings." With the coming of dusk Gaston came in search of me, and having found me snatched me off the ground and hurried to the outhouse with me. Wrenching open the door, he flung me into the dark interior, slammed the door behind him, and departed. Being French myself, I am very greatly pained to admit that French humans are very hard indeed on animals.

Day ran into day and merged into weeks. Gradually I assumed a matronly figure and became slower in my movements. One night when I was almost at full term, I was roughly thrown into the outhouse by Pierre. As I landed on the hard concrete floor I felt a terrible pain, as if I were splitting. Painfully, in the darkness of that cold outhouse, my five babies were born. When I had recovered a little I shredded some paper and made a warm nest for them, then carried them one by one to it.

The next day no one came to see me. The day dragged on, but I was still busy feeding my babies. Night found me faint with hunger and absolutely parched, for there was neither food nor water in the outhouse. The following day brought no relief, no one came, and the hours dragged and dragged. My thirst was almost unbearable and I wondered why I should have to suffer so. With nightfall the owls swooped and hooted about the mice they had caught. I, and my kittens lay together, and I wondered how I would live through the next day.

The day was well advanced when I heard footsteps. The door was opened, and there stood Madame Albertine looking pale and ill. She had got specially from her bed as she had had "visions" of me in trouble. As was her wont, she had brought food and water. One of my babies had died during the night, and Madame Albertine was almost too furious to speak. Her fury was so great at the manner in which I had been treated that she went and brought Mme. Diplomat and Monsieur le Duc. Mme. Diplomat's sorrow was at the loss of one kitten, and the loss of money which that meant. Monsieur le Duc managed a sickly smile and said, "Perhaps we can do something about it. Someone should speak to Pierre."

Gradually my children grew stronger; gradually they opened their eyes. People came to see them, money changed hands, and almost before they were weaned they were taken from me. I wandered inconsolable around the estate. My lamentations disturbed Mme. Diplomat and she ordered me to be shut up until I was quiet.

By now I was used to being shown off at social gatherings, and thought nothing of being taken from my work in the gardens in order to parade through the Salon. One day it was different. I was taken to a small room where Mme. Diplomat sat writing at a desk, and a strange man sat opposite her. "Ah!" he exclaimed as I was brought into the room, "so this is the cat?" In silence he examined me, screwed up his face and played with one of his ears. "She is somewhat neglected. To drug her so that she can be carried as luggage aboard a plane will undermine her constitution." Mme. Diplomat scowled angrily at him; "I am not asking you for a lecture, Mister the Veterinarian," she said, "if you will not do as I ask many more will. Good Gracious!" she expostulated in fury, "What a fuss about a mere cat!" Mister the Veterinarian shrugged his shoulders helplessly, "Very well, Madame," he replied, "I will do as you wish, for I have my living to earn. Call me an hour or so before you are due to board the plane." He rose to his feet, groped about for his case, and blundered out of the room. Mme. Diplomat opened the French windows and chased me into the garden.

There was an air of suppressed excitement about the house. Great cases were being dusted and cleaned, and Monsieur le Duc's new rank was being painted on them. A carpenter was called and told to make a wooden traveling box which would fit inside a case and capable of holding a cat. Madame Albertine fluttered around looking as if she hoped Mme. Diplomat would drop dead!

One morning, about a week later, Gaston came to the out-house for me and took me to the garage without giving me any breakfast. I told him I was hungry, but as usual he did not understand. Mme. Diplomat's maid, Yvette, was waiting in the Citroen. Gaston put me in a wicker basket with a strapped top, and I was lifted on to the back seat. We drove off at a very fast rate. "I don't know why she wants the cat drugged," said Yvette, "The Regulations say that a cat may be taken into the U.S.A. without any difficulties." "Aw," said Gaston, "That woman is crazy, I have given up trying

to guess what makes HER tick!" They relapsed into silence and concentrated on driving faster and faster. The jouncing was terrible; my small weight was not enough to press down the seat springs, and I was becoming more and more bruised from hitting the sides and top of the basket.

I concentrated on keeping my legs outstretched, and sank my claws into the basket. Truly it was a grim battle to prevent myself from being knocked unconscious. I lost all count of time. Eventually we skidded to a screaming stop. Gaston grabbed my basket and rushed up some steps and into a house. The basket was plonked on to a table and the lid removed. Hands lifted me and set me down on the table. Immediately I fell over, my legs would no longer support me, I had been tensed too long. Mister the Veterinarian looked at me in horror and compassion. "You could have killed this cat," he exclaimed angrily to Gaston, "I cannot give her an injection today!" Gaston's face flamed with anger. "Drug the \* \* \* \* cat, the plane leaves today, you have been paid, haven't you?" Mister the Veterinarian picked up the telephone. "No use in you phoning," said Gaston, "The Family are at Le Bourget Airport, and I'm in a hurry." Sighing, Mister the Veterinarian picked up a big syringe and turned to me. I felt a sharp and painful stab deep within my muscles and the whole world turned blood red, then black. Faintly I heard a voice say, "There! That will keep her quiet for . . ." Then oblivion complete and utter descended upon me.

There was a dreadful roaring, I was cold and miserable, and breathing was a shocking effort. Not a gleam of light anywhere, I had never known such darkness. For a time I feared that I had gone blind. My head was splitting, never before had I felt so ill, so neglected, and so miserable.

Hour after hour the horrid roaring continued, I thought my brain would burst. There came strange pressures to my ears and things inside them went click and pop. The roaring changed, becoming fiercer, then there was a jarring clang and I was thrown violently to the top of my box. Another jar,

and another and the roaring subsided. Now there came a strange rumbling, like the wheels of a fast car on a concrete highway. Strange jerks and rumbles, and then the roaring died. Other noises took over, the scraping of metal, muffled voices, and a chug-chug directly beneath me. With a shattering crash a great metal door opened beside me, and strange men came clattering in to the compartment where I was. Rough hands grabbed cases and threw them on .to a moving belt which conveyed them out of sight. Then came my turn; I sailed through the air and landed with a bone jarring thud. Beneath me something went 'rumble-rumble swish-swish.' A bang, and my journey stopped. I lay on my back and saw a dawn sky through some air holes. "Gee, dis heah's a cat!" said a strange voice. "Okay, Bud its not our worry," replied another man. Unceremoniously my case was grabbed and thrown on to some sort of vehicle. Other cases were piled around and on top, and the motor thing started off with a 'rumpf rumpf rumpf' noise. With the pain and the shock I lost consciousness.

I opened my eyes and found that I was gazing at a naked electric light bulb, gazing through wire netting. Weakly I struggled to my feet and tottered to a dish of water which I saw nearby. It was almost too much strain to drink, almost too much trouble to go on living, but having drunk I felt the better for it. "Well, well, Ma'am," said a wheezing voice, "So you is awake!" I looked and there was a little old black man opening a tin of food. "Yaas, Ma'am," he said, "You'n me we both got black faces, I guess I look after you good, eh?" He slipped the food in and I managed a weak purr to show that I appreciated his kindness. He stroked my head, "Gee, ain't dat sumpin!" he muttered to himself, "Jest wait till I tell Sadie, Man of man!"

To be able to eat again was wonderful. I could not manage much because I felt terrible, but I made an attempt so that the black man should not feel insulted. Then I had another peck and a drink, and after that I felt sleepy. There was a rug in the corner, so I curled up on it and went to sleep.

Eventually I found that I was in an hotel. Staff people kept coming down to the basement to see me. "Oh! Isn't she cute?" said the girl servants. "Wow! Just look at those eyes, man! Are they beautiful!" said the men. One visitor was very welcome, a French Chef. One of my admirers called through a telephone; "Hey, Françoise, come down here, we have a French Siamese Cat!" Minutes later a fat man waddled down the corridor, "You 'av ze chat francaise no?" he said to the men standing around. I purred louder and louder, it was quite a link with France to see him. He came over and peered short-sightedly and then burst into a torrent of Parisian French. I purred and yelled at him that I understood him perfectly. "Saay!" said a hushed voice, "Whadye-know? Old Francois and The Cat sure are hitting it off together on all cylinders."

The black man opened my cage door and I leaped straight into Francois' arms, he kissed me and I gave him some of my very best licks, and when I was put in the cage again he had tears in his eyes. "Ma'am," said my black attendant, "You sure ev made a hit. Guess you eat pretty good now." I liked my attendant, like me he had a black face. But pleasant things did not last for me. Two days later we moved to another city in the U.S.A. and I was kept in an underground cellar for almost the whole of my time. For the next several years life was the same day after day, month after month. I was used to produce kittens which were taken from me almost before I had them weaned.

At long last Monsieur le Duc was recalled to France. Once again I was drugged and knew no more until I awakened, sick and ill, at Le Bourget. Homecoming, to which I had looked with avid pleasure, was instead a sad affair. Madame Albertine was no longer there, she had died a few months before we returned. The Old Apple Tree had been cut down and much remodeling of the House had taken place.

For some months I wandered disconsolately around, bringing a few families into the world and seeing them taken from me before I was ready. My health began to fail and more

and more kittens were born dead. My sight became uncertain, and I learned to “sense” my way round. Never did I forget that Tong Fa had been killed because he was old and blind!

When we had been back from America for almost two years, Mme. Diplomat wanted to go to Eire to see if it was a suitable place for her to live. She had the fixed idea that I had brought her luck (although she was no kinder to me for it!) and I had to go to Eire as well. Once again I was taken to a place where I was drugged, and for a time life ceased to exist for me. Much much later I woke up in a cloth lined box in a strange house. There was a constant drone of aircraft in the sky. The smell of burning peat tickled my nostrils and made me sneeze. “She is awake,” said a broad Irish voice. What had happened? Where was I? Panic struck me but I was too weak to move. Only later, through hearing the talk of humans, and through being told by an Airport cat, did I get the story.

The plane had landed on the Irish Airport. Men had removed the luggage from the luggage compartment. “Hey, Paddy, there's an old dead cat in here!” said one of the men. Paddy, the foreman, moved to look. “Get the Inspector,” he said. A man talked into his ‘walkie-talkie’ and soon an Inspector from the Animal Department came on the scene. My box was opened and I was gently lifted out. “Get the Owner,” said the Inspector. While waiting he examined me. Mme. Diplomat walked angrily over to the little group about me. Starting to bluster, and tell how important she was, she was soon cut short by the Inspector. “The cat is dead,” he said, “killed by vicious cruelty and neglect. She is in kitten, and you have drugged her with a view to evading Quarantine. This is a serious offence.”

Mme. Diplomat started to weep, saying that it would affect her husband's career if she were prosecuted for such an offence. The Inspector pulled at his bottom lip, then, on a sudden decision, said, “The animal is dead. Sign a waiver that we may dispose of the body and we will say no more

about it this time. But I advise you NOT to keep cats again!” Mme. Diplomat signed the proffered paper and walked off sniffing. “All right, Briari,” said the Inspector, “Get rid of the body.” He walked away and one of the men lifted me into the box again and carried me off. Very vaguely I heard the sound of earth being turned, the clink of metal on stone as perhaps a shovel scraped against an obstruction. Then I was lifted, and faintly heard, “Glory be! She is alive!” With that my consciousness faded again. The man, so I was told, looked about him surreptitiously, then, assured that he was unobserved, filled in the grave that he had dug for me, and hurried with me to a nearby house. Nothing else was known to me until – “She is awake,” said a broad Irish voice. Gentle hands stroked me, someone wet my lips with water. “Sean,” said the Irish voice, “This cat is blind. I have been waving the light in front of her eyes and she does not see it.” I was terrified, thinking they would kill me because of my age and sightlessness. “Blind?” said Sean, “Sure, 'tis a lovely creature she is. I'll go and see the Supervisor and get the rest of the day off. Sure and I'll be after taking her to my Mother, she will look after her. We can't keep her here.” There was the sound of a door opening, and closing. Gentle hands held food just beneath my mouth and being famished, I ate. The pain inside me was terrible and I thought I would soon die. My sight was gone completely. Later, when I lived with the Lama he spent much money to see what could be done, but it was then discovered that my optic nerves had been severed by the banging about that I had had.

The door opened and closed. “Well?” asked the woman. “I told the Supervisor I felt upset that one of God's creatures should be treated so.” He said “Aw, sure, Sean, you always were a one to feel such things, yes, take time off.” So here I am. “How is she doing?”

“Hmm, so so,” answered his wife, “I wet her lips and she had a bite of fish. She will recover, but she has had a terrible time.” The man fidgeted around, “Get me some food, Mary, and I will take the cat off to mother. I'll go out now and look

to me tires.” I sighed, MORE traveling, I wondered. The pain within me was a dull throbbing ache. Around me there was the clatter of dishes, and the sound of a fire being raked. Presently the woman went to the door and called, “Tea, Sean, the kettle is on the boil”. Sean came in and I heard him wash his hands before settling down to his meal.

“We have got to keep this quiet,” said Sean, “or we shall have the Garda after us. If we can get her well, her kittens will bring us money. These creatures are valuable, you know.” His wife poured another cup of tea before answering. “Your mother knows all about cats, she will bring this one round if anyone will. Get yourself gone before the others come off work.” “Aye, that I will,” said Sean as he pushed back his chair noisily and rose to his feet. They came over to me and I felt my box being lifted. “You can't put the box on the carrier, Sean,” said the woman, “keep it under your arm, I will fix a sling so that you can take the weight across your shoulders, not that SHE has much weight, poor little soul!” Sean, with a strap across his shoulders and around my box, turned and left the house. The cool Irish air wafted wonderfully into my box, carrying an invigorating tang of the sea. It made me feel much better — if only the dreadful pain would go away! A ride on a bicycle was an absolutely new experience to me. A gentle breeze came through the air-holes and there was a slight swaying which was not displeasing, it reminded me of lying on the high branches of a tree which was swaying in the wind. A most curious creaking noise puzzled me for some time. At first I thought that my box was falling apart, then by concentrating carefully I decided that the seat-thing upon which Sean sat needed oil. Soon we came to rising ground. Sean's breath began to rasp in his throat, the pedals moved slower and slower, eventually slowing to a stop. “Ah, Begob!” he exclaimed, “'tis a heavy box you have!” Resting my box on the saddle — yes, it DID squeak! — he trudged on up the hill, slowly pushing the bicycle. Stopping, he unlatched a gate, and pushed the bicycle through, there was the scrape of wood against metal,

and the gate slammed shut behind us. “What am I going in to now?” I wondered. The pleasant smell of flowers came to my nostrils; I sniffed appreciatively.

“And what have ye brought me, my son?” asked an elderly voice. “I’ve brought Herself to you, Mother,” replied Sean proudly. Resting the machine against a wall, he lifted my box, carefully wiped his feet and entered a building. With a sigh of relief he sat down and told his mother the whole story, so far as he knew it, about me. Fumbling with the box lid he threw it back. For a moment there was silence. Then, “Ah! ’tis a wonderful creature she must have been in her heyday. Look at her now, with her coat rough with neglect. Look at her ribs showing. Ah! ’tis a cruel shame to treat creatures so!”

At last I was lifted out and set upon the floor. It is disconcerting to suddenly lose one’s sight. First, as I took my staggering steps, I bumped into things. Sean muttered, “Mother, d’ye think we should — YOU know!” “No, my son, no, these are very intelligent cats, VERY intelligent cats indeed. You will remember I told you I had seen them in England. No no, give her time, she will manage.” Sean turned to his mother, “Mother, I am going to take the box back and turn it in to the Supervisor in the morning, you know.” The old woman bustled about, bringing food and water and — most necessary, leading me to a box of earth! Eventually Sean departed with a promise to come in a few days time. The old woman carefully locked the door and threw another lump of peat on the fire, mumbling to herself all the time in what I took to be the Irish language. To cats, of course, language does not matter much because we converse and listen by telepathy. Humans THINK in their own language and it is sometimes a little confusing for a French Siamese cat to sort out thought-pictures framed in some other language.

Soon we lay down to sleep, I in a box beside the fire, and the old woman on a couch at the far side of the room. I was utterly exhausted, yet the pain gnawing within me prevented sleep. Eventually tiredness overcame the pain, and I drifted

off. My dreams were terror-wracked. What had I come to? I wondered in my dream state, why had I to suffer so? I feared for my kittens-to-come. Feared that they would die at birth, feared that they would not, for what future had they? Could I, in my weakened state, feed them?

Morning found the old woman stirring. The couch springs creaked as she rose and came over to poke the fire. Kneeling beside me, she stroked my head and said, "Tis meself that will be going to Mass, then we will have a bite to eat." She rose to her feet and soon left the room. I heard her footsteps fading away down the path. There was the 'click' of the garden gate, then silence. I turned over and slept again.

By the end of the day my strength had returned somewhat. I was able to move around slowly. First I bumped into almost everything, but I soon learned that furniture was not often moved. In time I became quite adept at finding my way round without getting too many bruises. Our vibrissae ("cats' whiskers") act like radar and we can find our way about in the darkest of dark nights, when there is no glimmer of light by which to see. Now my vibrissae had to work overtime!

A few days later the old woman said to her son, who had called to see her, "Sean, clean out the woodshed, I am going to keep her in there. What with her being blind, and me not seeing well either, I am afraid I may kick her and hurt the kittens — and they are worth many pounds to us!" Sean walked out and soon I heard a commotion from the woodshed as he moved things round and stacked up piles of peat. He came in and said, "It is all ready, Mother, I have put piles of newspapers on the floor and stopped up the window." So — once again my bed was of newspapers. Irish ones this time. "Well," I thought, "Apple Tree years ago said deliverance would come at my blackest hour. It should be almost time!" The woodshed was of tarred planks with a rickety door. The floor was of beaten earth, and along the walls was stored a remarkable collection of household effects, peat slabs and empty boxes. For some peculiar reason the old

woman used a truly immense padlock with which to keep the door closed. Whenever she came to see me she stood and muttered and fiddled endlessly with keys until she found the correct one. With the door open at last, she would stumble in, feeling her way into the gloomy interior. Sean wanted to repair the window so there would be some light — no rays entered this dark hole — but as the old woman said, “Glass costs money, my son, glass costs money. Wait until we have the kittens to sell!”

The days crawled on. I had food and water, but I was constantly in pain. Food was scarce, enough to keep me alive, but not enough to build up my strength. I lived to give birth to my kittens, and staying alive was a struggle. Blind, ill, and always hungry, I maintained a tenuous hold of life and faith in those “better days to come!”

A few weeks after I arrived in Ireland I knew that soon my kittens would be born. Movement became difficult, and the pain increased. No longer could I stretch at full length, or curl into a circle. Something had happened inside me and I could rest only sitting up, with my chest resting on something hard in order to keep weight off my lower parts.

Two or three nights later, at about midnight, really terrible pain assailed me. I screamed in agony. Slowly, with immense effort, my kittens came into the world. Three of the five were dead. For hours I lay gasping, my whole body as if aflame. This, I thought, was the end of my life, but no, it was not to be. I lived on.

The old woman came into the shed in the morning and said terrible things when she found three dead kittens. She said such terrible things that she afterwards said a prayer for forgiveness! I thought that now, with two very little kittens to nurse, I would be able to go in the house where there was warmth and something more than newspapers to lie upon. But the old woman appeared to hate me for having only two live kittens. “Sean,” she said one evening to her son, “this cat won't live more than two or three weeks. See if you can spread it around that I have two Siamese kittens for sale.”

Daily I grew weaker; I longed for death but feared for my kittens. One day, when they were almost weaned, a car drew up at the gate. From my shed I could hear all. I heard the gate click open and two people walked up the little path. A knock at the cottage door. Seconds later it opened. A woman's voice said, "I understand you have a Siamese kitten for sale." "Ah, now, and will ye come in?" replied the old woman. For a time there was silence, then the old woman came shambling out and grabbed one of my children. Minutes later she came back, muttering bad-temperedly, "An' what would he want to be seeing you for?" She snatched me up so violently that I screamed with pain. With a show of great affection she carried me into the house. Gentle voices spoke my name, and very lightly touched me. The Man said, "We want to take the Mother as well. She will not live unless she is treated." "Ah!" said the old woman, "'tis a very healthy and good cat she is!" From the old woman's mind I read her thoughts : "Yes," she thought, "I have read all about you, you can pay plenty." She made a great fuss, saying how much she loved me and how valuable I was. How she did not want to sell me. I turned in the Man's direction and said, "I'm dying, just ignore me and look after my two children." The Man turned to the old woman and said, "Did you say you had two kittens?" She admitted she had, so the Man said, firmly, We will take all three cats or none." The old woman named a price which staggered me, but the Man just said, "All right, get them ready, we will take them now." The old woman left the room in a hurry in order to conceal her delight and so that she could count the money again. Soon my two boys were placed in a very special basket which the Man and the Woman had brought. The Woman sat in the back of the car, with me on her lap, and the big basket was placed on the front seat beside the Man. Slowly, carefully, we drove off. "We shall have to get the Vet to see Fifi right away, Rab," said the Man. "She is very sick, I'll phone as soon as we get home, he'll come today. Shall we let the kittens go together?" "Yes," said the Man,

“then they will not be lonely.” We drove on so carefully that I felt no pain. The words of the Apple Tree came back to me, “You will know happiness, Fifi.” Was this IT? I wondered.

We rolled along the road for many miles, then carefully turned a sharp corner and started up a steep hill. “Well, we are home, cats,” said the Man. Stopping the engine, he got out and carried away the basket containing my kittens. The Woman carefully got out, without jarring me, and carried me up three or four steps into a house. What a difference! Here I felt at once that I was wanted and welcome, I decided that the Tree was right. But I felt so dreadfully weak. The Woman went to a telephone and I heard her speaking to the Vet that had been mentioned. With a word of thanks she rang off. “He is coming right away,” she said.

I do not propose to write of my operation, nor of the long struggle back to life. It will suffice to say that I had a most difficult operation to remove an immense uterine tumor. I had a hysterectomy and so was free from the hardship of having babies any more. The Man and the Woman stayed up with me for night after night, for the operation was so severe that it was thought I would not recover. I knew differently, because now I was Home — and wanted.



## CHAPTER FOUR

My operation was behind me, all I had to do now was to recover. Previously I had been too ill to bother WHO lived in the house or what it was like. Mister the Irish Vet had said, “You must take her home and give her love, she is starved for it, and she will not live if we keep her here.” So — Home I was taken. For the first two days and nights I was kept very quiet indeed, with the Man and the Woman nursing me all the time and persuading me to taste the choicest food. I did not take it too easily, because I WANTED to be persuaded, I WANTED to know that they thought enough of me to take the time necessary to persuade me!

One morning of the third day after Mister the Irish Vet had been, the Man said, “I’m going to bring in the Lady Ku’ei, Feef.” He went out and soon returned, murmuring affectionately to someone. As they drew near he said, “Feef, this is the Lady Ku’ei. Ku, this is Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers.” Immediately I heard the most beautiful Young Lady Siamese Cat voice it has been my pleasure to hear. The range! The power! I was enthralled and wished that my poor dear

Mother could have heard such a voice. The Lady Ku'ei sat on the bed with the Man sitting between us. "I am the Lady Ku'ei," she said, "But as we are going to live together you may call me MISS Ku'ei. You are blind, so when you are able to walk I will take you around and point out obstacles, 'the facilities,' where you eat, etcetera. And in connection with that," she remarked in a self satisfied tone, "here we do NOT eat scraps, nor do we rake out the garbage (when anyone is looking), our food is purchased specially for us and is of the best quality. Now pay great attention, for I am going to brief you on the household, and I shall not say it twice." "Yes, Miss Ku," I replied humbly, "I give you my whole attention." I eased myself slightly in order to release the pressure on my stitches.

"This is Howth, County Dublin," commenced Miss Ku, "We live in a house perched right on top of a cliff. The sea is a hundred and twenty feet below us — straight down, so don't fall over or people will be annoyed if you should hit a fish. You must maintain your dignity with visitors — remember you are a P.S.C. — but you may romp freely with The Family."

"Please Miss Ku," I interjected, "What is a P.S.C.?"

"Well! Well! You ARE a stupid Old Woman Cat," replied Miss Ku, "ANYONE would know that P.S.C. indicates that you are a Pedigree Siamese Cat — although you are not showing the intelligence expected of one. But don't interrupt, I'm giving you the essential information." "I'm sorry, Miss Ku, I won't interrupt you again," I answered. Miss Ku thoughtfully scratched her ear with her foot and continued, "The 'Man' as you call him is the Lama T. Lobsang Rampa of Tibet. He understands Siamese Cats as well as you and I do, so you cannot keep your thoughts from him. He is big, bearded and bald and he is nearly dead in his heart with a coronary or two. He has been very ill indeed and we all thought we would lose him." I nodded gravely, knowing what it was like to be ill. Miss Ku continued, "If you have troubles, tell him and he will help you straighten out."

If you want any particular food, tell him, he will pass on the news to Ma.” “Ma?” I queried, “Is your Mother with you?” “Don't be so ridiculous!” replied Miss Ku with some asperity, “Ma is Rab, the Woman, you know, the one who does our shopping, cleans our tins, makes our beds, cooks for us, and lets us sleep on her bed. I'm her cat, you know, you are the Lama's cat,” said Miss Ku smugly. “You will sleep in this room, beside him. Oh, of course, you cannot see Ma. She is a bit short, nice eyes and nice ankles and a comfortable plumpness everywhere else. No bones will stick into you when you sit on HER lap!”

We paused for a moment, Miss Ku to recover her breath, and I to absorb the information passed to me so suddenly. Miss Ku idly played with the end of her tail and continued, “We have a Young English Lady living with us as one of the family. She is very tall, very thin, and has hair the color of a marmalade Tom I once saw. Quite kind, though, and she will give you your dues although she DOES like big smelly dogs and screaming children.”

“Now, Ku'ei,” said the Lama, “Feef has to rest, you can tell her some more later.” He picked up Miss Ku and carried her out of the room. For a time I lay on his bed, purring with contentment. No more scraps — I'd always thought I would like to have something bought specially for me. To be wanted, that had been my ambition throughout the long lean years. Now I WAS wanted, very much so. I smiled contentedly and dropped off to sleep.

As my operation wounds healed, and the stitches were removed, I was able to move about more and more. Very cautiously at first, because of my sightlessness, but with more assurance when I found that nothing was moved unless I was first taken to it and shown its position in relation to other things. Miss Ku'ei went about with me, telling me where everything was, and people who came were cautioned that I was blind. “What!” they would reply, “Blind? But she has such big beautiful blue eyes, how can she be blind?”

At last I was considered well enough to be taken into the

garden. The air was beautiful, with the smell of the sea and the plants. For many days I would not let anyone get between me and the door, I was constantly afraid that I should be shut out. Miss Ku would chide me, “Don't be such an old fool, Feef, we are PEOPLE here, no one will shut you out — ever.” We would lie in the warm grass and Miss Ku would describe the scene for me. Below us the tumbling waves, reaching up towards us with fingers of white spume. Water in the cave beneath the house grumbled and roared and, on stormy days, seemed to shake the whole cliff. To the left was the sea wall, with the lighthouse at the end. A mile or so across the water Ireland's Eye stood sheltering the little harbor from the worst buffets of the turbulent Irish Sea. To the right the Devil's Tooth projected a few yards from the main mass of land, protecting the Mens' Bathing Place from the heavier waves. Miss Ku loved to watch the men bathing, perhaps I should also if I had had my sight.

Behind the house reared the peak of the Hill of Howth, from the top of which, on a clear day, could often be seen the mountains of Wales, on the mainland, and the Mountains of Mourne in Northern Ireland. These were happy days, as we lazed in the sunlight and Miss Ku told me of Our Family. Gradually I lost my fears that I would be shut out. No longer did I have to be sent to a great rough Tom. Now I was wanted for myself alone, and — as Miss Ku herself said — I expanded under the influence like a flower taken into the sunlight after being in the darkness of a lonely cellar. We loved those days, the Lama would put me on the lowest branches of a small tree and hold me so that I could not fall, and I would dream that here at last I had entered Heaven.

The gulls bothered me at first, as they swooped over they would scream and say “Look at that cat down there, dive on her, drive her over the cliff and then we will eat her.” Miss Ku would growl our famous Siamese War Cry and would unsheath her claws ready for any attack. Faintly on the air would come a “thug-thug, thug-thug” and all the birds overhead would wheel madly and rush off. For long this

puzzled me greatly, I could not always be asking questions, then I found the answer. The fishing boats were coming in and the birds were after the fish offal being washed from the decks.

I was lazing in the warm shade of a Veronica bush one sunny afternoon when Miss Ku called, "Get yourself ready, Feef, we are going for a drive." A DRIVE ? In a CAR? I almost fainted with horror and astonishment. A CAR and Miss Ku'ei was PLEASED! "But Miss Ku," I expostulated, "I simply COULDN'T go in a car. What if they left me somewhere!" "FEEF!" called the Lama, "Come on, we are all going for a ride." I was so faint with fright that I had to be picked up and carried to the car. Not so Miss Ku, she sang with joy; rushed into the car and yelled, "I bag the front seat!" "Is the Lama going to drive, Miss Ku?" I asked timidly. "Of course he is, and don't say 'the Lama' all the time, say 'Guv' the same as I do." Sure enough the Lama, sorry — the Guv — got into the car and sat on a front seat beside Miss Ku. Ma got in the car and sat at the back, taking me on her lap. The Young English Lady (I could not say her name yet) sat beside Ma. "Sure you have locked the doors?" asked the Guv. "Of course, don't we always?" replied Ma. "Come on, come on, what are we wasting time for?" shrieked Miss Ku. The Guv did whatever one has to do to make the car start and we moved off.

I was amazed at the smoothness of our progress. This was far different from being thrown violently from side to side as had been my experience in France and America. We moved down a steep hill and turned a very sharp corner. Rolling along for perhaps — what was it here? Miles? Kilometers? — three or four minutes we turned sharp right, went for another minute or so and stopped. The engine was turned off. The smell of the sea was strong. Light spray, blown on the breeze, tickled my nostrils. Sounds of many men, sounds of thug-thug engines. A strong smell of fish and of fish that had been too long in the sunlight. Smell of smoke and of tarred rope. "Ah! Lovely fish!" breathed the Young English Lady,

“Shall I go in and get some?” So off she went to see an old friend who would sell us fish straight from the sea. CLANG! went the luggage-thing at the back as the wrapped fish were dropped in. BANG! went the door as the Young English Lady got in the car and slammed the door shut. “Miss Ku!” I whispered “What is this place?” “This? This is the harbor where all the fishing boats come to bring our supper. Big storage sheds by the side of us, water at the other side. Ships tied up with bits of rope so they can't go off until everyone is ready. That smoke? Oh, they stick fish in some smoke, they don't go bad so quickly that way — or you can't smell it so quickly because of the smoke.” She jumped up on the back of the Guv's seat and yelled, “WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? Let us go to Partmarnock.” “Oh Ku, you are an impatient wretch!” said the Guv, starting the car thing again and moving it off.

“Miss Ku!” I said in, I'm afraid, rather worried tones, “This Young English Lady, I cannot say her name, and the way I pronounce it it is a curse on a too-eager Tom. What shall I do?” Miss Ku sat and thought for a while and then said, “Well, I don't know, I'm sure.” Suddenly she perked up and said, “Hey! I know! She has on a green frock, she is very tall and thin and the hair on top is sort of yellow: Hey, Feef, call her BUTTERCUP — she won't know!” “Thank you, Miss Ku,” I replied, “I will refer to her as Miss Buttercup.” “Miss nothing,” retorted Miss Ku, “We should miss Buttercup, but she is Missus, like you, she has had kittens too. No, Feef, you are not in French polite society now. You are HOME, so say ‘Guv’, ‘Ma’, and ‘Buttercup.’ I am MISS Ku.”

The car rolled on, gently, smoothly. Almost before I knew what was happening we had reached ‘there’ and stopped. The doors of the car were opened and I was lifted out. “Ah! This is the LIFE!” yelled Miss Ku. Gentle hands took mine and shuffled them through the sand. “Look Feef, sand,” said the Guv. The roar and swish of the waves against the rocks soothed me, the sun was warm on my back. Miss Ku was

scampering madly up and down the sand, yelling her joy. The Family (MY Family) sat quietly by. I sat at their feet and toyed with a pebble. I was too old and had not yet healed enough to run with wild whoops like Miss Ku. With the comfort and warm sunlight I fell asleep. . . .

Clouds were over the sun, there was a faint drizzle of rain. "Strange!" I thought, "How can I be HERE?" Then it came to me, I was Astral Traveling. Light as a cloud I drifted along over coastal roads, moving inland. The great Airport at Le Bourget, inland, inland. A long row of poplar trees still standing sentinel along the straight white road. The spire of the church, half shrouded with mist and the trees in the graveyard weeping in the rain for those who lay beneath. I drifted, wraithlike myself, drifted and came lower. Suddenly I saw, for one is not blind in the Astral, "Sacred to the Memory of. . . "For a moment I was at a loss, then comprehension hit me. "MADAME ALBERTINE!" I shouted "Buried here!" A sob escaped me. THEN she had been the only one to love me. Now she was gone and I had come into happiness and love. But then, I thought, she had gone from this wicked world and entered into love and happiness herself. With a sigh and a last look I again rose and drifted on.

Beneath me the Lodgekeeper was sweeping a courtyard at the back of his Lodge. A dog, chained to the wall, growled and whined uneasily at my passing. The House loomed before me, stately, cold, unfriendly, as if forbidding one to enter. Mme. Diplomat came out on to the terrace. Instinctively I turned to run, but of course she did not see me hovering at shoulder-height. She looked thin and haggard. Great lines of discontent marred her features. The ends of her mouth turned sharply down, and with thin lips and pinched nostrils she looked bitter indeed.

I moved on, moved toward the Old Apple Tree, and halted in shocked horror. The Tree was gone, felled, and even the stump had been extracted: Silently, sorrowing, I hovered around. Moved by some inexplicable impulse I drifted towards the old outhouse which had been my only home. My

heart almost stopped; the remains of my friend the Apple Tree were piled against one wall as firewood. A movement at the door, and there was Pierre, axe in hand upraised. I screamed and faded from that place . . .

“There! There! Feef,” said the Guv as he lifted me to his shoulder and walked around with me. “You have had a nightmare — in the sunlight, too. I’m surprised at you, Feef!” I shuddered, and felt sudden gratitude. Turning my head I licked his ear. He carried me down to the waters edge and stood there, with me on his shoulder. “I know what you feel, Feef,” he said, “I’ve been through hardships as well, you know.” Stroking my back, he turned and walked over to the others. “Shall we get back?” he asked, “Old Granny Greywhiskers is getting tired.” I purred and purred and PURRED. It was just wonderful having someone who thought of me, who could TALK to me. We all got in the car and we started back on the journey home.

I suppose I am a cranky old woman cat, or something, but I have a few phobias. Even now I do not like motor cars. Being blind has something to do with it, but I still have a fear that I am going to be left somewhere. Miss Ku’ei is poised, an experienced society lady whom nothing ruffles. At all times she is completely master (or mistress?) of the situation. I — well, as I say, I am sometimes a little eccentric. That makes it all the more wonderful that they love me so. It is fortunate that they do, because now I cannot BEAR to be alone. For years I was starved of affection and now I want all there is to spare!

Over the Hill of Howth we drove, along where the tram tracks meandered by the side of the road. To the highest point and beyond. Down to the village, turn right before reaching the big Church, past Mr. and Mrs. O’Grady’s house, another left and we are home. Dear old Mr. Loftus, “our” policeman, was looking over the wall. Never did we pass him without speaking, for the Guv said Mr. Loftus was one of the best men in Ireland or anywhere else!

I was tired, glad to get home. All I wanted was some food,

something to drink, and then sleep on the Guv's bed, with the sound of the waves lulling me, reminding me of the time my Mother sang me to sleep. The last I heard before dropping off was Miss Ku, "Hi! I want to go down to the garage with you and put away the car." The soft shutting of a door, and all was quiet. It was wonderful sleeping, knowing that no one was coming to chase me or carry me off to a dark woodshed. Knowing that I was respected as if I were a human, had the same rights as everyone else in the house. With a sigh of contentment, I curled up and snored a little louder.

"FEEF! Granny Greywhiskers! Get off that bed, the Guv wants to get in." "Ku'ei, don't be such a bully, CERTAINLY Fifi can stay on the bed. Now STOP it!" The Guv sounded cross. I raised my head so that I could hear better, then guessed where the floor was and jumped off. Gentle but firm hands caught me and lifted me back. "Now Feef! You are as bad as Ku'ei. Stay on the bed and keep me company." I stayed.

The Lama (sorry, Guv!) was a very sick man. Some time before he had had T.B. (one of my children had died from that, years ago), and although he had been cured it had left his lungs permanently impaired. He had had coronary thrombosis three times and he had other troubles as well. Like me, he had to rest a lot. Sometimes in the night he would walk up and down the room in pain; I would walk beside him, trying to console him. Those long hours of the night were the worst, when we were alone. I slept much through the daylight hours so that I could be with him in the nights. Ma slept in a room at the other end of the house, and Miss Ku looked after her. Buttercup slept in a room downstairs where she could look out far over the Irish Sea and, in the mornings, see the Liverpool Boat steam toward the Port of Dun Laoghaire.

The Guv and I slept in a room overlooking Balcadden Bay, overlooking the Harbor and the Irish Sea. He would lie for hours on his bed watching the ever-changing scene with his powerful Japanese binoculars. Our very great friend

Brud Campbell, had taken out the poor glass originally in place, and inserted instead the finest plate-glass so that there was no distortion of the view. As we sat together, him scanning the view, he would tell me all he saw, putting it into telepathic thought-pictures so that I could see as clearly as he. Ireland's Eye, he would tell me of the brave monks who years ago had tried to make a little church there, but had at last been defeated by the storms.

Miss Ku told me of Ireland's Eye as well. She had been brave enough to go with the Guv in a little boat all the way across the water and play in the sand on the Island. She told me of Pirate Cats who lived on the Island and frightened the birds and the rabbits. The Guv did not tell me of the Pirate Cats (perhaps he did not think cats would sink so low), but he did tell me of human smugglers, and he could even name them. Quite a lot of smuggling was done in the district, and the Guv knew almost everyone connected with it, he had taken many photographs with a telephoto camera.

Ma did photography, too, and wherever she went she carried a camera in her handbag. But Ma's chief concern was to look after us all and try to keep the Guv going for a few more years. She was busy all the time. Miss Ku, of course, supervised everything and saw that no one slacked and that she got all the car rides that she wanted.

Buttercup was very busy as well. She helped look after the house and the Guv and she took long walks so that she could get ideas for drawing and painting. She is a very clever artist, Miss Ku and the Guv tell me. That is why I asked her to illustrate this little book of mine and Miss Ku says that she is doing it better than anyone else could. I wish I could see them, but no one can give me sight.

We loved to get the Guv in bed before he had a heart attack, and then have Mr. Loftus come and talk to him. Mr. Loftus was a great big man, tall and broad, and ALL of us admired him immensely. Miss Ku, who has given me permission to say that she is a bit of a flirt, loved him. Mrs. O'Grady was another welcome visitor, one who would drop

in at any time. One who was accepted as “one of the family.” Brud Campbell did not call nearly as often as we would have liked, he was a busy man — busy because he was such a good workman — and his visits were all too few.

One day we were discussing travel, and air travel in particular. Miss Ku said, “Oh, but when we came from England (with cries of joy!) the airline would not have CATS in the same compartment as humans. The Guv said: ‘All right, then if they don't want my cat they do not want me, we will charter a plane and take all our things as well.’ ” Miss Ku paused for dramatic effect, and continued, “So we came by chartered plane and they had a bottle of oxygen for the Guv and he got cross at Dublin Airport because they wanted to put him in a wheel-chair as an invalid!” It gave me a warm feeling inside to know that The Family thought as much of Miss Ku — and me! — as they did of any human. Then we smiled as the Guv chuckled at us and told us that we were a gossiping pair of old woman cats!

“Miss Ku,” I said one morning, “Mrs. O'Grady comes here a lot, but why does not MR. come here?” “Oh dear dear!” replied Miss Ku, “He has to work, he looks after the electricity of Ireland and if he didn't pour it in the wires how would we cook?” “But Miss Ku, we use gas in a metal thing and men bring the metal things here once every three weeks.” Miss Ku sighed in exasperation; “Feef,” she said, after taking a deep breath to calm herself like the Guv had shown us. “Feef, people SEE, and if they are to see they use electricity. Right? You don't see, so you don't know. We have glass bottles tied to poles and hanging from the ceilings. When people tip electricity into them from the wires we get a light. WE USE ELECTRIGITY, Feef!” She turned away with a muttered, “Cats make me sick, always asking fool questions.” We used electricity all right, the Guv and Ma took a lot of color photographs and showed them on a screen with a special lamp. I loved to sit with my back to the lamp, facing the screen, because the rays from the lamp were beautifully warm.

We did not have a telephone at Howth, someone told me that the Irish telephone people had no lines to spare. I could not understand why they did not put up more, like other countries did, but it did not matter to me. We used Mrs. O'Grady's phone, which was offered so gladly. Ma was VERY fond of "Ve O'G" as we called her. The Guv liked her as well, but he saw more of Mr. Loftus. From the big picture window overlooking the bay Mr. Loftus could be seen coming round the corner at the bottom of the steep hill, then trudging up Balscadden Road and right away to the end where all the picnickers went. When he went off duty he would often call in to see us — and he was always a welcome visitor. The Guv would be in bed, and Mr. Loftus would sit facing him and the window.

We listened to the world, too! The Guv had a very powerful short-wave radio set which would bring in programs from China, Japan, India — and the Irish Police and Fire Stations! I preferred music from Siam, or Thailand, or whatever they now call the country of my ancestors. To the music of Siam I would sit and sway and gently keep time with my head. I would see in my mind's eye the temples, the fields and the trees. I would look back at the whole history of my ancestors. Some of us went to Tibet (where the Guv came from) and there we guarded the Temples and the lamaseries. Like the proctors of Tibet, we too were trained to discourage thieves, and safeguard the jewels and the religious objects. In Tibet we were almost black because of the intense cold. It is perhaps not generally known that my race alter in color according to the temperature. In a cold, frozen country we grow very very dark. In the tropical countries we are almost white. Our kittens are born pure white, and soon after the characteristic 'markings' appear. Just as humans have different colors, such as white, yellow, brown and black, so have we. I am a seal-pointed cat, while Miss Ku'ei is a chocolate-pointed cat. Her Father was, indeed, the Champion, Chocolate Soldier. Miss Ku had a very wonderful pedigree. My papers, of course, had been lost. Miss Ku and I

were discussing it one day. “I wish I could show you my papers, Miss Ku,” I said, “It grieves me to think they have been left in France. I feel, well, kind of NAKED without them.” “There! There! Feef,” soothed Miss Ku, “Think nothing of it. I will have a word with the Guv and ask him to destroy mine, then BOTH of us will be paperless.” Before I could expostulate she had wheeled round and stalked out of the room. I heard her going down the stairs to where the Guv was doing something with a long brass tube which had glass at both ends. It seemed that he put the thing to one eye so that he could see better farther. Shortly after, the Guv and Miss Ku came up, still arguing. “Oh well,” he said, “If that is the way you want it — you always were a crazy cat!” He went to a drawer and I heard the rustling of papers and then the rasping of a match being struck. The smell of burning paper reached me and then the clatter of fire irons as the ashes were stirred into nothingness. Miss Ku came over and gave me a push. “Okay,” she said with a smile, “Now stop your stupid worry. The Guv and Ma do not care a hang for these papers, or pedigrees, WE are THEIR children.”

My nose wrinkled, and I sneezed. There was a beautiful smell in the air, something I had never smelled before. “Feef! Where are you, Feef?” Ma was calling me. I told her that I was coming as I jumped off the bed. Following my nose — being led by that wonderful smell — I went down the stairs, “Lobster, Feef,” said Ma. “Try it!”

Our kitchen had a stone floor and the Guv once told Miss Ku and me that there was a story to the effect that a passage under the flagstones connected the kitchen with the cave below. It made me nervous in case some pirate or smuggler should push up the stone from beneath and I should fall through. But Ma had called, and called for a new sort of food. Being a French Siamese Cat I had a natural interest in food. Ma tweaked my ears with affection and led me to the dish of lobster. Miss Ku was already at hers. “Get crackin' Feef,” she said, “You are poking around like a real old Irish Biddy!” Of course I was never upset by what Miss Ku said

she had a heart as good as the purest shrimp meat, and she had taken me, a dying, destitute stranger, into her home with gladness. For all her sternness, for all her autocratic manner, she was a person whom to know was to love.

The lobster was delicious! “From Ireland's Eye, Feef,” said Miss Ku, “The Guv thought we would like it for a treat.” “Oh!” I replied, “Doesn't he eat it?” “Never! Thinks it is horrible muck. Still, if you and I like it he will buy it for us. Remember those shrimps, Feef?” I did indeed! When the Guv and Ma first brought me to the house I was hungry, but almost too ill to eat. “Give her a tin of shrimps,” said the Guv, “She is weak with hunger.” The tin was opened, but I really could not be bothered. The Guv took a shrimp and wiped it across my lips. I thought I had never tasted anything more heavenly. Almost before I knew it, I had cleared the whole tin. It made me really ashamed of myself and I grow hot even now whenever I think of it. If Miss Ku wants to make me blush she says, “Remember those shrimps, Feef?”

“Feef!” said Miss Ku, “The Guv is going to take us for a ride. We are going past the cottage where you lived. Now don't throw a fit; we are going PAST.” Miss Ku went out to walk down to the garage with the Guv to get the car, a good Humber Hawk. I stayed with Ma, helping her get ready, then went downstairs to make sure that Buttercup had locked the garden gate at the side. We got in the car and drove down the hill, under the tram bridge and on to Sutton (where another old friend, Dr. Chapman, lived). On we went, covering many miles and eventually reaching Dublin. Miss Ku helped the Guv drive, telling him when to go fast, what cars were about, and which turnings to take. I learned a lot from her. I learned about Dublin. In between directing the Guv — “Stop! Stop! Mind this corner, quick! Don't let that car pass” she described the sights for me. “Now here is Westland Row Station, Feef, where the trains go from. We turn right here, Guv. Yes Feef, we are now in Nassau Street. Slow up, Guv, I'm telling Feef about this. We used to live

here, Feef, opposite Trinity College grounds. Guv you are going so fast I can't tell Feef This is St. Stephen's Green, I've been in there. Ducks quack in that place. Mind, Guv, there is a Garda on the corner. We get our radios down that street, Feef." On we went through the streets of Dublin, Miss Ku giving a running commentary. Then, with streets and houses behind us, the Guv pressed down something with a foot and the car ran faster as more food went into it.

Along the mountain roads we went, along by the side of what Miss Ku called "a reservoir" which seemed to be a drinking bowl for Dublin. We came to the cottage. The car stopped. The Guv glanced in my direction and seeing how I was affected, speeded up. I breathed with relief, half fearing, in spite of all, that I was going to be returned as a useless old blind cat. To show my happiness I purred and licked Ma's hand. "Great Tomcats! Feef," said Miss Ku, "We thought you were going to throw a fit and pass away in the odor of sanctity! Brace up, Old Girl, YOU ARE A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY!"

We played among the heather for a time. Miss Ku shouting about how many rabbits she was going to catch. Then she saw what the Guv said was a sheep, and fell abruptly silent. I could not see the creature, but I did detect a strange muttomy smell and the odor of old wool. Soon we got in the car and went speeding off again on the way home. As we passed the Bailey Lighthouse, on Howth Head, the fog horn was bellowing like a cow about to give birth. A tram rumbled by, its wheels going 'clankety-clank, clankety-clank' on the iron rails. "Stop at the Post Office," said Ma "There should be some parcels there."

"Feef," said Miss Ku as we waited for Ma, "Feef, a man told the Guv your two kittens are doing fine. They are growing well and have black faces and tails now." I sighed with content. Life was good to me: My children were happy, and together. They were the last kittens I would ever have, and I was proud of them, proud that they had been accepted, and that they were happy.



## CHAPTER FIVE

“Ah! Good Marnin' to ye,” said Pat the Postman when Ma and I answered the door to his ring. “Tis a wunnerful lot of letters I have for Himself this marnin' — nigh broke me back it did, carrying it up th' hill!” Pat the Postman was an old friend of ours. Many is the time the Guv picked him up in the car and drove him on his rounds when his legs were giving out with the walking. Pat knew everything and everybody in the district, and we picked up much local color from him. I used to smell his trouser turn-ups so that I could read of his walk across the Head, or through the heather banks. I used to know, too, when Pat had had “a little drop” to keep him warm on his evening round.

Ma carried in the letters and I got on the Guv's bed so that I could help him read them. There WERE a lot this morning, letters from Japan, from India, from friends in Germany. A letter from — Dublin. There was the sound of an envelope being slit, and paper dragged out. “Hmm!” said the Guv, “The Irish Tax officials are as bad as the English. This Demand is absolute robbery. We cannot AFFORD to stay in Ireland.” He relapsed into gloomy silence. Ma hovered by the bedside. Buttercup came running up the stairs to see

what was in the mail. "It amazes me," said the Guv, "why the Irish Tax people do not try to kcep people like us in the country instead of driving us out by excessive, savage taxation! We spend a lot here, but the Tax Office is never satisfied, they want to have their cake and eat it at the same time. We Authors are taxed more harshly than any other class over here."

I nodded sympathetically, and pushed my head against the Guv's leg. He wanted to become an Irish Citizen, he LOVED the Irish — all except Irish Tax officials! That body, to the Guv, was a smell worse than an uncleaned tomcat tin, they were so unreasonable, so BLIND. The Guv reached out and tweaked one of my ears, "If it were not for you cats, Feef, we would go to Tangier, or Holland, or somewhere that welcomed us more. But you are our old Granny Cat, and I would not upset you if my life depended upon it." "Phooey, Guv!" I replied, "YOU are talking! I'll stand as much as you will — and a bit more. My heart is sound!" "Yes, Feef," he replied as he rubbed my chin and chest, "Your heart is sound, you are the nicest old Granny Cat ever." "Maybe," I answered, "You and I will pass over at the same time and then won't be parted. I'd LIKE that!"

We were all a bit gloomy for the rest of the day. Clearly it was a waste of time to try to live in Ireland if the Tax Officials were going to take all. We had enough trouble without that; the Press men were always snooping around, sometimes watching the house through binoculars and holding mirrors on poles to the bedroom windows. The Press had published untrue stories about the Guv and at no time allowed him to give HIS side of things. The Guv looks at Pressmen as being the scum of the Earth, I know, I have heard him say so often enough! From what Miss Ku told me I know that he is fully justified.

"I'm going up to Mrs. O'Grady's to telephone Brud Campbell," said Ma, "I see that someone has forced the lock on the back gate and it must be repaired." "Oh! I expect it was those tourists from Liverpool," replied the Guv, "Brud

told me that his Father had had tourists camping in his front garden.” Ma went off up the road just as Miss Ku called me from the kitchen and said that there was a very nice lunch ready for us. I went down the stairs and was met at the bottom by Miss Ku. “Here you are, Feef,” she said, “I have persuaded Buttercup to give us ours early so that we can go into the garden and see if the flowers are growing all right. She groaned a bit, but did the Right Thing in the end. Tuck in!” I could always “tuck in”. I LOVED food and always believed in eating in order to build up one's strength. Now I weighed all of seven pounds and had never felt better. I found my way about without trouble, too! The Guv showed me how. “You are a silly old dope, Feef,” he said. “How's that Guv?” I asked. “Well, you are blind, yet in the astral you can see. Why not, when you rest, go into the astral plane so that you can see if anything has been shifted? Why not have a jolly good look over the place. You cats don't use the brains you were born with!” The more I thought about it the more I liked it, so I cultivated the habit of astral traveling whenever I rested. Now I do not get bumps or bruises, I know the location of almost everything.

“Brud's come!” called Ma. Ku and I were delighted, it meant that now we could get in the garden, because the Guv always went out and talked to Brud Campbell and talked while he worked. We rushed to the door, and Miss Ku told the Guv he should take a tonic as he was SLOWING UP. “Slowing up?” he replied, “I could catch you at any time!”

At first the layout of the house had puzzled me because one entered by the top floor and the ground floor was below the level of the road. Miss Ku explained it to me, “Well, you see we are perched on the side of the cliff like a lot of broody hens. The cliffslopes down from the road, with a wall to keep people falling off. Anyway, this house used to be two flats until we came and knocked it into one!” We had plenty of room in the house and in the garden. There were two gardens, one at each side of the house. Formerly the upstairs tenants had had the right garden and the downstairs tenants

the left. We had the lot. There were trees with low branches, but I was never allowed out alone because the Family always had the fear that I would fall over the cliff or climb a tree and fall off. Of course I would not have fallen, really, but it was nice to have people care that much about me. Buttercup used to sit in the garden and sun herself, making her yellow top yellower, as Miss Ku put it. We liked her to be in the garden because she often forgot about us and we could explore more. Once I went to the side of the cliff and tried to climb down. Miss Ku very hurriedly called the Guv and he came and lifted me back before I could fall.

We had to be careful when we were out in the garden for yet another reason; people used to hang around trying to get photographs of the Lama. Cars used to stop alongside the garden walls, and people would clamber over so that they could see where Lobsang Rampa lived. One sunny afternoon the Guv looked out of a window and saw women having a picnic on the lawn! They were most annoyed where he went out and moved them off. Most residents on the scenic roads of Howth had similar experiences, trippers thought they could go anywhere, do as much damage as they wished, and leave their litter for others to clean up.

“Feef, I have just heard the Guv and Ma talking,” said Miss Ku. “Where is Morocco?” “Morocco? Miss Ku, why, that will be Tangier, a place in the Mediterranean area. I was taken there by Mme. Diplomat. We nearly went to live there. It is hot, smelly, and even the fish are smugglers!” I knew the place, all right! I had been taken there on a ship from Marseilles, and was sea-sick all the time. I had been able to see in those days, and the fierce natives in their soiled robes had frightened me quite a lot. I hoped that we would not be going to Tangier!

Miss Ku and I slept through the afternoon. The Guv and Ma had gone to Dublin and Buttercup was busily engaged in cleaning out her bedroom. We knew we should not be able to get out, so we slept and did a bit of astral travelling. Like women the world over, whether they be women cats

or women humans I had FEARS. I lived in fear that I would some day wake up, and find myself in some suffocating, stinking box at an Airport. Of course, when I was awake, and heard voices, had people touch me and make a fuss of me I knew that all the bad past was indeed the past, but in sleep, one fears nightmares. Often in the night the Guv would take me in his arms and say “Now! Now! Feef, don t be such a silly old thing, OF COURSE you are home and you are going to stay with us for the rest of your life.” Then I would purr and smile to myself and feel reassured. Then I would fall asleep and have nightmares all over again!

“Feef! They are back, they are driving up the hill!” Miss Ku wheeled around and raced me to the front door. We got there just in time as the car drew up. Miss Ku got in the car to help the Guv put it away and see that the garage was properly locked. Then she had to walk back along the high wall to be sure that snails were not eating away the cement! She jumped over the green gate and yelled at the door, “Open up! Open up! We are here.” Then the Guv caught up with her and opened the door and in they came.

“Well?” said Buttercup, when we were all sitting down. “How did you get on?” “A waste of time,” said the Guv. “We went to the Moroccan Embassy but the fellow there was most unhelpful. We shall NOT be going to Tangier.” They lapsed into silence, and I purred to myself with pleasure at the thought NO Morocco. “We saw Mr. and Mrs. Vet in Dublin,” said Ma. “They are coming out tomorrow to have tea with us” I felt gloomy, Mister the Irish Vet was a nice man, a very kind and pleasant man, but no vet, no matter how good, is a hero to his cat patients. Miss Ku frowned, “Ears, Feef, ears! Let's get out of it tomorrow or we shall have our ears done.” The Family went on talking discussing what to do, where to go. We wandered out of the room and down the stairs in order to get our tea.

Mister the Irish Vet arrived with Mrs. the Irish Vet. We liked him a lot, but his clothes smelled terribly of animals' insides and drug-things. Mister the Irish Vet was very

interested in a big telescope the Guv used to look at far-distant ships. Miss Ku and I were hidden beneath an arm-chair which had a frill around it, and we listened to all that was said.

“Fifi is doing very well,” said the Guv. “Ah! Sure she is,” said Mister the Irish Vet. “Do you think she would stand a journey to Cork, or to Belfast?” asked the Guv. “She would indeed!” said Mister the Irish Vet, “She would stand anything so long as she knew she was wanted. She is in better health than you, anyhow!” “Hear! Hear.” I muttered to myself, “All I want is to be wanted and I can stand anything.” They went out into the garden and set up the big telescope. Miss Ku rushed up to hide behind the window frame so that she could see out without being seen. “They are looking at a ship, Feef,” said Miss Ku. Then, suddenly, “HIDE! They are coming in!” There was the scraping of feet on the doormat and then they came in. “Have you seen the cats today?” asked the Guv. “Only their tails disappear in round the corner,” said Mister the Irish Vet. “Sure an I’m proud of Fifi,” he went on, “She was a very good Mother. I have been down and examined the kittens. They are doing FINE!” I started to purr with pleasure. Miss Ku hissed, “Shut up, you old fool! They will hear you!”

That night the Guv was ill, more ill than usual. Something had gone wrong inside him. I thought perhaps he had the same trouble as I had had and said so to Miss Ku. “Feef.” she replied, half amused, half cross, “How could the Guv possibly have a uterine tumor? You are even more feeble minded than I thought, Feef!”

The next day he went to see Doctor, the Irish Specialist. A taxicab came to the door and off the Guv and Ma went, off down the hill, round the corner out of Miss Ku's sight and on to Dublin. Time dragged on. Time crawled slower and slower; we were worried. At last Miss Ku detected the sound of a car laboring up the hill. Gears were changed, the car speeded up, and then slowed and stopped at the door. Ma and the Guv came in, the Guv looking paler and

more worn than usual, and Miss Ku hastily whispered to me. We moved aside in order not to get in the way, but the Guv — ill or not — always had time and energy to stoop and talk to “his children.” I felt the lack of vitality in his hands as he caressed me, and I felt sick in my stomach with the worry. Slowly he went into his bedroom and went to bed. That night Miss Ku and I took turns to stay awake with him.

Yes, I know that many humans will laugh at that, thinking that “animals” have no sense, no reason, no feelings for others, but humans are animals as well! Miss Ku and I understand all and every word said or thought. We understand humans, but humans do not understand us, nor do they try to, preferring to regard us as “inferior creatures,” “dumb animals,” or the like. We do not make war on each other, nor do animals kill needlessly but only in order to eat. We do not torture nor put our fellows in concentration camps. We — Siamese Cats — have probably the highest intelligence quotient of all animals. We feel, we love and often fear, but never hate. Humans never have the time to investigate our intelligence for they are too busy trying to make money by any fair or unfair means which presents itself. The Guv knows us as well as he knows himself. He can talk to us by telepathy as well as Miss Ku and I talk. And we can (and do!) talk to him. As the Guv says, humans and animals could talk together by telepathy in the days of long ago but Mankind abused the privilege and so lost the power. Animals still have that power.

Days grew into weeks and the Guv did not improve. There was talk now of a Nursing Home, an operation. And all the time he grew paler and had to rest more. Miss Ku and I were very quiet, very concerned nowadays and did not press to go in the garden. We mourned in private and tried to conceal our fears from the Guv.

One morning after breakfast, when I was sitting on the bed with him and Miss Ku was in the window telling the seagulls not to make such a noise, the Guv turned to Ma and said, “Read this article. It tells of the wonderful oppor-

unities in Canada. Apparently Writers, Artists, Doctors — you think?” Ma took the article and read it. “READS all right,” she said, “But I don't trust any of these articles. I thought you wanted to go to Holland? You are not well enough, anyhow!”

“We can't stay here,” said the Guv, “The Irish Tax people make it impossible. Sheelagh!” he called to Buttercup. The Guv always followed the Eastern custom of consulting the whole family. “Sheelagh,” he asked, “What do you think of Canada?” Buttercup looked at him as if he were not quite right in his head. Miss Ku worked overtime giving me a running commentary on the things I could not see. “Gee!” she said in a whisper, “Buttercup thinks he is so ill he does not know what he is saying. Canada? CANADA? HO-LY!”

Later in the morning the Guv got out of bed and dressed. I could sense that he did not know what to do. Calling Miss Ku and lifting me across his shoulder he walked out into the garden. Slowly he walked down the garden path and stood looking out to sea. “I'd like to stay here for the rest of my life, cats,” he said, “but the Tax men here make such extortionate demands that we HAVE to move in order to live. Would you two like to go to Canada?” “Gee, Guv,” said Miss Ku, “We will go anywhere you say:” “Yes, I am well enough to travel,” said I, “I am willing to go anywhere, but you are not well enough.”

That evening the Guv had to go to Doctor, the Irish Specialist again. He returned hours later, and I could tell that the news was bad. However he still had a discussion about Canada. “The Canadian Ministry of Immigration are advertising in the papers,” he said, “Let us send for some details. Where is the Embassy?” “Merrion Square,” said Buttercup.

Several days later wads of advertising stuff came from the Canadians in Dublin. The Family settled down to read the whole lot. “They make a lot of promises,” said the Guv.

“Yes but this is only advertising stuff,” said Ma. “Why not , call at the Embassy?” asked Buttercup. “Yes,” replied the Guv, “We must be very sure that the cats will be welcomed, I would not consider it if they had to go in quarantine or anything like that. Quarantine is an evil thing anyhow.”

The Guv and Ma went out in the Humber and drove away to Dublin. The morning dragged on; time always drags when the future is uncertain and when loved ones are absent. At last they returned. “Red tape! Red tape!” said the Guv, “it always amazes me that such petty officials are so unpleasant. I'd like to put some of these fellows across my knee and slap their –” “But you don't want to take any notice of them “ said Ma. “They are only clerks and know no better.” Miss Ku sniggered and whispered, “The Old Man could beat 'em up and like it! His arms are far far stronger than those of Westerners, and he has had to fight a lot. Gee . I'd like to see him beat 'em up!” she sighed. The Guv WAS big, there was ample room for Miss Ku and me to sit on him together. Nearly two hundred and thirty pounds, it was all muscle and bone. I like big people, probably because I never had enough food to permit me to grow to my full size.

“We filled in all the forms, had our finger prints taken, and all that rubbish,” said the Guv to Buttercup. “Tomorrow I am going to take you in to see them. You have to go as our adopted daughter. Otherwise you have to have a certain sum of money, someone to guarantee you, or some other bilge. The Canadians we have seen so far appear to be very childish.” “You forgot to say that we all have to go for a medical examination”, said Ma. “Yes,” replied the Guv, “We will ask Mrs. O'Grady if she will stay with the cats, I'm not leaving THEM alone for anybody, they mean more to me than the whole of Canada put together.” Lunch was ready, so we attended to that first, I always believed that one could discuss things more calmly after a good meal. We lived well, nothing was too good for us cats. Miss Ku was —

and is – a very small eater; she took the utmost care of her figure and she was indeed a most elegant and delightful young woman cat.

“Hey!” called the Guv, “Mrs. O’Grady is coming down the road.” Ma hastened out to intercept her and bring her in. Miss Ku and I went downstairs to find out what Buttercup was doing, we hoped that she would be sitting in the garden, because then we would be able to go out and do some gardening. I had planned for some time to uproot a few plants so that I could be sure they were growing satisfactorily. Miss Ku had her mind set on looking at Mister Rabbit’s house. He lived in a hole in the cliffside and often by night he came past our windows and laughed at us for being in the house. We both wanted to have a few words with him about his uncivil manner. However, it was not to be, Buttercup was doing something in her room, so we wandered along and sat in the room where we stored our cases.

The next morning was a busy one. The Guv took us out early so that we could have our say with Mister Rabbit. Miss Ku descended the cliffside about twelve feet and shouted her message through his front door. I lay across the Guv’s shoulder — he would not let me go down — and shouted down to Miss Ku the things I wanted to say. We were very cross at Mister Rabbit. Then we had to do our claws on one of the trees. We had to be just right so that we could look after Mrs. O’Grady when the Family were in Dublin. We each took a bath in the dust at the end of the garden, rubbing it well into our fur, then we were ready for a five-minute wild chase round the garden. I followed Miss Ku closely because in that way she guided me and I did not bump into anything. We always took the same path, so I knew all the obstacles.

“Come on in, you savages!” said the Guv. Shuffling his feet and pretending to be fierce he got Miss Ku to run as fast as she could into the house. Lifting me and slinging me across his shoulder he carried me in and shut the door after. “Quick! QUICK! Feef,” called Miss Ku, “There is a new grocery box here, it is full of news!” The Guv put me down,

and I hastened to the box so that I could read of the latest news from the shop in the village.

The Family were ready to go. Tweaking our ears, the Guv said goodbye to us and told us to look after Mrs. O'Grady. "Okay!" said Miss Ku, "She will be safe with us, should we put the chain on the door?" For a moment I thought of suggesting that Mr. Loftus should be asked to come and look after her but then I realized that the Guv would have done that if he had considered it necessary. Mrs. O'Grady settled herself down, and Miss Ku said, "Come on, Feef, now is the time to do a few of those jobs which we can't do when the Family is here." She turned and led the way downstairs. We went round the house thoroughly to make sure that Mister Rabbit had not broken in to steal anything. Every so often Miss Ku would say, "I'll just slip upstairs and see that Ve O'G is doing all right. We simply MUST look after her." Off she would go, clattering up the stairs, deliberately making a noise so that Ve O'G would not feel spied upon. Each time Miss Ku would return and say, "Yep! She is all right" Time dragged — worse — time seemed to be going backwards. "Do you think they are all right, Miss Ku." I asked for the thousandth time. "Of course they are all right, I've been through things like this before. OF COURSE they are all right!" she exclaimed, trying to convince herself. Only by the nervous twitching of the tip of her tail did she betray any emotion. "You know quite well that they have to go to see a doctor all three have to be examined, and then they have to go to a hospital to have their lungs X-rayed." She nervously licked a hand, muttering 'tut-tut, tut-tut' as she surveyed her well manicured claws.

We could not face up to food. Food never took the place of love! As I fretted away I recalled my dear Mother's words to me, "Now now, Fifi," she had said, "keep calm under all circumstances. Worry never solved a single problem; if you are busy worrying you have not the time to see the way out of a difficulty." "Do you think they are all right, Feef" asked Miss Ku. "Yes, Miss Ku," I replied, "I am sure they are on

the way home now.” “Poor Mrs. O’Grady,” said Miss Ku, “I think we should go upstairs and comfort her.” We rose and made our way along the corridor, Miss Ku leading and I following in her footsteps. Together we mounted the stairs and proceeded along the upper corridor, then flung ourselves with yells of joy at the door as it opened and The Family came in

The hospital had soon detected the Guv’s scars, had soon detected that he had had T.B. and a myriad of other complaints. “I will put in a recommendation that you be permitted to go,” said the hospital doctor, “for with your education and writing ability you would be an asset to Canada.” More days passed, and then the Guv had a letter which said he could go to Canada if he would sign this and sign that and report to the Medical Officer of Health in Canada. The Guv was so cross about all the silly red tape that he almost tore up the papers, unfortunately (as we now think) he just signed them with a shrug of his shoulders.

“How are we going to get the cats there?” asked Ma. “They will go with us in the plane or NONE of us will go. I’m SICK of all these fool Regulations!” said the Guv. For days they tried different airlines in an attempt to locate one which would permit us to travel with The Family instead of being in a dark and cheerless luggage hold. At last Swissair line agreed that if the Guv had The Family travel by first class, and paid BAGGAGE RATES on Miss Ku and me we could be in the first-class compartment with them, provided that we all traveled when there were many empty seats. The Guv made it clear that he was not going to be parted from us, so he paid all the many pounds demanded. Then he had another thought; we were going to fly direct to Idlewild Airport, New York instead of flying to Montreal. If a Canadian airline had taken us we should have had the shorter route across Canada, but as Swissair flew direct to New York we had no choice. The question now was, Swissair would take us in the passenger compartment, but would the

American line which would have to take us from New York to Detroit? The Guv had a fear that unless everything was settled first, we would be stuck at New York without means of transport. Our affairs were being handled by a Travel Agent in Dublin, so the Guv had him make a definite enquiry of the American line, and if they agreed, book and pay first-class fares from New York to Detroit, and hire a car to take us across the American-Canadian Border to Windsor where we were going to live.

The Agent checked, and finding that the Airline in New York agreed to have us in the passenger compartment, paid all the fares. "So," he said, "there is nothing more to worry about. Now you have to take these receipts to the Embassy, show them that you have enough money to live in Canada until you find work, and that is all there is to it. Thanks for your custom. If you want to come back at any time I shall be pleased to handle it for you." Once again the Guv and Ma went to the Canadian Embassy where they showed that everything was in order. "Got a veterinarian's certificate to show that the cats are in good health?" asked a surly clerk. "Yes!" said the Guv, producing the required papers. Now, with nothing more to complain about, the officials had to issue the necessary permission to enter Canada as a "landed immigrant." As the Guv now says, ruefully, "We were 'landed' all right!" With the papers in order, the Guv and Ma returned, tired out, to us at Howth.

"Now, Cats," said the Guv, "when we leave you will have to be in your baskets, but as soon as we are in flight you can come out and sit with us. All clear?" "All clear, Guv," said Miss Ku, "we shall want to come out, mind!" "Sure you shall come out, now stop worrying, you have cost me about your weight in gold!" Then he thought a minute and added, "and you are both worth every bit of it." Mister the Irish Vet knew some blind Irish humans who made baskets, so the Guv had a basket each made for Miss Ku and me.. Each was the absolute maximum size and gave us ample room. The Guv suggested that we use the baskets as bedrooms for a week

or so in order to become accustomed to them. We did so, and it was fun!

The Guv's health worsened. By all the laws of common sense we should have given up the Canadian trip. Instead the Guv went to Doctor the Irish Specialist again and something was done whereby he could keep going. He had to rest more and more and I, knowing what it was to be ill and old, feared greatly for the outcome of it all. The Guv had had hardships and suffering in many lands and now the results of those hardships were showing. Miss Ku and I looked after him as best we could.

“How are we going to get to Shannon?” asked Buttercup. “NOT in the Irish train,” replied the Guv, “we should have to change at Limerick, and I do not feel up to that. You and Ma go to Dublin and see if you can get a garage to drive us down in a Minibus or something” “We will go down a day early,” said Ma, “because you need a day's rest before going aboard the plane. It will be better for the cats, too.” Off they went to Dublin, leaving Miss Ku and me to sit on the Guv in order to keep him in bed. As we all waited for Ma and Buttercup to return the Guv told us stories of cats he knew in Tibet.

“It is all arranged,” said Ma, “they are willing to take us and they have a Minibus which they use for sightseeing tours. The man who will drive often goes to Shannon to meet American tourists.” Now there was little to be done. The Guv had to go yet again to Doctor the Irish Specialist. All our preparations were being kept very secret because the Press gave us no peace. I remember a short time before, when the Guv had been very ill and was going out for the first time to see the Specialist. As soon as the Guv walked out of the door, a Pressman drove up and started asking him impertinent questions. It always amazed the Guv why pressmen should think they had some sort of divine right to ask questions. “Paid gossips” the Guv called them, and he would dearly have liked to throw them over the cliff.

“Hey! Irish Rabbit!” yelled Miss Ku, some twelve feet

down the cliff face. "Rabbit! We are going away so don't you wreck the garden in our absence." Mister the Irish Rabbit did not answer. Miss Ku contented herself with breathing hard down the hole and then, she rushed up to the top of the cliff again. "Birds! BIRDS!" shrieked Miss Ku, "Birds we are going to fly like you, we are going to fly further." "Hush, hush! Miss Ku," I remonstrated, "We are supposed to be keeping this a secret. Now all the birds and Mister the Irish Rabbit know." Miss Ku looked over her shoulder, and I felt her stiffen. "BOLT! Feef," she exclaimed, "Follow me Old Vet Face is coming!" We rushed indoors, out through the kitchen and into the coal cellar. "Whew!" shuddered Miss Ku, "I can almost feel my ears tingle at the thought of having them cleaned." Stealthily Miss Ku put her head round the corner, found the coast was clear, and ventured out. Voices. Voices at the head of the stairs. "Tranquilizers," said Mister the Irish Vet. "Give them one each of these before taking them on the plane and they will rest peacefully, special tranquilizers they are." There was silence for a time, then the Guv said, doubtfully, "Will they be all right for Feef?" "Oh sure they are all right for her, all right for us too," said Mister the Irish Vet. They wandered into a room and we heard no more. Certainly we were not going to risk our ears by venturing closer and getting caught. Mister the Irish Vet was VERY efficient at cleaning ears.

Cases had been sent off to be put aboard a ship. Clothes, books, some photographic equipment, and a new electric typewriter which the Guv had bought just before deciding to emigrate. Now the luggage which we were going to take was stacked in the hall. Not much, because one could not take much by air. Miss Ku and I each took our own personal Toilet Tin, an ample supply of Peat Moss (which we used in place of earth) , and a comforting quantity of food. WE were not going to be hungry! The Guv sat talking to Mrs. O'Grady. Mr. Loftus was standing outside looking quite pale and worried. Slowly Miss Ku and I wandered through the soon-to-be-deserted house, saying farewell to loved

pieces of furniture. Miss Ku jumped on to a window sill and shouted “Goodbye, Mr. Rabbit, goodbye birds.”

“The bus is here!” said Ma. Willing hands took the cases and stowed them in the back of the bus. Mr. and Mrs. O’Grady tried to make jokes to lighten the parting. Dear old Mr. Loftus stood sadly by, surreptitiously wiping his eyes with the back of his hands. Slowly the Guv looked over the house to make sure nothing was left, then wearily he locked the front door and withdrew the key, passing it to Mr. O’Grady to send to the Solicitor who was going to see to the disposal of the house. Shaking hands with the O’Gradys and Mr. Loftus once again, the Guv turned away and entered the bus. The door slammed. Slowly the bus rolled down the hill, away from the physical presence of the best friends we had in the world. We turned the corner, and started off to life.



## CHAPTER SIX

The bus rolled along the harbor road, passed under the old tram bridge, speeded up and soon left Howth Castle behind us. We were all silent, the Guv already worn and weary, looking out at the land he loved and was so reluctant to leave. “If only those Tax People were not so rapacious!” I thought. We sat by him, silent in sympathy. At Sutton we all looked to the left to give a silent farewell to another old friend, Dr. Chapman. On, on towards Dublin, with the smell of the seaweed blowing in from the mouth of the River Liffey and the seagulls calling a sad farewell overhead.

Miss Ku sat in the back on a luggage rack where she could see out, “Get a good listen at this, Feef,” she called to me, sitting by the Guv. “I will give you a running commentary on the things you have never seen. This is Clontarf, we are just passing the Gardens.” There was little talk in the bus, no one spoke except Miss Ku. I had had six months of Heaven in Ireland, six months in which to realize that I was wanted, that I “belonged.” Now we were leaving, leaving for WHAT? The bus rolled on without jerks or starts, for the people of Ireland are very courteous and always consider the rights of the other driver.

Traffic was becoming thicker now. At times we stopped,

when the lights were against us. Suddenly Miss Ku said, "We are passing Trinity College, Feef, say goodbye to it." Trinity College! Just opposite was the Travel Agency which had made all the arrangements. I wished that I could stop in and have them all cancelled. The Guv reached down and rubbed me under my chin and pulled me closer. Traffic was thinning out as we reached the outskirts of the city. The driver speeded up.

"We are going to Limerick, Feef," said Miss Ku, "I could tell you one; There was a young cat of Kildare who had catnip flowers in her hair . . ." "Shut up, Ku!" said the Guv, "How can anyone think while you are there groaning away." For a time all was quiet, but Miss Ku was never silent for very long. Sitting up she gave a running report of all things of interest which she thought I should know about. I am old, and have had a hard life. Trying to manage without sight is difficult. The journey tired me so I slept awhile.

Suddenly I sensed a different motion and quickly sat up. Were we there? How long had I slept? What was happening? The bus slid to a halt. "It is all right, Feef," said the Guv, "We have just stopped for tea." "Halfway to Shannon," said the Driver, "I always stop here, they serve very good teas." "You two go in," said the Guv, "the cats and I will stay here." "All right," said Ma, "I will bring your tea out. Ku'ei and Fifi can have theirs at the same time." Ma and Buttercup left the bus and I could hear them walking. The 'click' of a door, and they were in a shop. "Market town" said Miss Ku, "Lots of cars parked. Nice little place. People look friendly. There is an old woman smiling at you, Feef, smile back. She's blind," yelled Miss Ku to the old woman, "she can't see you, talk to me instead!" "Ah! shure," said the old woman, pressing her face close to the window, "'tis wonnerful crayturs they are an' all. 'Tis meself the little one was talkin' to. Wonnerful what they have nowadays!" "Aw, come on, Maw! Yer've got to get Paw's tea or he'll be off to O'Shaughnesseys." "Ah! Ah! 'Tis right you are, I must be Goin' " said the old woman as she shuffled off. "I liked her

shawl,” said Miss Ku, “I would like to have it as a bed-cover”

Ma came out bringing food and drink for the Guv. She gave us our tea, too, but we were too excited to eat much. “What have you got, Guv?” I asked. “Bread and butter and a cup of tea,” he replied. It made me feel better to know that he was eating even a little, so I went and had a few desultory pecks at my own tea, but how CAN a cat eat when she is so excited? I thought of the travels I had had before, buffeted about in a speeding car, or drugged and half suffocated in an almost airless wooden box. NOW I was going to travel first class and not be parted from my Family. I settled down beside the Guv and purred a little. “Old Feef is bearing up well,” he said to Ma, “I think she is enjoying it even though she would not admit it!” “Say something about me!” yelled Miss Ku from the back of the bus where she was guarding the luggage and directing the Driver. “I don't know how we would manage without Ku'ei to look after us and keep us in order,” the Guv said as he tweaked my ear. “Miss Ku makes more commotion than all the Cats of Kilkenny,” he added.

The bus droned on, eating up the miles, taking us from all we loved and knew, to — what? We left County Tipperary and entered County Limerick. Darkness was upon us now, and we had to go more slowly. The journey was long, long, and I wondered how the Guv would ever last. Miss Ku said he was becoming paler and paler as the miles went by. Time meant nothing any more, hours and minutes just ran together as if we were living through eternity. The droning of the bus, the swish of the tires, the miles racing up to us, going beneath us and falling away into nothingness behind. Even Miss Ku had lapsed into silence. There was no talk now, only the sounds of the bus and the sounds of the night. Time stood still as the miles fled into the anonymity of the darkness.

Miss Ku sprang to her feet, from sound sleep to wide awareness on the instant. “Feef!” she called, “are you awake?” “Yes, Miss Ku,” I replied. “Fingers of light are sweeping the sky, dusting off the clouds for the airplanes,”

she exclaimed. "We must be near Shannon, we must be almost there." The bus droned on, but now there was an air of expectancy, The Family sat up and took notice. The Driver said "Five minutes more. Do you want the main entrance? Are you flying tonight?" "No," said Ma, "We are resting here tonight, all tomorrow, and leaving for New York tomorrow night." "Then you will want the Motel," said the Driver, "they have a real smart place." He drove on a little further, made a sharp turn, and went for perhaps half a mile on an Airport road before stopping at a building on the right. Getting out, he went into the Office. "No!" he said, when he returned to the bus, "you are not booked in there, we have to go to the one near the Entrance Hall, I know where it is." Perhaps another quarter of a mile, and we drew up at yet another building. The Driver checked, and found that at last we had reached the correct building. Our luggage was carried in, or the things we would want overnight were, and the heavier things were taken straight to the Airport. "I want the Ladies' Room!" yelled Miss Ku. "Here you are, then," said Ma, showing her the special tin which she had placed in the bathroom. Gently lifting me, she carried me into the bathroom and let me feel which was my tin. Afterwards, when we sauntered out into the bedroom we felt much better. As usual, The Family had a room each. I slept with the Guv, Miss Ku slept with Ma, and poor Buttercup had to sleep alone. Miss Ku and I worked hard investigating everything and making sure that we knew all the escape routes and the exact location of all necessary facilities. Then we turned to our supper.

No cat should EVER be fussed until it has had full opportunity of investigating the room. Cats must ALWAYS know exactly where everything is. Our sight is very different from that of humans and most times we see in two dimensions instead of three. We can "stop" motion that would bewilder a human; we can alter our eyes so that we can magnify an object in much the same way as a human does when he uses a glass for that purpose. We can alter our sight

so that we see clearly at a great distance, or we can see things an inch from our nose. Red is beyond us, it appears silver. Blue light to us is as bright as sunlight. The finest print is clear to us, the smallest insect. Our eyes are not understood by humans, they are wonderful instruments and enable us to see even by infra-red light. Not my eyes, though, for I am blind. My eyes, I am told, appear to be perfect, they are of a forget-me-not blue, and they are wide open, yet they see not at all.

We all slept that night, untroubled by the drone of aircraft landing, taking off again and going far over the ocean. The next morning Ma and Buttercup went out and brought back breakfast for all of us. We lazed about, Miss Ku sat at a window and admired the dresses of women passing to and from the Airport. The Guv dressed and took us to play on the grass outside the building. I was very sure that I stayed well within reach of his hands; I was not taking any risks of getting lost now!

“Feef!” said Miss Ku, “This the Airport where you came from France?” “Yes, Miss Ku,” I replied, “but I came in by the baggage entrance, I have had no experience as happy as this before. From here we flew to Dublin Airport, but of course I was unconscious.” “All right, Old Woman Cat,” said Miss Ku, “I will keep my eye on you and see you do the Right Thing. I'm an old hand at this sort of thing.” “Thank you, Miss Ku,” I replied, “I shall be MOST grateful for your guidance.”

Lunch time came and Ma called us in because we had to have our food and then take a rest. With the meal over, we all lay down, Miss Ku and Ma, Buttercup alone, and the Guv and me. We rested well because we did not know how well we would sleep on the airplane. I was awakened by the Guv stroking me and saying, “Feef, you are a sleepy old thing, you and Ku'ei run round and make an appetite for tea.” “Come on, Feef!” called Miss Ku, “We haven't explored the corridor, there is no one out there now, COME ON!” I jumped off the bed, scratched my ear for a moment while I thought

which way to go, then found the Guv's hands guiding me to the open door. Miss Ku led the way, and we carried out our scientific investigation of the corridor and analyzed the people who had passed that way. "Let's go into the Reception Clerk," said Miss Ku, "we can show off." Many people have not seen Siamese Cats, and I must admit at the risk of appearing immodest that we were a sensation. I was flattered beyond measure when people thought that I was Miss Ku's mother! We made our rounds of the Reception Office and then returned to our rooms for another sleep.

Lights all over the Airport were a twinkle when we rose again and had our supper. The gathering darkness deepened and changed to night. Slowly we gathered up our belongings, went out into the warm Irish night, and made our way across the road to the Airport. Men took our luggage and put them ready for Customs inspection. The Guv always had the kindest words for the Irish Customs men, there was NEVER any trouble with them. Our only trouble with Irish officials was with the Tax men and their greed was driving us from Ireland.

A very courteous Swissair man came and greeted us and spoke a word to Miss Ku and me. "The Company would like you to have dinner as their guests," he said politely to The Family. "No, thank you," replied the Guv, "We have had our dinner, and we would not leave our cats even that long." The man told us to say if there was anything he could do for us, and then he went away, leaving us alone. Ma said, "Shall we give the cats the tranquilizers?" "Not yet," said the Guv, "and I am not giving Feef any, she is always quiet. We will see how Ku is when we get aboard."

Being blind, I find that I am under a great handicap when I try to describe the next sequence of events. Miss Ku, after much persuasion and at much inconvenience to herself, has agreed to write the next few pages. . . .

Well, there we were, sitting like a lot of creeps in the Main Hall at Shannon Airport. Crowds of people were sitting there like broody hens. Children were yelling their bad-tempered

heads off and making mine ache with the clamor. Some Yank guys were sitting in a corner looking like a lot of stuffed ducks. They thought they were Big Wheels because they had CD bags labeled for Paris — where the Old Woman Cat came from. The Airport clock was rusty or something, because time went slowly. At last some guy all dressed up in blue and brass came over to us and almost kissed the dust on the ground as he told us that the Swissair Flight from Shannon to New York International Airport was ready. I thought how silly, because how was it a flight when it was still on the ground. He tried to grab my basket, but the Guv and Ma weren't having any. The Guv hoisted the Old Woman Cat's basket and Ma grabbed the one I had. Buttercup — goodness only knows what she grabbed, I was too busy to look. Off we went, like a Sunday School party, across the floor of the Main Hall and out into the darkness that wasn't. It would have been, but every light in Shannon seemed to be shining. Out on the runway there were all kinds of colored lights. Other lights waved like fingers in the sky. Then I looked forward and saw the plane. My! It was big, bigger than anything we had seen at Dublin Airport. It looked to me almost as big as Howth on wheels. We trailed along, getting closer and closer to that airplane, and it seemed to get bigger and bigger. At the front end there was a ladder thing with sides to it so that men on the ground could not see what we cats can always see. Women, I mean.

The Old Man carrying the Old Woman Cat climbed slowly up that ladder or stairway or whatever they call it. A well fed Purser (my! I bet he ate well!) bowed so low he almost creaked. An even better fed Stewardess dressed in navy blue and with a white collar greeted us. She did not bow, her girdle prevented her. All Stewardesses and Hostesses wear girdles, I know that from a book the Guv wrote some time ago. Anyhow they got us all in the First Class compartment, and then went to get the bread-and-butter passengers aboard. They were quartered where the noise came from.

A light thing came on to say we must not smoke (who ever heard of a cat smoking, anyhow?) and must fasten our safety belts. We did. The Guv held on to his basket as if it were precious. Ma held on to mine knowing that I was. A whacking great metal door slammed and the whole plane shook as if it would fall to pieces. However it did not, but slowly moved along past a lot of lights. Crowds of people outside waved. We saw their mouths open as they yelled. They looked just like fish we had had in a tank some time before. We rumbled on, making a horrid noise, then when I thought we had driven nearly to America the whole thing swiveled around, almost pitching me on my ear, and the noise increased. I yelled for the Pilot to stop it, but he could not hear me for all the noise he was making. There was a sudden sensation of violent speed, so suddenly that it almost mixed my lunch with my dinner, and then we were in the air. The Pilot must have been inexperienced, because he turned the plane on its side and circled the Airport to make sure that he really had left. I saw lights below me, hundreds of the things, then I saw a lot of water glinting in the moonlight. "Hey!" I shouted to him, "that's water down there, we shall drown if we fall in!" He must have heard me because he put the plane the right way up and pointed the thing at America.

We climbed higher and higher, up through scattered clouds which were painted silver by the moonlight, up and higher yet. We went faster and faster and higher and higher and I looked out of the window and saw flames shooting behind the wings. "Golly!" I said to myself, "now they have failed to drown us they are going to fry us!" I called to the Guv and he told me it was okay (that's American for all right) and I should not worry. I looked some more and saw some pipes in the engine were white hot. I felt that way myself. The Pilot must have got my thoughts because he spoke from the ceiling and in his spiel said not to worry any, we always went up in flames while gaining height.

The fat Stewardess came over, I missed what she said because I was so alarmed at the creaks when she bent. "Her

clothes will never stand it,” I thought. Couple of silly Yanks lounged about in the First. Apart from them, what fat hunks they were, we were on our own. We got up to about thirty thousand feet or so, near Heaven I guess, and then the plane leveled out and we went sailing along by the stars.

“I’m going to give Ku a tablet,” said Ma, slipping a, noxious substance between my lips before I or the Old Man could object. I blinked and swallowed. For moments nothing happened, then I felt a delicious light-headedness stealing over me. The urge to sing was irresistible. Man! I sure was high! The Old Folks got madder and madder as I got happier and happier.

Special note for cat fans; the Old Man made enquiries at Detroit Zoo later and found that cats are not tranquilized by tranquilizers. IT JUST MAKES US DRUNK! Fellow at the Detroit Zoo said he had had the same experience as the Guv with a drunken cat. Well, it was fun while it lasted. Now I guess I have done my share and will pass the task back to the Old Woman Cat, after all she started it and it is her pigeon.

The plane droned on covering hundreds of miles each hour. The lights had been dimmed, and then finally replaced by a faint blue light. Miss Ku lay in her basket, laughing softly to herself. Chuckle after chuckle escaped her. At last I could bear it no longer, curiosity overcame manners. “Miss Ku,” I said softly, so as not to disturb anyone, “Miss Ku, what are you laughing about?” “Eh? Me laughin’? Oh yeah, HA! HA! HA!” I smiled to myself, Miss Ku really was “lit up” as the humans say. I had only once before seen a cat in that state, and that had been a Tom who made a practice of going into a wine cellar and drinking up the wine drop-pings. Now Miss Ku was like it. “Feef!” she giggled, “It’s too good to keep to myself, Feef, are you listening?. FEEF” . “Yes, Miss Ku,” I responded, “certainly I am listening, I shall be delighted to hear your tale.” “Well,” she started, “it happened just before you came to Howth. The Guv is a Buddhist Priest, or Lama, you know. He was sitting on a rock

by the side of the water one day, and a young Catholic monk who was on holiday with a whole party of them sat down by the Guv. 'My son' said the monk (the Guv was old enough to be his grandfather!) 'My son, you have not been to Mass today.' 'No Father' said the Guv politely, 'I have not.' 'You must go to Mass, my son,' said the young monk, 'promise me that you will go today!' 'No, Father,' replied the Guv, 'I cannot promise you that.' 'Then you are not a good Christian, my son,' angrily retorted the young monk. 'No, Father,' answered the Guv mildly, 'I am a Buddhist Priest, an Abbot actually!' " Miss Ku stopped for a moment and then broke into peals of laughter. "Feef!" she said at last, "Feef, you should have seen that young monk, he ran off as if the devil was after him!" At last even Miss Ku became tired of talking and laughing and fell asleep. I turned in my basket, and the Guv put his hand in and rubbed my chin. With a purr I dropped off to sleep.

The Guv was ill when I awoke, the Purser was bending over him giving him some drug. The Guv is old and has had many trials and ills, on the plane he had a heart attack and I did not really expect him to survive the journey. However he said to me before we started out, "If you can stand it, Feef, I can! That is a challenge to you!" I had a special feeling for the Guv, a very special feeling, because he and I can talk together as easily as Miss Ku and I can.

"HO-LY!" said Miss Ku in gloomy tones, "I sure have got a hangover! I'd like to give Old Vet-Face some of his tranquilizers so that he could know what they are like. What do human vets know about cats, anyhow?" "What time is it please, Miss Ku?" I asked. "Time? Eh? Oh! I don't know, I'm all mixed up with the time. Anyhow, the blue light is off and the full lights are on. Soon be chow time for Them." I became aware of the clattering of dishes, and the small sounds that people make when they are waking up. I had become almost used to blindness, but it WAS frustrating not to know what was going on, not to be able to see what was happening. The Guv's hand came down to caress me. "Silly

Old Woman Cat,” he said, “What are you worrying about now? Wake up, it is breakfast time, and we shall very soon be landing .”

A voice in the ceiling burst into crackling life. “Fasten your seat belts, please, we are landing at New York International Airport.” I heard the clink of metal, then the Guv took firm hold of my basket. The nose of the plane dropped and the engine note changed. There was a sensation of drifting, floating, then the engines came on at full power. A bump and a screech of tires. Another small bump, and the plane rumbled along the runway. “Keep your seats, please,” said the Stewardess, “Wait until the aircraft comes to a standstill.” We rumbled along, with the occasional squeal of brakes as the Pilot steered and checked our speed. A final drag and we slid to a standstill. The engines slowed and stopped. For a moment there was only the sound of people breathing, then a loud BUMP came from outside, followed by the scraping of metal upon metal. A door clanged open and a rush of freezing air came in. “Goodbye,” said the Purser, “fly with us again!” “Goodbye,” said the Stewardess, “we hope to have you with us again!”

We went down the landing ramp with the Guv carrying me, Ma carrying Miss Ku and Buttercup bringing up the rear. It was bitterly cold and I could not understand it. “Brrr!” said Miss Ku disgustedly, “A \*\*\*\*\* hangover and now \* \* \* \* snow!” The Family hurried along so that we should not be out in the cold a moment longer than necessary. Soon we entered a huge hall. Miss Ku, who knew everything, said that it was the Immigration and Customs Hall and was the largest building of its type in the world. The Guv produced all our papers and we all passed through Immigration and went on to Customs. “Wafyergot?” asked a man’s voice. “Nothing to declare,” said the Guv, “we are in transit to Canada.” “What’s them, cats?” asked the Customs man. “Ahhh!” said a Customs woman, with a drooly sigh, “I’ve seen ‘em before. BE-U-TIFUL!!” We passed on, by the difference in smell I knew that a colored

man was carrying our cases, but the Guv and Ma still held on to me and Miss Ku. In the Main Entrance Hall the Guv sat down, because he was so ill, and Ma went off to see the American airline people who were going to fly us to Detroit. She was gone a very long time. When she came back she was seething with annoyance. "They have broken their contract!" she said, "They won't have the cats in the passenger compartment, they say they must be put in the luggage hold, it is something to do with their rules and regulations. They said that a mistake was made by the Shannon people." I suddenly felt my age, felt very old. I did not feel ABLE to survive in the luggage compartment; I had had too much of that, and I was shocked that ANYONE would expect Miss Ku to endure it. The Guv said, "If the cats can't go — we won't either! Go back and tell them we will make the biggest fuss ever, and shall claim our money back as they agreed to take the cats with us if we paid in advance." Ma went off again, and again we all settled down to wait. Eventually Ma returned and said, "I have told them you are ill, they are having us sent to La Guardia by special car. They suggest we stay at the big Motel there and then see if the Airline will change their mind."

Soon we were in a huge car, an immense Cadillac which even had air conditioning. "My!" said Buttercup, as we threaded our way through the intense New York Freeway traffic, "I should not like to drive here!" "Its all right if you keep in your own lane, Ma'am," said the Driver. Twenty minutes later we drew up at what Miss Ku told me was the biggest Motel she had ever seen. We all went in. "Do you object to having Siamese Cats here?" asked the Guv. "Sure they are welcome!" said the man at the Reception Desk taking a good look at us. "Sure they are VERY welcome," he repeated, allotting us rooms. We seemed to be carried MILES along corridors before we reached our rooms. "Ladies Room QUICK!" yelled Miss Ku. I was grateful for her remark! The necessary facilities were speedily produced, and I did much to contribute to our comfort and peace of mind.

“Food,” said Ma. “See to the cats first,” replied the Guv. Our routine had been very upset, but we felt that we could take it. We wandered around, looking in the three rooms we had taken, and very cautiously investigating the corridor. “I can see the Airport,” said Miss Ku, “that must be La Guardia.” Ma stood up, “Well!” she said, “I will go across to the Airline and see what can be done.” The door closed behind her and Miss Ku and I settled down to keep watch on the Guv. The journey had proved too much for his heart and he was flat upon a bed. Buttercup came in, “How will we get to Windsor if the Airline will not take us?” she asked. “Don't know, maybe by train,” said the Guv, “we could have a Sitting Room on a train and the cats would be with us,” he added. I was dozing when Ma came back. “They won't take us unless the cats go in the luggage hold,” she said. “NO!” replied the Guv, “we will find some other way.” For a long time there was silence. Miss Ku and I sitting together, both dreading that we should have to go in the luggage compartment; after all, we could not stay at the Motel long, the prices were fantastic. “They could only suggest an air taxi,” said Ma. “Well,” replied the Guv, “we shall get our fares refunded from La Guardia to Detroit as the Airline broke its contract. That will reduce the cost. Did they say what it would cost to fly all of us from here to Canada?” Ma told him what they estimated it would cost and he almost collapsed with the shock. So did Miss Ku and I. Then he said, “Book the plane for tomorrow morning, but it must be big enough to have the cats in with us.” Ma nodded her agreement and went out once more.

Miss Ku and I exercised by racing round the rooms. As they were strange rooms Miss Ku told me where everything was and ran ahead of me, I followed her closely and we managed to have real fun and entertain the Guv at the same time, he loved to see us play and leap into the air. When we were tired Miss Ku led me to a window and told me about the tall towers of Manhattan among which the Guv had lived and worked some years before.

Ma came back and told us that everything was fixed, and that we should be in Windsor, Canada, tomorrow at this time. Then we settled down to our tea, after which we sat and thought about the new land to which we were going. Darkness came early and we all went to our beds to get as much rest as possible; the trip from Howth had been even more tiring than we had anticipated. It was quite a pleasant Motel, but very expensive, being so close to the Airport and New York, but the Guv would never have been able to stand the journey without a rest. In the morning we had our breakfast and said goodbye to the man at the Reception Desk, he quite liked Miss Ku and me which Miss Ku said showed good sense on his part. Because the Guv was ill, and because of our luggage, we had a car provided by the Motel take us across the road and along to the office of the Air Taxi company. A very pleasant colored man drove us and went to considerable trouble making sure we reached the right office and got as close to it as we possibly could. "Ah'll wait heah, Suh," he said to the Guv, "until Ah sees you all is fixed up."

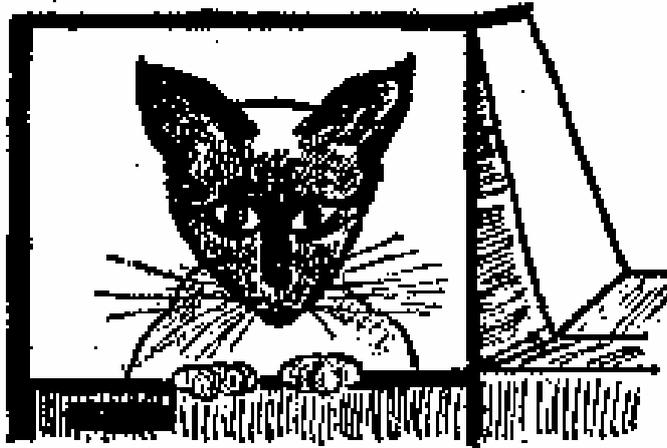
We went into the Office and at first no one seemed to know anything about us. Then a dim light appeared to glow in one man's mind and he reached for a telephone. "Sure! Sure!" he said, "the Pilot is coming over here now. Just wait there." We waited and then waited some more. Eventually a man swung impatiently into the Office and said, "You the folks going to Canada?" We said we were, Miss Ku and I adding our voices to give emphasis. "O-kay!" he said, "we will get your luggage aboard, what about them cats?" "THEY GO IN THE PLANE WITH US!" said the Guv very firmly. "O-kay," said the Pilot, "the two dames must sit in back with a basket on their knees." He led the way to the plane. "Ho-ly!!" exclaimed Miss Ku in an awed voice, "It is nothing but a \* \* \* \* \* toy! Two engines, three seater plus pilot, four in all. Three wheel undercarriage. HO-LY!" she exclaimed with even more fervor. "I don't know how we are going to get the Guv's behind in that small front seat.

Why,” she roared, “even the pilot has had his head shaved in order to make more room!”

Ma and Buttercup climbed in the plane which, according to Miss Ku, had almost as much room inside as a small car, with room on the back seats for two average people. Ma is comfortably padded, Buttercup is slender, so they made two, average people. I felt the whole plane sway when the Guv got aboard. He weighed about two hundred and twenty five or two hundred and thirty pounds (he may have lost a pound or two on the trip) and the plane tipped a bit. The pilot must have been the smallest pilot of the litter, because his weight apparently had no effect. He started up the engines one after the other, and let them warm up, then letting off his brakes he taxied slowly along. We covered miles on the ground, going to the far end of the Airport. Miss Ku gave me a running commentary. “Jeepers!” she cried, “all the aeroplanes in America are taking off from here; one a minute at least.” Suddenly the Pilot uttered a VERY naughty word and violently swung the plane sideways and off the main runway. “We gotta flat,” he growled, “Pilot of that liner just radioed me.” Behind us came the ear-splitting shriek of sirens and the roar of racing engines. A whole cavalcade of cars swung off the runway and surrounded us. “My oh my!” yelled Miss Ku above the noise, “they have called out the National Guard!” She peered cautiously over the bottom of the window, ears flat so that she would not be seen. “Cops, a lot of cops out there, the fire brigade, and a carload of airport officials, and they have a breakdown truck as well. HO-LY!” “Good Grief!” exclaimed the Guv, “What a shocking commotion for one poor little flat tire.” Men were running everywhere, sirens were emitting their last dying wails, and the sound of car engines mingled with that of airliners racing up before take-off. Sudden heavy thuds and heaves beneath us, and the plane was lifted inches off the ground so that the faulty wheel could be removed. The cars raced away, then the breakdown truck dashed off with our offending wheel. We sat back to wait. We waited an hour, two hours. “We

could have WALKED to Canada in the time!” said the Guv in utter disgust. Leisurely the truck came ambling back along the service road flanking the runway. Leisurely, no, LANGUIDLY, men eased themselves out of the truck and strolled across to our plane. Eventually the wheel was fixed on again and the truck trickled off. The Pilot restarted his engines and let them warm. Talking into his microphone to the Control Tower he said that he was ready to take off. At last permission was given, and he opened the two throttles, raced the plane down the runway, and eased it slowly into the air. Climbing slowly, keeping well below the airline routes, the Pilot settled the plane on the correct bearing and put the throttles on cruising speed.

We flew and we flew and we flew, but we did not seem to be getting anywhere. “What speed are we doing, Miss Ku?” I asked. She craned her neck, looking over the Pilot's shoulder. “A hundred and twenty five, altitude six thousand feet, compass bearing North-West,” replied Miss Ku. I envied her her knowledge, her ability to see. I could only sit, depending upon others to tell me things. I thought, though, of all the flights I had made shut in a box, unconscious. This was FAR better, now I was being treated BETTER than humans for I was sitting on Ma's lap.



## CHAPTER SEVEN

“NOK! NOK!” said Miss Ku, peering between the Pilot’s and the Guv’s shoulders. “NOK! NOK! NOK! We need a parachute, Feef, **THE FUEL GAUGE IS KNOCKING AGAINST THE STOP!**” The Guv turned towards the Pilot. “Petrol gauge wrong?” he asked. “Out of gas,” said the Pilot, casually, “we can always come down.” Beneath our small wings spread the snow-covered tips of the Allegheny Mountains in Pennsylvania. Miss Ku made chills of horror race up and down my spine as she told me of the gaping chasms and the razor-backed ridges just waiting to scrape us out of the sky. The Pilot consulted his map and made a slight alteration to our course. “OW! Miss Ku” I exclaimed in fright, “we are **GOING DOWN!**” “Aw, keep your silly head calm,” retorted Miss Ku calmly. “we are going to land and take on some petrol, there is a small airdrome just ahead of us. Now you just sink your claws in the basket and **HANG ON!**”

“Bump!” went the plane, “**BUMP, bump!**” it went again. We slithered sideways a bit on the snow, and then

rolled forward along the runway. Breaking to a stop, the Pilot flung open the door, letting freezing air in. Jumping to the ground, he yelled to a woman by the petrol pump, "Fill'er up!" he commanded as he dashed for the nearest Comfort Station. The woman came over and poured a lot of petrol into the wings, not even glancing in our direction. The airdrome was shrouded in snow, covering the buildings and the runways. Miss Ku described for me the numerous small planes shackled to the ground waiting for their Owners to let them free to fly. All around the airdrome the snow covered slopes of the mountain range lay in wait for the unwary. The Guv stepped out on to the snowy wastes without a coat. "Be careful!" I called after him, "you will catch a chill!" "Don't be a dope, Feef," said Miss Ku, "this freezing weather is a heatwave to what the Guv is normally accustomed. In Tibet, where he comes from, the cold is so intense that even one's words freeze and fall to the ground!"

The engines roared again and we moved out across the rutted snow. No control tower here, in a little place like this, so the Pilot warmed his engines, opened the throttles further and raced away down the white runway. Climbing, he circled the little airdrome until he had sufficient height, and then headed across the mountains in the direction of Cleveland. By now we had had thrumming engines for so long that we no longer noticed them.

On we flew, rising and falling gently to the vagrant currents, flying on endlessly into the fading afternoon. The smoke of Pittsburgh passed away beneath our left wingtip, the haze of Cleveland loomed up ahead. "We will fly over Cleveland," said the Pilot, "and cross Lake Erie from Sandusky. Then we shall have three islands beneath us in case of engine failure." The plane droned on, the two engines singing the same monotonous song, the Pilot hunched over the controls. We had numb behinds with sitting so long. I shifted uncomfortably as the plane made a sudden turn to the right. "Great Jumping Tomcats!" exclaimed Miss Ku "someone has upset the refrigerator and spilled all the ice

cubes!” She tittered in an embarrassed manner, and said, “It is not ice cubes really, although it looks so from this height. The whole Lake is frozen and mountains of ice are piled everywhere. From here they look like spilled ice cubes,” she added self-consciously.

Beneath us the ice grated and ground together, and any clear stretch of water instantly froze solid. This, the Pilot had said, was an exceptionally cold winter and the forecast was colder yet. “Peelee Island,” said the Pilot, “we are exactly halfway across the Lake. We pass over Kingsville and on to Windsor.” The plane was pitching somewhat now, air being cooled by the ice, caused some turbulence. I was tired and hungry, and I felt as if I had been traveling for ever. Then I thought of the Guv, desperately ill and old. HE was bearing up, so could I. I squared my shoulders, settled myself more firmly and felt better! “Five minutes and we shall land at Windsor Airport,” said the Pilot. “Ohhh!” squeaked Miss Ku in high excitement, “I can see the skyscrapers of Detroit!” The plane banked and turned into land. The engine note changed and the plane flattened out. A gentle ‘scrunch’ on the snow-covered runway, and we were down, in Canada. The plane rolled gently along and turned right. “LEFT! LEFT!” said the Guv, who knew the Airport well, “that is the disused Airport, you have to go to the New one.” Just then the Control Tower people spoke to the Pilot on the radio and confirmed what the Guv had just told him. The Pilot speeded up his right engine to turn the plane, moved along perhaps a quarter of a mile, and then put on the brakes and switched off the engines.

For a moment we sat still, feeling so cramped that we wondered if we would ever be able to get out. Miss Ku muttered, “As white as the top of a Christmas cake. Where did all the stuff come from?” The Pilot pushed open a door and started to get out. Suddenly, harshly, a voice bawled, “Where ya bawn, folks?” The raucous yelling of the man shocked me and I wondered what sort of a place it was. Now I know that they all speak in that rough way here. The Guv

says they think they are still in the Wild West stage where courtesy and culture are considered “sissy”.

The Guv replied that we were Immigrants and we had all our papers in order. The man yelled “It is after hours, Immigration is closed,” before turning away and entering the Airport building. Slowly, stiffly, we got out of the plane and made for a door marked “Canada Customs.” Passing through we found we were in a large, empty Hall. I knew it was large and empty by the echoes which came back from our footfalls. We walked on until we came to a counter. The man was behind it. “You are too late,” he said, “you did not tell us that you were coming. No Immigration Officer here now, I can't touch your stuff until you have been cleared by Immigration.” “You were notified,” said the Pilot, “we notified you from La Guardia, New York, yesterday. And what about me? I have got to get back, will you sign this paper for me, it is only clearance to say that I reported to Canada Customs.” The Customs man sighed so much that his uniform creaked and strained. “I shouldn't do this really,” he said, “because I go off duty in a few minutes. However. . . .” His pen scratched on paper, the Pilot muttered “Thanks” to the Customs man and “Goodbye folks,” to us and he was gone from our life. The engines of his plane raced up and died away in the distance.

A door opened and closed. Heavy footsteps came closer, and closer. “Hey,” said the Customs man to his relief, “these folks say they are Immigrants. What are we going to do? It is after hours — well, it is YOUR problem, I'm off duty as of now.” He turned without another word and walked off. The relief man spoke in a good old Irish voice. “Sure an' we'll get you cleared. I'll get an Immigration Officer to come from the Tunnel. He turned to a telephone and soon gave an outline of the “troubles afflicting him.” He turned back to us and said, “An Officer is coming, I cannot touch your stuff until he clears you as Landed Immigrants. Immigration first, then back to me at Customs. What have you got there?” he asked. “Two Siamese Cats,” replied the Guv, “here are

their papers providing they are in good health.” The man sighed and turned to the telephone. “. . . yeah, two cats. Siamese. Yeah, I seen their papers, Yeah, only I thought maybe you would want to see them. No? Okay!” Back he came to us. “Cats can go through all right, now we gotta wait for you.” Miss Ku sniggered and whispered to me, “WE are, cleared, Feef, but The Family are stuck!”

We waited and waited. Waited, so we thought, almost long enough to fly back. The Airport was deathly dull, hardly a sound rippled the silence. I sensed that the Guv was becoming sicker and sicker. Ma wandered around restlessly, and Buttercup breathed as if she were on the verge of exhaustion and sleep. Somewhere a door slammed. “Ah!” said the Customs man, “here he comes.” Footsteps sounded along the corridor, two men walking. They came closer and closer. “These folks claim they are Immigrants,” said the Customs man. “I called you because I cannot touch their stuff until you have cleared them. The cats have been cleared by Health”. The Immigration Officer was a nice old man, but he did not appear to know the Airport at all, nor did he know which office to enter; he kept asking the Customs man things. Eventually he said, “Come this way,” and walked off to a little side room. “Before we can start we must have Forms and things,” he muttered to himself, tugging aimlessly at locked drawers. “Wait here,” he said, “I must try to find some keys.” He went out and soon returned with the Customs man. Together they went round trying drawers and closet doors, muttering to themselves as they found each one locked. Both men went out and we settled down to another long wait.

“Got them! Got the keys!” said the Immigration man in great triumph, “NOW we shan't be long.” For minutes he tried key after key, becoming more and more gloomy. None of them fitted. Off he rushed to solicit the aid of the Customs man. Together they advanced on the offending desk. “You lift up,” said the Immigration man, “and I will bear down, if we can get this in between we can force it open.” The

sounds of groans and grunts almost lulled us to sleep, then came the splintering of wood and the sound of a screw or two dropping to the floor from the shattered lock. For a moment no one spoke, then the Immigration man said, in a strangled voice, "The \*\*\*\*\* desk is empty!" He and the Customs Officer wandered round, experimentally poking and pulling at desks and closets. Much MUCH later the Immigration man exclaimed, "Ah! GOT IT!" There was the rustling of papers and muttered imprecations, then a muffled voice said, "Now we have the Forms — WHERE ARE THE RUBBER STAMPS?" More searchings, more muttered words, more waiting. Miss Ku and I settled down into a doze from which we were awakened by having our baskets lifted. "Now you go back to Customs, that is where you came in," said the Immigration man. We clattered back along the Hall. "All clear?" asked the Customs Officer, inspecting our papers now marked "Landed Immigrant." Wearily the Guv lifted cases and put them on the counter, unlocked them and opened them for inspection. Methodically the Customs Officer checked our list of cases, and glanced through our effects. "All right," he said, "you can go."

Outside the Airport the snow lay thickly, "Coldest winter for a long time," an Airport cleaner told us. Quickly our cases were stowed in a waiting car, Ma, Buttercup, Miss Ku and I got in the back. The Guv sat in the front with the driver. Off we went along the slippery road. The driver did not seem to be at all sure of the way and kept muttering to himself, "We turn here, no, it is further on, no it must be here." The ride was uncomfortable and very long. To us it seemed almost far enough for an air journey. We jolted along a terribly bad road and swerved uncertainly to a stop. "Here it is," said the car driver, "this is the house." We climbed out and carried our cases in. Miss Ku and I were really too tired to carry out a thorough inspection, so we tottered round trying to note the most important points. The Guv lifted me on to his bed, and I fell sound asleep.

With the coming of the morning Miss Ku came and

awakened me, saying, "Come on, you lazy old wretch! We got work to do, now you walk behind me and I will tell you all about everything." I jumped off the bed and had a good scratch in order to wake myself up. Then I followed Miss Ku. "Here is where we eat," she said, "and here is the Comfort station. Here is a wall against which you would dash your brains if you had any. Now note its position for I shall not repeat myself!" She went on, "Here is a door, it leads to a small garden with a garage at the end and the road beyond that." She led me through the house and jumped on to a window ledge in the Guv's bedroom. "Gee! Feef!" she exclaimed, "There is a sun porch outside, and then a big lawn and beyond that the sea. The sea is frozen." "Don't be such a dope, Ku, said the Guv lifting me to his shoulder, Come on, Ku," he called, moving to the other door. Opening it, he carried me through, and Miss Ku rushed past to be 'out first.' "That is not the sea," said the Guv, "it is Lake St. Clair, and when the weather is warmer you can both go out and play on the grass."

It was a strange kind of house, a grating in the ceiling of each downstairs room allowed hot air to go to the room above. Miss Ku LOVED to sit in an upstairs bedroom right on a grating, and watch what was going on in the kitchen below. She got extra heat from that rising from the kitchen stove, but it had the great attraction of enabling her to know all that was going on, in the kitchen, tradesmen at the door, and what was being said in the Guv's bedroom.

A few days after we arrived in Canada it was Christmas. It was quiet indeed, we knew no one at all, and during the whole of what was for others "the Festivities" we saw no other person, nor spoke to anyone. The weather was bitter, with constant snowfalls, and the surface of the Lake was a solid sheet of ice upon which ice yachts sped. I thought of the other years and of other Christmases. Mme. Diplomat had been an ardent Catholic, and "Noel" had meant much to her. The LAST Christmas, I recalled, I had been shut up in that dark old shed, shut up for the whole of the day after, too.

Because of the celebrations they had forgotten all about me. THIS Christmas was truly the happiest ever, because I could look back along the years and know that now I was truly wanted, and know that no longer would I be lonely or forgotten, or hungry. In my “Mme. Diplomat” days I remained hidden as much as possible. Now, if I am missing for even a few minutes someone says, “Where is Feef? Is she all right?” and a search is immediately instituted. NOW I have learned that I am wanted, so I keep in sight, or make my presence known as soon as my name is mentioned. Food too is regular; the Guv says I eat one meal a day — all day! He does not believe in feeding animals just once a day. He thinks that we have sense enough to know when we have had enough. Consequently Miss Ku and I always have food and drink available, day and night.

Christmas was past, and we were feeling the remoteness of our rented home from the shops. No bus passed our door, and the city was about fifteen miles away. The only way to get anywhere was by taxi. Delivery men came to the door, bringing milk, meat and bread, but there was no real CHOICE. The Guv decided to buy a car. “We will get an old one first,” he said, “and when we get used to the wild Canadian drivers we will get a better one.” One thing that impressed the Guv was the utter lack of courtesy on the roads. As he often said, The Americans were probably the world's worst drivers, with the Canadians a very close second. As the Guv has driven in some sixty countries he should know something about it.

The taxi drew up at the door and the driver hooted. The Guv went out. Miss Ku called after him, “Get a good car, Guv, don't let them swindle you!” I heard the taxi door slam and the sound of a car driving off. “Hope he gets a good one,” said Miss Ku, “I LOVE car driving, I simply can't wait to get out in it.” It was perfectly true, Miss Ku would ride anywhere at any time and she loved speed. I dislike car riding unless I can go at not more than twenty miles an hour. There is no fun in speed when one is blind. Miss Ku prefers to race

along the highway going at least the maximum allowed by the law. The morning passed slowly, we cats fretting at being without the Guv and Ma. Miss Ku's ears went up, "They are coming, Feef," she said, I listened, and then I heard it. Unfortunately it was a taxi returning! Buttercup ran down the stairs and hurried to the door. Miss Ku jumped on the window ledge and uttered an exclamation of disgust. "They have come back by taxi, they haven't bought a car!" she said, irritably.

Buttercup opened the door, "Well? How did you get on?" she asked. Miss Ku yelled, "QUEEK! QUEEK! Spill the beans, GIVE! What happened?" "Well," said the Guv, "we saw a car which appeared to be very suitable. It is an old Monarch. The firm are going to send it out here so that we can try it for the day. If we like it we pay for it and keep it." Miss Ku turned and raced up the stairs, her tail fluffed with joy. "I'll go up and keep watch through the bathroom window," she shouted. The Guv and Ma told Buttercup and me all that had happened. We were just going to have a cup of tea when Miss Ku shouted, "It is coming, two cars, YIPPEE!" I could hear her doing a little dance of joy in the room above. The Guv and Ma went out and Miss Ku got in a fever of impatience, rushing around like a cat who had just had her kittens taken from her. "Golly! Golly!" she breathed, "What CAN they be doing?" Buttercup could not bear the suspense either. Putting on her thickest coat she dashed out. Miss Ku emitted an ear-splitting yowl, "I can see it, Feef! It is green and as big as a bus!" The Family came in just in time to save Miss Ku from bursting with frustration. The Guv looked at her, then picked her up and said, "So you want to see the car, eh? Do you want to come, Feef?" "No thank you," said I, "just leave me here where it is safe!" The Guv, carrying Miss Ku, and Buttercup — well wrapped up — went out into the cold air. I heard the sound of an engine. Ma rubbed my head and said, "You will be able to go for rides, now, Feef."

Half an hour later they came back. Miss Ku was bubbling

with excitement. “Wonderful WONDERFUL!” she yelled at me. “I went to Tecumseh.” “Miss Ku,” I said, “you will throw a fit if you go on like that. Why not sit here and tell me all about it, I can’t follow you when you stutter and stammer with excitement.” For a moment I thought she was going to be angry, then she came across and sat by the space heater. Folding her hands primly, she said, “Well, it was like this Feef.” The Old Man carried me out and put me on the back seat. He got in the driving seat, and there was plenty of room for him — you know what a lot of room he takes. Buttercup sat in the front passenger seat and the Guv started the engine. Oh! I must tell you this; the car is green and is an automatic, whatever that means, and there is room for all of us and two others. The Guv drove slowly, he is too law abiding — I told him so, and he said wait until we have paid for the thing. And they are going to drive over and pay the money this afternoon and then we can go fast. So we drove to Tecumseh and then we came back, so here we are!” She paused a moment while she combed the end of her tail, and said, “You should see it, Feef! Oh! I forgot you are blind, well, you should get your behind on those seats. Be-U-tiful!” I smiled to myself, Miss Ku was really thrilled by the car. I was thrilled to know that now the Guv would be able to get out a little. “Feef!” said Miss Ku, “The car is WARM, Gee! You could fry eggs in it if you wanted to.”

Lunch was soon over, then the Guv and Ma got ready to go out. “We shan’t be long, said Ma, “we are just going to pay for the car and get some groceries, We’ll give you a ride when we come back.” “I wouldn’t want to go out Miss Ku” I said, “I am not fond of cars.” “Oh! you are a silly old woman cat!” said Miss Ku. She sat up and went thoroughly into her toilet, ears, back of her neck, whole body, and right on to the tip of her tail. “I have to make a good impression on the new car,” she explained, “or it may not run well if it dislikes me.” Surprisingly quickly the Guv and Ma came back. I was delighted to hear the rustle of brown paper and thus to know that a fresh supply of food had been laid in. One

of my phobias, since my starvation days, was a fear of being without food. My common sense told me that it was a foolish fear, but phobias are not easy to dispel. An even greater phobia, although my common sense told me that I had no need to worry, was that someone would try to lift me by the fur at the back of my neck. This is such an evil practice that I am going to write a few lines about it. After all, if we cats do not tell people of our problems, then people will not know of them!

When I was about to have my third set of babies, Pierre, the French Gardener who was employed by Mme. Diplomat, suddenly picked me up by my neck fur. The pain on my neck muscles was very great indeed, and my babies just fell out of me and were killed on the stone pathway. The sudden shock harmed me internally. Mister the Veterinarian was summoned and he had to pack part of me with something to staunch the blood. "You have lost me five kittens! Pierre!" said Mme. Diplomat angrily. "I should deduct it from your wages." "But Madame," whined Pierre, "I was most careful I lifted her by the scruff of her neck, she must be a sickly creature, there is ALWAYS something wrong with her." Mister the Veterinarian was red faced with anger, "This cat is being ruined!" he shouted, "Adult cats should NEVER be lifted by their fur, only FOOLS would treat expensive animals so!" Mme. Diplomat was furious at the loss of money which the death of my children had caused, at the same time she was a little puzzled; "But Monsieur," she said, "Mother cats CARRY their kittens by the fur of their necks, what is wrong with that?" "Yes! Yes! Madame," replied Mister the Veterinarian, "but the Mother cat carries her children thus when they are only days old. When the kittens are DAYS old they are so light that no harm at all is caused. Adult cats should always be lifted so that the weight is taken by the chest and the back legs. Otherwise a cat may be harmed internally."

I am a silly Old Woman Cat, but I am afraid of being picked up by anyone except my Family. The Guv WON'T

LET any stranger pick me up, anyway, so what am I worrying about? He picks me up better than anyone else, and this is how he does it — the correct way. He puts his left hand under my chest, between my forelegs where they join the body. His right hand supports either the front of my thighs, or he allows me to stand with my back legs on his right hand. When holding a nervous or strange cat, one should always have the right hand supporting the front of the thighs, then the cat cannot kick or leap away, and it is the most painless way of holding cats. People have said to the Guv, “Oh, I always pick them up by the back of the neck as some cat books say!” Well, no matter what “some cats books say,” we, the cats, know what we prefer, and now YOU know too! So PLEASE, if you love us cats, if you want to spare us pain or injury, Lift us as described above. How would YOU like to be lifted by the back of YOUR neck, or by your hair? We HATE it!

Nor do we like to have silly “Puss Puss” talk. We understand ANY language if the person will think what he or she is saying. Baby talk irritates us and makes us wholly uncooperative. We have brains and know how to use them. One of the many things that amazes us about humans is that they are so sure we are merely “dumb animals”, so sure that there is no other form of sentient life than humans, so sure that there CANNOT be life on other worlds, for humans believe most strongly that they are the highest form of evolution! Let me tell you something; we do not speak English, nor French, nor Chinese, not so far as the sounds go, but we understand those languages. We converse by thought. We “understand” by thought. So did humans before . . . yes, before they were treacherous to the animal world and so LOST the power of thought reading! We do not use “reason” (as such) we have no frontal lobes; we KNOW by intuition. The answers “come” to us without us having to work out the problems. Humans use a telephone in order to speak over a distance. They have to know a “number”. We cats when we know the “number” of the cat to whom we desire to

speaking, can send our messages over hundreds of miles by telepathy. Very rarely can humans understand our telepathic messages. Ma can sometimes. The Guv can always. Well, as Miss Ku has just reminded me, this is a long way from writing about our first car in Canada. But I still say, with all respect to Miss Ku, that it is good to get a cat's opinion on the best way to lift and treat — a cat.

On the following morning the mailman brought letters, heaps of letters. The Guv looked at the envelopes and I heard the sound of paper being slit. There was a rustling as the Guv drew a letter from its envelope, then silence for a moment while he read. "Oh!" he said, "these Canadians are savage! Here is a letter from the Ministry of Health, telling me that if I do not report forthwith I am liable to be DEPORTED!" Ma took the letter and read it herself. "First time they have written to you, wonder why they write in such a nasty way?" she said. "I don't know," replied the Guv, "all I know is that I bitterly regret coming to this awful country!" He went on to read other letters. "One here from Customs saying that our goods — the things sent by sea — have arrived and someone has to go to Customs about it. That's in Ouellette." "I'll go," said Ma, bustling off to get ready.

Just in time for lunch, Ma returned. "I don't know why these Canadian officials are so unpleasant," she said as she came in. "They tried to make trouble because of the typewriters. They said that if we wanted an electric typewriter it should have been bought in Canada. I told them it was bought BEFORE we even thought on coming to this country. It is all settled now, but they were very unpleasant!" She sat down and we had lunch.

"Who wants a ride?" asked the Guv. "ME!" yelled Miss Ku rushing to the door. "I'll stay home and keep Fifi company," said Ma. The Guv, Miss Ku, and Buttercup went out and I heard the garage door being opened and the car started. "There they go, Feef," said Ma, running her hand up and down my spine. "They are going to look round Windsor." We pottered around, I helped Ma make the

beds, I would run up and down on the sheets and it would straighten them out fine. We had to deal with tradesmen at the door, the bread man and the milkman and someone who came to ask the name of the landlord. Cars were rushing about outside, I never could understand why everyone traveled around so.

An hour or so later the Guv drove back. Buttercup carried in Miss Ku so that her feet should not get cold on the snow. The Guv locked the garage and came in for tea. "Not like beautiful Dublin, Feef," said Miss Ku, "Windsor is a very small city, and all the men seem to smoke strong cigars and say 'waal I guess.' We went down a street and I thought there were big skyscrapers in the street. When we got to the bottom I saw a river and the big buildings were in Detroit."

"The man has brought our cases from the Customs," said Ma. Slowly the various cases were carried in. Cases of clothing, cases of books, a tape recorder, and the big electric typewriter. Throughout the rest of the afternoon we were busy unpacking. Miss Ku and I did our share by examining everything and by raking out clothes and paper. The Guv opened the great packing case containing the typewriter. "It saved a lot of time," he said, "having the motor changed to the Canadian voltage. Now we can start another book without delay." Stooping, he picked the machine off the floor and set it on a table. Inserting a sheet of paper, and plugging the cable into a power socket, he sat down to type. The machine spluttered and jerked. The Guv became crosser and crosser. Getting up, he went to the electric meter board and read "115 volts 60 cycles." Going back to the typewriter and turning it upside down, he read "115 volts 50 cycles." "Rab!" he called, "they have fixed the wrong motor on this machine. It can't be used!" "Let's ring up the makers," said Ma, "they have a place in Windsor." WEEKS later we found that the makers were not interested nor would they make any allowance on a trade-in, nor would they sell the machine. At last the Guv just traded in the machine for an ordinary portable of a different maker, and through a different firm.

Buttercup uses that machine. The Guv uses the same old Olympia Portable on which he wrote "The Third Eye", "Doctor from Lhasa", "The Rampa Story", and is now typing my book for me.

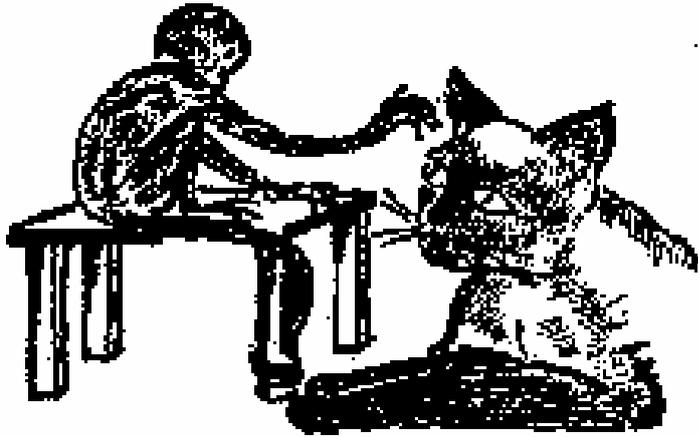
One day Ma and Buttercup went into Windsor to buy some peat moss for Miss Ku and me. As soon as they returned Miss Ku said, darkly, "There is something in the wind, Feef, you mark my words! Buttercup is out of herself: There is something in the wind!" She nodded her head sagely and wandered off, muttering beneath her breath. "Sheelagh has seen a monkey!" said Ma. The Guv sighed, "Surely she has seen plenty of them before?" he said. "Hey, Feef!" whispered Miss Ku, rushing back to me, "THAT is why she smells so strange, she has been near a monkey. Holy Tomcats! One never knows what that young woman is going to do next!" "How would you like to have a monkey in the house?" Ma asked the Guv. "Good Grief!" he retorted, "don't I live with you two now?" "No, seriously," said Ma, "Sheelagh wants a monkey!" "Buttercup, Buttercup, oh! Buttercup, what have you done now?" asked Miss Ku. "Feef!" she whispered "The Old Man's taken a blow over this, A MONKEY! What next will she want?"

The Guv was sitting on a chair, I went over to him and rubbed my head against his leg to show that I sympathized with him. He ruffled my fur and turned to Buttercup. "What is it all about, anyhow?" he asked her. "Well," she said, "we went in to get the peat moss and there was this monkey sitting mournfully on the bottom of a cage. He's SWEET! I asked the man to let me see him and it seems that he has cage paralysis from being confined too long. But he will soon recover if we have him," she added quickly. "Well, I can't stop you," said the Guv, "if you want a monkey, go and get it. They are messy things, though." "Oh! Do come and look at him," said Buttercup, excitedly. "He's SWEET!" Sighing so deeply that I heard his buttons creak, the Guv stood up. "Come on, then," he said, "or we shall be in the evening rush of traffic." Buttercup raced around in a flurry of excitement,

rushed up the stairs, and rushed down again. Miss Ku laughed to herself as they went out. “You should see the Guv's face!” she said.

That is one thing I WOULD like to do, see the Guv's face. I know he is bald, bearded, and big, Miss Ku describes people for me — and does it well — but there is nothing that can take the place of actually seeing. We blind people do develop a “sense” though, we form a sort of mental image of what a person looks like. We can feel a person's face, sniff them, and tell much from their hand-touch and from their voice. But a person's coloring, that is quite beyond us.

We wandered round, half our minds on the house, and the tea which was being prepared, and the other half on the Guv and Buttercup, wondering whatever they would bring back. “I lived for several days in a monkey cage, Miss Ku,” I said by way of making conversation. “Huh? Well, they should have kept you there, I guess!” said Miss Ku. “Monkeys? Who wants monkeys?” she went on in an aggrieved tone. We sat and waited. Ma had the tea ready and then she sat by us and probably thought of monkeys too! “I'm going upstairs to look out of the bathroom window,” said Miss Ku, “I'll give you the wire as soon as I see anything,” she added as she turned and ran lightly up the stairs. A boy came to the door bringing the evening paper. Ma went and fetched it from the rack and came in to scan the headlines. Not a sound from Miss Ku, ensconced in the bathroom window. We waited.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

The door opened. The Guv and Buttercup entered. From the manner in which they were walking I knew they were carrying something heavy or bulky. Miss Ku rushed to my side. "Phew! What a pong!" she exclaimed. I wrinkled my nose, there WAS an acrid smell around, a smell like wet rabbit, bad drains, and old tomcat. "Well, you cats," said the Guv, "come and say hello to the monkey." He put something on the ground, and at the strangeness of my impressions I felt a thrill run along my spine and my tail began to fluff. "Careful Feef!" exhorted Miss Ku. "We have a rum looking fellow here! He is in a great big parrot cage. Oh Golly!" she exclaimed in dismay, "He has sprung a leak!"

"Do you think we can get that chain off him?" asked Buttercup, "I'm SURE he would be all right without it." "Yes," said the Guv, "let us take him out of the cage first." He moved to the cage and I heard the noise as of a small door being opened. Suddenly, appallingly, pandemonium broke out. A noise which was a cross between ships sirens which I had heard at New York Harbor and the fog horn at the Bailey Lighthouse, Dublin. Miss Ku backed off in

consternation. "GEE!" she exclaimed, "I wish I could make a commotion like that and get away with it. Move back, Feef, he has sprung another leak." I backed several feet, not turning my back on the creature, then leaned over to Miss Ku and asked, "Is the thing being killed?" "Killed? Good Grief, no! The creature is neurotic, it started all that racket before it was even touched. The Guv is taking off a whacking great chain so the thing will be more comfortable."

"Put some newspapers on the floor," said the Guv, "let us have some use from the Press!" I heard the rustle of papers and then the creature began to scream, whistle and hoot again. "Miss Ku," I asked, "How do we address the thing?" "I'm going to call it Monkey rouse!" replied Miss Ku. "My Oh! My, Oh! My!" she added, "Buttercup has REALLY gone off her rocker now!" "Look Sheelagh," said the Guv, "If we hang the cage up here, between the two rooms, he will be able to see more, what do you think?" "Well, yes," she replied, "but I want him to be out of the cage." "Seems to me he needs attention," said the Guv, "Let us get a Vet here to look at him." "Feef!" whispered Miss Ku, "BEAT IT! A Vet is coming, he might get at our ears." To be on the safe side, we retreated to the shelter of the underside of the Guv's bed.

Ma came back from the telephone. "The Vet will be here tomorrow," she said, "he did not want to come, but as I told him, we could hardly bring a monkey to him. He will be here at about eleven in the morning." "Okay, Feef," said Miss Ku, "Saved by the gong, we can get out again." "Miss Ku," I said, "what does this monkey look like?" "Look like? Oh! Like nothing on Earth! Ugly critter indeed. Last time I saw anything so awful was when Buttercup had a baby last. That was in England, you know. The thing was a Tom and he had a face like this monkey, or the monkey has a face like that little Tom. Wrinkled, wizened, helpless. Makes strange meaningless sounds and is always leaking." Miss Ku paused reminiscently, "Ah! Those were strange days," she said, "Buttercup used to have a husband then one day she said

‘YEOW! I'm going to have a baby!’ and she did, there and then. Now she's got herself a monkey! Tsk! Tsk!”

“Hate, hate!” said Monkeyrouse, “Hate, hate, hate all. Shop life bad. Dint wanta go. Eddie sell me short. Hate!” “Miss Ku,” I said, in some consternation, “Do you think we should have a word with Monkeyrouse? We CANNOT have all that hate here, this is a GOOD household.” “Aw! De guy is nuts!” replied Miss Ku, who sometimes relapsed into Canadian or American. “Nuts? Nuts?” said Monkeyrouse, “Catsisnuts! I good American, hate all others. Crazy cats keep away.”

The Guv came over and picked me up in his arms. “Feef,” he said, “I will hold you close to the cage and you tell the monkey he is being foolish. He cannot reach out and touch you, Feef.” “Hate all! Hate all!” screeched Monkeyrouse, “Git outa here! Git outa here!” I felt intense sorrow that any creature would be so foolish, so misguided and so spiritually blind. “Monkeyrouse!” I said, “Listen to me, we want to make you happy, we want you to come out of that cage and play with us, we will look after you.” “Crazy Old Woman Cat! Crazy Old Woman Cat!” screeched Monkeyrouse, “Git outa here.” The Guv rubbed my chin and chest. “Never mind, Feef,” he said, “perhaps he will come to his senses if we let him go a bit.” “Okay, Guv,” I replied, “Miss Ku and I will look after him and will tell you if we get through to him. I think he has been in a shop too long. He is neurotic. Still, time will tell.” “Hey, Guv.” called Miss Ku, “let me have a word with Buttercup. If she put him on the floor, out of his cage, he may feel better.”

The cage was suspended in the archway between two rooms. The Guv tried to lift Monkeyrouse out while Buttercup held the cage steady. The air was rent, no, SHREDDED, by the screams of Monkeyrouse who clung to the cage and shrieked and shrieked and shrieked. “Gor!” said Miss Ku, “this sure is a neurotic monkey.” “Hate! HATE!” screamed Monkeyrouse. At last he was out and sitting upon the floor. I heard a trickling noise and started to move forward to

investigate: “Mind!” said Miss Ku, “If you come forward you will have to jump the Yellow Sea. And if you don't look out,” she roared, “you will be caught by the advancing waves.”

“Rab!” “Yes?” replied Ma. “How about wrapping up the cats and taking them down to the edge of the water? Poor old Ku is killing herself to look out.” Miss Ku and I have special jackets for cold weather, they are knitted of thick wool and have armholes and they keep us really warm. Now, with these on, and each of us wrapped in an even warmer rug, we were ready to be carried out. The Guv carried Miss Ku, because he and Miss Ku were more adventurous. Ma carried me. We opened the door at the other side of the sun porch and stepped down to the snow covered grass. By the time which we were walking I estimated that the back garden was about three houses long. At the end there was a broad stone wall beyond which was the frozen lake. “Be careful,” said the Guv to Ma and me, “It is very slippery here.” “Ohhh!” screamed Miss Ku, “Isn't the lake BIG! Oh, Feef,” she exclaimed, turning to me, “It is like a sea, as big as the sea at Howth. And it is frozen. Now let me see, what can I tell you about it? Oh yes, I know, before me is the lake. To my left there is an island and on the tip of it there is a tower where men watch so that no one can steal the ice. They should buy refrigerators, you see, and make business,” she added. “Right in front, in the distance I can see America and to the right the lake swells out becoming bigger and bigger.” “How are you doing, Feef?” asked the Guv, “not feeling cold?” I told him that I was doing fine and enjoying the change.

“Ku,” said the Guv, “are you a brave Big Girl Cat?” “Me? Of course I am!” replied Miss Ku. “All right, hold on tightly,” said the Guv, “you and I will go down on to the ice then you can tell Feef all about it.” Miss Ku squealed with delight. I heard the sound of climbing footsteps on frozen wood and Miss Ku called from the distance, “Hey, Feef, I'm being kept on ice. My! It is thick. I could walk to America, Feef!”

We were glad to get indoors, though, where it was warm,

and where Buttercup was nursing Monkeyrouse — which showed quite a lot of faith. As we entered, she stood up quickly, and put the monkey on the floor. “Oh! BOTHER!” she said, “all over my clean dress.” Miss Ku turned to me, “Tsk! Tsk!” she muttered, “remind ME never to have a \* \* \* \* \* monkey, Feef!”

The storm raged all night. “Worst for years!” said the Wise Ones who brought the bread and the milk. “More coming,” they said. We knew, too, for we also listened to the radio reports. Water pipes in the basement were frozen solid. “A pity Monkeyrouse’s water pipes don’t freeze,” said Miss Ku, gloomily. The Vet of Monkeys had been, and to our great delight, had gone. “No cure,” he said, “Try massaging his legs, MIGHT help, but I doubt it, been left too long.” With a quick shake of his head he had gone. We came from under the Guv’s bed.

The roofing of the next house was banging. Somewhere a can was rolling along the snow covered road under the influence of the wind. Monkeyrouse was sitting in the middle of the floor. We were sitting on a sofa. “WHOUF!” said the wind, taking a mighty breath. “BAM? RRRIPPP!” said our double window as it blew into the room, bringing the storm with it. Buttercup raced into the room, scooped up Monkeyrouse and fled to a distant bedroom with him. Miss Ku and I hurried underneath the Guv’s bed to await developments. The Guv grabbed tools, nails and materials and hurried out into the storm, anxious to do something before the roof blew off or the walls blew in. Down the stairs clattered Buttercup, clad in raincoat and anything that would keep out wind and snow. “Creepin’ Caterpillars!” muttered Miss Ku, “we poor cat people will be blown across the ice to America if they don’t hurry up.” The house was shaking to the fury of the gale. The Guv and Buttercup wrestled with sheets of plastic and lumps of wood. Wrestled, and nearly got blown away when the wind got under the plastic sheet. Ma tussled mightily to hold the curtains together so that the snow would not fill the room. Upstairs

Monkeyrouse was shrieking like a mad thing. Around the house the wind was doing the same. At last the Guv and Buttercup came in, having patched up the broken window. "Get on to the Landlord," said the Guv, "tell him we have made a temporary repair, but if he does not get it done properly the whole roof will go!" "The Guv is looking dreadful," said Miss Ku, "it is his heart, you know."

The winter seemed endless. Miss Ku and I thought Canada was somewhere near the North Pole. Day after day was the same, dull weather, falling snow and freezing temperatures. Miss Ku did a lot of motoring, attending to the shopping and telling the Guv where to drive. She would call to following drivers, admonishing them not to 'tail-gate' and reprimanding them for their bad driving habits. One day the Guv and Buttercup asked her to go to Detroit with them. Off they went, leaving Ma and me to do the housework. Monkeyrouse was in his cage. When they returned Miss Ku walked in with a jaunty air, her tail straight up. "You may sit beside me, Feef," she said, graciously, "and I will tell you about Detroit. You need to have your mind broadened, anyhow." "Yes, Miss Ku," I replied, flattered that she should take so much trouble to tell me. I moved over to where she was impatiently tapping the ground with her tail, and sat down. She settled herself comfortably, and idly combed her vibrissal as she talked.

"Well, it is like this," she commenced, "we left this dump and drove along to where old Hiram makes his whiskey. That's near the place the Guv went to have his lungs tested. We turned left and went over the railroad tracks and then right into Wyandotte. We drove on until I thought we had gone far enough to arrive back in Ireland, then the Guv turned right and left again. Some guy in a uniform waved us on and we managed to get beneath the ground. I was not at all frightened, mind you, but we careered along a dimly-lit tunnel. The Guv told me that we were going under the Detroit River. I could well believe it, that is what it felt like, that is why I had chills up and down my spine. We drove on

and up and turned where a sign said 'Slippery when wet' and then we paid some money. A few feet further on a man stuck his ugly head in the window and said "Whereyabawnfolks?" The Guv told him, and Buttercup — as usual — said her piece, and the man said "O-kay" and we drove off.

"It must have been very wonderful, Miss Ku," I said, "I would dearly love to be able to see such wonders." "Phooey!" said Miss Ku, "you ain't seen nuthin' yet. Get a load of this. We drove out into a big street with buildings so high that I expected to see angels sitting on their tops — on the tops of the buildings, of course, the angels would be sitting on THEIR bottoms. Cars were racing along as if the drivers had gone mad, but of course they were Americans. We drove on a bit and then I saw the water and two white ships moored with their winter overcoats on so as to keep the snow out. The Guv said that the canvas coverings would be taken off and the ships would take a lot of Americans somewhere and back. For that they would pay money." I nodded, knowing something about such things, because I had been on a ship at Marseilles, far away on the shores of the warm Meditteranean. I smiled as I thought that now I was sitting looking after a mad monkey in frozen Canada. "Don't keep interrupting Feef," said Miss Ku. "But I did not say a word, Miss Ku!" I replied. "No, but you were thinking of other things; I want your undivided attention if I am to continue." "Yes, Miss Ku, I am all attention," I replied. She sighed and continued, "We looked in some whacking great shops. Buttercup had a yen for shoes. While she was looking down at shoes I lay upon my back so that I could look up at a bigger than big building. The Guv told me that that particular building was called 'Pin-up Scott' or something, but I did not find out why he was going to be pinned up. Well, at long last Buttercup decided she had seen enough of shoes, so they could give a little attention to Poor Old Ku once again. We drove along a terrible road, so rough that I thought my teeth would drop out and the Guv said we were 'in Porter.' First I thought it was the porter one drinks (not

me, of course) and then I thought it was a man who carried things. Eventually I saw it was Porter Street. We turned left and hit such a bump in the road that I thought the wheels had dropped off. The Guv handed some money to another guy in uniform and we went past a row of little huts where they controlled traffic. As I looked up I saw a structure like a giant Meccano thing and on it was labeled 'Ambassador Bridge'. We drove on and — OW! — the view! Coming into Detroit we had gone under the river, with the ships' bottoms above us. Now, going back to Canada we were so high that an American would say we were intoxicated.

"We stopped on the Bridge and looked out. Detroit spread before us like one of the models which I had seen the Guv make. Train ferries were carrying railroad cars across the water. A speedboat came racing along, and the great lake ships looked like toys in a bathtub. Wind struck the Bridge and it shook a little. So did I. 'Let's get outa here, Guv!' I said, and he said all right, so we drove on to the end of the Bridge. 'WhafFewgotfolks?' asked a man in uniform, giving me a scary look. 'Nothing,' said the Guv. So we drove on some more, all the way through Windsor and here we are!"

"My!" I breathed, "you HAVE had an adventure!" But it was as nothing to the adventure she was going to have in a few days' time.

The Guv is very particular about cars. Things have to be just right, and if a car is not as the Guv thinks it should be, it gets attention immediately. About three, or was it four? days after Miss Ku went on her trip to Detroit, the Guv came in and said, "I'm not satisfied with the car steering. There seems to be a tight bearing." Ma said, "Take it up the road to that Service Station, it will be quicker than going all the way to Windsor." The Guv went off. Soon after I thought I heard the sound of a Police siren, but passed over the vague idea. Half an hour or so later, a car drew up, a door slammed, and the Guv came into the house as the car drove off. "Done already?" asked Ma. "No!" said the Guv, "I came back in a taxi. Our car will not be ready until this afternoon, it needs

new steering ends, but it will be all right when those are replaced.” “What's happened?” asked Ma, who knows the Guv's expressions well. “I was doing about twenty-five miles an hour up the road,” replied the Guv, “when a Police siren went off just behind me. A Police car shot ahead and pulled up directly in front of me. I stopped, of course, and a Policeman got out of his car and came lumbering towards me. I wondered what I had done wrong — I had been driving five miles under the limit. ‘You Lobsang Rampa?’ the Policeman asked. ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘I read one of your books’ said the man. Anyhow,” said the Guv, “He only wanted to talk and he told me that Press Reporters were still trying to trace us.” “Pity they haven't got something better to do,” said Ma. “We don't want anything to do with the Press, they have told lies enough about us.”

“What time is it?” asked the Guv. “Three thirty,” replied Ma. “I think I will go and see if the car is ready. If it is I will come back and collect you and Miss Ku and we will go out and try it.” Ma said, “Shall I telephone them? If they will deliver the car — if it is ready — you can drive the mechanic back to the garage and then come for us. I'll phone now,” said Ma, hurrying off to the foot of the stairs where we kept the telephone. Miss Ku said, “Oh! Goody; I'm going out, Feef, is there anything you want?” “No thank you, Miss Ku,” I replied, “I hope you will have a pleasant trip.” Ma came hurrying back; “The mechanic is on his way now,” she said. “By the time you get on your coat he should be here.” The Guv did not wear a thick overcoat, like other people, he just wore something light in order to keep the snow off. It often made me smile when the Guv was out in just trousers and jacket while everyone else was SWADDLED with everything they could cram on!

“The car is at the door,” called Buttercup from upstairs where she was entertaining Monkeyrouse. “Thank you!” replied the Guv as he went out to where the mechanic was waiting in the big green Monarch car. “Come on, Miss Ku,” said Ma, “we have to be ready, he will not be more than a

few minutes.” Miss Ku tripped daintily along so that Ma could help her with her coat, the blue woolen one with the red and white edging. The car was heated, but the path to the car was not. “I’ll think of you, Stick-in-the-mud!” said Miss Ku to me, “while I am bowling along the highway you will be listening to the shrieks of Monkeyrouse.” “He’s come,” said Ma. “Goodbye Miss Ku,” I called, “look after yourself.” The doors shut, the car drove off, and I sat down to wait. It was terrible to be alone; I depended utterly upon the Guv and Miss Ku, they were my eyes, and often my ears. As one gets older, particularly after a very hard life, one’s hearing becomes less acute. Miss Ku was young, and always had had the best food. She was vital, healthy, and alert and with a brilliant intellect. I — well, I was just an old woman cat who had had too many kittens, too many hardships.

“They are a long time, Feef!” said Buttercup, coming down the stairs after settling Monkeyrouse. “They are indeed!” I replied before I remembered that she did not understand the Cat language. She went to the window and looked out, then busied herself with food. As far as I remember now, it was something to do with fruit and vegetables, for Buttercup was VERY fond of fruit. Personally I disliked fruit intensely, except for coarse grass. Miss Ku was fond of a grape now and then, the white ones, she liked to have them skinned and then she would sit and suck them. Curiously enough, she (Miss Ku) also liked roast chestnuts. I once knew a cat, in France, who ate prunes and dates! Buttercup switched on the lights, “It is getting late, Feef, I wonder what is keeping them?” she said. Outside, the traffic was roaring along the road as people from Windsor returned home after their day in the shop or office or factory. Other cars raced in the opposite direction as people on pleasure bent (they would be ‘broke’ after!) went in search of amusement across the River. Cars — cars — cars everywhere, but not the one I wanted to see.

Long after the last homing bird had shaken the snow from her night-perch and tucked her head beneath her wing in

sleep, there came at last the slam of a car door. In came the Guv, and Ma, and Miss Ku. “What happened?” asked Buttercup. “What happened?” I echoed. Miss Ku rushed to me breathlessly, “Come under the bed, Feef, I must tell you!” Together we turned and went into the Guv's bedroom and under the bed where we had our conferences. Miss Ku settled herself and folded her arms. From the room outside came a murmur of voices. “Well, Feef, it was like this,” said Miss Ku. “We got in the car and I said to the Guv ‘let's wring this thing out’ I said, ‘let's see how it goes.’ We went up the road and on through Tecumseh — that's the place I told you about before where they nearly all speak French — and then we turned on to one of the super-highways where you put your foot on the gas pedal and forget all about it.” Miss Ku paused a moment, to see that her tale was having the right effect on me. Satisfied that I was paying sufficient attention, she continued, “We beetled along somewhat for a time and then I said, ‘Gee, Guv, press the jolly old gas pedal down, what?’ He speeded the contraption up a bit but I saw that we were only doing sixty, which was very legal. We went some more, maybe sixty five, then there was a clang and a shower of sparks (like Guy Fawkes Night) shot out beneath us and trailed astern. I looked at the Guv and then hastily looked away. The wheel was loose in his hand!” She paused again in order to build up the suspense and when she observed that I was fairly panting, she resumed.

“There we were, on the long long highway, doing sixty five and a lick more. We had no steering, the track rods had dropped off. Fortunately there was not much traffic. The Guv managed somehow to pull up the car and it slithered to a halt with one front wheel hanging over a ditch. The air was full of the smell of burning rubber because he had had to put on the brakes hard in order to keep us from turning over in the ditch. The Guv got out, turned the front wheels by hand, and then got back and used reverse gear to get us on the road again. Ma got out and walked to a place where they had a telephone and called the garage to come and pick up the

pieces. Then we all sat in the car together while we waited for the breakdown truck to come for us.”

I marveled, Miss Ku showed no signs of strain, she was calm and collected. I could hardly wait for her to continue. “But Miss Ku,” I prompted her, “the steering had just been repaired — that is why the car was at the garage!” “Sure, Bud, sure,” replied Miss Ku, “all the steering things that had been replaced dropped off because the split pins or something had been forgotten. Well, as I was saying, a breakdown truck with a great crane on the back of it came miles to meet us. The man got out and made ‘tsk! tsk! and you are still alive?’ noises. We all manhandled the car so that the truck could get in front. I sat on the front seat and yelled over the noise telling everyone what to do. Oh! It was a real do, Fee,f” she exclaimed, “I haven't told you the half of it. Well, the three of us got in the front seat of the Monarch, and the crane lifted the front wheels clear of the ground. I thought how undignified we must look, then the truck started on the way home, with us swaying and jolting behind. We did miles, and I say to this day that the fast tow back damaged our automatic transmission.” She snorted dourly at me and said, “You are not an engineer, Feef, if you were you would know that it is very damaging to tow a car with automatic transmission. Too fast a tow can wreck everything, and this tow did. But there, I am not giving a technical lecture, it would be beyond you anyhow, Feef.”

“Miss Ku,” I asked, “what happened then?” “Happened then? Oh, yes, we rattled over the railroad crossing at Tecumseh and soon were in front of the garage. The Guv was cross because he had paid to have all those parts replaced, but the garage man would not admit liability, saying it was ‘an act of God,’ whatever that means. He had us driven home in his own car, though, because I told him I could not carry the Guv all that way. So here we are!” I could hear the rattle of dishes, and thought it was time to see about some food for us, I had not been able to eat while waiting and worrying. First I had one question; “Miss Ku, were you not fright-

ened?" I asked. "Frightened? FRIGHTENED? Glory Be and Ten Tomcats, no. I knew that if anyone could get us out of the mess the Guv could, and I was there to advise him. Ma kept very calm, we did not have any trouble with her. I thought perhaps she might panic and scratch, but she took it all as a matter of course. Now for the eats!" We rose from our seats beneath the bed and wandered out into the kitchen where supper was ready.

"Old Man's holding forth," said Miss Ku, "wonder what's biting him now?" We hurried up with our supper so that we could go in and listen without losing too much food or knowledge. "Get a move on, Feef!" urged Miss Ku, "we can wash while we listen." We moved into the living room and sat down to wash after our supper and pick up all the news. "I'm tired of that car!" grumbled the Guv, "we should change it for something better." Ma made noises, clearing her throat and all that, which indicated she was dubious. "Hark at Ma!" whispered Miss Ku, "she is counting out the shekels!" "Why not wait?" asked Ma, "we are still waiting for those royalties, they should be here any day now." "WAIT?" asked the Guv, "if we change cars now we still have something with which to do an exchange. If we wait until we can afford it, the old Monarch will have fallen to pieces and be worthless. No! If we wait until we can AFFORD to do it, we shall never do it." "Monkeyrouse has been terrible," said Buttercup, changing the subject, "I don't know what we can do with him." Miss Ku told her, and it was fortunate that Buttercup did not understand the Cat language. The Guv did, and applauded, giving Buttercup a polite and highly censored translation!

That night as I lay down to sleep I thought how dangerous these cars were. Pay a lot to have them serviced, and then bits dropped off and made more costs. It seemed fantastic to me that people wanted to go careering round the countryside in a tin box on wheels. Dangerous in the extreme I called it, much preferring to stay at home and never move out again. I had done too much traveling, I thought, and where had it

got me? Then I awakened with a jolt; it had got me to Ireland and if I had not moved to that country I should not have been able to meet the Guv, Ma, Buttercup, and Miss Ku. Now fully awake, I sauntered out into the kitchen to get a light meal in order to while away some of the night hours. There I met Miss Ku who had been unable to sleep for thinking over the dangerous hours of the day. Monkeyrouse chattered irritably and — as always with Monkeyrouse — I heard water splashing. Miss Ku nudged my elbow and muttered, “Bet the Detroit River has been much deeper since that thing came to live with us. Buttercup must have gone off her head to want such a creature!” “Hate! Hate” screamed Monkeyrouse into the night air. “Goodnight, Feef,” said Miss Ku. “Goodnight, Miss Ku,” I replied.

The next morning the Guv went up to the garage to see what could be done about the car. He was away most of the morning and when he came back he was driving the Monarch. The Guv always has a Family Conference when there is anything important to be decided. That is an Eastern trait to which we cats subscribe, Miss Ku and I always discussed things before one of us did anything important. At the Family Conference the Guv and I sat together, and Ma and Miss Ku sat together. Buttercup sat alone because Monkeyrouse had no intellect and merely shrieked “Hate! HATE! Wanna leave! Dint wanta come!” “First,” said the Guv, “we shall have to move out of this house. I understand from the garage people that the other side of the road is going to be used as a city garbage dump, they are going to fill in the ditch with refuse. That will bring hordes of flies in the summer. Then this road is almost impassable in the summer because of the American trippers. So — we are going to leave.” He stopped and looked round. No one moved, no one said a word. “Next,” he continued, “the steering has been put in order on this car, but it will soon want a lot of money spent on it. I consider that we should go to Windsor and trade in this car for another. The third thing is, what are we going to do about Monkeyrouse? He is becoming worse, and as the Vet

says, he will need more and more attention. Shall we let that man have him? He knows all about monkeys.” For quite a time we sat and discussed things. Cars, houses, and monkeys. Miss Ku made notes of every thing, she had a very good head for business and could always deal with other peoples’.

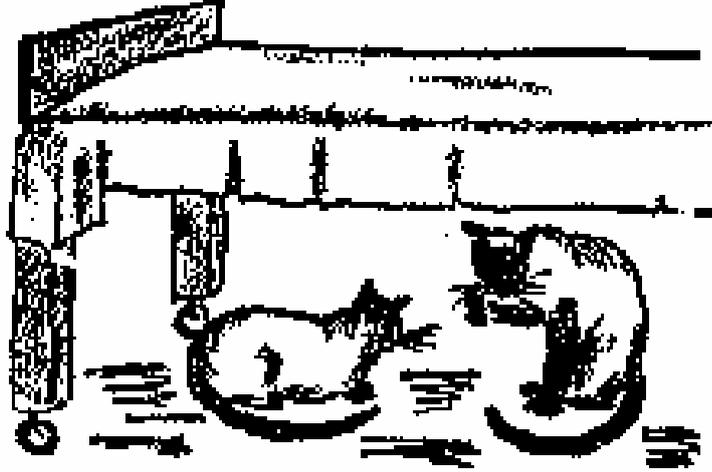
“I think we should go into Windsor this morning,” said Ma, “if you have it on your mind it is just as well to get it over. I want to look at a house as well.” “Golly!” muttered Miss Ku, “action at last! They sure are hot stuff this morning.” “Well, Sheelagh, what about Monkeyrouse?” asked the Guv of Buttercup. “We had him to see if he could be cured,” she replied, “and as he obviously is getting no better, and is missing the other animals, I think he should go back.” “Right,” answered the Guv, “we will see what can be done. We are going to have a full week.” Miss Ku interrupted to say how foolish it was, living out in the wilds away from Windsor. “I want to see the shops, to see LIFE!” she said. “We will find a place right in Windsor this time,” said the Guv. Ma got up, “We shan’t find anywhere if we just sit here,” she said, “I will go and get ready.” Off she hurried, and the Guv went out to say rude things to the Monarch which had let us down.

Before Ma could get ready and go out to the car, the Guv returned. “That man up the road,” he said, “he was passing by and saw me in the garage. He stopped to tell me that some Pressmen have been snooping around the place, trying to find out just where we live.” The Family have been plagued by the Press, people came from many different parts of the world, all demanding an ‘exclusive scoop.’ We also got letters from all over the world and although not one in a thousand enclosed return postage the Guv replied to them all. He is becoming wiser, though, and no longer replies to ALL the letters. Miss Ku and I had to speak very strongly to him before he would use stern discrimination. That is one thing about him, he can be persuaded if one can show him the sense of a thing. Miss Ku and I often have to dig out facts in order

to convince him, common sense is much more reliable than emotion.

The Guv called up the stairs to Buttercup, “Sheelagh! There are a crowd of Press dopes about. I suggest you don't answer the door, and make sure it is locked!” He and Ma went out, leaving Miss Ku and me to protect Buttercup from the Press. I heard the car start up, and the sounds as the Guv reversed it and turned. “Well, Old Woman Cat,” said Miss Ku jovially, “I shall soon be driving in another and better car. YOU should try more motoring, Feef, it would broaden your outlook.” “Mind yourselves, you cats,” said Buttercup, coming down the stairs, “I want to do this floor.” Miss Ku and I wandered off and sat on the Guv's bed. Miss Ku looked out of the window and told me of the scene. “The ice is breaking up on the Lake, Feef,” she told me with glee. “I can see great chunks swirling away where the current is strong. That means the weather will soon be warmer. We might even be able to go in a boat, you'd like that, all the drink around you, you would never be thirsty.”

We Siamese Cats are very gregarious, we MUST have LOVED people around us. Time dragged and almost stopped while we sat and waited. Buttercup was busy in the kitchen and we did not want to disturb her. Monkeyrouse was chanting away to himself “wantago wantago wantago. Hate all! Hate all!” I thought how tragic it was, here he had the best of homes and yet he was not satisfied! The French Carriage Clock struck eleven. I yawned and decided to have a nap in order to pass the time. Miss Ku was already asleep, her breath a gentle sound in the silence of the room.



## CHAPTER NINE

“Gee! Oh Gee!” exclaimed Miss Ku with elan, “what a mighty fine automobile.” Her voice rose higher and higher as she fairly shrieked, “AND IT’S MY NEW CAR, it is stopping here!” She pressed her nose harder and harder against the glass of the kitchen window. “Great Tomcats!” she breathed, “a hard top, its blue, Feef, the color of your eyes, and it has a white top. Man! Is the Guv ever clever to get a heap like that!” “I must possess my soul in patience,” I thought, “and wait until she tells me more.” It is quite hard, at times, being blind and having to depend so much upon the good offices of others. A car the color of my eyes she had said. I was VERY flattered at that. With a white top, too. That would make it very smart and show off the blue to the best advantage. But now I heard the car doors being shut, the Guv and Ma would be in soon: Footsteps coming nearer along the path. The opening of the screen door and the slam as the spring shut it after. Then they came in, the Guv and Ma. Buttercup came racing down the stairs, as eager as Miss Ku and I.

“Coming out to see it?” the Guv asked Miss Ku and me. I said “No, thank you very much, Miss Ku will describe it for me when she returns.” The Guv and Buttercup, the latter carrying a well wrapped Miss Ku, went out to the car. I could pick up Miss Ku's telepathic thoughts as she wanted me to. “Scrumptious, Feef, beautiful smell of leather. Mats you can REALLY get your claws into. Great Jumping Grass-hoppers, there's ACRES of glass and room to sit just inside the rear window. We are just going for a breeze up the road, ta ta, Feef, see you later.”

Some people say, “Well, Mrs. Greywhiskers, why could you not pick up the telepathic messages all the time?” The answer to that very sensible question is: if all cats used their telepathic powers at full strength constantly, the ‘air’ would be so full of noise that no one would understand any message. Even humans have to regulate their radio stations in order to prevent interference. Cats get on the wavelength of the cat they desire to call and then distance does not matter, but any other cat listening on that wave length also hears the message, so privacy is lost. We use close-range speech when we want to converse privately, and use telepathy for long range discussions and messages and for broadcasting to the cat community. By knowing a cat's wavelength, determined from the basic frequency of the aura, one can converse with a cat anywhere, and language is no bar. Is NO ba r? Well, not much of a bar. People, and that includes cats, tend to think in their own language and to project thought-pictures directly constructed from their own culture and conception of things. I make no apology for going into some details on this, for if my book gives humans even a slight understanding of cat problems and thoughts it will be well worthwhile.

A human and a cat see the same thing, but from a different viewpoint. A human sees a table and whatever is on that table. A cat sees only the underside of the table. We see upwards, from the ground up. The underside of chairs, the view beneath a motor car, legs stretching upwards like trees in a forest. For us a floor is a vast plain dotted with immense

objects and clumsy feet. A cat, no matter where he may be, sees the same type of view, and so another cat will make out the sense of a message. Picking up from humans is a different matter, for they project a picture the perspective, or view-point, of which is so utterly alien to us that we are sometimes puzzled. Cats live with a race of giants. Humans live with a race of dwarfs. Lie on the floor, with your head resting on the floor and then you will see as a cat sees. Cats climb on furniture, and on walls so that they may see as humans see and so understand the thoughts which come to them.

Human thoughts are uncontrolled and radiate everywhere. Only people like my Guv can control the radiation and spread of their thoughts so as not to 'jam' all others. The Guv told Miss Ku and me that humans conversed by telepathy many many years ago, but they abused the power badly and so lost it. This, the Guv says, is the meaning of the Tower of Babel. Like us, humans formerly used vocal speech for private talk within a group, and telepathy for long distance and group use. Now, of course, humans, or most of them, use vocal speech only.

Humans should never under-rate cats. We have intelligence, brains, and abilities. We do not use reason in the generally accepted sense of that word, we use 'intuition'. Things 'come to us,' we KNOW the answer without the necessity of having to work it out. Many humans will not believe this, but, as the Guv has just remarked, "If people, human people, would explore the things of THIS world before attempting Space they would be better fitted for the latter. And if it were not for the things of the mind there would be NO mechanical things at all, it takes a mind to think out a mechanical device."

Some of our legends tell of great things between humans and cats in the days of long ago before humans lost their powers of telepathy and clairvoyance. DID some human laugh at the idea of cats having legends? Then why not laugh at the human gypsies who have legends going back centuries? Cats do not write, we do not need to, for we have total recall

at all times, and can use the Akashic Record. Many human gypsies do not write either, but the stories they know are passed down through the centuries. Who understands cats? Do YOU? CAN you say that cats have no intelligence? Really you live with a race of people whom you do not know because we, the cat people, do not WANT to be known. I am hoping that some day the Guv and I may together write a book of cat legends, and it will be a book that will truly amaze humans! But all this is far removed from what I am writing about now.

The sun was shining warmly upon me through the kitchen window when Miss Ku returned. “Brrr!” she said as she came in, “It is cold out, Feef, good thing the car has such an efficient heater!” She went off in order to have some light refreshment after the excitement of the new car. I thought I would eat as well, knowing that she would like to have company. “Food tastes good, Feef,” she said, “I guess the outing has perked up my appetite. You ought to take a ride, then maybe you will eat even more than you do now – if possible!” I smiled with her, for I never disguised the fact that I liked my food. After years of semi-starvation it was nice and comforting to be able to eat just when one wanted to. As we sat together washing after our meal, I said, “Will you tell me about the car, Miss Ku, please?” She thought a moment as she washed behind her ears and combed her vibrissa. “I’ve told you about the color,” she said, “and I suppose you want to know what happened. Well, we got in the car and the Guv told Buttercup and me all about it. The Guv and Ma drove to the car lot and there they examined a lot of cars. The Manager knows the Guv well, and he pointed out this one as being very good. The Guv tried it, liked it, and bought it. The old Monarch was traded in. The Guv is going to take both of us out for a ride later, he is going to go specially slow for you.”

Monkeyrouse was shrieking his head off again. “Wantago! Wantago!” he howled. Buttercup scolded him, but very kindly, for making such a noise. Monkeyrouse was insane, of

that we were sure. Always complaints from him. “When are we going to take him back?” Buttercup asked the Guv.

“Hooray!” yelled Miss Ku, leaping into the air with joy, “Old Misery Monk is going, everything will be drier then! I wish HE would get his taps frozen!” The night before had been colder than usual, and we had had the water supply frozen. As Miss Ku so often remarked, Monkeyrouse was the wettest monkey ever.

“We should telephone and say we are taking him back,” said the Guv, “can’t just drop this creature on an unsuspecting world!” Ma went to the bottom of the stairs to phone. The Guv NEVER used a telephone if he could help it, because he often picked up the thoughts of a person instead of what they were saying — two very different things! After a few incidents where the Guv had picked the wrong meaning, they made a rule that Ma or Buttercup should use the instrument. Ma acted as “business manager” because the Guv said she was more fitted to do it. Ma saw to all the accounts, but only because the Guv wanted it that way.

“Yes, it will be all right to take him back,” said Ma, adding glumly, “but they will not refund any money!” “Well, Sheelagh, what shall we do?” asked the Guv. Buttercup was so upset that she stammered a little and shuffled her feet. “Well,” she said, “he is becoming no better and he obviously does not like it here. I think maybe he is afraid of the cats, or would be better in a house without cats. Let’s take him back!” “SURE? QUITE sure?” pressed the Guv. “Yes, we will take him back for his own good.” “All right, I will get out the car now.” The Guv got up and went out to the Garage. “Hate! Hate!” shrieked Monkeyrouse, “Wantago! Wantago!” Sadly Buttercup took him out of his cage and wrapped a blanket round him. The Guv came in and carried out the big cage and put it in the commodious car trunk. He sat in the car for a time, running the engine so that the heater could warm the car for Monkeyrouse. Then, satisfied with the temperature, he gave a toot on the horn for Buttercup. I

heard the car door close and the sound of the engine speeding up and fading away into the distance.

The car was a beautiful one, and Miss Ku loved it dearly. I went out a few times, but as I have already said, I am not at all fond of cars. Once the Guv took Ma, Miss Ku and me to a pleasant place beneath the Ambassador Bridge. We sat in the car and the Guv opened the window a trifle so that I could catch the scent of Detroit across the River. Miss Ku reminds me that 'scent' is definitely the wrong word here, but it is at least a polite word! As we sat there, in the warmth of the car, Miss Ku described the scene for me; "Above us the Ambassador Bridge stretches across the Detroit River like a Meccano toy across a bathtub. Trucks — that is American for lorries, Feef— rumble across in an endless procession. Private cars there are in plenty. Sightseers stop their cars on the Bridge in order to take photographs. Across from us is a railroad marshalling yard, while to the right the Americans are building some big Hall because Americans like to go to such places and talk. Conferences, or Conventions, they call them, it really means that they get away from the Missus, free-load on drinks, and get tangled up with paid girl friends." Miss Ku stopped a moment and then said, "My! How the ice is coming down! If we could catch some of it and save it until the summer we would make a fortune. Well, as I was saying, if you like I will get the Guv to take us over to Detroit." "No Miss Ku, no thank you," I replied nervously, "I fear that I should not enjoy it a bit. As I cannot see there would be no point in me going. I'm sure the Guv would love to take you, though!" "You really are a drippish sissy, Feef!" said Miss Ku, "I'm ashamed at your stick-in-the-mudishness."

"Let's take the cats home and go house-hunting," said Ma. "All right," replied the Guv, "time we moved, anyway, I didn't like that place from the start." I called out "Goodbye, Mister the Ambassador Bridge." I had previous associations with ambassadors and consuls and so I did not want to be at all disrespectful to that Bridge. The engine hummed into life, and Miss Ku called to the Guv, "O-KAY! Let 'er roll!" The

Guv put a gentle pressure on a pedal and the car eased slowly up the snow covered slope and on to Riverside Drive. As we passed Windsor Station a train hooted with impatience and I almost jumped out of my skin with fright. On we went, along by the side of the River, past the Drink Factory and on. We went by a Convent and Miss Ku made the remark that she always thought of Mr. Loftus, away in Ireland, when she passed the place. Mr. Loftus has a Daughter who is a Sister in a Convent, and we hear that she is doing very well indeed.

We pulled into the side of the road, after our long drive, and the Guv said, "Home, Feef, you will soon be having your tea. Shall we have tea first, Rab?" he asked, turning to Ma. "Just as well," she said, "then we need not worry about the time." The Guv has had so much suffering that he has to eat often and little. Because of 'the lean years' before I came Home as the Old Apple Tree had predicted, I too had had hardship, and I too eat often and little. We went into the house, being carried by the Guv and Ma and well wrapped, for the snow was yet upon the ground. In the house Buttercup had tea ready, so I went to her and told her I was glad to be back.

Tea was soon over. The Guv stood up and said, "Well, let's be going or we shall be caught in the evening rush." He bade Miss Ku and me goodbye and told us to look after Buttercup. Then he went out, followed by Ma. Once again we heard the voice of the car engine dying away in the distance. Knowing that we should be left to our own resources for an hour or two, we first took some exercise, I chased Miss Ku around the room, then she chased me. Then we had a competition to see who could make the most holes in the newspaper in the shortest time. This soon palled, and anyhow we had no more newspaper. "Let's see who can walk on the stair rail farthest, Feef, without falling off!" suggested Miss Ku immediately followed by, "Oh! I forgot, you can't see, well, that's out." She sat down and gently scratched her left ear in the hope of obtaining a flash of inspiration.

"Feef!" she called. "Yes, Miss Ku?" I answered. "Feef,

you tell me a story, one of the old legends will do. Talk softly, because I want you to lull me to sleep. You can go to sleep after,” she added magnanimously. “Very good, Miss Ku,” I replied, “I will tell you of the Cats who saved the Kingdom.” “Gee! That’s a dilly, well, get crackin’ .” She settled herself comfortably, and I turned so that I would be facing her, and commenced.

“In the days of Long Ago, it might have been a thousand or a million years, the Island lay green and beautiful beneath the warm gaze of a gently smiling sun. The blue waters lapped playfully at the indolent rocks and sent showers of white spray into the air in which rainbows stretched all embracing arms. The land was fertile and luxuriant, with the tall, graceful trees reaching high into the heavens there to be caressed by balmy breezes. From the higher grounds rivers came bounding over huge boulders, to fall tinkling into great pools before spreading out and flowing more sedately into the ever welcoming sea. In the hinterland mountains rose and hid their crowns above the clouds, providing maybe foundations for the Homes of the Gods.

“Along the stretches of golden sands, fringed by the white foam of incoming waves, happy natives played, swam, and made love. Here there was nothing but peace, joy, and ineffable contentment. Here there was no thought for the future, no thought of sorrows or evil, but only joy beneath the gently waving palms.

“A broad road led inwards from the shore, disappearing into the cool dusk of an immense forest, to reappear miles away where the scene was very different. Here were temples, wrought in colored stone and metals such as silver and gold. Mighty spires which reached aloft to probe the skies, domed cupolas, and vast expanses of time-mellowed buildings. From a high temple embrasure came the notes of a deep-toned gong, scattering into flight thousands of birds who had been dozing in the sunlight along the hallowed walls.

“As the deep chimmg continued, yellow robed men

hastened to a central building. For a time the rush continued, then it slackened and in the open all was quiet again. In the main Assembly of the immense Temple the monks shuffled uneasily, speculating upon the reason for the sudden call. At last a door clicked in the far recesses of the Temple and a small file of yellow robed men came into view. The obvious Leader, an old old man wizened and dried by the years, walked slowly ahead, escorted by two immense cats, cats with black tails, ears and mask, and white bodies. There was, it was clear, complete telepathic understanding between the old man and the cats. Together they walked to a podium, where the old man stood a moment, gazing out upon the sea of faces confronting him.

“ ‘Brothers of all degree’ he said at last, slowly, ‘I have called you here to tell you that this our Island is in mortal danger. For long we have suffered under the threat of the scientists who inhabit the land at the other side of the mountain. Cut off from us by a deep gorge which almost divides this Island, they are not easy of access. Within their territory science has supplanted religion; they have no God, no conception of the rights of others. Now, Brothers of all degree,’ the old priest stopped, and looked sadly around. Satisfied that he had the rapt attention of his audience, he resumed, ‘We have been threatened. Unless we bow the knee to the ungodly and become utterly subservient to these evil men, they threaten to destroy us with strange and deadly germs.’ He paused wearily, with the weight of his years heavy upon him. ‘We, Brothers, are here to discuss how we may circumvent this threat to our existence and freedom. We know where the germ cultures are stored, for some of us have tried in vain to steal them that they may be destroyed. Yet we have failed and those whom we sent have been tortured and killed.’

“ ‘Holy Father!’ said a young monk, ‘would these germ cultures be bulky, heavy to carry? Could a man steal them and RUN with them?’ He sat down, overcome with his temerity in addressing the Holy Father. The Old Man looked sadly before him; ‘Bulk?’ he queried, ‘there is no

bulk. The germ cultures are contained within a tube which may be held between a finger and thumb, yet one drop would spread across our land and annihilate us. There is no bulk, but the germ culture is contained within a tower which is heavily guarded.’ He paused again, and mopped his brow. ‘To show their contempt of us they placed it at an open window, well within sight of all those whom we have sent into their land. A slender tree stretches a delicate branch across the window, a branch but as thick as my wrist. To show they have no fear of us they sent a message saying that we should pray until we were light headed and then perhaps the branch would support us.’

“The meeting continued into the early hours of the morning, monk discussing with monk ways and means of saving their people from destruction. ‘Could we but knock it down so that it would break, they would be vanquished and we would be saved from destruction,’ said one monk. ‘That is so’ said another, ‘but if we could knock it down we could reach it, and if we could hold it we then would hold the power, for it is said that there is no antidote, no way of staving off the evil germs.’

“In an inner sanctum the old old man lay in exhaustion upon his couch. Beside him, guarding him, lay the two cats. ‘Your Holiness,’ said one by telepathy, ‘could not I go into the land, climb the tree and remove the phial?’ The other cat looked across at his companion, ‘We will go together;’ he said, ‘it will double the chance of success.’ The old priest pondered, thinking of all that was at stake. At last he spoke telepathically, ‘You may have the solution,’ he said, ‘for no one but a cat could climb that tree and move out upon the branch. You may have the solution.’ He lapsed into his private thoughts for a while, and no telepathic cat would ever intrude upon one’s private thoughts. ‘Yes, it may be the answer!’ the old man said again. ‘We will have you both carried up to and across the gorge that you be not tired and we will there await your safe return’ He paused and then added, ‘And we will tell no other what it is that we will do

for even in a community such as this there are those who talk too freely. Yes,!' he clapped his hands in delight, 'we will send an emissary to obtain their terms and that will distract their attention from you.'

"The days that followed were busy ones. The High Priest let it be known that he desired to send an Emissary, and an answer was received that it would be permitted. Men guarding the Emissary, and carrying two baskets, climbed the mountain passes to the gorge, crossed, and were in enemy territory. The Emissary went on into the enemy stronghold, and under cover of darkness the cats were released from the baskets. As silent as the night itself they made off. Stealthily they approached the tree and paused at its foot. Thoroughly they used their telepathic powers in order to determine the presence of any enemy. Cautiously one ascended, while the other used every telepathic ability in order to keep the closest watch: With infinite caution the climbing cat crawled along the branch until at last he could snatch the phial under the nose of the startled guard. Long before men could come pouring out of the tower, the two cats had dissolved into the darkness, carrying back to the old priest the phial which would safeguard his land for years to come. Now, in that land, Cats are Sacred to the country's descendants, and only the cat knows why!"

A gentle snore punctuated my closing sentence. I looked up and listened to make sure. Yes, it was a snore, a loud one this time. I smiled contentedly and thought, "Well, so I am a dull Old Woman Cat, but at least I can soothe Miss Ku to sleep!" She did not sleep long, however. Soon she sat up, tall and erect. "Start washing, Feef," she commanded, "they are on their way home and I cannot have you looking slovenly." Moments later we heard a car engine, followed by the rattle of the garage door. Then — footsteps upon the path, and the Guv and Ma came in.

"How did you get on?" asked Buttercup, taking off her apron and putting it aside. "We have a place," replied the Guv, "suit us fine. I'll take you to see it if you like, we will

take 'Fanny Flap' as well." The Guv often called Miss Ku 'Fanny Flap' because of the way she rushed round in her excitement. I was glad he did not ask me to go to the new Apartment, but the Guv knew that I hated such things, much preferring to wait until we ALL moved in together. What was there for a blind cat? Why should I go when I knew nothing of the place, did not even know of objects to avoid? I preferred to wait until all was settled, all the furniture was in place, because then the Guv and Miss Ku would take me to each room and point out the location of things, and the Guv would lift me up and down to objects so that I could memorize how far I should have to jump. When I knew a place I could jump on to or off a chair and not miss or hurt myself I stand up and feel a rhair first so that I can avoid jumping into the back, then I jump up to wherever I want to be. Of course at times I bump into things, but I have wits enough not to bump into the same thing twice!

They were not away long. Upon their return Miss Ku came bustling over to me, "Get your ears back, Feef," she commanded, "it is time you were briefed. Now, the place is a house made into two apartments. We have taken the whole house so that the Guv can write another book. We shall live in the upstairs apartment. It has large rooms and looks over the Detroit River. There is a large railed balcony which the Guv says we can use when the weather is warmer. And Feef, there is an ATTIC where we can play and get ourselves covered with dust. You'll LOVE it!" So the Guv was going to do another book, eh? I knew that People had been impressing him with the need for another book, I knew that he had had some special instructions from discarnate entities. Already the title had been decided upon. Miss Ku got my thoughts, "Yes!" she exclaimed gleefully, "As soon as we move in next week we are going to see Mrs. Durr and get some paper and so start the book." "Mrs. Durr?" I enquired, "who is Mrs. Durr?" "You don't know Mrs. Durr? Why EVERYONE knows her, she is a lady bookseller who for the moment is working for a Windsor firm, but she is soon

to set up her own business. Don't know Mrs. Durr! Well well! Is that ever out of this world," she shook her head and muttered with disgust. "But what does she look like, Miss Ku?" I asked, "I cannot see, you know!" "Oh no, of course, I forgot that," said Miss Ku, greatly mollified. "Sit ye down, Old Woman Cat, and I'll tell you." We climbed up to the window ledge and sat facing each other. Miss Ku said, "Well, you have missed something. Mrs. Durr — Ruth to her friends — is ELEGANT! Plumpish to the right amount, nice features, and Ma calls her auburn haired, whatever that means. She wears crinolines most of the time, not in bed, I suppose, and the Guv says that she looks like a figure in Dresden china. Good skin, too, you know. Like porcelain, get me, Feef?" "I do indeed, Miss Ku, most graphic, thank you," I answered. "She sells books and things and although she is really Dutch she sells books in England. She is selling the Guv's books. We like her, we hope to see more of her now that we are going to live in Windsor city."

We sat for a moment in contemplation of Mrs. Durr's virtues, then it occurred to me to ask, "And has she any cat family?" Miss Ku clouded over. "Ah! I'm sorry you asked me that, it is a very sad case indeed, VERY sad." She paused and I am sure I heard her sniff a few times. Soon she got control of her emotions again and continued, "Yes, she has Stubby, who is a Tom that can't and he is a Queen as well who can't either. There was a dreadful mistake; poor Stubby is all mixed up in his, or her, Vital Department. But he has a heart of gold, yes, a heart of gold. Kindest person you could meet. Shy, very reserved as one would expect of one in his condition. The poor fellow would make a good mother to some homeless kitten; I must speak to the Guv about it."

"Is there a Mister Durr," I queried, then added, "of course there must be or she would not be Mrs." "Oh yes, there is a Mr. Durr, he makes the milk for Windsor, without him everyone would be thirsty. He is Dutch too, so that makes the daughter Double Dutch I think. Yes Feef, you will like Mrs. Durr, she is worth purring at. But we have no time to

discuss such things now, we have to arrange about the house. Next week we shall move and I told the Guv I would see that you were not frightened.” “I shall not be frightened, Miss Ku,” I replied, “I have moved around quite a lot.” “Well,” said Miss Ku, ignoring my remarks, “next week the luggage and things will be taken in a truck and Ma will be there to see the things in. Soon after, the Guv will take you, Buttercup and me, and when we are settled the Guv and Ma will return here in order to see that everything is all right, clean and all that, and will take the key to the landlord.”

By now the snows were melting, and the ice in the lake was breaking up and floating down the river. Sudden snowstorms reminded us that the summer was not yet upon us, but we could sense that the worst was over. Living in Canada was amazingly expensive, everything was twice — or more — the cost that it would have been in Ireland or France. The Guv tried to get work in the writing or television world. He found by bitter experience that firms in Canada do not want settlers unless they were (as the Guv put it) BUCK NAVVIES! Finding that he could not get into writing or television he tried anything, and found again that he was not wanted. None of us liked Canada, there was a remarkable lack of culture, a remarkable lack of appreciation of the finer things of life. I consoled myself with the thought that soon summer would be here and we would all feel better. The Guv, Buttercup, and Miss Ku went for a ride one day, I think they went to a shop in order to get a supply of peat moss. Ma and I made the beds and did a few odd jobs about the house. The stairs had to be dusted, and the old newspapers put aside. By the time we had done that they were back. “What d'ye think, Feef?” asked Miss Ku, coming across to me and whispering into an ear. “What? Miss Ku,” I replied, “What has happened?” “My Oh! My! You'll never guess,” muttered Miss Ku, “You'll never guess. This will KILL you. She has met a man named Heddy who loves monkeys.” “Monkeys, Miss Ku, you don't mean that we are going to have a monkey again!” Miss Ku laughed cynically,

“No, Feef, we are not going to have A monkey, we are going to have TWO of the little horrors. Guess we shall have to swim for it with two of the things working overtime in the floods department.” She sat silent for a moment, then said, “But perhaps they will be kept in the sun porch, we could not have two wild monkeys racing around. Monkeyrouse could not walk, these two are in good working order, guaranteed, satisfaction or refund of money.” She exhaled gustily and said, “Buttercup is going to see the man Heddy soon, she LOVES monkeys!” “Most strange,” I remarked, “Monkeys have such a bad reputation, I remember one in France, it was the pet of a retired seaman and it escaped one day and almost wrecked a fruit shop. I did not see it, mind, a lady named Madame Butterball told me about it, she ran a veterinary hospital. When I was a patient there she told me the history of the cage's last occupant, that monkey who cut himself by falling through a showcase.”

We were busy packing, so many things had to be put into cases, Miss Ku and I worked overtime stamping on things to make them take up less space in the trunks. At times we had to rake things out of a packed case in order to make sure that nothing had been forgotten. We had to scrump up tissue paper, because everyone knows that scrumped up tissue is softer than the stiff new stuff. We worked very hard indeed, and I am proud to think that we helped so much. We particularly adored making clean sheets ready for use. No one likes sheets straight from the laundry, stiff and unfriendly, Miss Ku and I worked out a special system of running up and down the sheets until they were soft and pliable and no longer had the hard folds of freshly ironed sheets.

“Sheelagh!” Ma was calling from the kitchen, “the Carpenter is here to see about the monkey cage.” “I'm coming,” called Buttercup, clattering down the stairs. Miss Ku grunted in disdain. “Monkey cage, eh? That is going to cost a packet! Blow me, I don't know what things are coming to. We should go and listen, can't know too much.” “Ya, ya,” the Carpenter was saying, “the cage you vant heem in

sections, no? Ya? I get heem quick. Vor de monks my wife she like to see, no ? I breeng her? Ya? I come.” Miss Ku was chuckling to herself, “As soon as he said ‘I come’ he went, Feef. My! What a whacker this cage is going to be, the Guv, Ma, Buttercup and we could all get in together.” “Will there be room at the new house, Miss Ku?” I asked. “Yeah! Yeah! Plenty of room, we shall have a big upstairs porch which is completely netted in. I thought we would have it as a playroom, instead it will be Monk Hall, as well! That's the way the cookies crumble!”

So the last few days dragged on. The Guv and Buttercup went to see Mister the Dutch Carpenter and came back with the news that the cage was finished and was being erected at the new house. With each trip that the Guv made to Windsor, more and more things were taken. Miss Ku went to see that everything was all right and came back to say, “Well, Feef, tomorrow you shall sleep in the City of Windsor, where we can look across and see the sights of Detroit. Some sights they are, too, some of them come over here in their flashy cars. Still, they bring dollars into the country. Good for trade and all that.”

The Guv picked me up and we played together for a time. I loved to play with him, he would have a thin stick with something that rattled on the end, and as he drew it along the floor I could chase it by sound. Of course he let me catch it very often, just to give me confidence. I KNEW he was letting me catch the stick, but I pretended to him that I did not. This evening he ruffled my fur and stroked my chest. “Early to bed, Feef, for we have a busy day tomorrow.” “Goodnight” said Ma and Buttercup, “Goodnight,” we replied, then I heard the click of the light switch as the Guv turned it off for the last time in this house.

Tomorrow? Tomorrow was another day, and would take us to another house. For tonight, I lay down and slept.



## CHAPTER TEN

“Heigh Ho!” sang Miss Ku, “So off again we go. We travel round the world so large, like a Tomcat on a barge. We motor to this Windsor City, to move again would be” “Ah! Be quiet, Ku,” said the Guv, “A fellow can’t think with you trying to sing. Resign yourself to it, you are no more musical than I am.” I smiled to myself. It was morning, and Miss Ku was greeting a long-past dawn with song. As the Guv spoke to her she wandered off, muttering, “You don’t appreciate Art, that’s what you don’t!”

I stretched lazily, soon we would have breakfast. Already Ma was bustling about in the kitchen. The clatter of dishes came to my ears, then, “Ku! Feef! Come and have your breakfast!” “Coming, Ma,” I replied as I felt for the edge of the bed and jumped off on to the floor. It was always an adventure, that getting off the bed in the morning. One’s senses and perceptions are not so acute when one is barely awake, and I always had a mild fear that I might jump in the Guv’s shoes or something. It was a very mild fear, though, because exceptional care was taken that I should come to no harm.

“Feef’s coming!” called the Guv to Ma. “Come and get your breakfast, Feef,” said Ma, “you are doping about like an old Granny this morning!” I smiled up at her and sat down to breakfast. “No, a bit more to the right — that’s it!” said Miss Ku.

“What shall we take next?” asked the Guv, “I am going to get the mail.” Ma suggested which things were the most fragile, and the Guv and Buttercup carried them to the car. We had a mail box in Windsor, because we found that when people had our address they just called unexpectedly, and that made complications as the Guv would never see anyone who just called and demanded admittance. Miss Ku told me that when The Family lived in Ireland — before I appeared on the scene — a woman arrived from Germany and DEMANDED instant admittance as she “wanted to sit at the feet of the Lama.” Told that she could not enter, she had actually camped on the doorstep until ordered to move by Mr. Loftus, looking very fierce and martial in his smart uniform.

Moving was a matter which did not concern Miss Ku and me. Soon the men from the removal firm had loaded our things and driven off. Miss Ku wandered around the house saying goodbye to the rooms. This was a parting of which we were glad, for this house had never felt friendly. Eventually Miss Ku and I were carried, well wrapped, to the warm car. The Guv locked the house doors and we drove off. The road was bad, very bad, like so many Canadian roads, Miss Ku told me that there was a sign reading, “Broken road, drive at your own risk!” We drove on and came to a crossing. Miss Ku called out, “That is where our food came from, Feef, a place called ‘Stop n’shop.’ Now we are on the main Windsor road.” The going was smoother here. My nose wrinkled at a sudden familiar odor, an odor which reminded me of Mister the Irish Vet and his Irish Cat Hospital. Miss Ku laughed, “Don’t be such a sissy, Feef, this is just a human hospital where they take people who are just about finished.” We drove on a little and she said, “And here is where motor cars

are made, we are passing the Ford factory. I'll tell you all, Feef, I'll give you the gen."

"Miss Ku!" I called, "What a strange smell, in some vague way it reminds me of the French vineyards, yet it is a DIFFERENT smell." "Sure it is," said Miss Ku, "Here is a factory where they make drink stuff Grain which could feed starving people is mashed up to make a drink of sorts which people would be better without. But we are going over a railroad bridge now, every train from anywhere to Windsor passes under this bridge." We drove on a little and then there was such a resounding CRASH! that I leaped straight into the air. "Don't be a slob, Feef," said Miss Ku, "that was just an engine shunting." The Guv turned the car, and stopped. "Home, Feef," said Ma. Miss Ku and I were carried across the snow-covered path, through the front door and up the stairs. There was the strong smell of fresh varnish and soap. I sniffed the floor and decided that it had recently been well polished. "Never mind that," said Miss Ku, "you can deal with the floor later. I am going to take you from room to room and tell you about the place. Pay attention because we have some new furniture." "Sheelagh!" called the Guv, "We are going to deliver the keys to the landlord, Shan't be long." The Guv and Ma went out, I heard them going down the stairs, get into the car and drive off. "Well, now come with me," said Miss Ku.

We went all through the Apartment, Miss Ku pointing out obstacles, and the whereabouts of chairs. Then we went out to the back porch. "Open up, please!" yelled Miss Ku. "Do you want to go out, Ku?" asked Buttercup, "All right, I will open the door." She walked across the kitchen and opened the door. A blast of cold air rushed in and we rushed out. "Here," said Miss Ku, "is the upstairs sun porch. Screened on three sides. Shortly it will be Monkey Hall. It will be heated. Brr! Let's get out, it is too cold here." We wandered into the kitchen, and Buttercup shut the porch door with a sigh of relief and another sigh for silly cats who wandered around — to her — aimlessly!

“Here is the bedroom you will share with the Guv. It looks out over the railroad, over the Detroit River and Detroit City. In the summer, so I am told, ships from all over the world come past this window. We shall see, we shall see!” Miss Ku was in her element, describing the view. “Slightly to the left of us is the place where some men dug a hole beneath the River and made a roadway to America, further left is the Ambassador Bridge. Guv says the word Detroit is a corruption of the French for ‘The Straits’. Guess you’ll know all about that, Feef!” Miss Ku suddenly swiveled round so fast that her tail swept across my face. “Golly!” she breathed, “some horrible looking man is staring up at me, he is carrying an official looking briefcase, too.”

That night we slept fitfully, disturbed a lot by the rattle and crash of trains past the window. In the morning Ma went down the stairs to collect the milk. She returned with the milk and a letter which she handed to the Guv. “What’s this?” he asked. “I don’t know,” said Ma, “It was in the box.” There was the sound of an envelope being ripped open, and then silence as the Guv read. “My goodness!” he exclaimed, “Is there NO limit to the foolishness of Canadian officials? Listen to this. This is a letter from the Department of National Revenue. It starts:

“Dear Sir,

Information received by this office indicates that you are making rental payments to a non-resident of Canada and are not withholding tax. Since you have failed to withhold tax since May 1st, 1959, you are required to withhold sufficient monies from your next rental payment to cover the amount of tax which should have been withheld.

“If you fail to withhold tax as required by the Income Tax Acts, you will be penalized in accordance with...”

“you see?” said the Guv, “we moved in yesterday and already we get threats. I wish we could wake up as from a nightmare and find that we were back in dear old Ireland.

WHY do these immature Canadians threaten and bluster so? I think I will take the whole matter up with officials in Ottawa.”

Miss Ku nudged me, “You see, Feef. Just as I told you, that horrible man yesterday was a tax, spy. I saw him.” We listened, the Guv was still talking about it. “Can't understand this country, they threaten me with deportation in the very first letter they sent me. Instead of asking me to go to the Medical Officer of Health they THREATEN me with deportation if I don't go. Now, the very day after we move in, they threaten all sorts of penalties. People of this country have not the wits to know that the Wild West days are over.” “The Guv is getting wild,” whispered Miss Ku, “we should hide under the bed!”

The days slipped smoothly by. Gradually we became accustomed to the noises of the trains. The Guv made an awful fuss about the threatening letters, and received apologies from the local Tax people and also from the Ottawa government. A piece appeared in the newspapers about the Canadian officials who tried to intimidate settlers! The weather became warmer and Miss Ku and I were able to sit on the balcony and play in the garden downstairs.

One morning the Guv came back from the Walkerville Post Office with quite a lot of mail, as usual, but this day in particular he brought a very nice letter from Mrs. O'Grady. “I miss her,” said Ma, “I wish she could come out and see us.” The Guv sat still for a time, then he said, “She was a good friend to us. Why don't we get her to come?” Ma and Buttercup sat, silent with amazement. “Guv's gone off his head at last,” whispered Miss Ku, “that's what Canada has done to him.” “Rab,” said the Guv, “how about writing to Mrs. O'Grady and asking if she would like to come? Tell her if she comes next month she will be here the same time as the Queen of England. Think of that, the Queen of England, and Mrs. O'Grady of Eire here at the same time. Tell her the Queen will pass up the River right in front of us. Tell her FOR PETE'S SAKE let us know soon!”

Miss Ku, with quite unconscious humor, said, "Well Feef, now that we have finally got rid of the monkeys we are going to have Mrs. O'Grady." We all LOVED Mrs. O'Grady, and counted her as a very true friend." I laughed, and pointed out that Miss Ku made it appear that 'Ve O'G' was in the same class as the monkeys. Miss Ku, with her usual wit, turned it back on me with, "Nonsense, Feef, anyone but you would realize that after the storm comes the sunshine. Mrs. O'Grady is the sunshine after the monkey storm." The monkeys had been a 'storm' as I heartily agreed. Soon after we had moved into the Riverside Drive house, Mister the Dutch Carpenter had arrived with a truck and the cage. "I vant vor do bring mine Vife vor do see der monkeys, yaas?" he said. Buttercup, the Monkey Queen, said yes, he could bring his 'wife' for to see der monkeys when they were installed. Mister the Dutch Carpenter and Mister the Dutch Carpenter's son carried up all the pieces and worked mightily, well, not TOO mightily, to assemble the affair. Then they rubbed their hands, stood back, and waited for the dollars. That settled, they went off after assurances that Missus the Dutch Carpenter's Wife should be invited to Monkey Hall. . . .

A day or so later two monkeys arrived, in a big basket of course. Buttercup, all agog to see them, incautiously opened the lid a fraction too much. "OW!" yelled Miss Ku, "DIVE BENEATH THE BED, Feef, WILD MONKEYS ARE LOOSE!" We dived beneath the bed so that we should not be in the way or impede the monkey hunt. The Guv, Ma, and Buttercup dashed around the rooms, shutting windows and doors. For a time all was madness. It seemed that hordes of monkeys were racing around. Miss Ku said, "I will stay near the wall, Feef, and then I shall be safe to grab you and pull you back if a monkey reaches in for you."

At last one monkey was caught and put in the cage, and then after further struggles, the second. The Family sat back and mopped bedewed brows. Soon Buttercup rose to her feet and formed herself into a one-woman Sanitary Corps to go

round the house and remove Monkey Trademarks which were distributed everywhere with amazing profusion. As Miss Ku wisely remarked, "My Golly! I'm glad these things don't fly, Feef!" The Guv and Ma went round straightening things and helping to restore the place to its pre-monkey state.

The Monkey Experiment was not a success. The noise, the smell, the general commotion which the creatures caused was too much. A frantic plea went out to the man called Heddy. "Yes," he agreed, "these wild monkeys from the South American forests were not really suitable for private homes, but only for zoos." He would take the monkeys, he said, and let us have a tame one, one bred in captivity, and suitable for a pet. A pale and shaken Family said, unanimously, "NO! Just take these back. Take the cage too as good measure!" So, two monkeys and one very large specially made cage went back. Miss Ku and I now strode about the house with greater confidence, no longer constantly on the alert for monkeys which might have escaped. When the smell had abated, and after the sun porch had been thoroughly washed several times, we spent much time out there. It was a pleasant spot, where the sun shone upon us in the mornings and where we could smell flowers and growing things from the gardens nearby. We had many laughs about the monkeys, but only in retrospect, only in retrospect!

Our joy at the departure of the monkeys was soon increased by a letter from Mrs. O'Grady. Yes, she would come, she wrote, her Husband was glad she would have such an opportunity to travel. "What was he?" I whispered to Miss Ku, "He was a very important man," she whispered back, "he used to be the Voice of a Ship and used to speak so that all the world could hear. Then he was called Sparks." Miss Ku thought a moment and then added, "I think he was something to do with radio, yes, it must be, he makes all the electricity for Dublin now, it figgers — it figgers!" "Have they any family, Miss Ku?" I queried. "Yeah, sure," she replied, "they have a girl kitten called Doris — she will be coming as

well — and Mr. Samuel Dog who looks after the place. He is nearly as old as you, Feef.”

The weeks slipped by. One morning the Guv called Miss Ku and me and said, “Now Cats, the next week is going to be busy and noisy. The Queen of England is coming to Windsor, there will be bands and fireworks. Mrs. O’Grady and Doris will arrive today. You, Ku, you must look after Feef; I am going to make you responsible for Feef’s safety.” “Okay Guv, Okay!” said Miss Ku, “Don’t I always look after her as if she were my own great great grandmother?” There was much preparation, Ma and Buttercup used extra elbow grease on the place, the Guv and we cats used extra energy keeping out of the way so that we should not be swept up. “Let’s go up in the attic,” said Miss Ku at last. “These women with their flap make the place dangerous to live in.”

The weather was hot, terribly hot. Miss Ku and I found it hard work to even breathe. Just as our first winter in Canada was exceptionally cold, so was this, the hot season, exceptionally hot. As Miss Ku said, “Golly! Feef, you just can’t have raw food now, everything is cooked by this weather.” Ma had gone to Montreal the day before so that she could fly back with Mrs. O’Grady. At about one o’clock of “arrival day” the Guv got out the big car and drove off to Windsor Airport. Buttercup bumbled around and kept looking out of the window. Miss Ku said there was much to see. Within a very few days there would be processions, bands, and aeroplane fly-overs. Not for Mrs. O’Grady, Miss Ku made clear, but for the English Queen who was in the district. There were going to be firework displays, which I knew meant many big bangs. But now we were waiting for our friend Mrs. O’Grady. Miss Ku and I were having a light lunch in order to fortify ourselves. Buttercup was peering out of the window. Suddenly she said, Ah Here they are!” (she said it in English as she did not speak Cat), and then she ran down the stairs to open the front door. “You keep out of the way, Feef,” said Miss Ku. “Young Daughter Kittens may be a bit clumsy with their feet. ALL humans are,” she said as an afterthought

“You keep close to me and I will see you are all right.”

There was much commotion on the stairs, chattering and laughing, and the sound of cases being dropped on the floor. “Golly!” whispered Miss Ku, “Poor old Ve O’G is looking as hot as a newly fried rasher of bacon. Hope she survives!” At last they reached the top of the stairs and Mrs. O’Grady flopped in the nearest chair. When she had recovered somewhat Ma said, “Come out on the balcony, it may be cooler there.” We all trooped out, and sat down. For some time the talk was of Ireland, a subject dear to the heart of the Guv and Ma. Then the talk swung to the English Queen, a subject dear to the heart of Buttercup, but which left the Guv unmoved. Miss Ku said, “If you want to talk of Queens, WE are the best Queens you will ever meet!” Mrs. O’Grady was looking hotter and hotter. At last she retired to the lower Apartment where she cooled off in Best Windsor City Water and eventually returned looking a little refreshed.

Ma had arranged for Mrs. O’Grady and Daughter to stay at a very good Hotel, the Metropole, and after they had stopped long enough to see the lights of Detroit, the Guv and Ma drove them to the Hotel. Miss Ku went to show the Guv the way, and tell him the best way to drive. I suppose they were gone for half an hour, then the Guv, Ma and Miss Ku returned and we all went to bed to rest in preparation for another day.

In the morning Ma said, “We will collect them after breakfast, when we go for the mail. I think we should drive them round Windsor so they know what sort of a place it is.” We had our breakfast, then Miss Ku and I helped the Guv dress. He is very sick, you see, and has had enough troubles to finish anyone. Now he has to rest a lot and take great care. Miss Ku and I have devoted our lives to looking after him. Soon he and Ma went down the back stairs and across the garden to the garage. Our Landlady lived in Detroit, but in Windsor her affairs were well looked after by her cousin, a very pleasant lady who always spoke most politely to Miss Ku and me. We all Liked her a lot. Our car was too large to

enter the garage of our house, so Miss Landlady's Cousin let us keep it in her garage which was very very large indeed. Yes, she was a very pleasant woman indeed and talked to us a lot. I remember that one day she told us that within the lifetime of her father all the settlers worked with guns beside them because of the very real threat of Indian raids. Her father, she told us, took his cattle to drink from the River, where now the railroad tracks run. She had another house a very few miles from Windsor which was a real Log Cabin made of walnut logs. Miss Ku went to see it once and was very impressed with the strange creatures living beneath the steps.

"Glorious Grasshoppers!" said Miss Ku, "they ARE a long time!" We thought that it was a waste of time to sit and wait, so we went up into the attic and did our nails on the beams and had a nice cool dust-bath. From the topmost ridge of the house Miss Ku looked down into the street, some forty feet away. "They have come," she called, and dropped lightly to the attic floor. Racing down the stairs we were just in time to greet them as they came in. The Guv picked me up and put me across his shoulder and carried me up the stairs. Miss Ku ran ahead up the stairs, calling to Buttercup to come and say "Good morning, Visitors."

"We went down to see the British Destroyers," said the Guv. "They are moored down by Dieppe Park. We also took a trip round the city. Now Mrs. O'Grady wants to sit and recover from the heat." We took chairs and went out on to the balcony. Mrs. O'Grady was very interested indeed in the sights of the River, with ships from all over the world passing along before her eyes. The Guv talked about some Seaway and said that that was the reason for the presence of the ships. I did not at all understand it, and Miss Ku was very vague, but it appeared that some humans had dug a ditch to let water from the Great Lakes flow faster to the sea. As certain American cities were taking too much water, locks were installed and some Canadians kept the keys. They had to unlock some water in order that a ship could float in, then they

locked a door behind and unlocked another in front. It was all mysterious to Miss Ku and me, but the Guv knew about it and he told Mrs. O'Grady who seemed to understand what it was all about.

A few days went by, with The Family taking Mrs. O'Grady about to see the sights. It appeared to me to be a waste of time as Miss Ku said they passed by our window. "Gee! Feef!" she would exclaim, "Look at that woman, isn't she a sight?" There was much activity about in front of our house, men were putting up decorations and putting down containers for litter. Little boats with officious men roared along the water, yelling loudly in order to show their importance. Crowds of people came and sat on the railroad tracks, looking out across the water, and throngs of stationary cars jammed the roads. The Family sat on the balcony. The Guv did a lot of photography, and on this day he had a three-legged thing with a camera on the top. On the camera he had what Miss Ku called a telephoto powerful enough to photograph a cat in Detroit.

Mrs. O'Grady was fidgeting about on her chair. "Look!" she exclaimed with great excitement, "all the American shore is lined by red-coated Canadian Mounties!" Miss Ku stifled a laugh as the Guv replied, "No, Mrs. O'Grady, they are not Mounties, that is a train loaded with red-painted farm tractors which have been exported from Canada." As Miss Ku said, it DID look like red-coated troops, so anyone at all could be excused from such an innocent mistake.

More ships were coming up the River. The noise of the crowd was temporarily hushed, then a babble of talk and a few cheers broke out. "There she is," said Ma, "standing alone on the after deck." "And there is the Prince," said Buttercup, "more towards the center of the ship." "I got a fine photo of that helicopter," said the Guv, "a man was leaning out and photographing the ships below him. That will make a good picture" The ships went away up the River and as the last vessel moved out of sight the cars on the road started up again. The crowds dispersed and, as Miss Ku said,

all that was left to remind us was about half a ton of litter. Once again the train ferries crossed and recrossed the River, and trains thundered and hooted along the tracks before our windows.

While there was yet light, some barges were towed out into the River and positioned on the water where Canada became America, and America became Canada. Apparently if the fireworks were to be discharged from that position, both countries, and not just one, would be responsible for any damage caused. Once again the crowds collected, bringing eatables and drinkables — particularly the latter — with them. All the trains stopped, and someone must have told the ships that they could not come any further. At last the Firework Hour arrived. Nothing happened. More time passed; and still nothing happened. A man called out and said that one of the Set Pieces had fallen in the water. Eventually there came a few weak bangs, not really loud enough to frighten a new-born kitten, and Miss Ku said there were a few strange lights in the sky. Then it was all over. The Guv and Ma said it was time to take Mrs. O'Grady back to the Hotel. Ma said "We will get a taxi, we shall never get our car out of the garage with a crowd like this." She called the taxi companies and was told that all taxis were held up in traffic jams. "There are a million people or more on the water front," she was told, "and traffic is packed solid." The Guv got out the car, and he, Ma, and Mrs. O'Grady disappeared into the crowd. More than an hour later the Guv and Ma returned and said that they had taken an hour to do two miles.

The next day the Guv and Ma took Mrs. O'Grady to see the sights of Detroit, they drove around a lot and then came back to Miss Ku and me. Mrs. O'Grady said she wanted to do some shopping over there so she, Ma and Buttercup all went together, leaving Miss Ku and me to look after the Guv. This was a very full, a very busy week, with two or three weeks sightseeing crammed into one. All too soon the aeroplane people had to fly a plane back to Ireland, to Shannon from whence we had set out.

The Guv and Ma drove Mrs. O'Grady and Daughter to the Airport at Windsor. As we heard Ma tell Buttercup later, they waited until the plane actually took off. The O'Grady's were starting off on a journey, back to Ireland, which we wished we could do. The Guv had tried hard to get work in Windsor, or in Canada. He was willing to go anywhere at all in the country. All he was ever offered was a job as a manual laborer, and that was just too silly for words. Canada, we are agreed, is a most uncultured country, and all of us live for the day when we can leave it. However, this book is not a treatise on the faults of Canada that would fill a complete library, anyway!

Miss Ku and I were often able to go out in the garden now, never alone of course, because of the many dogs in the district. Siamese cats are not afraid of dogs, but humans are afraid of what WE could do to the dogs. We have been known to jump on the back of an attacking dog, sink in claws, and ride him like a human rides a horse. Apparently it was permissible for humans to strap steel spikes on their heels and then tear a horse's sides with them, but if we sank our claws into a dog in self defense WE were termed "savage."

This afternoon was a pleasant one; we sat together beneath the Guv's chair — he is very big, weighing two hundred and twenty five pounds and needs a big chair — when a whole collection of cars went by with horns shrieking the place down. I had never bothered about it before, thinking it was just Canadians, so there did not have to be any sense in things they did. I happened to say, "Miss Ku, I wonder why they make all this noise?" Miss Ku was very erudite, and being sighted she had a great advantage over me. "I'll tell you, Feef," she replied. "Over here when a Tom and a Queen human gets married, they stick ribbons on the cars and then drive in procession with horns blaring all the time. I think it is meant to say, 'Look out! A gang of crackpots is coming!'" She settled herself more comfortably and added, "And when a human dies and is being taken to be shoved into a hole in the ground all the funeral cars keep their head-

lights full on and have blue and white flags marked 'funeral' flying from the side of the cars. They have right of way over all traffic and do not have to stop for traffic lights." "That is MOST interesting, Miss Ku, MOST interesting," I said.

Miss Ku chewed a blade of grass for a few moments, then said, "I could tell you a lot about Canada. Here, for instance, when a human dies they take the body off to a Funeral Home, fix him or her up — embalming they call it — do up the face with paints, and put `em on show in their coffins, or caskets as they are called over here. Then a party calls to pay the 'last respects' ' Sometimes a body will be half sitting up in the casket. The Guv says these Funeral Homes are the biggest money making racket ever. Then when people are going to get married their friends give them a shower." Miss Ku stopped and chuckled. "When I heard that first, Feef," she smiled, "I thought the friends gave them a bath — you know, a shower bath. But no, it means they are showered with gifts. Mainly things they don't want, or things which EVERYONE gives them. What would a bride do with half a dozen coffee percolators?" She sighed, "It is a crazy country, anyhow," she said, "Same with the children. Don't do a thing to the dear little children, don't be cross with them, have special Guards to escort them across the roads. Treat 'em as if they have no brains of their own, which is fair enough, but the point is — the day they leave school for the last time, they are on their own. No one looks after them then. Over here, Feef, there is the unhealthy Cult of the Human Kitten. They can do no wrong. Bad for them, Feef, bad for the country. They should have discipline, or in later years they will fall into crime through being treated too softly when young. Kids here are creeps, punks, BAH!" I nodded in sympathy. Miss Ku was quite right. Indulge a kitten too much, and you laid the foundation for a dissatisfied adult.

The Guv stood up, "If you cats want to stay here longer," he said, "I will go upstairs and get the camera. I want to

photograph these roses.” The Guv was a very keen photographer, and had a wonderful collection of color slides. He turned and went up the stairs to get his good Japanese Topcon Camera. “Pssst!” whispered the cat from Across the Road, “Pssst! I got sumting to tell you, Lady Ku'ei, will ya come to th' fence?” Miss Ku rose to her feet and sauntered across to the wire mesh fence at the side of the garden. She and the cat from Across the Road whispered for a time, then Miss Ku returned and sat by me again. “He only wanted to brief me on the latest American slang,” she said, “nothing important.” The Guv came out with his camera in order to photograph the flowers. Miss Ku and I retreated under some bushes, for we HATED to have our photographs taken. We hated to be stared at by curious sightseers, too. Miss Ku had a mortifying memory of a stupid Canadian woman poking her nose in the car window, pointing to Miss Ku and saying, “What is it, a MONKEY?” Poor Miss Ku went hot all over every time she thought of it!

That night, it was a Saturday, there were many people about. There was some sort of a party on at the Drink House a little distance up the road. Cars were roaring around, and there was much loud talk and discussion as men tried to bargain with women who were waiting on the streets. We went to bed, Buttercup in a room to the side of the house, where she had photographs of monkeys and human kittens and the statue of a Bulldog named Chester. Ma and Miss Ku had a nice room facing the front of the house, and the Guv and I slept in a room facing the front too, facing Detroit and the River. Soon I heard the Guv click off the light, and the bed creaked as he settled down. I sat for a time on the broad window sill, picking up the sounds of the busy night, thinking? What was I thinking? Well, I was comparing the hard past with the lovely present, thinking that, as the Old Tree had said, I was now Home, wanted, living in peace and happiness. Now, because I knew I could do anything, or go anywhere in the house, I took particular care to do nothing that could offend even Mme. Diplomat in far-off France. I

remembered the Gov's motto, "Do as you would be done by." A warm glow of happiness engulfed me. The Guv was breathing gently and I walked across his bed to make sure that he was all right. I curled up at the foot of his bed and fell asleep.

Suddenly I was acutely awake. The night was still except for the faintest of scratchings. A mouse? I listened for a time. The scratching continued. There came the muffled sound of breaking wood. Quickly I jumped silently off the bed and crept across the room in search of Miss Ku. She entered the room and whispered, "Sa-ay; I got noos for ya, ya'd better believe it! I learned that today from the Cat Across the Road. There is a BURGLAR downstairs, shall we go and rip his throat out?" I thought for a moment, Siamese Cats do do such things in defense of property, but then I thought that we were supposed to be civilized, so I said, "No, I think we should call the Guv, Miss Ku." "Oh goody, yes!" she exclaimed, "He will soon knock Seven Bells out of a burglar." I jumped on the bed and gently patted the Guv on the shoulder. He stretched out a hand and rubbed my chin. "What is it, Feef?" he asked. Miss Ku jumped up and sat on his chest, "Hey, Guv, a BURGLAR is breaking in. Beat him up!" The Guv listened a moment, then silently reached for his slippers and dressing gown. Picking up a powerful torch that stood nearby, he crept down the stairs, Miss Ku and I following him. Buttercup came out of her room, "What's happening?" she asked. "Sssh! Burglars," said the Guv, continuing down the stairs. Beneath us the scratching had stopped. Miss Ku shouted, "THERE HE IS!" I heard pounding footsteps and the crash of the garden gate. By now Ma and Buttercup had joined the Guv. We all went through the lower Apartment. A stiff breeze was blowing through an opened window. "Gerhumping Golliwogs!" exclaimed Miss Ku in awe, "The guy has broken out the window frame!" The Guv dressed and went outside to nail up the broken woodwork. We did not call the Police. Once before a gang of children had stolen the back gate. Ma phoned the Police,

and when at long last a policeman came he said, "Aw, you're lucky they did not take the roof from over your heads."

We Siamese Cats have a high sense of responsibility. In Tibet we guard the Temples, and we guard also those whom we love even when it costs us our life. Here is another of our legends.

Centuries and centuries ago there lived an old man who was the Keeper of the Wilds to an ancient Lamasery in the far far East. He Lived deep in a forest, sharing his cave home with a small Siamese Queen cat who had seen much of the sorrows of life. Together the old Keeper, who was venerated as a Saint, and the little Siamese Cat trod the forest paths, she keeping a respectful distance behind him. Together they went in search of animals who were ill, or hungry, bringing comfort to those afflicted and aid to those with broken limbs.

One night the old Keeper, who was a Monk really, retired to his bed of leaves, exhausted by an unusually tiring day. The little old cat curled up close by. Soon they were fast asleep, fearing no danger, for they were the friends of all the animals. Even the savage wart-hog and the tiger respected and loved the Keeper and the Cat.

During the darkest hours of the night, a poisonous snake, with evil intent, crawled into the cave. Jealous, and with the insane evil that only a poisonous snake could display, it slithered on to the sleeping Monk's leafy bed and was about to strike him with poisoned fangs. Leaping to her feet, the Cat jumped on the back of the snake's neck, distracting its attention from the now awakened Keeper. The battle was long and fierce, with the snake writhing and squirming across the length and breadth of the cave. At last, almost collapsing from exhaustion, the Cat bit through the spinal column of the snake which soon became still in death.

Gently the old Monk disengaged the little Cat from the monstrous folds of the dead snake. Cuddling her in his arms, he said, "Little Cat, for long you and your kind have guarded us and our Temples. You shall always have your

place in the homes, the hearths, and the hearts of man. From now on our Destinies shall be joined.”

I thought of all this as we trooped back to our bedrooms and lay down to sleep. The Guv reached out and lovingly tweaked my ears, then rolled over and fell asleep.



## CHAPTER ELEVEN

“Feef!” Miss Ku came running up the stairs in a great state of agitation. “Feef,” she exclaimed as she reached the top and came into the room, “The Old Man's gone off his head!” She muttered to herself glumly as she dashed into the kitchen to get some food. The Guv had gone off his head? I could not understand what she meant, I knew that he had taken Miss Ku for a drive to Riverside. Now, after being out for rather more than an hour, Miss Ku said he had gone off his head! I jumped up to the window sill and thought about it. In the River a ship hooted the signal which the Guv had told us meant “I am turning to port.”

There was the soft patter of small feet, and Miss Ku jumped lightly up to sit beside me. “He's got a rock in his head the size of the Hill of Howth, she said as she carefully washed herself. “But Miss Ku,” I expostulated, “What has happened? HOW has the Guv gone off his head?” “Ow!” she replied, “we were driving along so peacefully and suddenly the Old Man got a Bee in his Bonnet. He stopped the car and looked at the engine. ‘Don't like the sound of it,’ he

said, 'I know that something is going to happen.' Ma was sitting there like a Stuffed Duck, saying nothing. He got in the car again and as we drove off he said, 'We will take Ku home and then go on to the garage and see what other cars they have.' So here am I, dumped in like a load of garbage while they go gallivanting off in my car!" She sat grumpily on the far edge of the sill, muttering to herself.

"Gee! Oh Golly!" Miss Ku jumped up and danced on the window sill in a frenzy of excitement. I, being blind, had no choice but to keep calm, for I did not know the cause of the excitement. "My!" she squealed, her voice becoming higher and higher, "It's real cute, real smart, a smashing automobile! White and pink." I sat still, waiting for her to calm down and tell me what was happening. Just then I heard a car door shut and seconds later the Guv and Ma came up the stairs, "New car, eh?" asked Buttercup. "Good!" I thought, "now I shall get the story." "Yes, another car, a Mercury," said the Guv. "Only one owner, and a low mileage. A really good car. I think the camshaft is going to give trouble on the other. This one is on trial for the day, want to come out?" Miss Ku jumped to her feet and rushed to the door so that she at least would not be forgotten.

"Coming for a ride in the new car, Feef?" asked the Guv, rubbing my chin. "No thank you," I replied, "I will stay here with Ma and keep house." He told me I was an old stick-in-the-mud and then went on down the stairs. Miss Ku and Buttercup were already sitting in the car. I heard them start off, then Ma and I got the tea ready for when they returned.

Brrr. Brrr. Brrr. said the telephone. Ma hurried to answer it, because telephones do not like to be kept waiting. "Oh! Hello, Mrs. Durr," said Ma. She listened for a time — I could hear the faint sounds from the telephone, not loud enough for me to comprehend, though. "He is out trying a different car. I'll tell him when he comes back," said Ma. She and Mrs. Durr talked for a time, then Ma went back to her work. Soon we heard the Guv, Buttercup and Miss Ku coming up

the back stairs after putting away the car. "Mrs. Durr phoned," said Ma. "Just a friendly call, but she has had some trouble, someone has let her down with the premises she was going to take."

We all liked Mrs. Durr. After working hard for another firm she was going to set up her own book shop which was to be called "Bookland", of Dorwin Plaza, Windsor. "She is in quite a state," said Ma, "she has nowhere to store the books and things until she can move into the new shop at Dorwin." The Guv got on with his tea, saying nothing until he had finished, then, "How long would she want the place?" he asked. "A month, not more," said Ma. "Tell her to come round and see us. She can store all her things in the down-stair apartment for a month. We pay rent on it, the landlady can say nothing so long as no selling is done there." Ma went to the telephone and dialed the number. . . .

"There's Ruth!" called Miss Ku. "Ku!" said the Guv, "You are not a Canadian, calling everyone by their first name, she is Mrs. Durr." "Phooey!" said Miss Ku, "She is RUTH to me and the little Gentleman Siamese Kitten she has is Chuli, not Mr. Durr." Mrs. Durr came up the stairs at the front and we all said hello and then we all went down the backstairs to see the lower apartment. The Guv carried me on his shoulder because he thought there would be too many feet for me to avoid, as I could not see them. "Well there you are, Mrs. Durr," said the Guv, "You can store your things here and work here all day if you like. You CANNOT sell from here, and you cannot pay us any rent. Then the landlady or Windsor City Council are powerless to object. There are no shops here as you know." Mrs. Durr seemed to be very pleased. She played with me, and I gave my second best purr, we always keep our very best purrs for The Family. I knew that Mr. Chuli Durr would be able to explain that to her when he became older. Then he was a small kitten indeed, with his face and tail still white. Now, at this time of writing, I understand that he is indeed a most magnificent specimen of Tom-hood. Miss Ku recently received a photo-

graph from him and she described him gustily and in some detail.

The next morning loads and loads of books were carried in to the downstairs apartment. For most of the morning men seemed to be arriving with great boxes, and grunting mightily as they struggled to manhandle those cases in through the doors. Soon after lunch I heard more men come, "Telephone men;" said Miss Ku. "She has to have a telephone, doesn't she? ANY dope would know that!" There came the noise of hammering, and shortly after, the telephone bell rang as it was tested. "I'm going down to see everything is all right," said Miss Ku. "Wait a minute, Ku," said the Guv, "let the men finish and then we will all go down to see Mrs. Durr." It seemed to me that the best thing for me to do would be to have some food as I did not know how long we should be. I wandered off to the kitchen and was fortunate enough to discover Ma just putting down a fresh supply. I gave her a push with my head and rubbed against her legs by way of thanks. What a pity, I thought, that she does not yet speak Cat like the Guv does.

Not long after the Guv opened the kitchen door leading to the back stairs. Miss Ku rushed headlong down — I could easily manage the stairs now, knowing each one and being well aware that there would be no obstacles. The Guv was VERY firm about that; he was fanatically particular to see that all my 'routes' were kept clear and that the furniture was always in the same place. I suppose that as the Guv had once been blind for just over a year he knew of my problems better than anyone else.

We rushed down the stairs and skidded to a halt outside Mrs. Durr's door. She opened it and welcomed us in.. I waited at the door for the Guv as I did not know of the obstacles. He picked me up and carried me in, placing me beside a big case so that I could sniff all the news. Some were rude messages left by dogs, other smells showed that the bottom of the box had rested on damp ground. On one book I read a message from Mr./Miss Stubby Durr. He/She was

very pleased at having Master Chuli Durr to look after, Miss Ku sighed a sigh of happy memories “Old Stubby, a very pleasant fellow or fellowess,” she remarked, “Sad to say, something got mixed when the sexes were handed out, poor old Stubby had both. MOST embarrassing! I called at the Durr House one evening and could hardly keep my eyes off—no, I mean, I didn't know where to look.” “Yes, yes, Miss Ku,” I said, “But I understand He/She has the sweetest of natures, and Mr. Chuli Durr will be well looked after.”

Miss Ku went out a lot in the Mercury car, seeing all the local scenery, and going on to Leamington and places like that. I loved her to come back and tell me all about it, tell me of all the things I could no longer see for myself. One afternoon, when she returned, she was beaming with pleasure. Nudging me, she said, “Come under the bed, Feef, I'll tell you all about it.” I rose and followed her under the bed. Together we sat down, close to each other. Miss Ku started to wash, and as she washed she talked. “Well, Feef, we started out and we went all along the fast highway. We passed a lot of fruit and vegetable stands, where people were selling the stuff they had grown. Buttercup went ‘Ooh!’ and ‘Ah!’ at each one. But the Guv didn't stop. We drove on and on and then some more. We drove towards the lake and then we passed a factory where they made Fifty Seven Varieties of food! Think of that, Feef, think how YOU would like to be let loose in there!” I did think about it, and the more I thought about it the more sure I was that nothing — nothing at all — could be better than my present home. Fifty Seven Varieties of food perhaps, but here I also had ONE variety of love, the best. The mere thought of it made me purr. “Then we went and had a look at the lake,” said Miss Ku, “and we saw that the water was just as wet as that at Windsor, so we turned for Home. At the fruit stands Buttercup went ‘Ah!’ and ‘Ooh!’ so the Guv stopped and she got out and bought some of those smelly things that go splash when they are bitten. She beamed all the way home and every so often touched the fruit smelly things and thought how she was

going to get into them. Then we turned into Walkerville and picked up the mail and here we are.”

“You cats should button up your ears,” said the Guv, “Mrs. Durr is having her things moved out tomorrow, she now has the place finished at Dorwin Plaza.” “OW!” yelled Miss Ku, “Will you take me to see it?” “Sure,” said the Guv, “and Feef as well if she likes.” We wandered down the stairs and knocked at the door. Mrs. Durr opened it and very civilly invited us in. We looked in all the rooms and sniffed round all the boxes of books which had been packed up ready for transfer to the new shop. “What did she unpack them for, Miss Ku?” I asked. “Why, you silly Old Woman Cat,” said Miss Ku, “she had to look at them so she could check off her invoices and do something about a catalogue. ANY sensible cat would have known that. Anyhow, I watched her doing it” I went across to Mrs. Durr and rubbed against her to show her that I was sorry she had to work so hard. Then the Guv and Ma came down and we all went out into the garden to smell the roses.

The Guv and Ma were deep in discussion, some days later. “Costs in this country are so fantastically high that I shall HAVE to get a job.” said the Guv. “You are not fit to,” replied Ma. “No, but we have to live all the same. I will go to the Employment Exchange and see what they say. After all, I can write, I have been in Radio, and there are a whole lot of things I can do” He went out to get the car. Ma called after him, “Ku wants to go to Walkerville with us to get the mail.” Soon after the Guv drove round to the front door and Ma went out carrying Miss Ku. She got in the car and off they went. Around about lunch time they returned looking glum.

“Come under the bed, Feef,” whispered Miss Ku, “I will tell you what happened.” I rose to my feet and walked to our Conference Place beneath the bed. When we were properly settled, Miss Ku said, “After we had been for the mail we drove down to the Employment Office. The Guv got out and went in. Ma and I sat together in the car. Much later the

Guv came out looking really fed up with everything. He got in his car, started it, and drove off without saying a word. We drove to that place beneath the Ambassador Bridge — you know, Feef— where we took you. He stopped the car and said, ‘I wish we could get out of this country!’ ‘What happened?’ asked Ma. ‘I went in,’ said the Guv, ‘and a clerk at the counter sniggered and made goat noises as he fingered an imaginary beard. I went up to another clerk and told him I wanted work. The man laughed and said I would get only laboring work the same as any other \* \* \* \* \* D.P.’ ‘D.P?’ asked Ma, ‘What’s that?’ ‘Displaced Person,’ replied the Guv, ‘these Canadians think they are God’s Gift to the world, they think that anyone from another part of the world is an ex-convict or something. Well, the man told me that I would not even get a laboring job unless I shaved off my beard. Another clerk came over and said, ‘We don’t want no beatniks here, we give our jobs to Canadians.’ ”

Miss Ku stopped and sighed with the greatest sympathy. “The Guv wears a beard because he cannot shave, his jaw-bones have been smashed by the Japanese kicking him when a prisoner. I wish we could get out of Canada, or at least out of Ontario,” Miss Ku added. I felt more sorry than I could say. I knew what it was to be persecuted for no valid reason. I got up, walked over to the Guv and told him of my sympathy. Miss Ku called after me, “Don’t say anything to Buttercup about it, we don’t want to disillusion her about Canada — Oh! I forgot, she does not understand Cat!” The rest of the day the Guv was very quiet and had little to say to anyone. When we went to bed that night I sat by his head and purred to him until at last he fell asleep.

After breakfast of the following morning, the Guv called Miss Ku and said, “Hey, Ku, we are going to Dorwin Plaza to see Mrs. Durr’s new shop. Coming?” “Ho-ly! Yessir, Guv!” said Miss Ku in some excitement. “How about you, Feef?” the Guv asked me. “Not for me, Guf, thank you,” I replied, “I will help Buttercup look after the place.” While the Guv, Ma and Miss Ku visited Mrs. Durr’s shop

Buttercup took an extra bath and I sat on the Guv's bed and thought and thought.

"Whoops!" yelled Miss Ku as she dashed up the stairs. "Say, Feef, she's got a very good place — I can't stay I must have a bite to eat first." She dashed through the room, scattering the rugs, and into the kitchen. I leisurely jumped off the bed and picked a careful way out to her, 'carful' as I did not want to trip over one of the displaced rugs. "Yep! She sure has got a nice place!" said Miss Ku between mouthfuls, "She has Cards for all Occasions, Greetings Cards for when you enter prison, Commiseration Cards for when you are dope enough to enter Canada, and Sorrow Cards for when you get married. The Works, Everything. She has loads of the Guv's books, "The Third Eye", and "Doctor from Lhasa". YOU should go, Feef, it's just up Dougal, cross the railroad tracks, and all the shops on the right is or are Dorwin Plaza. The Guv will take you anytime. French books, too, Feef!" I smiled to myself, and the Guv chuckled behind me, "How can my Feef read when she is blind?" he asked. Miss Ku. "Ow!" she exclaimed in contrition, "I forgot the Old Bidy couldn't see!"

The Guv became ill. Very ill. We thought he was going to die, but somehow he managed to cling to life. One night as I was watching over him — the others had long since gone to bed — a Man from the Other Side of Death came and stood beside us. I was used to these Visitors, all cats are, but this was a very special Visitor indeed. The blind, as I have already told you, are not blind when it comes to things of the astral. The astral form of the Guv left the world body and smiled across at the Visitor. The Guv, in the astral, was wearing the robe and vestments of a high Abbot of the Lamaistic Order. I purred fit to burst when the Visitor bent over me and tickled my chin and said, "What a very beautiful Friend you have here, Lobsang." The Guv trailed astral fingers idly through my fur, sending ecstatic shivers of delight through me, and replied, "Yes, she is one of the most loyal People upon the Earth." They discussed things and I shut my

perceptions to telepathic thought, for one should NEVER steal the thoughts of others but only listen when so bidden. I did hear, though, "As we showed you in the crystal, we want you to write another book, to be called "The Rampa Story". The Guv looked sad, and the Visitor resumed, "What does it matter if people of the Earth do not believe? Perhaps they have not the capacity. Perhaps your books, in stimulating thought, will help them attain to such capacity. Even their own Christian Bible writes to the effect that unless they become as a little child, BELIEVING . . . !" The astral body of the Guv, in the shimmering golden Robes of the High Order, sighed, and said, "as you wish, having gone so far and suffered so much, it would be a pity to give up now."

Miss Ku pattered in. I saw her astral form jump straight out of her body with the shock of seeing the Shining Figures. "Chee!" she exclaimed, "do I ever feel a creep stealing in like this; will one bow be enough?" The Guv and the Visitor turned to her and laughed. "You are welcome anywhere, Lady Ku'ei," said the Visitor. "And so is my Old Granny Cat Feef!" said the Guv, putting his arms around me. The Guv was more fond of me, probably because he and I had suffered much through Life's hard blows. We, the Guv and I, had the strongest possible bonds between us. I liked it that way!

In the morning Ma and Buttercup came into the room to see how the Guv was. "Well, you poor souls," he exclaimed, "I am going to write a fresh book." His remarks were met by groans. Ma and Buttercup went off to see Mrs. Durr and buy some paper, and other supplies. The Guv stayed in bed and I sat by him and looked after him. He was not well enough to write, but the book just HAD to be written. He started on it that day and sat in bed typewriter a-clatter. "Twelve words to each line, twenty-five lines to each page, that is three hundred words to each page, and we will have about six thousand words, more or less, to the chapter," said the Guv. "Yaas, that's right enough, I guess," said Miss Ku. "And don't forget that a paragraph should not be much

more than a hundred words," she added, "or it will tire the customers!" She turned away with a giggle and said, "YOU ought to write a book, Feef. Keep the Wolf from the Door. Buttercup can't or the Wolves would come flocking to her door if she unfolded her lurid tale." I smiled, Miss Ku was in high good humor, and that made me happy. The Guv reached out a hand and rubbed an ear. "Yes, you write a book, Feef, and I will type it for you," he said. "You must get on with 'The Rampa Story', Guv," I replied, "you have only typed the title so far." He laughed and rolled Miss Ku, who was trying to get on his lap in place of the typewriter, tail over head. "Come on, Feef!" she called as she sprang to her feet, "Come and play with me, let the Old Man play clackety with the typewriter."

Ma was talking to someone, I did not know who. "He is very ill," she said, "his life has been too hard. I do not know how he keeps on living." Miss Ku nudged me glumly, "Hope he doesn't croak, Feef," she said in a whisper, "he is quite useful to have around. I remember how gentle he was when my sister died. She was not even full grown, and she took ill and died in the Guv's arms. She was the spittin' image of you, Feef, the Fat Barmaid type. The Guv loved my sister Sue. Oh sure," she said, "you have your hooks on the Guv's heart all right. So have I, he admires my brains!" I jumped on the bed and went very close. He stopped typing to fondle me, he ALWAYS had time for us cats. "Don't die, Guv!" I said, "it would break the hearts of all of us." I rubbed my head against his arm as I got his telepathic message. Feeling more at ease, I felt my way to the foot of the bed and curled up.

Letters, letters, letters, were there NO jobs in Canada? Did they want only laborers? The Guv applied for job after job, but it seemed, as he said, that Canadians gave jobs only to Canadians or to those who had some political or union influence. Someone said that there were many jobs in more cultured, more civilized British Columbia, so the Guv decided to go there and see at first hand what the conditions were. He carefully conserved his strength and it was also

decided that Buttercup would go as well in order to look after him. So the day came, and off they went to see if Vancouver conditions were better.

There is no joy when a Loved One is away, when the minutes are reluctant to drag on to the sorrowful hours, when there is an age of waiting, wondering. The house was dead, stale, even Ma moved quietly as if in a morgue. The light had gone from my soul, I felt the dank tendrils of fear come crowding in, telling me that he would not return, that he was ill, that — ANYTHING that was fearsome and worrying. At night I crouched by his cold, empty bed after jumping up to make quite sure that it was not a nightmare. The blind live within themselves, and fears, to the blind, corrode and freeze one's soul.

Miss Ku played with forced gaiety. Ma looked after us, but her thoughts were elsewhere. There was a chill around which seeped inexorably through me. I sat on the telegram he had sent, and tried to gain comfort from it. This is a time which I must pass over quickly even in my writing. It will suffice to say that when the door opened and the Guv was back with me, I felt myself swell again with love; my ancient frame was almost ready to burst with joy, and I purred so long and loud that I almost got a sore throat.

I bumbled around, butting the Guv with my head, rubbing against everybody and everything. “Don't be such an ass, Feef,” admonished Miss Ku, “one would think you were a young girl cat just out of the litter instead of an old woman great-great-great-grandmother cat; I'm shocked at your levity!” She sat primly, with her arms folded neatly in front of her. The Guv was telling Ma all about the trip, telling us too, if we listened instead of purring our heads off. Buttercup was not well, the trip and the different food had upset her, she was lying on her bed.

“We took off from Toronto Airport and were in Vancouver in four and a half hours. Not bad, considering the distance of a few thousand miles. We flew seven miles high above the Rockies.” “What are the Rockies, Miss Ku?” I

asked in a whisper. “Lumps of big stones with snow on the top,” she replied. “We found Vancouver very friendly, a nice place indeed,” continued the Guv. “But there is much unemployment there. It is as different from Ontario as Heaven is from Hell. If ever we have the opportunity, that is where we will live.”

Miss Ku rushed in, “I think Buttercup is dying,” she gasped, “Shall I call the Undertaker?” The Guv and Ma went in to her bedroom, but poor Buttercup was only suffering from excitement and change of food and climate. The Guv was glad to assure Miss Ku that an Undertaker was NOT required!

“Look!” said the Guv to Ma, “I saw this in Vancouver and could not resist buying it. It is exactly like Mrs. Durr. I bought it for her.” “Feef!” said Miss Ku in excitement, “he’s got a small porcelain figure of a woman, she IS just like Mrs. Durr. Same color hair, same type of face, and Mrs. Durr also wears a crinoline. Gee!” exclaimed Miss Ku, “This will sure Knock her in the Old Kent Road!” I had to laugh, Miss Ku’s slang was truly international; she even knew the worst of the French ones! As we lay in bed that night, with me beside the Guv, I felt my heart bursting with happiness. No longer did the crash of shunting trains seem threatening. Now, as each railroad car bumped into the next, edging it forward, it seemed to say, “He’s BACK, ha ha! He’s BACK, ha ha!” I reached out and gently touched the Guv’s hand with mine, and then fell asleep.

For the next few weeks the Guv was very busy with “The Rampa Story”. Special Visitors came from the world of the astral and talked long to him in the night. As the Guv tells in his books, there is no death, “death” is just the process of being reborn into another state of existence. It is all very complicated for a cat to explain. But it is so simple, so natural. How is one to explain the process of taking successive breaths, or walking? How is one to explain the process of seeing? It is as difficult to explain all that as it is to explain just how there is no death. It is as easy to explain what life is as to explain

what death is not. The Guv — and cats — can always see into the astral world and speak to the people of the astral.

The time had come to think of another place in which to live. Windsor offered nothing. There was no possibility of employment, and the “Windsor scene” was dull and uninteresting. Few trees graced the area which was mainly industrial on a very small scale. The atmosphere was humid because of the great deposits of salt underlying the whole city. As Miss Ku so aptly remarked, “Golly! What a cheesed-off dump Windsor is!” We looked at maps, and read books and at last we decided to move to a place on the Niagara Peninsula. Ma put an advertisement in newspapers in the hope of obtaining a suitable house. Replies came in, and most people with houses to rent seemed to think THEIR house was built of gold bricks, judging by the rents they asked.

We told our very nice Windsor Landlady's Cousin that we were leaving, and she was flatteringly sad. Now came the time of Great Cleaning. Buttercup's hobby is playing with a roaring vacuum cleaner, and this was a glorious excuse for her to get the thing screaming all day long. The Guv was confined to bed he had suffered from three attacks of coronary thrombosis in the past, and had suffered from T.B. and other complaints. Writing “The Rampa Story” had taken much from him. Mrs. Durr came along and said to Ma, “I will drive you and the cats any time you wish. Perhaps Sheelagh can drive Dr. Rampa.” We could always rely on Mrs. Durr for things like that; I knew that she would have the full support of Chuli.

We were going to take a furnished place and so wanted to sell our furniture which was almost new. No one wanted to buy it for cash; Canadians prefer to go to money lenders, whom they term “Finance Companies” as that, they think, makes the affair rather more reputable. Having secured money from these money lenders, the Canadian usually buys gaudy things and pays so much a week. Miss Ku once told me that she had seen an advertisement “any car for ten dollars deposit” At last, the Guv and Ma heard of a very

nice young man who was getting married, so they decided to give most of the furniture as a wedding present. Ma had previously made enquiries, and found that the cost of transferring the furniture would have been quite prohibitive. We were going to take a few specially cherished things and had made arrangements with a transport firm. Miss Ku and I were very glad that our Saw Horse was going. We had an old Saw Horse which we used as a Nail File and Jumping Platform. We also had an arrangement with the Guv whereby we would not scratch the furniture so long as we had our Nail File. Visitors sometimes stare when they see the Saw Horse among the furniture, but the Guv says "Never mind what people think, my cats come first!"

Down in the garden, Miss Ku called out loudly, "Hey! Across the Road Cat, come here!" Soon the cat came out of his back door, looked both ways for traffic, and then slipped across the road. He stood with his nose pressing against the wire fence waiting for Miss Ku to speak. "We are going away, Cat," she said, "Going away where the water flows fast. We are going to have a house with trees. You don't have trees, Cat!" "It must be wonderful to move around as you do, Lady Ku'ei!" remarked the Across the Road Cat. "I am going in now, but I will send you a telepathogram when we get to our new house."

The next morning the Moving Men came for the furniture which we were going to take. Things were carried down the stairs and loaded into a van which Miss Ku said was as big as a house. Soon the big doors closed with a slam, a powerful motor was started, and our belongings commenced their journey.

Now we had to sit on the floor like a lot of broody hens. I couldn't bump into anything now — there was nothing that could get in the way! "Hey! Feef, we have not said goodbye to the attie," said Miss Ku. I jumped to my feet and rushed to join her at the upper stairs. Together we dashed up and climbed on the beams which kept the roof of the house on. Those beams were of walnut, from trees which used to be

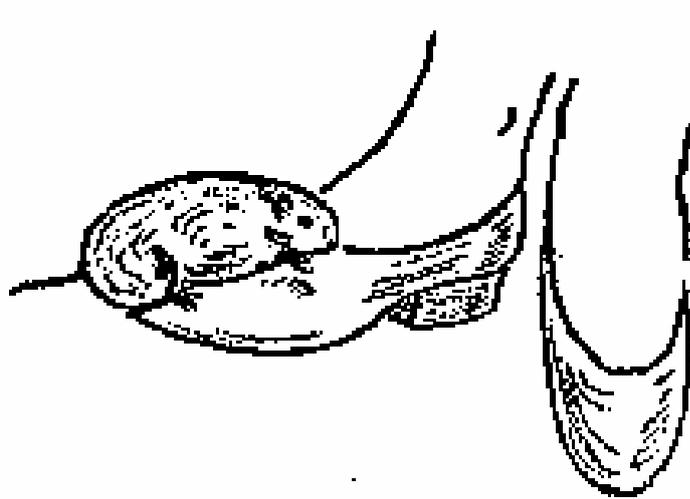
growing on the site when the Indians lived in the area. They were just BEAUTIFUL for sharpening claws; Miss Ku and I set to with a will to hone our claw edges to perfection, then we dashed through a small hole near the rising chimney where humans could not get. “Goodbye; spiders!” called Miss Ku, “now you can spin some more webs and you won't catch us!” We had a final roll in the dust beneath the floorboards — some had been left up when the electricians came — and then we rushed down the stairs again almost out of breath.

A car drew up outside. Miss Ku jumped on to the window sill and yelled, “Come on, Ruth, LATE AGAIN AS USUAL! What's wrong with you, LEAD FEET?” Mrs. Durr came up the stairs and we all said good morning. Then everyone except the Guv carried little things down the stairs and put them into the cars. The Guv was very unwell and he had a sort of bed made up in the back of our big car. Buttercup was going to drive, as the Guv was ill, and they were going to do the journey in two stages. Ma, Mrs. Durr, Miss Ku and I were going to complete the two hundred and fifty something miles in one day. Soon all was ready for us to go. “Goodbye Guv,” I called, “see you tomorrow.” “Goodbye Feef,” he replied, “Don't start worrying, everything will be all right.” “O-kay!” said Miss Ku, “Let's roll!” Mrs. Durr did something with her feet and the car moved ahead. Over the railroad bridge, up past Walkerville Post Office, all the way up, leaving Windsor Airport on our left. I knew that district, but soon we were on fresh roads and I had to depend on Miss Ku for information.

“Saint Thomas is ahead!” yelled Miss Ku. Oh! I thought, did we have a crash, are we dead? How do we come to meet Saint Thomas? “We are going to have some chow, Feef, as soon as we get clear of this joint,” Miss Ku remarked. Then it dawned on me and I blushed at my stupidity; St. Thomas was a small city. In Canada a small village is a town and a bit bigger village is a city. Still, I suppose the French also have some peculiarities if I but knew them.

We drove for hours, and at last Miss Ku said, “The signs are telling me we are nearly there — yes — there is the Fort Erie Hotel. There is water ahead of us, Feef, the other end of the lake.” “Are we there, Miss Ku?” I asked. “Good Grief no,” she replied, “we have some more miles to go.” I settled down again.

The car turned left, and sharp right. The engine slowed and stopped. Little crackling sounds came from the hot exhaust pipes. For a moment no one spoke, then Miss Ku said, “Well, here we are, Feef. Pick up your things.” Ma and Mrs. Durr got out of the car and carried Miss Ku and me into the house. We were once again at a temporary home. Now I was anxious for the Guv to arrive, but that would not be until the morrow.



## CHAPTER TWELVE

“We must hurry, Feef,” said Miss Ku, “the Guv and Buttercup arrive tomorrow and we must know every inch of the place before they get here. Follow me!” She turned and led the way into a room. “This is the Living Room,” she remarked; “Jump up here, it is three cats high, and then you are facing a window.” She led me along, pointing out various items of interest. Then we wandered into the room which was going to be the Guv’s bedroom and mine. “I can see the water through the trees, Feef,” said Miss Ku. Just then a frightful clatter broke out beneath us, a roaring, grinding, clattering sound filled with many hisses. We jumped straight up in the air with fright, and coming down I missed the bed and fell on the floor. “Glory Be and Fifty Tomcats!” exclaimed Miss Ku, “WHAT WAS THAT?” Fortunately, Ma spoke to Mrs. Durr, “Oh! That will be the pump I expect, all the water is pumped from the lake.”

We sat back at ease, there was nothing to worry about, I had memorized the noise. “There is a grille thing here, Feef,” said Miss Ku, “Must be to let the water out if the house gets flooded or something.” Startlingly there was a muffled roar beneath us, and hot air beat upon us like a giant’s breath. We turned and fled to the safety beneath the bed and awaited

results. “Aw gee!” said Miss Ku disgustedly, “There is nothing to it, that is just the heating blower. I thought first the biggest tomcat in all creation was coming after us.”

“Feef!” Miss Ku gave me a nudge; I had been dozing. “Feef, there is a little wood outside. I expect the Old Man will let us play there when he gets on his hind legs again.” It made me feel sad that the Guv was still on the road somewhere and would not arrive until tomorrow. To distract my mind from such thoughts I rose to my feet and wandered around, feeling my way very carefully. From somewhere came a ‘tap-tap’ as a branch, blowing in the wind, knocked against the roof. The place was nothing wonderful, being quite ‘run-down’ but it would do for very temporary accommodation. It was not a place that we would want to call ‘home,’ we would not have lived there permanently even if it had been given to us.

That night we went to bed early. Mrs. Durr had to drive back to Windsor in the morning. Miss Ku and I had hoped that she was going to stay for a while, but as we thought about it we realized that her books would be lonely without her, and Mr. Chuli Durr was growing into a fine young Siamese Tomcat and would need attention. In the night the pump clattered and groaned, and the heating system wheezed and puffed. Outside the trees creaked and swished their leaves in the night wind which blew off the lake. Miss Ku crept close to me once during the night and whispered in a quavering voice, “Gee! Its a spooky place, Feef, with all these trees, and I just saw a great big spider looking at me!” The night seemed to last a very long time, when I was beginning to think it would never end I heard faint twitterings from birds in the trees as they made their food-finding plans for the day. Somewhere a squirrel scabbled noisily beneath the window. I could sense that the day was upon us.

Ma stirred and reluctantly got up to face a new day, a day in which much had to be done in order to get the place clean. Miss Ku and I wandered around, trying to think of any places we had not already investigated. We knew there was a

big basement underneath the house, but Ma had told us we could not go down there until the Guv came because there were pumps and things which whirred and buzzed and moved. We ambled idly into a front room and jumped on to a window sill. “Well I never! Did you ever?” exclaimed Miss Ku, “there is a thieving squirrel — no — HUNDREDS of them, eating our trees!” She tapped her foot with annoyance and, to distract her, I said, “What is it like out there, Miss Ku?” “Oh, quite a run-down place,” she remarked, “trees need pruning, grounds need cleaning, house needs painting the usual run of things in these dumps which are rented. Read about it in the ads and you think you are going to a palace. See it, and you wonder how the heap will last for another winter.”

The rest of the morning was very hard, furniture to be moved around and cleaning to be done and only Miss Ku and me there to tell Ma and Mrs. Durr how to do it. We were quite exhausted when Miss Ku looked out of the window and said, “The Guv and Buttercup have just driven in.” “You are just in time to say goodbye!” said Mrs. Durr, “I must be getting back or I shall be in trouble!”

For the rest of the day we stayed in and worked. On the following day the weather was warm and sunny. The Guv said “Come on, cats, let us go into the garden!” He picked me up and put me across his shoulder. Miss Ku was already dancing with excitement at the door. We went out, and the Guv put me on the ground at the foot of a tree. “OW!” yelled Miss Ku, “The trees are so big!” “I used to climb trees like this, Miss Ku,” I replied, “we had such trees in France.” “Garth!” snarled the surly voice of Two Houses Back Cat, “You \* \* \* \* foreign cats are no good nohow. Old blind cat there never climbed a tree in her life, only Canadian cats can climb — and how!” He turned, and yelled derisively across to the Caretaker Cat from a local Institution. “Dese foreigners think we cats are hicks, they don't do no climbing!” “Is that so Canadian Cat?” I responded, “Then let me show you that an old blind cat CAN climb!” I put my arms out-

stretched on the tree trunk and walked up as I used to do in France in the old bad days. I walked up about twenty five or thirty feet and then lay at full length along a branch.

Ma came rushing out full of concern, Buttercup came out as well, going “tsk! tsk! tsk!” They rushed round the house to where a ladder was stored. The Guv stood by the tree so that he could catch me if I fell. Ma and Buttercup came running up with the ladder, the Guv grabbed it and put it against the trunk. Slowly he climbed up, gently lifted me and put me across his shoulder. “Silly Old Woman Cat” he said mildly, “whoever heard of blind cats climbing trees!” I felt sorry, I could hear his heart thumping, and then I thought of his coronary thrombosis. Still, I HAD shown that stupid Canadian cat!

Miss Ku lay back and laughed and laughed and laughed. “Oh, Feef!” she exclaimed when she could control her mirth, “That was the funniest sight I've seen in years, you scared the acorns out of half a dozen squirrels — they went leaping away like mad things. Two Houses Back Cat took off like lightning with One House Up Dog after him. Are you ever clever, Feef!” She was so amused that she lay on her back and rolled and rolled and rolled. “You ought to have your brains tested, Feef,” said the Guv, “only you have no brains to test.” Still, it made me feel good to know that a blind old French Siamese Cat could make Miss Ku laugh!

The Guv and Ma often took Miss Ku and me into the woods and let us play amid the trees. Knowing that cats are unpredictable, the Guv kept a ladder close at hand! The grounds swarmed with snakes, and Miss Ku was fascinated with them. I was always very careful as I was frightened of stepping on one. There was a Gentleman Ground Hog who lived in a hole in the ground near an old old tree. I spoke to him many times. Miss Ku said he used to sit at his front door and watch us as we took our exercise. Of course we kept our distance as we had not been introduced, but we had a high regard for him and he told us much about the place and about the local inhabitants of the trees and ground. “Watch

out for the Raccoon,” he said; “he plays a little rough if he is feeling cross, and he will knock the stuffing out of any dog. Well, I must go down and clean up!” He disappeared and Miss Ku said, “Gee! What in the name of Tarnation is a raccoon?” “I am afraid I cannot tell you, Miss Ku,” I replied. She sat for a time, then scratching an ear reflectively, she remarked, “Ma collects those animal picture cards from the Tea Bag Boxes. I will have a look at them when we go in. Raccoon? Hmm!” We went in and Buttercup was dusting. We always kept out of the way when she had a Dusting Mood on because there was always a danger that we would be swept up. All was dirt before her when she had a duster or vacuum cleaner in her hands. Miss Ku rummaged round and I heard things falling on to the floor. “What are you doing, Ku?” asked Buttercup a little crossly. “Come into the bedroom, Feef,” said Miss Ku, “don't take any notice of Buttercup, she has A Mood on because the Cleaner lead said ‘ker-puff’ and won't work.”

There was a boat thing which the Guv had rented and one afternoon, when the sun was hot and high in the sky, he said, “Come on, let's take the cats on the lake.” “Not me, Guv,” I replied nervously, “Include me out!” “Oh come on, Feef, don't be such a sissy!” said the Guv. Ma carried Miss Ku and the Guv carried me. We went down the path to the lake and the Guv got the boat thing ready and held it tightly by a strong rope so that it would not escape. Ma and Miss Ku got on the thing and then the Guv lifted me in. There was some rocking and a splash or two and I felt us moving. “I won't start the motor,” said the Guv, “the noise may be too much for them.” We drifted along and Miss Ku sat in the front and sang “A seafaring cat am I.” Unfortunately she had to break off to say “OW! I'm going to be seasick!”

The Guv pulled a piece of string and a motor roared at us and nearly frightened us into having kittens! The boat went fast and Miss Ku was so interested she forgot to be sick. She yelled at me, “We are twenty feet from America, Feef, this is Grand Island. This is Grand Boating, too!” Fortunately the

sun got itself covered by a cloud and the Guv decided to take us home. I was very glad as I did not like to think of all that water around. I just could not see any sense in floating around in a thing that might sink, it seemed to me that we had enough trouble without inviting any more. We went home and then we had some tea. Evenings were becoming shorter, so we all went to bed early.

Miss Ku and I sat on the window sill in the Guv's bedroom. Outside there were all the sounds of the night. Beneath the floorboards a field mouse said that it must get in some more food for the coming winter. Suddenly Miss Ku crouched low and growled deep in her throat. "Glory Be!" she exclaimed, "there is a huge cat in a striped football jersey!" A very pleasant telepathic voice broke in, "And are you the foreign Lady Cats that I have heard about?" "Sure are, Bud," replied Miss Ku, "What in Heck are you?" The Voice came again and there was a suspicion of a chuckle in it, "I am Raku the Raccoon, I live here and keep the night free of prowling dogs." "Pleased to meet you," replied Miss Ku, "particularly as there is thick-plate glass between us!" "Oh! You'd be quite safe with me," answered Raku the Raccoon, "I always respect the interests of tenants. Now I must get about my business."

"Miss Ku," I said, "He seems to be a very pleasant, gentleman, what does he look like?" She thought for a moment, then settled down to wash as she replied, "Well, he looks like a whacking great tomcat, biggest tomcat you ever saw. Bigger than many dogs. Stripes all along his tail as if he had got bars of wet paint from some cage. And his claws . . . !" She paused for emphasis, and then added, "He's got claws like the thing Buttercup uses to rake up the leaves. Oh! A VERY pleasant gentleman — if one keeps the right side of him, and the right side is with a brick wall in between." The Voice came again, "Hey! Before I forget, feel free to use the woods as if you owned the place, you will be very welcome!" "I am sure we are most honored," I replied, "I will ask Ma to invite you to tea sometime." "Well!" exclaimed Miss Ku,

“Guess I must hit the sack. Busy day tomorrow, the Guv is taking me to Ridgeway — I have some shopping to do.” She wandered off to sleep beside Ma.

The weather was rapidly becoming colder. Leaves were falling with a continuous dry rustle, and the squirrels, who had been idle through the false warmth of the autumn, were rooting frantically through the piles of leaves in search of acorns. Buttercup raked leaves, talked leaves, and smelled of leaves. Still the leaves came down in endless profusion. The smoke of burning leaves rose to the heavens from all the houses in the district and from the great stretches of parkland. The air became colder, now only the Guv went out without his coat. Buttercup wrapped up — as Miss Ku said — as if she were at a particularly cold North Pole. One morning we awakened to find snow driving across the lake, piling up in front of the house, and making the roads impassable. With tremendous roars and clatters the snow ploughs came out, their scraper blades slithering and juddering along the icy surface of the road.

After the snow, came the freeze-up. The lake froze, a nearby creek became a solid mass of ice. Crazy fishermen came with special tools and cut holes in the several-foot-thick ice so that they could sit and shiver and pretend to catch fish. Morning after morning the roads were snowed up and traffic was halted. Great storms raged and howled around the house. One night the water pump stopped. The Guv got out of bed at two in the morning and went down to the lake carrying a great iron bar and a heavy hammer. Ma got up and put on the kettle for tea. I could hear hammering and the sound of breaking ice. “Miss Ku,” I asked, “What is it all about?” “If the Guv can't break up the ice around the water intake we shall have no water for the winter. Y'see, Feef, it is so cold that the lake has frozen. The Old Man has gone to dig out the ice and then we shall keep a tap slightly on.” I shuddered, this Canada seemed to be a cold, cruel country, with no civilized amenities such as one would have in Europe.

With the coming of the cold, Ma put out food every night for the wild creatures who otherwise would have died of starvation. Mister the Raccoon was very grateful and came to our window every night. Mister the Canadian Badger came as well, but the most amusing episode was provided by Mouse Rouse! Buttercup was doing some washing in the basement one day when a very pleasant, well-spoken mouse came and sat on her foot. (Miss Ku says it was a lemming, but mouse is good enough for me.) This Mouse formed a firm attachment for Buttercup and she seemed to be equally attached to him. After the monkey episode nothing at all surprised us about Buttercup. "We must remember our manners, Feef, and not eat the fellow," said Miss Ku. Buttercup and Mouse Rouse had many pleasant moments together in the basement. Miss Ku and I assured him that we would not harm him, so he took no notice of us but just mooned about after Buttercup. It was MOST touching!

The winter gave way to spring and we were glad to leave that place and move to another nearer the shops. There was still no work available for the Guv. In desperation he wrote to the Prime Minister of Canada, to the Minister of Immigration, and to the Minister of Labor. Not one of them seemed to care in the slightest; these Ministers appeared to be even worse than those in other countries. I suppose that it is because Canada is so uncultured, so unfriendly. Now we live in hopes of making enough money to get OUT of Canada!

I sat in the window of our new Apartment and had a friendly chat with the Cat who ran a Motel. I told him of our adventures. "Aw, Feef!" said Miss Ku, "You should write a book!" I turned it over in my mind, and in the stillness of the night, when both of us were awake, I discussed it with the Guv. "Guv!" I said, "Do you think I could write a book?" "Sure you could, Feef," he replied, "You are a very intelligent Old Granny Cat." "But I can't type," I protested, "Then you shall dictate it to me and I will type it for you, Feef," he said. In the morning we sat down together. He

opened the typewriter, the grey Olympia which already has typed “The Third Eye”, “Doctor from Lhasa”, and “The Rampa Story”. Opened the typewriter, and said, “Come on, Feef, start dictating!” So, with his encouragement, and with Miss Ku to help me, I have at last finished this book. Do you like it ?

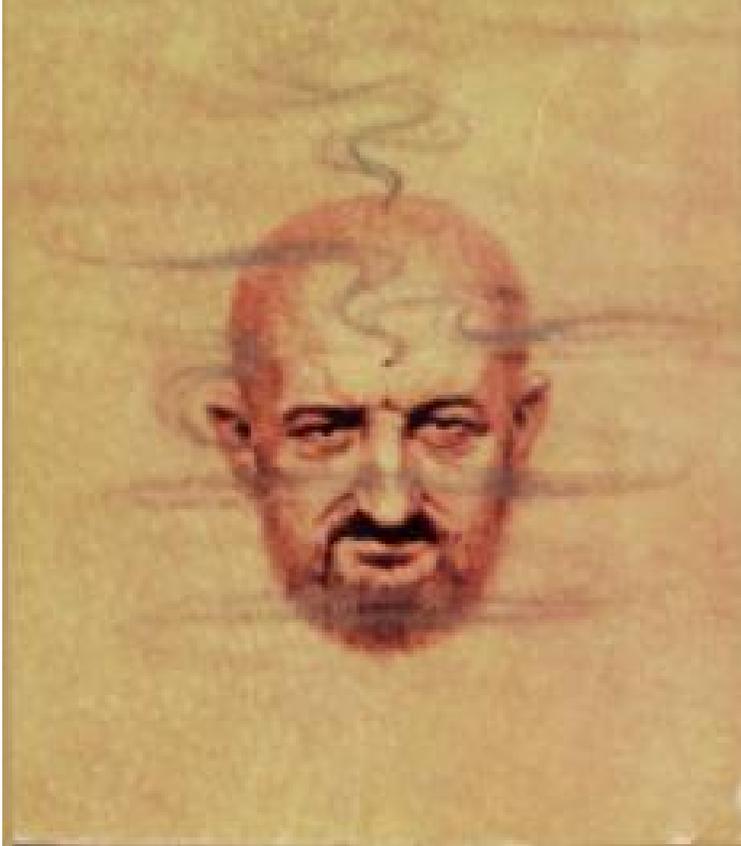




A CORGI BOOK

# LOBSANG RAMPA

## YOU—FOREVER



## AUTHOR'S NOTE

I am Tuesday Lobsang Rampa. That is my only name, it is now my legal name, and I answer to no other. Many letters come to me with a weird conglomeration of names attached; they go straight in the waste paper basket, for, as I say, my only name is Tuesday Lobsang Rampa.

All my books are true, all my claims are absolutely true. years ago the newspapers of England and Germany started a campaign against me at a time when I was not able to defend myself because I was almost dying from coronary thrombosis. I was persecuted without mercy, insanely.

Actually a few people were jealous of me, and so they collected "evidence," but it is significant that "the collector of evidence" at no time tried to see ME! It is unusual not to give "an accused person" a chance to state his own story. A person is innocent until proved guilty; I was NEVER "proved guilty," and never permitted to prove myself GENUINE!

The newspapers of England and Germany would not give me any space in their columns, so I have been in the unfortunate position of knowing that I was innocent and truthful, but unable to tell anyone my side of the story. One great television chain of stations offered me an interview, but they INSISTED that I say what they thought I should say, in other words, a lot of lies. I wanted to tell the truth, so they would not let me appear. Let me again state that everything that I have written is true. All my claims are true. My specific reason for insisting that all this is true is that in the near future other people like me will appear, and I do not desire that they should have the suffering that I have had through spite and vicious hatred.

A large number of people have seen my absolutely authentic papers which prove that I have been a high Lalna of the Potala in Lhasa, Tibet, and that I am a qualified Doctor of Medicine trained in China. Although people have seen those papers they "forgot" when the press came prying around.

Will you, then, read my books bearing in mind my positive assurance that the whole thing IS TRUE? I am what I claim to be. What am I! Read my books and you will see!

T. Lobsang Rampa,

## FOREWORD

This is a very special Course of Instruction for those who are sincerely interested in knowing the things which have to be known.

At first it was intended that this should be in the form of a Correspondence Course, but then it was realized that with all the organization necessary each student would have to pay a fee of about thirty five pounds for the Course! So, with the cooperation of my Publishers, it was decided to produce it in book form.

You will appreciate that normally in a Correspondence Course there would be certain questions which a student would want to ask, but I cannot undertake to answer questions arising from this book because—

A poor wretched Author does not make much out of books, you know he makes very little indeed, and often an Author will receive letters from all parts of the world, and the writers “forget” to include return postage. The Author is then faced with the choice of paying himself or ignoring the letter.

In my case, very foolishly, I have borne the cost of the printed paper, having the stuff typed, paying the postage, etc. etc., but it makes all this too expensive, and so I am not at all prepared to answer any questions or letters whatever unless people bear that point in mind.

You may be interested as a Reader to hear this; I have had letters telling me that my books are too expensive and would I send free copies. I had one letter from a person who said that my books were too expensive, and he asked me to send him an autographed copy of each of my books, and as an afterthought he added two other books by two other Authors and he asked me to give him those also. Yes, I did reply to his letter!

I tell you emphatically that if you read this book you will derive much benefit from it; if you study this book you will derive much more benefit from it. To help you, you will find included the Instructions which would have gone out with the Correspondence Course.

Following this book there will be another book containing

monographs on various subjects of occult and everyday interest, and also containing a very special form of Dictionary, an explanatory Dictionary, and having tried to get such a book from various countries throughout the world I decided to write one myself. I regard this second book as essential to the complete and most beneficial understanding of this, the first of the two.

T Lobsang Rampa.

## INSTRUCTIONS

We—you and us—agree going to have to work together so that your psychic development may proceed apace. Some of these Lessons will be longer and possibly more difficult than others, but these Lessons are not padded; they contain, so far as we are able, real “meat” without fancy trimmings.

Select a definite night each week on which to study this Lesson-work. Get into the habit of studying at a certain time, at a certain place, at a certain day. There is more to it than just reading words because you have to absorb ideas which may be very strange to you, and the mental discipline of regular habits will assist you enormously.

Have some place—some room set aside—where you can be comfortable. You will learn more easily if you are comfortable. Lie down if you prefer, but in any case adopt an attitude where there is no strain upon muscles, where you can relax so that the whole of your attention may be given to the printed words and the thoughts behind them. If you are tensed up much of your awareness is devoted to sensing the feeling of tenseness! You want to make sure that for an hour, or two hours, or however long it takes you to read the Lesson-work, no one will intrude upon you and break your trend of thoughts.

In your room—your study—shut the door. Lock it, for preference, and draw close the blinds so that the fluctuations of daylight do not distract your attention. Have just one light on in the room, and that should be a reading lamp placed slightly behind you. This will provide adequate illumination while leaving the rest of the room in suitable shade.

Lie down or adopt any position which is quite comfortable and restful. Relax for a few moments, let yourself breathe deeply, that is, take perhaps three really deep breaths one after the other. Hold the breath for three or four seconds, then let it out over a period of three or four seconds. Rest quiet for a few more seconds, and then pick up the Lesson-work and read it. First read it easily—just work through it as if you were reading a newspaper. When you

have done that, pause for a few moments to let what you have so lightly read sink into your subconscious. Then start all over again. Go through the Lesson—work meticulously, paragraph by paragraph. If anything puzzles you make a note of it, write it down on a conveniently placed note book. Do not try to memorize anything, there is no point in being a slave to the printed word, the whole purpose of Lesson-work such as this is to sink into your subconscious. A conscious attempt to memorize often blinds one to the full meaning of the words. You are not entering into an examination where parrot-like repetition of certain phrases is all that is required. You are, instead, storing up knowledge which can set you free from the bonds of the flesh and enable you to see what manner of thing this human body is, and determine the purpose of Life on Earth.

When you have gone through the Lesson-work again, consult your notes and ponder over the points which puzzle you, the points which are not clear to you. It is too easy to just write in to us and have a question answered; that will not cause it to sink into your sub-conscious. It is kinder and better for you that you should THINK of the answer yourself.

You must do your part. Anything that is worth having is worth working for. Things which are given away, free, are usually so given because they are not worth charging for! You must open your mind; you must be willing to absorb new knowledge. You must “imagine” that knowledge is flowing into you. Remember, “As a man thinketh, so is he.”

## LESSON ONE

Before we attempt to understand the nature of the Overself or deal with any “occult” matter we must be sure that first we comprehend the nature of Man. In this Course we shall use the term “Man” to indicate man and woman. Let us at the outset state definitely that woman is at least the equal of man in all matters relating to the occult and extra-sensory perceptions. Woman, in fact, often has a brighter aura and a greater capacity for appreciation of the various facets of metaphysics.

### WHAT IS LIFE?

Actually, everything that exists is “life.” Even a creature which we normally term “dead” is alive. The normal form of its life may have ceased—as it would have done for us to term it dead—but with the cessation of that “life” a fresh form of life took over. The process of dissolution creates life of its own!

Everything that vibrates. Everything consists of molecules in constant motion. We will use “molecules” instead of atoms, neutrons, protons, etc., because this is a Course on Metaphysics, not a Course of Chemistry or Physics. We are trying to “paint a general picture” rather than go into microscopic detail on irrelevant matters.

Perhaps we should say a few words about molecules and atoms first in order to appease the purists who otherwise would write in and give us knowledge which we already possess! Molecules are small, VERY small, but they can be seen by the use of the electron microscope and by those who are trained in metaphysical arts.

According to the dictionary, a molecule is the smallest portion of a substance capable of independent existence while retaining the properties of that substance. Small though molecules are, they are composed of even smaller particles known as “atoms.”

An atom is like a miniature solar system. The nucleus of the

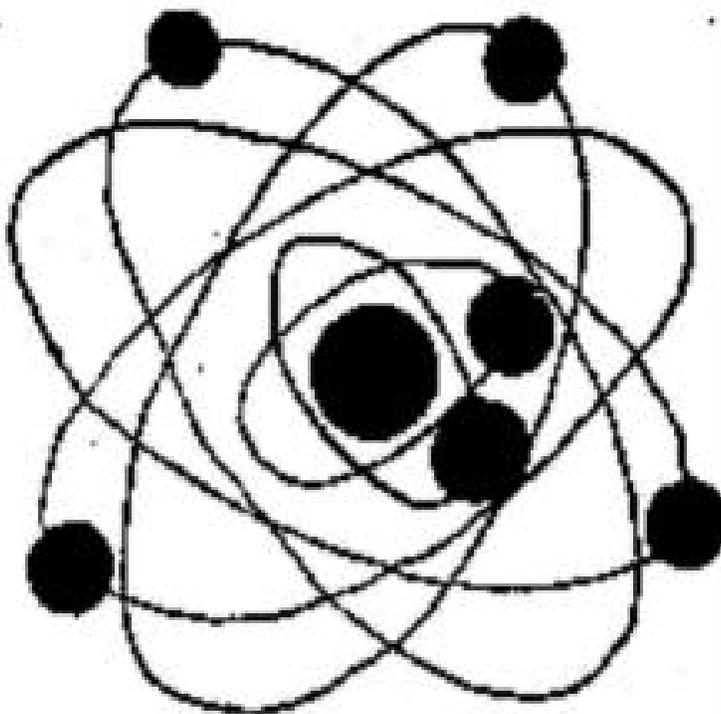
atom represents the Sun in our own solar system. Around this “sun” rotate electrons in much the same way as our solar-system planets revolve around our Sun. As in the Solar-system, the atom unit is mostly empty space! Here, in Figure One, is how the carbon atom-the “brick” of our own Universe-appears when greatly magnified. Figure Two shows our Solar-system. Every substance has a different number of electrons around its nucleus “sun.” Uranium, for example, has ninety-two electrons. Carbon has only six. Two close to the nucleus, and four orbiting at a greater distance. But we are going to forget about atoms and refer only to molecules. . . .

Man is a mass of rapidly rotating molecules. Man appears to be solid; it is not easy to push a finger through flesh and bone. Yet this solidity is an illusion forced upon us because we too are Man-kind. Consider a creature of infinite smallness who can stand at a distance from a human body and look at it. The creature would see whirling suns, spiral nebulae, and streams akin to the Milky Way. In the soft parts of the body-the flesh-the molecules would be widely dispersed. In the hard substances, the bones, the molecules would be dense, bunched together and giving the appearance of a great cluster of stars.

Imagine yourself standing on the top of a mountain on some clear night. You are alone, far from the lights of any city which, reflecting into the night sky, causes refraction from suspended moisture-drops and makes the heavens appear dim. (This is why observatories are always built in remote districts.) You are on your own mountain-top . . . above you the stars shine clear and brilliant. You gaze at them as they wheel in endless array before your wondering eyes. Great galaxies stretch before you. Clusters of stars adorn the blackness of the night sky. Across the heavens the band known as the Milky Way appears as a vast and smoky trail. Stars, worlds, planets. Molecules. So would the microscopic creature see YOU!

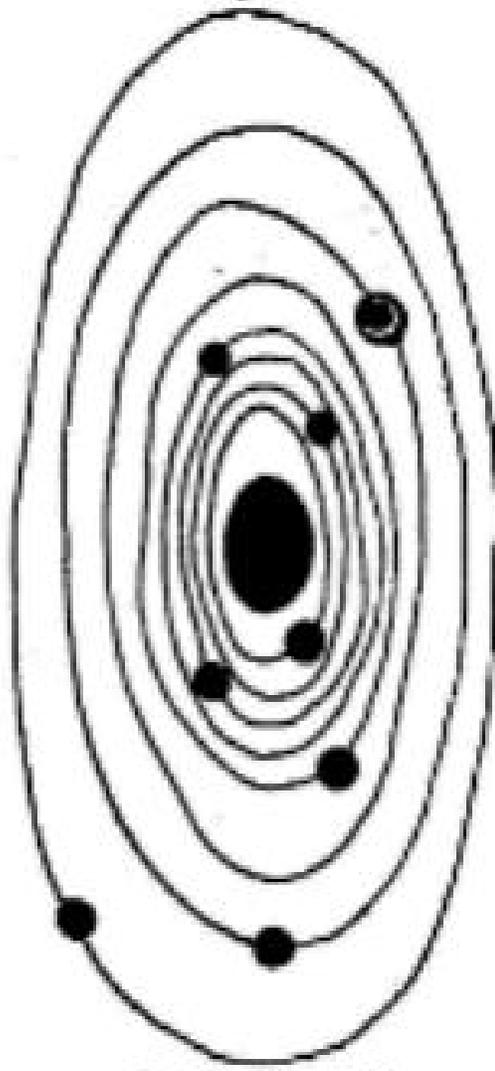
The stars in the heavens above appear as points of light with incredible spaces between them. Billions, trillions of stars there are, yet compared to the great empty space they seem few indeed. Given a space ship one could move between stars without touching any. Supposing you could close up the spaces between the stars, the molecules, WHAT WOULD YOU SEE? That microscopic creature who is viewing you from afar, is he-it-wondering that also? WE know that all those molecules which the creature

Fig. 1



CARBON ATOM

Fig. 2



THE SOLAR SYSTEM  
19

sees is US. What, then, is the final shape of the star formations in the heavens? Each Man is a Universe, a Universe in which planets-molecules-spin around a central sun. Every rock, twig, or drop of water is composed of molecules in constant, un-ending motion.

Man is composed of molecules in motion. That motion generates a form of electricity which, uniting with the “electricity” delivered by the Overself, gives sentient Life. Around the poles of the Earth magnetic storms flare and glow, giving rise to the Aurora Borealis with all its colored lights. Around ALL planets-and molecules!-magnetic radiations interplay and interact with other radiations emanating from nearby worlds and molecules. “No Man is a world unto himself!” No world or molecules can exist without other worlds or molecules. Every creature, world or molecule depends upon the existence of other creatures, worlds or molecules that its own existence may continue.

It must also be appreciated that molecule groups are of different densities, they are, in fact, like clusters of stars swinging in space. In some parts of the Universe there are areas populated by very few stars or planets, or worlds-whichever you like to call them-but elsewhere there is a considerable density of planets, as for example, in the Milky Way. In much the same manner rock can represent a very dense constellation or galaxy. Air is much more thinly populated by molecules. Air, in fact, goes through us and actually passes through the capillaries of our lungs and into our blood stream. Beyond air there is space where there are clusters of hydrogen molecules widely dispersed. Space is not emptiness as people used to imagine, but is a collection of wildly oscillating hydrogen molecules and, of course, the stars and planets and worlds formed from the hydrogen molecules.

It is clear that if one has a substantial collection of molecular groups, then it is quite a difficult matter for any other creature to pass through the groups, but a so-called “ghost” which has its molecules widely spaced can easily pass through a brick wall. Think of the brick wall as it is; a collection of molecules something like a cloud of dust in suspension in the air. Improbable though it may seem, there is space between every molecule just as there is space between different stars, and if some other creatures were small enough, or if their molecules were dispersed enough, then they could pass between the molecules of, say, a brick wall without touching any. This enables us to appreciate how a “ghost” can

appear within a closed room, and how it can walk through a seemingly solid wall. Everything is relative, a wall which is solid to you may not be solid to a ghost or to a creature from the astral. But we shall deal with such things later.

## LESSON TWO

The human body is, of course, a collection of molecules as we have just seen, and while a very minute creature such as a virus would see us as a collection of molecules, we have to regard the human being now as a collection of chemicals as well.

A human being consists of many chemicals. The human body also consists mainly of water. If you think that contradicts anything in the last Lesson remember that even water consists of molecules, and it is indeed a fact that if you could teach a virus to speak (!) it would undoubtedly tell you that it saw water molecules clashing around each other like pebbles on a beach! An even smaller creature would say that the molecules of air remind it of sand on the seashore. But now we are concerned more with the chemistry of the body.

If you go to a shop and you buy a battery for your flashlamp you get a container with a zinc case and a carbon electrode in the centre—a piece of carbon perhaps as thick as a pencil—and a collection of chemicals packed tightly between the outer zinc case and the central carbon rod. The whole affair is quite moist inside; outside, of course, it is dry. You put this battery in your flashlamp and when you operate the switch you get a light. Do you know why? Under certain conditions metals and carbon and chemicals react together chemically in order to produce something which we call electricity. This zinc container with its chemicals and its carbon rod generate electricity, but there is no electricity within the flashlamp battery; it is instead merely a collection of chemicals ready to do its work under certain conditions.

Many people have heard that boats and ships of all kinds generate electricity by just being in salt water! For instance, under certain conditions a boat or a ship which is even resting idly in the sea can generate an electric current between adjacent dissimilar metal plates. Unfortunately if a ship has, for instance, a copper bottom connected to iron upper-works, then unless special arrangements were made “electrolysis” (the generation of electric current) would eat away the junction between the two dissimilar

metals, that is, the iron and the copper. Of course it never actually happens now for it can be prevented by using what one terms a “sacrificial anode.” A piece of metal such as zinc, aluminum, or magnesium is positive compared to other common metals such as copper or bronze. Bronze, as you will know, is often used for making ships' propellers. Now, if the “sacrificial anode” is fastened to the ship or boat below the water line somewhere, and is connected to other submerged metal parts, this sacrificial metal will corrode and waste away, and it will prevent the hull of the ship or the propellers from wasting away. As this metal piece corrodes it can be replaced. That is just an ordinary part of ship maintenance, and all this is mentioned just to give you an idea of how electricity can be, and is, generated in the most unusual ways.

The brain generates electricity of its own! Within the human body there are traces of metals, even metals such as zinc, and of course we must remember that the human body has the carbon molecule as its basis. There is much water in a body, and traces of chemicals such as magnesium, potassium, etc. These combine to form an electric current, a minute one, but one which can be detected, measured, and charted.

A person who is mentally ill can, by the use of a certain instrument, have his brain waves charted. Various electrodes are placed upon his head and little pens get to work on a strip of paper. As the patient thinks of certain things the pens draw four squiggly lines which can be interpreted to indicate the type of illness from which the patient is suffering. Instruments such as this are in common use in all mental hospitals.

The brain is, of course, a form of receiving station for the messages which are transmitted by the Overself, and the human brain in its turn can transmit messages, such as lessons learned, experiences gained, etc., to the Overself. These messages are conveyed by means of the “Silver Cord,” a mass of high velocity molecules which vibrate and rotate at an extremely divergent range of frequencies, and connects the human body and the human Overself.

The body here on Earth is something like a vehicle operating by remote control. The driver is the Overself. You may have seen a child's toy car which is connected to the child by a long flexible cable. The child can press a button and make the car go forward, or make it stop or go back, and by turning a wheel on this flexible cable the car can be steered. The human body may be likened very

very roughly to that, for the Overself which cannot come down to the Earth to gain experiences sends down this body which is US on Earth. Everything that we experience, everything that we do or think or hear travels upwards to be stored in the memory of the Overself.

Very highly intelligent men who get “inspiration” often obtain a message directly-consciously-from the Overself by way of the Silver Cord. Leonardo da Vinci was one of those who was most constantly in touch with his Overself, and so he rated as a genius in almost everything that he did. Great artists or great musicians are those in touch with their Overself on perhaps one or two particular “lines,” and so they come bask and compose “by inspiration” music or paintings which have been more or less dictated to them by the Greater Powers which control us.

This Silver Cord connects us to our Overself in much the same way as the umbilical cord connects a baby to its mother. The umbilical cord is a very intricate device, a very complex affair indeed, but it is as a piece of string compared to the complexity of the Silver Cord. This Cord is a mass of molecules rotating over an extremely wide range of frequencies, but it is an intangible thing so far as the human body on Earth is concerned. The molecules are too widely dispersed for the average human sight to see it. Many animals can see it because animals see on a different range of frequencies and hear on a different range of frequencies than humans. Dogs, as you know, can be called by a “silent” dog whistle, silent because a human cannot hear it but a dog easily can. In the same way, animals can see the Silver Cord and the aura because both these vibrate on a frequency which is just within the receptivity of an animal's sight. With practice it is quite easily possible for a human to extend the band of receptivity of their sight in much the same way as a weak man, by practice and by exercise, can lift a weight which normally would be far far beyond his physical capabilities.

The Silver Cord is a mass of molecules, a mass of vibrations. One can liken it to the tight beam of radio waves which scientists bounce off the Moon. Scientists trying to measure the distance of the Moon, broadcast on a very narrow beam a wave form to the surface of the Moon. That is much the same as the Silver Cord between the human body and the human Overself; it is the method whereby the Overself communicates with the body on Earth.

Everything we do is known to the Overself. People strive to

become spiritual if they are on “the right Path.” Basically, in striving for spirituality they strive to increase their own rate of vibration on Earth, and by way of the Silver Cord to increase the rate of vibration of the Overself. The Overself sends down a part of itself into a human body in order that lessons may be learned and experiences gained. Every good deed we do increases our Earth and our astral rate of vibration, but if we do an evil deed to some person that decreases and subtracts from our rate of spiritual vibration. Thus, when we do an ill turn to another we put ourselves at least one step DOWN on the ladder of evolution, and every good deed we do increases our own personal vibration by a like amount. Thus it is that it is so essential to adhere to the old Buddhist formula which exhorts one to “return good for evil and to fear no man, and to fear no man's deed, for in returning good for evil, and giving good at all times, we progress upwards and never downwards.”

Everyone knows of a person who is “a low sort of fellow.” Some of our metaphysical knowledge leaks over into common usage in much the same way as we say a person is in a “black mood,” or a “blue mood.” It is all a matter of vibration, all a matter of what the body transmits by way of the Silver Cord to the Overself, and what the Overself sends back again by way of the Silver Cord to the body.

Many people cannot understand their inability to consciously contact their Overself. It is quite a difficult matter without long training. Supposing you are in South America and you want to telephone someone in Russia, perhaps in Siberia. First of all you have to make sure that there is a telephone line available, then you have to take into consideration the difference in time between the two countries. Next you have to make sure that the person you want to telephone is available and can speak your language, and after all that you have to see if the authorities will permit of such a telephone message! It is better at this stage of evolution not to bother too much about trying to contact one's Overself consciously, because no Course, no information, will give you in a few written pages what it might take ten years of practice to accomplish. Most people expect too much; they expect that they can read a Course and immediately go and do everything that the Masters can do, and the Masters may have studied a lifetime, and many lifetimes before that! Read this Course, study it, ponder upon it, and if you will open your mind you may be granted

enlightenment. We have known many cases where people (most often women) received certain information and they then could actually see the etheric or the aura or the Silver Cord. We have many such experiences to fortify us in our statement that you, too, can do this—if you will permit yourself to believe!

### LESSON THREE

We have already seen how the human brain generates electricity through the action of the chemicals, the water, and the metallic ores coursing through it and of which it is comprised. Just as the human brain generates electricity so does the body itself, for the blood is coursing through the veins and arteries of the body also carrying those chemicals, those metallic traces, and the water. The blood is, as you will know, mainly water. The whole body is suffused with electricity. It is not the type of electricity which lights your house or heats the stove with which you cook. Look upon it as of magnetic origin.

If one takes a bar magnet and lays it down on a table, placing upon it a sheet of plain paper, and then sprinkles on the plain paper, above the magnet, a liberal supply of iron filings, one will find that the filings arrange themselves in a special pattern. It is worth making the attempt. Get an ordinary cheap magnet from a hardware store or scientific supplier, they are very very cheap (or you may be able to borrow one!). Put a piece of paper across the top so that underneath the magnet is located at about the centre of the paper. From your chemist or scientific supply store you will be able to obtain fine iron filings. Here again, they are very very cheap. Sprinkle them on the paper as you would sprinkle salt or pepper. Let them fall on the paper from a height of perhaps twelve inches, and you will find that these iron filings arrange themselves in a peculiar pattern which precisely follows the magnetic lines of force coming from the magnet. You will find you have the central bar of the magnet outlined, and then you have curved lines going from each end of the magnet. The best way, the most profitable way, is to try it, for this will help you in your later studies. The magnetic force is the same as the etheric of the human body, the same as the aura of the human body.

Probably everyone knows that a wire which carries an electric current has a magnetic field around it. If the current varies, that is, if it is known as "alternating" instead of "direct," then the field pulsates and fluctuates in accordance with the changes in polarity, that is, it seems to pulse with the alternating current.

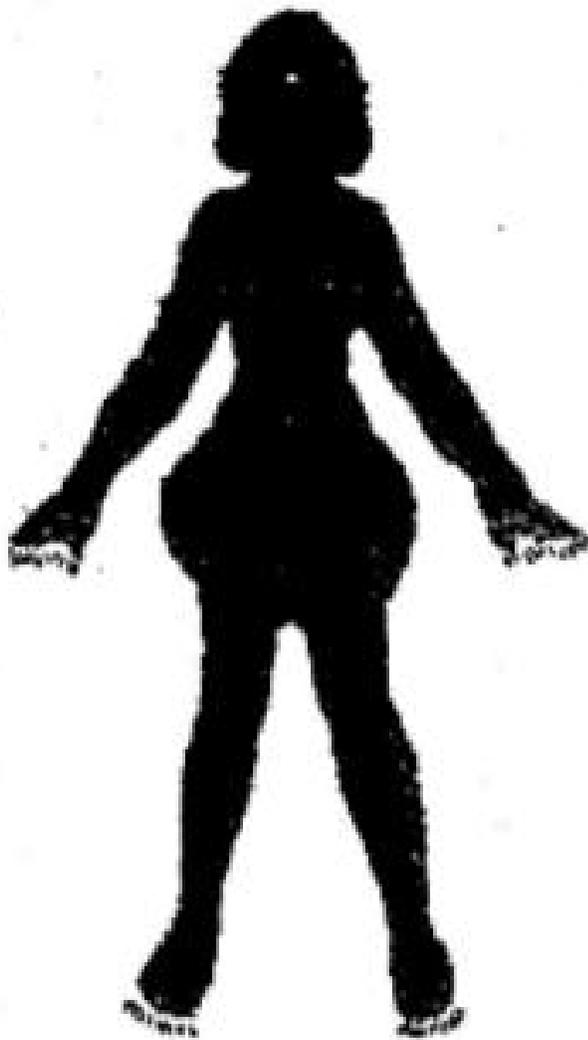
The human body which is a source of electricity has a magnetic field outside it. It has a highly fluctuating field. The etheric, as we call it, fluctuates or vibrates so rapidly that it is difficult to discern the movement. In much the same way, one can have an electric lamp lighted in one's house, and although the current fluctuates fifty or sixty times a second, one cannot perceive this, yet in some country districts, or perhaps aboard ship, the fluctuations are so slow that the eye can detect the flickerings.

If a person goes too close to another one there will often be a sensation of goose-flesh. Many people—most people—are fully aware of the close proximity of another person. Try it on a friend, stand behind your friend and hold one finger close to the nape of his neck and then touch him lightly. He will often not be able to distinguish between a closeness and a touch. That is because the etheric is also susceptible to touch.

This etheric is the magnetic field which surrounds the human body (Fig. 3). It is the forerunner of the aura, the “nucleus” of the aura, as one might say. In some people the etheric covering extends for about an eighth of an inch around every part of the body, even around each individual strand of hair. In other people it may extend for some inches, but not often more than six inches. The etheric can be used to measure the vitality of a person. It changes considerably in intensity with the health. If a person has done a hard day's work, then the etheric will be very close to the skin, but after a good rest it will extend perhaps for inches. It follows the exact contours of the body, it even follows the contours of a mole or a pimple. In connection with the etheric it might be of interest to state that if one is subjected to a very very high tension of electricity at negligible amperage, then the etheric can be seen glowing, sometimes pink, sometimes blue. There is a weather condition also which increases the visibility of the etheric. It is met with at sea and is known as Saint Elmo's Fire. Under certain weather conditions every part of a ship's masts and rigging become outlined in cold fire, it is quite harmless but rather frightening for those who see it for the first time. One can liken this to the etheric of a ship.

Many people in the country have had the experience of going out into the countryside on a dark or misty night and have looked at the high tension wires stretching overhead. Under suitable conditions they will have noticed a misty whitish-bluish glow, it looks rather eerie, and has given many an honest countryman a

No. 1



THE ETHERIC

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severe fright! Electrical engineers know this as the corona of high tension wires and it is one of the difficulties with which they are confronted, because a corona sweeping down over insulators can

ionise the air so that there is a short circuit, and that may trip relays in power stations and put a whole countryside into darkness. In these more modern days engineers take very special and very costly precautions in order to minimize or eliminate the corona. The corona of a human body, of course, is the etheric, and it looks something the same as the discharge from high tension wires.

Most people can see the etheric of the body if they will practice a little, if they will have patience. Unfortunately, people think that there is some quick and cheap way to the attainment of knowledge and powers which take the Masters years. Nothing can be done without practice; great musicians practice for hours every day, they never cease to practice. So you, if you want to be able to see the etheric and the aura, you must practice also. One way is to get a willing subject and get that person to extend a bare arm. Have the fingers outspread, the arm and fingers should be a few inches away from some neutral or black background. Look towards the arm and the fingers, not directly at it, but towards it. There is just a little knack in looking at the right place in the right way. As you look you will see clinging closely to the flesh something that looks like a bluish-grayish smoke. As we said, it extends perhaps an eighth of an inch, perhaps six inches from the body. Quite often a person will look toward the arm and see nothing but the arm; that may be because they are trying too hard, it may be because they “cannot see the wood for the trees.” Let yourself become relaxed, do not try too hard, and with practice you will see that there really is something there.

Another way is to practice on yourself. Sit down and make yourself quite comfortable. Place yourself so that you are at least six feet from any other object, be it chair, table, or wall. Breathe steadily, deeply, and slowly, extend your arms to full length, place your finger tips together with your thumbs upwards so that just your finger tips are in contact. Then, if you part your fingers so that they are about an eighth of an inch!-a quarter of an inch-apart you will perceive “something.” It may look like a grey mist, it may look as if it is almost luminous, but when you see that, then very very slowly draw your fingers further apart, a quarter of an inch at a time, you will soon see that there is “something” there. That “something” is the etheric. If you should lose contact, that is,

if the faint “something” should vanish, then touch your finger tips together and start all over again. It is just a matter of practice. Once again, the great musicians of this world practice, and practice, and practice; they produce good music after their practice; YOU can produce good results in metaphysical sciences! But look again at your fingers. Watch carefully the faint mist flowing from one to the other. With practice you will observe that it flows from either the left hand to the right hand, or from the right hand to the left hand, depending not merely upon your sex, but upon your state of health and what you are thinking at the time.

If you can get an interested person to help you, then you can practice with the palm of your hand. You should get this person, if possible a member of the opposite sex, to sit in a chair facing you. You should both extend your hands, your arms, at full length. Then slowly bring your hand palm down close to that of your friend who sits palm up. When you are about two inches apart you may find either a cool breeze or a warm breeze flowing from one hand to the other, the sensation starts in the middle of the palm. It depends on which hand it is and which sex you are whether you feel a cold breeze or a warm breeze. If you feel a warm breeze move your hand slightly so that your hand is not directly in line fingers to fingers, but at an angle, and you may find that the sensation of heat increases. The heat increases as you practice. When you get to this stage, if you look carefully between your palm and that of the other person, you will see very distinctly the etheric. It is like cigarette smoke which has not been inhaled, that is, instead of the dirty grey of inhaled cigarette smoke it will be a fresh bluish tinge.

We have to keep on repeating that the etheric is merely the outer manifestation of the magnetic forces of the body, we call it the “ghost” because when a person dies in good health this etheric charge remains for a time, it may become detached from the body and wander like a mindless ghost, which is a thing completely and utterly different from the astral entity. We shall deal with all that at a later date. But you may have heard of old graveyards in the country, where there are no street lamps etc.; many people say that they can see a faint bluish light on dark nights rising up from the ground of a grave which has only that day been made. That is actually the etheric charge dissipating away from a newly dead body. You can say that it is similar to the heat departing from a

kettle which has been boiling and has then been switched off. As the kettle gets cooler the feeling of heat from the outer side obviously becomes less. In the same way, as a body dies (there are relative stages of death, remember !) the etheric force gets lower and lower. You can have an etheric hanging around a body for several days after clinical life has departed, but that will form the subject of a separate lesson.

Practice, and practice, and practice. Look at your hands, look at your body, try these experiments with a willing friend, because only by practice can you see the etheric, and until you can see the etheric then you cannot see the aura which is a much finer thing.

## LESSON FOUR

As we saw in the preceding lesson, the body is surrounded by the etheric which encompasses every part of that body. But extending outside the etheric is the aura. This is in some ways similar to the etheric in that it is of magnetic electric origin, but there the similarity ends.

One can state that the aura shows the colours of the Overself. It shows whether a person is spiritual or carnal. It shows also if a person is of good health, or poor health, or is actually diseased. Everything is reflected in the aura, it is the indicator of the Overself, or, if you prefer, of the soul. The Overself and the soul, of course, are the same thing.

In this aura we can see sickness and health, dejection and success, love and hatred. It is perhaps fortunate that not so many people can see the auras at the present time, for nowadays it seems to be the common thing to take advantage of one, to seek the upper hand, and the aura betrays every thought as it should do, reflecting as it does the colours and the vibrations of the Overself. It is a fact that when a person is desperately ill the aura begins to fade, and in certain cases the aura actually fades out before a person dies. If a person has had a long illness then the aura does actually fade out before death, leaving only the etheric. On the other hand, a person who is killed accidentally while in good health possesses the aura up to, and for some moments after, clinical death.

It might be well here to interpose certain remarks about death, because death is not like switching off a current or emptying a bucket. Death is a rather long drawn-out affair. No matter how a person dies, no matter if a person is beheaded even, death does not take place for some moments after. The brain, as we have seen, is a storage cell generating electric current. The blood supplies the chemicals, the moisture and the metallic ores, and inevitably those ingredients become stored in the tissue of the brain. Thus the brain can continue to function for from three to five minutes after clinical death!

It is said by some people that this or that form of execution is instantaneous, but that, of course, is ridiculous. As we have stated, even if the head be completely severed from the body the brain can still function for from three to five minutes. There is a case which was actually witnessed and carefully chronicled in the days of the French Revolution. A so-called “traitor” had been beheaded and the executioner reached down and lifted up the head by the hair saying as he did so, “This is the head of a traitor.” People in the audience—executions in those days were public and also a public holiday!—were alarmed when the lips formed the soundless words, “That is a lie.” That can actually be seen in the records of the French Government. Any doctor or surgeon will tell you that if the blood supply be interrupted the brain becomes impaired after three minutes, that is why if a heart stops there are such frantic efforts to start the flow of the blood again. We have digressed here to show that death is not instantaneous, nor is the fading of the aura. It is medical fact, by the way, known to coroners and pathologists that the body dies at various rates; the brain dies, and then organs die one by one. About the last to die are the hair and the nails.

As the body does not die instantly, traces of the aura may linger on. Thus it is that a person who is clairvoyant can see in the aura of a dead person why that person expired. The etheric is of a different nature from the aura, and the etheric may continue for some time as a detached phantom, especially if a person has died violently, suddenly. A person in good health who meets a violent end has his “batteries fully charged,” and so the etheric is at full strength. With the death of the body the etheric becomes detached and floats away. By magnetic attraction it will undoubtedly visit its former haunts, and if a clairvoyant person is about or a person who is highly excited (i.e. has his vibrations increased), then that person will be able to see the etheric and will exclaim “Oh! The ghost of so-and-so!”

The aura is of much finer material than the comparatively crude etheric. The aura, in fact, is as much finer to the etheric as the etheric is to the physical body. The etheric “flows” over the body like a complete covering following the contours of the body, but the aura extends to form an egg-shaped shell around the body (Fig. 4). It might be, for instance, seven feet or more in height, and about four feet in width at its broadest part. It tapers down so that the narrow end of the “egg” is at the bottom, that is, where the feet are. The

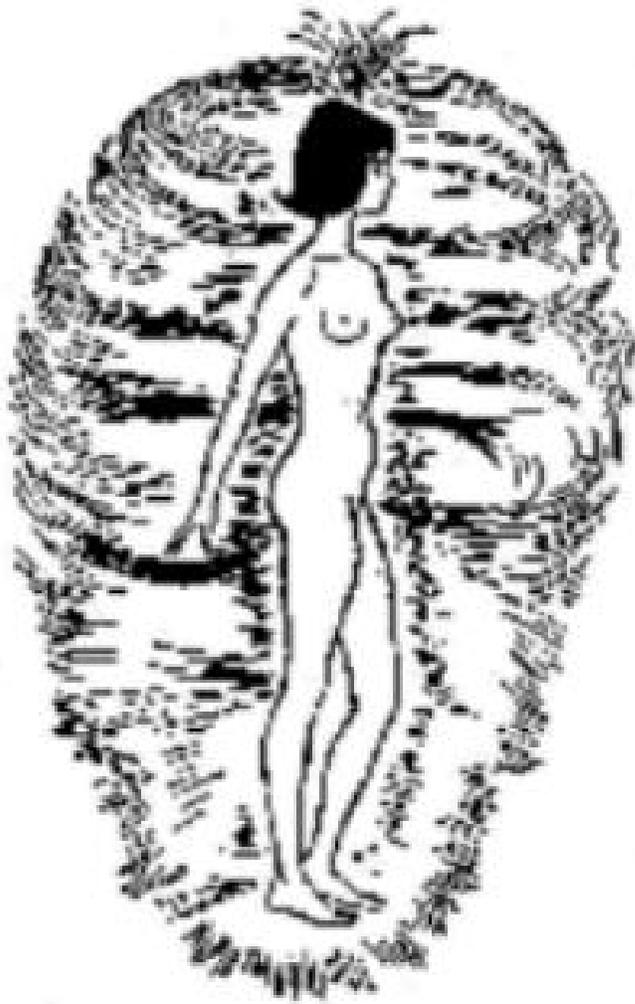


FIGURE 1. THE NUDITY OF THE ARTIST

aura. consists of the radiations in brilliant colour from the various centers of the body to other centres of the body. The old Chinese used to say that "One picture is worth a thousand words." So, to save a few thousand words, we will insert here in this lesson a sketch of a person standing full face, and side view, and on these sketches we will indicate the lines of force of the aura to and from the various centers, and the general outline of the egg-shape.

We must make it clear also that the aura really does exist even if you cannot see it for the moment. As you will appreciate, you cannot see the air which you breathe, and we doubt if a fish can see the water in which it swims! The aura, then, is a real vital force. It exists even though most untrained people cannot see it. It is possible to see an aura by using various equipment, there are, for example, various types of goggles which can be used over the eyes, but all the information which we have been able to gather on the subject indicates that these goggles are extremely injurious to the sight; they try the eyes, they force the eyes to act in an unnatural manner, and we cannot recommend for one moment goggles purporting to enable one to see the aura, nor those various screens consisting of two sheets of glass with a water-tight space between which one fills with a special and usually highly expensive dye. We can only suggest that you practice and practice, and then with a little faith and a little help you should be able to see. The biggest difficulty in seeing the aura is that most people do not believe that they can see it!

The aura, as we have stated, is of various colors, but we would point out that what we refer to as colours is merely a special part of the spectrum. In other words, although we use the word "colour" we could just as well quote the frequency of that wave which we call "red" or "blue." Red, by the way, is one of the easiest colours to see. Blue is not so easy. There are some people who cannot see blue, there are others who cannot see red. If you are in the presence of a person who can see the aura, by the way, be careful not to say something which is untrue, because if you do tell an untruth the aura-seer will betray you! Normally a person has a "halo" which is either a bluish or a yellowish colour. If a lie is told then a greenish-yellow shoots through the halo. It is a difficult colour to explain, but once seen the colour is never forgotten. So-to tell a lie is to betray oneself immediately by the greenish-yellow flare which shoots through the halo which is at the top of the aura.

One can say that the aura extends basically up to the eyes, and

then you get a radiant layer of yellow or blue which is the halo or nimbus. Then, at the very topmost part of the aura, you get a sort of fountain of light which in the East is known as The Flowering Lotus, because it does actually look like that. It is an interchange of colours and to the imaginative it reminds one irresistibly of the opening of the seven-petaled lotus.

The greater one's spirituality, the more saffron-yellow is the nimbus or halo. If a person has dubious thoughts, then that particular portion of the aura turns an unpleasant muddy brown, fringed by this bile-coloured yellowish-green which betokens falsehoods.

We are of the belief that more people see auras than seems apparent. We believe that many people see or sense the aura and do not know what they are seeing. It is quite a common thing for a person to say that she must have this or that colour, she cannot wear such-and-such a colour, because instinctively she thinks that it would clash with her aura. You may have noticed a person who wears clothing which is quite utterly impossible according to your own estimation. You may not "see" the aura, but you-being possibly more perceptive than your unsuitably clad friend-will know that such colours clash completely with her aura. Many people, then, sense, experience, or are aware of the human aura but because from early childhood they have been taught that it is nonsense to see this, or nonsense to see that, they have hypnotized themselves into believing that THEY could not possibly see such a thing.

It is also a fact that one can influence one's health by wearing clothing of certain colours. If you wear a colour which clashes with your aura, then you will undoubtedly be ill at ease or self-conscious, you may even be indisposed until you take that unsuitable colour off. You may find that a particular colour in a room irritates you or soothes you. Colours, after all, are merely different names for vibrations. Red is one vibration, green is another vibration, and black is yet another. Just as the vibration which we call sound can clash and make disharmony, so can "soundless" vibrations which we call colours clash and make a Spiritual disharmony.

## LESSON FIVE

### *The Colours of the Aura.*

Every musical note is a combination of harmonic vibrations which depends upon being compatible with its neighbors. Any LACK of compatibility causes a “sour” note, a note which is not pleasant to hear. Musicians strive to produce only notes which please.

As in music, so in colours, for colours also are vibrations, although they are on a slightly different part of the “Human-perception Spectrum.” One can have pure colours, colours which please and uplift one. Or one can have colours which jar, which jangle the nerves. In the human aura there are many many different colours and shades of colours. Some of them are beyond the range of vision of the UNTRAINED observer and so, for those colours we have no universally accepted name.

There is, as you know, a “silent” dog whistle. That is, it resonates on a band of vibrations which human ears cannot hear but which a dog can. At the other end of the scale, a human can hear deeper sounds than can a dog; low sounds are inaudible to dogs. Suppose we move the range of human hearing up-then we should hear as a dog does and would hear the high notes of the dog whistle. So, if we can raise or shift our sight range up we shall be able to then lose the ability to see black or deep purple!

It would be unreasonable to list innumerable colours. Let us deal with only the most common, the strongest, colours. The basic colours change according to the progress of the person in whose aura they are seen. As the person improves in spirituality, so the colour improves. If a person is unfortunate enough to slip back on the ladder of progress, then his basic colours may alter completely or change in shade. The basic colours (which we mention below) show the “basic” person. The innumerable pastel shades indicate the thoughts and intentions as well as the degree of spirituality. The aura swirls and flows like a particularly intricate rainbow. Colours race round the body in increasing spirals, and

also pour down from the head to the feet. But these colours are many more than ever appeared in a rainbow; a rainbow is merely refraction from water crystals-simple things-the aura is life itself.

Here are some notes on a very few colours, “very few” because there is no point in dealing with others until you can see these listed!

**RED.** In its good form red indicates sound driving force. Good Generals and leaders of men have a lot of clear red in their aura. A particularly clear form of red with clear yellow edges indicates a person who is a “Crusader”-one who is always striving to help others. Do NOT confuse this with the ordinary meddler; his “red” would be “brown”! Clear red bands or flashes emanating from the site of an organ indicates that the organ is in very good health. Some of the world leaders have a lot of clear red in their make-up. Unfortunately, in too many instances, it is contaminated with debasing shades.

A bad red, one that is muddy or too dark, indicates bad or vicious temper. The person is unreliable, quarrelsome, treacherous, a self seeker at the expense of others. Dull reds invariably show nervous excitation. A person with “bad” red may be physically strong. Unfortunately he will also be strong at wrong-doing. Murderers always have degraded red in their auras. The lighter the red (LIGHTER, not “clearer”) the more nervous and unstable the person. Such a person is very active-jittery even-and cannot keep still for more than a few seconds at a time. Of course such a person is very self-centered indeed. Reds around the organs indicate their state. A dull red, brownish red even, slowly pulsing over the site of an organ indicates cancer. One can tell if the cancer is there OR IF IT IS INCIPIENT! The aura indicates what illnesses are going to afflict the body later, unless curative steps are taken. This is going to be one of the greatest uses of “Aura Therapy” in later years.

A speckled, flashing red from the jaws indicates toothache; a dull brown pulsing in time from the nimbus indicates fright at the thought of a visit to a dentist. Scarlet is usually “worn” by those who are too sure of themselves; it indicates that a person is altogether too fond of himself. It is the colour of false pride-pride without a foundation. But—Scarlet also shows most clearly around the hips of those ladies who sell “love” for coins

of the realm! They are indeed “Scarlet Women!” Such women are usually not at all interested in the sex act as such ; to them it is merely a means of earning a living. So, the over-conceited person and the prostitute share the same colours in the aura. It is worth a thought that these old sayings, such as “scarlet woman,” “blue mood,” “red rage,” “black with temper” and “green with envy” do indeed accurately indicate the aura of a person afflicted with such a mood! The people who originated such sayings obviously consciously or unconsciously saw the aura.

Still on with the “red” group-pink (it is more of a coral, really) shows immaturity. Teenagers show pink instead of any other red. In the case of an adult, pink is an indicator of childishness and insecurity. A red-brown, something like raw liver, indicates a very nasty person indeed. One who should be avoided, for he will bring trouble. When seen over an organ it shows that the organ is very diseased indeed and the person who has such a colour over a vital organ will soon die.

All people with RED showing at the end of the breastbone (end of the sternum) have nerve trouble. They should learn to control their activities and live more sedately if they want to live long and happily.

**ORANGE.** Orange is really a branch of red, but we are paying it the compliment of giving it a classification of its own because some religions of the far East used to regard orange as the colour of the sun and paid homage to it. That is why there are so many orange colours in the far East. On the other hand, just to show the two sides of the coin, yet other religions held the belief that blue was the colour of the sun. It does not matter to which opinion you subscribe, orange is basically a good colour, and people with a suitable shade of orange in their aura are those who show much consideration for other people, they are humanitarians, people who do their best to help others not so fortunately endowed. A yellow-orange is to be desired because it shows self-control, and has many virtues.

Brownish-orange indicates a repressed lazy person who “couldn't care less!” A brownish-orange also indicates kidney trouble. If it is located over the kidneys and has a jagged grey blur in it, it shows the presence of kidney stones.

An orange which is tinged with green indicates a person who

loves to quarrel just for the sake of quarreling, and when you progress to the point when you can see the shades within the shades within the colours, then be wise and avoid arguing with those who have a green amid the orange because they can see “only black and white,” they lack imagination, they lack the perception and the discernment to realize that there are shades of knowledge, shades of opinion, and shades of colour. The person afflicted with a greenish-orange argues endlessly just for the sake of argument and without really caring whether his arguments are right or wrong; to such people the argument is the thing.

**YELLOW** A golden yellow indicates that its possessor is of a very spiritual nature. All the great saints had golden halos around their heads. The greater the spirituality the brighter glowed the golden yellow. To digress let us state here that those of the very highest spirituality also have indigo, but we are dealing with yellow! Those who have a yellow in the aura always are in good spiritual and moral health. They are well upon the Path, and according to the exact shade of yellow they have little of which to be afraid. A person with a bright yellow in the aura can be completely trusted. A person with a degraded yellow (the colour of bad Cheddar cheese!) is of a cowardly nature, and that is why people say, “Oh, he is yellow!” It used to be far more common that one could see the aura, and presumably most of these sayings came into the different languages at that time. But a bad yellow shows a bad person, one who is really frightened of everything, A reddish-yellow is not at all favourable because it indicates mental, moral and physical timidity, and with it absolute weakness of spiritual outlook and conviction. People with a reddish-yellow will change from one religion to another, always seeking for something which is not obtainable in five minutes. They lack staying power, they cannot stick at a thing for more than a few moments. A person who has a red-yellow and brown-red in the aura is always chasing after the opposite sex-and getting nowhere! It is noteworthy that if a person has red hair (or ginger) and has red-yellow in the aura, that person will be very pugnacious, very offensive, and very ready to misconstrue any remark into a personal slight. This refers particularly to those who have red hair and reddish, perhaps freckled, skin. Some of the redder yellows indicate that

the person possessing these shades has a great inferiority complex. The redder the red in the yellow, the greater the degree of inferiority. A Brownish-yellow shows very impure thoughts indeed and poor spiritual development. Presumably most people know about Skid Row, the vale to which all drunks, deadbeats, and derelicts eventually drift on this Earth. Many of the people in that class, or condition, have this red-brown-yellow, and if they are particularly bad they have an unpleasant form of lima green speckling the aura. These people can rarely be saved from their own folly.

A brownish-yellow indicates impure thoughts and that the person concerned does not always keep to the strait and narrow path. In the health line a green-yellow shows liver complaints. As the greenish-yellow turns to brownish-reddish-yellow it shows that the complaints are more in the nature of social diseases. A person with a social disease invariably has a dark brown, dark yellow band around the hips. It is often speckled with what looks to be red dust. With the brown becoming more and more pronounced in the yellow, and perhaps showing jagged bands, it indicates mental afflictions. A person who is a dual personality (in the psychiatric sense) will often show one half of the aura as a bluish-yellow and the other half as a brownish or greenish-yellow. It is a thoroughly unpleasant combination.

The pure golden yellow with which we commenced this heading of "Yellow" should always be cultivated. It can be attained by keeping one's thoughts and one's intentions pure. Every one of us has to go along through the brighter yellow before we get far along the path of evolution.

**GREEN.** Green is the colour of healing, the colour of teaching, and the colour of physical growth. Great doctors and surgeons have a lot of green in their aura; they also have a lot of red, and, curiously enough, the two colours blend most harmoniously and there is no discord between them. Red and green when seen together in materials often clash and offend, but when they are seen in the aura they please. Green with a suitable red indicates a brilliant surgeon, a most competent man. Green alone without the red indicates a most eminent physician, one who knows his job, or it might indicate a nurse whose vocation is both her career and her love. Green mixed with a suitable blue indicates

their auras and bands, or striations, of swirling blue, a form of electric blue, and often between the blue and the green there would be narrow bands of golden yellow which would indicate that the teacher was one who had the welfare of his students at heart and had the necessary high spiritual perceptions in order to teach the best subjects.

All those who are concerned with the health of people and animals have much green in their auric make-up. They may not be high ranking surgeons or physicians, but all people, no matter who they are, if they are dealing with health either of animals or humans or plants, they all have a certain amount of green in their aura. It seems to be almost their badge of office! Green is not a dominant colour, though, it is nearly always subservient to some other colour. It is a helpful colour and indicates that one who has much green in the aura is of a friendly, compassionate, considerate nature. If the person has a yellowish-green, however, then that person cannot be trusted, and the more the mixture of unpleasant yellow to unpleasant green, the more untrustworthy, the more unreliable the person. Confidence tricksters have a yellow-green—the type of people who talk nicely to a person and then swindle them out of their money—these have a sort of lime green to which their yellow is added. As the green turns to blue—usually a pleasant sky blue or electric blue—the more trustworthy a person is.

**BLUE.** This colour is often referred to as the colour of the spirit world. It also shows intellectual ability as apart from spirituality, but of course it has to be of the right shade of blue; with the right shade it is a very favourable colour indeed. The etheric is of a bluish tinge, a blue somewhat similar to non-inhaled cigarette smoke, or the blue of a wood fire. The brighter the blue, the healthier and the more vigorous in health is the person. Pale blue is the colour of a person who vacillates a lot, a person who cannot make up his mind, a person who has to be pushed in order to get any worthwhile decision from him. A darker blue is that of a person who is making progress, a person who is trying. If the blue is darker still it shows one who is keen on the tasks of life and who has found some satisfaction in it. These darker blues are often found in missionaries who are missionaries because they have definitely had “A Call.” It is

not found in missionaries who just desire a job perhaps travelling round the world with all expenses paid. One can always judge of a person by the vigor of the yellow and the darkness of the blue.

**INDIGO.** We are going to class indigo and violet as being under the same heading because one shades imperceptibly into the other, and it is very much a case of one being quite dependent upon the other. People with indigo showing to a marked extent in their aura are people of deep religious convictions, not merely those who profess to be religious. There is a great deal of difference; some people say that they are religious, some people believe they are religious, but until one can actually see the aura one cannot say for sure; indigo proves it conclusively. If a person has a pinkish tinge in the indigo the possessor of such a marked aura will be touchy and unpleasant, particularly to those who are under the control of the afflicted person. The pinkish tinge in the indigo is a degrading touch, it robs the aura of its purity. Incidentally, people with indigo or violet or purple in their auras suffer from heart trouble and stomach disorders. They are the type of people who should have no fried food and very little fat food.

**GREY.** Grey is a modifier of the colours of the aura.. It does not signify anything of itself unless the person is most unevolved. If the person at whom you are looking is unevolved, then there will be great bands and splotches of grey, but you normally would not be looking at the nude body of an unevolved person. Grey in a colour shows a weakness of character and a general pooriness of health. If a person has grey bands over a particular organ it shows that the organ is in danger of breaking down, IS breaking down, and medical attention should be sought immediately. A person with a dull throbbing headache will have a grey smoky cloud going through the halo or nimbus, and no matter what colour the halo, grey bands going through it will pulsate in time with the throb of the headache.

## LESSON SIX

By now it will be obvious that everything that is is a vibration. Thus, throughout the whole of existence there is what one could term a gigantic keyboard consisting of all the vibrations which can ever be. Let us imagine that it is the keyboard of an immense piano stretching for limitless miles. Let us imagine, if you like, that we are ants, and we can see just a very few of the notes. The vibrations will correspond to the different keys of the piano. One note, or key, would cover the vibrations which we term "touch," the vibration which is so slow, so "solid" that we feel it rather than hear it or see (Fig. 5) it.

The next note will be sound. That is, the note will cover those vibrations which activate the mechanism within our ears. We may not feel with our fingers those vibrations, but our ears tell us that there is "sound." We cannot hear a thing which can be felt, nor can we feel a thing which can be heard. So we have covered two notes on our piano keyboard.

The next will be sight. Here again, we have a vibration of such a frequency (that is, it is vibrating so rapidly) that we cannot feel it and we cannot hear it, but it affects our eyes and we call it "sight."

Interpenetrating these three "notes" there are a very few others such as that frequency, or band of frequencies, which we call "radio." A note higher and we get telepathy, clairvoyance, and kindred manifestations or powers. But the whole point is that of the truly immense range of frequencies, or vibrations. Man can perceive only a very, very limited range.

Sight and sound are closely related, however. We can have, a color and say that it has a musical note because there are certain electronic instruments which have been made which will play a particular note if a colour is put under the scanner. If you find that difficult to understand consider this; radio waves, that is, music, speech and even pictures, are about us at all times, they are with us in the house, wherever we go, whatever we do. We-unaided-cannot hear those radio waves, but if we have a special device which we call a radio set which slows down the waves, or, if you



THE SYMBOLIC KEYBOARD

like, converts the radio frequencies into audio frequencies, then we can hear the radio program originally broadcast or see the television pictures. In much the same way we can take a sound and say that there is a colour to fit it, or we can have a colour and say that that particular colour has a musical note. This, of course, is well known in the East, and we consider that it does actually increase one's appreciation of art, for example, if one can look at a painting and imagine the chord which would be the result of those colours, if it were made into music.

Everyone will, of course, be aware that Mars is also known as the Red Planet. Mars is the planet of red, and red of a certain shade-the basic red-has a musical note which corresponds to "do."

Orange, which is a part of red, corresponds to the note "re." Some religious beliefs state that orange is the color of the Sun, while other religions are of the opinion that blue should be the Sun's colour. We prefer to state that we hold orange to be the Sun's colour.

Yellow corresponds to "me," and the Planet Mercury is the "Ruler" of yellow. All this, of course, goes back into ancient Eastern mythology; just as the Greeks had their Gods and Goddesses who raced across the skies in flaming chariots, so the people of the East had their myths and their legends, but they invested the planets with colours, and said that such-and-such a colour was ruled by such-and-such a planet.

Green has a musical note corresponding to "fa." It is a colour of growth, and it is stated by some people that plants can be stimulated by suitable notes of music. While we have no personal experience on this particular item, we have had information about it from an absolutely reliable source. Saturn is the planet controlling the colour green. It may be of interest to state that the Ancients derived these colours from the sensations they received as they contemplated a certain planet when they were meditating. Many of the Ancients meditated on the highest parts of the Earth, in the high peaks of the Himalayas, for example, and when one is fifteen thousand feet, or so, above the surface of the earth quite a considerable amount of air is left behind, and planets can be seen more clearly, perceptions are more acute. Thus the Sages of Old laid down the rules about the colours of planets.

Blue has the note of "so." As we mentioned previously some religions regard blue as the color of the Sun, but we are working

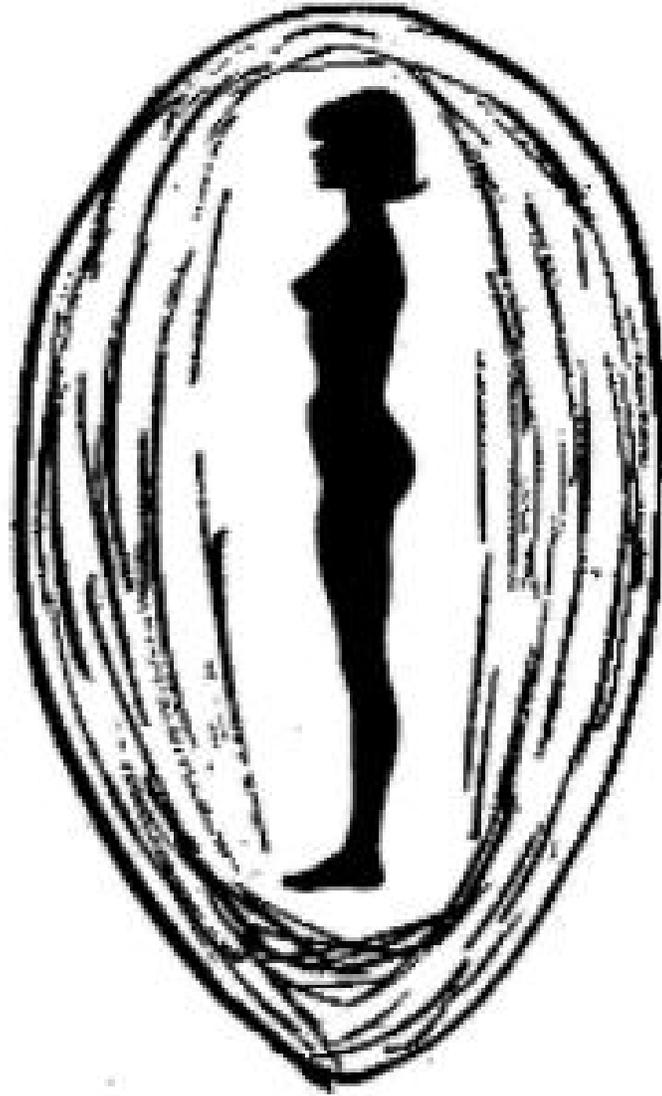
in the Eastern tradition and we are going to take the assumption that blue is covered by the Planet Jupiter.

Indigo is “la” on the musical scale, and in the East is said to be ruled by Venus. Venus, when favorably aspected, that is, when conferring benefits upon a person, Venus gives artistic ability and purity of thought. It gives the better type of character. It is only when it is connected with lower-vibration people that Venus leads to various excesses. Violet corresponds to the musical note of “ti” and is ruled by the Moon. Here again, if we have a well-pected person the Moon, or violet, gives clarity of thought, spirituality, and controlled imagination. But if the aspects are poor, then, of course, there are mental disturbances or even “lunacy.”

Outside the aura there is a sheath which completely encloses the human body, the etheric, and the aura itself. It is as if the whole assembly of the human entity, with the human body at the centre, and then the etheric, and then the aura, is all encased in a bag! Imagine it like this; we have an ordinary hen's egg. Inside there is the yolk corresponding to the human body, the physical body, that is. Beyond the yolk we have the white of the egg which we will say represents the etheric and the aura. But then outside the white of the egg, between the white and the shell, there is a very thin skin, quite a tough skin it is, too. When you boil an egg and you get rid of the shell you can peel off this skin; the human assembly is like that. It is all encased in this skin-like covering. This skin is completely transparent and under the impact of swirls or tremors in the aura it undulates somewhat, but it always tries to regain its egg-shape, something similar to a balloon always trying to regain its shape because the pressure within is greater than the pressure without. You will be able to visualize it more if you imagine the body, the etheric, and the aura contained within an exceedingly thin cellophane bag of ovoid shape (Fig. 6).

As one thinks, one projects from the brain through the etheric through the aura, and on to the auric skin. Here, upon the outer surface of that covering, one gets pictures of the thoughts. As in so many other instances, this is another example corresponding to radio or television. In the neck of a television tube there is what is known as “an electron gun” which shoots fast-moving electrons onto a fluorescent screen which is the viewing screen—the part at which you gaze. As the electrons impinge upon a special coating inside the television screen, the thing fluoresces, that is, there is a

Fig. 4.



ADUC SHATI

point of light which persists for a time so that the eyes can carry over by “residual memory” the picture of where the point of light was. So eventually the human eye sees the whole picture on the television screen. As the picture at the transmitter varies, so does the picture that you see on the television screen vary. In much the same way thoughts go from our transmitter, that is, the brain, and reach that sheath covering the aura. Here the thoughts seem to impinge and form pictures which a clairvoyant can see. But we see not merely the pictures of present thoughts, we can also see what has been!

It is easily possible for an Adept to look at a person and to actually see on the outer covering of the aura some of the things that the subject has done during the past two or three lives. It may sound fantastic to the uninitiated, but nevertheless it is perfectly correct.

Matter cannot be destroyed. Everything that is still exists. If you make a sound the vibration of that sound the energy which it causes—goes on for ever. If, for instance, you could go from this Earth quite instantly to a far, far planet you would see (provided you had suitable instruments) pictures which happened thousands and thousands of years before. Light has a definite speed, and light does not fade, so that if you got sufficiently distant from the Earth (instantly) you would be able to see the creation of the Earth! But this is taking us away from the subject under discussion. We want to make the point that the sub-conscious, not being controlled by the conscious, can project pictures of things beyond the present reach of the conscious. And so a person with good powers of clairvoyance can easily see what manner of person faces him. This is an advanced form of psychometry, it is what one might term “visual psychometry.” We will deal with psychometry later.

Everyone with any perception or sensitivity at all can sense an aura, even when they do not actually see it. How many times have you been instantly attracted, or instantly repelled by a person when you have not even spoken to him? Unconscious perception of the aura explains one's likes and dislikes. All peoples used to be able to see the aura, but through abuses of various kinds they lost the power. During the next few centuries people are going once again to be able to do telepathy, clairvoyance, etc.

Let us go further into the matter of likes and dislikes: every aura is composed of many colours and many striations of colours.

It is necessary that the colours and striations match each other before two people can be compatible. It is often the case that a husband and a wife will be very compatible in one or two directions, and completely incompatible in others. That is because the particular wave form of one aura only touches the wave form of the partner's aura at certain definite points and on those points there is complete agreement and complete compatibility. We say, for instance, that two people are poles apart, and that is definitely the case when they are incompatible. If you prefer, you can take it that people who are compatible have auric colors which blend and harmonize, whereas those who are incompatible have colours which clash and would be really painful to look upon.

People come of certain types. They are of common frequencies. People of a "common" type go about in a body. You may get a whole herd of girls going about together, or a whole group of young men lounging on street corners or forming gangs. That is because all these people are of a common frequency or common types of aura, they depend upon each other, they have a magnetic attraction for each other, and the strongest person in the group will dominate the whole and influence them for good or for bad. Young people should be trained by discipline and by self-discipline to control their more elementary impulses in order that the race as a whole may be improved.

As already stated, a human is centered within the eggshape covering-centered within the aura, and that is the normal position for most people, the average, healthy person. When a person has a mental illness he or she is not properly centered. Many people have said "I feel out of myself today." That may well be the case, a person may be projecting at an angle inside the ovoid. People who are of dual personality are completely different from the average, they may have half the aura of one colour, and half of a completely different colour pattern. They may-if their dual personality is marked-have an aura which is not just one-egg shape but has two eggs joined together at an angle to each other. Mental illness should not be treated so lightly. Shock treatment can be a very dangerous thing because it can drive the astral (we shall deal with this later) straight out of the body. But in the main shock treatment is designed (consciously or unconsciously!) to shock the two "eggs" into one. Often it just "burns out" neural patterns in the brain.

We are born with certain potentialities, certain limits as to the

coloring of our auras, the frequency of our vibrations and other things, and it is thus possible for a determined, well-intentioned person to alter his or her aura for the better. Sadly, it is much easier to alter it for the worse! Socrates, to take one example, knew that he would be a good murderer, but he was not going to give in to the blows of fate and so he took steps to alter his path through life. Instead of becoming a murderer Socrates became the wisest man of his age. All of us can, if we want to, raise our thoughts to a higher level and so help our auras. A person with a brown muddy coloured red in the aura, which shows excessive sexuality, can increase the rate of vibration of the red by sublimating the sexual desires and then he will become one with much constructive drive, one who makes his way through life.

The aura vanishes soon after death, but the etheric may continue for quite a long time, it depends on the state of health of its former possessor. The etheric can become the mindless ghost which carries out senseless hauntings. Many people in the country districts have seen a form of bluish glow over the graves of those who have just been interred. This glow is particularly noticeable by night. This, of course, is merely the etheric dissipating away from the decomposing body.

In the aura low vibrations give dull muddy colours, colours which nauseate rather than attract. The higher one's vibrations become the purer and the more brilliant become the colours of the aura, brilliant not in a garish way, but in the best, the most spiritual way. One can only say that pure colours are “delightful” while the muddy colours are distasteful. A good deed brightens one's outlook by brightening one's auric colours. A bad deed makes us feel “blue” or puts us in a “black” mood. Good deeds—helping others—make us see the world through “rose tinted spectacles.”

It is necessary to keep constantly in mind that the colour is the main indicator of a person's potentialities. Colours change, of course, with one's moods, but the basic colours do not change unless the person improves (or deteriorates) the character. You may take it that the basic colours remain the same, but the transient colours fluctuate and vary according to the mood. When you are looking at the colours of a person's aura you should ask:

1. What is the colour?
2. Is it clear or muddy, how plainly can I see through it?

3. Does it swirl over certain areas, or is it located almost permanently over one spot?
4. Is it a continuous band of colour holding its shape and its form, or does it fluctuate and have sharp peaks and deep valleys?
5. We must also make sure that we are not prejudging a person because it is a very simple matter to look at an aura and imagine that we see a muddy colour when actually it is not muddy at all. It may be our own wrong thoughts which makes a colour appear muddy, for remember, in looking at any other person's aura we first have to look through our own aura!

There is a connection between musical and mental rhythms. The human brain is a mass of vibrations with electrical impulses radiating from every part of it. A human emits a musical note depending upon the rate of vibration of that human. Just as one could get near a beehive and hear the drone of a whole lot of bees, so perhaps could some other creature hear humans. Every human has his or her own basic note which is constantly emitted in much the same way as a telephone wire emits a note in a wind. Further, popular music is such that it is in sympathy with the brain wave formation, it is in sympathy with the harmonic of the body vibration. You may get a "hit tune" which sets everyone humming it and whistling it. People say that they have "such-and-such a tune" running constantly through their brain. Hit tunes are ones which key-in to the human brain waves for a certain time before their basic energy is dissipated.

Classical music is of a more permanent nature. It is music which causes our auditory wave form to vibrate pleasantly in sympathy with the classical music. If the leaders of a nation want to rouse up their followers they have to compose, or have composed, a special form of music called a national anthem. One hears the national anthem and one gets filled with all sorts of emotions, then one stands upright and thinks kindly of the country, or thinks fierce thoughts of other countries. That is merely because the vibrations which we call sound have caused our mental vibrations to react in a certain way. Thus it is possible to "pre-order" certain reactions in a human being by playing certain types of music to that person. A deep thinking person, one who has high peaks and deep hollows to his brain wave form, likes music of the same type, that is, music having high peaks and a deep wave form. But a scatter-

brained person prefers the scatter-brain music, music that is more or less a jingle jangle and on a chart would be represented more or less accurately by just a squiggle.

Many of the greatest musicians are those who consciously or subconsciously can do astral travelling, and who go to the realms beyond death. They hear “the music of the spheres.” Being musicians this heavenly music makes a vast impression upon them, it sticks in their memory so that when they come back to Earth they are immediately in a “composing mood.” They rush to a musical instrument or to lined paper, and immediately write down, so far as they remember, the notations of the music which they heard in the astral. Then they say-remembering no better-that they have composed this or that work!

The diabolic system of subliminal advertising in which an advertising message is flashed on the television screen too quick for the conscious eyes to see, plays upon one's semi-awareness while not impinging upon the conscious perceptions. The subconscious is jerked to awareness by the flow of wave patterns reaching it, and the sub-conscious, being nine-tenths of the whole, eventually drives the consciousness to go out and purchase the item which was advertised even though-consciously-the person concerned knows that he or she does not even desire such a thing. An unscrupulous group of people, such as the leaders of a country who had not the welfare of the people at heart, could actually make the people react to any subliminal commands by using this form of advertising.

## LESSON SEVEN

This is going to be a short lesson but a very important one. It is suggested that you read this particular lesson very, very carefully indeed.

Many people in trying to see the aura are impatient, they expect to read some written instructions, look up from the printed page, and see auras arrayed before their startled gaze. It is not quite so simple as that! Many of the Great Masters take almost a lifetime before being able to see the aura, but we maintain that provided a person be sincere and will practice conscientiously, the aura can be discerned by the majority of people. It is stated that most people can be hypnotized; in just the same way most people with practice, and that “practice” really means “perseverance,” can see the aura.

It must be emphasized over and over again that if one wants to see the aura at its best one has to look upon a nude body, for the aura is influenced considerably by clothing. For example supposing a person says “Oh! I will put on everything absolutely fresh from the laundry then it will not interfere with my aura!” Well, in all probability some parts of the clothing have been handled by someone at the laundry. Laundry work is monotonous and the people who are engaged upon it normally reflect upon their own affairs. In other words, they are a bit “out of themselves,” and as they mechanically fold clothing, or touch the clothing, their thoughts are not upon their work but upon their own private business. The impressions from their own aura enter into the clothing, and then when you go to put on that clothing and look at yourself you are going to find that you have got somebody else's impressions there. Difficult to believe? Look at it this way; you have a magnet and you touch that magnet quite idly with a penknife. Afterwards You find that the penknife has picked up the auric influence of the magnet. It is in much the same way with humans, one can pick up from the other. A woman can go to a show, sit beside a stranger, and afterwards she can say, “Oh, I

must have a bath! I feel contaminated being close to that person!”

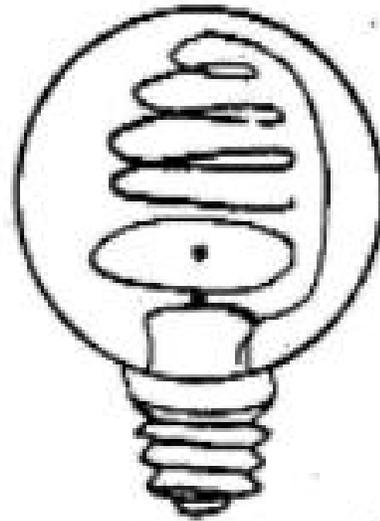
If you want to see the true aura with all its colours you must look at a nude body. If you can look at a female body you will find that the colours are more distinct. We really hate to say this, but often with the female body the colours are stronger—more crude if you like—but whatever way you term it, they are still stronger and easier to see. Some of us might find it difficult to go out and discover a woman who will take off her clothes without any objections, so why not use your own body for a change?

You must be alone for this, you must be alone in the privacy of, for example, a bathroom. Make sure that the bathroom has a subdued light. If you find the light is too bright—and it should definitely be dim!—hang a towel close to the source of light so that while there IS illumination it is of a very low order. A word of warning here; make sure that the towel is not so close to the lamp that it smolders and catches fire; you are not trying to burn up your house, but to cut down the light. If you can get hold of one of those Osglim lamps which use no current that registers on a meter, then you will find that is very very suitable indeed. An Osglim lamp consists of a clear glass bulb. From the glass pinch inside the bulb there is a short rod to which is affixed a round circular plate. Another rod comes out of the glass pinch and extends almost to the top of the bulb, and from it depends a coarse spiral of quite heavy wire. When this lamp is inserted into a lamp socket and switched on it glows with a reddish glow. We are going to include an illustration of this type of lamp because, of course, “Osglim” is a trade name, and in different localities the name may be varied. (Fig. 7).

With the “Osglim” switched on, or with your illumination of a definitely dim order, take off all your clothes and look at yourself in a full-length mirror. Do not try to see anything for the moment, just relax. Make sure that you have a darkish curtain behind you, either black (for preference) or dark grey so that you have what is known as a neutral background, that is, a background which has no colour to influence the aura itself.

Wait a few moments while gazing at yourself in the mirror quite idly. Look at your head, can you see a bluish tinge around your temples? Look round your body, from your arms to your hips, for instance. Do you see a bluish flame almost like alcohol flame? You have all seen the type of lamp which some jewelers use which burns methylated spirits or wood alcohol or any of those spirituous

Fig. 1.



"OSGLIM" TYPE OF NEON GLOW LAMP

liquids. The flame is a bluish flame, often it sparkles yellow at the tips. The etheric flame is like that. When you see that, you are making progress. You may not see it the first, the second, or the third time that you try. In the same way, a musician cannot always get the results that he wants on the first, the second or third time that he plays a difficult piece of music. The musician persevered, so must you. With practice you will be able to see the etheric. With more practice you will be able to see the aura. But again, and again, we must repeat, it is much easier, much clearer with a nude body.

Do not think that there is anything wrong with the nude body. People state "Man is made in the image of God," so what is wrong in seeing "the image of God" unclad? Remember, "To the pure, all things are pure." You are looking at your self or at another person for a pure reason. If you have impure thoughts you will not see either etheric or aura, you will only see what you are looking for!

Keep looking at yourself, keep looking for this etheric. You will find that in time you can see it.

Sometimes a person will be looking for an aura and see nothing, but instead there will be an itching in the palms, or in the feet, or even in some other part of the body. It is a peculiar sensation, this itching, and is absolutely unmistakable. When you get that it means that you are well on the way to seeing, it means that you are stopping yourself from seeing by being too tense; you have to relax, you have to "simmer down." If you relax, if you "unwind," then instead of getting itching and perhaps twitches you will see the etheric or the aura, or both.

The itching is actually a concentration of your own auric force within your palms (or whatever the center may be). Many people when they are frightened or tensed up perspire in the palms of the hands or in the armpits or elsewhere. In this psychic experiment instead of perspiring, you itch. It is, we repeat, a good sign. It means-we repeat this also-that you are trying too hard and when you are ready to relax, then the etheric and perhaps the aura also will be before your quite startled gaze.

Many people cannot see their own aura with complete accuracy because they are looking through their aura out towards a mirror. The mirror distorts the colours somewhat and reflects back (again through the aura) this distorted range of colours, and so the poor percipient imagines that he or she had muddier colours than may be the case. Think of a fish deep in a pond, looking up at some

flower held a few feet from the surface of the water. The fish would not perceive colours the same as you would, the fish would have the vision of the flower distorted by ripples on the water and by the clarity or otherwise of the water. In the same way, you looking out of the depths of your own aura, and seeing the reflected image back into the depths of your own aura, could be misled somewhat. For that reason it is better, whenever convenient, to gaze upon someone else.

Your subject must be quite willing, quite co-operative. If you are looking upon the nude form of some person often the person gazed upon will be nervous or embarrassed. In that case the etheric shrinks back almost into the body, and the aura itself closes up quite a lot and falsifies the colours. It needs practice to be able to give a good diagnosis, but the main thing is to see any colours first, it doesn't matter if they are true or false colours.

The best way is to get this person and talk to her, just make small talk, just make idle discussion in order to set her at ease and show that nothing is going to happen. As soon as your subject relaxes her etheric will regain its normal proportions and the aura itself will flow out to completely fill the auric sac.

This can in many ways be likened to hypnotism; a hypnotist doesn't just grab a person and hypnotize him then and there on the spot. Usually there are a number of sessions; the hypnotist first sees the patient and they establish a form of rapport, or common basis-a mutual understanding, if you like-and the hypnotist may even try one or two little tricks such as seeing if the subject responds to elementary hypnotism. After two or three sessions the hypnotist puts the subject thoroughly into a trance. In much the same way you would have your subject, and first of all not stare at the body, hardly look at the body, just be natural, as if the other person was fully clothed. Then, perhaps on the second occasion, the subject will be more reassured, more confident, more relaxed. On the third occasion you can indeed look at the body, or look at the outline of the body and see-can you see that faint blue haze? Can you see those bands of colours swirling about the body, and that yellow halo? Can you see that play of light from the top centre of the head splaying out like an unfolding lotus, or-in Western parlance-something like a firework sparkler sparkling in various colours?

This is a short lesson; it is an important lesson. Now it is suggested that you wait until you are comfortable, no particular

hen go to your bathroom, have a bath if you like to get rid of any influence from your clothing, and then practice so that you can see your own aura.

It is all a matter of practice!

## LESSON EIGHT

In previous lessons we have regarded the body as being the centre of the etheric and the aura; we have moved from the body outwards, discussing the etheric and then on to a description of the aura with its striations of colour, and forward to the outer auric skin. All this is extremely important, and you are advised to go back and reread the previous lessons, for in this lesson and lesson one we are going to prepare the ground for leaving the body. Unless you are clear about etheric and aura and the nature of the molecular structure of the body you may run into some difficulties.

The human body consists, as we have seen, of a mass of protoplasm. It is a mass of molecules spread out over a certain volume of space in much the same way as a universe occupies a certain volume of space. Now we are going to go inwards, away from the aura, away from the etheric, and in to the body, for this flesh-body is just a vehicle, just a suit of clothes—the garb of an actor who is living out his allotted part upon the stage which is the world.

It has been stated that two objects cannot occupy the same space. That is reasonably correct when one thinks of bricks, or timbers, or pieces of metal, but if two objects have a dissimilar vibration, or if the spaces between their atoms and neutrons and protons are wide enough, then another object can occupy the same space. You may find that difficult to understand so let us put it in a different way, let us give perhaps two illustrations. Here is the first :—

If you get two glasses and you fill them right up to the brim with water you will find that if you tip a little sand—say, a teaspoonful—into one of the filled glasses, the water will overflow and will run down the side showing that in this case the water and the sand cannot both occupy the same space, and so one has to give way. The sand, being heavier, sinks to the bottom of the water thus raising the level in the glass to the point where the water overflows.

Let us turn to the other glass which also has been filled with water to the brim-filled to precisely the same level as the first glass. If now we take sugar and we slowly sprinkle sugar into the

glass, we find that we may be able to put even six teaspoonfuls of sugar into the glass before the water overflows! If we do this slowly we will see the sugar disappear, in other words, it dissolves. As it dissolves its own molecules occupy spaces between water molecules, and thus it does not take up any more space. Only when all the space between the water molecules has been filled with sugar molecules does the excess sugar pile up on the bottom of the glass and eventually cause the water to overflow. In this case we have clear proof that two objects can occupy the same space.

Let us have another illustration; let us look at the solar system. This is an object, an entity, a “something.” There are molecules, or atoms which we call worlds, moving about in space. If it is true that two objects cannot occupy the same space, then we could not send a rocket from the Earth into space! Nor could people from another universe enter this universe because if they did so they would be occupying OUR space. So-under suitable conditions-it is possible for two objects to occupy the same space.

The human body, consisting of molecules with a certain amount of space between atoms, also houses other bodies, tenuous bodies, are precisely the same as to composition as is the human body, that is, they consist of molecules. But just as earth or lead or wood consists of a certain arrangement of molecules—molecules of a certain density—spirit bodies have their molecules fewer and further between each. Thus it is quite possible for a spirit body to fit into a flesh body in the most intimate contact, and neither occupies space needed by the other.

The astral body and the physical body are connected together by the Silver Cord. This latter is a mass of molecules vibrating at a tremendous speed. It is in some ways similar to the umbilical cord which connects a mother to her baby; in the mother impulses, impressions, and nourishment flow from her to the unborn baby. When the baby is born and the umbilical cord is severed, then the baby dies to the life it knew before, that is, it becomes a separate entity, a separate life, it is no longer a part of the mother, so it “dies” as part of the mother and takes on its own existence.

The Silver Cord connects the Overself and the human body, and impressions flash from one to the other during every minute of the flesh-body's existence. Impressions, commands, lessons, and at times even spiritual nourishment come down from the Overself to

the human body. When death takes place the Silver Cord is severed and the human body is left like a discarded suit of clothes while the spirit moves on.

This is not the place to go into the matter, but it should be stated that there are a number of "spirit bodies." We are dealing with the flesh-body and the astral body at present. In all in our present form of evolution there are nine separate bodies, each connected to the other by a Silver Cord, but we are concerned now more with astral travelling and matters intimately connected with the astral plane.

Man, then, is a spirit briefly encased in a body of flesh and bones, encased in order that lessons may be learned and experiences undergone, experiences which could not be obtained by the spirit without the use of a body. Man, or the flesh-body of Man, is a vehicle which is driven, or manipulated by the Overself. Some prefer to use the term "soul," we use "Overself" because it is more convenient, the Soul is a different matter, actually, and goes to an even higher realm. The Overself is the controller, the driver of the body. The brain of the human is a relay station, a telephone exchange, a completely automated factory, if you like. It takes messages from the Overself, and converts the Overself's commands into chemical activity or physical activity which keeps the vehicle alive, causes muscles to work, and causes certain mental processes. It also relays back to the Overself messages and impressions of experiences gained.

By escaping from the limitations of the body, like a driver temporarily leaving an automobile, Man can see the Greater World of the Spirit and can assess the lessons learned while encased in the flesh, but here we are discussing the physical and the astral with, perhaps, brief mentions of the Overself. We mention the astral in particular because while in that body Man can travel to distant places in the twinkling of an eye, Man can go anywhere at any time, and can even see what old friends or relations are doing. With practice, Man—or Woman!—can visit the cities of the world and the great libraries of the world. It is easy, with practice, to visit any library and to look at any book or any page of a book. Most people think they cannot leave the body because in the Western world they have been so conditioned for the whole of their life to disbelieve in things which cannot be felt, torn to pieces and then discussed in terms which mean nothing.

Children believe in fairies; there are such things, of course,

only we who can see them and converse with them call them Nature Spirits. Many really young children have what are known as invisible playmates. To adults the children live in a world of make-believe, talking animatedly to friends who cannot be seen by the cynical adult. The child knows that these friends are real.

As the child grows older parents laugh, or become angry at the idle imaginations. Parents, who have forgotten their own childhood and forgotten how their parents acted, even beat a child for being “a liar,” or being “over-imaginative.” Eventually, the child becomes hypnotized into believing that there are no such things as Nature Spirits (or fairies), and in turn these children grow up-have families of their own-and discourage their own children from seeing or playing with Nature Spirits!

We are going to say quite definitely that the people of the East and the people of Ireland know better; there are Nature Spirits, never mind if they are called fairies or leprechauns-never mind whatever they are called-they are real, they do good work, and Man, in his ignorance and boastfulness in denying the existence of these people, denies himself a wondrous treat and a marvelous store of information, for the Nature Spirits help those whom they like, help those who believe in them.

There are no limits to the knowledge of the Overself. There are very real limits to the abilities of the body-the physical body. Almost everyone on Earth leaves the body during sleep. When they awake they say that they have had a dream, because, here again, humans are taught to believe that this life on Earth is the only one that matters, they are taught that they do not go travelling around when asleep. So-wonderful experiences are rationalized into “dreams.”

Many people who believe can leave the body at will, and can travel far and fast, returning to the body hours later with a full and complete knowledge of all they have done, all they have seen, and all they have experienced. Nearly anyone can leave the body and do astral travelling, but they have to believe that they can do this, it is quite useless for a person to put out repelling thoughts of disbelief, or thoughts that they cannot do such a thing. Actually, it is remarkably easy to astral travel when one gets over the first hurdle of fear.

Fear is the great brake. Most people have to suppress the instinctive fear that to leave the body is to die. Some people are deathly afraid that if they leave the body they may not be able to

get back, or that some other entity will enter the body. This is quite impossible unless one “opens the gate” by fear. A person who does not fear can have no harm whatever occur to him. The Silver Cord cannot be broken when one is astral travelling, no one can invade the body unless one gives a definite invitation by being terrified.

You can always—ALWAYS—return to your body, just the same as you always awaken after a night of sleep. The only thing to be afraid of is of being afraid; fear is the only thing which causes any danger. We all know that the things which we fear rarely happen!

Thought is the main drawback after fear, because thought, or reason, poses a real problem. These two, thought and reason, can stop one from climbing high mountains; reason tells us that a slip will cause us to be cast down and dashed to pieces. So thought and reason should be suppressed. Unfortunately they have bad names.

Thought! Have you ever thought about thought? What is thought? Where do you think? Are you thinking from the top of your head? Or from the back of your head? Are you thinking in your eye-brows? Or in your ears? Do you stop thinking when you close your eyes? No! Your thought is wherever you concentrate; you think wherever you concentrate upon. This simple, elementary fact can help you get out of your body and into the astral, it can help your astral body soar as free as the breeze. Think about it, reread this lesson so far, and think about thought, think how thought has often kept you back because you thought of obstacles, you thought of unnamed fears. You may, for instance, have been alone in the house at midnight with the wind howling outside, and you may have thought of burglars, you may have imagined someone hiding behind a curtain ready to jump upon you. Thought, here, can harm! Think of thought some more.

You are suffering from toothache, and reluctantly you go to see the dentist. He tells you that you have to have a tooth extracted, you are afraid it will hurt; you sit there in the dental chair in fear. As soon as the dentist picks up his hypodermic to give you an injection you automatically wince, and perhaps even turn pale. You are sure it is going to hurt, you are sure that you are going to feel that needle going in, and afterwards there will be that horrid wrench as your tooth comes bloodily out. Perhaps you are afraid that you are going to faint with the shock, so you feed the fear, you make your tooth hurt more and more by thinking and concentrat-

in the whole of your thought power upon the site of that tooth! All your energy is devoted to making that tooth ache more, but when you idly think, where is the thought then? In the head? How do you know? Can you feel it there? Thought is where you concentrate, thought is within you only because you are thinking of yourself and because you think thought must be within you. Thought is where you want it to be, thought is where you direct it to be.

Let us look at “thought is where you concentrate” again. In the heat of battle, men have been shot or stabbed and have felt no pain. For a time they may not even have known that they were wounded, only when they had time to think about it did they feel the pain and perhaps collapse with shock! But thought, reason, fear, are the brakes that slow up our spiritual evolution, they are but the weary clanking of the machine slowing down and distorting the commands of the Overself.

Man, when uncluttered by his own stupid fears and restrictions, could almost be a superman with greatly enhanced powers, both muscular and mental. Here is an example; a weakly, timid man with perfectly shocking muscular development, steps off a sidewalk into a heavy stream of traffic. His thoughts are far, far away, perhaps on his business or upon what sort of a mood his wife is going to be in when he gets home that night. He may even be thinking of unpaid bills! A sudden hoot from an approaching car and the prodigious leap which would normally be quite impossible for even a trained athlete! If this man had been hampered by thought processes he would have been too late, the car would have knocked him over. The lack of thought enabled the ever-watching Overself to galvanize the muscles with a shot of chemicals (such as adrenalin) which made the subject leap far beyond his normal capability and indulge in a spurt of activity beyond the speed of conscious thought.

Mankind in the Western world has been taught that thought, reason “distinguishes Man from the animals.” Uncontrolled thought keeps Man lower than many animals in astral travel! Almost anyone would agree that cats, to give just one example, can see things that humans cannot. Most people have had some experience of animals looking at a ghost or becoming aware of incidents long before the human became so aware. Animals use a different system from “reason” and “thought.” So can we!

First, though, we have to control our thoughts, we have to control all those weary tag ends of idle thought which constantly creep past our minds. Sit down somewhere where you are comfortable, where you can be completely relaxed, and where no one can disturb you. If you wish, extinguish the light for light is a drawback in a case such as this. Sit idly for a few moments just thinking about your thoughts, look at your thoughts, see how they keep creeping into your consciousness, each one clamoring for attention, that quarrel with a man at the office, the unpaid bills, the cost of living, the world situation, what you would like to say to your employer—sweep them all aside!

Imagine that you are sitting in a completely dark room at the top of a skyscraper; before you there is a large picture window covered by a black blind, a blind which has no pattern, nothing which could prove a distraction. Concentrate on that blind. First of all make sure that there are no thoughts crossing your consciousness (which is that black blind), and if thoughts do tend to intrude, push them back over the edge. You can do so, it is merely a matter of practice. For some moments thoughts will try to flicker at the edge of that black blind, push them back, forcibly will them to go, then concentrate on the blind again, will yourself to lift it so that you may look out at all that is beyond.

Again, as you gaze at that imaginary black blind you will find that all manner of strange thoughts tend to intrude, they try to force their way into the focus of your attention. Push them back, push them back with a conscious effort, refuse to allow those thoughts to intrude (yes, we are aware that we have said this before, but we are trying to drive the point home). When you can hold an impression of complete blankness for a short time, you will find that there is a “snap” as a piece of parchment is being torn, then you will be able to see away from this ordinary world of ours, and into a world of a different dimension where time and distance have an entirely fresh meaning. By practicing this, by doing this, you will find that you are able to control your thoughts as do the Adepts and the Masters.

Try it, practice it, for if you want to be able to progress you must practice and practice until you can overcome idle thoughts.

## LESSON NINE

In the last lesson we dealt in the concluding stages with thought. We said “thought is where you want it to be.” That is a formula which really can assist us to get out of the body, to do astral travelling. Let us repeat it.

Thought is where you want it to be. Outside of you, if you want it so. Let us have a little practice. Here again, you will need to be where you are quite alone, where there are no distractions. You are going to try to get yourself out of your body. You must be alone, you must be relaxed, and we suggest that for ease you lie down, preferably upon a bed. Make sure that no one can intrude and ruin your experiment. When you are settled, breathing slowly, thinking of this experiment, concentrate on a point six feet in front of you, close your eyes, concentrate, WILL yourself to think that you—the real you, the astral you—watches your body from some six feet away. Think! Practice! Make yourself concentrate. Then, with practice, you will suddenly experience a slight, almost electric shock, and you will see your body lying with eyes closed some six feet away.

At first it will be quite an effort to achieve this result. You may feel as if you are inside a big rubber balloon, pushing, pushing. You push and push and strain, and nothing seems to happen. It almost seems to happen. Then at last, suddenly, you burst through, and there is a slight snapping sensation almost as, in fact, puncturing a child's toy balloon. Do not be alarmed, do not give way to fright, because if you remain free from fright you will go on and on, and not have any trouble whatever in the future, but if you are afraid you will bounce back into the physical body and will then have to start all over again at some other date. If you bounce back into your body there is no point in trying anything more that day for you will rarely succeed. You will need sleep—rest-first.

Let us go further, let us imagine that you have got out of your body with this simple easy method, let us imagine that you are standing there looking at your physical component and wondering what to do next. Do not bother to look at your physical body for

the moment, you will see it again quite often! Instead try this:—

Let yourself float about the room like a lazily drifting soap bubble, for you do not even weigh as much as a soap bubble now! You cannot fall, you cannot hurt yourself. Let your physical body rest at ease. You will, of course, have dealt with that before freeing your astral from this fleshly sheath. You will have made sure that your flesh-body was quite at ease. Unless you took this precaution you may find when you return to it that you have a stiff arm or a cricked neck. Be certain that there are no rough edges that would press into a nerve, for if, for example, you have left your physical body so that an arm is extended over the edge of the mattress there may be some pressure upon a nerve which will cause you “pins and needles” later. Once again, then, make sure that your body is absolutely at ease before making any attempt to leave it for the astral body.

Now let yourself drift, let yourself float about the room, idly move round as if you were a soap bubble drifting on vagrant air currents. Explore the ceiling and the places where you could not normally see. Become accustomed to this elementary astral travel because until you are accustomed to idling about in a room you cannot safely venture outside.

Let us try it again with somewhat different wording. Actually, this astral travel affair is easy, there is nothing to it so long as you allow yourself to believe that you can do it. Under no circumstances, under no conditions should you feel fear, for this is not a place for fear, in astral travel you are journeying to freedom. It is only when back in the body that you need to feel imprisoned, encased in clay, weighted down by a heavy body which does not respond very well to spiritual commands. No, there is no place for fear in astral travel, fear is quite alien to it.

We are going to repeat astral travel directions under slightly different wording. You are lying flat on your back on a bed. You have made sure that every part of you is comfortable, there are no projections sticking into nerves, your legs are not even crossed, because if they were, at the point where they cross you might have a numbness after just because you will have interfered with the circulation of the blood. Rest calmly, contentedly, there are no disturbing influences, nor are you worried. Think only of getting your astral body out of your physical body.

Relax and relax yet more. Imagine a ghostly shape corresponding roughly to your physical body, gently disengaging from the

flesh body and floating upwards like a puffball on a light summer's breeze. Let it rise up, keep your eyes closed otherwise, for the first two or three times, you may be so startled that you will twitch, and that twitch may be violent enough to "reel in" the astral to its normal place within the body.

People frequently jerk in a peculiar manner just when they are falling asleep. All too often it is so violent that it brings one back to full wakefulness. This jerk is caused by a too rough separation of the astral body and the physical body, for, as we have already stated, nearly everyone does astral travelling by night even if so many people do not consciously remember their journeying. But back to our astral body again.

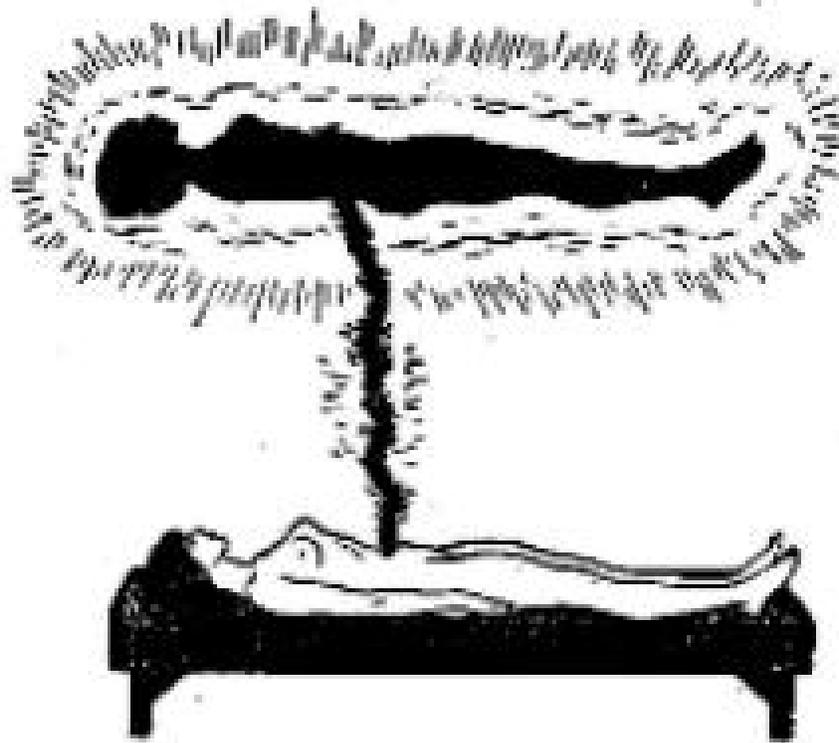
Think of your astral body gradually, easily separating from the physical body, and drifting upwards to about three, or perhaps four feet above the physical. There it rests above you swaying gently. You may have experienced a sensation of swaying just when you are falling asleep; that was the astral swaying. As we have said, the body is floating above you, possibly swaying a little, and connected to you by the Silver Cord which goes from your umbilicus to the umbilicus of the astral body (Fig. 8).

Do not look too closely because we have already warned you that if you become startled and twitch you will bring your body back and have to start all over again on some other occasion. Suppose you heed our warning, and do not twitch, then your astral body will remain floating above for some moments, take no action at all, hardly think, breathe shallowly for this is your first time out, remember, your first time CONSCIOUSLY out, and you have to be careful.

If you are not afraid, if you do not twitch, the astral body will slowly float off, it will just drift away to the end or the side of the bed where quite gently, without any shock whatsoever, it will gradually sink so that the feet touch, or almost touch the floor. Then, the process of making "a soft landing" over, your astral will be able to look at your physical and relay back what it sees.

You will have a quite discomfoting sensation of looking at your own physical body and we point out now that it is often a humiliating experience. Many of us have a completely erroneous idea of what we look like. Do you remember when you first heard your voice? Have you heard your voice on a tape recorder? For the first time you may have frankly disbelieved that it was your

FIG. 2.



LEAVING THE BODY

voice, you may have thought that someone was playing a trick on you, or that the recorder was faulty.

The first time one hears one's voice, one disbelieves it, one becomes appalled and mortified. But wait until you see your body for the first time! You will stand there in your astral body with your consciousness quite fully transferred to your astral body, and you will look down upon that reclining physical body. You will be horrified; you will not like the shape of the body nor the complexion, you will be shocked at the lines on the face and by the features, and if you advance a little further and look into your mind you will see certain little quirks and phobias which may even cause you to jump back into the body out of sheer fright! But supposing you surmount this first frightening meeting with yourself, what then? You must decide where you are going, what you want to do, what you want to see. The easiest system is to visit some person with whom you are well acquainted, perhaps a close relative who lives in a neighboring city. First it should always be a person that you frequently visit because you have to visualize the person in considerable detail, you have to visualize where he or she lives and precisely how to get there. Remember this is new to you—new to you doing it consciously, that is—and you want to follow the exact route which you would follow if you were going in the flesh.

Leave your room, move to the street (in the astral, of course, but do not worry, people cannot see you), traverse the path which you would normally take keeping fixed before you the image of the person whom you want to visit and how to get there. Then, very very speedily, far more quickly than the fastest car could take you, you will be at your friend's or relative's house.

With practice you will be able to go anywhere, seas, oceans and mountains will be no bar, no obstacle, to your path. The lands of the world and the cities of the world will be yours to visit.

Some people think “Oh! Supposing I go and I cannot get back. What then?” The answer is—you cannot get lost. It is quite impossible to get lost, it is quite impossible to harm yourself or to find that your body has been taken over. If anyone comes near to your body while you are astral travelling the body relays a warning and you are “reeled in” with the speed of thought. No harm can come to you, the only harm is fear. So do not fear, but experiment, and with experiment will come a realization of all your hopes, all your ambitions in the realms of astral travel.

When you are in the astral stage consciously you will see colours more brilliantly than you do in the flesh. Everything will shimmer with life you may even see particles of “life” about you like sparks. That is the vitality of the earth, and as you pass through it you will pick up strength and courage.

A difficulty is this; You cannot take anything with you, you cannot bring anything back! It is, of course, possible under some conditions—and this comes with much practice only—that you materialize in front of a clairvoyant, but it is not easy to go to a person and carry out a diagnosis of their health condition because you really need to be able to discuss things like that. You can go to a shop and look over their stock and decide what you want to go and buy the next day, that is quite permissible. Often when you visit a shop in the astral you will see the flaws and the shoddiness of some of the goods which are high priced! When you are in the astral and you want to return to the physical, you should keep calm, you should let yourself think of the flesh body, think that you are going to go back and that you are going to get in. As You think this there will be a blur of speed, or there may even be an instantaneous shift from wherever you were to a spot three or four feet above your reclining body. You will find that you are there, drifting, undulating slightly, just as when you left the body. Let yourself sink down very, very slowly, it must be slowly because the two bodies have to be absolutely synchronized.

If you do it right you will sink into the body without a jar, without any tremor, without any sensation other than that the body is a cold and heavy mass.

If you should be clumsy and you should not exactly align your two bodies, or if someone should interrupt you so that you go back with a jerk, you may find that you have some headache, some almost migraine type of headache. In that case you have to try to get yourself to sleep, or force yourself out into the astral again, because until your two bodies are back in exact alignment you cannot get rid of the headache. It is nothing to worry about because a quite definite cure is to go to sleep, even for a few moments, or consciously to get out into the astral again.

You may find that back in your flesh-body you are stiff. You may find that the sensation is much the same as putting on a suit of clothes which got wet the day before and now is still wet and dank. Until you get used to it it is not altogether a happy sensation coming back to the body, you will find that the glorious colours

which you saw in the astral world have dimmed. Many of the colours you will not see at all in the flesh, many of the sounds that you heard in the astral are quite inaudible when in the fleshly body. But never mind, you are upon Earth to learn something, and when you have learned that which was your purpose in coming to Earth you will be free of the ties, free of the bonds of Earth, and when you leave your fleshly body permanently, with the Silver Cord severed, you go to realms far above that of the astral world.

Practice this astral travelling, practice it and practice it. Keep away all fear, for if you have no fear, then there is nothing to fear, no harm can come to you, only pleasure.

## LESSON TEN

We have said “There is nothing to fear except fear.” We must emphasize again that provided a person remains free from fear there is no danger whatsoever in astral travelling, no matter how far nor how fast one goes. But, you may ask, what is there to fear? Let us devote this Lesson to the subject of fear and what there is that should not be feared!

Fear is a very negative attitude, an attitude which corrodes our finer perceptions. No matter of what we are afraid, any form of fear does harm.

People may fear that in going into the astral state they may not be able to return to the body. It is always possible to return to the body unless one is actually dying, unless one has come to the end of one's allotted span upon Earth, and that, as you will agree, has nothing to do with astral travelling. It is possible, we must admit that one can be so afraid as to be paralyzed with fright, and in that case one just cannot do anything. In such a condition a person may be in the astral body and may be so utterly terrified that even the astral body is unable to move. Of course that delays the return to the physical body for some time, until the sharpness of the fear wears off. Fear does wear off, you know, a sensation can be sustained only for a certain time. So a person who is afraid merely delays a perfectly safe return to the physical body.

We are not the only form of life in the astral just as humans are not the only form of life on Earth. In this world of ours we have pleasant creatures like cats and dogs and horses and birds to mention just a few; but there are also unpleasant creatures like spiders that bite or snakes that poison. There are unpleasant things like germs, microbes and other harmful and noxious things. If you had seen germs under a high powered microscope you would see such fantastic creatures that you would imagine that you were living in the days of the dragons of fairy tale fame. In the astral world there are many things stranger than anything you can encounter on Earth.

In the astral we shall meet remarkable creatures or people or

entities. We shall see Nature Spirits; these, by the way, are almost invariably good and pleasant. But there are horrible creatures who must have been seen by some of the writers of mythology and legend, because these creatures are like the devils; the satyrs, and other various aspected fiends of the myths. Some of these creatures are low elementals who may later become humans or they may branch out into the animal kingdom. Whatever they may be, at this stage of their development they are thoroughly unpleasant.

It is worth pausing a moment here to point out that drunkards, those who see “pink elephants” and various other remarkable apparitions, are indeed seeing precisely that type of creature! Drunkards are people who have driven their astral body out of the physical body and into the very lowest planes of the astral world. Here they meet truly fearsome creatures, and when the drunkard later recovers—as much as he ever does!—his senses, then he has quite a vivid memory of the things that he saw. While getting thoroughly drunk is one method of getting into the astral world and remembering, it is not one which we would recommend because it takes one only to the very lowest, to the most degraded planes of the astral. There are various drugs now in use by the medical profession principally in hospitals for the mentally sick which have a similar effect. Mescaline, for example, can so alter one's vibrations that one is literally ejected from the physical body and catapulted into the astral world. Here again, this is not a method to be recommended. Drugs and other forms of getting out of the physical body are truly harmful, they cause harm to the Overself.

But let us return to our “elementals.” What do we mean by elementals? Well, elementals are a primary form of spirit life. They are a stage up from thought forms. These thought forms are merely projections from the conscious or unconscious mind of the human and they have merely a pseudo life of their own. Thought forms were created by the ancient Egyptian priests in order that the mummified bodies of great pharaohs and famous queens could be protected from those who would desecrate the ancient tombs. Thought forms are constructed with the idea that they shall repel invaders, that they shall attack by impinging upon the consciousness of those who would intrude, and, in impinging upon the consciousness, to cause such extreme terror that the would-be burglar flees. We are not concerned with thought forms, for they are mindless entities which are merely charged by long-dead

priests and set to accomplish certain tasks, the guarding of tombs against invaders. We are concerned for the moment with elementals.

Elementals, as we have stated, are spirit people in the early stages of development. In the spirit world, the astral world, they correspond roughly to the position occupied by monkeys in the human world. Monkeys are irresponsible, mischievous, frequently spiteful and vicious, and they have no great reasoning power of their own. They are, as one might say just animated lumps of protoplasm. Elementals, occupying about the same status in the astral world as monkeys in the human world, are forms which move about more or less without purpose, they jibber and put on strange horrifying expressions, they make threatening motions at an astral traveling human, but, of course, they can do no harm. Always keep that in mind; they can do no harm.

If you have ever been so unfortunate as to go to a mental hospital and see really bad cases of mental derangement, you will have been shocked at the manner in which some of the worst cases there come up to one and make threatening, or possibly meaningless, gestures. They slobber and drool, but if they are faced with determination they, being of a very inferior mentality, always retreat.

When you move through the lower astral planes you may meet some of these people, some of these strange, outlandish creatures. Sometimes if a traveler is timid these creatures cluster around and try to fluster one. There is no harm in that, they are quite harmless, really, unless one is afraid of them. When one is starting astral travel you will often get two or three of these lower entities congregating nearby to see how one "makes out", in much the same way as a certain type of person always likes to look at a learner driver taking a car out for the first time. The spectators always hope that something gory or exciting will happen, and sometimes if the learner driver is flustered he, or, more usually, she, will collide with a lamp post or something else to the great delight of the spectators. The spectators, as such, mean no harm, they are just sensationalists trying to get a cheap thrill. So with the elementals they are merely out for cheap entertainment. They like to see the discomfiture of humans, therefore, if you show any fear, these elementals will be delighted and will keep up their gesticulations, their fierce and threatening approaches. Actually, they can do nothing whatever to any human, they are more like dogs who can

bark only, and a barking dog does no harm. Furthermore, they can only annoy you so long as you, through your fear, permit them to.

Have no fear, nothing whatever can happen to you. You leave your body, you soar into the astral plane, and about ninety or ninety nine times out of a hundred you will not see any of these low entities. Again, you will only see them if you are afraid of them. Normally you will soar up and beyond their realm, they are clustered right at the bottom of the astral plane in much the same way as worms cluster at the bottom of a river or sea.

When you move up into the astral planes you will meet many remarkable occurrences. You may in the distance see great and brilliant gleams of light. These are from planes of existence presently beyond your reach. Remember our keyboard? The human entity, while in the flesh, can be aware of only three or four “notes,” but in getting out of the body and into the astral world you have extended your range of “notes” a little upwards, you have extended that range enough to become aware that there are greater things ahead of you. Some of these “things” are represented by the bright lights which are so bright that you cannot really see what they are.

But let us content ourselves for the time being with the middle astral. Here you can visit your friends or your relations, you can visit the cities of the world and see the great public buildings, you can read books in strange languages, for, remember, in the middle astral plane all languages are known to you. You will need to practice astral travel. Here is a description of what it is like, a description which can be your own experience with practice.

The day had grown old and the shadows of night had fallen, leaving the purple twilight which gradually grew darker and darker until at last the sky turned indigo, and then—black. Little lights had sprung up all around, the whitish-blue lights which illumined the streets, the yellowish lights which were the lights within the houses, perhaps they had been tinted somewhat by the blinds or curtains through which they shone.

The body was resting in bed fully conscious, fully relaxed. Gradually there came a faint creaking sensation, a feeling as if something was drifting, shifting. There was the faintest of faint itches throughout the body, gradually there came a separation. Above the prone body a cloud formed at the end of a gleaming Silver Cord, the cloud started as an indistinct mass something like

a big blot of ink floating in the air. Slowly it formed into the shape of a human body, it formed and rose to about three or four feet where it swayed and twisted. Over some seconds the body of the astral rose higher, then the feet tilted. Slowly it sank down so that it was standing at the foot of the bed looking at the physical body which it had just left and to which it was still attached.

In the room the flickering shadows crept into the corners like strange animals at bay. The Silver Cord was vibrating and shining with a dull silvery-blue light, the astral body itself was limmed with blue light. The figure in the astral looked about and then looked down upon the physical body resting comfortably on the bed. The eyes were now shut, the breathing was quiet and shallow, there was no movement, no twitching, the body appeared to be resting comfortably. The Silver Cord did not vibrate therefore there was no evidence of any unease.

Satisfied, the astral form silently and slowly rose up into the air, passed through the ceiling of the room and through the roof above, and out into the night air. The Silver Cord lengthened but did not diminish in thickness. It was as if the astral figure was a gas-filled balloon tethered to the house which was the physical body. The astral figure rose until it was fifty, a hundred, two hundred feet above the rooftops. There it stopped, floated idly, and looked about.

From houses all along the street and from streets beyond there were the faint blue lines which were the Silver Cords of other people. They extended up and up and disappeared into some illimitable distance. People always travel by night whether they know it or not, but only the favoured ones, the ones who practice, come back with the full knowledge of all that they have done.

This particular astral form was floating above the rooftops, looking about, deciding where to go. At last it decided to visit a land far, far away. Upon the instant of decision it started into fantastic speed, whirling almost with the speed of thought across the land, across the seas, and as it crossed the sea below the great waves leapt up with the white crests at the top. At one point in its journey it peered down at a great liner racing across the turbulent sea with all lights on and the sound of music coming from the decks. The astral form sped on overtaking time. The night gave way to the evening before; the astral form was catching up on time, night gave way to evening and evening, in its turn, was overtaken and became late afternoon. Late afternoon was out-

stripped and become noon itself. At last in the bright sunlight the astral figure saw that which it had come to see, the land so far away, a dearly beloved land with dearly beloved people. Gently the astral figure sank to the earth and mixed unseen, unheard among those who were in the physical body.

Eventually there came an insistent tugging, a twisting of the Silver Cord. Far far away in a different land the physical body which had been left behind was sensing the break of day and was recalling its astral. For some moments the astral lingered on, but at last the warning could no longer be ignored. Up into the air rose the shadowed form, poised motionless for a moment like a homing pigeon, then sped across the skies, flashing across land, across water, back to the place of the rooftop. Other cords were trembling too, other people were returning to their physical bodies, but this particular astral form sank down through the rooftop and emerged through the ceiling over the slumbering figure of its physical. Lightly, slowly, it sank down and positioned itself precisely above the physical body. Slowly, gently, with infinite care it descended and merged into that physical body. For a moment there was a sensation of intense cold, a sensation of dullness, of leaden weight pressing down. Gone was the lightness, the feeling of freedom, the bright colours experienced in the astral body, instead there was cold. It felt as if a warm body was putting on a wet suit of clothes.

The physical body stirred and the eyes opened. Outside the windows the first faint streaks of daylight were showing above the horizon. The body stirred and said, "I remember all my experiences of the night."

You too can have such experiences, you too can travel in the astral, you can see those whom you love, and the greater the ties between you and those whom you love the more easily you can travel. It needs practice and more practice. According to old Eastern tales, in the days of long long ago all mankind could travel in the astral but because so many people abused that privilege it was taken away. For those who are pure in thought, for those who are pure in mind, practice will bring release for the leaden, cloying weight of the body, and will enable one to go wherever one wills.

You will not do it in five minutes, nor in five days. You must "imagine" that you can do it. Whatever you believe you are, that you are. Whatever you believe you can do, that you can do. If

you really believe, if you sincerely believe that you can do a thing, then you can do that thing. Believe, believe, and with practice you will travel in the astral.

Again, have no fear for while in the astral no one can harm you no matter how fearsome, no matter how terrifying is the aspect of lower entities whom you may, but probably will not, see. They can do nothing to you unless you are afraid. The absence of fear ensures your absolute protection.

So will you practice, will you decide where you are going? Lie down upon your bed, you must be alone in your bed, of course, and tell yourself that this night you are going to such-and-such a place to see so-and-so, and when you awaken in the morning You will remember everything that you did. Practice is all that is necessary to make this attainable.

## LESSON ELEVEN

The subject of astral travelling is, of course, of vital importance, and for that reason it might be advantageous to devote this Lesson to more notes about that quite fascinating pastime.

We suggest that you carefully read this Lesson, go through it at least as meticulously as you have gone through the other Lessons, and then decide upon an evening a few days ahead as the evening of your Experiment. Prepare yourself by thinking that upon the chosen evening you are going out of the body and remain fully conscious, fully aware of all that is happening.

As you know, there is a very great deal in preparing, in deciding in advance what one is going to do. The Ancients of Old used “incantations,” in other words, they repeated a mantra (that is, a form of prayer) which had as its objective the subjugating of the sub-conscious. By repeating their mantra the conscious-only one tenth of us-was able to send an imperative order to the sub-conscious. You could have a mantra such as this:—

“On such-and-such a day I am going to travel in the astral world, and I am going to remain fully aware of all that which I do and be fully aware of all that which I see. I shall remember all this and recall it fully when I am again in my body. I shall do this without fail.”

You should repeat this mantra in groups of three, that is, you should say it, then having said it you should repeat it, then having repeated it you should affirm it once more. The mechanics of it is something like this: One states a thing, that is not enough to alert the sub-conscious because one is always stating things, and we are sure that the sub-conscious thinks that the conscious part of us is very talkative! Having stated our mantra once the sub-conscious is not at all alerted. The second time the same words are stated, and they must be stated quite identically, the sub-conscious begins to take notice. At the third affirmation the sub-conscious-as one might say-wonders what it is all about and is fully receptive to our mantra, and the mantra is received and stored. Supposing you say your three affirmations in the morning, then you will want

to say them (when you are alone, of course) at midday and again in the afternoon and again before you retire and go to sleep. It is as knocking in a nail; you have your nail, you start the point in the wood but one blow is not enough, you have to keep administering blows until the nail is in the wood to the depths desired. In much the same way, the affirmations administer blows which drive the desired statement into the awareness of the sub-conscious.

This is not a new devise by any means, it is as old as humanity itself, for the old old people of days long gone knew a lot about mantras and affirmations, it is only we in the modern age who have forgotten, or perhaps have become cynical about the whole affair. For that reason we impress upon you the urge that you must state your affirmations to yourself and not let anyone else know about them, for if other skeptical people know about them they will laugh at you and perhaps throw doubt in your mind. It is people laughing and throwing doubt which has stopped adults from seeing Nature Spirits and being able to converse telepathically with animals. Remember that.

You will have decided upon the evening of a suitable day, and on the day in question when it arrives, you must make every effort to remain tranquil, to remain at peace with yourself and with everyone else. This is of vital importance. There must be no conflict within you which would cause you to become excited. For example, suppose you have had a heated argument with someone that day, then you will be thinking of what you would have said if you had had more time to think, you will think of things said to you, and your whole attention will not be focused upon traveling in the astral. If you are disturbed or distressed during the proposed day, Postpone your astral travelling consciousness until another more peaceful day. But assuming that everything is tranquil and that all day you have been thinking of astral travelling with pleasurable anticipation just as you would pleausurably anticipate a journey to some loved one who lived so distant from you that it would be an event indeed to so travel, then go to your bedroom, undress slowly keeping quite calm and breathing steadily. When you are ready get into your bed, make sure that your night attire is quite comfortable, that is, it should not be tight around the neck nor should it be tight around the waist, for if you have distractions such as a tight neckband or a tight waistband, this irritates the physical body and may cause a jerk at a crucial moment. See that your bedroom is of a temperature most conven-

ient to you, that is, neither too hot nor too cold. If you have little clothing on the bed so much the better because you do not want to be oppressed by an excessive weight of material above you.

Turn out your bedroom light, and you will, of course, have made sure that your curtains are drawn closed so that no vagrant rays of light can flicker into your eyes at the wrong moment. With all this satisfactorily accomplished, lie down comfortably.

Settle yourself, let yourself go limp, let yourself become completely and utterly relaxed. Do not fall asleep if you can help it, although if you have repeated your mantra successfully sleep will not matter because you will still remember. We advise you to stay awake if you can because it really is interesting, this first trip out of the body.

Lying comfortably-preferably on your back-imagine that you are forcing another body out of yourself, imagine that the ghostly form of the astral is being pushed out. You can feel it rising up something like a cork rising up through water, you can feel it withdrawing from your own flesh-body molecules. There is a very slight tingling, then will come a moment when the tingling almost ceases. Be careful here because the next motion will be a twitch unless you are careful, and if you do twitch violently your astral body will come back with a thud into the physical.

Most people, in fact we might almost say everyone, has had the experience of apparently falling just at the point of sleep. Learned pundits have stated that this is a relic of the days when humans were monkeys. Actually, this sensation of falling is caused by a twitch which causes the newly floating astral body to FALL back into the physical body. Often it will jerk one into complete awakesness, but whatever it is there is usually a violent twitch or jerk and back comes the astral body without having got more than a few inches out of the physical.

If you are aware that there is a possibility of a twitch, then you will not twitch, so let yourself become aware of difficulties then you can overcome them. After the slight tingling stops make no movement at all, and there will be a sudden coolness, a feeling as if something has left you. You may have an impression that there is something just above you, as if, to put it crudely, someone was dropping a pillow on you. Do not be disturbed, and if you are not disturbed the next thing that you will know is that you are looking at yourself from perhaps the end of the bed or even from the ceiling looking down.

Examine yourself with as much composure as you can manage on this first occasion because you never see yourself so plainly as you do on this first excursion. You will look at yourself, and no doubt you will exclaim with astonishment when you find that you are nothing like you expected. We know that you look in mirrors, but a person does not see a true reflection in even the best mirror. Lefts and rights are reversed, for example, and there are other distortions. There is nothing like coming face to face with yourself

Having examined yourself, then you should practice moving about the room, look in a closet or in a chest of drawers, observe how easily you can go anywhere. Examine the ceiling, examine those places where you cannot normally reach. No doubt you will find much dust in the inaccessible places, and that will give you another useful experiment; try to leave fingerprints in the dust, and you find you cannot. Your fingers and your hand and your arm as well sink through the wall without any sensation whatever.

When you are satisfied that you can move about at will, look between your astral and your physical. Do you see how your Silver Cord is sparkling? If you have ever visited an old blacksmith's shop you will be reminded of the way in which the red hot metal sparkled when it was hit by the blacksmith's hammer, but in this case, instead of sparkling cherry-red, the sparklings will be blue or even yellow. Move away from your physical body and you find that the Silver Cord stretches without any effort, without any diminution of diameter. look again at your physical body, and then go to where you had planned, think of the person or of the place, and make no effort whatsoever, just think of the person and the place.

Up you will rise through the ceiling, you will see your home and your street beneath. Then, if it is your first conscious trip, you will proceed fairly slowly to your destination. You will be going slowly enough to recognize the terrain beneath you. When you are used to astral travelling consciously you will go with the speed of thought, and when you can do that there is no limit whatsoever to where you go.

When you are practiced in astral travelling you can go anywhere at all, not merely anywhere on this Earth. The astral body does not breathe air, and so you can go into space, you can go to other worlds, many people do. Unfortunately, through present day conditions, they do not remember where they go. You, with practice, can be different.

If you find it difficult to concentrate upon the person whom you propose to visit it is suggested that you have a photograph of that person, not a framed photograph because if you have a framed photograph in bed you may roll over and break the glass, thus causing cuts. Have an ordinary unframed photograph, and hold it in your hands. Before turning out the light take a long long look at the photograph, then extinguish the light and try to retain a visual impression of the person whose features are in that photograph. That may make it easier for you.

Some people cannot do astral travelling if they are comfortable, if they are well fed or warm. Some people can only go astral travelling consciously when they are uncomfortable, when they are cold or hungry, and it is indeed a fact, though an astonishing one, that certain people deliberately eat something that disagrees with them so that they get indigestion! Then they can do astral travelling without any particular difficulty. We suppose the reason for that is that the astral body gets heartily sick of the discomfort of the physical body.

In Tibet and India there are hermits who are walled up, who never see the light of day. These hermits are fed perhaps once every three days, and fed just enough in order that life may be sustained, in order that the feebly flickering flame of life may be not extinguished. These men are able to do astral travelling all the time, and they travel in astral form to anywhere where there is anything to be learned. They travel so that they may converse with those who are telepathic, they travel that they may perhaps influence things for good. It is possible that in your own astral travels you will come across such men as these, and if you do you will indeed be blessed, for they will stop and give you advice and tell you how you may progress further.

Read and re-read this Lesson. We repeat again that only practice and faith are necessary in order that you, too, may travel in the astral and be freed for a time from the troubles of this world.

## LESSON TWELVE

It is so much easier to engage in astral travelling, clairvoyance and similar metaphysical pursuits if a suitable foundation is prepared first. Metaphysical training needs practice, considerable, constant practice. It is not possible to read a few printed instructions and then immediately without practice to go off on a far far journey in the astral. You must practice constantly.

No person would expect a garden to grow unless the seeds were planted in suitable ground. It would be most unusual for a beautiful rose to grow out of a granite rock. Wherefore it appears that you cannot expect clairvoyance, nor any occult art whatever, to bloom where the mind is closed and sealed, where the mind is a constant jangle of ill-connected thoughts. We are later going to deal more extensively with quietude because the present-day clutter of irrelevant thoughts and the constant blare of radio and television really is stifling metaphysical talents.

The Sages of Old exhorted "Be still and know that I am within." The old sages devoted almost a lifetime to metaphysical research before committing a single word to paper. Again, they withdrew into the wilderness, into a place where there was no noise of so-called civilization, where they were free of distractions, where no one could drop a bucket or a bottle! You have the advantage that you can take much benefit from the lifetime experiences of the men of old, and you can take advantage of all this without having to spend most of your life in study! If you are serious, and if you were not serious you would not be reading this, you will want to prepare yourself, to make yourself ready for the speedy unfolding of the spirit, and the best way to do it is to relax first.

Most people have no idea of what is meant by the word "relax." They think if they slump in a chair that is good enough, but it is not. To relax you must let the whole of your body become pliant, you must make sure that all muscles are without tension. You cannot do better than to study a cat, see how the cat completely "lets go." The cat will come in, turn round a few times, and then go down into a more or less shapeless heap. The cat does not

bother at all about wondering if a few inches of leg is showing, or if one is looking ungraceful; a cat comes in to rest, to relax, and relaxation is thus the only thought in the cat's mind. A cat can flop down and be instantly asleep.

Probably everyone knows that a cat can see things which humans cannot. That is because the cat's perceptions are higher up on our "keyboard," and thus it can see into the astral at all times, and a journey in the astral for a cat is no more than it would be for us to cross the room. Let us, then, emulate a cat because then we shall be on firm ground, and we can build our structure of metaphysical knowledge on a sound and enduring basis.

Do you know how to relax? Could you without any further instructions become pliant, able to pick up impressions? This is how we would do it; lie down in any position which is comfortable. If you want to have your legs outspread, or your arms outspread-spread them out. The whole art of relaxing is to be completely and utterly comfortable. It will be much better if you relax in the privacy of your own room, because many people, particularly women, do not like anyone to see them in what they wrongly imagine is an ungraceful attitude, and to relax you have to forget all about conventional grace, and, indeed, all about conventions.

Imagine that your body is an island peopled by very small persons who are always obedient to your commands. You can think, if you like, that your body is some vast industrial estate with highly trained, highly obedient technicians at the various controls and "nerve centres" which make up your body. Then when you want to relax, tell these people that the factory is being shut down, tell them that your present desire is that they leave you, that they "shut down" their machines and their "nerve centres," and go away for the time being.

Lying comfortably, deliberately imagine a host of these small people in your toes, in your feet, in your knees-everywhere in fact. Picture yourself gazing down upon your body and upon all these little people who are pulling up on your muscles and causing your nerves to twitch. Gaze down upon them as if you were some great figure high, high in the sky, look upon these people, and then address them from your mind. Tell them to come out of your feet, leave your legs, command them to march away from your hands and from your arms, tell them to congregate in the space between your umbilicus and the end of your sternum. The sternum, let us remind you, is the end of the breastbone. If you run your fingers

down the middle of your body, between Your ribs, you will find that there is a bar of hard material, and that is actually the sternum. Run your fingers down a little further until the material ends. So-between that spot and your umbilicus is the designated spot. Command all these little people to congregate on that space, imagine that you can see them marching up your limbs up your body in their serried ranks like workers leaving a busy factory at the end of the day.

In coming to the designated spot they will have deserted your legs and your arms, and so these limbs will be without tension, without feeling even, for these little people are the ones who make your machinery work, the ones who feed the relay stations and the nerve centres. Your arms and legs, then, will be not precisely numb, but without any feeling of tenseness, without any feeling of tiredness, We might say that they will be almost “not there.”

Now you have all your little people congregating in the pre-arranged space like a lot of factory workers attending a political rally! Gaze upon them in your imagination for a few moments, let your gaze encompass all of them, then firmly, confidently, tell them to get off, tell them to leave your body until you instruct them to return. Tell them to go along the Silver Cord and away from you. They must leave you in peace while you meditate, while you relax.

Picture to yourself that Silver Cord stretching away from your physical body out into the great realms beyond. Picture to yourself that the Silver Cord is like a tunnel, like a subway, and imagine all the rush-hour travelers in a city such as London or New York or Moscow—imagine them all leaving the city at once and going out into the suburbs, think of trainload after trainload taking all these workers away leaving the city comparatively quiet. MAKE these little people do that to you—it is very easy with practice!—then you will be quite without tension, your nerves will no longer be a-jangle, and your muscles will no longer be tense. Just lie quiet, let your mind “tick over.” It does not matter what you think about, it does not matter even if you do not think. Let that go on for a few moments while you breathe slowly, steadily, then dismiss those thoughts in much the same way as you dismissed your “factory workers.”

Humans are so busy with their petty little thoughts that they have no time for the greater things of the Greater Life. People are so busy wondering about when the next sale is held or how many trading coupons are given free this week or what is happening on

the television, that they have no time for dealing with the things that really matter. All these mundane everyday things are completely trivial. Will it matter in fifty years time that so-and-so's were selling dress lengths at below cost today? But it will matter to you in fifty years time how you progress now, for keep this thought in mind; no man or woman has ever succeeded in taking a single penny beyond this life, yet every man and woman takes the knowledge which they have gained in this life to the next life. That is why people are here, and if you are going to take worthwhile knowledge to the other side, or just a useless clutter of unrelated thoughts, is a matter which should engage your earnest attention. So-this Course is useful to you, it can affect your whole future!

It is thought-reason-which keeps humans in their very inferior present position. Humans talk about their reason, and say it distinguishes them from the animals; it does-indeed it does! What other creatures but humans throw atom bombs at each other? What other creatures publicly disembowel prisoners-of-war or deprive them of very useful appurtenances? Can you think of any creature except a human who mutilates men and women in such spectacular fashion? Humans, in spite of their vaunted superiority, are in many respects lower than the lowest beasts of the field. That is because humans have wrong values, humans crave after money only, crave after the material things of this mundane life, whereas the things that matter after this life are the immaterial things which we are trying to teach you!

Let your thoughts be switched off now that you are relaxing, make your mind receptive. If you will practice and practice again, you will find that you can switch off the endless empty thoughts which clutter you, and you can instead perceive true realities, you can perceive the things of different planes of existence, but these things are so completely alien to life on Earth-so pleasantly alien, too-that there are no concrete terms with which to describe the abstract. Only practice is needed before you, too, can see the things of the future.

There are certain great men who can drop off to sleep for a few moments and within minutes can again awaken refreshed, and with inspiration shining from their eyes. These are people who can switch off their thoughts at will, and tune in and pick up the knowledge of the Spheres. This also you can do with practice. It is very very harmful indeed for those who desire spiritual development to engage in the ordinary, useless, empty round of

social life. Cocktail parties-one can hardly think of a worse pastime for those who are trying to develop. Drink, spirits and alcohol, impair one's psychic judgement, they may even drive one into the lower astral where one can be tormented by the entities who delight in catching humans in a stage where they cannot even think clearly. They find it most amusing. But parties, and the usual social round with the senseless chatter of empty minds trying to disguise the fact that their minds are empty, is a painful sight for those who are trying to progress. You can only progress if you keep clear of these shallow-minded people whose greatest thought is how many cocktails they can drink at any given gathering, or who prefer to chattel inanely about other person's troubles.

We believe in the communion of the souls, we believe that two people can remain together physically silent, no words need be said, yet these people commune telepathically by "rapport." The thought of one evokes a response in the other. It has been noted that at times two very old people who have lived together for many years as man and wife can anticipate the thoughts of each other. These old people, truly in love, do not engage in senseless babble or small talk; they sit together picking up silently the message flowing from one brain to another. They have learned too late of the benefits which come to one from the silent communion, they have learned "too late" because old people are, literally, at the end of life's journey. You can do it while still young.

It is possible for a small group of people, thinking constructively, to alter the whole course of the world's events. Unfortunately it is too difficult to get a small group of people who are so unselfish, so unselfcentred, that they can switch off their own selfish thoughts and concentrate only on the good of the world. We say now that if you and your friends will get together and will form a circle, each one of you sitting comfortably at full ease, and facing each other, you can do very great good for yourself and for other people.

Each person should have his or her toes touching. Each person should have his or her hands clasped together. No person should touch another, of course, but each one should be as a separate physical unit. Remember the old Jews, the very old Jews; they well knew that if they were bargaining they should stand with their feet together and their hands clasped because then the vital forces of the body were conserved. An old Jew, trying to drive a hard bargain, always got the better of the bargain if he stood in that particular manner and his opponent did not. He did not stand that

way through cringing subservience, as many people imagine, but because he knew how to conserve and utilize his body forces. When he had achieved his objective, then he could throw his hands wide and stand with legs apart, no longer need he conserve his forces for the “attack” for he was the victor. Having attained his end he could stand relaxed.

If each of you in your group keep your feet and your hands together, each of you will conserve body energy. It is much the same as having a magnet and placing a “keeper” across the poles in order to save the magnetic force without which the magnet would be just a lump of idle metal. Your group should sit in a circle, all more or less gazing at space in the centre of the circle, preferably at a space on the floor because then heads will be slightly tilted down, and that is more restful and more natural. Do not talk, just sit—be SURE you do not talk. You have already decided on the theme of your thoughts so no further talk is necessary. Sit like that for some minutes. Gradually each one of you will feel a great peace stealing in upon you, each one of you will feel as if you are being flooded with an inner light. You will have truly spiritual enlightenment, and will feel that you are “One with the Universe.”

Church services are designed with that in mind. Remember that the early priests of all the churches were quite good psychologists, they knew how to formulate things in order to get desired results. It is known that one cannot keep a whole crowd of people quiet without constant direction, and so there is music and directed thought in the form of prayers. If a priest of any sort is standing where all eyes can focus upon him as he says certain things, then he has gained the attention of every person in the audience or congregation, their thoughts are all directed to a certain purpose. This is an inferior way of doing it, but a way which is necessary for mass production among a people who will not devote the time or energy necessary for greater development on other lines. You and your friends can, if you wish, get far better results by sitting in your little group, and sitting in silence.

Sit in silence, each one of you trying to relax, each one of you thinking of pure things or thinking of the designated item. Never mind about last week's grocery bills which you have not yet paid, never mind about wondering what the next season's fashions are going to be; think, instead, of raising your vibrations so that you may perceive the goodness, the greatness, which is in the life to come.

We talk too much, all of us, we let our brains clatter away like machines which have no thought. If we relax, if we remain alone more and talk less when we are in the company of others, then thoughts of a greater purity than we can now imagine come flooding in upon us to uplift our souls. Some of the old country people who were alone all day had far greater Purity of thoughts than any person in the cities of the world. Shepherds, while by no means educated people, had a degree of spiritual purity which many of the priests of high degree would envy. That is because they had time to be alone, time to ponder, and when they were tired of pondering their minds would go blank and the greater thoughts from "beyond" would enter.

Why not practice for half an hour every day. Practice sitting or reclining, and remember you must be quite fully at ease. Let your mind become still. remember "Be still and know that I am God" is one saying. Another is "Be still and know the I within." Practice in this manner. Let yourself remain free of thought, let yourself remain free of worries and of doubts, and you will find that within a month you are more poised, you are uplifted, you are quite a different person.

We cannot end this lesson without referring once again to Parties and idle talk. In some finishing schools it is taught that one must have "small talk" in order to be a good host or hostess. The idea seems to be roughly that guests must never be left for one moment in silence in case their own personal thoughts are so murky that their outlook would become cluttered. We say, on the contrary, that in providing silence we should be providing one of the most precious things upon this Earth, for in the modern world there is no longer silence, there is the constant roar of traffic, the constant shrieking of aircraft overhead, and over all the insensate blare of radio and television. This can lead to the Fall of Man once again. You, by providing an oasis of quiet and peace and tranquility, can do much for yourself and for your fellow-men. Will you try for a day, and see how quiet you can be? See how little you can talk. Say only that which is necessary and avoid all that which is irrelevant, avoid all that which is merely senseless gossip and chatter. If you do this consciously and deliberately you will be quite shocked at the day's end at how much you normally say which really does not matter in the least.

We have been on a lot about chatter and noise, and if you will Practice silence you will find that there, too, we are right. Many of

the Religious Orders have Orders of silence, many of the monks and nuns are commanded to keep silence, and the authorities do not do this as a punishment, they do it because they know that only in silence can one hear the voices of the Great Beyond.

## LESSON THIRTEEN

Who has not, at some time or other, wondered “What is the purpose of life on Earth? Is it really necessary to have so much suffering, so much hardship?” Actually, of course, it is necessary that there should be suffering and hardship and wars. We place too much store upon the things of this Earth, we tend to think that there is nothing so important as life on Earth. Actually, upon Earth we are merely as actors upon a stage, changing our clothes to suit the role that we have to play, and at the end of each act retiring for a while, to return to the next act perhaps in different garb.

Wars are necessary. Without wars the world would soon be overpopulated. Wars are necessary in order that there may be opportunities for self sacrifice and for Man to rise above the limits of the flesh in the service of others. We look upon life as it is lived on this world as the only thing that matters. Actually it is the thing that matters least.

When we are in the spirit we are indestructible. We are immune from hardships and from illnesses. Thus, the spirit which has to gain experience, motivates a body of flesh and bone—a body which is but a lump of animated protoplasm—in order that lessons may be learned. Upon Earth the body is as a puppet, jerking and twitching to the orders of the Overself who, through the Silver Chord, commands and receives messages.

Let us look at things in a rather different way for a moment, shall we? A person who comes to Earth for perhaps the first time is a helpless creature, something like a baby, and he is not able to make any plans for himself. Thus, plans have to be made for him by other people. We are not concerned with those who are unevolved for if you are studying the Course it shows that you have reached a stage of evolution in which you are able to plan more or less that which you have to learn. Let us look upon the scene before one comes to Earth.

A person—an entity—has returned to the Overself in the astral planes, has returned from one life on Earth. The entity will have seen all the mistakes, all the faults of that life, and will have

decided, perhaps alone, perhaps in company with others, that certain lessons were not learned and will have to be undertaken again. So plans are made whereby the entity will go down into a body once more. A search is made for parents who will afford the necessary facilities for the type of environment which is now required. That is, if a person has to be accustomed to handling money he will be born to rich parents, or if a person has to rise from "the gutter" he will be born to parents in very poor circumstances indeed. He may even have to be born crippled or blind, it all depends on what has to be learned.

A human on Earth is as a child in a classroom. Think of it in terms of classrooms. A child is in a classroom with a lot of other children. For some reason this particular child does not do so well, does not master the lessons, and so at the end of the term he makes a very poor showing at the examinations. The teachers decide that on the basis of his general attitude and grades during the term, and the general mess that he has made of the examination itself, he is not fit, not ready to be promoted to a higher grade. Thus, the child goes off on the school vacation at the end of term with the unhappy knowledge that when school starts again he is going to have to come back to the same old class!

With the resumption of school activities, the child who was not promoted goes back to learn all the same lessons, to have another chance. But those who studied more assiduously go on and reach a higher grade, and perhaps are treated with more consideration by the teachers because these children are ones who have tried, who have mastered their lessons and who have progressed. The one who was left behind feels self conscious with the new members of the class, he tends to lord it over them for the time being, to show that although he did not pass into a higher grade it was because he did not want to. If at the end of this term the boy does not show signs of progress, then it may be that the teachers will hold a conference, and they may even decide that the boy is of an inferior mentality and recommend that he be moved to a different type of school.

If children at school are doing well and progressing satisfactorily through their studies there will come a time when they have to decide what they are going to be in later life. Are they going to be doctors, lawyers, carpenters or bus drivers? Whatever it is, they will have to undergo the necessary studies. A doctor-to-be will need to study different things than would a bus driver-to-be,

and in consultation with teachers the necessary studies are arranged.

So it is in the spirit world; before a human is born several months before he is born, in fact, somewhere in the world of spirit there is a conference. The one who is going to enter into a human body discusses with advisors how certain lessons may be learned in much the same way as a student upon Earth will discuss how he may study to obtain his desired qualifications. The spirit advisors are able to say that the student about to enter into the school of the world shall become a son or daughter of a certain married couple, or even of an unmarried couple! There will be a discussion as to what has to be learned and what hardships have to be undergone, for it is a sad fact that hardship teaches one more quickly and more permanently than does kindness. It is also worthy of note that it does not at all mean that because a person is at present in a lowly position that that person is lowly in the spirit world. Often a person will be in a menial position in a certain life in order that specified lessons may be learned, yet in the life to be the person may be a high entity indeed.

It is unfortunate that upon Earth a person is judged by the amount of money he has, by what his parents were, and this, of course, is tragically absurd. It is much the same as judging a school boy, or his progress, by how much money his father has instead of judging the boy by his own progress. We repeat that no one has so far succeeds in taking even one single penny beyond the barrier of death, but all knowledge is taken, every experience undergone is stored and taken away into the life beyond. Thus, those who think that because they have a million or so they are going to get a front seat in heaven, are going to be sadly and unpleasantly mistaken. Money, position, race and colour do not matter in the slightest; the only thing that matters is the degree of spirituality will never see them again in the spirit world. In the spirit world which one has reached!

To return to our spirit about to enter into another incarnation; when suitable parents have been found, then, at the appropriate time, the spirit will enter into the forming body of the unborn infant, and with the entering into the body there will become an instant erasure of the conscious memories of the life beyond such entering. It would of course be a terrible thing if the baby had a memory of when he was, perhaps, very closely, very ultimately related to his mother or his father! It would be tragic and painful if the baby could remember that in the past life he was a great king,

and now he was the poorest of the poor. For that reason, among many others, it is an act of mercy that the average person cannot remember his or her past Life, but when they once again pass through this life and return to the spirit world everything—EVERYTHING—is remembered.

Many people adhere most rigidly to the old statement “Honour thy father and thy mother.” While this is indeed a most laudable feeling, it should be made clear that many many people upon Earth will never again see their father or their mother when they enter into the spirit world! In the old days it was very necessary that the priests do everything possible to gain the cooperation of parents in order that young men and young women did not leave the tribes, because the wealth of tribes in those days rested in the young people. The more numerous the tribe the more easily could they overcome small tribes. Thus it was that the priests exhorted children to obey the parents, and the parents in particular obeyed the priests.

Let us state quite definitely that we do indeed agree that parents should be “honoured” provided they merit it. We also state that if a parent is overbearing or unkind or tyrannical, then that parent has rejected and spurned all rights to be “honoured.” There is no need whatever for the slavish obedience which some “children” give to their parents. Some “children” are adult and married, and have perhaps lived half a century on their own, yet they still tremble with fear or apprehension when the name of a parent is mentioned. Frequently it leads to a neurosis, and instead of commanding love there is perhaps fear and ill-concealed hatred. Yet these “children”—perhaps half a century or more of age—feel guilt because they have been brought up to the belief “Honour thy father and thy mother.”

For those so afflicted we would like to say again quite definitely, quite emphatically, that if you are unhappy with your parents you will never see them again in the spirit world. In the spirit world there is the Law of Harmony, and it is utterly impossible for you to meet anyone with whom you are incompatible. Thus, if you are married to a partner and yours is a marriage of convenience, a marriage which you are afraid to break for fear of what the neighbours will say, you will never again meet your partner in the spirit world unless he or she alters so radically (or if YOU alter!) that you are both compatible.

We must again repeat, so that there is no possibility of misunder-

standing: If you and your Parents are incompatible, if you do not get on, if you are not happy together, if you are not suited to each other, then you will not meet on any other plane of existence. The same applied to relatives, or husband and wife. They must definitely be compatible and in complete harmony before they can meet again. This is one of the reasons why it is necessary for spirits to have a physical body, that lessons may be learned, because only in the physical body can two antagonistic entities be brought into contact so that they may try to “smooth off the rough edges” and reach mutual understanding.

Later, in another Lesson, we shall deal with the problems of God or Gods, and of different forms of religious belief. Humans mistakenly think that they are of the greatest form of existence. That is quite incorrect, and again it is an idea fostered by organized religions. Religious thought teaches one that Man is made in the image of God, therefore, if Man is made in the image of God, there can be nothing higher than Man! Actually, on other worlds there are some very high forms of life. God is not a benevolent old gentleman who peers at us kindly through the pages of some book. God is a very real thing, a living Spirit who guides us all, but not necessarily in the way that we have been taught.

Finally in this Lesson think over your own relationship with your parents, or with your partner, or with your relations. Are you happy with them? Are you, really? Or are you living apart? Could you contemplate living with any of these people permanently throughout the rest of existence? Remember when you were at school, there were a number of people in the class with you, there were teachers. You had to pay respect to the teachers but they are not permanently associated with your life, they were temporary measures, people appointed to supervise your education. Your parents also are people whom you have chosen-with their permission in the spirit world-to sponsor and supervise your development. If people sincerely love their parents, and not because some religious teaching tells them they should, then they will indeed have the greatest joy of all in knowing that they will definitely meet their parents on “the other side.” Conditions on the other side will be what you here on Earth make them.

## LESSON FOURTEEN

All of us are anxious to get things done for us, to get things given to us. Probably everyone would admit to having prayed for assistance! It is, of course, a natural thing in human affairs to want the assistance of someone else. Man feels insecure alone and wants the "God-Father" image or the "Mother" image in order that he may feel protected, may feel that he is one of a great Family. But in order that one may receive, one must first give. You cannot receive without giving, for the act of giving-the attitude of opening the mind-makes it possible for you to be receptive to those who are willing to give what you want to receive!

When we say "give" we do not necessarily mean money although it is usual to give money, because that to most people is what they desire above all else. Money at the present time signifies security from want, relief from the fear of starvation, freedom from the visits of the debt collector! Money can be given, and must be given under certain conditions, but "give" also means to give of oneself, to be willing to be of service to others. We can, and must, give money or goods or assistance or spiritual consolation to those who need them. Again, unless we give we cannot receive.

There is much misconception about "give," "alms," "begging," and similar matters relating to so-called "charity" in the Western world. It seems that people imagine that there is something shameful, something degrading in having to solicit assistance from another one. But this is definitely not the case. Money is merely a commodity which is lent to us while upon the Earth, it is a commodity with which we can buy happiness and self-advancement by helping others with that money instead of hoarding it uselessly in some dead stone vault.

This, unfortunately, is the world of commerce where a man's measure is taken by the money that he has in his bank and by the outward show he makes with that money. The flashily dressed man or the woman who gives for his own satisfaction-to build up a false façade-is not a spiritual man nor a generous man, he is a man who is spending without any thought of giving, he is

spending selfishly that his own ego may be bolstered. In the Western world a man is judged by how well his wife dresses, what sort of a car he drives, what sort of a house he occupies; does he belong to this or that club? Then he must be a man of substance because only those in the millionaire class can belong to THAT club! Again, this is a world of false values, for-let us repeat it endlessly so that it sinks into your sub-conscious-no man or woman has ever succeeded in taking even one penny or one pin, or even a spent match beyond the River of Death; all that we can take is that contained within our knowledge, all that we can take is the sum total of our experiences, good and bad, generous and mean, which will be distilled down so that only the essence of those experiences remains. And the man who lived for himself alone upon the Earth, although upon the Earth he was perhaps a millionaire, when he goes to "the other side" he will be a spiritual bankrupt.

In the East it is a common sight indeed for the housewife to go to her door at the close of day and find there the robed monk with his humble begging bowl. This is so much a part of life in the East that every housewife sees to it-no matter how poor she may be-that she has food to spare for the mendicant monk who depends upon her generosity. It is considered an honour indeed to the house that a monk should call for sustenance. But contrary to common belief in the West, a monk is not just a parasite or beggar, he is not a shiftless man who is afraid to work and so lives on the bounty of others. Do you know what it is like, these evening scenes in the East?

Let us assume that we are looking down in the East upon some country such as India where this process of giving to the monks is common indeed, as it was in China and Tibet before the Communists seized power. We are, then, looking down on a village in India. The evening shadows are falling and lengthening across the ground. The light is taking on a bluish-purplish tinge, the leaves of the baobab trees are rustling slightly as the night winds come along from the Himalayas. Softly along the dusty road comes a monk dressed in tattered robes, carrying with him all that he possesses in the world. He has his robe, with sandals upon his feet, in his hand he carries his rosary. Slung across his shoulder he has his blanket which serves him as his bed. Other small possessions are tucked into his robe. In his right hand he has a staff, not to defend himself against animals or humans, but that he may push aside brambles and branches which otherwise would impede his

progress; he uses it, too, to test the depths of a river before he attempts to ford it.

He approaches a house, as he does so he fumbles in the breast of his robe and produces his well-worn, shiny bowl, a wooden bowl which is aged and worn smooth with use. As he approaches the house the door is suddenly opened and a woman stands respectfully at the entrance with a dish of food in her hands. Modestly she looks down-not gazing at the monk-for that would be an impertinence, she looks down to show that she is modest, demure, and of a good name. The monk walks up to her and holds his bowl with two hands. Of course, in the East one always holds a bowl or a cup with two hands because to hold it with one hand only would "show disrespect" to the food, food is precious therefore it is worthy of the attention of two hands. So-the monk. holds his bowl steady with two hands. The woman puts in a generous supply of food, and then turns away, no word is exchanged, no glance is given, for to feed a monk is an honour not a burden, to feed a monk is to pay to some small extent the debt which all lay people feel toward those who are in Holy Orders.

The woman of the house feels that she and her house have been paid respect that this, a Holy Man, has called at her door, she feels that tribute has been paid to her cooking, she wonders if some other monk may perhaps have said some kind words about the food which she has provided and this has sent another monk to her door. In other houses women may be looking rather jealously out from their curtained windows, wondering why they have not been chosen for the monk's visit.

With his bowl filled, the monk slowly turns away still holding the receptacle with two hands, and moves across the road again to the shelter of some friendly tree. There he will sit, as he has sat for most of the day, and have his evening meal, the only meal of the day. Monks do not overeat, they live frugally and have just enough to maintain their strength and their health, but they do not have sufficient to make them become gluttonous. Too much food clogs the spiritual development, too rich food or fried foods impair the physical health, and, if one is to develop spiritually, one should live as the monks live, eat enough but no more, eat plainly that the body may be fed but do not eat richly so that the mind is satiated and the spirit locked in the case of clay.

It should be explained that the monk who has had this food does not necessarily feel overcome with gratitude. Through time

immemorial a Way of Life has arisen in the East; a monk is fed as a right, he is not a beggar, not a burden, he is not a shiftless man nor a parasite.

During the day, before the evening meal, the monk will have been sitting for hours beneath a tree, available to all who comes his way, available to all who need his services. Those who need spiritual solace will have come to him for help, as will those who have relations who are ill, or even those who want an urgent letter written. Some, too, come to see the monk, to hear if he has any news of loved ones in some far distant place, for a monk is always on the move walking from town to town, from city to city, traversing the countryside, crossing the land from border to border. And the monk gives his services free, no matter what is wanted of him, no matter how long the service demanded takes, it is free. He is a Holy Man and an educated man; he knows that many of the villagers who need him and the help that he willingly proffers, cannot pay him, they are too poor, wherefore it is right and just that as he has had to study for his knowledge, and as he brings spiritual consolation to people, he has not the time nor the right to work manually and earn a living. Therefore it becomes the duty, the privilege and the honour that those whom he has assisted shall in their turn assist him and pay to some small extent with the food which he has to keep body and soul together.

After his meal the monk will rest awhile, and then, rising to his feet and cleaning his bowl with fine sand, he will pick up his staff and stride off into the night often travelling beneath the light of a brilliant tropical moon. The monk travels far and fast, and sleeps little. He is a man respected throughout the Buddhist countries. We, too, should be willing to give in order that we may receive. In the days of long ago it was a divine law that all men should give a tenth of their possessions that good may thereby be wrought. This "tenth" became known as a "tithe," and soon it became an integral part of life. In England, for example, the churches could levy a tithe on all property, on everything that a person possessed. This money was devoted to the upkeep of the church and provided the stipend of the incumbents of a living. It is interesting to note that some ten years ago in England there were a number of law cases where hereditary landlords made a great commotion in the law courts of the land in order that the tithes imposed by the Church of England should be set aside. The hereditary landlords were complaining that having to pay a tenth of their income was

ruining them. Actually, they were being ruined by not giving willingly, for unless one gives willingly it is better not to give at all.

Nowadays standards are rather different from what they were years ago. No longer do people live on tithes nor do they pay tithes, and that is a pity. It is essential that if one is going to progress spiritually one shall “tithe” for the good of others—and especially as “for the good of others” brings much good to oneself. In short, we can only progress and be helped if we help others.

We are aware of a number of very hard-headed business men of no great spiritual leaning who willingly give a tenth of their income for the good of others—and, more especially, for their own good. They do it not because they are religious, they do it because hard commercial experience and the facts of account books have taught them that in thus “casting their bread upon the waters” it comes back to them a thousandfold!

Moneylenders—who in some parts of the world are referred to as “financial corporations”—are not always noted for spirituality nor for generosity, and it seems to us that if even one of these money-lender-financier gentlemen has sufficient faith in “tithing” then there must indeed be something very profitable in the scheme, and we know that many many hard-headed business men do just this.

The occult laws apply to the unspiritual as much as they do to the spiritual. It does not matter if a person studies a lot and reads a lot of spiritual books, that does not make a person spiritual. He might be just reading and deluding himself into thinking he is spiritual. The matter which he is reading may pass straight through his eyes and vanish into thin air without having once impinged upon the memory cells of his brain, yet this person will refer to himself as a “great soul” and really believe that his is making progress. Actually, he is usually very self righteous and very unwilling to help others, even though in helping others he would greatly help himself.

We repeat again that it is right and proper and profitable that a person shall give help to others. Incidentally, it is very helpful to the person who gives!

Tithe means, as we have said, a tenth. It also means a Way of Life because if one gives one also receives. We have in mind as we write a person who was given much help, much assistance; help and assistance which cost money, time, and specialized knowledge. As fast as one trouble was cleared up for that person other troubles

descended like a flock of starlings in a newly seeded field. We said “In order to receive you must first give.” The person was most offended, and gave us to understand that he was most generous and did everything possible to help others as the local newspapers would attest. Our contention is that if a person has to have ‘good deeds’ reported in the local newspapers, then that person is not giving in the correct way.

There are many ways in which we can give. We can, in addition to devoting a tenth of our income to good work, help others in their spiritual needs, or help them by the necessary consolation when they fall upon evil times. In giving to others we give unto ourselves. Just as a business must have a good turn-over in order that business may prosper, so must we have a good turn-over of giving in order that we may receive.

We must give to help others, we must give in order that we may be helped.

It is useless to pray that something be given to you unless you first show that you are worthy by giving to those who need it. Practice it, practice giving, decide how much you can give, what you can give, and how, and having worked out how and why and when, put it into practice, try it for three months. You will find that at the end of three months you are in pocket either spiritually or financially, or both.

Will you study this, and study it again, and remember “Give that ye may receive,” “Cast your bread upon the waters.”

## LESSON FIFTEEN

It is an old custom throughout the world to store one's "loved treasures" in the attic—"treasures" which one holds onto for "old times' sake." Often they will lie half forgotten in the attic until—probably when one is searching for something else—one goes up those usually difficult stairs and prowls about in the dusty, musty cobweb-laden semi-darkness.

Here is the old dressmaker's dummy reminding one irresistibly of the passage of years, for a dress made on that would no longer fit! There may be a case, or more than a case, of old letters. What are they—tied with blue ribbon? Or pink? As one looks about one comes across things which one had almost forgotten, things which revive affectionate memories and revive memories of sad times too.

Do YOU often prowl about in your attic? It is worth a visit every so often, for some useful things are stored in attics, things which bring back one's memories; things which add up to one's general knowledge. Problems which confronted us in days gone by may have been swept aside effortlessly by new-found knowledge; by experiences gained—lessons learned—through the passage of the years.

But in this particular Lesson we are not going to ask you to go into YOUR attic; we are going to suggest that you come with us, follow us up the winding wooden stairs with the old handrail at the side, go up those creaking wooden stairs which makes one feel that they are going to break through at any moment, but they never do. Come with us into OUR attic, browse around, for this Lesson and the one after will be in the rooms of our "attic." In it we have all sorts of little pieces of information which may not necessarily fit into a separate lesson, but they will be of undoubted interest to you and value. So think about our attic, read on and see how much of this applies to you, how much of it clears up little doubts, little uncertainties which may have nagged at your mind or plagued you for some time.

We browsed about quite a bit while we were preparing this

Lesson, we poked around in various odd corners, upsetting quite a few theories and raising a lot of dust! We concentrated on the people who concentrate too much. You can work too hard, you know. We are quite aware of the old saying "A man was never killed by too much hard work," but we maintain that if one works too hard at concentrating, then one travels backwards. In our work we frequently get letters from students who say "But I try so hard, I concentrate and concentrate, and all I get is a headache. I do not get any of the phenomena that you mention!" Yes, that is a little "treasure" that we may stop awhile and examine:— One can often try too hard. It is a quirk of humanity, or, possibly more accurately, a fault of the human brain that if one tries too hard one makes no progress whatsoever, in fact, in trying too hard one sets up what can only be termed as "a negative feed-back." We all know the stodgy fellow who really plods on through life always trying and trying, and trying far harder than anyone else would but he never gets anywhere, he is always in a state of confusion, of uncertainty. Again, when we overtax our brains we generate an excess charge of electricity that actually inhibits further thought!

You may not be an electronics engineer, but if electronics and electricity were used in the study of human brains, then those studies would be greatly facilitated. The human brain has much in common with electronics. Do you know, for instance, how the ordinary radio tube works? There is a filament which is heated by a battery or from the mains. That filament, being heated, gives off electrons in a completely uncontrolled manner. The electrons flow off, they stream off like a maddened crowd going to a football match. If these electrons are allowed to roam without being controlled in any way, then they are quite useless in radio or electronics. In a tube we have a glass envelope. The filament is in the envelope and as it gets hot the electrons are radiated everywhere, but that is useless; we want those electrons to be collected on what is known as a "plate" which is in close proximity to the filament. As things are, if there was only the filament and the plate the process of collecting the electrons would be wild, uncontrollable, there would be distortion of a radio program or whatever it was we were trying to receive. Engineers found that if they interposed what they termed "a grid" between the filament and the plate, and they introduced on to the grid a negative current, then they could control the flow of electrons between filament and plate. So this grid, which is indeed a grid-it is often a wire mesh-acts as what is

known as a “grid bias.” If one applies too much grid bias, then no electrons will flow from the filament onto the plate, they are all repelled by the grid. By altering the grid bias to a suitable value the control can be as desired.

Back to our brain before you are tired of radio! When we concentrate too much, when we really “bend our brains” to a problem, we all too frequently “apply negative grid bias” which has the effect of inhibiting thought completely. So we must not try too hard, we must be sensible about it, we must at all times remember the old Chinese adage “softlee, softlee catchee monkey.” We must go about our concentration in such a manner that our brains do not become tired. Do only that which is within your capacity, take “the middle away.”

The Middle Way is an Eastern Way of Life. It means that you do not have to be too bad, but on the other hand you do not have to be too good, you have to be something in between. If you are too bad the police will get you, if you are too good, then you will be a stuffed prig or you will be unable to stay upon this Earth, because it is a fact that even Great Entities who come to this sad world of ours have to take some form of disability, some quirk of character, so that while upon Earth they are not perfect, for nothing perfect can exist upon this imperfect world.

Once again, do not try too hard, try to do a thing naturally, within reason, within your capacity. You do not have to go round offering slavish adherence to anything said by others. Use your common sense, adapt a thing or a statement to suit yourself. We might say “This is a red cloth,” but you might see it differently, to you it might be pink or orange or even a light purple, it depends upon the conditions under which you saw that cloth; your lighting may be different from our lighting, your sight may be different from ours. So do not try too hard, nor adhere too slavishly to anything. Use common sense, use the middle way, the middle way is a very very useful thing!

Try this middle way, it is the way of tolerance, the way of respecting the rights of others and of getting your own rights respected. In the East priests and others study judo and other forms of wrestling, not because the said priests are belligerent, but because in learning judo and similar forms of fighting one learns to control oneself, one learns self restraint, and above all one learns to give way in order that one may win. Take judo; in this one does not use one's own strength in order to win a battle, one

uses the opponent's strength in order that he may be defeated. Even a very small woman knowing judo can defeat a hulking great brute of a man who does not. The stronger the man, the more fiercely he attacks, the easier it is to defeat him because his own strength causes him to fall more heavily.

Let us use judo or the strength of the opposition in order to overcome our problems. Do not tire yourself or wear yourself out, think out a problem that is bothering you, do not evade the issue as do so many people. Many people are afraid to look at a problem, they skirt around the edges of the problem probing tentatively but never getting anywhere. No matter how unpleasant a subject is, no matter how guilty you may feel about a thing, get right down to the root of your problem, find out what it is that troubles you, that frightens you. Then when you have discussed with yourself every aspect of the problem SLEEP ON IT! If you "sleep on a thing" it will be passed to your Overself who has much greater understanding than you have, for the Overself is a great entity indeed compared to the human body. When your Overself, or even your sub-conscious, can examine the problem and come up with a solution they will often pass the solution into your consciousness, into your memory so that when you awaken you may exclaim with delighted amazement that now you have the answer to that which was troubling you and which, from thence on will trouble you no more.

Do you like our attic? Let us move on to another little "treasure" which is lying about collecting a bit of dust. It is time that we looked in to it, gave it an airing and let it see the light of day once again, What is in this package? Let us open it and see!

Too many people nowadays think that to be truly good is, to be truly miserable. They think most mistakenly that one has to go about with a grim, sad face if one is "religious." Such people may be afraid to smile, not necessarily because it might crack their face, but it might-which is much worse!-crack the facade of their thin veneer of religious belief ! We all know of the grim old man who is nearly afraid to smile or is afraid to take the slightest pleasure from life in case he has a miserable time roasting in hell for a moment's lapse from grace!

Religion, true religion, is a joyous thing. It promises us life beyond this Earth, it promises reward for all that we have striven for, it promises us that there is no death, nothing about which to worry, nothing of which to be afraid. There is a fear of

death ingrained in most humans. That is because if one remembered the joys of the after-life one might be tempted to end this life and go on to happiness. That would be the same as a boy escaping from the classroom and playing truant, which does not lead to progress!

Religion, if we really believe in it, promises us that when we go beyond the confines of this world we shall no longer be in the company of those who truly afflict us, we shall no longer meet those who grate upon our nerves, who sour our soul! Rejoice in religion, for if you have the true religion it is indeed a thing of joy, and a thing about which one must rejoice.

We must confess, with great sadness, that many people who study occultism or metaphysics are among the worst offenders. There is one cult-oh no, we do not give names!-who are perfectly sure that they, and they only, are the Chosen; they, and they only, will be saved to populate their own little heaven. The rest of us-poor sinning mortals no doubt—are going to be destroyed in various heartily unpleasant methods. We do not subscribe to this theory at all, we believe that so long as one BELIEVES that is all that matters. It does not matter if one believes in religion or in occultism, one must BELIEVE.

Occultism is no more mysterious or complicated than the multiplication tables or an excursion into history. It is just learning of different things, learning of things which are not of the physical. We should not go into raptures if we suddenly discovered how a nerve worked a muscle or how we could twitch a big toe, they would be just ordinary physical matters. So why should we go into raptures and think that the spirits are sitting all around us if we know how we can pass etheric energy from one person to another? Please note that we say here “etheric energy” which is good English instead of “prana” or any other Eastern terms; we prefer when writing a Course in a language to adhere to that language!

Rejoice! The more you learn about occultism and about religion the more you will be convinced of the truth of the Greater Life which lies ahead of all of us beyond the grave. When we pass the grave we merely leave our body behind us in much the same way as one can leave an old suit of clothes to be collected by the garbage man. There is nothing whatever to fear in metaphysical knowledge, nor is there anything to fear in religion, for if you have the right religion the more you learn about it the more convinced

you will be that it is THE religion. Those religions who promise hellfire and damnation if you fall off the strait and narrow path are not doing their adherents a good service. In the old days, when people were more or less savages, it was possibly permissible to wield the Big Stick and try to frighten some sense into people, but now the outlook should be different.

Any parent will agree that it is much easier to control children by kindness than by constant threats. Those parents who keep threatening to call in a policeman or the bogeyman or to sell their children are the ones who cause a neurosis in the child and, later, in the race. But those parents who can control by firmness and kindness, and have their children living in joy, they are the ones who produce good citizens. We wholeheartedly subscribe to the view that one must have kindness and discipline; discipline should never mean harshness or sadism.

Again, let us rejoice in religion, let us be the “children” of the “parents” who teach with love, with compassion, and with understanding. Let us do away with all the falseness, all the baseness of terror and punishment and eternal damnation. There is no such thing as “eternal damnation,” no one is ever discarded, there is no such thing as a person being banished from the Spirit World! Every single person can be saved no matter how bad he or she has been; no one has to be rejected. The Akashic Record, with which we shall deal later, tells us that if a person is so terribly terribly bad that nothing can be done with him for the moment he is merely delayed in his evolution, and is later given another chance to come along with “another round of existence” in much the same way as a child who played about in class, and should not pass the end of term examinations, does not move up to a higher grade with his fellows but is kept back to study the curriculum all over again.

One would not say that a child is toasted over a slow fire or tossed to hungry devils for mastication because he skipped some of his lesson work or played truant a few times. The teachers assigned to him might talk to him rather more firmly than he liked, but apart from that no harm would come to him, and if he were expelled from that particular school he would soon have to enter another or be in trouble with the truant officer! So with the humans on Earth. If you mess up this chance, don't be too disheartened, you will always get another. God is not sadistic, God is not out to destroy us but to help us. We do God a grave disservice when we

think that He is always on the lookout to tear us to pieces or toss us to the waiting devils. If we believe in God let us believe in mercy, because in believing in mercy we shall have mercy, but let us also show mercy to others!

While we are on this subject let us turn over another box, one which has been collecting a lot of dust because no one in the past seems to have been interested in this particular package. Turn it over and see what it says.

According to the Akashic Record the Jewish people are a race who, in a previous existence, could not make progress at all. They did all the things that they should not have done, and they left undone the things that they should have done. They gave themselves up to all the pleasures of the flesh, they became excessively fond of food, fat oily food so that their bodies became cloyed and clogged, and their spirits were not able to soar into the astral by nights but were instead bound by their gross fleshly envelopes. These people whom we now call "Jews" were not destroyed nor subjected to eternal damnation. Instead they were set off on a fresh round of existence in much the same way as children who play about in class may even be expelled from that school for unruly behavior, and they may set off to a fresh school and start off in a different class. So for the Jews. In the present round of existence are people who are in a round for the first time, and when they come in contact with the Jews they are puzzled, confused, and afraid. They do not understand what is different about a Jew, they sense that something is different, they sense that a Jew has some knowledge which appears to be not of the Earth, and so the man and woman in a round for the first time wonders and fears, and what a person fears that they persecute. Thus it is that the Jews, being an old old race, are persecuted because they are having to work their way through a round once again. Some people envy the Jews their knowledge, their endurance, and again, those things which are envied one tends to destroy. But we are not dealing with Jews or Gentiles, we are dealing with joy in religion; joy, pleasure, makes you learn a thing which you would not learn through terror. There are-we cannot repeat it too often!-no such things as eternal torments, there are no such things as fires which are going to singe your skin off and make you feel awfully hot about the whole affair. Examine your thinking, examine that which you have been taught and think how much more reasonable it is that you should have joy and love in your religious belief. You are not

responsible for a sadistic father who is going to beat you up or send you into perpetual darkness. Instead you are dealing with Great Spirits who have gone through all this long long before humans were ever thought of; they have been through it all, they know the answers, they know the troubles and they have compassion. So—from our attic treasure we say “Rejoice in religion,” smile about your religion, have a warm feeling about your God no matter what you call Him, for He is ever ready to send down healing waves to you if only you will get this terror, this fright, out of your system.

But now it is time for us to leave this attic of ours and to go down the stairs again, those old creaking stairs. But soon—in the next Lesson—we shall ask you to rejoin us in the “attic” once again, for, looking about, we see there are quite a number of little items lying on the floor or on the shelves around which will be of interest and, we hope, profit. May we see you in the attic in the next Lesson?

## LESSON SIXTEEN

So we meet again in our attic! We have cleaned up the place a bit and discovered a few fresh items. Some of them will perhaps shine a little ray of Light onto a doubt which you have had for some time. Look at this for a start: here is a letter which we received some time ago. It says—shall I read it to you?

“You write much about fear, you say that there is nothing to be afraid of except fear. In your answer to my question you told me that it was fear that was keeping me back, preventing me from progressing. I am not conscious of fear, I do not feel afraid, so what can the matter be?”

Yes, that is quite an interesting problem! Fear—fear is the only thing that can hold one back. Shall we have a look at it? Sit down a moment, let us discuss this problem of fear.

All of us have certain fears. Some people are afraid of the dark, others are afraid of spiders or of snakes, and some of us may be aware of our fears, that is, we have fears which are in our consciousness. But—wait a moment!—our consciousness is only a tenth of us, nine tenths of us are sub-conscious, so what happens if the fear is in our sub-conscious?

Often we will do things under some hidden compulsion, or we will refrain from doing something because of a hidden compulsion. We do not know why we do a certain thing, we do not know why we cannot do a certain thing. There is nothing on the surface, there is nothing that we can “pin down.” We act irrationally and if we went to a psychologist and we lay on that couch for long, long hours, at last it may be dragged out of our sub-conscious that we had a fear because of something that happened when we were small babies. The fear would be hidden, hidden from our awareness, working at us, nagging at us from our subconscious, it would be like termites attacking a wooden framed building. The building to all cursory inspections would appear to be sound, flawless, and then, almost overnight, it would collapse under the influence of those termites. The same happens in the matter of fear. Fear does not have to be conscious to be active, it is most active when it is

sub-conscious because then we do not know that it is there, and, not knowing that it is there, there is nothing we can do about it.

Throughout the lifetime of all of us we have been subjected to certain conditioning influences. A person who has been brought up as a Christian will have been taught that certain things are “not done,” certain things are distinctly forbidden. Yet people of a different religion, brought up differently, are permitted to do such things. So in looking into the question of fear we have to examine what has been our racial and family background.

Are you afraid of seeing a ghost? Why? If Aunt Matilda was kindhearted and generous, and loved you dearly during her lifetime there is no reason whatever to suppose that she is going to love you less when she has left this life and has gone on to a far better stage of existence. So why fear the ghost of Aunt Matilda? We fear the ghost because it is something alien to many of us, we fear a ghost because it may have been taught in our religion that there are no such things, and that one cannot see a ghost unless one is a saint or an associate of saints, or something. We fear that which we do not understand, and it is worth thought that if there were no passports, no language difficulties, there would be less wars because we are afraid of the Russians, or the Turks, or the Afghans, or something else because we do not understand them, we do not know what “makes them tick,” or what they are going to do against us.

Fear is a terrible thing, it is a disease, it is a scourge, it is a thing that corrodes our intellect. If we have certain reservations about a thing, then we must dig down and find out why. For instance, why do certain religions teach that there is no such thing as reincarnation? One obvious example is this; in the days of long ago the priests had utter power and they ruled people by terror, by the thought of eternal damnation. Everyone was taught that they had to make the best of this life because there would be no other opportunity. It was known that if people were taught of reincarnation they might tend to slack in this life and pay for it in the next. In connection with this, it used to be perfectly permissible in the China of long ago to contract a debt in this life to be paid in the next! It is also worth remarking that China became decadent because the people believed so much in reincarnation that they did not bother much in this life, instead they just sat around taking their canaries out in cages under the trees at night, and deciding that they would make up for it in the next life, this one would be

more or less of a vacation! Well it did not work that way, and so the whole Chinese culture became decadent.

Once again, examine yourself, your intellect, your imagination. Give yourself “deep analysis” and find out what it is that your sub-conscious is trying to bottle up, what it is that is making you so afraid, so worried, so “jittery” about certain things. When you dig that out you will find that there are no more fears. It is fear which stops people from doing astral travelling. Actually as we well know, astral travelling is remarkably simple, there is no effort to it, it is as simple as breathing and yet most people fear it. Sleep is almost death, sleep is a reminder of death, a reminder that eventually we shall go off into a deep sleep, and we wonder what will happen to us when death, instead of sleep, claims us. We wonder if during our sleep someone will sever our Silver Cord and we will be off. That cannot happen, there is no danger in astral travelling, there is only danger in fear, in fear that you know and more danger in fear that you do not know. We suggest again, and again, get down to this problem of fear. That which you know and understand is not fearsome, so get to know and understand what it is that you now fear.

We devoted a lot of time to that little incident, did we not? We must move on, for there is much yet to engage our attention, much yet to be dealt with before we can draw the curtains on this Lesson and move on to the next. Look about you, look about in our attic. Does anything in particular attract your attention? Do you see that ornament over there? OUT OF THIS WORLD, isn't it? Oh! We may have started something with that saying!

“Out of this world!” There are many sayings in common use which are truly descriptive of things. A man might say that he has seen something so beautiful that it was “right out of this world.” How true that is! When we get beyond the confines of this carbon molecule existence, with all its pains and trials and tribulations, we can hear sounds and see colours and have experiences which are, quite literally, “out of this world.” Here are we confined in the cave of our own ignorance, we are confined by the bonds of our own lusts, our own wrong thoughts. So many of us are so busy “trying to keep up with the Jones’s” that we have no time to look about us. We have the mundane whirl of existence, we have to earn our living, then there are social obligations. After that we have a certain amount of sleep, so it seems that all our life is planned in one whirl, one mad rush, there is never time for any-

thing. But-wait a minute-is there any need for all this rush? Can we not arrange somehow to have even as little as half an hour each day, and devote it to meditation? If we will meditate we can get right out of this world. We can, with a little practice, get into the astral and into the next world. The experience is exhilarating, elevating. When we elevate our spiritual thinking we increase our rate of vibration, and the higher we can perceive on our “piano scale”—do you remember that scale?—the more beautiful the experiences which we may undergo.

“Out of this world” should be our objective, of course. We want to get out of this world when we have learned our lessons, but not before. Look again at our classroom experiences. Many of us may have been heartily sick of staying in a stuffy classroom on a warm summer's day listening to the droning voice of a teacher churning out stuff which really had no interest for us. Who wanted to know about the rise and fall of a certain Empire? We felt we should be much better off out in the open, we desired above all things to get away from that classroom, that hot and stuffy room with the dull voice droning on. But we could not do so, if we had just run out there would have been sure retribution from the teachers, if we had skipped our lessons we should have failed our examinations and instead of passing on to another grade we should have been kept back in that same monotonous classroom with another lot of students who would look upon us as curiosities and dunces because we had “failed to make the grade.”

Let us not, then, get “out of this world” permanently until we have learned that which we came to learn. We can look forward confidently to joys, to ease and to spiritual perfection when we leave this world for that which is so much more glorious. We should always keep in mind that we are here as one serving a prison sentence under particularly doleful conditions. We cannot see how dreadful this Earth is while we are here, but if you could move out now and look down you would have quite a shock, you would be most unwilling to return. That is why so many of us cannot do astral travelling because, unless one is prepared, it is indeed an unpleasant experience to return, all the joy is the other side. Those of us who do astral travelling look forward to the days of our release, but we also make sure that while we are in “our prison cell” we behave as best we may, for if we do not behave we lose our “remission time.”

So-let us do the best we can upon Earth so that when we come

to pass from this life we are prepared and ready for the greater things of the life beyond. It is worth the small effort involved in living here.

We seem to be very busy in our attic, shifting items, knocking the dust off some which have been sorted for a long time, but let us move on to the other side of this room, let us look at another little item-

Many people think that “seers” are always looking at one's aura, always reading one's thoughts. How wrong they are! A person with telepathic ability, or the power of clairvoyance, is not always reading thoughts or examining the aura of friends or enemies. Some of the things we should see would be far too unpleasant, far too unflattering. Some of them would indeed burst the balloon of our own imagined importance! There is too much else to do. We have in mind a certain person who sometimes visits us; she will start a sentence and utter three or four words, and then trail off with “but I don't have to tell you anything, do I? You know everything by just looking at me, don't you?” That is not so! We could “know everything,” but it would be morally wrong to do so. Have no fear about seers, occultists, clairvoyants, and others, for if they are of good morals they will not be peering at your private affairs even with your invitation. If they are not of good morals they cannot do it anyway! We want to tell you here that the back street “seer” who tells your fortune for a trifle has no real “seeing” ability. She is usually a poor old woman who cannot make money in any other way. Probably at some time she had clairvoyant abilities, but you cannot do such things on a commercial basis, you cannot tell a person clairvoyantly things about themselves for money because the mere fact of the passing of money causes the telepathic ability to wane. And the back street seer cannot always “see,” yet, if she has taken money, then she must put on some sort of a show. Being quite a good untrained psychologist she will let you do the talking, and will then tell you the things that you told her, and you, being deluded by the term “seer,” will exclaim with wonder at how accurately she has told you what you want to know!

Have no fear that clairvoyants are looking at your affairs; would you be happy if you thought that you were busy in your own home, writing a letter maybe, and someone came into your room, peered over your shoulder and read what you were writing? Would you like that person to go through your possessions picking up

this and reading that, and getting to know all about you, getting to know all that you had, all that you thought about? Would you like to think that a person was tuning-in all the time to any telephone conversation that you had? Of course you would not! Let us say once again that a person of good character does not read your thoughts all the time, and a person of bad character quite definitely has not the ability! That is a law of the occult; a person of bad character is not clairvoyant. You might hear a lot of tales about a person who sees this and that and something else. Discount nine hundred and ninety nine percent of it!

A clairvoyant will always wait for you to tell him or her what you want to discuss. The clairvoyant will not intrude into the privacy of your thoughts or of your aura, not even if you invite that clairvoyant to do so. There are certain laws of occultism which must be adhered to most rigidly, for if one breaks those laws one can be punished in much the same way as one can be punished if one breaks a man-made law on Earth. Tell the clairvoyant what you want to tell—he or she will know if you are telling the truth. We will go so far as to admit that! Tell the clairvoyant whatever you want to, but make sure that if you do you tell the truth, otherwise you are deluding yourself only and not in any way deluding the clairvoyant !

So—remember once again, a good “seer” will not “read your thoughts” and a bad one CANNOT!

Now here is another little item which we might look at. It is this; so you don't get on with your marriage partner? Well, that may be the “obstacle” which you have to overcome on Earth. Let us put it this way; horses are entered in races, and if one horse wins consistently, and apparently has no great effort in so doing that horse is handicapped. You can look upon yourself as a horse! You may have gone too quickly, too easily through your last “lessons,” in that case you may be handicapped with a partner who is not suitable for you. Make the best of it while you can, remembering that if your partner is really incompatible with you, then you will never, never come into contact with him or her in the life beyond this Earth. If a man picks up a screwdriver or a hammer that is just a tool which suits the need of a job at hand. The partner can be looked upon as a tool which enables one to do a certain job, to learn a certain lesson. A man may become attached to a screwdriver or a hammer, may become attached to it because it enables him to do a job that he has to do. But you may be sure that a man

will not be so attached to his hammer or his screwdriver that he will want to take it with him “to the other side.”

There is so much said and written about the “glory of humanity,” but we are going to say that humans are not the greatest form of life. Humans on Earth, for example, are truly a rather scruffy lot, sadistic, selfish and self-seeking. If they were not they would not be upon this Earth, because people come to this Earth in order that they may learn how to overcome just those things. Humans are greater indeed when they get beyond life. But let us again make sure that we understand that if we have an unsuitable marriage partner here, or unsuitable parents, it may be because WE planned that as something which we would have to overcome. A person may have a vaccination or inoculation, they may, for instance, deliberately take a dose of smallpox (by way of inoculation) in order that they may be protected from a more severe and, perhaps fatal dose later on. So it is that our marriage partner or our parents may have been chosen in order that we could learn certain lessons from associating with them. But—we do not have to meet them again after we have finished this life, in fact, we cannot meet them if they are incompatible with us, for, we must repeat, when we are on the other side of death we are living in harmony, and if people are not in harmony with us they cannot associate with us. Many of us can indeed take comfort from that!

But the shadows of night are closing in, the day is coming to an end. We feel that we should not detain you any longer for you will have much to do before the night falls. Let us leave the attic and close the door gently behind us, close the door upon all the “treasures” contained therein. Let us descend those aged creaking stairs again, and go our separate ways in peace.

## LESSON SEVENTEEN

Have you ever had a person walk up to you bubbling with excitement and then, almost grasping your jacket, burst out, “Oh! my DEAR! I had a most TERRIBLE experience last night; I dreamed that I was walking down the street without a single stitch of clothing on. I was MOST embarrassed!” This has happened in various forms and various versions to many people. One may have had a “dream” in which one was suddenly transported to a drawing room full of elegantly dressed people, and then discovered that one has omitted to put on one's clothing. Or you may have had a dream yourself in which you found yourself standing on some street corner again either in some outlandish garb, or without any garb whatsoever. That can be, you know, that can have been an actual astral experience. Those of us who can see people doing astral travelling have some amazing and amusing encounters. But this Course is not a discourse on witticisms, but instead it is designed to help you on what is, after all, a perfectly normal occurrence.

Let us devote this particular Lesson to dreams, because dreams in one form or another happen to anybody, to everybody. From time immemorial dreams have been looked upon as omens or signs or portents, and there are even those who purport to tell fortunes by one's dreams? Others consider that dreams are just figments of the imagination when the mind is temporarily divorced from controlling the body during the process of sleep. This is quite correct, but let us get down to this dream business—

As we have discussed in previous Lessons, we consist of at least two bodies. We are going to deal with two bodies only, the physical and the immediate astral, but of course there are many more bodies. When we go to sleep our astral body gradually separates from the physical body and drifts up from the reclining physical. With the separation of the two bodies the mind is indeed separated.

In the physical body there is all the mechanism in much the same way as one can have a broadcasting station, but when the announcer goes off then there is no one left to send messages. The astral body, now floating above the physical, ruminates for some

moments deciding where to go and what to do. As soon as a derision has been reached the astral body tilts feet foremost and settles down usually at the end of the bed. Then like a bird leaving a twig, the body gives a little leap upwards and is gone, soaring away at the end of the Silver Cord.

Most people, in the West particularly, are not aware of the actual occurrences of their astral travelling, they are not aware of any particular incident, but when they return they may have a warm feeling of friendship, or they may say, "Oh, I dreamed of so-and-so last night, he DID look well!" In all probability the person actually did visit "so-and-so," or whoever it was, because such travel is one of the simplest and most frequently undertaken; for some peculiar reason we always seem to gravitate to old haunts, we seem to like to go places where we have visited before, in fact the police have a statement to the effect that criminals always return to the scene of their crimes!

There is nothing at all remarkable in us visiting friends because we all leave the physical body, we all do astral journeying and we must go somewhere. Until one is "educated" to the subject one does not roam in astral realms, but instead clings tenaciously to known places on the surface of the Earth. People who have not been taught about astral travelling may visit friends overseas, or a person with a very great desire to see some particular shop or location will go and see the shop or location, but upon their return to the flesh and to awakesness they think—if they think at all!—that they have had a dream.

Do you know why you dream? We all have experiences which are excursions into reality. Our "dreams" are as real as a journey from England to New York by plane or ship, or from Aden to Accra by similar means, yet we term them "dreams." Before delving further into the subjects of dreams let us remind one that since the Convention of Constantinople in the Year 60, when the leaders of the Christian Church decided what was to be embodied in "Christianity," much of the teachings of the Great Masters have been distorted or suppressed. We could add some very pungent comments on all this from information which we have obtained from the Akashic Record, but our purpose in preparing this Course is to help people to know themselves, not to tread on anyone's corns no matter how fallacious those "corns" of belief may be! Let us content ourselves with stating that in the Western hemisphere for several centuries past people quite definitely have not been

taught anything about astral travelling because it does not fall into any portion of organized religion. Incidentally, let us remind you that we say here “organized religion”!

Again, in the Western hemisphere most people do not believe in fairies nor in Nature Spirits, and children who see fairies and Nature Spirits, and who undoubtedly play with such entities, are laughed at or scolded by adults who really should know better, for in this, as in many other cases, the child is far cleverer and far more awake than is the adult. Even the Christian Bible states that “Unless ye be as a little child you cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.” We could state this differently and say, “If you have the belief of a child uncontaminated by adult disbelief you can go anywhere at any time.”

Children, being scoffed at, learn to disguise what they really see. Unfortunately they soon lose the ability to see other entities because of this need of concealing their real abilities. It is much the same in the case of dreams. People have experiences when their physical body is asleep, for of course the astral body never sleeps, and when the latter returns to the former there may be a conflict between the two; the astral knows the truth and the physical is contaminated and clogged by preconceived notions inculcated from childhood up to adulthood. Through conditioning adults will not face up to the truth, so there arises a conflict; the astral body has been off and done things, experienced things, seen things, but the physical must not believe in this because the whole teaching of Western people is to disbelieve anything that cannot be held in the two hands and pulled to pieces to see how it works. Westerners want proof, more proof, and still more proof, and all the time they try to prove that the proof is wrong. Thus we have the conflict between the physical and the astral, and that leads to a need for rationalization. In this case the dreams-so-called-are rationalised into some sort of experience, frequently with the weirdest results imaginable!

Let us go into it again; we could have all sorts of unusual experiences when astral travelling. Our astral body would like us to wake up with a clear memory of all these experiences, but again, the physical body cannot permit it so there is a conflict between the two bodies, and some truly amazingly distorted pictures come back into our memories, things which could not possibly happen. Whenever anything happens in the astral which is contrary to the physical laws of the physical Earth there is conflict, and so fantasy

sets in and we get nightmares or the most unusual happenings which one can imagine. In the astral state one can levitate, float upwards, travel anywhere and see anyone, and visit any of the centres of the world. In the physical it is not possible to move across the rooftop, and thus it is, we repeat, that in the conflict between the physical body and the astral body there are such extremely distorted renderings of our astral travelling experiences which really nullify any benefit which is trying to be sent down by the astral. We get so-called dreams which do not make sense to us, we dream all sorts of rubbish, or so we say when we are in the physical, but the things which are rubbish in the physical are commonplace in the astral.

Let us return to our original remarks about walking down the street without a stitch of clothing on. Quite a number of people have had this highly embarrassing experience apparently in a dream, but, of course, it is not a dream at all! It arises from the fact that when one goes astral travelling one may forget all about wearing astral clothes! If a person does not “imagine” the necessary covering then we have the spectacle of someone travelling in the astral completely nude. Many times a person will leave the great excitement at having got free of the cloying flesh. Getting out of the body was the prime achievement leaving no opportunity for thinking about other things.

The natural body, we must remind you, is a body without clothing for clothing is a purely man-made convention which has no point in reality. We might digress here for a moment to tell you something else which possibly will intrigue you.

In the days of long ago man and woman could see the astral of each other. Thoughts then were plain to all; one's motives were absolutely open, and, we tell you again, that the colours of the aura flare most vividly and most strongly around those areas which people now keep covered! Mankind, and especially woman-kind, keeps certain areas covered because they do not want others to read their thoughts and their motives which may not be always desirable. But this, as we said, is quite a digression and has little bearing on dreams, it is a point, though, which may cause you to ponder on clothing.

When one is doing astral travelling one usually “imagines” the type of clothing which one would normally wear in the daytime.

If this “imagining” is omitted a clairvoyant receiving an astral visitor may receive that person and find that he or she has not a stitch of clothing on. We have had people call on us in the astral and they were wearing either nothing or perhaps a pajama jacket, or some other quite “out of this world” garment which defies description and possibly would not be found in any lingerie catalogue of the present day. It is a fact also that people who are over-clothes-conscious will often imagine themselves-dream themselves up-clothing which they would not at all wear when in the physical body. But all this does not matter, because we again state that clothing is merely a convention of humanity and we do not suppose that when we got to heaven we shall be wearing clothing such as there is upon this Earth.

Dreams, then, are a rationalization of actual living events which occur in the astral world, and as we have previously stated, when one is in the astral one sees with a far greater range of colors and with far, far greater clarity. Everything is brighter, everything is “larger than life,” one can see the most minute details, the colours are of a range far surpassing anything that can be upon this Earth. Let us give an example here.

We wandered out in our astral form far across the land and over the sea to a distant country. The day was brilliant with a vivid blue sky, and the sea beneath us had gentle white topped waves flicking up at us, but, of course, not touching us. We sank down upon a golden sand and stopped to examine the wondrous diamond-like structure. Every point of sand glittered like gems in the sunlight. We moved along gently over waving fronds of seaweed, we were amazed at the delicate browns and greens and the air bladders which seemed to be turning golden-pink. To our right was a rock of greenish tinge, it looked for a moment as if of the purest jade. We could see part way through the outer surface, we could see the veins and the striations, and we could see also some minute fossil-like creatures which had been embedded in the rock millions of years before. As we moved around we looked about us with eyes that seemed to be new, with eyes that saw as never before. We could see what appeared to be transparent globes of colour floating in the atmosphere, globes which were indeed the living force of the air. The colours were marvelous, intense, varying and our acuity of vision was such that we could see as far away as the curvature of the Earth would permit without causing us to lose any detail whatsoever.

Upon this poor old Earth of ours, while encased in flesh, we are comparatively blind, we have a limited range of colours and a poor perception of the shades of colours. We suffer from myopia, astigmatism, and other defects which make it impossible for us to see things as they really are. Here we are almost bereft of senses and perceptions, we are poor things indeed upon this Earth encased as we are in a sheath of clay, loaded down with lusts and grudges and clogged with the wrong type of food, but when we get out into the free world of the astral we can see-see with the greatest clarity-see colours such as we never saw upon the Earth itself.

If you have a “dream” in which you see with startling clarity, and in which you are delighted by the amazing array of colours, then you can know that you have not had an ordinary common dream, but are rationalizing a genuine astral travelling experience.

There is another matter which prevents many people from remembering their pleasures in the astral. It is this: When one is in the astral one is vibrating at a far, far higher rate than when one is encased in the body. It is an easy matter when leaving the body, because the difference in vibrations matters not at all when one is going “out,” the obstacles occur when we return to our body, and if we know what those obstacles are now we can consciously dwell upon them and help astral and physical vehicles to reach some sort of arrangement.

Let us imagine that we are in the astral, our flesh body is below us. It is vibrating at a certain speed, “ticking over” almost, while the astral body is a-quiver with life, with vitality, for you are not bogged down with illness or with suffering in the astral! Perhaps it will help us if we put things in terms of the Earth. Let us consider that we are dealing with the problems of a person in a bus; the bus is travelling at, maybe, twenty or thirty miles an hour, and the passenger urgently desires to leave the bus, which, unfortunately, cannot be stopped. So the problem is that the passenger has to jump off the bus in such a manner that he alights in the roadway without hurting himself in any way at all. If he is careless he gets badly damaged, but if he knows how, it can be done easily for one often sees bus personnel doing it. We have to learn by experience how to get off the bus when the vehicle is moving, we also have to learn how to get into the body when the speeds of the two vehicles are different!

When we return from astral travelling experiences our problem

is to get into the body. Again, we are vibrating in the astral at a much higher rate than we are in the physical, and as we cannot slow down the one nor speed up the other more than a very very limited amount, we have to wait until we can “synchronize a harmonic” between the two. With practice we can do that, we can slightly speed up the physical body and slightly slow down the astral body so that while they are still at widely dissimilar vibrations, there is a fundamental harmonic—a compatibility of vibration—between the two, and that enables us to “get in” safely. It is a matter of practice, instinctive, racial-memory practice, and when we can do that we can get all our memories intact.

Do you find this difficult to realize? Then let us imagine that your astral body is a phonograph pick-up. Your physical body is a phonograph record turning at—what speed shall we say?—48 r.p.m.? Our problem is to put the needle onto the rotating record so that we hit upon one particular word or one particular musical note. If you think of the difficulties of putting this phonograph pick-up in contact with the record so that the previously determined word or musical note is chosen, then you will appreciate how difficult it is (without practice) to come back from the astral with memories intact.

If we are clumsy or unpracticed, and we come back without being “in synchronization” we awaken feeling thoroughly “out of sorts,” we feel cross with everything; we have migraine, possibly we feel sick and bilious. That is because the two sets of vibration were united with a clash just as one can get disharmony and a very definite clash if one changes gear in a car in a clumsy manner. If we come back at the wrong rate of vibration we may find that the astral body does not fit exactly into the physical body, it may be tilted to one side or the other and the result is thoroughly depressing. If we are so unfortunate as to do this the only cure is to go to sleep again or rest as quietly as possible, not moving, not thinking if one can manage it, keeping quite still and trying to get the astral body free from the physical once more. The astral body will drift up and lift a few feet above the physical body, and then, if we allow it, it will sink down and come back into the physical body in perfect alignment. We shall not feel sick or depressed any more. It only takes practice and perhaps ten minutes of your time. It is better to give this ten minutes and feel well, than jump up all in a rush and feel that you would be happy to die on the spot, because you cannot and will not feel better until you have

been to sleep again and allowed your two vehicles to come completely into alignment.

Sometimes one comes back to awareness in the morning with memories of a very peculiar dream indeed. Possibly it may be of some historical occurrences, or it may be quite literally something “out of this world.” In that case it may well be that for some specific reason connected with your training you have been able to contact the Akashic Record (we shall deal with that in a later Lesson), that you could see what happened in the past, or, more rarely, what will probably happen in the future. Great seers who make prophecies can often move the future and see probabilities, not actualities, for they have not happened, but probabilities can be known and foretold. You will see from this that, the more one can cultivate a memory of what occurs in the astral, the more benefits one can derive because there is no point in learning something with much toil and trouble if one is going to forget all about it within the next few minutes.

It frequently happens that one awakens in the morning thoroughly bad tempered, thoroughly hating the world, and all that is within it. It takes one many, many hours to recover from this really black and gloomy mood. There are a number of reasons for this particular attitude; one is that in the astral state one can do pleasant things, go to pleasant places and see happy people. Normally one goes into the astral as a form of recreation for the astral body while the physical body sleeps and recuperates. In the astral one has a feeling of freedom, an utter lack of restriction and constriction, the feeling is truly wonderful. And then comes the call back into the flesh to start another day of what? Suffering? Hard work? Whatever it is it is usually unhappy. And so having come back, having been torn away from the pleasures of the astral one is truly unhappy and bad tempered on awakening.

Another reason, and not such a pleasant one, is that when we are on Earth we are as children in a classroom learning, or trying to learn, the lessons which we ourselves planned to learn before coming to the Earth. When we go to sleep it is so that the astral body can “leave school” and go home at the end of the day in just the same way as children return to their homes at the end of the day. Many times, though, a person who is self satisfied and complacent upon the Earth, thinking that he or she is a very important person, will go to sleep and then awaken in the morning in a thoroughly bad mood. This is usually because that person has

seen in the astral that he is making a shocking mess of his life on the physical Earth, that all the smugness and all the complacency is not really getting him anywhere. It does not at all follow that because a person has a load of money and acres of property that he is doing a good job. We come to Earth to learn specific things just as a person going to a school or college learns to do specific things. It would be quite useless, to give you an example, for a college student to enroll for a course leading to a doctor of divinity degree and then for no explainable reason find that he was going to collect all the trash, all the garbage, from some local town! Too many people will think that they are doing extraordinarily well because they are amassing money by swindling other people, by overcharging, by generally profiteering and giving “bad deals.” Those people who are “class conscious” or the *nouveau riche* are not really proving anything except that they are making a resounding failure of their life upon Earth. There is a time when everyone has to face up to reality, and reality is not upon this Earth, for this is the World of Illusion wherein all values are wrong, where for purposes of tuition one believes that money and temporal power and position are all that matters. Nothing could be further from the case than this, for the mendicant monks of India and elsewhere are of more spiritual value to the future life than the high-powered financier who lends out money at exorbitant interest to poor people who are hard-pressed and really suffering. These financiers (really they are money-lenders!) really wreck the homes and the futures of those who are so unfortunate as to fall behind with one of the extortionate payments.

Let one of these high-powered financiers and others of their ilk go to sleep, and assume that for some particular reason they can get free from the flesh and get far enough to see what sort of a mess they are making. THEN they come back with a perfectly shocking memory, they come back with an awareness of what they really are and with a determination that they will “turn over a new leaf.” Unfortunately when they come back into the physical, being of a low type anyway, they cannot remember and so they just say that they have had a disturbed night, they shout at their subordinates and generally bully everyone in sight. And so they give way to “Monday morning blues,” but sadly enough they do not let this occur on Monday morning only but almost every other day!

“Monday morning blues.” Yes, that really is the case, and for a special reason. Most people have to work fairly regularly, or at

least put in regular hours of work during so many days a week; at the end of the week there is a period of relaxation, a change of vocation and often of venue. People sleep more peacefully at the end of the week and so the astral body goes out and travels further, it goes up to where perhaps it can see what sort of a job the physical is doing on Earth, and then when it returns so that the physical body can start work on the Monday morning there is generally much gloom which is the cause of "Monday morning blues."

Yet another class of people should engage our attention even if for a few moments only; those who sleep little. These people are unfortunate enough to have so much on their astral conscience that the astral body is not at all willing to leave the physical and go out and face up to things. Often a drunkard will be afraid to fall asleep because of the quite interesting entities which gather around his emerging astral body. We have already dealt with "pink elephants" and other fauna and flora of that type.

The physical, in such a case, will stay awake and be the cause of much suffering in the physical and on the astral. You have probably known people who are on edge all the time, they are on the move all the time, they are "jittery" and cannot rest for a moment. All too frequently these people are those who have so much on their mind-on their conscience-that they just dare not rest in case they start to think and realize what they are, and what they are doing, and what they are undoing. So the habit starts-no sleep, no relaxation, nothing which gives the Overself an opportunity of really getting in touch with the physical. These people are like a horse which has taken the bit between its teeth and is bolting wildly down the road to the danger of all. If people cannot sleep, they cannot profit by a life on Earth, and not profiting in this life then they have to come again to do a better job next time.

Do you wonder how to decide whether a dream is a figment of the imagination or is a distorted memory from an astral journey? The easiest way is to ask yourself, do you see things with greater clarity in that dream? If you do, then it is a memory of astral traveling. Were the colours more vivid than you can remember seeing them upon Earth? Then, again, it is astral traveling. Often you will see the face of a loved one, or have a strong impression of a loved one; that is because you may have visited that person by astral travelling, and if you go to sleep having in front of you a photograph of the loved one, then you can be sure that you are

going to travel there when you close your eyes and let yourself relax.

Let us take the other side of the coin. You may have awakened in the morning ruffled and not a little angry, thinking of some particular person with whom you are definitely not in harmony. Perhaps you went to sleep thinking of that person, thinking of some dispute, some wrangle with which you and he were engaged. You may have visited him in the astral, and he, also in the astral, discussed with you a solution of the problems. You may have settled the matter, you may both have determined in your astral states that upon Earth you would remember the solution and you would come to an amicable agreement. Or, on the other hand, the battle may have been of even greater intensity so that when you came back to the Earth you had even greater antipathy to each other than before. But no matter whether you had an amicable arrangement or not, if, in coming back to the physical, you had a bad jerk or did not synchronize yourself with your physical body, then all your good intentions, all your good arrangements would be shattered and distorted, and upon awakening your memory would be of disharmony, dislike, and bitter frustrated rage.

Dreams—so-called—are windows into another world. Cultivate your dreams, examine them, when you go to sleep at night decide that you are going to “dream true,” that is, decide that when you awaken in the morning you will have a clear and uncontaminated memory of all that happened in the night. It can be done, it is done, it is only in the Western world where so much doubt, so many shouts for proof are heard, that people find it difficult. Some people in the East go into trances which, after all, is only one method of getting out of the physical. Others fall asleep, and when they awaken they have the answers to the problems which perplexed them. You too can do this, you too, with practice, and with a sincere wish to do it only for good can “dream true” and open wide that window into a most glorious phase of existence.

## LESSON EIGHTEEN

We have known each other for some time now through the medium of this Course. Perhaps we should pause a while to take stock of our position and look about us, and think of what we have read and presumably what we have learned. It is essential to stop every so often for the purpose of recreation. Do you ever think that “recreation” is really “re-creation”? We mention this point because it is all tied in with tiredness; if one becomes tired one cannot do one's best work. Do you know what happens when you get tired?

We do not have to have great knowledge of physiology in order to understand why we get stiff and sore if we overtax a muscle. Let us consider that we have been repeating a certain action, perhaps lifting a heavy weight with the right arm. Well, after a time the muscles of the right arm begin to pain us, we get a most peculiar sensation in the muscles and if we continue too long we suffer real pain instead of just soreness. We should look into this even closer.

During this Course it has been stressed that all life is electrical in origin. Whenever we think we generate an electric current, whenever we move a finger even we send an electric current in the form of a nerve impulse which “galvanizes” a muscle into action. But let us consider our arm which we have abused with overwork; we have been lifting something too often for too long and the nerves which carry the electric current from the brain have become overstressed. In much the same way, if we get an ordinary house fuse and you overload it, the fuse may not immediately blow but instead it will show evidence of overload in that it becomes discolored. So with our nerves leading to muscles, they become overstressed with the passage of continuous current, and the muscles themselves get tired of expanding and contracting continuously.

Why do they get tired? That is easy to answer! When we move a limb our muscles become stimulated from the brain. The electric current causes secretions to flow in the muscular structure

which causes the strands of muscles to strain apart, so that if you get a whole strand, or collection of strands, straining apart the result is to decrease the total length, and that means a limb had to bend. That is all right-we are not going into physiology-but a secondary result is that the chemicals involved in causing the striations of muscles to strain apart becomes crystallized and embedded in the tissue. Thus it is that if we send these secretions, these chemicals, into the musculature more quickly than the tissue can absorb them, the result will be crystals, and those crystals having very sharp edges will cause considerable pain if we persist in our attempts to move the muscles. We can only wait perhaps a day, or two days: until the crystals have again been absorbed and the fibers of the muscles are again free to slide smoothly and effortlessly over each other. It is worth noting in passing that when one has rheumatism one has crystals in various susceptible portions of the body which lock tissue together. Actually, any person with rheumatism can move the afflicted limb, but to do so would cause intense pain because of the crystals lodged in the tissue. If we could find some way of dissolving the crystals, then we should be able to cure rheumatism, but that is not yet.

This is rather taking us away, though, from our original intention to consider some of the things we have learnt, or, on second thoughts, perhaps it is not! If you are trying too hard you will not get anywhere because your brain will become overtired. Many people cannot adopt the Middle Way because they have been brought up to believe that only the hardest work merits results. People strive and slave, and they get nowhere because they are over-trying. Sometimes people who try so hard become overtired, and then they say horrible things because, quite literally, they are not in possession of their full senses! When we become tired the electric current produced in the brain fades, it becomes less, and so the "negative" electricity overrides the positive impulses making us bad tempered. Bad temper is the opposite of good temper, it is the negative aspect of good temper, and if we let ourselves get bad tempered through overtiredness, or through any other cause, it means that we are in effect corroding cells which produce current within us. Do you drive a car? Do you ever look at the battery of your car? If you do you will at times have seen a most unpleasant greenish deposit around one of the terminals of the battery. In time it will eat away the wires leading from the battery to the car itself. In much the same way, if we neglect ourselves as we had

neglected that battery, we find that our own ability becomes seriously impaired and we then have a pattern of bad temper. Sometimes it will be, a wife who started out her married life full of the best intentions will give way to a little nagging doubt about her husband; she will voice those doubts, and by repeating those doubts a few times she will establish a habit, and thus possibly without knowing anything about it she will turn into a nagging shrew of a housewife, one of the most unpleasant creatures of this world! Keep good tempered, you will keep better health, do not go in for these slimming fads because the well-padded person is invariably better tempered than the skinny wreck who totters around with almost a rattle of bones!

This matter of the "Middle Way"; it is clear that one should do one's best under all circumstances. It is equally clear that one cannot do more than one's best and effort beyond "one's best" is merely lost effort which needlessly tires one out. Look upon it as one would a generating station; we have an electric generating station which is providing light for a certain number of lamps. If the generator runs at such a speed, or provides such an output that the needs of the lamps are easily fulfilled, then the generator is working well within its capacity. But if for some reason the generator is speeded up and the output is far greater than can be absorbed by the lamps, all the excess output has to be shunted off somewhere-wasted-and it also wastes the life of the generator which is running too fast needlessly.

Another way to put it is this; you have a car and you want to go along the highway at, perhaps, thirty miles an hour (most people want to go a lot faster than that, but thirty miles an hour is good enough for our illustration!). If you are a sensible driver you will be in top gear just rolling along at thirty miles an hour with the engine rotating quite slowly. At that speed there will be very, very little wear, and no strain at all on the engine which is working well within its capacity. But supposing you are not such a good driver and you charge along the highway in the lowest gear at thirty miles an hour! Then the engine may be going five or six times faster because of the gearing and the engine will be putting out perhaps as much power, as much effort, as it would need to do a hundred miles an hour in top gear. So you get a lot of noise, a terrific petrol consumption, and five or six times as much wear to accomplish the same aim as you would do in top gear.

The Middle Way, then, means taking the sensible course,

working , just as hard as is necessary to accomplish a specific task, but not frittering away your life and your energy in overworking! Too many people think that they have to work and work and work, and the harder they work to accomplish an objective, the more merit accrues to them. Nothing would be further from the case, one should always-we cannot repeat it too often-work only hard enough to do the task in hand.

But let us get back to recreation. Recreation, as we have said, is re-creation. If we tire ourselves it means that only certain muscles, only certain areas, of the body have become tired. If, for instance, we have been lifting our right arm too much, perhaps shifting bricks, perhaps shifting books, then the arm will begin to tire, will begin to ache, but our legs are still in working order as are our ears or our eyes. So let us “re-create” ourselves by going for a walk, by listening to good music, or by reading a book. In doing so we shall be using other nerves and other muscles and we shall actually be drawing off any surplus charge of neural electricity from the muscles which have been overstressed and now need to relax. So-in recreation you re-create yourself and your abilities.

Have you been working quite hard trying to see your aura? Trying to see the etheric? Perhaps you have been trying too hard. If you have not had the success which you desire do not be disheartened, it takes time and patience and quite a lot of faith, but it can be done. You are trying to do something which you have not done before, and you would not expect to become a doctor or a lawyer or a great artist overnight, you would expect that if you were to become a lawyer you would have to go to school, then to high school, and on to some university. It would take time, it might take years, you would be working conscientiously for many many hours each day, and perhaps many many hours each night to attain your objective of being—what?—a doctor? A lawyer? A stockbroker? It all boils down to this; you cannot achieve results overnight. Many of the Indian philosophies tell one that under no circumstances should one try to see clairvoyantly in less than ten years! We do not subscribe to that view at all, we believe that when a person is ready to see clairvoyantly, then they will see clairvoyantly, but we do subscribe to the view that one cannot attain results overnight, you have to work for what you are going to get, you have to practice, you have to have faith. If you are studying to be a doctor, then you have faith in your teachers, you have

faith in yourself, you do your lesson work in class, you do your homework when out of class, and still to train to be a doctor takes years. When you are studying with us, and trying to see the aura, how long do you study? Two hours a week? Four hours a week? Well, however long it is you are not studying eight hours a day and doing homework as well. So-have patience because the aura can definitely be seen and will be seen if you have that patience and faith.

We throughout the years have had a tremendous amount of correspondence from people all over the world, even from people behind the Iron Curtain. There is a young girl in Australia with marked powers of clairvoyance, she had to hide her abilities because her relations think that there is something “peculiar” about her if she says that she knows what they are thinking or if she can discuss the state of their health. There is another lady in Toronto, Canada, who, in a period of just a few weeks, can see the etheric, she can see the etheric power streaming from finger tips, and she can see the “lotus flower” waving on the top of a head. Her progress has been quite marked, she can see the etheric almost in its entirety, and we understand that she is now beginning to see the aura. She is one of the fortunate ones who can see Nature Spirits and the aura of flowers. As an artist she has been able to paint flowers with the aura around them.

To show you that clairvoyant powers are not limited to any locality, but are universal to the world, we are going to quote a letter from a very talented lady in Yugoslavia. We wrote to this lady and told her that we would like to incorporate within this Course something of her experience, and so she wrote us a letter giving us permission to quote from it. Here is what she writes. We have altered the English very slightly to make it easier for people to follow. Here it is :

“Dearest Friends in other parts of the world! We really live in a time which asks us day by day-to be or not to be. The time is over to sit like a cat behind the stove. The life as well as the eternity puts before us the question Yes or No? What Yes or No do we mean? We mean shall we starve our soul and make our body ill, or feed our soul and make our body healthy, beautiful and in harmony. Why I always speak about the soul, something we cannot see, what the surgeons cannot take out and present to us on a plate? Dearest Friends, if you believe in the existence of the soul or not, the soul IS there! Have you a moment of time to spare please?

Do not run to the cinema nor to the football match nor go shopping or to a motor car, listen for a moment, for this is a very important matter indeed.

“In the Western part of our Earth we have not very many people who can see the so-called invisible world, who can see the auras of people. That means the light or the shadow, if there is a light or a very earthbound soul around the body, and especially around the head of a person. The soul is the eternal, undisturbable part of us, it is our Higher Body and without it we could not exist. I had the gift to see auras from my earliest days.

“When I was a little child I thought that all people could see what I could see. Later, when they called me a liar or declared me insane, I understood that other people could not see what I saw. Let me point out the way that I follow.

“Have you ever noticed the lines around the wood in the inner part of a tree? It indicates the years during which the tree has lived, you can tell of the lean years and of the fruitful years.

Nothing at all remains without signs. Nothing. I once stood before an old church and saw what other people could not see on the Earth. Around the building was a wonderful light, around this light following the form of the building were fine lines as in the wood. I looked over the lines and told the people about them. It was a line for every century exactly, it was at the old church of Remete near Zagreb, the capital of Croatia. From that time I was able to tell the lines around old buildings and to say how old they were. Once a friend asked me ‘How old is this chapel?’ ‘I see nothing,’ I answered, ‘Not a line around yet, only a light.’ ‘All right,’ she said, ‘This chapel is not a hundred years old yet.’

“You see, if a building has its ‘soul’ how much more has something living. I can see the aura of the wood, of the trees and the meadows, the flowers, and especially after sunset. This mild but intense light around all living creatures, around your dog as well as around your cat.

“Do you see the little bird there singing its evening song? How sprays of light are around the little bird, its soul flickering with happiness. But also, that little bird, a boy came and shot it down. The little aura flickered still a moment, and then vanished. It was like a cry through Nature. I saw it, I felt it, and I talked about it, and they called me a fool.

“When I was eighteen years of age I stood before a mirror one day. It was nightfall and I was preparing to go to bed. The room

was nearly dark, I was in a long white nightgown. All at once I saw a light in the mirror. It attracted me, I looked up and saw around me a blue and then a golden flame. Not knowing about the aura I was frightened and I ran down to my parents screaming, 'I am burning.' It hurt me not at all, but what was it? They gasped at me, and then turned the light on during which time they saw nothing. But they turned the light off, and then they saw me as in living golden flames. Our servant came in and screamed with fright. She turned and ran away. I remembered then what I had seen on other beings, but it was rather different when I saw it on myself. Now I was really frightened. My father turned the light out and on, and out and on, and it was always the same—when the light was out I glowed with the golden light, when the room light was on my glow could not be so clearly seen.

"I found all this interesting when I felt sure that I was not being harmed at all, and from then on I took very great interest in looking at the aura of other people.

"Do you know what fear means? In war I often was very frightened seeing the aura of my fellow-men when the bombers went over us and the bombs fell down. Once when I was in a prison under the Nazi regime I was in a cell condemned to death. I was taken to the torture chamber because I had certain information which my keepers wanted. I saw the aura of other people who were being tortured, it was terrible, so narrow round the body, so poor and without real light, nearly vanishing, nearly dying away, and worse still, when I heard the cries of agony dying of torture the aura itself flickered. Something rose in me, however, something of a holy force. Was there not written in the Holy Scriptures 'Fear only those who kill the soul, but not those who kill the body'? I began to concentrate, and to try and cheer up the others, I felt healthier. Another woman helped me in this task, and at last the cell containing those condemned to death began to be more cheerful, we all began to sing. I came through all the questionings and all the long hours, and all the pain unharmed because I concentrated on eternity, I concentrated on the Real Life after this awful dream. The torturers could do nothing with me, and at last, angry, they threw me out of the prison because I was demoralizing them!

"If I had given way to fright, to terror, I and my sixteen comrades—victims of persecution—would have been killed.

“We of the West, we Europeans, have much to learn from the Far East. We have to learn to conquer our imaginations and to overcome fear.

“As I see it, the aura of Western people flicker a lot, they are never quiet, seldom in harmony, and our disorderly aura infects other auras and becomes like an epidemic. Hitler would not have succeeded with his ranting speeches unless the aura of people became afflicted, and influenced by the aura of Hitler. Hitler could only succeed because his listeners could not control their own imagination.

“Are you tired? Will you read a little longer? Let us go to the poorest of men, to the lunatics, let us go to a mental home in Zagreb. Many days ago I made studies through the iron wire there looking at the auras. But they were not the worst cases: A friend of mine introduced me to the senior physician, a very skeptical man. I told him that I wished to observe the aura of his patients. He looked at me as being worthy of incarceration as a lunatic, then at last he decided that he would let me see some of his patients. At last attendants brought in a very very sick woman indeed, she was a terrible looking woman, her eyes rolled and her teeth ground together, and hair stood out like devilish flames around her head. It really was a fearful sight. But it was nothing to what I saw in the invisible world. I saw the soul of the woman right out of her body in a wild struggle with the dark shadow who tried to get possession of the body. All around was in a whirl, and in disharmony. Eventually the woman was taken away, and I told the doctor that that woman could not be cured because she was indeed the victim of demoniac possession!”

So we will bring this particular Lesson to a close with the remarks that what this very talented lady of Yugoslavia has seen, you also can see with practice, with perseverance, and with faith. Remember-Rome was not built in a day, and a doctor or a lawyer is not made overnight, they have to study to succeed, and so have you; there is no easy, no painless way out!

## LESSON NINETEEN

We have from time to time mentioned the Akashic Record. Now let us discuss this most fascinating subject, for the Akashic Record is something which concerns every person and every creature who has ever lived. With the Akashic Record we can travel back along history, we can see all that has happened, not merely upon this world but upon other worlds also, for the scientist is now coming to realize what occultists have always known, that other worlds are occupied by other persons not necessarily human but sentient beings nonetheless.

Before we can say much about the Akashic Record we have to know something about the nature of energy or matter. Matter, we are told, is indestructible, it goes on for ever. Waves, electric waves, are indestructible. Scientists have recently found that if a current is induced in a coil of copper wire, the temperature of which is reduced to as near absolute zero as possible, the induced current carries on and on and on, and never grows less. We all know that at normal temperatures the current would soon diminish and die out because of various resistances. So-science has found a new medium; science has found that if a copper conductor be reduced sufficiently in temperature a current continues to flow and remain the same without any outside source of energy. In time scientists will discover that Man has other senses, other abilities, but that will not be discovered yet for the scientist proceeds slowly and not always surely!

We said that waves are indestructible. Let us look at the behaviour of light waves. Light reaches us from far far distant planets in universes remote from our own. Great telescopes on this Earth are probing out into space, in other words, they are gathering light from vastly distant places. Some of the planets from which we receive light sent out that light long before this world, or even this universe, came into existence. Light is a very fast thing indeed, the speed of light is so fast that we can hardly imagine it but that is because we are in human bodies and are greatly bogged

down with all sorts of physical limitations. What we consider to be “fast” here has a different meaning in a different plane of existence. By way of illustration let us say that a round of existence for a human is seventy-two thousand years. During that round a person comes again and again to different worlds, to different bodies. The seventy-two thousand years, then, is the length of our “school term.”

When we refer to “light” instead of radio or electric waves or other waves, we do so merely because light can be observed without any equipment, a radio wave cannot. We can see the light of the sun, the light of the moon, and if we have a good telescope or a powerful pair of binoculars we can see the light of the far distant stars which started out before Earth was even a cloud of hydrogen molecules floating in space.

Light is also used as a measure of time or distance. Astronomers refer to “light years,” and we are going to tell you again that light coming from a far distant world may still be travelling after that world has ceased to exist, from which it is clear that we may be getting a picture from something which is no longer there, something which died years ago. If you find that difficult to understand, look at it in this way; we have a star out in the remote fastnesses of space. For years, for centuries, that star has been reflecting light waves down to Earth. The light waves may take a thousand, ten thousand, or a million years to reach Earth, because a star, the source of the light, is so very distant. One day the star is in collision with another star, there may be a great flash of light or there may be extinction. For our purpose let us say that there is total extinction. So the light is gone, but for a thousand or ten thousand, or a million years after the light is gone, light still reaches us because it takes all that time to cover the distance between the original source of light and ourselves. Thus, we should be seeing light after its source ceases to exist.

Let us assume something which is utterly impossible while we are in the physical body, but which is quite easy and commonplace when out of the body. Let us assume that we can travel faster than thought. We need to travel faster than thought because thought has a very definite speed as any doctor can tell you. It is actually known how quickly a person reacts to any given situation, how quickly or how slowly a person can put on the brakes of a car, or move the wheel to swerve aside. It is known how quickly thought impulses travel from head to toe. We, for the purpose of this dis-

cussion, want to travel instantly. Let us imagine that we can go instantly to a planet which is receiving light which was emitted from the Earth three thousand years ago. So we upon this distant planet will be receiving light sent from the Earth three thousand years ago. Supposing we have a telescope of quite unimagined type with which we can see the surface of the Earth, or interpret the rays of light reaching us, then this light sent out three thousand years ago would show us scenes of the world enacted at that time. We should see life as it was in ancient Egypt, we would see the barbarous Western world where people ran about covered in woad or less, and in China we should find quite a high civilization—so much different from what is there at the present time!

If we could instantly travel closer, we should see quite different pictures. Let us move to a planet which is so distant from the Earth that light takes a thousand years for it to travel between that planet and Earth. Then we should see scenes of Earth as they were enacted a thousand years ago, we should see a high civilization in India, we should see the spread of Christianity throughout the Western world, and perhaps some of the invasions of South America. The world would also look somewhat different from its present appearance because all the time a coast line is altering, land is rising from the sea, shores are being eroded. In a lifetime not much difference is noted, but a thousand years would give us a chance to see and appreciate the difference.

At present we are upon a world which has most remarkable limitations, we are able to perceive and to receive impressions on only a very limited range of frequencies. If we could see some of our “out of the body” abilities to the full as we can in the astral world, we should see things in a very different light, we should perceive that all matter is indeed indestructible, every experience that ever has been on the world is still radiating outward in the form of waves. With special abilities we should intercept those waves in much the same way as we can intercept waves of light. Take as a simple example of this an ordinary slide projector; you switch on your slide projector in a darkened room and you put a slide in the appropriate place. If you put a screen—a white screen for preference—in front of the lens of the projector at a certain distance from it, and you focus the light on the screen, you see a picture. But if you have your projector projecting its picture out of the window and into the darkness beyond, you see just a faint

beam of light with no picture. It follows that the light must be intercepted, must be reflecting on something before it can be fully perceived and appreciated. Take a searchlight on a clear and cloudless night; you might see a faint tracery of light, but only when the searchlight impinges on a cloud or upon an aeroplane do you actually see it as it is.

It has long been the dream of Man to have a thing called “time travel.” This, obviously, is a fantastic conception while one is in the flesh and upon the Earth, because here in the flesh we are sadly limited, our bodies are most imperfect instruments, and as we are here to learn we have implanted in us much doubt, much indecision, and before we can be convinced we want “proof”—the ability to pull a thing to pieces to see how it works and to make sure it does not work again. When we get beyond the Earth and into the astral, or even beyond the astral, time travel is as simple as upon Earth is a visit to a cinema or a theatre.

The Akashic Record, then, is a form of vibration, not necessarily light vibrations because it also embraces sound. It is a form of vibration which upon Earth has no term which can describe it. The nearest one can do is to liken it to a radio wave. We have about us at all times radio waves coming in from all parts of the world; every one of them brings in a different program, different languages, different music, different times. It is possible that waves are coming in from one part of the world which contains a program which, to us, is being broadcast tomorrow! All these waves are coming to us constantly, but we are oblivious to them, and not until we have some mechanical device which we call a radio set can we receive those waves and slow them down so that they become audible and comprehensible to us. Here, with a mechanical or electrical device, we slow down radio frequency waves and convert them to audio frequency waves. In much the same way, if, on Earth, we could slow down the wave of the Akashic Record we should undoubtedly be able to put authentic historical scenes on the television screen, and then the historians would throw a fit when they saw that the history as printed in books is completely, completely wrong!

The Akashic Record is the indestructible vibrations consisting of the sum total of human knowledge which emanates from the world in much the same way as the radio program is broadcast, it goes on and on. Everything that has happened on this Earth still exists in vibration form. When we get out of the body we do not

use a special device to understand these waves; we use nothing to slow them down, instead, in getting out of the body, our own “wave receptors” are speeded up so that, with practice, with training, we can receive that which we term the Akashic Record.

Let us get back to this problem of outstripping light. It will be easier if we forget about light for the moment, and deal instead with sound because sound is slower and we do not have to have such vast distances before getting results. Supposing you are standing out in the open and you suddenly hear a very fast moving jet plane. You hear the sound but it is useless to look up to that point from whence the sound appears to be coming because the jet plane is going faster than the sound, and so will be ahead of the sound itself. In World War 2 great rockets were sent from enslaved Europe to cause destruction in England. The rockets crashed down on houses, wrecking them and killing people. The first warning that people had that these rockets were about was the noise of the explosion and the crashing of falling stones, and the screams of the injured. Later, when the dust was subsiding somewhat, came the sound of the rocket arriving! This quite weird experience was caused by the fact that the rocket traveled so very much faster than the sound it made. Hence it was that the rocket did all its destruction before its sound arrived!

One can stand on a hilltop and look at a gun placed perhaps upon another hilltop. One cannot hear the shell from the gun when it is exactly over one, but the sound comes shortly after when the shell is still speeding off into the distance. No person has ever been killed by a shell which he heard, for the shell arrives first and the sound later. That is why it is so amusing when people in wars used to duck at the sound of a shell passing overhead. Actually, if they could hear the sound it meant that the shell had passed by. Sound is slow compared to sight or light. Standing again upon this hilltop we can look at a gun being fired, we can see the flash from the muzzle, and much later—the time depending upon the distance we are from the gun—we hear the sound of the shell passing overhead. You might have watched a man chopping a tree; the man would be some distance away, you would actually see the axe hitting the tree trunk, and then a short time after you would hear the “thunk-thunk” of the sound. This is an experience which most of us have had.

The Akashic Record contains the knowledge of everything that

has happened on this world. Worlds elsewhere have their own Akashic Records in much the same way as countries outside our own have their own radio programs. Those who know how can tune into the Akashic Record of any world, not merely of one's own, and one can then see events of history, one can see how the history books have been falsified. But there is more to the Akashic Record than just satisfying idle curiosity-one can look into this Record and see what went wrong with one's own plans. When we die to the Earth we go to another plane of existence where every single one of us has to face up to what we did, or what we did not, do; we see the whole of our past life with the speed of thought, we see it through the Akashic Record, see it not just from the time that we were born but from the time that we planned how and where we would be born. Then, having that knowledge, having seen our errors, we plan again and try once more just like a child at school seeing what went wrong with answers to the examination papers, and taking the examination all over again.

Naturally enough, it takes a long long training before one can see the Akashic Record, but with training, with practice and faith it can be done and is indeed being done constantly. Do you think, maybe, we should pause a moment and discuss this thing called "faith"?

Faith is a definite thing which can and must be cultivated in much the same way as a habit or a hothouse plant must be cultivated. Faith is not as hardy as a weed, it is indeed more like a hothouse plant. It must be pampered, must be fed, must be looked after. To obtain faith we must repeat, and repeat, and repeat our affirmation of faith so that the knowledge of it is driven into our sub-conscious. This sub-conscious is nine-tenths of us, that is, by far the greater part of us. We often liken it unto a lazy old man who just does not want to be disturbed. The old man is reading his newspapers, perhaps he has his pipe in his mouth and his feet are encased in comfortable slippers. He is really tired of all the racket, all the noise, all the distraction constantly going on around him. Through years of experience he has learned to shield himself from all except the most insistent interruptions and distractions. Like an old man who is partly deaf he doesn't hear when he is called the first time. The second time he is called he doesn't hear because he doesn't want to hear, because he thinks it might be work for him, or some interruption of his lazy leisure. The third time he starts to get irritable because the caller is disturbing his trend of

thoughts while he is perhaps more anxious to read the racing results than to do anything which requires effort. Keep on and on repeating your faith and then the “old man” will come to life with a jerk, and when the knowledge is implanted in your sub-conscious then you will have automatic faith. We must make it clear here that faith is not belief; you can say “I believe that tomorrow is Monday,” and that means a certain thing. You would not say “I have faith that tomorrow is Monday” because that would mean a completely different thing. Faith is something which usually grows up with us. We become a Christian, or a Buddhist, or a Jew because, usually, our parents were Christians, Buddhists, or Jews. We have faith in our parents—we believe that what our parents believed was correct—and so our “faith” became the same as our parents'. Certain things which cannot definitely be proved while upon the Earth require faith, other things which can be proved can be believed or disbelieved. There is a distinction, and one should become aware of that distinction.

But, first of all, what do you want to believe, what is it that requires your faith? Decide what it is that needs faith, think of it from all angles. Is it faith in a religion, faith in an ability? Think of it from as many angles as you can, and then, making sure that you think of it in a positive way, affirm—state—to yourself that you can do this or that, or that you will do this or that, or that you firmly believe in this or that. You must keep on affirming it. Unless you do so affirm you will never have “faith.” Great religions have faithful followers. Those faithful followers are ones who have been to church, or chapel, or synagogue, or temple, and by repeated prayers, not merely on their own behalf but by others also, their sub-conscious has become aware that there are some things which must be “a faith.” In the Far East there are such things as mantras. A person will say a certain thing—a mantra—and say it again and again, and repeat it time after time. Possibly the person will not even know what the mantra is about! That does not matter because the founders of the religion who composed the mantra will have arranged it in such a way that the vibrations engendered in repeating the mantra knock into the subconscious the thing desired. Soon, even though the person does not fully understand the mantra, it becomes part of the person's subconscious, and the faith then is purely automatic. In much the same way, if you repeat prayers time after time you begin to believe them. It is all a matter of getting your sub-conscious to understand and to co-operate,

and once you have faith then you do not have to bother any more because your sub-conscious will always remind you that you have this faith, and that you can do those certain things.

Repeat to yourself time after time that you are going to see an aura, that you are going to be telepathic, that you are going to do this or that, whatever it is that you particularly want to do. Then in time you will do this. All successful men, all those who become millionaires or inventors are people who have faith in themselves, they have faith that they can do what they set out to do, because believing in themselves first, believing in their own powers and abilities, they then generated the faith which made that belief come true. If you keep on telling yourself that you are going to succeed, you will succeed, but you will only succeed if you keep on with your affirmation of success and not let doubt (the negative of faith) intrude. Try this affirmation of success, and the results will truly astonish you.

You may have heard of people who can tell another person what they were in a past life, what they were doing. That comes from the Akashic Record, for many people in their "sleep" travel into the astral and see the Akashic Record. When they return in the morning, as we have already discussed, they may bring back a distorted memory, so while some of the things they say are true, others are distortions. You will find that most of the things you hear about relate to suffering. People seem to have been torturers, seem to have been all sorts of things mainly bad. That is because we come to this Earth as to a school, we have to remember at all times that people have to have hardship to purge them of their faults, in much the same way that ore is placed in a furnace and subjected to intense heat so that the dross or wastage rises to the surface where it can be skimmed off and discarded. Humans have to undergo stresses which drive them almost, but not quite, to the breaking point so that their spirituality may be tested, and their faults may be eradicated. People come to this Earth to learn things, and people learn much more quickly and more permanently by hardship than by kindness.

This is a world of hardship, it is a training school which is almost a reformatory, and although there are rare kindnesses which shine out like the beam of a beacon light on a dark night, much of the world is strife. Look at the history of nations if you dispute this, look at all the incipient wars. It is indeed a world of impurity, and it makes it difficult for Higher entities to come here

as they must in order to supervise what is going on. It is a fact that a Higher Entity coming to this Earth must take up some impurity which will act almost as an anchor, and keep them in contact with the Earth. The High Entity who comes here cannot come in his own pure, unsullied form, because he could not stand the sorrows and the trials of the Earth. So-be careful when you think that such-and-such a person cannot be so high as some people say because he is too fond of this or too fond of that. As long as he does not drink, then he might be quite high. Drink, though, cancels out all high abilities.

Many of the greatest clairvoyants and telepaths have some physical affliction because suffering can often increase the rate of vibration and confer telepathy or clairvoyance upon the sufferer. You cannot know of a person's spirituality by just looking at him. Do not judge a person to be an evil person because he is sick; the sickness may have been taken on deliberately in order that the person can increase his or her rate of vibration for a special task. Do not judge a person harshly because he or she uses a swear word, or does not altogether act as you think that a Great Person should act. It may indeed be a Great Person who is using swear words or some other "vice" in order to have an anchor to enable him or her to remain upon the Earth. Again, provided that the person does not engage in drink, the person may quite definitely be the Higher Entity which you originally thought him to be. There is much impurity on Earth, and all that is impure decays, only the pure and the incorruptible lives on. That is one of the reasons why we come to Earth; in the spirit world beyond the astral you cannot have corruption, you cannot have evil on the Higher Planes, so people come to Earth to learn the hard way. And again, and again, a Great Entity coming to Earth will take a vice or an affliction, knowing that as he or she came for a special task, that affliction or vice will not be held as karma (we shall deal with that later) but instead be regarded as a tool, as an anchor, which passes away as corruption along with the physical body.

There is a further point which we are going to make, and it is this; great reformers in this life are sometimes those who in a previous life were great offenders in the line in which he or she now "reforms." Hitler, undoubtedly will come back as a great reformer. Many of the people from the Spanish Inquisition have come back as great reformers. It is a thought worth thinking of.

Remember-the Middle Way is the way in which to live. Do not be so bad that you have to suffer for it later, and if you are so pure, so holy that everyone is beneath you, then you cannot stay on this Earth. Fortunately, however, no one is THAT pure!

## LESSON TWENTY

Soon we hope to deal with telepathy, clairvoyance, and psychometry, but first of all you must permit us a digression-permit us to deal with another subject. We are quite aware that you are thinking by now that we wander off the subject, but that is deliberate; we know what we have in mind, and often it pays YOU for us to draw your attention to a subject and then go on to something else which is so very necessary by way of a foundation.

We will make it clear now that people who want to be clairvoyant, who want to be telepathic and to have psychometric abilities will have to proceed slowly. You cannot force development beyond a certain limit. If you will consider the world of nature you will find that exotic orchids are indeed hothouse plants, and if they have been forced in their development, then they are very fragile blooms indeed. The same applies to everything the growth of which has to be stimulated artificially, or which has its growth forced. "Hothouse plants" are not hardy, they are not reliable, they fall prey to all sorts of remarkable ailments. We want you to have a very healthy dose of telepathy, we want you to be able to see into the past by clairvoyance, and we want you to be in such a position that you can pick up a stone, for instance, from the seashore and tell what has happened to that stone throughout the years. It is possible, you know, for a really good psychometrist to pick up an article on the seashore where it has not been touched by man, and to visualize quite clearly the time when that fragment of stone was perhaps embodied in a mountain. This is not exaggeration, it is very ordinary, very easy-when one knows how! Let us, then, lay a good foundation, because one cannot build a house on shifting sands and expect the house to last for very long. In dealing with our "foundations" let us state first that inner composure and tranquility are two of the cornerstones of our foundation, for unless one has inner composure one will not have much success at telepathy or clairvoyance. Inner composure is a very definite "must" if one is going to progress beyond the most elementary primary stages.

Humans are indeed a mass of conflicting emotions. One looks about and finds people hurrying about in the street, dashing about in cars, or rushing off to catch a bus. Then there is the last minute dash to the shops to lay in supplies possibly before the shops close for the weekend. We are always in a jangled state; we seethe and boil, and our brains send off sparks of rage and frustration. Often we will find ourselves growing hot, we will find that we are under tension, that we have queer pressures within us. At such times we feel that we could explode. Yes, you might almost do that! But it will not help one at all in the field of esoteric research if one has such uncontrolled brain waves that one blanks out the incoming signals-the signals are coming in all the time from everywhere from everyone, and if we will open our minds we will pick up and comprehend those signals.

Have you ever tried to listen to radio during a thunderstorm? Have you ever tried to watch some television program while some idiot was parked just outside your window and you were getting his car ignition as zig-zag flashes through the screen? Perhaps you have attempted listening to a far-distant station over the howl and crackle of static generated by an electric storm. It is not easy! Some of us are interested in short-wave reception and listen in to the whole world, listen to the news from different countries listen to music from various continents. If you have done much in short-wave work and have listened to far off places, you will know how very very difficult it is at times to pick up speech because of all the interference caused by static, both man-made and natural. Car ignition noises, the clicking on and off of the thermostat in the refrigerator, or perhaps someone is playing about with the doorbell just when we want to listen. We get hotter and hotter "under the collar" as we try to concentrate and pick up the message from the radio. Until we can get clear of some of that "static" in our own mind we are going to have difficulty with telepathy, for the noise a human brain churns out is far worse than even that from the most battered old car. You may think this is exaggeration, but as your powers increase in this direction you will find that we have rather under-stated the matter.

Let us develop this theme a little further because we must be quite sure of what we are doing before we do it, we must be quite sure of the obstacles in our path, because until we know the obstacles we cannot overcome them. Let us consider it from a different angle; it is a fairly easy matter to telephone from one con-

continent to another provided that there be a suitable cable laid beneath the ocean. The Trans-Atlantic telephone line from, let us say, England to New York, or to Adelaide from England, is a case in point. Using these telephone lines under the water one still gets garbled patches of speech. At times, also there will be fading, but on the whole we can understand quite well what is being said. Unfortunately much of the world is not connected by telephone cables! In certain areas, such as between Montreal and Buenos Aires, there are not telephone cables but abominable things called "radio links." These horrendous contraptions should never, never be dignified by the name "telephone" because using them appears to us to be a feat of endurance. Speech is frequently garbled beyond recognition, speech is chopped up, high frequencies are cut off and low frequencies are cut off, and so instead of getting a human tone of voice which we can comprehend we get a flat monotone which could have been spewed out without inflection by some robot. One strains and strains to make out what is being said, but all the time there is a further grave disadvantage; one has to keep talking all the time (even if one has nothing to say!) in order to "keep the circuit open." Added to that there is the static which we have already mentioned, but there are various refractions and reflections from the different ionized layers around the Earth. We mention this to show that even with the best equipment on Earth, speech by radio telephone is a matter of hit or miss, and in our experience it is more often miss than hit. We personally find telepathy to be far far easier than a radio telephone!

You may wonder why we keep on writing about radio and electronics and electricity. The answer is because the brain and the body generate electricity. The brain and all the muscles send out pulsing electrons which are, in fact, the radio program of the human body. Much of the behavior of the human body, and much of the phenomena of clairvoyance, telepathy, psychometry, and all the rest of it can be so easily understood by reference to the science of radio and electronics, we are trying to make this easy for you, so we are going to ask you to very carefully consider all this matter about electronics and about radio; it DOES mean much to you if you study electronics. The more you study radio and electronics, the more easily will you progress in your development.

Delicate instruments need to be protected from shock. You would not expect to have an expensive television receiver and

bang it about, you would not expect to have an expensive watch and keep banging it against the wall. We have the most expensive receivers of all-our brain-and if we are going to use that “re-ceiver” to the best effect we must protect it from shock. If we are going to let ourselves become agitated or frustrated, then we are going to generate a type of wave within us which will inhibit reception of waves without. In telepathy we have to keep as calm as possible otherwise we are going to be wasting our time in making any attempt whatever at receiving the thoughts of others. The first time we shall not get much result in telepathy. So—let us concentrate on composure.

Whenever we think, we generate electricity. If we think calmly and without any strong emotion, then our brain electricity will follow a fairly smooth frequency without high peaks, and without low valleys. If we have a high peak it means that something is interrupting the even tenor of our thoughts. We must be sure that there are no excessive voltages generated, and nothing which could cause “alarm and despondency” must be permitted within our thinking processes.

We must at all times cultivate inner composure, cultivate a tranquil manner. No doubt it is annoying if one is hanging out the washing and the telephone rings when one just has one's hands full of wet soggy clothes. No doubt it is frightfully irritating when one misses the special bargain for the week at the local store, but all these things are very mundane, they do not help us at all when we leave this world. When we do terminate our stay upon Earth it will not matter greatly, if at all, whether we have dealt with the great super-markets or with the little man in the corner store. Let us repeat again (in case you haven't read it before!) that we cannot take a single penny away with us to the next life, but we can and do take away all the knowledge that we have gained, for the distilled essence of all that we learn upon Earth is that which makes us what we are going to be in the next life. Therefore let us concentrate on knowledge, on the things which we can take away. At present the world has gone money-mad, possession-mad. Countries such as Canada and the United States of America are living under a false standard of prosperity, everyone seems to be in debt, everyone is borrowing from the finance companies (alias of the old fashioned money-lender, now done up with chromium plate!). People want new cars, each one flashier than the one of the year before. People dash about, they have no time for the serious things

of life, they are chasing the things that do not matter. The only things that matter are the things we learn; we take away with us all the knowledge that we acquire during our stay on Earth, we leave behind us—if we have any money and possessions for someone else to squander. Wherefore it behooves us to concentrate on the things which will be truly ours—knowledge.

One of the easiest ways of acquiring tranquility is by breathing in a regular pattern. Most people, unfortunately, breathe in a manner which could be termed “suck-blow, suck-blow,” they pant along really starving the brain of oxygen. People seem to think that air is rationed, they have to gulp it in and puff it out. They seem to think the air they take in is hot, or something, for no sooner is it in than they are anxious to get rid of it and get the next load.

We should learn to breathe slowly and deeply. We should make sure that all the stale air is removed from our lungs. If we breathe with only the top of our lungs, that air which is at the bottom becomes staler and staler. The better our air supply is, the better our brain power will be, for we cannot live without oxygen and the brain is the first thing to be starved of oxygen. If our brain is deprived of the minimum amount of oxygen we feel tired—sleepy—we become slow in our motion, and we find it difficult to think. Sometimes, too, we find that we get a bad headache, then we go out into the fresh air which cures the headache, and also proves that one does need plenty of oxygen.

A regular breathing pattern soothes ruffled emotions. If you are feeling thoroughly bad tempered—“out of sorts”—and really would like to do violence to someone, take a deep breath instead, the deepest breath you can manage, and hold it for a few seconds. Then let it out slowly over a few seconds. Do that a few times, and you will find that you calm down more quickly than you thought possible.

Do not just suck in breath as fast as you can, and then blow it out as fast as you can. Draw in the breath slowly, steadily, and think—as is truly the case—that you are inhaling life and vitality itself. Let us give an illustration; compress your chest, and try to expel as much air as you possibly can, force your lungs in so that—if you wish—your tongue is hanging out from the lack of air. Then, over some ten seconds of time, completely fill your lungs, throw out your chest, take in as much air as you can, and then cram in a little more. When you have got in as much air as you possibly can, hold it for five seconds, and after that five seconds

slowly let out the air, so slowly that you take seven seconds to get rid of the air within you. Exhale completely, force your muscles inwards to squeeze out as much air as you can. Then start all over again. It might be a good idea if you do this half a dozen times and you will find that your frustrations and your bad, bad mood has gone, you will feel better inside too; you will find that you are beginning to get inner composure.

If you are going for an interview which really matters, before you actually go into the interview room, take some deep breaths. You will find that your racing pulse will race no more, it will steady down, you will find that you are more confident, have less to worry about, and if you do this your interviewer will be impressed with your obvious appearance of confidence. Try it!

There are a shocking number of frustrations and irritations in everyday life, and these things are very harmful indeed. "Civilization" is quite the opposite of that. The more one gets tied up with the trammels of civilization, the more difficult it is to get peace. The man or woman in the heart of a great city is often more irritable, more nervous, than the man or woman in the heart of the countryside. So it becomes more and more necessary to gain some control over one's emotions. People who are frustrated and irritable find that their gastric juices become more and more concentrated. These juices are, of course, acids, and as they become more and more concentrated they "boil up" within us, and eventually reach such a degree of concentration that the inner protective lining of our stomach or other organs cannot resist the attacks of the strong acid. Possibly some part of our inner lining is thinner than the rest. Possibly we have some small blemish inside, some hard piece of food which we have swallowed may have caused slight irritation in the stomach. Then the acid has a place at which it can work. It works and works on that thinner place, or irritated spot, and in time it penetrates the protective layer within us. The result is a gastric ulcer which leads us to considerable despondency and pain. As you have probably heard, gastric ulcers are known as the complaint of the irritable and nervous! Let us think about all these irritations; you may be wondering where to get the money to pay the gas bill, or why the electric meter man is fussing around your door when you are busy with something else. You may wonder why do so many silly people send you stupid circulars through the mail? Why should you throw them away? Why not let the sender destroy them first and save you the trouble?

Well—take it easy—think to yourself, ask yourself this question:—“Will all this matter in fifty or a hundred years' time?” Whenever you get frustrated, whenever you get almost overcome with the press of ordinary, everyday living, whenever you think that you are going to be submerged in your troubles and your difficulties, think about it again, think—“Will any of these matters, any of these worries, be important in fifty or a hundred years' time?”

This age of civilization, so-called, is a very trying age indeed. Everything conspires to make us build up unnatural brain waves, conspires to make strange voltages generate within our brain cells. Normally when one thinks there is a fairly rhythmical pattern of brain waves which doctors can chart with special instruments. If the brain waves follow a certain pattern, then we are stated to have some mental affliction, so that when a person has a mental sickness probably the first thing that is done is to chart the brain waves to see how they diverge from the normal. It is a fact known to Easterners that if a person can subdue the abnormal brain waves, then sanity returns. In the Far East there are various methods used by medical priests whereby the distressed person—the person who has a mental affliction—can be assisted in restoring his brain waves to normalcy.

Women, particularly at the change of life, are subject to the generation of a different wave form within the brain. This, of course, is because at the change of life various secretions are shut off or diverted to other channels, and usually the woman in question has been listening to so many “old wives' tales” that she really does think she is going to be in for a bad time, and because she firmly believes she is going to have difficulties she does. There is no need for any difficulties at the change of life provided a person is properly prepared. The more unfortunate cases are those women who have had an operation termed hysterectomy. Hysterectomy is an operation whereby the menopause is brought on forcibly by surgical means. Admittedly that is a secondary reason, the operation is usually for some specific purpose like disease, but the end result is the same; a woman has an operation—hysterectomy—and the sudden termination of the former way of living and the sudden diversion of essential hormones, etc., causes a severe electrical storm in the brain which, for a time, may make the woman even unstable. Suitable treatment and sympathetic understanding really can cure such an unfortunate sufferer. We mention this merely to indicate that the body is an electric generator, and it

is so very essential to keep that generator with a constant output, because if we have constant output we may be said to have composure and tranquility, but if the output is upset and varies through worry or certain operations, then tranquility is temporarily lost. But it can definitely be regained!

Let us get back, though, to our “fifty or a hundred years' time.” If you do good to a person, then that is something that will matter in fifty to a hundred years' time, because if you do good you brighten some person's outlook, just as if you do harm to a person then you depress their outlook. The more good you can do to others, the more you can gain yourself. It is a law of the occult that you cannot receive until you are willing to give first. If you give, be it service or money or love, then you in your turn will get service or money or love, and no matter what one gives, no matter what one receives, everything has to be paid for in time. If you receive a kindness you have to give a kindness, but that is not to be dealt with in this Lesson as we will refer to it in more detail when we deal with karma.

Be sure to keep yourself calm, be sure to LET yourself become tranquil, let yourself realize that all these petty restrictions, all these asinine interruptions when we are trying to think or trying to do something will not matter in a few years' time; they are pinpricks, petty irritations, and they should be relegated to their correct status as annoyances and nothing more. Inner composure, peace and tranquility are there for you if you will accept them. All you have to do is to breathe so that your brain gets the maximum oxygen and think that all these silly little irritations will not matter in half a century's time. Then you will see how unimportant they are.

Do you see what we are getting at? We are trying to show you that most of the great worries simply do not happen. We have something threatening us, we fear that something unpleasant is about to occur, we work ourselves up into a frenzy of fright, and we go about in such a state that we hardly know if we are on our head or our feet. But soon we find that our fears were unjustified, nothing happened! All the fright was for nothing. We have got a real mixture of adrenaline within us all boiled up ready to galvanize us into action, and then when the fright passes the adrenaline has to be dissipated and it makes us feel quite weak, we might even shake with the reaction! Many of the world's famous men have said that their major worries never happened, but that they still worried

about them and then found that they had been wasting time. If YOU are troubled, you are not tranquil. If you are agitated, you cannot have inner composure, and instead of being able to receive a telepathic message you are radiating—broadcasting—a dire message of utter chaos, of frustration which not merely blanks out your own reception of telepathic messages, but blanks out receptions quite a distance around you. So, for your own sake, and for the sake of others, practice equanimity, keep calm; remember again that all these minor irritations are minor irritations and nothing more. They are sent to try you, and they certainly do!

Practice composure, practice seeing your difficulties in the correct perspective. It may be annoying to find that you cannot go to the cinema tonight, particularly as it may be the last night that film is shown, but it is not of earth shaking importance after all. It IS of importance that you learn, how you progress, because the more you learn now the more you take away with you to the next life, and the more learning you take away to the next life the less the number of times you have to come back to this doleful old world of ours.

We suggest that you lie down, let yourself relax. Lie down and shuffle about a bit so that no muscle, no part of you is under tension. Lightly clasp your hands together and breathe deeply and regularly. As you breathe think in rhythm with the breathing “Peace-peace-peace.” If you will practice that you will find that a truly divine sense of peace and tranquility will steal over you. Once again, push out any intruding thoughts of discord, concentrating your thoughts upon peace, upon quietness and upon ease. If you think peace you will have peace. If you think ease, you will have ease. We will say to you by way of concluding this Lesson that if people would devote ten minutes out of every twenty-four hours to this, the doctors would go bankrupt for they would not have nearly so much illness to deal with!

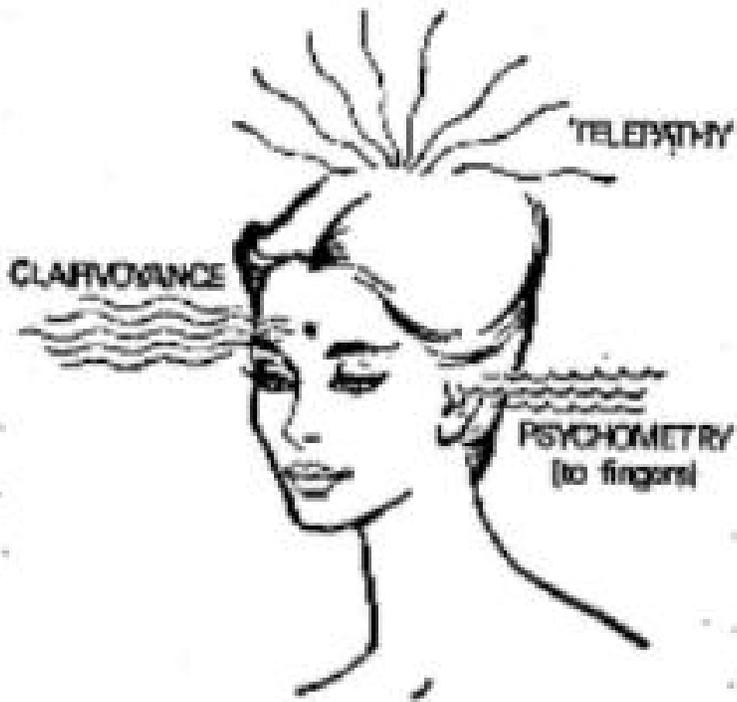
## LESSON TWENTY ONE

We now come in this Lesson to subjects which interest all of us; telepathy. You may have wondered why we have been stressing so much the similarity between the human brain waves and radio waves. In this Lesson you may get more enlightenment on that subject! Here is Figure Nine. As you will see, we call it “The Tranquil Head.” It is called “tranquil” because we must be in that state before we can do telepathy or clairvoyance or psychometry, that is why in our last Lesson we dealt (did you say “ad nauseum”?) with those matters. We must be at ease within ourselves if we are going to progress.

Look at it this way; would you expect to get a good symphony concert if you were in the vicinity of a boiler factory? Would you be able to enjoy classical music-or whatever form of music you favour-if people were hopping up and down around you screeching at the top of their voices? No, you would either switch off the radio and run screaming yourself, or you would tell everybody to be quiet!

From the Figure of “The Tranquil Head” you will see that there are different receptor areas of the brain. The area which corresponds roughly to the halo picks up telepathic waves. We will deal with the other waves later, first we are dealing with telepathy. When we are tranquil we can pick up all sorts of impressions. They are merely the radio waves of other people coming in and being absorbed by our own receptive brain. You will agree that most people have “hunches.” Most people at some time or other have had a most strange impression that something was going to happen, or that they should take some specific course of action. People who know no better call it “a hunch.” Actually it is merely unconscious, or sub-conscious, telepathy, that is, the person with the “hunch” was picking up a telepathic message sent out consciously or unconsciously by another person.

Intuition is the same type of thing; it is stated—correctly—that women possess more intuition than men. Women could be greater telepaths than the average man if women would not talk so much!



THE TRANQUIL HEAD

The female brain is stated to be smaller than that of the male, but of course that does not matter in the slightest. A lot of rubbish has been written about the size of brains affecting the size of intelligence. On the same basis, we suppose, an elephant should be a genius compared to human standards! The female brain can “resonate” in harmony with incoming messages, and, again in radio terms, the female brain is a radio set which can be tuned in to a station more easily than can the male brain. It is a matter of simplicity if you prefer that explanation. Do you remember the old old radio set that your father or your grandfather had? There were knobs and dials all over the place, and it was almost a feat of engineering to tune-in the local station. One had to turn up filament controls to make sure that the tubes were at the right voltage. One had to tune-in with a pair of slow motion knobs, often one had to move coils as well, and then there was the volume control. Your grandfather will tell you all about the first radios. Now-well, now one gets hold of a pocket radio, switches it on, moves a knob perhaps with one finger, and there is the program maybe from half way across the world. The female brain is like that, it is easier to tune than is the male brain.

We would also remind you of identical twins. It is an established fact that identical twins are nearly always in contact with each other, no matter how far they may be apart physically. You can have one twin in North America and another twin in South America, and you will get reports of happenings occurring to the pair of them simultaneously, you will get reports that each knows what the other is doing. That is because these two came from a single cell, came from a single egg, and so their brains are like a pair of carefully matched radio receivers or transmitters. They are “in tune” without any effort at all on the part of the owners.

Now you will want to know how you can do telepathy, for you can do it with practice and with faith, but no matter how much practice, no matter how much faith, you will not do it unless you have our old friend inner composure. The best way to practice is:-

Tell yourself for a day or two that on such-and-such a day at such-and-such a time you are going to make your brain receptive so that you can pick up, first general impressions, and then definite telepathic messages. Keep repeating to yourself, keep affirming to yourself, that you are going to succeed in this. On the pre-determined day, preferably in the evening, retire to a private room. Make sure that the lights are low, and that the

temperature is just comfortable for you. Then recline in the position which you have found to be the most comfortable. Have in your hand a photograph of the person to whom you are most attached. Any light should be behind you so that it shines on or illuminates the photograph. Breathe deeply for a few minutes, and then clear your mind of all extraneous thoughts, think of the person whose photograph is in your hands, look at the photograph, visualize the person standing in front of you. What would this person say to you? What would you reply? Frame your thoughts. You can, if you like, say "Speak to me—Speak to me." Then wait for a reply. If you are composed, if you have faith, you will get some stirring inside your brain. First you will be inclined to put it down to imagination, but it is not imagination but reality. If you dismiss it as idle imagination you will dismiss telepathy.

The easiest way of acquiring telepathic ability is to work with a person whom you know very well, and with whom you are on the most intimate terms of friendship. Both of you should discuss what you are going to do, you should both agree that on such-and-such a date at such-and such a time you will get in touch with each other telepathically. Both of you should retire to rooms, it does not matter how far apart, it can even be a continent apart, for distance is no object. But you must make sure that you make allowance for any difference in time, for example—Buenos Aires may be two hours ahead of New York in time. You have to allow for that otherwise your experiment will fail. You also have to agree who is going to transmit and who is going to receive. You can do it easily if you synchronize your watches, and go by Greenwich mean time which will obviate any possibility of confusion. One can obtain Greenwich mean time almost anywhere, and if you decide to transmit first, and then after ten minutes, neither more nor less, but a definite fixed interval of time, your friend will transmit back. The first two or three times you will not necessarily succeed, but practice makes perfect. Remember that a baby cannot walk at the first attempt, the baby had to practice and fall down and crawl. You will not succeed necessarily at the first attempt at telepathy, but again practice makes perfect.

When you can send a telepathic message to a friend, or receive one, then you are well on the way to getting the thoughts of others, but you can only get their thoughts provided that you have no evil intent toward them. We are going to make one of our famous digressions here!

You can never, never, never use telepathy or clairvoyance or psychometry to do harm to another person, nor can any other person do harm to you by these means. It has often been stated that if an evil person were telepathic or clairvoyant they would be able to blackmail people who had made some slight mistake, but that emphatically is not the case, it is impossible. You cannot have light and darkness at the same time in the same place, and you cannot use telepathy for evil, that is an absolutely inexorable law of metaphysics. So—Do not be alarmed, people do not read your thoughts to do you harm. No doubt many would like to, but they cannot do so. We mention that because of the fear that so many people have that a person by telepathy can know all the most secret fears and phobias. It is true that the purest minded people could pick up your thoughts, could see from your aura what your weak points were, but the pure person would not for one moment contemplate doing such a thing, and the impure person permanently lacks the ability.

We suggest that you practice telepathy with a friend, or if you cannot get a friend to co-operate, relax as we have said and let thoughts come in to you. You will find first that your head is a buzz of conflicting thoughts, it is similar to when you go into a crowd of people. There is a babble of conversation, just a horrible noise, everyone seems to be talking at the same time at the top of their voices. But if you try you can single out one voice. You can do that also in telepathy. Practice, you must practice and have faith, and then, provided you keep calm about it all and have no intention of hurting any other person, you will be able to do telepathy.

From our Figure Nine you will see that the rays from clairvoyant sight come from the location of the third eye, and as you will observe they are of a completely different frequency from that of telepathy. It is in some ways the same type of thing giving different results. One might say that when you get telepathic messages you listen to radio, when you get clairvoyant messages you see Television pictures, and often in “glorious technicolor”!

If you want to see clairvoyantly you will need a crystal or something which shines. If you have a diamond ring with one stone that is as good as a crystal, and certainly it is less tiring to hold! Here again you will have to recline comfortably, and you will have to make sure that the lighting is of a very low order indeed. Let us assume, though, that you have invested in a crystal—

You are resting completely at ease in your room in the evening,

Your curtains or blinds have been drawn to cut out any direct rays of light. The room is so dark that you can hardly see the outline of the crystal. It is so dark that you certainly cannot see any pinpoints of light in the crystal. Instead the whole thing is hazy, almost “not there,” you know that you are holding it, you know that you can see “something.” Keep looking into the crystal without trying to see anything, look into the crystal as if you were looking in the far far distance. This crystal will be just a few inches from you, but instead you have to look miles. Then you will see the crystal gradually begin to cloud, you will see white clouds form, and the crystal, instead of being apparently of clear glass, will appear to be full of milk. Now is the critical time, do not jerk, do not let yourself become alarmed, as so many people do, because the next stage—

The whiteness rolls away like curtains being drawn away to disclose a stage. Your crystal has gone—vanished—and you see instead the world. You are gazing down as a God on Olympus might look upon the world, you see perhaps the clouds with a continent beneath, you have a sensation of falling, you might even involuntarily jerk forward a little. Try to control this because if you do jerk you will “lose the picture” and have to start all over again some other night. But supposing you did not jerk, then you will have the impression that you are speeding down and the world is getting larger and larger, you will find continents sweep beneath you, and then you will come to a halt at some particular spot. You might see a historical scene, you might even appear to land in the middle of a war and find a tank charging at you. There is nothing to be alarmed at in this because the tank cannot hurt you, it will go right through you and you will not know a thing about it. You may find that you are seeing apparently through the eyes of some other person, you cannot see the person's face but you can see all that he or she would see. Again, do not be alarmed, do not allow yourself to jerk, you will see quite clearly, quite plainly, and although you do not actually hear a sound you will know everything that is being said. So it is that we see in clairvoyance. It is a very easy thing provided—again—that you have faith.

Some people do not actually see a picture, some people get all the impressions without actually SEEING. This often happens to a person who is engaged in business. We can have a very clairvoyant person indeed, but if that person be engaged in business or commerce, then often there is a skeptical attitude which makes it

difficult to actually see the picture, the person sub-consciously thinks that such a thing cannot be, and as clairvoyance will not be completely denied the person gets impressions "somewhere in the head" which are, nevertheless, as real as are the pictures.

With practice you can see clairvoyantly. With practice you can visit any period of the world's history and see what that history really was. You will be amused and amazed when you find most frequently that history was not as written in the history books, for history as written reflects the politics of the time. We can see how that happens in the case of Hitler Germany and Soviet Russia! Now let us deal with psychometry.

Psychometry can be termed "seeing through the fingers." Everyone has had some form of this experience, for instance, take a heap of coins and get some other person to hold just one of the coins for a few minutes. Then if that coin is put back with the others you will be able to pick the coin because it will be warmer than the rest. This, of course, is just an elementary little thing which has no place off the stage.

By psychometry we mean the ability to pick up an article and to know its origin, what has happened to it, who has had it and the person's state of mind. You can often get a sort of psychometry when you feel that an article has been in happy surroundings or in unpleasant surroundings.

You can practice psychometry by enlisting the aid of a sympathetic friend. This is how you should set about it.

Assuming that your friend is sympathetic to you and wants to see you progress, we suggest that you get him to wash his hands and then pick up a stone or pebble. That also should be washed with soap and water and well rinsed. Then your friend should carefully dry his hands and the stone, and then, holding the stone in his left hand, he should think strongly for about a minute, he should think of one thing-it can be of the colour black, or white, or good temper, or bad temper, it does not matter what he thinks as long as he thinks strongly of one subject for about a minute. Having done that, he should wrap the stone in a clean handkerchief or a paper handkerchief, and hand it to you. You should not unwrap it then but wait until you are alone in your "contemplation room." We are going to digress again!

We said "with the left hand" and let us first explain the reason. Under esoteric lore the right hand is supposed to be the practical hand, the hand devoted to the things of the world. The left hand is

the spiritual hand, that which is devoted to metaphysical things. Provided that you are normally right handed, then you will get greater results by using your left "esoteric" hand for psychometry. If you are one of those who are left handed, then you will use your right hand in the metaphysical sense. It is to be observed that you can often get results with the left hand when you cannot with the right hand.

When you are in your room of contemplation, you will need to wash your hands very carefully, and then rinse them before drying them because if you do not do that you will have other impressions on your hands, and you want one impression only for this experiment. Lie down, make yourself comfortable, and in this case it doesn't matter how much or how little light there is, you can have every light on or you can be in complete darkness. Then unwrap the stone or whatever it was, and pick it up with your left hand, see that it rolls into the centre of your left palm. Do not think about it, do not bother about it, just try to let your mind go blank, think about nothing. You will next experience a very slight tingling in the left hand, and then you will get an impression, probably what your friend was trying to put over to you. You might also pick up the impression that he really thinks you are engaging upon a crackpot stunt! If you practice this you will find that provided you are tranquil you can pick up most interesting impressions. When your friend is tired of assisting you do it on your own, go out somewhere, get hold of a pebble which has not been touched by man so far as you know. This is easy if you are by a seashore, or you can dig up a stone from the earth. By practicing you will have truly remarkable results, you can, for example, pick up a pebble and know about the time when it was part of a mountain, how it was swept down by a river and out into the sea. The information that one can pick up by psychometry is truly amazing, but again, it needs a lot of practice, and you must keep your mind tranquil.

It is possible to pick up a letter which is still in an envelope and to be aware of the general trend of the contents. It is also possible to pick up a letter written in a foreign language, and by running the finger tips of the left hand lightly over the surface you will pick up the meaning of the letter even though you do not understand the individual words. This is quite infallible with practice, but never do it just to prove that you can do such a thing for the benefit of other people.

You may wonder why people will not prove that they are telepathic, that they are clairvoyant, etc. The answer is that when you are telepathic you have to have favourable conditions, you cannot do telepathy when you have someone trying to prove you wrong because you are picking up waves radiated by other people, and if you have a person close to you who is trying to prove you wrong, trying to say that you are a fake, then you will find that his radiations perhaps of dislike and doubt and distrust, are so strong that they blank out weaker waves from afar. We recommend that if anyone asks you to give proof you tell them that you are not interested; you know, and what you know you do not have to prove to other people.

We would also like to say something about clairvoyants who live in back streets and make money there from. It is a fact that many women have great clairvoyant abilities off and on, that is, it is not constant, it cannot be switched on at will. There is frequently the case that a woman who is most talented at clairvoyance in brief flashes will astound her friends with true prophecies. They will suggest that she ought to take it up professionally. The poor deluded woman will do so, she will charge varying sums of money for her services. She cannot tell a client that today she does not feel that her clairvoyant ability is working, and so, in one of her blank times, she makes up something. She is usually a good psychologist, and as she gets into the habit of making up things she will find that her clairvoyant ability will recede.

You should never take money for "reading the crystal" or "reading the cards." If you do, you will lose the ability to see clairvoyantly. You should never try to prove that you can do this or that, because if you do you will be fairly blasted by the brain waves of those who disbelieve in you.

Often times it is better not to admit how much you know. The more normal, the more natural you appear, the more you will pick up. We say never give proof, because if you try to give proof you will be really inundated by doubt-waves from others who can cause great harm to you.

We ask you to practice and practice, and cultivate inner composure without which you cannot do any of these things. With inner composure and faith you can do ANYTHING!

## LESSON TWENTY TWO

Before we go on to our Lesson proper, we should like to draw your attention to an item of very great interest which has just been drawn to OUR attention! It is of particular interest because throughout this Course we have been talking so much about the electric currents of the body, and saying how currents travel along the nerves to activate the muscles. Now in “Electronics Illustrated” for January 1963, page 62, there is this fascinating article with the title of “Russia's Amazing Electronic Hand.” Professor Aron E. Kobrinsky is a Doctor of Engineering in the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences, and it seems that he with his assistants have been doing research into the matter of prosthetics—artificial limbs. Up to the present the effort involved in making an artificial arm move at all has been a very tiring process for the wearer; now, however, in Russia there has been developed an artificial arm which is electrically operated.

At the time of the amputation two special electrodes are put on the end of certain nerves, the nerves which normally would move the muscles of the arm, and when the stump has healed so that an artificial arm may be fitted, the currents coming from the brain down the nerves and which would normally move, say, fingers and thumb, are passed on to the artificial arm where the very minute body currents are amplified greatly so that relays may be operated and the fingers and thumb of the prosthetic appliance can work as did the natural finger and thumb. It is stated that with these artificial arms it is possible to write a letter. An illustration in “Electronics Illustrated” shows a person with an artificial arm holding a pencil between fingers and thumb, and actually writing.

You may have been a little tired of our discourse about electric currents, brain waves, etc., and that is why we mentioned this particular incident which really is most illuminating. We can visualize a future when all artificial appliances will be controlled by the “bio-chemical currents.”

Now having dealt with that, we want to talk about emotions,

because as we think so we are. If we think too much of sadness, then we start a process which results in certain of our body cells becoming corroded. Too much sadness, too much misery, can bring on liver complaints or gall bladder complaints. Consider this; a man and a woman married for a long time are very, very attached to each other. The man suddenly dies, and the woman who is now a widow is overcome with the desolation of her loss. She becomes prostrate with sadness, she becomes pale and may even waste away. Often there will actually be some severe physical illness. Worse, there may even be a mental breakdown. The cause of this is that under the violent stimulus of such a loss the brain generates a high current of electricity which floods through the body, penetrating all organs and all glands, and creating considerable "back pressure." This inhibits the normal activities of the body. The sufferer may become numb, hardly able to think, hardly able to move. Frequently the excess stimulus at lachrymal glands will cause floods of tears because these glands act as a safety valve.

We get a similar sort of thing with the wrong voltage when we put, let us say, a 3.5 bulb in a 6 volt torch. Activity is very bright for a few moments and then the bulb blows out. The human body can "blow out" too, but that will result in trance, or coma, or even insanity.

Undoubtedly all of us have seen an animal which is very frightened. Possibly the animal has been chased by some larger fierce animal. The fugitive will not eat while it is frightened, and if one should be able to force that animal to eat the food would not digest. All the gastric secretions which normally break down the food cease when an animal is frightened. Actually the secretions dry up. So any intake of food is completely and utterly against the nature of the animal.

Very highly excited persons, or a person who is very depressed, should neither be persuaded nor forced to eat, for although no doubt such persuasion would be kindly meant, it would not be in the interests of the sufferer. Sorrow, or any deep emotion, brings a complete change in the chemical processes of the body. Uncertainty or sorrow can completely colour a person's outlook, make a person unbearable, make a person "impossible to get on with." When we say "colour a person's outlook" we mean just that, for one's chemical secretions really do alter the colours or the general trend of colours which one sees. We all know that those who are in

love see the world through “rose-tinted spectacles,” while those who are depressed and weary see the world through a definitely grayish tinge!

If we are to make progress we must cultivate equanimity of temperament; we must attain such a balance of emotion that we are neither wildly excited nor unduly depressed. We must make sure that those brain waves which we talked about have no high peaks and no deep valleys. The human body is designed to function in a certain manner. All the fits and starts to which it is subjected in so-called civilization does definite harm. Proof of this can be seen in the number of business men who have gastric ulcers or heart attacks, or who become jumpy. Again, this is the result of high fluctuations of electricity creating that back pressure which we mentioned previously. The back pressure suffuses various organs and definitely interferes with their normal functioning. For instance, a person with ulcers—he does not take in food, and so the gastric acids become stronger and stronger, until in the end they literally burn a hole through him. It follows, then, that those who want to progress and do telepathy, clairvoyance, psychometry, and all the rest of it, must be sure indeed that they cultivate evenness of temperament. It can be cultivated!

Frequently a person will become moody, depressed, and uncertain. The person will be difficult indeed to live with. Any incident which another person would not notice, or, noticing, would laugh off, would irritate this nervous and moody person quite unbearably, and might even bring on an attack of hysteria or simulated suicide. Such things do happen!

Do you know what hysteria is? It is a thing which actively is connected with the sex development of a person. Hysteria is connected with one of the most important female organs and functions, and often a person will have hysterectomy which sometimes affects them very badly by changing the whole functioning of the body. Many years ago people had the belief that only women could have hysteria, but nowadays they are starting to know better, because every man is a bit of a woman, and every woman is a bit of a man, and the two are remarkably similar. It is now known that each sex has all the organs of the other in some degree or other. Hysteria, then, is now a man's complaint as well as that of a woman; hysteria is a great inhibitor of things to do with the occult. If a person gives way to moods and has wide fluctuations of electrical output from the brain, then that person will assuredly

stop himself or herself from astral travelling, from telepathy, from clairvoyance, and from other metaphysical phenomena. We must be of even temperament; we have to be balanced before we can deal with the occult sciences. Remarkably enough, many people look upon clairvoyants or telepaths as being neurotic or imaginative, or something of that nature. They look upon the telepath and the clairvoyant as being unbalanced. Nothing could be further from the truth! Only the fake clairvoyant, only the fraudulent telepath can be neurotic or unbalanced because, as they are fakes and fraudulent anyhow, their state of mental health has no bearing on the subject! We say most definitely that one can only be telepathic, can only be clairvoyant, when the mind is functioning normally and the brain waves are fairly even and unruffled. The waves from the brain must be "smooth," that is, there must be no sudden peaks or depressions which will upset reception. We who are telepathic have to receive messages, therefore we have to be quiescent, we have to be receptive, which means that we have to keep our minds open. If our minds are in a furore all the time-if we are so busy thinking of our own miseries that we are not perceptive to the thoughts of others, then we shall not receive telepathically nor clairvoyantly. Again, the neurotic person cannot be clairvoyant GENUINELY. The psychopath is not a telepath!

Keep your mind free from upsets. When you feel irritated, or when you feel that the cares of the world are heaped upon your shuddering, sagging shoulders, take a deep breath, then take another and yet another. Think—will all these matters worry you in a hundred years' time? Or will they worry anyone else in a hundred years' time? If they are not going to worry you in a hundred years' time why should you worry about them now?

This business of keeping calm is of utter importance for our health, both physical and mental, so we suggest that when you start to become irritable you come to a halt and ask yourself why you are feeling bad tempered? Why are you so gloomy, so miserable? Why are you upsetting the lives of other people around you? Remember, too, that in being gloomy, bad tempered, irritable, miserable, and all the gamut of bad emotions you are hurting yourself only, you are not hurting the other person. He might be a bit tired of tantrums, but you are poisoning yourself as surely as if you took arsenic or rat poison or cyanide of potassium! Some of the people around you probably have far greater problems than you, yet they are not showing the effect of strain. If YOU are

showing the effects of strain it means that you do not have the correct perspective, it means that possibly-not inevitably-you may not be of the same mental and spiritual status as the other person.

We are upon Earth to learn, and no normal human is ever given too much to learn at one time. We may feel that we are being persecuted, victimized, we may feel that we are the subject of an unkind malignant fate, yet if we really reflect upon the matter we can see that we are not overstressed, we only think that we are. Let us get back to children again; a child may be given homework. He may think that there is a shocking amount of homework, especially as he wants to go out playing games or fishing, or chasing after a member of the opposite sex. He is so busy thinking of playing games and fishing that he does not even devote the normal one tenth of his mind to his work, and so it appears to be hard. Because he is making no real effort to get through his work he finds that it takes far longer than it would to any thinking person. He gets tired of the work, he does not devote a twentieth of his consciousness to the work, and he becomes more and more frustrated. Eventually he complains to his parents that he has too much homework, that all the strain is making him ill. The parents complain to the teacher that the child has too much work to do. No one thinks of knocking some sense into the child who, after all, is the one who should be trained! As with the child, so with you. You want to make progress? Then you have to abide by certain rules, you have to keep calm, you have to take the Middle Way. If you work too hard you are so busy thinking about the hard work that you are putting in that you have no time to think about the results you hope to obtain. So—the Middle Way is a very simple means of telling you that you must not work so hard, that you cannot “see the wood for the trees.” You must not laze so much that nothing at all is done; go somewhere between the two extremes and you will find that your progress is remarkable. Too many people really slave at a thing in the hope of getting it done, they try so hard that all their energy, all their brain power is devoted to “trying,” and nothing is left for “attaining.” If you try too hard it is like a car racing along in low gear, all fuss and splather, and making hardly any progress.

## THE POWER OF THE MIND.

It is unfortunately possible for anyone to have anything that one wants. There are certain laws of nature, or, if you prefer, of the occult, which makes it possible for anyone to have success or money if they will follow simple rules. We have tried to show throughout this Course that occultism, which really means “that which is unknown,” follows absolutely sensible laws and rules, and that there is nothing mystical about such things. For that purpose we are going to tell you how to get what you want!

Let us say, though, that when we say “Get what you want” we emphasize and re-emphasize that one should strive for the spiritual values, one should at all times work with determination to increase one's worth in the next life. A million or two would be very useful, let us hasten to agree on that, but it would be a snare and a delusion if we had “a million or two” at the expense of the next life. Our stay on Earth is temporary, and again we state that every effort of ours upon this Earth should be devoted to learning and to improving ourselves so that we are worth more when we move into the next life. Let us, then, strive for spirituality, let us strive that we may show kindness to others, and that true humility which must not be confused with false modesty, but the humility which assists us on our climb upwards.

Everything is in a state of movement, all life is movement, even death is movement because cells are breaking down and turning into other compounds. Let us remember at all times that one cannot stand still on a tightrope, one can either go forwards or backwards. Our endeavors should be to go forward, that is, we should move forward into spirituality, into kindness, into understanding for others, not backwards where we should be among the money-grabbers, those who cling to temporal possessions rather than striving to attain richness of the spirit. But—let us show you how you may gain all you desire.

The mind can give us all that we ask if we will let it. There are immense powers latent within the sub-conscious. Unfortunately most people are not taught how to contact the subconscious. We function at one-tenth consciousness, and—at most—one-tenth of our abilities. By aligning the sub-conscious on our side we can achieve miracles as did the Prophets of old.

It is useless to pray idly and without being specific, It is useless to pray with an empty mind because one's words will echo hollowly

if one does so. Use your brain, use your mind, use the great possibilities of the sub-conscious. There are certain inviolable steps which always must be followed. First decide precisely what you want, be absolutely definite, you must know what you want, you must say what you want, and you must visualize it. **WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU WANT?** It will not do to say you want a lot of money, it will not do to say that you want a new car or a new wife or a new husband. You must state **EXACTLY** what it is that you want. You must visualize it—picture it in your mind—and hold that picture firmly before you. If you want money, state quite definitely how much you want. It must be a definite sum. “About half a million” will not do, it must be definite. If you are wise, however, you will not bother so much about money, about the mundane things, you will **WANT** to be like Gandhi, Buddha, Christ, St. Peter, St. Anybody. You will strive to gain virtues which will be of use to you when you leave this life.

When you have decided what you want you come to stage two. We have already told you that you must **GIVE** in order that you may receive. What are **YOU** going to give? If you are asking for a certain sum of money (and that sum must be exactly specified) are you willing to give a tithe, which, of course, is a tenth, of that money? Are you willing to give help to other people who are not so fortunately placed as you? It is futile to say “Yes, when I get this money I will give a tenth of it.” You must start helping before that, you must start assisting those in need. If you do that you will be living the spirit of “Give that you may receive.” Again, you must be definite, you must be absolutely precise. The third item is—when do you want this money or this car, or new husband or new wife? It is not enough to say that you want it sometime in the indefinite future, and of course it is absurd to say that you want it immediately because there are physical laws which cannot be broken. It is not possible for a God to drop a gold brick into your waiting hands, and in any case if the brick did fall it would probably crush a few toes! Your time limit must be physically feasible. You could, for instance, say that you will have the money by such-and-such a month in such-and-such a year, but you could not say that you would have a fortune within the next five minutes because that would be contrary to the laws of nature, and it would nullify your thought power.

What are you going to do to realize your ambition? Supposing—just by way of illustration—that you want a new car. Well, first of

all, can you drive? It would be of little point to desire a new car unless you knew how to drive, so if you are determined to have a new car, take driving lessons first. Then you can decide on the type of car you want, and all that sort of thing. If you are looking for a husband or a wife make sure that you in your turn are fitted to be an adequate partner, make sure that you understand the law of give and take and are prepared to do your share to make a success of marriage, because marriage is not just a case of take all and give naught. When you take a partner you also have to give a partner to the other person. When you get married you cease to be one person, and you take on the problems and the worries and the pleasures of two persons; before you can hope to be satisfactorily and happily married you have to be sure that you are able physically, mentally and spiritually to be a satisfactory partner yourself.

As our fifth item we are going to say that the written word is stronger than the spoken word, while the two together make an unbeatable combination. Write out what you want, write it out as simply and as clearly as you can. You know what you want, so write it down. Do you want to be spiritual? Who is your ideal in the world of spirituality? Enumerate that person's abilities, talents, and strong points of character. Write it all down. If you are trying to get money write down the precise sum you want, write down when you want it, and make clear in writing that you are going to help other people, make clear that you are going "to tithe." When you have written all this down as simply and as clearly as you can, write at the end "I will give that I may receive." You must also add a note stating how you are going to work for the desired result, for bear in mind once again that you cannot get anything for nothing, everything has to be paid for in some form or other, there is no such thing as "getting something for free." If you receive a hundred dollars unexpectedly you have to give a hundred dollars worth of service. If you expect other people to help you, then you must first help them.

Assuming that you have written all this down, read your statement aloud to yourself three times a day. There is power gained if you can read it aloud in the quietude and privacy of your own room. Read it in the morning before you leave your bedroom, read it at lunch time, and read it once again before going to sleep at night so that three times a day, at least, you have read your affirmation which has thus become akin to a mantra. As you read this FEEL

that the money or car, or whatever it is that you want, is coming to you, be positive about it, imagine that you have the thing desired, imagine that it is actually within your grasp. The stronger you can think about this, that you can imagine all this, the more positive will the reaction be. It is a waste of effort to think “Well, I only hope it works—I only hope I shall get it, but I have my doubts.” That will invalidate your mantra immediately, you must be quite positive and absolutely constructive all the time, and you must not permit any doubts to enter. If you will adopt these steps you will drive the thought into your sub-conscious, and the sub-conscious is nine times cleverer than you are! If you can interest your sub-conscious, then you will get help, more help than you believed possible. It is a fact proved time after time that when one makes money other money comes more easily. A millionaire, for instance, would tell you that after he has made one million, two, three, or four millions come very much more easily and with little additional work. The more money one has, the more money is attracted to one, it works on the law akin to that of magnetism.

Again let us caution you that there are things of greater value than money. Once again let us say that no one has ever taken a single coin into the next world, and the more money you have the more you leave for other people, the more you strive for money the more you contaminate yourself, and make it difficult for yourself to aspire and to attain to the spiritual values. The more good you do for others, the more good you take away with you. Life on Earth is hard, and one of the hardest things of all is the falsification of values. At the present time people think that money is all that matters. So long as we have enough that we may eat, clothe ourselves and be sheltered, that will suffice. But we can never have too much spirituality, we can never have too much purity of thought, we can never help others too much, for in helping others we help ourselves.

We suggest that you read and re-read this Lesson. Perhaps it is the most important Lesson yet. If you follow the instruction you will find that you can have almost anything you want. What do YOU want? The choice must be yours, for you CAN have whatever it is that you desire. A pointer-money, success on this Earth? And then eclipse and a start all over again. Or will you choose spirituality, purity, and service to others? It may mean poverty or near-poverty on the Earth, which, after all, is only a speck of dust

floating in the void. But after this short, short life there comes the greater world where purity and spirituality is the “Coin of the Realm,” and where money, the currency of the world of Earth, has no value. The choice is yours!

### LESSON TWENTY-THREE

It is most regrettable that certain words have acquired such an unsavory connotation. There are a number of words which are good words, descriptive words, in all languages, but which through misuse throughout perhaps centuries have undergone a complete change of meaning.

We could refer to the word “mistress” as an illustration. Just a few years ago—within the memory of our grandparents—the word “mistress” was an honorable one indeed indicating a lady who was to be respected as mistress of the household, the lady of the house, a fit partner for the man of the house. By misuse it has now acquired a meaning which is altogether different from that which it originally possessed.

We are not going to talk about old mistresses, nor old masters, but it seemed an appropriate form of example because we are going to talk in this Lesson about another word, the meaning of which has become distorted throughout the years.

Imagination is a word which now is in sore disgrace. Years ago a man of imagination was a man of sensitive ideas, one who could write, one who could compose music or poetry. It was, in fact, absolutely essential for a gentleman to be possessed of imagination. Nowadays it appears that “imagination” indicates some poor frustrated woman suffering from hysteria or on the verge of a mental breakdown. People brush off experiences—which they would far better study!—with the exclamation, “Oh, it's all your imagination! Don't be so silly!”

Imagination, then, is a word that is in poor repute today, but controlled imagination is a key which can unlock many experiences which are at present locked in the veil of mystery which surrounds most people when they refer to occult matters. It is well to remember time and time again that in any battle between the imagination and the will it is always the imagination which wins. People pride themselves upon their will power, upon their indomitable courage, upon the fact that nothing frightens them. They assure bored listeners that with their will power they can do anything at all. The

whole truth of the matter is that with their will power they can do nothing unless the imagination agrees to permit it. These people of much-vaunted will power are actually those who have managed somehow (usually by accident) to let the imagination believe that a good dose of “will power” would be useful in this particular instance. We repeat, and any competent authority will agree with us, that in the matter of imagination and will power it is without exception imagination that wins. There is no greater power.

Do you still doubt that you can will yourself to do things when your imagination does not want you to? Consider this; let us pose a hypothetical problem because that appears to be the modern way of doing things!

We have before us a street devoid of traffic. There is no traffic about, there are no curious sightseers, so we have the whole street to ourselves. Let us paint a path some two feet wide—or three feet, if you prefer—from one side-walk to the other. Undisturbed by the thought of avoiding traffic, or unperturbed by the serious stares of onlookers, you would have not the slightest difficulty nor hesitation in stepping off one sidewalk onto your two or three feet wide path and walk sedately across the road to the other sidewalk. This would not cause your breath rate to increase, it would not cause your heart to flutter, it would be one of the simplest things you had ever been called upon to do. Will you agree with us so far?

You can walk along the painted pathway without a thought of fear because you know that the ground is not going to give way beneath you, you know that except in the case of an earthquake or a building falling over on top of you, you are quite safe, and if by some singular misfortune you should trip and fall to the ground no great harm would be done because you cannot fall further than your own height.

Now let us alter the pictures somewhat. Let us say that we are still in the street, and we move to a building which is about twenty stories high. We will get into the elevator and move upwards, up to the beautifully flat roof. As we stand on the roof and we look across the street, we observe that we are quite level with another building twenty stories high just across from us. If we look over the wall and down at the roadway beneath we can just see the painted line that we made. Now—now, we are going to have a board two or three feet wide, in other words, a board precisely as wide as was our painted line. We will stretch it across the street

twenty stories high across the street, and we will anchor it so firmly that it cannot move; we will anchor it so securely that it cannot sway or bounce, we will examine it most carefully to see that there is nothing at all which could trip you or make your footsteps uncertain.

You have the same width of pathway as you did on ground level. Can you walk across that plank which is fixed securely twenty stories above the street, and reach the other side of the street—reach the roof of the other building? If your imagination says you can, then indeed you can and without any great trouble. But if your imagination is not so complaisant then your pulse will race at the mere thought of it, you will feel “butterflies in the stomach,” you might even feel worse than that! But why? You have already walked across the road, so why can you not walk across this beautifully firm board? The answer is, of course, that your imagination starts working, your imagination tells you that here is danger, that if you slip, if you falter, you will step off the edge of the board you will fall twenty stories down to destruction. It does not matter how much one tries to reassure you, unless your imagination can be assured no amount of will power can help. If you try to assert your will power you might have a nervous breakdown, you will start to tremble, you will turn pale and your breath will come in stertorous gasps.

We have certain mechanisms built into us which protect us from danger, certain automatic safeguards are built into the human mechanism so that a human cannot normally run into foolish danger. Imagination makes it almost impossible for a person to walk the plank, and no amount of telling would enable a person to realize that it really was perfectly safe, you need to imagine that you can do it. Until you really can “imagine” yourself stepping up to the plank, getting onto it, and walking firmly and confidently across, then you cannot do it.

If one WILLs oneself to do a thing when the imagination says “NO,” then one does indeed risk a nervous breakdown, for we are going to repeat once again that in any battle between the imagination and the will power, the imagination always wins. Forcing ourselves to do something when all the alarm signals are clanging within us can wreck one's nerves, wreck one's health.

Some people are desperately afraid of passing a graveyard on a lonely road at midnight. If the occasion arises when they have to pass a cemetery at night they feel their scalp tingle, their hair

stands on end, their palms begin to perspire, and every perception is heightened, every impression is exaggerated, and they are indeed keyed up to make a prodigious leap to safety should the appearance of a ghost apparently call for escape.

People who do not like their work and have to force themselves to do their work, often bring into use an escape mechanism. Some of these “escape mechanisms” lead to rather weird results, they may be blessings in disguise because if warnings are not heeded mental breakdowns can occur. We are going to relate an actual instance which is well known to us, we know the instance, we know the man, and we know the result. Here it is:—

This man of our acquaintance did a lot of standing. He stood at one of those tall desks and entered figures in a ledger. His work was such that he had to stand, the work could not be done easily sitting down. The man was competent at his job, he was good at these figures, but he had a phobia; he was truly desperately afraid that someday, somehow he would make a mistake and perhaps be accused of embezzling a sum of money from his employers. Actually the man was painfully honest, he was one of those rare individuals who make hard work of honesty, one of those individuals who would not even take a packet of book matches from a hotel or would not even keep a newspaper which he found on a bus seat. But even so he was afraid that his employers did not know of his honesty, and that made him feel very bad indeed about his work.

For a number of years he went about the work becoming more and more unhappy, more and more preoccupied. He discussed a change of work with his wife, but she had no sympathy with him, and so he kept to the same job. But the imagination got to work also; first the man got gastric ulcers. With careful attention and diet those ulcers were cured, and he returned to work—returned to standing at a desk. It occurred to him one day that if he did not have the ability to stand then he would not have the ability to keep that job.

Some weeks later an ulcer appeared on his foot. For a few days he hobbled to work and endured great pain, but the ulcer got worse, and he had to remain in bed for a time. Being in bed—being away from his office, his recovery was quite speedy, and then he went back to work. All the time his sub-conscious mind was nagging him. It reasoned, one supposed, something like this; “Well, I got out of that horrible job by having a foot complaint,

they cured me too quickly so let me have a worse foot complaint.”

A few months after the man's return, presumably cured, he got another ulcer, this time on the ankle. It was such a bad ulcer that he could not move his ankle. Eventually he was taken to hospital, and as the ulcer became worse and worse he had to have an operation. After this he was discharged cured, and went back to his job.

Now the hatred of the job was growing on him. Soon another ulcer appeared, this time between the ankle and the knee, this time it was so bad—resisting all efforts to cure it—that he had to have his leg amputated at the knee. This time to his great joy the employer would not have him back, saying that he would not have a cripple around, a cripple who was always falling sick!

The doctors at the hospital knew quite a lot about this case, and so they arranged for the man to do some other work, work for which he had shown considerable aptitude while in hospital. It was a form of handicraft instruction. He liked the work and had much success at it. There was now no fear that he would go to prison for some mistake which would cause him to be accused of embezzling, so his health improved, and, so far as is known at the present time, he is carrying on this work and making a success at it.

This is rather an extreme case, true, but every day we see high-pressure businessmen who are in fear of their jobs, in fear of their employer, or in fear of “losing face,” working at high internal pressures and then seeking to escape by way of gastric ulcers, gastric ulcers, in fact, are known as the executives complaint.

Imagination can topple an empire, imagination can build an empire as well, remember. If you will cultivate your imagination and control it, you can have whatever you want. It is not possible to dictate to your imagination, not possible to tell it what it shall do because Friend Imagination is something like Friend Mule; you can lead a mule but you cannot drive him, and so you can lead your imagination but you cannot drive it. It needs practice, but it can be done.

Well, how are you going to set about controlling your imagination? It is only a matter of faith, of practice. Think of some situation which excites your fear or your distaste, and then overcome it by faith, by persuading your imagination that YOU can do a thing no matter what others can or cannot do. Persuade yourself that you are some special sort of being, if you like, it does not matter what method you adopt to yourself so long as you get your

imagination working on your behalf. Let us revert to our original illustration about crossing the street, let us decide that we can easily cross the street on a two foot plank resting across the roadway. Then, by faith, by thinking that we are not as others, we can persuade our imagination that we can cross the plank even though it be elevated twenty stories above the ground.

Think of this: Tell yourself that even a more or less brainless monkey can cross that plank with no fear at all. Who is better, you or a brainless monkey? If a brainless monkey or a person who is almost an idiot can cross that plank, then surely you, a much better person, can do so also. It is merely a question of practice, of having faith. In the past there have been famous tightrope walkers such as Blondin, who crossed a rope many times over the Niagara Falls. Blondin was just an ordinary man who had faith in his abilities, he had faith that he could cross where other men could not. He knew that the only thing to be afraid of was of being afraid, he knew that if he was confident of going across, then he could cross no matter if he was pushing a wheelbarrow or if he was blindfolded.

We all get the same sort of experience. We climb up a long ladder, and as long as we look up we experience no fear. But as soon as we look down the thought occurs to us that we would make an awfully bad mess if we fell off the ladder and then crashed. Our imagination then pictures ourself falling, pictures us being smeared many many feet below, our imagination might picture us clinging so tightly to that ladder that we cannot free ourselves. Steeplejacks have had that type of experience!

If you control your imagination by building up faith in your own abilities, you can do anything. You cannot succeed in overcoming your imagination by force, exercising your will power will not overcome your imagination, it will instead build up a neurosis within you. Remember, once again, that you must at all times lead your imagination, control your imagination. If you try to drive your imagination you will fail. If you will lead your imagination you will be able to do all those things which you thought would be impossible for you. First of all, though, believe that there is no such thing as "impossible."

## LESSON TWENTY-FOUR

People may have heard of the Law of Karma. Unfortunately so many of these metaphysical matters have been given Sanskrit or Brahmin names. In much the same way medical terms, anatomical terms, and, in fact, many scientific terms, have Latin names, Latin names can indicate a type of flower, or a bulb, or the action of a particular muscle or artery. The purpose of this originated in the days of long ago. Many years ago doctors tried to keep their knowledge to themselves, and the doctors of those days were the only ones who had any worthwhile education. Studying Latin was a “must,” and so it became necessary for doctors to use Latin as a means of concealing technical terms from those who were not educated, that is, those who were not doctors. This habit persisted right up to the present day.

There are certain advantages, of course, in having technical terms all in one language, because it doesn't matter what is the native language of a scientist, he can still manage quite well by discussing things with a foreign scientist in Latin. Radio operators aboard ship or on aircraft have much the same idea when they use the Morse code or what is known as the “Q” code. Often you will find that radio amateurs who keep in touch with other amateurs throughout the world use code so that they can communicate intelligently even though they normally will not understand a word of each other's language.

Sanskrit is a language which is known to advanced occultists throughout the world, so that if one refers to “Karma” one gets a particular picture of what we could term “the law of cause and effect.” You see, karma is nothing at all mysterious, nothing at all frightening. In this Course we want to put metaphysics upon what we consider to be a rational basis, we do not want to use abstract terms because to our way of thinking nothing in metaphysics is so difficult as to warrant the use of terms which often actually conceal one's meaning.

Let us take the “Law of Karma” out of its metaphysical con-

notation, let us forget about metaphysics, and let us instead consider the law of the land. Here is what we mean:—

Little Johnny so-and-so has just been given a motor cycle. He finds that there is a great thrill in sitting on this powerful machine and letting the engine race and make what is to him a wondrous noise, but sitting upon the machine is not good enough. Little Johnny So-and-So lets in the clutch and rides away, sedately perhaps at first, but then the joy of movement overcomes him and he goes faster and faster, oblivious of warning signs. Suddenly there is a blaring hoot behind him and a police car pulls up alongside and motions him into the curb. Little Johnny So-and-So glumly slows down and pulls off the road, even more glumly he waits with considerable apprehension for the policeman who is going to give him a ticket for going far above the permitted speed limit in a built-up area!

In this simple little example we have seen that there are certain laws, in this case the law was that no one could travel at more than a certain speed. Johnny So-and-So ignored that and so retribution in the form of a policeman came along and gave him a ticket so that Johnny So-and-So would have to pay a fine and go to Court as punishment for having broken the law.

Another example? All right! Bill James is a bit of a lazy fellow, he doesn't like work at all, but he has a very expensive girl friend. He can only keep his girl friend's interest so long as he can provide her with the things that she wants. It doesn't matter to her (she thinks) how Bill James gets the things she wants, so long as she gets them. So—

One evening Bill James sets out with the intention of robbing some store in the hope of obtaining enough money so that he can buy his girl friend whatever it is that she wants. A mink coat? A platinum diamond studded watch? Well, no matter what she wants, Bill James, with her full knowledge and approval, sets out to do this burglary. Very silently he creeps up to the building and prowls around seeking for some mode of entry. Soon he decides that he will get in what appears to be quite an inviting window. It is at a convenient height for him, so with the skill of much practice he slides a penknife through the window panes and forces back the catch. Easily he raises the sash, and then stops for a moment to listen. Has he made any noise? Is anyone about? Satisfied at last he eases himself up and crawls through the open window. There is not a sound, not a creak. Quietly in stocking feet he pads through

the store taking the things he wants, jewelry from cases, a pocketful of watches, and from a cash box in the manager's office he takes quite a pile of notes. Satisfied with his loot, he creeps back to the window and looks out. There is no one there, he retrieves his shoes and makes his way to a door, thinking that it would be so much easier to get out of a door than to creep through a window and possibly damage some of the stolen articles. Silently he eases back the bolts and walks out. A few steps into the darkness of the night and a sudden harsh voice says, "Stop! I have you covered!" Bill James freezes with fright, he knows the police are armed, he knows the police will not hesitate to shoot. A light pierces the darkness and shines full upon his face. Glumly he raises his hands above his head, figures materialize and he finds that he is surrounded by police. Quickly they search him for weapons and relieve him of all the very valuable items which he had stolen from the store. He is led off to a waiting police car and is soon ensconced in a cell.

Some hours later the girl friend of Bill James is awakened from her sleep by a policeman and a police matron. She is very, very indignant and not a little hysterical when she is told that she is to be arrested. Arrested? Yes, of course, for Bill James's girl friend was an accessory before the fact, and she, by inciting him to do that which he knew was wrong, is as much guilty as is Bill James.

The laws of life are like that. Now let us take it away from the physical world for a moment and tell you that karma is a mental or physical act which builds up good or bad. There is an old saying, "As ye sow so shall ye reap." It means just that. If you are going to sow bad deeds you will reap a bad future either in the next life, or the next, or the one after that. If in this life you sow good, if you show goodness and kindness and compassion to those in need, then when your own turn comes to have misfortune, someone—somewhere—will show you kindness and consideration and compassion.

Make no mistake about this; if a person is suffering hardship now it may not be because that person is evil, it may be to see how the person reacts under hardship, under suffering, it may be a process of refining to drive away by suffering some of the impurities, some of the selfishness of humanity. Everyone, be he prince or beggar, travels along what we call the Wheel of Life, the circle of endless existence. A man may be a king in one life, but in the next he may be a beggar travelling a-foot from city to city perhaps

trying to get work and failing, or perhaps just drifting along like a leaf blowing before a gale.

There are some people who are exempt from the laws of karma, so it is useless for you to say, “Oh, what a terrible life that person has had, he must have been a terrible sinner in a previous life!” The higher entities (whom we call “Avatars”) come down to Earth in order that certain tasks may be accomplished. The Hindus, for instance, believe that the God Vishnu descends onto Earth at various times in order to bring to mankind once again the truths of religion which mankind is so prone to forget. This Avatar, or Advanced Being, will often come to live, perhaps, as an example of poverty, but to show what can be done in the way of compassion, in the way of what seems to be immunity to suffering. Nothing could be further from the truth about this immunity to suffering, for the Avatar, being of finer material, suffers the more acutely.

The Avatar is not born because he has to be, he is not born that he may work out his karma. Instead he comes to Earth as an embodied soul, his birth is the result of free choice, or under certain conditions he may not even be born, he may take over the body of another. We do not want to tread on anyone's “corns” in the matter of religious beliefs, but if one will read the Christian Bible closely, one will understand that Jesus, the man, was born of Joseph and Mary, but in the fullness of time and when Jesus was a grown man, Jesus wandered into the Wilderness and the Spirit of Christ—the Spirit of God—descended and filled the body of Jesus. In other words, it was a case that another soul came and possessed the willing body of Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary.

We mention this, though, because we do not like to think that some people are being blamed for misfortunes and poverty when actually they come to help others by showing what may be accomplished by misfortune and poverty.

Everything we do results in some action. Thought is a very real force indeed. As you think, so you are. Thus, if you think of pure things you become pure, if you think of lust then you become lustful and contaminated, and you have to come back to Earth time after time until “desire” withers within you under the onslaught of purity and good thinking,

No person is ever destroyed, no person is ever so bad that they are condemned to everlasting punishment. The “Everlasting Punishment” was a device started by the priests of old who wanted

to maintain discipline over their somewhat unruly flock. Christ never taught eternal suffering, eternal damnation. Christ taught that if a person repented and tried, then a person would be “saved” from his own folly and given a chance and a chance again.

Kharma, then, is the process whereby we incur debts and we pay off those debts. If you go into a store and you order certain goods, then you are incurring certain debts which have to be paid for in coin of the realm. Until you have paid for those goods you are a debtor, and if you do not pay for the articles you can, in some countries, be arrested to be made a bankrupt. Everything has to be paid for by the ordinary man, woman and child upon the Earth only the Avatar is immune from the laws of kharma. So those who are not Avatars had better try to lead a good life so that they may cut short their sojourn on this Earth, for there is much better on other planets and on other planes of existence.

We should forgive those that trespass against us, and we should seek the forgiveness of those against whom we trespass. We should always remember that the surest way to a good kharma is to do to others as we would have them do to us.

Kharma is a matter which few of us can escape. We make a debt, we have to pay it, we do good to others, they must pay us back and do good to us. It is much better for us to receive good, so let us show good, compassion and kindness to all creatures, no matter what their species, remembering that in the eyes of God all men are equal, and in the eyes of Great God all creatures are equal whether they be cats, horses—what will you call them?

God, it is stated, works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. It is not for us to question the ways of God, but it is for us to work out the problems allotted to us, for only in working out our problems and bringing them to a satisfactory conclusion can we pay off kharma. Some people have a sick relative with whom they must live, some people have this sick relative living with them and they think, “Oh, how tiresome! Why cannot he die and be out of his misery?” The answer is, of course, that both are working out a planned life span, working out a planned form of existence. The person who is looking after the sick one may have planned to come just for that purpose.

We should at all times show great care, great concern, great understanding for those who are ill or sorrowing or are afflicted, for it may be that our task is to show such care and such understanding. It is too easy to brush off a tiresome person with an

impatient gesture, but those who are sick are most frequently very highly sensitive, they feel their disabilities, they feel very keenly that they are in the way, not wanted. We would again remind you that as things are on Earth at present every person who is truly occult, every person who can do the major occult arts has some physical disability. Thus, in spurning, in rudely brushing off an appeal for help from some sick person you may be brushing off a person who is far, far more gifted than you can ever imagine.

We have no interest in football or any of those strenuous sports, but we do want to ask you this question. Have you ever heard of a strong, rugged sportsman or sportswoman who was clairvoyant or could even spell the word? The process of some physical disability is often a process of refining a gross human body so that it can receive vibrations of a higher frequency than can the average human. So—show consideration to those who are sick, will you? Do not be impatient with a sick person, for the sick person has many problems with which you are unacquainted. There is a selfish side to it too! The sick person may be far more evolved than are you who are healthy, and in helping that sick person you could indeed help yourself immensely.

## LESSON TWENTY-FIVE

Have you ever been suddenly, devastatingly, shockingly deprived of a dearly loved one? Have you ever felt that the sun had retreated behind the clouds never, never to shine for you again. The loss of one who is dear indeed is tragic, tragic for you, and tragic for the one who has “gone on before” if you keep on making unnecessary drags—

We are going to talk about subjects which are usually regarded as sad, as gloomy, in this Lesson. But if we regarded things as we should, we should perceive that death is not really a time for mourning, not really a time for sorrowing.

Let us have a look first at what happens when we are aware that a loved one has passed on to that stage which people of Earth call “death.” We are going along in our normal way, possibly untroubled by any care or by any vexation. Then, suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, we are informed that this dearly beloved person is no longer with us. Immediately we feel our pulse race, we feel that the lachrymal ducts of our eyes get ready to shed moisture to relieve the tension within. We find that no longer do we see bright rosy cheerful colours, instead everything looks gloomy, everything looks sad as though suddenly a bright summer's day had been replaced by one of complete midwinter with leaden overcast skies.

Once again we come to our old friends the electrons, for when we are suddenly afflicted with sadness, with grief, the voltage generated in our brains alters, it may even change its direction of flow so that if we were seeing the world “through rose coloured spectacles” before, then after the receipt of the sad news we see the world through spectacles which make everything gloomy, everything depressing. That is just a natural physiological function in the mundane plane, but in the astral plane we are depressed also because of the horrible drag which our physical vehicle gives us when we try to go to greet the one who is newly arisen into what is, after all, the Greater Life, the happier life.

It is sad indeed to have a loved friend go off to a far distant country, but upon Earth we console ourselves with the thought that we can always write a letter, send a cable, or even use a telephone. So-called "death" on the other hand does not appear to leave any room for communication. Do YOU think that the "dead" are beyond reach? You could be greatly and joyously mistaken! We say to you that there are various scientists in reputable scientific centres of the world who are actually working on an instrument which will be capable of communicating with those to whom we must refer as "disembodied spirits." This is not a pipe dream, it is not a fantastic thought, it is an item of news which has been bruited about for quite a number of years, and according to the latest scientific reports there is at last some hope that such developments may soon become public knowledge, public property. But before we can get in touch with those who have passed beyond our immediate reach we can do much to help them.

When a person dies the physiological functions, that is, the actual working of the physical body, slows down and eventually stops. We have seen in the preliminary stages of this Course that a human brain can live for minutes only when deprived of oxygen. The human brain, then, is one of the first portions of the body to "die." Obviously when the brain is dead, death is utterly inevitable. We have a special reason for making this what appears to be a long drawn out affair.

After the death of the brain, other organs deprived of the commands and the guidance of the brain subside into quiescence, that is, they become like a motor car which has been deserted by the driver. The driver has switched off the ignition and left the vehicle. The engine may give a few kicks over by its own momentum, and then gradually the car will cool. As it cools one will get little clicks and grunts and squeaks from contracting metal. The same with the human body—as one organ follows another into that stage which we call dissolution there are various creaks and grunts and twitches of muscles. Over a period of some three days the astral body completely and permanently disengages its hold of the physical body. The Silver Cord which we may say roots the astral body to the physical, gradually withers in much the same way as the umbilical cord of a baby withers when cut, when the baby is separated from the mother. For three days the astral body is kept in more or less close contact with the decaying physical. A person who has died has an experience something like this;

the person is in bed, possibly surrounded by sorrowing relatives or friends. There comes a shuddering gasp in the throat, and the final rattle of death, and then the last harsh breath is exhaled through the teeth. The heart races for a moment, slows, flutters, and stops-permanently.

There are various tremors of the body, gradually the body becomes colder, but at the instant of death itself a clairvoyant can see a shadowy form emerge from the physical vehicle and float upwards like a silvery mist, float up to lie directly above the dead body. Over a period of the three days the silver cord connecting the two darkens, eventually it turns black where it enters the body. Then one gets an impression of black dust flying off that part of the cord which is still connected to the body. At last the cord drops loose and the astral form is free to rise properly and to get its introduction to the life above the astral. First, though, it has to look down and see this dead body which it used to inhabit. Often the astral form will accompany a hearse to the cemetery and will actually witness the funeral proceedings. There is no pain, no distress, no upset caused by this because the astral, in the case of a person unprepared by knowledge such as that contained within this Course, is in a state of semi-shock. It follows the body in the coffin in much the same way as a kite will follow a small boy at the other end of a string, or in much the same way as a balloon follows the trailer car which holds it from escaping. Soon, though, this silver cord-silver no longer-parts, and then the astral body is free to go up and up, and to prepare for its second death. This second death is completely and absolutely painless.

Before the second death a person has to go to the Hall of Memories and see all that happened in his life. You are not judged by anyone except yourself, and there is no greater judge, no sterner judge than yourself. When you see yourself stripped of all the petty conceits, all the false values that were dear to you upon the Earth you may find that in spite of all the money you have left behind, in spite of all the positions you have held, all the appointments, you are not so great after all. Very, very frequently the most humble, the most lowly and the poorest in money, get the most satisfactory and highest judgement.

After having seen yourself in the Hall of Memories, then you go on to that portion of the "Other World" which you think is most suitable for you. You do not go to Hell, believe us when we say that Hell is upon Earth-our training school!

You will probably know that people in the East, great mystics, great teachers, never let their true name be known because there is much power in names, and if all and sundry can call upon one in the correct vibration of one's name, then one is pulled irresistibly back to gaze upon the Earth. In some parts of the East, and in some parts of the West, too, God is known as "He whose name may not be spoken." That is because if everyone kept calling on God, then the leader of this world would have a most harrowing time.

Many teachers adopt a name which is not their own, a name which differs markedly from the pronunciation of their true name, for names, remember, consist of vibrations, of cords and harmonics, and if one is called by what is one's own harmonic combination of vibrations, then one is greatly distracted from any work which one may be doing at the time.

Sorrowing unduly for those who have "passed over" causes them pain, causes them to feel dragged down to the Earth. They are much the same as a man who has been east into the water and feels himself dragged down by soggy clothes and heavy boots.

Let us consider again this matter of vibrations, for vibration is the essence of life upon this Earth, and in fact upon any and all worlds. We all know a very simple illustration of the power of vibration; soldiers who are marching along keeping step will break back that step and walk across a big bridge in any disordered array of paces. The bridge may be capable of withstanding the heaviest mechanized traffic, it may be capable of bearing a whole succession of armored tanks rattling across, or it may bear a whole load of railway locomotives, and it will not deviate more than its designated amount through that load. Yet let a column of men march in step across that bridge, and it will set up momentum which causes the bridge to sway and bounce, and eventually to collapse.

Another illustration we might give in the matter of vibration is that of the violinist; if he takes his violin he can, by playing a single note for some seconds, cause vibrations to build up in a wine glass with the result that the glass will shatter with a surprisingly loud explosion.

The soldiers is one end of our illustration on vibration, and the other end? Let us consider Om. If one can say the words "Om Mani Padmi Um" in a certain way and keep on saying that for a

few minutes, one can build up a vibration of quite fantastic strength. So—remember that names are powerful things, and those who have passed over should not be called unduly, nor should they be called in sorrow or grief, for why should our sorrow be allowed to penalize them and make them suffer? Have they not suffered enough already?

We may wonder why we come to this Earth and suffer death, but the answer is that dying refines one, suffering refines one provided that it be not too much suffering, and again we must remind you that in nearly every case (there are certain special exceptions!) no man or woman is ever called upon to bear greater suffering or sorrow than meets his or her particular need of refining at that moment. You will appreciate this when you think of a woman who can swoon with sorrow. The swoon is merely a safety valve so that she is not overburdened with sorrow, so that nothing happens to injure her.

Often a person who has suffered a great sorrow will be numb with grief. Here again, the numbness is a mercy to the one who is left and to the one who has gone on. Numbness can cause the bereaved to be aware of the loss and so to undergo the refining process, but in being aware of the loss he or she is not unbearably tormented.

The person who has passed over is protected by the numbness of the bereaved, because if the numbness were not present perhaps the bereaved, with wailing and lamentations in full possession of his or her faculties, would cause great stress, great drags on the person who had newly passed over.

In the fullness of time it may be that all of us will be able to communicate with those who have passed over in much the same way as we can now use a telephone to get in touch with those who are in some distant city of the world.

By studying this Course conscientiously, by having faith in yourself and in the Greater Powers of this life and of the next life, you too should be able to get in touch with those who have passed over. It is possible to do so by telepathy, it is possible to do so by clairvoyance and by so-called “automatic writing.” In this latter, however, one must keep clear of one's own distorted imagination, one must control one's imagination so that the message which is written out, apparently sub-consciously, does not emanate from our consciousness nor from our sub-conscious, but comes instead

directly from one who has passed over and who can see us although most of us cannot, for the moment, see them.

Be of good cheer, be of good faith, for believing you can accomplish miracles. Is it not written that faith can move mountains? It certainly can!

## LESSON TWENTY-SIX

We are going to set down now what we term “Rules for Right Living.” These are completely basic rules, rules which are definitely a “must.” To them you should add your own rules. First we will set them down and then we will go over them again examining them more carefully so that we may perhaps have some insight into the reasons behind them. Here they are then:

1. Do as you would be done by.
2. Do not judge others.
3. Be punctual in all that you do.
4. Do not argue about religion nor scoff at the beliefs of others.
5. Keep to your own religion and show complete tolerance to those who are of the different religion.
6. Refrain from dabbling in “magic.”
7. Refrain from taking intoxicating drinks, and drugs.

Shall we have a look at these rules in somewhat greater detail?

We said “Do as you would be done by.” Well, that is good enough because if you are in possession of your normal faculties you would not stab yourself in the back, nor would you swindle yourself or overcharge yourself. If you are a normal person you like to look after yourself as much as possible. You will be living according to “The Golden Rule” if you look after your neighbor as you would yourself. In other words, do as you would be done by. It helps, it works out. This turning the other cheek business works out with normal people. If some person cannot accept your purity of thought and motive, then after you have suffered in silence two, or, at most, three times, you would be well advised to keep free of that person's presence. In the world beyond this life we cannot meet those who are opposed to us, those with whom we are not in harmony. Unfortunately we have to meet some pretty horrible people while on Earth, but we need not do so from choice but only from sheer necessity. So-do as you would be done by

and your character will stand you in good stead, and will be as a shining light to all men and to all women. You will be known as a person who does good, as a person who keeps a promise, so that if you are swindled the swindler will never get any sympathy. In connection with this, it is good to remember that not even the biggest swindlers can take a single cent away from this life!

We also say “Do not judge others.” You may yet be in a similar position to the person whom you have judged or condemned. You know the circumstances relating to your own affairs, but no one else does, not even the person who is nearest and dearest to you can share the thoughts of your soul. No one, upon this Earth at least, can be completely in harmony with another person.

Possibly you are married, possibly you are very happy with your partner, but even so, even in the happiest marriages, sometimes a partner will do something which is completely mystifying to the other. Often it is not even possible to explain one's motives.

“Let the innocent among you be the first to cast a stone.” “People in glass houses should not throw stones.” These are very good teachings because no one is completely innocent. If anyone was completely pure, completely innocent, they could not stay on this bad old Earth of ours, so by saying that the innocent only should throw stones, then there is no one to throw stones.

We are, quite bluntly, all in very much of a mess down here on Earth. People come here to learn things, if they had nothing to learn they would not come here, they would go to a better place altogether. We all make mistakes, many of us get blamed for things which we have not done, many of us do not get credit for the good which we have done. Does it matter? Later, when we leave this Earth, when we leave our training school, we shall find that the standards are very different indeed, the standards will not be in pounds sterling, nor in dollars, nor pesos or rupees; the standards? We shall then be assessed at our true worth. So-do not judge others.

Our third rule—“Be punctual in all you do” may be rather a surprise to you, but it is a logical rule. People arrange to do things, people have their plans, and there is a time and a place for everything. In being unpunctual we may upset the plans and ideas of the other person, in being unpunctual we may build up some resentment in the person who has been kept waiting so long, and if we build up resentment and frustration that person may take a different course to that which originally was the one planned.

That means that by being unpunctual we have caused another person to take a course of action not originally planned, and that is our responsibility.

Punctuality can be a habit quite as much as can unpunctuality, but punctuality is tidy, it is the disciplining of the body, of the spirit and of the soul too. Punctuality shows respect for oneself because it means that one is able to keep one's word, and it shows respect for others because in that case we are punctual because we respect others. Punctuality, then, is a virtue which is well worth cultivating. It is a virtue which increases our own mental and spiritual status.

Now about religion; it is wrong indeed to scoff at another person's religion. You believe THIS, another person believes THAT. Does it matter what you call God? God is God whatever He is called. Can you argue about the two sides of a coin? Unfortunately throughout the history of mankind there has been too much bad thought about religion-about religion which should cause only good thought.

We repeat to a certain extent this rule about religion in Rule number 5, because we say that one should keep to one's own religion. It is rarely wise to change. While upon Earth we are in midstream, the midstream of life, and it is not wise to change horses in midstream!

Most of us came to this Earth with a certain plan in mind. For most of us that entailed believing in a certain religion or a certain form or branch of religion, and unless there are the strongest of strong reasons it is unwise to change one's religion.

One assimilates religion as one assimilates the language when young. Just as it is always harder to learn a language when one is older, so is it harder to be able to absorb the nuances of a different religion.

It is also wrong to try to influence another person to change to a different religion. What may be suitable for you may not be suitable for the other person. Remember Rule 2, and do not judge others. You cannot judge what religion will suit another person unless you can get inside his skin, get inside his mind, and get inside his soul as well. Lacking the ability to do that, it may be considered an unwise thing indeed to interfere with, to weaken, or to scoff at the religious beliefs of another. Just as we should do as we would be done by, we should give full tolerance, full freedom to another person to believe and worship as he or she thinks fit. We should

resent interference ourselves, so let us realize that the other person may resent it also.

Rule number 6 is—"Refrain from dabbling in magic." That is because many forms of "magic" are harmful. There are many, many things in occultism which can harm one immensely if one studies without guidance.

An astronomer would never gaze at the sun through a high powered telescope without taking suitable precautions, without, in fact, having some suitable sun filters in front of the lens. Even the poorest astronomer would know that gazing upon the sun through a high powered telescope would result in blindness. In much the same way, dabbling in the occult without suitable training, without suitable guidance, can lead to nervous breakdown, can lead to a whole host of thoroughly unpleasant symptoms.

We are definitely opposed to the practice of taking Eastern Yogic exercises and trying to torture a poor Western body into some of those postures. These exercises are designed for the Eastern body which has been schooled in these postures from the very earliest days, and it can harm one immensely to get oneself in a contorted mess of bruised muscles just because the exercise has a yogic title. Let us study occultism, by all means, but let us study it sensibly and with guidance.

We do not advise one to "commune with the dead" or do other remarkable practices of that type. It can be done, of course, and is done every day, but it is a matter which can be thoroughly painful and harmful to both sides unless it is done under the competent supervision of a trained person.

Some people study the daily newspaper to see what their horoscope is for that day! Many people, unfortunately, take these forecasts absolutely seriously and model their life upon them. A horoscope is a useless and dangerous thing unless prepared according to exact natal data by a competent astrologer, and the cost of such astrologer's services would be high indeed because of the considerable knowledge required and the long long time which the computations would take. It is not enough to take the Sun sign or the Moon sign, or the colour of one's hair, or whether one's toes turn up or not, one can do it exactly only if one has the training and the data. So, unless you know of an astrologer who has that training, and patience and the time available, and unless you have an ample supply of money with which to pay for all this

time and knowledge, we suggest you do not dabble in astrology. It can cause you harm. Instead study only that which is pure and innocent such as, we venture to say with due modesty, this Course which is, after all, but an exposition of natural laws, laws which relate even to breathing and to walking.

Our last rule was “Refrain from taking intoxicating drinks, or drugs.” Well, we should have said enough throughout this Course to let you realize the dangers of driving the astral body willy-nilly from the physical body, and—as it were—stunning it.

Intoxicating drinks harm the soul, they distort the impressions transmitted through the Silver Cord, they impair the mechanism of the brain which, we must remember, is but a receiving and transmitting station concerned with the manipulation of the body up on Earth and the receipt of knowledge in the world beyond.

Drugs are even worse, for drugs are even more habit forming. If one is going to take to drugs, then one is in effect abandoning all that one aspires to in this life, and in giving way to the false blandishments of intoxicating drinks and drugs one may be paving the way for life after life upon Earth, until one has thoroughly worked out the karma which that silly, silly habit has built up for us.

All life should be ordered, all life should have discipline. A religious belief, if one adheres to one's belief, is a useful form of spiritual discipline. One sees nowadays teenage gangs in all the cities of the world. Through World War II home ties were weakened; perhaps the father went to the war and the mother worked in a factory, with the result that young, impressionable children played on the streets without any adult supervision, and these young, impressionable children banded together into gangs, they made their own form of discipline, the discipline of gangsterdom. We believe that until the discipline of the love of parents, and the discipline of religion can take over, then teenage crime will continue and increase. If we all have mental discipline we may be able to set some sort of example to those who have not, for, remember, discipline is essential. It is discipline that distinguishes a highly trained army from a disorganized rabble.

## LESSON TWENTY-SEVEN

We are going to bring our old friend, the sub-conscious, to the forefront because the relationship between the conscious mind and the sub-conscious mind offers an explanation as to why hypnotism works.

We are really two people in one. One of these people is a little person a ninth the size of the other, an active little person who likes to interfere, likes to be bossy, likes to control. The other person, the sub-conscious, is likened to an amiable giant without reasoning power, for the conscious mind has reason and logic but no memory, the sub-conscious mind cannot use reason and has no logic but it is the seat of memory. Everything that has ever happened to a person, even things that happened before birth, are retained within the sub-conscious, and under suitable types of hypnosis that memory can be released for consideration by others.

One might say—for the purpose of this illustration—that the body as a whole represents a very large library. In the front office, or in the front desk, we have a librarian. Her chief virtue is that while she may not know much about different subjects, she will know instantly the books which contain the desired information. She is adept at consulting filing cards and then producing the book with desired knowledge. People are like that. The conscious mind has this ability to reason (often incorrect reasoning, too!) and it is able to exercise a form of logic, but it has no memory. Its virtue is that when trained it can stir up the sub-conscious so that the latter provides information stored in the memory cells. Between the sub-conscious mind and the conscious mind there is what we might call a screen which effectively blocks off all information from the conscious mind. It means that the conscious mind cannot just probe around in the sub-conscious at any time. This, of course, is absolutely necessary because one would eventually contaminate the other. We stated that the sub-conscious had memory but no

reason. It will be clear that if the memory could be combined with reason, then some facets of information would be distorted because the sub-conscious, with the power of reasoning, might say in effect, "Oh that is ridiculous! That cannot possibly be! I must have misread the facts, let me alter my memory banks." So it is that the sub-conscious is without reason, and the conscious is without memory.

We have two rules to remember :—

1. The sub-conscious mind is without reason, therefore it can only act upon suggestion as given to it. It can only retain in the memory any statement true or untrue which is given to it, it is not able to evaluate whether that information is true or false.
2. The conscious mind can only concentrate upon one idea at a time. You will readily appreciate that all the time we are receiving impressions, forming opinions, seeing things, hearing things, touching things, and if the sub-conscious mind were unprotected, then everything would pour in and we would have our memories cluttered with quite useless information, frequently incorrect information. Between the sub-conscious and the conscious minds there is a screen which can block off those matters which have to be considered by the conscious before they can be passed on to the sub-conscious for filing. The conscious mind, then, limited to considering one thought at a time, selects the thought which appears to be the most important, examines the thought, accepts or rejects it in the light of reason or logic.

You may complain that this cannot possibly be so because you personally can think of two or three things at once. But that is not the case; thought is very quick indeed and it is an established fact that thought changes even faster than a lightning flash, so, although you may consciously think that you have two or three thoughts at once, careful investigation by scientists prove that only one thought can occupy the attention at one time.

We should make it clear that, as we have already stated, the memory banks of the sub-conscious mind hold a knowledge of everything that has ever happened to that particular body. This conscious threshold or screen does not prevent the entry of information, everything pours into the sub-conscious memory, but information which has to be scrutinized by the logical reasoning brain is held back until such time as it has been evaluated.

Let us see, then, how hypnotism works.

The sub-conscious mind has no power of discrimination, no power of reasoning, no power of logic, so if we can force a suggestion through the screen which normally exists between the conscious and the sub-conscious, we can cause the sub-conscious to behave as we want it to! If we concentrate conscious attention upon a single thought, then we increase the suggestibility. If we put the thought to a person that they will be hypnotized, and they believe that they will be hypnotized then they will be, because that screen is then lowered. Many people boast that they cannot be hypnotized, but they boast about it rather too volubly. In denying their susceptibility to hypnosis they are merely intensifying their susceptibility, because, again, in any battle between the imagination and the will, the imagination always wins. People may will themselves not to be hypnotized. It is then as though the imagination rises up in wrath and says, "You jolly well WILL be hypnotised!" And the subject "goes under" almost before he knows that anything has happened.

Of course you know how one becomes hypnotized. It will not harm us, though, to go into it again. The first thing to do is to have some method of attracting a person's attention so that the conscious mind, which can hold one thought only at a time, is held captive and then suggestions can creep into the sub-Conscious.

Usually the hypnotist has a bright button or a piece of glass, or some other gimmick, and he asks his subjects to consciously focus the attention upon that glittering object, and to focus the attention unwaveringly upon that object. The whole purpose of this, we repeat, is to so engage the conscious mind that it cannot perceive that certain workings are taking place behind its back!

The hypnotist will hold an object just above eye-level because in looking up to that level a person's eyes are put in an unnatural position of strain. It strains the muscles of the eyes and the eyelids as well, and the eyelid muscles are quite definitely the weakest muscles in the human body, and tire more quickly than does any other muscle.

A few seconds, and the eyes tire, they begin to water. It is a simple matter then for the hypnotist to state that the eyes are tired and that the person wants to sleep. Of course he wants to close his eyes because the hypnotist has just thoroughly tired those muscles! Deadly monotony in repeating that the eyes are tired bores the subject, and knocks down the guard—the awareness—of the sub-

ject. Frankly he is thoroughly bored with the whole affair, and feels that he would gladly sleep to have something different to do!

When this has been done a few times the suggestibility of the subject has been increased, that is, he is forming the habit of becoming hypnotically influenced. So, when a person-the hypnotist-says that the subject's eyes are becoming tired, the subject accepts that without the slightest hesitation because previous experiences have proved that the eyes did become tired under those conditions. Thus, the subject places more and more faith in the statements of the hypnotist.

The sub-conscious mind is quite uncritical, it is not able to discriminate, so if the conscious mind can accept the proposition that eyes become tired when the hypnotist says so, then the sub-conscious will also agree that there shall be no pain when the hypnotist says so. In that case, a hypnotist who knows his job, can see that a woman has completely painless childbirth, or can see a patient has a dental extraction without any pain or any discomfort even. It is a simple matter indeed, and it needs merely slight practice.

The whole thing is, then, that a person who is going to be hypnotized has accepted the statements of the hypnotist. In other words, the subject was told that his eyes were becoming tired. His own experience proved to him that his eyes were becoming tired. He was told by the hypnotist that he would feel much ease if he closed his eyes, and when he did close his eyes he did feel ease.

A hypnotist always has to make sure that his statements are thoroughly believed by the person being hypnotized. It is useless to tell a person that he is standing up when obviously he is lying down. Most hypnotists only tell the subject of a certain thing after the thing has been proved. For instance:—

The hypnotist may tell the subject to stretch out his arm at full length. He will repeat it in a monotonous voice for some time, and then when he sees that the subject's arm is becoming tired he will say, "Your arm is becoming tired, your arm is feeling heavy, your arm is becoming tired." The subject can readily agree to that remark because it is self-evident that he is becoming tired, but in the light trance state he is not in a position to say to the hypnotist, "Well, you idiot! Of course it is tired as I am keeping it out like this!" Instead he just believes that the hypnotist has some certain power, some certain ability which can make him do whatever is ordered.

In the future it will be that doctors and surgeons will resort more and more to hypnotic methods, because there is no after-effect with hypnotism, nothing painful, nothing at all disturbing. Hypnotism is natural and almost every person is susceptible to hypnotic commands. The more a person asserts that he or she cannot be hypnotized, the more easy it is to hypnotize that person.

We are not concerned with hypnotizing other people, however, because unless in highly trained hands that can be a highly dangerous and evil thing. We are concerned in helping you to hypnotize yourself, because if you hypnotize yourself you can get away from bad habits, you can cure yourself of weaknesses, you can raise your temperature in cold weather, and do a lot of useful things like that.

We are not going to teach you how to hypnotize others because we consider it to be dangerous unless one has years of experience. There are certain factors about hypnotism which we are going to mention, though, and in the next Lesson we will deal with self or auto-hypnotism.

It is said in the West that no person can be hypnotized instantly. That is incorrect. Any person can be hypnotized instantly by one who has been trained in certain Eastern methods. Fortunately few Westerners have been so trained.

It is also stated that no person can be hypnotized and compelled to do a thing in opposition to their own moral code. Here again, this is false, it is absolutely false.

One could not go up to a righteous, good living man, hypnotize him, and say "Now you go out and rob a bank!" The subject would not do it, he would just wake up instead. But a skilful hypnotist can so phrase his commands and his words that the hypnotized subject believes that he is taking part in a play or in a game.

It is possible, for instance, for a hypnotist to do very wrong things to another person. All he has to do is, by suitably chosen words and suggestions, to persuade the subject that he or she is with perhaps a loved one, a trusted one, or again, is playing. We do not propose to deal any more with this particular aspect of it because hypnotism is truly a shockingly dangerous thing in unscrupulous hands, and in untrained hands. We suggest that you have nothing whatever to do with hypnotism unless it be treatment under the care of a reputable, highly experienced, highly trained medical practitioner.

In dealing with auto or self hypnotism, if you follow our instructions you cannot harm yourself and you cannot harm anyone else. On the contrary, you can do a lot of good for yourself and perhaps for other people too.

## LESSON TWENTY-EIGHT

In the last Lesson, and, indeed, throughout this Course, we have seen how we are really two people in one, one being the sub-conscious and the other being the conscious. It is possible to make one work for the other instead of being as two separate entities almost entirely self-contained and separate. The sub-conscious entity is the storer of all knowledge, one might say the custodian of the records or the head librarian. The sub-conscious entity can be likened to a person who never goes out, never does anything except store knowledge and operate things through giving orders to others.

The conscious mind, on the other hand, can be likened to a person of no memory or of very little memory, and of very little training. The person is active, jumpy, hopping from one thing to another, and only using the sub-conscious as a means of gaining information. Unfortunately, or otherwise, the sub-conscious normally is not so accessible for all types of knowledge. Most people, for example, cannot remember the time they were born, yet all that is stored in the sub-conscious. It is even possible by suitable means to take a hypnotized person back to the time before they were born, and although it is a most interesting experience it is not one that we intend to deal with at length here.

We will tell you, as a matter of interest, that it is possible to hypnotize a person over a series of interviews and to take that person back through successive years of the life so that we go to the time of birth, and to the time beyond birth. We can even take a person to the time when they were planning to come down to the Earth again!

But our purpose in this Lesson is to see how we may hypnotize ourselves. It is common knowledge that anyone knows that one person can be hypnotized by another, but in this case we want to hypnotize ourselves, for many people have a distinct aversion to placing oneself at what is quite literally the mercy of another person, because, although in theory a pure, high-minded person cannot harm the one who is being hypnotized, we can claim that

except in exceptional circumstances certain transference takes place.

A person who has been hypnotized by another person is always more susceptible to the hypnotic commands of that person. For that reason we personally do not recommend hypnosis. We feel that before it can be perfected for medical use there should be additional safeguards, for example no one medical practitioner should be allowed to hypnotize a person, there should always be two medical practitioners present. We would also like to see a law whereby a person who hypnotizes another has himself to be hypnotized and compulsion implanted within him so that he cannot do anything which would harm the person he is going to hypnotize. And we would like the practitioner to undergo hypnosis himself about every three years in order to have that safeguard to the patient renewed, otherwise the patient is truly at the mercy of the practitioner. Although we would agree that the great, great majority of practitioners are entirely Honourable and entirely ethical, yet one does come across the occasional black sheep who, in this work, is very very black indeed.

Now let us get on with this business of hypnotizing oneself. If you study this Lesson properly you will indeed have a key which will enable you to unlock unsuspected powers and abilities within you. If you do not study this properly, then it will just be a meaningless babble of words and you will have wasted your time.

We suggest that you go to your bedroom and pull the curtains to exclude the light, but above your eyes fix a very small light of the night-light type. Extinguish all lights except that one, that light must be so arranged so that your eyes look upwards slightly-slightly higher than a straight ahead look.

Turn out all the lights except that little neon-glow lamp, and then stretch out as comfortably as possible upon your bed. For a few moments do nothing except breathe as evenly as you can and just let your thoughts wander. Then, after a minute or two of idle thought-wandering, pull yourself together and decide quite firmly that you are going to relax. Tell yourself that you are going to relax every muscle in your body. Think of your toes, dwell upon your toes, it is more convenient to dwell upon the right toe first. Imagine that the whole of your body is a great city, imagine that you have little people occupying every cell of your body. It is these little people who work your muscles and your tendons, and who attend to the needs of the cells, that make you tingle with life.

But now you want to relax, you do not want all these little people bumbling about distracting you with a twitch here or a twitch there. Concentrate first on your right toes, tell the little people in the right toes to start marching, let them march out of your toes into your foot, up to your instep, along to your ankle. Let them move up the calf of your leg along to the knee.

Behind them the toes of your right foot will be limp, lifeless, completely relaxed because there is no one and nothing there to cause feeling, all these little people are marching away, marching up your leg. Your right calf is now quite relaxed, there is no feeling in it; your right leg, in fact, is quite heavy, lifeless, numb, without feeling and so quite relaxed. March the little people all the way up to your right eye and make sure that the policemen on duty there put barriers across the road so that none may slip back. Your right leg, then, from toes to thigh is completely, utterly relaxed. Wait a moment, make sure that it is so, then move to the left leg. Imagine, if you like, that a factory whistle has blown and all the little people are hurrying away from work, leaving their machines, and going home to their leisure. Imagine that they have a good cooked supper ready. Hurry them away from the toes of your left leg, hurry them along up the instep, up the ankle, along the calf into the knee. Behind them the left toes and foot and lower leg will be completely relaxed, completely heavy, as if not belonging to you any more.

Get those people moving, get them up beyond your knee, get them up the thigh. Now, as before in the case of the right leg in the left leg make your imaginary policemen put barriers so that no one may slip back.

Is your left leg completely relaxed? Make sure. If it is not completely relaxed, order the little people out of the way again so that you are left with the two legs as an empty factory with everyone gone home, with not even maintenance men left there to cause disturbance or noise. Your legs are relaxed. Now do the same with your right hand and arm, and your left hand and arm. Send all the workers away, send them off get them moving, get them moving like a flock of sheep gets moving in a hurry when a really good sheepdog gets after them. Your purpose is to drive these little people away from your fingers, away from the palm of your hand, away from your wrist, up your forearm, past the elbow—get them moving, clear them out, you want to relax because if you can relax and remain free from all distractions, remain free from all internal

buzzes and ticks and clicks, you can unlock your sub-conscious and then you can be the possessor of powers and knowledge not normally given to Man. You have to play your part, you have to get those little people out of your limbs, get them moving, get them away from your body.

Having got your arms and your legs completely, utterly relaxed, and left like an empty housing estate when everyone has gone off to the local test match, do the same with your body. Your hips, your back, your stomach, your chest—everything. These little people, they are a nuisance to you. Granted they are necessary to keep life within you, but on this occasion you want them to take a holiday away from you. Well, move them off, march them up along the Silver Cord, get them away from your body, get yourself free from their irritating influence, then you will be completely and utterly relaxed, and you will know greater ease within you than you have ever thought possible.

With all the little people crowded onto your Silver Cord, and with your body empty—drained of little people—make sure that you have guardians at the end of the Silver Cord so that none of these little people may slip back and cause a disturbance.

Take a deep breath, make sure it is a slow, deep, satisfying breath. Hold it for a few seconds, and then release it slowly taking a few more seconds about it. There should be no strain in this, it should be easy, it should be comfortable, and natural.

Do it again. Take a deep breath, a deep, slow, satisfying breath. Hold it for a few seconds and you will hear your heart going “bump, bump, bump” inside your ears. Then release it—release that breath slowly, slowly, slowly. Tell yourself that your body is completely relaxed, that you feel pleasantly limp and at ease. Tell yourself that every muscle within you is becoming relaxed, your neck muscles are slack, there is no tension within you, there is only ease, comfort and relaxation within you.

Your head is becoming heavy. The muscles in your face trouble you no longer, there is no tension, you are relaxed and comfortable. Idly contemplate your toes, your knees and your hips. Tell yourself how pleasant it is to feel so relaxed, to feel that there is no tension, to feel that there is nothing pulling or twitching within you. Go higher, feel that there is no tension within your body anywhere, no tension within your arms, within your chest, nor within your head. You are calmly resting fully at ease. and every,

every part, every muscle and every nerve, every tissue within your body is completely and utterly relaxed.

You must be sure that you are completely and utterly relaxed before doing anything further in the matter of self-hypnosis, because it is only the first or second time which will cause you any shadow of trouble. After you have done it once or twice it will appear to be so natural, so easy, that you will wonder why you have never done it before. Take particular care this first or second time, go slowly at it, there is no need to rush, you have lived all your life so far without it so a few more hours will not matter. Take it easy, do not strain, do not try too hard, for if you try too hard you will make it easy for doubts and hesitations and muscular fatigue to set in.

If you find that any particular part of your body is not relaxed, then devote special attention to it. Imagine that you have some particularly conscientious workers in that part of the body, and they want to finish some specific job on hand before leaving at the end of the day. Well send them off, no job is so important as this upon which you are now engaged. It is essential that you relax for the good of yourself and for the good of your “workers.”

Now, if you are quite sure that you are relaxed in all parts of your body, raise your eyes so that you can see that little neon nightlight flickering away somewhere just above your head. Raise your eyes so that there is a slight strain on the eyes and on the eyelids as you gaze at the light. Now keep looking at that nightlight, its a nice, pleasant little reddish glow, it should make you feel drowsy. Tell yourself that you want to get your eyelids to close when you have counted ten, so count—”One-Two-Three—My eyes are becoming tired—Four—Yes, I am becoming drowsy—Five—I can hardly keep my eyes open—” and so on until you get to nine; “Nine—My eyes are closing tightly—Ten—My eyes will stay open no longer, they are shut.”

The point of this is that you want to set up a definite conditioned reflex so that in future auto-hypnotic sessions you will have no difficulty at all, you will not have to waste time with all this relaxing, all you will have to do is to count, and then you will go off to sleep into the hypnotic state, and that is the aim for which you must now seek to attain.

Now certain people may have a few doubts, and their eyes will not close the first time at the count of ten. There is no need to worry about this because, if your eyes will not close willingly, then

close them deliberately as though you were in fact in the hypnotic state. If you do this deliberately you will be laying a foundation for that conditioned reflex, and that is a thing which is quite essential. Again—you want to say something like this, the actual words do not matter, this is just to give you some idea with which you can make your own formula:—

“When I have counted up to ten my eyelids will become very, very heavy and my eyes will become tired. I will have to close my eyes, and nothing will keep them open after I have reached the count of ten. The moment I do let my eyes close I shall fall into a state of complete self-hypnosis. I shall be fully conscious, and I shall hear and know everything that happens, and I shall be able to order my sub-conscious mind as I want to.”

Then you count as we told you before “One—Two—My eyelids are becoming very heavy, my eyes are becoming tired—Three—I have difficulty in keeping my eyes open—Nine—I cannot keep my eyes open—Ten—My eyes are closed and I am in a self hypnotic state.”

We feel that we should end this Lesson here because it is such an ample time in which to practice. If we gave more in this Lesson you might be inclined to read too much at one time, and to take in too little at one time. So—will you study this again and again? We assure you repeatedly that if you will study, if you will assimilate this and practice this, you will have truly wonderful results.

## LESSON TWENTY-NINE

In our last Lesson we dealt with the method of getting ourselves into the trance stage. Now we have to practice that several times. We can make it much easier for ourselves if we really practice, so that we can get into the trance stage easily without having to make hard labor of it, because the whole point of this is to save one hard labor.

Let us also look at the reason for this; you want to hypnotize yourself so that you may eliminate certain faults, so that you may strengthen certain virtues, certain abilities. Now what are those faults? What are those abilities? You must be able to focus the faults and the virtues clearly. You have to be able to really conjure up a picture of yourself as you want to be. Are you weak-willed? Then picture yourself exactly as you want yourself to be, with a strong will and a dominant personality, able to get over your points, able to sway men and women in the way that you want to sway them.

Keep on thinking of this “new you.” Keep the picture of this “you” steadily before you in much the same way as an actor—a star—actually lives the part which he is going to play. You must use your full powers of visualization; the more firmly you can visualize yourself as you want to be, then the more quickly you can attain your objective.

Keep on practicing, putting yourself in a trance, but always make sure that you are practicing in a quiet, darkened room. There is no danger in any of this. We stress that you should “make sure that you are not interrupted” because any interruption, or any draft of cold air for instance, will cause you to wake up, cause you to snap out of that trace in a hurry. There is no danger, we repeat, it is definitely not possible for you to hypnotize yourself and fail to come out of the trance. To reassure you let us take a typical case.

The patient has had a lot of practice. He goes to his darkened room, switches on the little neon light just above the eyebrow level, and composes himself comfortably upon his bed or his couch.

For some moments he works at getting the body relaxed, free from stresses and strains.

Soon he feels a wonderful sensation stealing over him as if all the weight of the body, all the cares of the body are dropping off, and he is about to enter a new life. He relaxes more and more, leisurely reaching out with his mind to see if there is any muscle under tension, to see if there is any twitch, any ache, any strain anywhere. Satisfied that he is completely relaxed, he gazes steadily at the little neon light, his eyes are not pointed straight ahead but are inclined upwards somewhat toward his eyebrows.

Soon his eyelids begin to feel heavy, they flutter a little and then close, but only for a second or two. They flutter open again, there is some moisture, his eyes are watering. They flutter and tremble, they close again. Once more they open, with difficulty this time for the eyes are tired, the lids are heavy, and the person is almost in deep trance. Within a second or so the lids close, and this time they stay tightly closed. The body relaxes even more, the breathing becomes shallow, the patient-the subject, call him what you will-is in the trance stage.

Now let us leave him for a moment. What he is doing in that trance is no concern of ours because we can go into a trance ourselves and have our own experiences. Let us leave him in the trance stage until he has completed that for which he went into the trance.

He was doing an experiment, it seems, to see how deeply he could hypnotize himself, to see how firmly he could stay asleep. He deliberately tried to set aside one of the provisions of nature because he told himself he was not going to wake up!

Minutes—ten minutes, twenty minutes?—pass. The breathing changes and the subject is no longer in a trance, but is sound asleep. After half an hour or so he awakens feeling wondrously refreshed, more refreshed, indeed, than after a complete night's sleep.

You cannot fail to awaken out of a trance, nature will not allow it. The sub-conscious is like a rather dim giant—a giant with dim intellect—for a time you can persuade him anything you like, but after a time it dawns upon this dim giant that he is “having his leg pulled.” Then he snaps out of the hypnotic state.

We repeat again that you cannot put yourself to sleep in any way which would cause you harm or even discomfort. You are utterly

safe, because you will have hypnotized yourself and not be at the mercy of any other person's suggestions.

We said before that a draft of cold air would awaken a person; that is so. No matter how deep the trance, if there is a change of temperature, or anything which might possibly in any way whatever harm the body, the trance passes. So it is that if you are in a trance and someone in the house opens a door or a window so that a draft of air comes to you, perhaps under the door or through the keyhole, you will be awakened safely, painlessly and then you will have the trouble of starting all over again. That is why you should avoid drafts and disturbances.

At all times you will have to stress the virtues that you want to acquire. You will have to stress that you are getting rid of the things that you do not admire, and for some days as you walk about you will have to actively visualize the abilities which you want. You will tell yourself time after time throughout the day that at such-and-such a time—preferably that night—you are going to hypnotize yourself, and each time you go into a trance the desired virtues will appear more strongly in you. As you go into your trance repeat within your mind that which you desire.

Just a simple, perhaps silly little illustration; let us say that a man stoops, perhaps because he is too lazy to stand upright. Let him say repeatedly “I will stand upright-I will stand upright-I will stand upright.” The point is, again, that you must repeat this quickly time after time with no break in between, because if you do permit a break Friend Sub-Conscious might come in and say, “Oh, you never tell the truth, you stoop like anything!” If you repeat it without giving a break Friend Sub-Conscious hasn't a chance, he becomes overwhelmed by the weight of words and soon believes that you stand up straight. If he does believe that, your muscles will tighten and you will stand straight just as you want.

Do you smoke too much? Drink too much? It's bad for the health if carried to excess, you know! Why not use hypnotism to cure yourself, to save your pocketbook from the constant depletion of what are, after all, rather childish habits. You have only to convince your sub-conscious that you dislike smoking and you will stop smoking without a single pang, without a single thought of smoking.

People cannot give up smoking, it is a habit which is extremely hard to break. No doubt you have heard that time after time; a smoker cannot give up his pipe or cigarette, everyone tells you so,

advertisements in the paper bring to your attention various so-called remedies for stopping smoking, stopping this or stopping that. Does it not occur to you that all this is in itself a form of hypnosis? You cannot stop smoking because you believe what you have been told by other people and by the advertisements to the effect that to stop smoking is almost impossible.

Turn that hypnotism to your own use; YOU are different from the common herd, YOU have a strong character, you are dominant, you can cure yourself of smoking, or drinking, or whatever it is you desire to cure. Just as hypnotism—unconscious hypnotism—made you believe that you could not break the smoking habit, so, when you are aware of this, your conscious hypnotism can make it so that you never touch another cigarette.

A word of warning, though, or might it even be called friendly advice. Are you sure you want to give up smoking? Are you sure you want to give up drinking or always being late for appointments? You cannot do anything until you are sure, You must be certain that you want to give up smoking, that you want to do this or do that. It is not enough to be a very weak man and say, “Oh, I wish I could give up smoking, let me tell myself that I will.”

Again and again until it sinks into your sub-conscious-you can only do that which you really want to do, so that if you more or less dare yourself not to give up smoking, then you will not give up smoking, you might even smoke more!

Examine yourself closely. What do you want to do really? There is no one about, no one looking over your shoulder, no one peering into your mind. Do you really want to give up smoking? Or do you prefer to go on smoking, and is your statement that you want to give up just so much waste words?

Once you are completely convinced that you do want a thing, you can have it. Do not blame hypnotism, or anything but yourself if you fail to get what you want, because if you do fail then it means this, and this only; failure means that you were not really strong in your resolution to do this or not do that!

By self-hypnosis you can cure yourself of those things which some people refer to as “bad habits.” Unfortunately we have never been able to discover what these “bad habits” were, so we can shed no more light on that particular subject! We will consider bad habits to include baiting your wife or throwing the iron at your husband or kicking the dog, swearing at someone without

reason or getting drunk, and all these things can be cured so very easily provided one definitely wants to.

Let yourself relax a few times. Take advantage of freedom from inner tension to build up your own nervous energy. You can do so much to improve your health if you will only read, and re-read this Lesson and the one before, and practise, practise, practise. Even the greatest musicians practise scales and notes hour after hour, day after day. That is why they are great musicians. You can be a great self-hypnotist if you do as we say. So—practise.

## LESSON THIRTY

Many people have the idea—a most mistaken idea—that there is something wrong with work. Many civilizations are divided into “white-collar workers” and those who “get their hands dirty.” It is a form of snobbery which should be eradicated because it turns brother against brother and race against race.

Work, no matter whether it be brain work or manual work, is ennobling to those who do it with a clear conscience and without a mistaken sense of shame. In some countries it is considered to be a disgrace if the Lady of the House lifts her hand to do any form of work; it is thought that she should sit about and look pretty, and perhaps give a few orders now and then to show that she is the Lady of the House!

In old China in days long gone the upper classes—so called—grew their finger nails ridiculously long, so long, in fact, that often they would have special sheaths to protect the nails from accidental breakage. The purpose of the long nails was to show that the owner was so wealthy that he did not have to do anything at all for himself; the long nails was proof positive of his inability to work because the Lady or Gentleman of the House—the wearer of the long nails could not even attend to his or her bodily needs, and had to have servants to do everything for him!

In Tibet before the Communist invasion certain of the noblemen (who should have known better!) wore sleeves so long that they completely covered the hands and dangled perhaps six or twelve inches below the fingertips. This was to show that these men were so important, and so wealthy, that they did not have to work. The long, long sleeves were a constant reminder that they could not work. This, of course, was a degradation of the real purpose of work. Work was a form of discipline, a form of training. Discipline is utterly necessary, it is discipline which makes the difference between a crack regiment of soldiers and a disorganized rabble, it is discipline in the home which makes it possible for youngsters—teenagers—to be decent citizens when they are no longer teenagers;

lack of discipline makes for hordes of leather jacketed young morons who are bent only on destruction.

We mentioned Tibet as being one of the places where there were wrong ideas about work, but that is only among laymen. In the lamaseries it was a rule that everyone, no matter how exalted, had to do menial work at certain stated times. It was (before the Communist invasion) no unusual sight to see a High Abbot clearing a floor—cleaning up rubbish deposited on the floor by the lowest of monks. The purpose of this was to teach the Abbot that things upon the Earth were things of a temporal nature, and he beggar of today might be the prince of tomorrow and the prince of today might be a beggar tomorrow. Some point might possibly be drawn from the fact that many of the crowned heads of Europe and elsewhere are no longer kings and queens and princes ruling countries, but then one has to reflect that many of these former crowned heads and presidents have made very sure while they were still in power that they would have ample funds for when they were no longer in power. However, that is a digression, let us state again that work, no matter what kind of work, whether menial or mental, is uplifting and never degrading when it is done with pure motives, and with the idea of “service to others” behind it. Instead of applauding those gilded ladies who sit and autocratically dictate to ill-paid servants while not lifting a finger themselves, we should applaud the servants and look down upon the gilded ladies, for the servants are doing something honorable; the gilded ladies are not.

We heard a discussion quite recently—a somewhat heated one—about meat eating. Our own point of view is that if a person wants to eat meat, then let them eat meat, if a person wants to be a vegetarian and climb trees after nuts, then let them be a vegetarian and climb trees after nuts. It does not matter what one eats or what one does not eat so long as they do not inflict their often erroneous opinions upon others, who may be too polite to object violently.

Man is an animal, no matter how much we disguise the fact with fine clothes and beautiful powders and hair dyes, etc., Man and Woman are animals, meat eating animals too. In fact, the flesh of mankind tastes, according to all reports, something like pork! Many people behave in a rather piggish manner, so possibly that is quite appropriate. Cannibals, when asked about human flesh, say that the black man's flesh is rather sweet and like roast pork.

The white man's flesh is apparently a rather rancid and sour affair, like a joint that has gone off!

We suggest, then, that if you want to eat meat, do so. If you want to eat vegetables or grass, do so. But do not at any time inflict your own opinions on others. It is a sad fact that those who are vegetarians or health food addicts are often extreme in their views, as if by the very vehemence of their argument they will convince themselves. It seems to us very decidedly that many of these people whom we personally regard as cranks are uncertain that they are doing the right thing. They do not want to miss anything, but they do not want to be vegetarians themselves if they think that other people are enjoying meat. It is often the case with non-smokers; non-smokers often resent greatly that another person shall smoke, they seem to think that there is something exceedingly virtuous in not smoking. Actually it is just a matter of choice. Smoking, in moderation, probably never hurt anyone, but drink—intoxicating liquors—does harm people because it interferes with their astral. We say in connection with this that, again, if a person wants to drink and injure their astral body, well, that is their choice. It is definitely wrong to try to use any forceful persuasion to change the path of another person.

While we are on the subject of eating meat, etc., which entails killing, let us mention another point which you may find of interest. Some people say that one should never kill even an insect. They say one should never kill a cow or a horse, or anything else which has life in it. It makes us wonder if we are doing a grave ill when we kill a mosquito which threatens to infect us with malaria; it makes us wonder if we are doing a crime against the living world if we have an injection against any virus. After all, a microbe or a virus is a living organisation, should we, then, out of our sense of righteousness, stop trying to kill T.B. germs, stop trying to kill cancer germs? Are we great sinners in trying to find a cure for the common cold? In trying to cure any illness surely we are taking life. We have to be reasonable about all this.

The vegetarians say that we should not take life. Now, a cabbage has life, so if we tear a cabbage from the ground in order that we may eat it we are destroying life which we cannot create. If we take a potato or a stick of celery, or anything else, we are destroying life, and as the vegetarian destroys life quite as much as the meat eater why not let us be sensible and eat as the body needs—meat?

It is often stated that the good Buddhist does not eat meat, and

we must hasten to agree that many Buddhists do not eat meat and often the reason is that they cannot afford it! Buddhism flourished exceedingly in very, very poor countries. In Tibet, for instance, meat was an unheard of luxury which could be enjoyed only by the richest of the rich. The ordinary people had vegetables and tsampa, the vegetables, too, were a luxury! The monk, who was not addicted to luxury, lived on tsampa and nothing else, but to make it taste better the leaders of the religion decreed that it was wrong to eat meat. Thus, people who could not get meat anyhow felt that they were being virtuous in not having meat! We feel that there is much nonsense written about all these things. The meat eater likes to have meat—well let him. If the vegetarian wants to chew a stick of celery, let him have his celery as long as he does not inflict his views on others. In the same way, if a person does not want to kill an insect, and prefers to have his cancer virus or his T.B. germs instead of trying to get cured—that is his choice.

We often get letters from people in great distress who tell us that such-and-such a person is desperately in need of help, of advice, and how can they hypnotize a person, or force a person to a different way of life. We never help in such cases, because we believe that it is indeed very, very wrong to try to influence the path of another person. In this Course, for instance, knowledge is available. We state our opinions, we state what we know, but we do not try to force you to believe. If you are taking this Course then presumably you are prepared to listen to what we have to say; if you do not want to listen to us it is an easy matter to close the book.

If you are asked to give an opinion, give it, but do not try to force your opinion on a person, and, having given your opinion, let the whole matter drop because you do not know what the other person arranged as their path through life. If you are going to force a person to do something which they do not want to do, then you might be fixed with their karma. It might be an unpleasant karma, too!

We want to say something here about animals; many people regard animals merely as creatures who walk about on four legs instead of on two. People regard animals as dumb creatures because they do not speak English or French or German or Spanish, but then animals regard humans as dumb creatures also! If you were truly telepathic you would find that animals do talk, and they talk far more intelligently than many humans! Some scientists, as reported in a recent edition of “The Scientific Ameri-

can,” have discovered that there is a language of bees. Bees can give very detailed instructions to each other, and they even hold conferences!

Some scientists became interested in dolphins, in their peculiar speech, or, as they thought of it, in the peculiar sounds which they made. These sounds were recorded on a tape recorder, and were then reproduced at different speeds. At one speed the speech sounded very, very much like human speech.

Animals are entities which have come down to this Earth in a special shape, in a special form, in order that they may do their own task in a manner most suitable for their own evolution. We are in the fortunate position of having been associated with two Siamese cats who were quite phenomenally telepathic, and with these—after much experience—it is possible to carry out conversation in much the same way as one can with intelligent humans. Sometimes it is not at all flattering to pick up the thoughts of how a Siamese cat regards a human! If one regards animals as our equals who are in a different physical form, one can get very close to them, one can discuss with them things which otherwise would be impossible.

A dog, for instance, likes the friendship of Man. A dog likes to be subservient because then he gets praise and flattery. A Siamese cat, on the other hand, often has quite a contempt for humans, because a human compared to a Siamese cat is a very handicapped person indeed, a Siamese cat has remarkable occult powers and remarkable telepathic powers. So—why not get on good terms with your own cat, or your dog, or your horse? If you want to, if you sincerely believe, then you can with practice converse by telepathy with that animal.

So we come to the end of this Course, but, we hope, not the end of our association. This Course is a practical Course which we trust has shown you how absolutely ordinary, how absolutely simple, all these so-called “Metaphysical Phenomena” really are. We have another Course which deals with the subjects on the more traditional style, giving you Sanskrit names, etc. We suggest that it is very much to your advantage to consider this Course, because now that you have studied this far with us, assuredly you will want to go further.

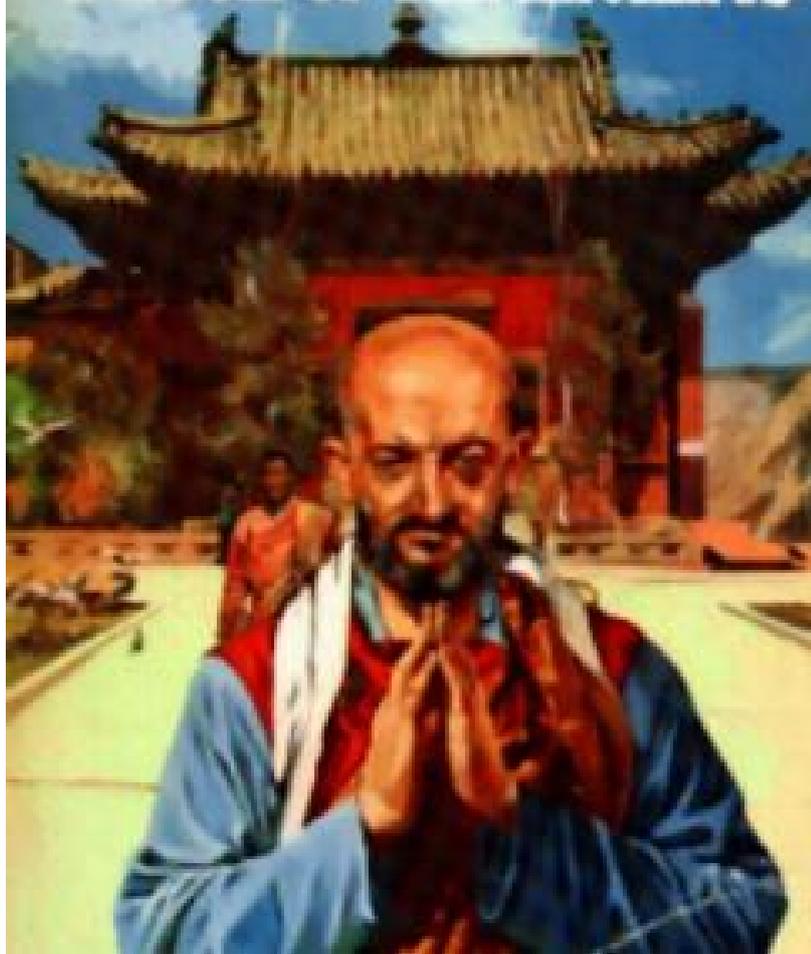
We will not say “Goodbye,” then, because we hope that you will join us for a little longer. Let us say instead in Spanish “Hasta la vista.”



A COMIC BOOK

# LOBSANG RAMPA

## WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS



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## WHAT THIS BOOK IS

Such a lot of people like to have big words. Such a lot of people mess up the whole thing when they go in for Big Words.

I like small words. It is so much easier to say what one means with small words. After all, if we are going to read a book in English, or Spanish, we do not normally need Sanskrit or Hindustani or Chinese words. However, some people like Big Words.

This is an honest attempt to give you a Dictionary of certain words, and to go into some detail about the meanings. In some instances the meaning could well constitute a monograph.

Monograph? MONOGRAPH? What is a monograph? A short essay on one subject will explain it.

But let us get on with our little Dictionary because that is what you will be interested in. I thought that first of all I should say—Just A Word!

We will start with the letter A. I cannot think of any which comes before, so the first word is :

**ABHINIVESHA** : This indicates possessiveness restricted to a love of life on Earth. It is an attachment to the things of life and a fear of death because of the loss of possessions which that will bring. Misers love their money, and they fear death because death will part them from their money. To those who suffer from this particular complaint I will say that no one has yet succeeded in taking even a penny into the next life!

**ABSTINENCES** : We have to abstain, or refrain from doing, certain things if we are to progress on the road to spirituality. We must refrain or abstain from injuring others; we must refrain from telling lies. Theft—we must avoid theft because it is altering the material balance of another person if we steal from them. Sensuality? That is an impure form of sex, and while pure sex can elevate one, sensuality can ruin one spiritually as well as financially!

Greed is a thing of which we should not be guilty. Mankind is lent money or abilities in order that we may help others. If we are greedy and refuse to help in case of genuine need, then we may be sure that help will be refused us in time of need.

If one can honour the Five Abstinences—abstention from in-

juring others, abstention from lies, abstention from theft, abstention from sensuality, and abstention from greed, then one can be at peace with the world, although it does not follow that the world can be at peace with one.

ACHAMANA : This is a rite practiced by those of the Hindu belief. It is a rite in which a worshipper purifies himself by thinking of pure things while sipping water and sprinkling water around him. In some ways it is similar to the sprinkling of water during a Christian ceremony. The Hindu, having done this, can then retire into a peaceful state of meditation.

ACHARYA : This is a word for a spiritual teacher, or, if you prefer it, a Guru. Acharya is frequently a suffix to the name of some revered religious teacher.

ADHARMA : This indicates lack of virtue, lack of righteousness. The poor fellow probably does not abstain from any of the Five Abstinences.

AGAMA : A Scripture, or in Tibet a Tantra. It can be used to indicate any work which trains one in mystical or metaphysical worship.

AGAMI KARMA : This is the correct term for Karma. It means that the physical and mental acts performed by one in the body affect one's future incarnations. In the Christian Bible there is a statement that as one sows so shall one reap, which is much the same as saying that if you sow the seeds of wickedness then you shall reap wickedness, but if you sow the seeds of good and help for others then the same shall be returned to you 'a thousandfold.' Such is Karma.

AHAMKARA : The mind is divided into various parts, and Ahamkara is the sort of traffic director which receives sense impressions and establishes them as the form of facts which we know, and which we can call to mind at will.

AHIMSA : This was the policy followed by Gandhi, a policy of peace, of non-violence. It is refraining from harming any other creature in thought, deed, or word. It is, in fact, another way of saying, 'Do as you would be done by.'

AI : The shortest known way of saying equal love for all without discrimination as to race, creed, colour, or form. When we are capable of truly fulfilling the meaning of the word Ai, then we do not have to stay on this world any longer, because we are too pure to stay here any longer.

AJAPA : This is a special Mantra. The Easterner believes that breath goes out with the sound of 'AJ,' and is taken in with the

sound 'SA.' Hansa is the sound of human breathing. 'HA,' breath going out; 'N' as a conjunction; 'SA,' breath coming in. We make that subconscious sound fifteen times in one minute, or twenty-one thousand six hundred times in twenty-four hours. Animals also have their own particular rate; a cat does it twenty-four times a minute, a tortoise three times a minute.

Some people consider that the Ajapa Mantra is also an unconscious, or rather, a sub-conscious prayer, which means 'I am That.'

**AJNACHAKRA :** This is the sixth of the commonly accepted figure of seven of the known Yogic centres of consciousness. Actually there are nine such centres, but that would be delving too deeply into Tibetan lore to explain here.

Ajnachakra is the Lotus at the eyebrow level, a Lotus, in this case, with only two petals. This is a part of the sixth-sense mechanism. It leads to clairvoyance, internal vision, and knowledge of the world beyond this world.

**AKASHA :** Many people refer to this as ether, but a rather better definition would be—that which fills all space between worlds, molecules, and everything. The matter from which everything else is formed.

It should be remembered that this matter is common throughout our own planetary system, but it does not at all follow that other universes have the same form of matter. You can say that the human body consists of blood cells, flesh cells, and, yet in a different part, bone cells.

**AKASHIC :** This is usually used when referring to the Akashic Record.

It is difficult to explain to a three-dimensional world that which is an occurrence in a more multi-dimensional world, but it may be regarded like this :

Imagine that you are a cine photographer who has always existed and will always exist, and you have an unlimited supply of film (and someone to process it for you!). From the beginning of time you have photographed everything that ever happened anywhere to anyone and everyone. You are still photographing events of the present day. That represents the Akashic Record; everything that has ever happened is impressed upon the ether as are light impulses recorded on cine film, or a voice record can be impressed upon recording tape.

In addition to this, because of the multi-dimensional world in which it is recorded, there also can be recorded the very strong

probabilities which affect everyone on Earth and off the Earth. You can imagine that you are in a city; you are on a street, a car is coming along, it passes you, and it disappears from your sight, you have no knowledge of what is happening to it. But supposing, instead, that you were up in a balloon and you could look down and you could see the road for miles ahead. You could see the car rushing along, and you could see perhaps an obstacle in the road which the car would not be able to avoid. Thus you would see misfortune coming to that driver before he was aware of it. Or you can regard the case of the timetable : Timetables are issued indicating the probability that a train or a bus, a ship or a plane, will leave at a certain time from a certain place, and according to the timetable, which is merely a record of probabilities, will arrive at a certain place at a certain time. In nearly every instance the vehicle does arrive.

When considering the Akashic Record it is worth remembering that if you could travel instantly to a far distant planet and you had a very special instrument, the light which was arriving from the Earth (light has a speed, remember) might show what was happening on Earth a hundred, a thousand, or ten thousand years ago. With your special instrument you would be able to see the Earth as it was a thousand years ago.

The Akashic Record goes beyond that because it shows the strong probability of what is going to happen. The probabilities confronting a nation are very much stronger, are much more certain, than in the case of individuals, and those people who are specially trained can enter the astral state and they can consult the Akashic Record to see what has happened, what is happening in any part of the world, and what are the terrifically strong probabilities for the future. It is a very much, in fact, like going to some news theatre and seeing a film. If you know from the program what film is on at a certain time you can go and see just that.

**ANAHATA CHAKRA :** The symbolism of this Chakra is The Wheel or The Lotus. The symbolism of the East refers to it as a stylized Wheel, which is also a stylized Lotus. In Tibet it is The Lotus only.

This is a Chakra at the level of the heart. It has twelve petals of a golden colour. When one can see the aura one can observe that sometimes the gold is tinged with red, at other times it will be streaked or flecked with a dark blue showing the different moods, and the different stages of evolution of the person.

Below this Anahata center is another manifestation of The Lotus, one with an eight-petal arrangement which stirs and waves slightly when one does meditation. It stirs and waves like the sea anemone which we can see in an aquarium.

When one can see the aura, one can see the rays of light which make it resemble The Flowering Lotus or The Wheel, depending upon one's sense of imagery, the mechanical or horticultural.

The Anahata Chakra is the fourth of the seven commonly known Yogic centers of consciousness. Actually, as already stated previously, there are more than seven.

**ANAHATA SHABDA** : This means a sound which is not an actually perceived sound. Instead, it is an impression of sound which is often heard during meditation when one has reached a certain stage. The sound, of course, is that of the Mantra Om. **ANANDA** : Pure joy. Joy and pleasure unalloyed by material concepts. It indicates the bliss and happiness which one experiences when one can get out of the body consciously and be aware of the absolute rapture of being free, even for a time, from the cold and desolate clay sheath which is the human body on Earth.

**ANATMA** : The renaming of this is 'This is the World of Illusion.' Upon this world, this Earth, we think that only material things matter. People grub in the dirt for money, and pile up masses of money (some of them!). No one has ever taken a single penny into the next life, but they still rush after the material things which we leave when we depart from this world.

**ANGAS** : An indication of things which one must obey in order to progress in spiritual rather than physical Yoga. One must progress and correctly observe meditation, breath control, advanced meditation, and contemplation. One must also specifically remember the Golden Rule which means—Do as you would be done by.

**ANNAMAYAKOSHA** : That big word just means the physical sheath or body which encases the spirit. When one is coming back into the physical body after being consciously in the astral one does not even use such a word as that to express one's feelings of the cold and clammy mess into which one must painfully clamber, one uses a much worse word. But—Annamayakosha is the technical word.

**ANTAHKARANA** : Eastern philosophy, Vedanta philosophy,

uses this word when referring to the mind as it is used in controlling a physical body.

APANA : Some of the words of the far, far East are remarkably explicit in their meanings. Sanskrit is not bound by the conventions of many Western languages. We cannot always use precisely the same meanings, so let us just put down the meaning of Apana as all that which has to do with excretion, the various orifices, processes, etc.

In the aura appropriately enough it appears as a dark red, or dark-brown red, colour which swirls and twists and then spreads out like a turgid pool.

APARIGRAHA : This is the fifth of the Abstinences : It indicates that one should take the Middle Way in all things, being not too good but not too bad, avoiding extremes and being balanced.

ARHAT : This is one who has attained to a perfect understanding of that which is beyond life. It indicates that one has discarded the ideas that :

1. The body is important.
2. Uncertainty about the correct Path to take.
3. Dependence upon rigid rules.
4. Likings arising from an imperfect memory of a past life.
5. Dislikings arising from an imperfect memory of a past life.

ASANA : This is a posture, or sitting position, and is used when preparing to meditate.

The Great Masters never laid down fixed rules about how one should sit, they merely stated that one should be comfortable and at ease, but since those times various people who are not by any means Great Masters have tried to create a sensation, tried to increase their own self-advertised status by ordering that their Yogic students should indulge in all sorts of ridiculous and fantastic contortions.

The only thing you have to do in order to meditate is to sit comfortably, and then you are definitely in the correct position. It does not matter if you sit with your legs crossed, or your legs straight out or straight down, so long as you are comfortable that is all that is required in the posture.

ASAT : All those things which are unreal or illusory. This is

the World of Illusion, the world of unreality. The World of the Spirit is the real world.

The opposite of Asat is Sat, that is, those things which are real.

ASHRAMA : This means a place wherein Teacher and pupils reside. Often it is used to denote a hermitage, but it can also be used to indicate the four main stages into which life on Earth is divided. Those stages are :

1. The celibate student.
2. A married person who thus is not celibate. The person does not have to be a student.
3. Retirement and contemplation.
4. The monastic life, and monastic, you may like to be reminded, indicates a solitary life.

ASMITA : Conceit, egoism, and the puffed-up pride of the unevolved human. As a person evolves Asmita disappears.

ASTEYA : A name for the third of the Abstinences. The third of the Abstinences exhorts one not to steal, and when one is warned not to steal it means that you must not steal in thought nor in deed, nor must you covet the property of another person.

ASTRAL : This is a term which is generally used to indicate the place or condition that one reaches when one is out of the body. It is a place where one can meet one's friends who have passed over after leaving the body in so-called death, and who are waiting to make plans so that they may reincarnate.

The astral world could be considered as corresponding roughly to the Christian Paradise, a place which is an in-between place, a meeting-place, but not the ultimate Heaven.

ASTRAL TRAVELLING : When a person lays down to rest the physical mechanism of the body becomes quiescent. The physical functions slow down, but the astral form, or Soul or Ego, or Atman, does not rest in the body but goes out of the body into the astral plane.

One can liken it to this; when one goes to bed one takes off one's day clothes and lays aside the day clothes. In the same way the astral body lays aside the flesh body as we lay aside the clothing of the day.

It is worth noting that there are various planes, or stages, of the astral world. One can do astral travelling and travel from one's country of origin or country of residence to various parts of the physical world; one can go from England to Australia,

or Australia to China, or anywhere like that. It depends on what one has to do how one uses-one's astral time.

A person who is very evolved and perhaps is living his last life on Earth is busy always in the astral, and the more evolved a person, the farther he travels in the astral.

Astral travelling is easy provided one practices. It needs practice only, or perhaps one should say, practice and patience. All animals can do it, as all animals can do clairvoyance and telepathy.

It should also be mentioned here that the Paradise of the astral world can, in some instances, be purgatory for those who have misbehaved on the Earth! People meet in the astral and plan what they are going to do in the physical. Unfortunately, so many people forget their wondrous intentions and do only that which suits them.

It is recommended that one practices astral travelling because it is the most stupendously wonderful feeling that one can imagine to rise up at the end of one's Silver Cord, and watch the cities of the Earth beneath one's gaze, and then perhaps soar into space and look at other worlds. Or if one deserts the physical world completely one can go into the metaphysical worlds, and see and talk with friends who have gone on before. ATMA : Some people call it Atman. Vedantic philosophy regards the Atma or Atman as the overriding spirit, the Overself, the Ego, or the Soul.

AURA : Just as a magnet has lines of force about it so has the body lines of force, but these are lines of force in different colours, covering a wider range of colours than human sight could ever see without the aid of clairvoyant abilities.

The auric colours flare out from the most important centers of the body, and unite to form a swirling egg-shaped mass with the blunt end of the egg at the top.

A good aura can extend for perhaps six feet from its possessor. A trained clairvoyant by seeing the colors of the aura can detect incipient illness or disease. Later there will be instruments for seeing the aura in colour (so that the non-clairvoyant can see it, that is), and by applying a suitable heterodyne signal, defective shades of the aura will be cured of illness.

The aura must not be confused with the etheric, which see under E.

AVASTHAS : - A word descriptive of the three states of consciousness which are :

1. The waking state, during which one is in the body more or less conscious of things going on about one.
2. The dream world, in which fantasies of the mind become intermingled with the realities experienced during even partial astral travel.
3. The deep sleep of the body when one does not dream, but one is able to do astral travelling.

AVATAR or AVATARA : This is a very rare person nowadays. It is a person who has no Karma, a person who is not necessarily human, but one who adopts human form in order that humans may be helped. It is observed that an Avatar (male) or Avatara (female) is always higher than human.

In the Christian Bible you read of angels descending to the deepest hells of Earth in order that they may bring assistance to suffering humanity.

Avatars appear on those occasions when the world is in danger, or when humanity as a species is in danger. You may not recognize Avatars because they often have great suffering. They are pure, and unless they are able to take certain suffering they could not stay on the Earth. You can liken them to a deep-sea diver who has to put leaden weights upon his body that he may sink down into the depths of the dark and mysterious sea.

You will not recognize Avatars unless you are very pure, because the Avatar does not advertise his state on radio or television, nor does he tell you that if you take a certain magazine monthly you are sure of entry into the highest realms of Heaven!

AVESHA : This interesting condition means entering another's body. At times an Avatar will need to take possession of another's body in order to do some special work, but such possession is only accomplished when the original occupant of the body agrees. After some seven years, never more, the Avatar has changed everything in the body, every cell, every molecule, and so the body becomes truly his.

Two points of interest—some people say, ‘Well, how can a molecule change places?’ The answer is, of course, that even in the humble process of electro-plating, molecules are sent from one electrode to the other electrode of a plating vat. Thus, The second point—often an Avatar will take over a body which is already adult. That is because the Avatar must not

waste the time of being born and growing up through the painful stages of childhood.

**AVIDYA** : This is a form of ignorance. It is the mistake of regarding life on Earth as the only form of life that matters. Earth life is merely life in a classroom, the life beyond is the one that matters.

On other planets, in other universes, there are entities, some not so intelligent as humans, and some incredibly more intelligent than humans. They may not follow the human pattern of body form, but they are still sentient Beings.

## **B**

**BEYOND** : This refers to the Great Beyond. It indicates that state of existence beyond the physical in which we find ourselves, it refers to life beyond the Vale of Death.

People throughout ages, and all over the world, have speculated on the nature of 'The Beyond.' It is unfortunate that so-called scientists want to weigh everything, test everything, and prove everything, because that limits their ability to perceive the obvious. When a person is ready to receive the truth, then the truth comes to him, and he knows the truth of that truth for that which it needs no proof, while that which is not cannot be proven.

**BHAGAVAD GITA** : This is one of the great Scriptures of India in which a truly enlightened Teacher teaches that which should not be altered. The eighteen chapters of this book each deal with one aspect of human life, and show how by using the physical, emotional, mental, ethical, and spiritual abilities of one's Ego at the same time one can attain to true harmony of body and spirit.

This book teaches that only through true harmony can Man progress into Divinity, and so obtain release from the wheel of birth, growth, death, and rebirth.

The actual meaning of the words are—Bhaga, the Sun. Vad means Godlike. Gita means Song.

**BHAGAVAN**. A term indicative of one's personal God. The God whom we worship irrespective of the name which we use, and in different parts of the world different names are used for the same God.

It is the God with six attributes, which are :

1. Power and dominion.
2. Might.
3. Glory.
4. Splendor.
5. Wisdom.
6. Renunciation.

**BHAJAN** : A form of worship of one's God through singing. It does not refer so much to spoken prayers, but is specifically related to singing. One can chant prayers, and that would be Bhajan.

An example of that in the Christian religion is the chanting of the Psalms.

**BHAKTA** : One who worships God, a follower of God.

Again, it must be stressed that this can be any God, it does not relate to any particular creed or belief, but is a generic term.

**BHAKTI** : An act of devotion to one's God. The act of identifying oneself as a child of God, as a subject of God, and admitting that one is subservient and obedient to God.

**BHAVA** : This is being, feeling, existing, emotion. Among human beings there are three stages of Bhavas :

1. The pashu-bhava is the lowest group of people who live solely for themselves and for their own selfish pleasures. They think ill and do ill to others. They have no interest except in their own social or financial advantage, and they never help others in any way at all. They are the people on the lowest step of evolution.

2. The vira-bhava are the middle group. They have ambition and desire to progress upwards. They are strong, and frequently have quite a lot of energy. Unfortunately, they are selfish and domineering when they think someone might be getting more than they. They are the type who want to be 'Do-gooders,' not for the sake of helping others, but so that they shall be known as great and holy people always ready to assist those in need. Actually, it is very false policy to have anything to do with do-gooders, because they are selfish, ego-centric people who have a long, long way to go.

3. This group, the divya-bhava, is of a much better type, with harmonizing people who are thoughtful, unselfish, and really interested in helping others unselfishly. They will go to great

effort to help those who seek help, and they do not do it for self-gain.

Sadly enough, this group are very much in the minority at present.

**BODHA** : That knowledge which can be imparted to another person whom one is teaching. It is also referred to as wisdom or understanding.

One can teach a person from a textbook and a certain amount of knowledge will be absorbed parrot fashion, but the real knowledge comes by being 'rubbed off' from the teacher and passing to the pupil. It is knowledge acquired by copying the teacher.

**BODHI** : A Buddhist word which indicates that one has a clear appreciation of the nature of that which is beyond this life. It is perfect knowledge, it is perfect understanding, we in the flesh are mere figments of the Ego's imagination, formed for the purpose of gaining experience.

**BRAHMA** : A Hindu God frequently represented with four arms and four faces and holding various religious symbols. But there is another Brahma. Brahma—this is a state. It indicates that everything is in a stage where change is accomplished by the thought of all incarnate minds, minds which shape the present and the future, and it means 'to expand,' just as the experience of all living creatures constantly expands.

**BRAHMACHARI** : One who has taken the first monastic vows. Or it may be a spiritual person who is devoted to the observance and practices of a form of religion but as yet has taken no particular monastic vows.

**BRAHMACHARYA** : This is the fourth of the Abstinencies. The things enjoined on one by this are purity of thought, purity of word and deed, an initiation in which one takes vows, a celibate stage so that one may gain the necessary experience of astral travelling. It should be noted that the latter stage has four separate stages; the first of which is that in which the individual is governed by a Teacher.

**BRAHMALOKA** : This is that plane of existence where those who have succeeded in the Earth life go that they may commune with others in the next plane of existence. It is a stage where one lives in divine communication while meditating on and preparing for fresh experiences.

It is, in fact, a stage where one goes to the Hall of Memories

and consults the Akashic Record that one may see what one has accomplished during the last life on Earth, and what has been left undone.

It is here that one is able to consult with those of great experience, so that one may plan one's next incarnation to remedy the defects of the last and to make a step farther in overcoming one's Karma.

**BRAHMA-SUTRAS** : All these words come from India, and the Brahma-Sutras are very famous aphorisms which place before one the principal Teachings of the Upanishads. The Upanishads will be dealt with under U and under V.

It is a sad fact that every translator and commentator, particularly in the Western world, injects his own opinions into his translations and commentaries, people are not content to merely translate. Thus it is that in the Brahma-Sutras one translation may not agree with another, and unless one can see the original by way of the Akashic Record one can be led sadly astray.

**BREATH** : One should also give it the name of Pranayama, but as this would mean nothing to the majority of people, let us be content with the word Breath.

There is a special supplement at the end of this Dictionary dealing with various systems of breathing, dealing with various exercises in the matter of breathing, so let us now state that breathing relates to the rhythm in which we take in air, hold it, and release it.

As an instance let us take one's own unit of time, and then have one unit of time for breathing in, four units of that time for retaining the breath, and two units of that time for exhaling. That is a comfortable breathing rhythm for inducing calmness. As the unit of time one might take three seconds, so that we breathe in for three seconds, hold one's breath for three times four, that is, twelve seconds, and exhale for three times two, that is, six seconds.

It is strongly advised that you do not practice different systems of Yogic breathing until you know what you are doing, because until you have definite knowledge of what you are trying and why and what the results may be, you can endanger your health. The exercises given at the end of this Dictionary are quite, quite harmless, and are, in fact, really helpful.

**BUDDHA** : This is not a God, this is a person who has suc-

cessfully completed the lives of a cycle of existence, and by his success in overcoming Karma is now ready to move on to another plane of existence.

A Buddha is a person who is free from the bonds of the flesh. The one who is frequently referred to as 'The Buddha' was actually Siddhartha Gautama. He was a Prince who lived some two thousand five hundred years ago in India; he renounced all material possessions in order to find enlightenment. He found Nirvana, which does not mean, as it usually translated, everything full of nothingness. We shall deal with Nirvana under the letter N.

Every one of us should strive to attain to Buddhahood which is a state of being, an exalted state of being. It is not a God. Western people are often puzzled by 'The Thousand Buddhas.' They think that there are at least a thousand Gods, which, of course, is too fantastic to be even ridiculous!

Buddhahood is a state of being. One can attain Buddhahood no matter what one's station in life. The Prince or the garbage collector can each be pure and holy. Down on this Earth we are like actors on a stage, and we take the 'dress' or status which will be of most assistance to us in learning that which we have to learn. The Thousand Buddhas, then, is merely an indication that one can attain to Buddhahood in a thousand or so different ways.

Why the thousand? Well, think of a small boy who says, 'My father? Ah! He's got millions of 'em!' The thousand, then, is merely a figure of speech. Buddha is a symbol, not the graven image of a God. The Buddha figures are just reminders of what we can be if we want to be, and if we work to be.

**BUDDHI** : A word meaning wisdom, and we must always keep before us the awareness that wisdom and knowledge are quite different things. Wisdom comes with experience; knowledge can be obtained without the wisdom to apply that knowledge which we have gained. We have to attain to Buddhi, which is wisdom, before we can pass on to Buddhahood which is wisdom and knowledge.

**BUDDHISM** : Frequently people refer to Buddhism as a religion. Actually, it would be far more correct to say it is a Way of Life, a code of living, a manner of passing our time upon this Earth, so that we shall hurt none and advance our own spiritual progress in the quickest time with the least effort. Here are various things which one must do, and various

things which one must not do. The Buddhists refer to (1) as The Four Noble Truths :

1. There is suffering and there is a cause for that suffering. Suffering can be overcome, and then there is a way of peace.
2. Nirvana. Mind and matter are in a state of constant change. The mind causes the spirit to bog down as if stuck in clay. Withdraw the mind, and then one attains to Nirvana and so becomes free from suffering and the cycle of continual rebirth, living, dying, and being reborn.
3. The Eightfold Path, which means—

- Correct views.
- Correct aspirations.
- Correct speech.
- Correct conduct.
- Correct methods of livelihood.
- Correct effort.
- Correct thoughts.
- Correct contemplation.

As in most religions, or ways of life, there are different branches. Just as the Christian Religion has a whole horde of different branches from the Plymouth Brethren to the Roman Catholic faith, so does the Buddhist school branch into two—they are The Hinayana, which means the Narrow Way, and The Mahayana, which means the Great Way. The former is rather austere, it has a narrow outlook, it relates to the achievement of personal sanctity through seclusion and asceticism. This is indeed a rigorous living.

The latter, Mahayana, prefers to follow the precepts of Gautama Buddha as a divine incarnation.

One might say that one of these calls upon a person to progress by his own efforts, while the other says that you can only work and progress by following the precise and undeviating example of another.

## C

**CAUSAL BODY :** For those who love big words this is the Anandamaya-kosha, or, if you prefer it under yet a different language instead of in simple, plain language, you could term it the Karana Sharira.

The causal body is the first of the various bodies with which

we are encumbered. Think of us as being a nest of boxes, one inside the other; or think of us as anything which fits one inside the other; it could be a collection of those small coffee tables, or boxes, or a nest of drawers, anything which has a small subject, then a larger outside and a larger outside that, and so on. This is how our different bodies are arranged.

The causal body is the innermost one, and it is that which commences the processes whereby we gain experiences in the flesh. This, the causal body, is the body of incarnation, and it is the one which causes all those familiar troubles associated with the flesh—lusts of various kinds, numerous exciting desires, horrible greed, and, the most common of all, selfishness.

We have to live so that there is no need for us to have a causal body, because when we can manage without a causal body we do not have to come back to this Earth nor go to other material and unpleasant worlds.

CHAITANYA : A state when the spiritual consciousness has just been awakened, and one is alert and ready to progress upwards, taking the first steps to leave the causal body behind one. To attain to Chaitanya means hard work, hard study, constant meditation and contemplation. When the conditions are right, the six Chakras are stimulated and come into consciousness, giving one awareness of one's destiny, giving an understanding of what must be before one can progress speedily.

CHAKRAS : We should concentrate upon the six Chakras. Along our spine, like wheels threaded along our spinal column, are the six man Chakras or centres of psyche consciousness. There are various centres which keep our causal body in touch with our higher bodies, in touch with our higher centres.

Some people prefer to call these Chakras, Lotuses. Others call them Wheels. Some religions make a stylized symbol which one can recognize as a Wheel or as a Lotus, depending upon one's poetic imagination.

There are six Chakras along the spine, and a seventh in the centre of the cerebrum. There are two others making nine in all, but most people have not attained to the state yet where they can assimilate knowledge of nine, so let us deal only with the orthodox and commonly accepted seven.

When one can see the aura, one can see all the colours swirl in out from these different Chakras, and, of course, the colors and the auric emanations of all types are different between man and woman.

The first Chakra is at the base of the spine near the excretory organ. The second is at the genitalia level, the third is at the umbilicus, the fourth approximates to the level of the heart, the fifth comes at the level of the throat, and the sixth is at the eyebrow level.

Mythology states that the lower man dwells in the lowest part of the spine, and not until Man is able to raise the Kundalini powers into the heart Chakra is he able to be aware of progress. Man has to send his spiritual forces into the sixth Chakra before being able to make any really satisfactory progress, and when one can get above the seventh then one knows quite surely that one is living on Earth for the last time.

CHAN : This now means meditation. It is a word used by the Japanese Zen Buddhists.

Originally the word was Channa, and it then signified that the person concerned had experienced instantaneous perception of Truth. You might say that the person who had Channa had experienced a revelation.

CHANG : The opposite of artificial, the opposite of abnormal. That which is completely normal, completely standard. It is a word from the Chinese Taoist belief.

CHANISM : A theory whereby one can attain to the state of Buddhahood through sudden enlightenment, through a sudden lightning flash of revelation.

Devotees of Chanism engage in constant meditation upon the principles and precepts of the Eternal Truths in the hope of receiving this sudden revelation.

CHARMS : Many people look upon charms as idle superstitions, they look upon charms as little ornaments which the gullible buy in the hope of changing their luck. Well, if you go to some souvenir shop and buy a charm it is just the same as throwing your money away. But if you have a specially prepared charm, prepared, that is, by a person who knows how to do it, the charm is effective.

It means that one has to build a thought form and locate it in the charm in much the same way as the Egyptians of old safeguarded their embalmed Pharaohs.

We shall deal with this more under Talismans.

CHENG : The honesty and sincerity inherent in one's true self. One has to allow Cheng to grow and to reveal itself before one can make any substantial progress.

If we cut away greed, lust, and selfishness like taking away the hard shell from a nut, we can get to the kernel inside. Humans are encased in a hard shell, and they have to shed that shell before they can progress.

CHI : This is vital force. Anything which comes within the sphere of matter. So we have Chi, the breath force which corresponds on the lowest plane with the etheric force, and then, higher, with the auric force.

CHIT : Consciousness, a rather empty sort of consciousness. It is a lack of any specific awareness. One might say that it is being conscious without having any specific purpose to that consciousness, without learning anything through that consciousness.

CHITTA : This is the lower mind. There are three parts of the mind, or it might be better to say mind-stuff. The first is Manas; the second is Buddhi; and the third is Ahamkara. The first, of course, is the lowest.

Everything which comes into the lower mind passes into the sub-conscious for storage and sorting, and possibly for later use. It should be remembered that within our sub-conscious we have the knowledge of all humanity, but through imperfections we have very imperfect memories, that is, we cannot get down to all the knowledge we have.

CHOICE : It is unfortunate that in this world people try to influence others. Christians, for example, try to influence non-Christians to change religions or change beliefs. It seems that a person of a certain belief is not at all sure of his beliefs, and so he must try to persuade others to the same belief in the hope that it will mean that in numbers there is safety.

It is wrong to influence one's free choice of the Path of life and spirituality. If a person is always wanting proof, then that person should be let be. It means that the person is not ready to take a particular Path.

To compel a person to take a certain Path against his or her will is useless, it merely adds to the Karma of the person compelling and does no good to anyone. So, all you who are do-gooders, remember that in trying to influence the Path of another, or in trying to compel conversion, you are harming yourself.

CITY OF NINE GATES : Many occult or metaphysical books refer to the City of Nine Gates. It is a device to thwart those who try to scan through occult literature without having a

genuine interest, without having a genuine knowledge of the subject. It is a device to blind the superficial, the unevolved, and the merely curious.

The City of Nine Gates, of course, is the physical body which has nine main openings, two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, etc. The other openings need not be detailed, as you should know them.

Through each of the nine gates can come enemies which will stultify one's progress. For example, a very good man can be tempted by 'the enemy' entering through his eyes; he may see some sight which stimulates his wrong desires, desires which he thought he had overcome. He might find 'the enemy' entering through his nostrils, so that there would be scents which would unduly disturb his greed senses. It must be stated, however, that it is also possible to progress very satisfactorily through the use instead of the misuse of the nine gates.

**CLAIRVOYANCE :** True clairvoyance means that one's astral body can get out of the physical body, and can then 'see' in dimensions which cannot be contacted while in the physical body.

The average person can see physically only those things which are within the range of his eyesight; he may look about a room and see a chair, a table, and a wall, but that which is in the room beyond is also beyond his sight. In clairvoyance one can see through the wall as if there were no wall, or as if, in those of lesser ability, a vague grey mist was there instead.

When one gets into the astral stage one can consult the Akashic Record and see any incident which has happened, or any incident which is happening. One can also see the probabilities for the future, that is, one can see that a person is going to have good fortune or bad fortune.

Clairvoyance can be developed, it is the right of men and women, and before men and women became so selfish and used powers for their own gain everyone was clairvoyant.

**CONCENTRATION :** This is the art of devoting one's full attention to one thing, it may be a physical thing or an intangible thing, such as an idea.

One should concentrate along certain fixed rules, which means that one's attention should be focused strongly upon the object on which one desires to concentrate.

As an illustration, consider a candle. Have a lighted candle before you, sit in any position which is comfortable, and think

about that candle, think about it as you gaze vaguely in its direction but without actually seeing the candle.

What does the candle look like? Is there any smell to it? How was it made? What is the nature of the flame? How is the flame sustained? And if the candle is burning, and matter is stated to be indestructible, what happens to the candle when it is going up in flames? If you think upon these lines you can greatly develop your powers of concentration.

In Tibet a monk will concentrate with a burning stick of incense upon his head, he has to maintain his concentration even when the burning incense starts to scorch the skin of his shaven skull. A monk in attendance will, of course, remove the incense before any harm is done, but the student monk must not remove it; if he does it shows that his concentration is not sufficient.

CONTEMPLATION : Contemplation often takes over when meditation ends. One may be meditating upon a certain subject and then one may find that one has come to the end of the information concerning the matter upon which one was meditating. Then contemplation takes over.

One can contemplate upon the beauty of the setting sun, or one can contemplate upon the reason for the particular or peculiar action of a person.

Contemplation is basically of two types :

1. Cognitive, in which a material object or matter is thought about. Or.

2. Non-cognitive, in which one dwells upon things of the spirit, things beyond Man's material perception, but one has to be particularly evolved, particularly spiritually mature, before one can engage in non-cognitive contemplation.

CULT : Often a person of little knowledge, or of poor spiritual perception will imagine that he or she is a Great Teacher, and will then by propaganda get a small group of people to whom he or she will expound the great truth which has been received by this method or that method, or direct voice, or automatic writing, or something else.

It is tragic that often these groups distort the Great Truths. They merely exist to pander to the exalted ideas of some person who has barely started on The Path. One should only enter a group or cult when one is quite sure that one is doing right.

There are enough orthodox religions—Jewish, Christian, Buddhist, or whatever you like—without all these subsidiary cults springing up.

All too often a cult is started as a money-making device preying upon the gullible. While one must agree that a Teacher needs to have money that food and clothing may be bought, yet when the ‘Teacher’ uses his or her name as a basis for getting members, or when he or she stresses that the Teacher is the important thing, you may be sure that there is something wrong; the name of a Teacher does not matter, all that matters is what the Teacher teaches. Is it good? Does it satisfy your needs? Does it require that you pay large sums of money before you go on to the next meeting or the next lesson? If so, be careful, it may be a money-making racket.

If you are in doubt why not see a priest of the religion to which you were born? If you are sufficiently determined you can see a higher priest of the religion to which you were born. But it is desired here to issue a solemn warning against cults which purport to teach all sorts of magic; purport to give all sorts of demonstrations, but only if you pay enough. Remember, it may be your mental health which suffers.

## D

**DAMA** : This is a word which relates to the quieting of the ten organs of sense and action, for it is obvious that until one can quieten one's sense and action perceptions one cannot adequately meditate or contemplate. Attaining to Dama is one of the Six Attainments, and that will be referred to under the letter S.

**DEATH** : This, in the occult sense, is the severing of the Silver Cord, which parts the astral body or Soul from the physical body.

There is nothing to be afraid of in death, because death is as natural as birth. Death, in fact, is the process of being reborn into another plane of existence.

It is a provision of nature that people normally are afraid to die. There is an ingrained racial fear of death, and that is necessary because if people knew how simple dying really is there would be more suicides, and that would be a bad thing

because as soon as a suicide gets to the other side of death the poor fellow gets shoved back into another body—as a baby, of course—and then he has to live for his allotted span.

Every person coming to Earth has his days numbered, that is, his time of birth is known and his time of death is known. Thus, if a person commits suicide he gets put into the body of a baby and is sent back to Earth, and if he only had a few months to live, then he might be born again stillborn; if he had two or three years to live, then the baby would die at two or three years.

Death is a good thing. It would be intolerable to think that one lived on this benighted Earth for eternity. Death is release from the toils of Earth, it enables one to evolve and to educate our Overself.

DEHA : This actually means ‘One who has a body.’ Man has three basic bodies, the dense, the subtle or not so dense, and the causal, but we will deal with that more extensively under the letter U.

The body is the means whereby the immortal Soul or Over-self can gain experience from a physical life. The body is merely an instrument or puppet. You may like to read more about this under the letter P—Planes of Existence.

DEITY : Scriptures of all kinds state ‘Thou shalt not worship graven images.’ But to have a picture or an image of some sacred, revered figure, is not necessarily to worship a graven image. The image reminds one of that which one can become provided one tries hard enough. Similarly, a sacred picture or a sacred image to which one is attached can act as a very sound point of focus when one engages in meditation or contemplation. That is why some people have a personal Shrine at home with perhaps a photograph or an image or some picture—it acts as a soothing influence which puts one into the right frame of mind.

One can train one's mind to think of the sacred object to the exclusion of more mundane articles. Sacred pictures or sacred images are acceptable and permissible provided they are used as reminders and not as objects of senseless worship.

It must be pointed out that Christians use a Crucifix not necessarily as an object of worship, but as an object of reminding.

DEVA : A Deva is a Divine Being, one who is quite beyond the human state. Anyone who has attained to the necessary

degree of enlightenment and purity, and is no longer on this Earth, could be a Deva.

Nature Spirits and manmade thought forms are not, and cannot ever be Devas of the human type, although naturally Nature Spirits and Animal Spirits have their own Group-Devas. DEVILS : These people are the negative of the positive of good. It follows that if there were no devils there would be no Gods! If we have a positive we must have a negative otherwise the positive could not exist. If you have a battery you cannot have just a positive terminal because no current would flow, you must have a negative terminal as well in order to complete the circuit.

Devils are necessary and they do quite a lot of good; they remind one that it is much better to be on the side of good than fall into the clutches of devils, who are alleged to be quite unkind. Actually, there is a very real Force of Evil. Evil is a thing like trying to climb up some very, very steep hill in a car; the hill is so steep that you have to be in bottom gear all the time, and you are afraid that your engine is going to stop and your brakes won't hold, and so back you will go.

However, that is a personal thought. Let it be stated as a fact that evil and devils are necessary because otherwise there would be no incentive to good, there would, in fact, be no yardstick by which we could measure good.

DHANURASANA : Some people for peculiar reasons of their own seem to like to try different postures. Although I have never seen the slightest use of these, here is one which you may want to try if you feel you should do a doctor or chiropractor a good turn. Make sure that you or your relatives know his telephone number before you start.

This Dhanurasana is a Yogic Posture sometimes termed the Bow Posture. If you really want to try it, lie on the ground with your face down, bring your legs backwards towards your neck so that your hands can catch hold of your ankles. Then pull yourself together so that your head and chest are off the ground.

Pull harder so that your legs and most of your thighs also are off the ground. Then you are teetering rather absurdly on a somewhat vulnerable part of your anatomy. Try this a few times, and afterwards try to decide what is the sense of it. It should be observed here that one can be good—one can be very

good—without all these gymnastic contortions which are merely an exhibitionist stunt.

**DHARMA** : This word can indicate merit, good morals, righteousness, truth, or a way of life. Its true meaning, however, is 'that which holds your true nature.'

It means that one should take a way of life and maintain that way of life, without slipping back from the high standards which one has previously set oneself.

In Buddhism, Dharma means following the Noble Eight-fold Path.

**DHAUTIS** : This is a word meaning cleansing. For a Western person it is a very dangerous process indeed, and should never, never, never be carried out except under the closest supervision of one who has been trained to a very high standard and knows the harm that can be caused if it is done carelessly.

Dhautis is a system of purification of the physical body, and does not confer any psychic abilities. Certain people in India swallow air and expel it forcibly in various unusual ways.

Afterwards they swallow water and expel that in the same unusual ways.

Some of the practitioners of this in India swallow a strip of cloth, securely holding one end, of course. They swallow the other end of the cloth until a very considerable length is in the stomach. Then they rub and pound the stomach, afterwards pulling out the cloth, to which adhere all sorts of things from the stomach and throat.

Another stage is when the person passes a thread through the nostrils and brings it out through the mouth. The thread is pulled backwards and forwards in much the same way as one would clean a chimney.

This should be left well alone, and it is mentioned here so that you have been warned to leave it well alone.

**DHYANA** : This is a meditation or a deep form of concentration. It is an unbroken flow of thought towards that upon which one concentrates. It is a word which in Raja Yoga is known as the Seventh of the Eight Limbs.

**DIET** : Diet usually relates to food, although there is such a thing as a spiritual diet. But using this to refer to food it may be stated that many people have all sorts of weird ideas about diet. Some are strictly vegetarian, some eat meat. My own view is that at the present stage Man is a meat-eating animal, so if you feel the need for meat—eat meat.

One should not over-eat, one should eat in order to live, and not live in order to eat. If one is doing occult study, garlic and anything bitter or acid should be avoided.

Diet is just a common-sense approach to what one should eat. Do not eat too much, do not drink anything intoxicating because to do so is to desecrate the Temple of the Soul and to drive the astral body out of the physical body. Unfortunately, the stage into which the astral body is driven is known as the lower astral, which can be decidedly unpleasant.

Many people are fervent vegetarians, they will not eat meat because they think that some animal has to be killed. Well, why will these people cure an illness? Germs or virus are animals of a certain type, and to cure an illness you have to kill the germs, and how do you know that a cabbage has no feeling? Russian scientists have come up with a suggestion that all vegetables have feeling. The best way, if you feel that you should be a faddist and refrain from eating anything which has to be killed, is to starve, because you might accidentally bite a lettuce with feeling.

DIKSHA : This is the art of initiating a student into spiritual life, and is carried out by the Teacher or Guru concerned.

It might be worth mentioning here that the Teacher or Guru really is the one who should say when an initiation is carried out. From personal experience it may be stated that students always overrate their own abilities, whether spiritual or otherwise.

DIMENSIONS : People talk about the fourth dimension, or the fifth dimension, and beyond. People say that we are upon a three-dimensional world. Unfortunately, it is not possible to discuss the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, or ninth dimension to a person living in a third-dimensional existence.

We cannot be content with this, however, so let us put ourselves in the position of a one-dimensional person.

A one-dimensional being could only exist upon a line. If you draw the thinnest line that you possibly can on a piece of paper, and you imagine that one particle of graphite from your pencil is a person living on that one-dimensional world, and then remember that that piece of graphite is our person. Our person, then, lives on that line, and that line is the whole universe to that person. If you make one end of the line A and the other end B, you will see that the person can progress from A, which is birth, to B, which is death. The person will be able to move

forward only, they cannot move backwards because that would be moving into the past.

Supposing that you could place a point, or perhaps a finger, on that thin line, then the person in that one-dimensional world would see phenomena in its sky. It would see only that part of your finger actually in contact with the line, and it would be impossible to visualize what you looked like, in that same way as it is impossible for most people in this three-dimensional world of ours to visualize what is behind the so-called 'flying saucer.'

If we go on to a two-dimensional world what would we have? It would be a plane surface, and the inhabitants would have to be flat figures. Now supposing you draw a line around one of these figures, it would prove to be a barrier to him because the line will have thickness, and to a completely flat person height would be beyond his understanding. If he tried to climb up that pencil line—which to him, of course, would be a considerable height—it would be the same as going out into space.

Our flat being would not be able to look down on the line and see that it was comparatively flat. Thus a line or an angle would be an astounding phenomena to a flat being.

By the way, just try this if you doubt what I am saying : Hold a pencil at a level with your eyes so that the pencil is length-wise to you. Then behind it hold another pencil end on. You will not be able to see that pencil because it will be hidden by the line of the first pencil. Thus you will be in the position of our flat being, and before you can see the second pencil you will have to enter another dimension, that is, you will have to descend below the level of the pencils or rise above it, so that you can look up or down and see by perspective.

The fourth dimension is actually where we have traveled into the astral, because we then have different abilities, and although we can fully exist, although we do exist, we cannot be seen by people of third dimension except as a ghost.

**DIRECT COGNITION :** This is full realization, awareness of that which cannot be taught. One cannot have a full realization of the fourth dimension or of what our Overself is like while we are in the body, nor can another person necessarily convince us of anything connected with this, nor with a God. We have to know by direct cognition, by direct realization.

**DISASSOCIATION :** Some people have a loose astral body,

and when the person in the flesh goes day-dreaming he or she may separate into physical and astral.

Some years ago there was a case in France where an unfortunate schoolteacher, a woman, had this remarkable ability that when she was engrossed in a subject her physical and spiritual bodies parted. It created a lot of alarm in her pupils when they could see two teachers, apparently twins. Eventually it came to the knowledge of the school authorities and the school-teacher became a schoolteacher no more.

Disassociation can also relate to a mental state in which a person is not able to control mental processes.

**DISEMBODIED :** When we do astral travelling we are in the disembodied state, that is, our astral becomes disassociated from the physical and we are connected only by the Silver Cord.

When we are thinking of ourselves, we are in the embodied state, that is, the embodied state is a temporary thing and endures only for our stay on Earth.

The disembodied state means what it says—out of the body; we have to get out of the body to know what we are, what we are doing, and where we are going.

**DIVINITY :** This is one of the very old original Sanskrit words. It goes back to the earliest days of Mankind. It means ‘to shine.’ Often a Diva or a Godlike person will be known as ‘The Shining One.’

In connection with this, you may be interested to remember that when Moses descended from the mountain his face was shining and he had to veil his face so that the shining light was obscured from the common gaze.

**DREAMS :** One of the most misunderstood subjects of all. Because of Western Man's conditioning Western Man can rarely believe in astral travelling and such things, thus it is that when the astral body rejoins the physical body complete with a lot of most interesting memories, the physical body rejects the story and alters it to fit the facts which are acceptable to Western training. Thus a person who has met another in the astral world and discussed various courses of action, will say in the morning, ‘Oh, I dreamed of So-and-So last night. He was in a bad temper. Wonder what it means?’

Some dreams, of course, can be caused by eating too much and too richly before going to bed, but that is a mere disturbance of the body functions and cannot be taken seriously. In this case the lower mind and the emotional mind get together

and set aside the reasoning part of the mind. One should write down one's so-called 'dreams' immediately one awakens, because if that is done conscientiously one soon reaches the stage when one is able to recall the actual astral travelling experience which occasioned the mis-called 'dream.'

DWAPARAYUGA : Throughout the world in world religions there are various systems which divide the life of this world into different periods or cycles. According to Hindu mythology the world is divided into four stages, each of 864,000 years. The four periods become successively more evil. In the first period right and good prevails, but with each period the power of evil increases, the power of wrong-doing increases.

At present we are in the fourth stage, the stage of Kali, and no doubt everyone will agree that the world at present is an evil place in which those of bad intentions invariably get the upper hand, a stage in which treachery succeeds.

When this cycle has ended the world will start again on a new cycle where goodness will predominate. But in the Age of Kali, of course, there must be some 'Saviour' who will start and set the world right. That is the unvarying process.

DWESHA : This is aversion, dislike as opposed to like. It goes back into the memory department. If we have had a severe shock we dislike that which caused the shock, and we try to avoid getting such shocks in the future.

We may not be aware of that which caused the shock because it may have been pushed down into our sub-conscious and a form of amnesia will have taken over to block the unpleasant memory.

In the process of Analysis the practitioner helps one to delve down into the sub-conscious memory to dredge up the unpleasant occurrences, so that having seen the cause of behavior one can realize that cause, and avoid such behavior patterns in the future.

## **E**

EGO : This indicates that part of one which is conscious of 'I.' It is the separate individuality apart from the Overself. There are two kinds of Ego; the first is that which is learning willingly or unwillingly. It is undeveloped, untutored, excessively talkative, over-confident without any reason to be confident. That

Ego is self-centered, arrogant, and aggressive. It is, in fact, the typical Man In The Street.

The other Ego is one which has progressed and has learned by experience. It is possessed by those who have attained to much enlightenment. It is a person who is willing to help others even at the risk of inconvenience and trouble for oneself.

Egoism is often referred to as the second of the five sources of trouble, and when one thinks of conceited, egotistical people whom we know, we can well understand that this is so. Unfortunately, the less one knows the more one thinks one knows. Many of these people who are so boastful, who say, 'Prove this, prove that, and I don't believe it anyhow,' have not even started to learn.

It is believed by this writer that few Press people are in the developed category, because one of the first requirements is that an Ego cannot be developed unless it is willing to consider the feelings and needs of others—a matter singularly lacking with Press people.

ELEMENTALS : Most people are horribly confused about elementals. Actually elementals are a type of thought form which have a sort of half-life of their own, a form of life brought into being by humans.

So that one may the more easily understand it, let us say that we have a magnet and the magnet represents the human. Then let us say that we bring the magnet near a piece of iron. Immediately, the iron becomes magnetized to some lesser degree, and so it represents the elemental.

Elementals are formed from the etheric substance which was the origin of all complex forms. All the random thoughts of people 'magnetize' etheric substances which give rise to elementals—elementary beings.

It should be made clear that many people who go to seances and believe that they have conversed with the spirit of dear departed Aunt Matilda, have really been the victim of a hoax by some elementals. Elementals are irresistibly drawn to seances because it gives them a chance to play a joke on humans. Elementals are as mischievous as monkeys, and possibly even more brainless than monkeys.

One of the great dangers of going to seances is that one may be completely deluded by these thought forms.

In addition to the elementals, of course, there are Nature Spirits, but that will be dealt with under N.

**ELEMENTS** : There are, of course, quite a number of elements, but to the occultist, the metaphysician, or the astrologer, there are five main elements. They are ether, air, fire, water, and earth. We are not dealing with chemistry here but with astrological lore.

These elements come into play to a very great extent in astrology, where one can be born under a watery sign—Cancer—and then if one marries a person who was born under a fiery sign, such as Aries, there can be trouble and an unhappy marriage because fire and water do not mix. It is a question of that which is compatible and that which is not compatible.

The elements are important things indeed for those who want to study the mechanics of metaphysics.

**EMOTION** : Emotion is a state of mind which should be controlled so that it does not interfere with one's metaphysical studies. It is easy to imagine that one has seen a ghost or that one has spoken to a person who has recently left this Earth. It is also possible that emotion—fear—will prevent us from doing just that.

In esoteric work one must curb, and train, and restrain the emotions. One must not be too skeptical, and one must not be too willing to accept, one must use common-sense.

One must keep a balanced mind and be ready to investigate all matters with an open mind. By open mind, is meant the state where one is not going to condemn and one is not going to believe unless there are reasonable grounds for either state.

The Middle Way is the best way, so that one is not too credulous nor too incredulous. By taking a middle of the road path one is able to see the scenery on each side, and judge accordingly.

**ENTHUSIASM** : This is one of the things about which one has to be very careful. One must keep one's enthusiasm and one's emotion under control. One must not become excessively enthusiastic. To become over-enthusiastic about a thing disturbs the even tenor of one's existence.

We have a certain amount of energy, and if we allot too much energy to one subject then we have not enough energy to deal with other subjects, and we become unbalanced.

In Yogic or metaphysical matters there should be no excitement, no false enthusiasm, and no strong emotions. Here again the only way to attain to a sound balance is to take the Middle Way.

**ETHERIC DOUBLE** : This is the substance existing between the physical body and the aura. The etheric is of a bluish-grey color, and is not substantial like flesh and bone. The etheric can pass through a brick wall, leaving both intact.

The etheric double is the absolute counterpart of the human flesh and blood body, but in etheric form. The stronger a person's physical, the stronger will be the etheric. When a person dies, and that person has had a certain gross interest in life, his etheric double is physically very strong and he leaves a ghost which, through habit, acts in precisely the same way as the person did while in the physical body.

A person who has been killed by violence or in a state of terror will have a very strong etheric indeed. People who have died by violence will often leave a ghost which can be seen.

Frequently disembodied etheric doubles try to dissipate their useless energy by going to seances and giving senseless messages. It is clear that if Uncle Timothy has died and Aunt Matilda wants to get in touch with him, she will go to a seance and, because of personal magnetism, she will attract the stupid etheric double of Uncle Timothy. This etheric double has no knowledge but only habits, and so it will react in much the same way as Uncle Timothy did on the Earth and will just give senseless information because it has no brain to direct it.

The etheric double is a useless thing which has to be dissipated before one is completely free of the bonds of Earth. It is the stuff of which senseless ghosts are made.

A person who is said to be earthbound is linked to Earth by this strong etheric double.

**EVOLUTION** : Everything is in a state of evolution. A child is born as a helpless baby, and gradually evolves into an adult. People go to school, and their evolution is such that they progress from class to class.

Men do not become angels on the earthly stage of evolution any more than animals turn into humans on this world. All must evolve according to the plans of the Universe, and according to their own species.

The development of Man, or Mankind, has been proceeding for many millions of years. By consulting the Akashic Record you will be able to see that the first form of Man was a globe, a creature not altogether solid, not altogether gaseous, something like an unpleasant murky sort of jelly. He had only one eye and no mind; instead, he was almost an automaton.

That was in the first Race of Man. In the second Race there was a difference because certain appendages protruded from the globe which was Man, and there was a rudimentary mind much as in the case of a monkey.

In the third Race of Man there was a dividing of the globe or sphere so that there were two sexes, male and female.

You may be interested in some of the different Races : In the first case with which we need deal there was the Race of the people of Lemuria, yes, there really was Lemuria! The Race at that time had instinct and passion, but they were not possessed of many of the higher emotions, not possessed of aspiration for spiritual pursuits.

The Earth in those days was still in a stage of development. Great gouts of flame shot out from the interior and there were earthquakes, and the Continent of Lemuria sank beneath the waves.

After the Lemurian Race there came the Atlantian Race. This was a definite improvement on the Lemurian because the Atlantian functioned on the higher emotions, they tried to develop their higher emotions, but they also evolved into a more reasoning type of mind, they went in for science a lot and, sadly, they produced an atom bomb thousands and thousands of years ago. The atom bomb went off, and the land called Atlantis sank beneath the waves. There were survivors scattered in various remote districts; some of their children were affected by radiations, and so there were mutations, mutations which caused the Aryan Race.

The Aryan Race is more of a concrete mind than spiritual, in fact, trying to get spiritual thoughts into most people is like trying to break concrete !

A sixth Race is functioning in the abstract, and eventually in the age of Aquarius, into which we are now entering, they will evolve into a spiritual mind. After this spiritual development we shall have a greater incursion into the abilities of a seventh Race. There are some of the seventh Race already on Earth, not many of them, but enough to provide a seed or nucleus, and the seventh Race will eventually achieve a knowledge of the leaders of this whole Solar System.

Evolution, then, is that which enables people, or anything, to develop and make progress.

EXPERIENCES : Many people during their time upon Earth have 'experiences.' They imagine they see things, or they

actually do see things. They could be surer if they kept more accurate reports.

One should keep paper and pencil about at all times, particularly by the side of one's bed, so that if one is awakened notes can be made before the memory fades.

Supposing you are awakened in the night, and you think you see something. Make a note :

1. What did you see?
2. Was it male or female?
3. How was it dressed, in what period clothing?
4. What did it do? Did it come through a wall and stand by your bed ?
5. What did it say or indicate to you?
6. What was your reaction?
7. What happened to the figure? Did it disappear—vanish—or go through a wall?
8. Having read the above, what conclusions can be formed? Was it hallucination? Was it a person that I recognized? Was it a person who appeared real?

In the morning read your notes, and then you can add to them anything which came from your sub-conscious in the night. It must be explained again, though, that many really authentic cases of visitations are lost to the world because the person who saw the visitor either dived beneath the bedclothes or was too confused to have any accurate memories. There are such things as ghosts, but if a person would not harm one when in the flesh, why should that person harm one when out of the flesh ?

EYES : Everyone knows what eyes are, but the purpose of including that word here is so that we can deal with relaxation of the eyes, because eyes are among the most ill-used organs of the body.

It is essential that during meditation the eyes must not be strained. Most people focus their eyes on some imaginary object, or even upon some actual object. This is definitely harmful because it tires the eyes by requiring that the eye muscles remain in a fixed position.

One should look into the far distance, look beyond infinity so that the eye muscles are not being strained. You can, if you wish, relax your eyes by letting them wander, but, naturally, not while meditating. Let them wander so that the muscles are

put in varying positions, and thus are not in any one position long enough to become tired or strained.

A good eye-massage exercise is to put the palms of one's hands over the eyes, and then move the hands slightly in order to form a cup. That is, when you pull out the palm of the hand while keeping the edge of the hand around the eye socket, you form a hollow with lessened air pressure.

If one presses on the eye's bony frame and then slightly eases away the palm, one can feel slight tension on the eyeball because the air pressure enables the liquid in the eye to push the eye out a bit. Then when you press in you get the opposite effect, and so you have a really relaxing eye massage.

## F

FA : This is from the Chinese and it denotes the law or regulations. It indicates that one must follow the right precepts if one is going to make right progress. Until you can progress you will have to keep coming back to this dreary old world.

FACE : Look at the average person, look at the lines and wrinkles on their face, look at their tense, screwed-up expression! And when they think they are meditating they become screwed-up all the more. This is unfortunate because one cannot meditate when one is tense.

If you find that your face is becoming stiff, try relaxing it. Bend forward so that your face is parallel with the floor, make sure that the muscles of the face are quite slack, as slack as you can make them. See, also, that your lips are not tightly compressed, you can have your mouth slightly open if you prefer. The eyes should be either very slightly open or shut, but you must not shut them tightly because if you do you are tensing muscles.

Relax the whole face, and then imagine that you are a dog who has just come out of the water sopping wet. Shake your head sharply as a dog does, so that even your ears waggle and your hair-do comes undone. Do that several times, pretend there is water on your face and you have to shake it off with sharp movements. Do this, and it really will shake out folds in your muscles.

When you have done this several times sit up straight, and stretch your neck as far up as you can. Imagine that you are

a giraffe or one of those native tribeswomen who put rings on the neck in order that the neck may be lengthened.

When you have stretched your head as far up as you can, pull it down to your shoulders as far as you can, pull it right down into your shoulders so that your neck really is compressed. Stretch up your head again, and make it come down again. Do it several times, and every third time shake your head sharply like a dog does. This will help you more than you imagine.

FAITH : We must have faith if we are going to seek after knowledge because some things require that we have faith while we are still seeking for proof, and if a person goes seeking for a thing determined that they will not find it, then they will not find it.

It is wise to hold firm to the conviction that based upon intellectual ability we can ascertain that the thing under discussion is true.

In faith we try to prove that a thing is right, not, as so many do at present, try to prove that a thing is false.

Faith is no idle, senseless, ignorant belief. Faith grows and grows as one explores that in which one has faith.

FEAR : One of the greatest dangers in any form of occult study is of being afraid. In the East teachers tell the pupil, 'Fear not for there is naught to fear but fear.'

Fear corrodes our abilities for clear perception. If we are not afraid, nothing whatever can hurt us or disturb us. Therefore—fear not.

It is worth particularly noting that when one is doing astral travel there is no need for fear. Elementals or astral entities cannot hurt one, but if we are afraid, well, our fear upsets us—upsets our digestion, for instance. Again, let it be stated that no one can be harmed in the astral except by oneself, that is by getting frightened and rushing back with such a thump that one becomes disassociated from the body.

If you come back into the body with a shocking jerk and get a headache after it, the remedy is simple—rest again and go to sleep, so that your astral body can leave the physical and resettle in the correct location in the physical body.

FO CHIAO : This is a Chinese interpretation of the Buddhist religion. As we have already stated, Buddhism is a code of living, a way of living, but in order to follow common usage it is referred to here as a religion.

Fo Chiao is the Chinese name for Buddhism as a religion.

FO HSUEH : This is Buddhist learning, Buddhism when treated as a philosophy or way of life, instead of as a religion. Again, it is from the Chinese concepts.

FORCES : There are four forces which need concern us. They are :

1. Natural forces : When we are at school we study a group of forces known as physics, or, if you prefer—heat, light, sound, electricity, and magnetism—and then one gets quite a dislike of poor old Pythagoras who worked out those weird and wonderful theorems which cause one so much trouble.

2. The etheric forces : Among these is included the power of the Kundalini. Those of the second group are still connected to natural phenomena because the Kundalini, and all that it implies, gets only as far as the etheric double before becoming a metaphysical force instead of an earth-natural force.

3. The ancient Egyptian priests specialized in this, which we might term 'Force 3.' They protected their tombs with thought-forms which really could make one frightfully uncomfortable. Force 3 consists of all those things which are generated from the mind, and which, once generated, go on and on perhaps for centuries, until they have dissipated their original energy.

While this third force is still connected with nature, it is on a much more remote basis because we are now two stages removed from the crude, basic, natural force.

4. This is a force which can be generated by living entities because of the power of love, hate, etc. They are quite as powerful as are any of the preceding three.

Telepathy, clairvoyance, psychometry, levitation, teleportation, etc., come under this group.

Astral travelling does not come under this force, because astral travelling is just releasing the astral body from imprisonment in the physical body.

FOUR FRUITS : According to various Eastern beliefs, the Four Fruits of human life are that each Fruit shall develop and ripen and come to full growth.

The First Fruit is that of morality and purity of thought. This makes one a decent person who is able to progress on the Spiritual Path.

Secondly, there is security of position, so that the Temple of the Soul, which, naturally, is the body, is not damaged by excessive poverty or suffering.

It should be stated that in some conditions one has to have poverty and suffering because of Karma, but as a general rule it is better that one is able to attain to the Middle Way—not too rich, not too poor, not starving, but not overfed.

The Third Fruit is that by which one has one's legitimate desires fulfilled. It comes as a reward for right living, right thinking, right behaving.

A legitimate desire does not include the desire of having a new car or a new coat, or things which are for vanity or to show

A legitimate desire is a desire to help others and to save others from unnecessary distress. It is also legitimate to desire to progress and advance, again unselfishly, again so that one may help others.

The Fourth, and best, of the Fruits is that one shall speedily attain to release from the ties of this world. It means liberation from Karma, the end of one's incarnations and reincarnations upon the Earth system. When one has the last of the Four Fruits, when one has escaped from the toils of the Earth, then one can, if one is foolish, volunteer to come back to this dreary old spot to help others. When you attain to that position, and you are on the 'Other Side,' leave instructions that if you ever decide to volunteer your friends will have your sanity tested, because it does appear that nowadays things are rather out of hand on the Earth, and things are much too hard. However, we are in the Age of Kali, and that gloomy Age will pass away and the sun will shine again with the dawn of a new era, and with an upsurge of spiritual purity.

## G

GAYATRI : This is the name given to a most important Mantra. Christians recite The Lord's Prayer, which, after all, is just a Christian Mantra. The Hindu recites the Gayatri.

A Hindu will go through certain ceremonies, and then recite this Mantra daily. Here are the actual words : 'Om, bhur, bhuvah, swah. Tat savicur varenyam bhargo devasya dhimahi. Dhiyo yo nah prachodayat. Om.'

The meaning of this translated into English is : 'We meditate upon the ineffable effulgence of that resplendent Sun. May that Sun direct our understanding for the good of all living.'

This is a Mantra which could be recited by Christians with much profit!

GHOST : That eerie thing which swishes around in the night with a few creaks and groans, and which causes the hair on our heads to stand straight up, is harmless!

A ghost is just an etheric force which wanders about according to the habits of its previous owner, until eventually that etheric force, that etheric double, is dissipated. A strong healthy person who is suddenly killed by perhaps extreme violence, has a very strong etheric. If a person is being attacked, then he or she focuses the etheric into a strong entity : If, then, the Silver Cord is suddenly severed in that process which we call death, the astral body goes off, the physical body decays, and the poor etheric becomes a homeless, mindless, wandering waif. Throughout the whole life of the body, the etheric has been modeled on that body, it is a habit pattern of the body. So if the body was in the habit of going to a certain place; or thinking of certain people, then the etheric will do likewise until perhaps during centuries the power becomes dissipated, and eventually vanishes.

The etheric body is the one which attends seances and gives the so-called 'messages' from beyond the grave. It is quite a tragedy really because people on Earth should realize that when we leave this world we have other things to do, and cannot always, and do not want always, to get in touch with people left behind. The etheric, or ghost, is a thing of no moment and should be disregarded.

Supposing you were in some city and very busy with some special task requiring concentration, would you like it if some person kept phoning you from some other city, kept phoning you and asking you all sorts of stupid questions! You would soon get tired of the whole thing. In the same way, the real entities, whom, if you like, you can call Souls, do not like being disturbed, they have too much else to do.

GIVE : There is an old occult law which states, 'Give that you may receive.' If you do not give you cannot receive. If you are too mean to give anything, or too selfish, then you lock a shell around yourself so you cannot receive even if a would-be giver is most anxious to give.

In the Christian belief it is stated that as you sow so shall you reap. It is also stated 'Cast your bread upon the waters.' And yet again, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

It is utterly, utterly essential that if you want to receive something, then you have to give something. Not necessarily money, you may have to give of yourself, that is, give love, give friendship, give attention, sympathy, give help, understanding. It is useless to say, 'What is mine is mine, and what is yours I want too.' Unless you are prepared to give you cannot possibly receive. So, those of you who button up your wallets or make sure that your purse-strings are drawn up tight, remember that if you are going on your knees to start praying it is a waste of your time as well of everyone else's, it is useless to pray for things unless you are willing to give things.

GOD : According to the Ala Yoga there is no concept of a God. The Vedantas and The Bhagavad Gita state definitely that the Yogi reaching liberation from the body finds himself as a God. For those who want to look it up, the term for God is Ishwara. Vedantic teaching is that all mankind is a part of God, and there are four main stages of approaching Godhood :

1. Nearness to God.
2. Similiarity to the teaching of God.
3. Associating with a Godlike Being.
4. Living with a God.

According to the Christian belief, how many Gods do you think there are? Have you read Genesis? If not, read where God said, 'Let there be firmaments.' In other words, God is commanding a second God to make the firmament, and the second God obeyed and made the firmament. Then the first God said, 'Let there be light,' and the second God made light—not electric light or gas light or daylight, of course, but spiritual light, the light which gleams at the end of our own long, long trail of the upward Path of Evolution.

By the way, it is also worth remembering that many people read the Bible incorrectly. Most people believe that Adam was the first man created, but that is not correct. Read Genesis 4; 16 and 17; that shows Cain going forth into the land of Moab, and buying a wife. Now, if Adam was the first man created how was it possible for Cain to go and buy a wife? There must have been another man connected with it all somewhere else. One should remember that many of the teachings of the Bible were written for a people who were not educated, not really able to think for themselves, thus the Bible was written in simple language, often in parable form.

GRANTHIS : This peculiar word means a form of knot. There are three 'knots,' the basal, the heart, and the eyebrow knot.

In time everyone has to raise the Kundalini in order to progress spiritually and metaphysically. Raising the Kundalini means that one has to break through these knots, it means that one has to break free from physical lusts, free from physical desires and spites. When one has gone through the first of the knots, then one has to break through the ordinary higher mental desires; one has to do away with mental snobbery, for instance. Even some of the higher mental thoughts are concerned with selfishness, and before one can progress one has to truly remember that 'Race, creed, and colour do not matter, for all men bleed red.' And all men are equal in the sight of God.

The third knot on the spiritual plane is breaking through to one's own real self, the Overself, and then one is far beyond the confines of the physical body. When one breaks the third knot one does not need to come to this Earth, except specifically to help others.

It is worth commenting at this stage that so long as people think of will, will-power, and reason, then one is bound to the physical body just as is a person who always thinks of physical love and forgets that the real love is on the spiritual plane.

Many people have asked about love on the spiritual plane; it is a pure love, an absolute love, and nothing can approach the feeling of being with one's own twin soul,' because, although it is a horrible sounding term—'twin soul'—it is a very real thing indeed, and when one has one's twin soul in the Over-self stage, then one is never forced back into incarnation but only comes back to help others.

GUNAS : There are three qualities which we simply must have. We must enter, progress through, and discard, passing ever higher and higher.

First there is sluggishness and neglect. From neglect one experiences pain such as hunger or cold., From the pain or neglect effort results in order that there may be relief from hunger or pain. This effort produces pleasure, the pleasure of eating in order that hunger may be appeased.

From the introduction to pleasure which comes when hunger is appeased, there arises a desire for pleasure, and thus a definite seeking for pleasure, causing energetic action which forms a habit, and the habit of restlessness.

From the excessive habit of seeking after pleasure, and obtaining pleasure, pain and neglect arises and the body suffers therefrom. From seeking too much pleasure we eat too much, and we get a pain where we should not. This pain causes us to think—which in itself is quite a feat! We think along the causes of our pain, and then we decide not to do that which caused the pain, and sometimes we actually do refrain from doing harmful things. Most people do it 'just once more,' but until they can cut out their 'just once's' no progress can be made. Progress can only be made when we eat to live and do not live to eat.

GURU : That wondrous, misunderstood word merely means 'A weighty person.'

A Guru means in its commonly accepted term, One whose words are worthy of consideration. A Guru is a Teacher, a spiritual Teacher, and he should be an illumined soul, one who has raised the Kundalini and knows how to raise it in others.

When the student is ready the Master will appear. The student cannot and should not and must not exclaim, as so many do, 'Show me the Great Masters, let them come to me and I shall believe.' The Adepts who have remarkable powers of perception, whose faculties have been sharpened and purified, are not able to teach those who just bleat feebly that they, and they alone, are worthy of Great Teachers. Those immature, unevolved people who demand that a Teacher accepts him or her as a pupil—well, they delay their own progress.

It is worth a comment here to show what happens : I had a letter some time ago from England, some idiot wrote in a most condescending manner stating that, 'Mr. So-and-So is prepared to accept Lobsang Rampa as his Teacher if Lobsang Rampa will give immediate proof that he can do all that he says.' The attitude of Lobsang Rampa, and many others, is to toss such letters in the waste-paper basket with a sigh of regret at the folly of those who write thus.

A true Guru, according to the full meaning of the word, is as rare as a horse with feathers, because the true Guru must be more or less sinless, must be more or less without feelings of self, and must have no desire for fame. The poor fellow must, in fact, exist almost without being. It is permitted, of course, that the Guru has enough to live upon and enough to see that he is decently clad.

Remember, remember, remember, 'When the student is ready the Master will appear.' The student, being untrained (otherwise he would not be a student!) is never, never, never in a position to say that he is ready to be taught. That is the surest way of saying that he is not.

GURUBHAI : This refers to any male person studying under the same spiritual Teacher. One should also give the name applying to a female because nowadays the ladies, the so-called weaker sex, are often the stronger sex when it comes to spirituality. So, ladies, if you study under the same spiritual Teacher you are a Gurubhagini.

Gurus are often referred to as 'Master.' That is completely and absolutely and utterly wrong. A Guru is a Guru, 'a weighty counselor,' not a Master. A Master implies that one is forced to do what the Master says; a Guru advises and leaves the student full choice of action. So, please, never Master : Guru, counselor, adviser, teacher, or anything similar, but why not stick to—Guru ?

## H

HABIT : A habit is that action, or series of actions, which have become impressed upon our subconscious so that we may perform even intricate operations or maneuvers without conscious effort or the intervention of the conscious mind.

The life and actions of most people is merely the following of habits. Most people could just as well be automatons; they get up at the same time in the morning because of habit, they do things at the same time of day because of habit. People smoke—even knowing that it is killing them!—because of habit.

Habit starts like the gossamer thread of a spider's web. One thread is weak and can easily be broken, but lay those threads side by side so that you have a hundred, a thousand, a million threads, and one would be immovably bound, powerless, almost impotent to break the habit without really determined efforts.

Look upon habit as upon a series of binding threads. Replace bad habits with good habits. That will make it like replacing each thread individually instead of trying to snap the whole. You cannot take away a thing without replacing it with something more suitable.

If you are a pessimist, smile instead of scowl, it is easier to smile. Make a habit of smiling, make a habit of being kind to people, make a habit of being Honourable and keeping your word. Soon you will be a different person, a person whom all will admire and respect. Habit is one of the most important things of life, and a good habit helps one, but a bad habit stultifies one's development.

HALASANA : This is sometimes referred to as the Plough Posture. It should be emphasized again that all these exercises really do not do anyone any good. Sometimes it is claimed that it develops spiritual discipline, but if one already has the discipline necessary to tie oneself in a knot, then surely that discipline can be directed into far more useful channels.

Let me put on record that I regard all these 'exercises' as crackpot inventions designed to lead one away from true progress. But if you want to try the Plough Posture, here it is :

Lie on your back, keep your arms parallel and very tightly pressed against your body. Press your palms against the floor. Take a deep breath (you will need it!), and then raise your legs and move them up and over your body so that your legs are over your head and your toes are touching the ground beyond the top of your head.

Raise up your body as much as possible, and put your arms around your head. This particular exercise makes one assume the shape of an old-fashioned plough.

If you want to do shapes, etc., etc., it is much more comfortable to have a darkened room and a white wall, and put your hands between a lighted candle and the wall, then you can make all sorts of shapes in shadow, rabbits and cats and things like that. It's much more fun and much more comfortable.

HARI : Sometimes people call Vishnu by that name, but actually Hari means 'to take away.'

The mistake arose in an original translation because Vishnu was alleged to remove sins and faults by love and wisdom.

Actually, of course, we can only remove faults and sins ourselves by adopting the right attitude to life, and towards others.

There are other meanings attached to Hari.

HARI BOL : This means 'chant the name of the Lord that ye may be purified and your sins may be washed away.'

HARI OM : This meaning of Hari is that of a sacred syllable, or actually, to be strictly correct, sacred syllables.

By repeating 'Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari Om' when one is alone, of course, one's own personal vibrations may be increased, one's spirit may be elevated, and so one approaches more closely to one's God.

Friendly advice—if you try any of these syllables or exercises, then do it when you are alone or people will look at you suspiciously and send for the man in the white coat which ties at the back!

**HARMONY** : There are stated to be Three Powers of Divinity. Harmony is one of those Powers.

It is necessary to have all organs of the human body in harmony with all other organs in the body. If you have that, then the result is a person who is well balanced and healthy.

A person with harmony in the mind is one who has pure love and compassion for others, and that person is able to assist others without thought of self-gain.

If all people of this world had harmony within them this would indeed be the Golden Age, because then there would be no difficulty in following the Rule which says, 'Do as you would be done by.'

**HATHA-YOGA** : This is just a series of exercises, a system of physical exertion. It is meant to give one mental or spiritual discipline, or something like that, but it is concerned only with postures of the body and need not be taken in any way seriously. It should be borne in mind that the true Masters of the Occult, the true Adepts, never go in for this Hatha-Yoga stuff.

According to the people who do try these stunts, 'Ha' means the sound of a breath going in, and 'Tha' is the sound of the breath coming out.

The really evolved person does not go in for these circus turns without, of course, being in a circus, and these rather stupid exercises merely take one's attention from that which is more essential—spirituality and the desire to help others.

The practitioners of these exercises have a wholly inflated idea of their own importance, but that only means that spiritually they are very poorly evolved.

There are systems of Yoga devoted to the attainment of spiritual perfection, of course, but Hatha-Yoga is not one of them.

**HEAD** : Apart from being that knob which protrudes from the end of the neck and bears the organs of sight, sound, and

smell, the head also contains the mechanism through which one can receive messages from the Overself, and transmit messages to the Overself.

The head is a rather delicate contraption which suffers from the fact that all blood supplies, all nervous energies, must go through a rather narrow channel in the already narrow neck. It follows that the head should be well balanced so that there is no undue constriction of the spinal cord.

A very good exercise to get balance of the head is to put two or three heavy books on the head, and provided that you can keep them there long enough, put your hands on your hips out of the way, and then walk up and down the room several times without shedding the books in the process.

This is not to be confused with any Hatha-Yoga 'exercise' but this is a definite thing to enable one to attain poise. It will help your poise, and will also help your posture. It will cause you some pleasurable surprise, too, that you can walk up and down with a load of books on your head.

If you want to do things properly, have a basin of ice-cold water on your head, because then you have an incentive to do it seriously.

In the East the small boys who are going to be monks of any kind sometimes have a bowl full of hot wax in which there is a lighted floating wick. The wretched boy walks up and down the corridors with this bowl on his head. If he cannot balance, and the bowl spills, the hot wax goes on his clothes and he spends the next day scrubbing them clean.

Only small boys, and possibly small girls, do these things. The person who has progressed, even a little, does not have to indulge in such things.

HEALING : When we refer to healing we do not intend to indicate the stuff dispensed by the local doctor. Our reference to 'healing' is that process carried on by the etheric double during the physical sleep of the material body.

The material body gets a lot of misuse and abuse during the day, so when the astral body is out wandering during the night the etheric double carries out the work of the repair man, or repair woman, whichever the case may be.

Certain people have healing power which means that they possess a super-abundance of etheric energy which they can pass to another person with a deficiency. Thus it works in much the same way as a blood transfusion, only in this case

one transfuses energy and the will-power which is necessary to make a sick person decide to recover.

HIGHER SELF : This is our Overself, the piece of us which controls the physical body from afar. We, down here on Earth, are 'pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for our Overself.' It does not matter unduly if we get our fingers burnt, because our fingers have to last a few years only, but the Overself has to last throughout Eternity and a bit longer.

We can feed the spirit part of us by meditation, by contemplation, and by seeing the good which we have learnt through the incarnate experiences.

We have to develop love and good sense. We must develop and practice understanding. We must avoid doing those things which cause pain and distress to others, for although while on this world it is easy to delude other people, to lead them astray, and although possibly we are so clever that we are immune to the laws of the Earth, yet when we once pass beyond the confines of this Earth we find that we have to pay for all the misery we have caused others, we have to pay for all the losses which we have inflicted upon others. Thus it is, in common-sense terms, cheaper for us to behave ourselves while on this Earth, because this is just a blink of the eye compared to the Greater Life beyond.

HSIN : This is a Chinese word meaning 'Good Faith,' meaning that we must act so that those around us have respect for us, and so that our behavior enhances instead of detracts from the stature of the human race.

HSUAN HSUEH : This is a very deep metaphysical concept and doctrine which started in the third century in China. It is a doctrine of mystical experiences which in some ways resemble the Egyptian mysteries, but it is not often practiced now because of the long, long years of study necessary.

Of course, when one is able to do astral travelling consciously, one can go in the astral and learn there in the matter of minutes all those things which takes the Hsuan Hsueh student a lifetime.

One of the ordeals which those students had to undergo was this; before a student could pass into a higher grade he was *killed*, and the astral allowed to go free. By special methods the blood was maintained in the brain so that no brain damage occurred. But the student had great experiences in the astral, and was then revived.

The awakened student was never the same after! Knowing what was the other side of life, he was more careful of his own actions, particularly how his actions affected the lives of others. HYPNOTISM : Most people do not realize the terrible force latent in hypnotism. Hypnotism should never, never, never be used except under the most stringent conditions.

Any person, unless he has been specially trained, can be hypnotized. It does not matter if the person is extroverted or introverted; any person can be hypnotized.

Hypnotism is a state of heightened awareness. The person hypnotized is aware only of that person who has hypnotized him, he is unable to determine between right and wrong.

A person who is going to be hypnotized believes that he can be hypnotized. He may not believe it consciously, but sub-consciously he believes he can be hypnotized, and so his state of tension actually helps to hypnotize him!

In hypnotism a form of disassociation occurs. The small part of the entity which is conscious of right and wrong is driven away—confined, restricted, removed from the scene of operations, leaving behind the nine-tenths of the sub-conscious.

The sub-conscious is like some blundering great lout who has no reason, who is not able to tell right from wrong, but somehow has obtained a lot of information and the power to move about.

With the censor, or one-tenth of the mind, out of action there are no limits to what the nine-tenths will do.

The person doing the hypnotizing can persuade the subject—the one hypnotized—that the fully loaded revolver which the latter holds is just a toy water-pistol. Thus, if the hypnotizer convinces the hypnotized person's sub-conscious that it is all a joke to pull the trigger and squirt water, then the hypnotized subject will pull the trigger and kill the object of the attack.

It is a terrible thing to hypnotize a depressed person, and to assure that person that he or she is now happy, because it can make neurotic habits very much stronger, and it can bring about suicide.

The person who goes to parties and hypnotizes just for the fun of it is a menace who should be removed to a padded cell because he can cause others to go to a padded cell!

Almost anyone can be hypnotized, and when a person has been hypnotized several times that person can be made to do anything at all, it is all a matter of suggesting the action in such

a way that the hypnotized person believes that he or she is doing good. Then having been so persuaded the hypnotized person can be made to do anything whatsoever the hypnotizer desires. Statements to the contrary are designed merely to cover up the terrible danger which exists in hypnotism.

Hypnotism is actually a crime against the Overself, because it is a crime to tamper with the mechanism which the Overself controls. It can cause one to have a Karma which will take incarnation after incarnation to clear up. So if any of you have a desire to hypnotize, or to be hypnotized, think again, and then refrain.

In the hands of a genuine specialist—not a stage performer—hypnotism can be used successfully to probe past incarnations. A person, always in the presence of witnesses, of course, and with a tape-recorder running, can be progressively hypnotized and asked questions about different ages even before being born to this Earth. It takes a very, very great deal of experience before the hypnotist is safe to undertake such things.

**AUTO-HYPNOTISM :** This is a process under which a person is able to disassociate the conscious and the sub-conscious, and in which the conscious part of one acts as the hypnotizing agent. Under certain conditions it is possible to correct bad habits of character and to strengthen good habits. But, again, one should not normally indulge in auto-hypnosis unless one has first had a thorough medical examination to make sure that one is sound physically, and—let me add—mentally. Hypnotism is a sword with three edges instead of only two or one, and it should be left well alone except by the accredited experts.

## I

**ICHCHHASHAKTI :** This is the long way to say 'will-power.' Actually, it is not just the power which enables one to say, 'I can' and 'I will,' but is, instead, rather more like the electric waves generated by the brain, and which can, literally, galvanise one into a special form of activity.

It is the special power which enables the Adept, who is breathing correctly, to accomplish levitation. Levitation is quite possible, and rather easy to do, especially if one really has a sound reason for it.

This 'will-power' is that which enables us to see into the

future, or into the probable future, and which enables us within a limited extent to pre-order future occurrences. It is the power by which so-called 'coincidences' take place.

There is no actual Western term for this, but it is a special power of the will acting at the instigation of the Overself which enables the physical body and the astral body to co-operate to an unusual extent to produce certain effects.

IDA : This is a column of sensory and motory nerves on the left side of the spinal cord. These nerves, or bunches of fibers, have a special place in the relationship between the physical and astral bodies. The fibers coil around and end at the left nostril. By using certain breathing exercises one can cause palpation of the Ida, and so awaken certain dormant centres.

It is not proposed to give that special breathing exercise, although others are given at the end of this Dictionary. To give this particular exercise might be to cause harm to someone who read and rushed without knowing what it was all about. One has to remember that many people will go into a library, pick up a book, and just copy out a paragraph or two to save the price of a book, and to protect those people who are trying to run before they can walk such an exercise must be omitted. IGNORANCE : Ignorance is lack of knowledge, lack of wisdom, and if we were not so foolishly ignorant we should not have so many troubles. The ignorant person does not know enough to know that he does not know. Perhaps the best way to explain it is :

He that knows not and knows not that he knows not, he is a fool, shun him.

He that knows not and knows that he knows not, he is teachable, teach him.

He that knows and knows that he knows, he is wise, follow him.

ILLUSION : This particular planet is called on other planes the World of Illusion, the world where one's senses deceive one, the world where things are very different from what they seem. People on 'the Other Side' think of those on the Earth as being afraid to go to Hell. Well, Earth is one of the hells, it is where we get the hell of physical experience and the hell of illusions. We look upon this world which we call the Earth, and we think it is the most wonderful thing ever. We think the whole Universe and Universes beyond were made specially and ex-

clusively for this Earth; we think we are the only creatures alive in space; we think that millions and billions, and trillions and trillions of other worlds are empty, desolate, just put up there as a peep-show for Mankind.

We think that we are Godlike creatures, the like of which has never been seen before and will never be seen again. That is illusion. Earth is a speck of dust and no more. Earth is one of the smaller specks of dirt in the sky. We think, while we are on this Earth, that we are great and powerful, we think that our riches will buy the Kingdom of Heaven. But there is no bargain basement beyond this Earth. We cannot get salvation at cut rates, we have to get rid of illusion and get down to the true meaning of things. We have to get rid of selfishness and lust, we have to get rid of our callous disregard for the other person. Until we are ready to give of ourself we cannot receive of others. It is an illusion to think that we can.

IMAGINATION : Imagination is the picturing of one's desires or one's fears, and imagination is the greatest force of all, greater than will-power, greater than love. It is an old lore of psychologists that in any battle between the will and imagination, the imagination always wins, and if we try to conquer imagination by brute will-power then we cause a neurotic condition. The imagination still wins because the imagination causes a breakdown, so that the imagination must conquer.

There cannot be love without imagination. One imagines the charms of one's beloved, or one imagines that one has met one's 'twin soul' (as rare as apples on a gooseberry bush while on Earth!), and one imagines all the pleasures with love undying of being married to such-and-such a person. In passing, it needs rather more than just animal passion to keep two people in harmony.

If the imagination says that one shall not do such-and-such a thing, then, no matter how strong the will, a person cannot do it. Could you, for instance, walk along a plank suspended across the tops of two ten-story buildings? No matter how strongly the plank was anchored your over-worked imagination would say that you were going to fall, and then you would fall, to the delight of the onlookers and to the profit of the Press who would be sure to be there.

If you want to get results you will have to control your imagination so that it and friend will-power work together in harmony.

INCARNATION : Homo sapiens who so often lacks the latter, is just one method of enabling an Overself to gain experience. There are people on an enormous number of planets, as is now being recognized by reputable scientists all over the world. Some of them are trying to tune in on radio messages from other worlds, and even as long ago as the beginning of the century a very famous man; Nicholas Tesla, who was one of the inventors of the radio tube or valve (depending on whether you are in the U.S.A. or England), reported that he had received signals from another planet. Marconi reported the same, but these two eminent gentlemen were such objects of ridicule that they dropped research like a hot potato—a very hot potato. But now the U.S. Government and the U.S.S.R. Government are doing everything possible to initiate success. Possibly the Communists want to convert a few more planets to Communism.

People come to this Earth to gain experience of a special kind. According to some teachings, Earth is hell!

A person comes to Earth in order to have sharp experiences which can be analyzed by the Overself, and which the Overself could not gain in such a short time. People come to Earth time after time working through every sign of the Zodiac, and working through each of the quadrants of the Zodiac, in much the same way as a student at a college takes various courses of instruction in order to get a balanced knowledge. Thus a person can become Aries in one life, and the opposite sign in the next life. In succeeding incarnations the poor soul can go through all the Houses or Signs of the Zodiac, and each quadrant of each Sign, and thus gain complete experience of all the unpleasant happenings which occur to humans.

When one has learned, and not had any great desire to come back to this Earth, then the person is rid of incarnations on this Earth plane. After, when one leaves as when one leaves school, one takes up the work for which one has been trained. INDRIYAS : More correctly it should be 'The Ten Indriyas' because there are ten organs in the body by which the Overself can gain various specialized information.

There are the organs of perceptions, the organs of hearing, sight, smell, taste, and touch; and the organs of more direct action which are the organs of excretion, generation, propulsion (feet), touch (hands), and taste (tongue).

Each of these organs relays back through the spinal cord and

up into the brain everything that is happening. The information is broadcast to the Overself, who thus is in touch with everything that is happening and becomes aware of every sensation. When this relay system breaks down we can see the results in a mental home when we look at catatonic patients.

**INTUITION :** A process under which the physical body is given a glimpse of something which normally in the physical body could not be known.

For example, a person can be standing on a sidewalk, and can then have a sudden flash of intuition that a chimney-pot or a slate is going to fall on his head. The man cannot see the chimney-pot, and cannot hear it either, but he usually looks up in time to see the thing before it hits him!

When people will believe in intuition, and give it rein to develop and blossom forth, it can be a very useful thing indeed. Actually, the Overself who is not yet ready to have the body damaged, can give a preliminary warning of a danger to come and thus to be avoided.

When one gets an impression that a person is near, when a person is perhaps within six or seven feet, it does not mean that that is intuition, it just means that either telepathy or impinging or auric emanations is taking place.

It is often stated that women have greater intuition than men, and if you will look at some of the illustrations in *You-Forever* you will observe that a woman's etheric and aura have a rather different shape to that of a man, and so it gives them spiritual consolation. Presumably in the latter case they hope greater intuition.

**ISHVARAKOTI :** This is an inferior type of Avatar. The person who comes to this Earth for the good of others, and who is normally free of the bonds of the Earth and thus has no Earth Karma, may be an Ishvarakoti. If he or she is dealing with individuals on a minor scale, then it will be an Ishvarakoti.

An Avatar is very much more evolved and does not necessarily come from this Universe at all, nor from the next or the one after that. An Avatar is one who teaches and restores to present-day requirements ancient teachings.

**ISHWARA :** Some people use this word as meaning, or indicating, God. This is particularly so among the Brahmans. The actual meaning is 'Divine willer,' the Supreme Giver. It is a Perfect Being who has compassion for struggling humanity because the Being has worked through all the rounds

of existence and knows how difficult it can be, and having suffered the Being has sympathy and understanding.

## J

**JAGRAT** : This refers to the waking state, being awake in the body as opposed to being asleep in the body. Being in a condition where one is aware of that which is occurring about one, where one is able to see, to hear, to speak, to feel, etc.

People are aware during the daytime, they know what is going on about them, they are able to attend to their business, but most people are not aware during their sleep, and it is necessary to be so aware before one can consciously do astral travelling, because the physical body must have rest, but the astral does not require rest—not for a few thousand years anyway—and thus if the physical body is resting and the astral body is just held captive, or wandering unguided in the wilderness, there is much waste of opportunity.

**JAPA** : A word which means ‘repetition.’ It has nothing at all to do with meditation, but merely indicates that one repeats a word with the idea that perhaps one can get help from other sources. Sometimes they can!

In Tibet people used to go about mumbling, ‘Om, Om, Om,’ and sometimes twirling a prayer wheel. In India people will say, ‘Ram, Ram, Ram,’ when they are sore afraid or in need of that Rama, whom they often consider to be a God, will come rushing to their help.

In much the same way, in parts of Europe, people will call upon their own God time after time. That is Japa.

**JATI** : This is one’s personal status in the physical world. How are you? Are you rich, poor, healthy, or ill? Jati refers solely to one’s material status, and must not be confused with the spiritual standards. It must also be stated that sadly enough those who are richest in material things are frequently quite impoverished in spiritual matters.

**JEN** : This is a word from the Chinese. It means the art of one’s fellow man. It means being charitable and having benevolent feelings towards one’s fellow man.

Jen is the basis of the Teachings of Confucius.

JIVA : A name for the individual living unit, complete with body, mind, various senses, and all that which makes up one human being. Usually this unit, this human being, is not aware of its purpose here on Earth, and it experiences birth, pleasure, pain, death, and all that which makes up life on Earth.

Frequently it rails at the unkind fate which sent it down to Earth, 'Well, I didn't ask to be born, did I?' unknowing the reason and unprepared to learn that which has to be learned.

If people knew how simple it is to die, if they knew that no one is ever discarded, no one is ever fried eternally, then perhaps they would think 'Oh, I will have a good time in this life, I can easily come back and clear up the mess in the next life.' Thus, they have to 'drink of the Waters of Leith,' so that the memory of past lives is swept away because not until they have reached a certain stage can they know—

JNANA : This is knowledge, awareness of life beyond the life of the world. It is knowledge of the Overself, knowledge of why one comes to the Earth, what one has to learn, and how one has to learn it. It is the knowledge that although an Earth life may be a terrible, terrible experience, yet it is just the twinkling of an eye in the time of the Greater Life.

Poor consolation while we are down here!

JNANI : This is a person who knows, a person who follows the road of knowledge, one who tries to reach to the Greater Reality and to escape from the shackles and pains of life on Earth. A person who can approach this stage is indeed approaching liberation or Buddhahood.

## K

KAIVALYA : Upon this Earth most people are unaware of what they were in a past life, unaware of why they have come back to this Earth. People say, 'Oh, we only have one life, let's make the most of it!' These are blind people, blind spiritually, blind mentally. When they have reached the state of Kaivalya they will be aware of what awaits them on the other side of that which is called Death.

That word, Kaivalya, means liberation from the blindness and the follies of the world.

KAMA : This is desire, a craving. It is a memory of the pleasures and the pains previously experienced. Often these

memories are the causes of habits such as smoking or drinking.

A person smokes because of some pleasure imagined in connection with smoking, or because you have to be a smoker to be 'grown-up.' If people could only remember how sick they were the first time they smoked they wouldn't do it. People who drink intoxicants, well, it's a great pity, it's a stupid idea, in fact, because intoxicants drive one's astral body out of one's physical, and I don't blame the astral for getting out of such a stench as that left by stale spirits.

KARMA : This is an old law by which many people of the Eastern world regulate their lives. It is a very good law provided it is used in a common-sense manner.

You go to a shop and you buy a lot of goods. If you are lucky you can have them 'on the bill,' but you have bought your goods and they have to be paid for some time, you do not get them free.

You go through life and life after life doing things of which, in the still small hours of the morning, you regret, things of which you are ashamed when you are alone and can think about it, you do things which can harm another person. Well, it's a pity because as you sow so shall you reap.

In the same way, one should do kindnesses to others, 'Throw your bread upon the waters and it shall return to you.' Unfortunately, when it returns it may be a bit soggy, but that's not the idea. Do good to others, the more good you do, the more good has to be done to you.

If you come to Earth and you have a miserable time it means that you are being paid back for giving other people a miserable time in another life, and when you get to that happy, happy stage that you are living your last life on Earth, then you certainly will have a miserable time because you have to clear up all debts. Just as when you are ready to move to another district you rush around to the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker (or should do if you are honest), and you pay what you owe. If you are an optimist you try to collect money which is owing to you, but that is a different matter. The law of Karma states that—Do as you would be done by because you have to pay back good as well as bad.

It is my personal belief that too rigid an adherence to the law of incarnation and the law of Karma may have been responsible for the degeneration of India and China, because in India as well as in China, people used to sit beneath the trees

and say, 'Ah! So what? I have plenty more lives in front of me, let me sit like Ferdinand the Bull and smell the flowers in this life.' So it led to slothfulness.

As for China—I have actually seen this; a man fell in a river and definitely was drowning. None of the Chinese were remotely interested; they were asked afterwards why they had done nothing to save the drowning man. Their answer was to the effect that if they had saved that man FROM HIS KARMA, they would have had his Karma to deal with as well as their own. So, too rigid an adherence makes for apparent callousness. One has to take the good old Buddhist Way—not too bad or the police get after you, and not too good (impossible on this Earth !) or you are too pure to stay here. The Middle Way in all things. KLESHA : Actually there are five Kleshas because these are the names of the five main things which cause people trouble, cause people to come back to Earth time after time until they haven't any more Kleshas.

Klesha number 1—ignorance. And from ignorance there is conceit. If one has ignorance and conceit one is not able to perceive the faults within one and so eliminate them.

Desire of the wrong sort is another of the things which has to be avoided. Do you covet those things which you should not covet? Then you'd better look out, it's holding up your progress.

Aversion is another definite trouble. Aversion makes it difficult for one to 'get on' with another person, it makes one the square peg in the round hole, or is it the round peg in the square hole? It doesn't matter which, one is as bad as the other. One has to adopt the Middle Way, and not fall in love too often, but not hate people for too long.

Possessiveness is the fifth trouble. We might call people stingy, misers, grab-all, scrooges, they are a miserable crowd anyhow, and until a person gets rid of possessiveness that person is not able to acquire because, to repeat an old story, one cannot receive until one is ready to give.

The Kleshas are the things which one must eradicate before one can break free of the round of birth, living, dying, rebirth. KNOWLEDGE : Knowledge? Do I need to explain what knowledge is? I think I do! We have to have three things before we can have knowledge. First, we must have inference, we must become aware of something, because until we are aware of a thing we cannot perceive its presence or its existence.

Secondly, we must have reliable information because until we have reliable information to support that which we infer we are not even starting to obtain knowledge.

Thirdly, we must have a form of intuition so that we may understand that which lies behind the matter which we have inferred and about which we have obtained reliable information. We have to have this intuition so that we may understand different aspects of which we desire to know about.

KOAN : This is a word from Zen Buddhism. People of the West often cannot make any sense out of a Koan, because it is a peculiar statement which apparently is without any logic and which has no sense whatever. But the student has to meditate upon it and supply a suitable answer.

No easy answer is possible, but when an answer does come to one, then it is usually as sudden as a burst of thunder; the answer comes as a revelation.

As a mild, mild, mild example let me say this as a specimen of a Koan :

'The gramophone record and the gramophone needle can produce music; listen to the music of the record without the needle.'

It is like trying to compare the abstract with the concrete, or trying to discuss a three-dimensional matter with a person who lives in one dimension.

KOSHA : This is a covering or sheath. Sometimes it is termed a container. There are five Koshas described in certain Upanishads. These are located each within the other. The inner one is the body which is fed by food, that is, the physical body, and if you want the Eastern name for it, it is Annamayakosha.

The second is the body of Prana, and this is the part which keeps mind and body together. The Eastern name for it? Pranamayakosha.

Third, we have the sheath of the mind which has the sense impressions. This contains the higher and lower minds. The Eastern word is Manomayakosha.

Fourth is the sheath, or body, of intellect or wisdom. This is the start of the Buddhi, and the Eastern name for this fourth Kosha is Vijnanamayakosha.

The fifth Kosha is the body of bliss, and which often is referred to as the Ego. It is 'A Sheath of Joy,' and the Eastern name is Anandamayakosha.

**KOWU** : This is a Chinese word which means the study, or investigation, of occult matters, and the rectification of misunderstandings which have occurred in previous studies.

**KRIYA YOGA** : This is a branch of Yoga which has three sections. The first section enables one to control the body and the functions of the body.

The second section gives one the ability to study mental things and to develop the memory so that one is able to obtain from the sub-conscious all that which one has previously learned. The third gives one a desire to be attentive to one's spiritual requirements. It gives one an incentive to put aside the things of the flesh, and to progress through spirituality rather than through one's bank balance.

By devoting oneself to Kriya one can subdue the Kleshas which are the bane of human life.

**KUMBHAKA** : This is a special form of breathing, a special method or pattern of breathing. It is the retention of the breath between breathing in and breathing out, and much benefit can be obtained from practicing according to certain fixed rules.

At the end of this Dictionary there will be a section devoted to different breathing exercises, so it is hoped that you will manage to keep breathing until you have read the words which come between this and that later section.

**KUNDALINI** : This is a life force. It is THE life force of the body. Just as a car cannot run without having electricity to fire the mixture in the cylinders, so humans cannot live in the body without the life force of Kundalini.

In Eastern mythology the Kundalini is likened to the image of a serpent coiled up below the base of the spine. As this special force is released, or awakened, it surges up through the different Chakras and makes a person aware of esoteric things. It awakens clairvoyance, telepathy, and psychometry, and enables one to live between two worlds, moving from one to the other at will without inconvenience.

The Kundalini is a dangerous thing indeed, and one should not try to awaken that Kundalini without absolutely adequate supervision from an Adept. You cannot do it by reading a book! If you meddle about and awaken your Kundalini the wrong way it can lead to madness. It is one of the most dangerous things in this world to try to raise the Kundalini without knowing what you are doing.

The average human is only one-tenth conscious. Perhaps,

actually, that flatters the average human! The point is that if one can raise the Kundalini one becomes very much more conscious, one can dominate others. But when one has raised the Kundalini one loses the desire to dominate others for self-gain.

People wonder where exactly is the Kundalini, where is 'at the base of the spine?'

The Kundalini force actually starts midway between the organ of generation and the organ of excretion. Now, having given you that information it is suggested that you do not try experiments with the Kundalini unless you have a real Guru who can help you, and you must have utter faith in that Guru. If you have no Guru for the moment, remember—when the student is ready the Guru will appear, but the Guru knows, and the student does not know, when the student is ready.

The Bible story of Adam and Eve, complete with serpent and apple, is merely the story of Eve having her Kundalini awakened.

'The Serpent tempted Eve,' and Eve suggested naughty, naughty things to Adam who certainly learned fast, and took a hearty bite of the Apple of Knowledge. Now look at what happened to all us poor humans since!

Do you get it? Eve, the Mother of all Living, the same as now Mary is a more or less general term for Woman throughout the world. The serpent is the serpent force of the Kundalini, and the apple is the Fruit of Knowledge. So you don't meddle with the Kundalini, or it will bite your brains.

**KUTHASTHA** : This is the self, the true Overself, that part of one which stands above all the changing items of the world.

This is the part of one which enables one to feel friendship for those who would do one ill.

You can imagine that this Kuthastha is the one who stands above and looks down and supervises your actions; you can regard it as the Guardian Angel which is always watching to see what you are doing.

Kuthastha is that which stands beyond all illusions, that which cannot be deceived or misled. It is what you have to become eventually.

## L

LAMP : To the Easterner a lamp is very similar to a life. A lamp is lit, the flame flickers for a brief period, then when the fuel is exhausted the flame subsides and dies, and there is perhaps a slight trail of smoke from the still-smoldering wick.

A lamp is often used in Eastern Teachings to symbolize the flame of life, to symbolize the impermanence of existence on Earth, and to symbolize also that we, by that life on Earth, should bring a little illumination to others around us.

An advanced Easterner is often likened to a lamp standing in a draught-free atmosphere where there are no turbulent currents of air to make the flame flicker.

It is also frequently stated in the Far East that it is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness, meaning that even the little flicker of a candle is better than no light. So every one of us, no matter how new we are upon the Path of Spiritualit, can contribute something towards the evolution of mankind by showing the light of our spirituality, so that those who attempt to follow our own examples may find their footsteps so guided by the illumination which our own conduct, and our own spirituality, can provide.

It is worth remembering that the so-called suicide gestures of the Buddhist monks who drench themselves in petrol and then ignite the fumes, are again obeying an old Buddhist dictum which is to the effect that it is better to extinguish the flame of life than to have the flame of the spirit sullied and debased. So the Buddhist monk or nun who burns to death as a human lamp believes that in so doing he or she is making a noble gesture of protest against evil tamperings with the rights of mankind to believe as one will and to worship as one will.

In writing my books, which are true books—all that I have written is true and is my own personal experience, but that is by the way—let me repeat that in writing my books, particularly in writing *You—Forever* and this book, I am using as my motto 'I light a candle' in the hope that even this feeble flicker may prove a help and guide to those who know not which way to turn.

LAW : This is most frequency referred to as the Noble Eight-fold Path. It is a complete code of living, a set of rules whereby

people can live according to the Golden Rule of do as you would be done by. By following 'The Law' one can attain to a Buddhist state in much the same way as a Christian, following the Ten Commandments, can progress spiritually.

Naturally, as well as the Noble Eightfold Path, or 'The Law' which refers to it, there are other laws, the laws of nature, the laws of life itself. These cannot be disregarded, because the laws of nature determine what sort of body a man or a woman shall have, and the laws of life tell one that one has to follow certain rules that the physical body may continue until its task upon this Earth is accomplished.

It is a fact that all laws of Man are made for Man. Laws are made to govern the multitude, the mass of people who otherwise have no yardstick, no guidance, and have not yet attained to the position where they can live according to higher laws. One must remember that when one is dealing with an Avatar one here deals with a person who is not subject to the laws of the world, because he has progressed so that he can follow instead the laws of the universe, or of the universe beyond. LAYA : The Kundalini, which as we have seen, is also called The Serpent Force, lies below the base of the spine ready to be raised, and to enable a person to flower into awareness of psychic matters.

Laya Yoga is a system of Yoga which specializes in 'the raising of the Kundalini.' Various tantras and mantras are used in order to increase the physical vibrations, and thus to—as it were—give the sleeping Kundalini a hearty shake in order that it may be awakened.

Again, please consider this warning that one should not try to raise the Kundalini without absolute awareness of what one is doing. Raising the Kundalini without proper supervision can lead to insanity, it can lead to dreadful things happening inside the mind, it can lead one straight into a mental home; but it is even worse than that, because one can do appalling things before being taken to the mental home.

To raise the Kundalini is to raise one's I.Q. This is because, at the present stage of evolution, Man is nine-tenths sub-conscious and only one-tenth conscious, so in raising the Kundalini one can be a few more tenths conscious, and it is like putting a small boy at the controls of the latest supersonic jet bomber which is all ready loaded and ready to take off.

As one who knows, as one who has seen much, suffered

much, and learned much, please carefully consider my warning : Do not try to raise the Kundalini until you know precisely what you are doing, and until you have a competent, pure-minded Guru beside you who is willing to supervise and protect you from your newly awakened self. People have quite a lot of bad in them still, and if the wrong part of one gets hold of the Kundalini then trouble is caused.

LEVITATION : Levitation is a very real thing indeed, it is not something out of Science Fantasy or Science Fiction or whatever you like to call it; it is not the pipe-dream of a person who has had too much alcohol! People who have never seen an airship of the gas-balloon type would be unable to believe that such a vast structure could rise into the air and move about. Consider, for instance, the impression upon people who have never seen an airship, who have never heard of air travel, if they were suddenly to see a zeppelin or one of the Goodyear blimps sailing across the sky; and perhaps throwing down a few bags of sand as ballast. They would not believe their own senses. Yet this is not so simple as levitation.

Many tribes in Africa were unable to believe that metal ships could float upon water. The obvious thing to them was that a piece of metal would sink in water, and so people of the interior could not believe in metal ships until they actually saw them.

We 'enlightened beings' know how gas balloons work, we know how heavy metal ships can float, and so we can smile superciliously at the ignorant natives who ran in fright.

Levitation is accomplished by a very special form of breathing which actually raises the frequency of the body's molecular oscillations, so that it is able to induce a form of contra-gravity. If one is expert enough, one can control the height at which one floats. If one is not so expert—well, it is to be hoped that they said goodbye to their friends and relations before practicing.

In the East, in the great lamaseries and temples where such things are taught, all practices are first conducted indoors, so that the worst that can befall a novice is that he gets thumped on the head by the ceiling, and that often serves to teach him to study more assiduously.

Levitation cannot be done while there are scoffers gaping at one, because it demands concentration and a special form of breathing. Anyway, why should one go by levitation without one's luggage when you can go by a suitable airline and have a

pretty, or not so pretty, air hostess (depending upon one's age and sex!) hold one's hand when one feels nervous?

Certain lamas, before the Communist invasion of Tibet, were able to cover long distances at fantastic speed. This is because they were able to do a minor form of levitation so that, their weight becoming appreciably less, they could leap perhaps fifty feet at one go. Thus, they progressed in fifty or a hundred-foot strides.

Under certain conditions a lama who is desperately ill can use a modified form of levitation to get himself off the ground in order that he may cope with an emergency. Of course he has to pay for it after, but the energy can then be paid back in small installments over a week or so.

LI : This is a Chinese word which has two meanings.

Li in one sense means ritual, or standard of conduct—the ceremonies that one uses in order to get one into the right frame of mind to help with one's religious beliefs.

It can also mean rule of conduct, doing that which has to be done, and not doing that (no matter how enjoyable!) which should not be done.

The second meaning of Li is connected with the reason and that which is sometimes known in the Western world as 'The Eternal Verities.' This, of course, is just a highbrow way of saying the Great Truth, the Eternal Truths, which we all have to learn before we can progress to higher things, in much the same way as we have to learn the rules of the road before we can get a driving license and drive a car.

There is, curiously enough, a third set of meanings for Li which is quite the opposite of good living, quite the opposite of righteousness. It deals, instead, with selfish gain.

Li is included in this Dictionary because you will come across the word if you are studying occult matters seriously. As an example, Li Hsueh Chia is a special form of study of Li. Easterners with Western tendencies call it Neo-Confucianism. Unless you are going into occultism thoroughly and to cover a diverse field, you can forget about this word.

LIBERATION : The Eastern term is Moksha, so it will be better to refer to that term, Moksha, for the meaning of liberation.

LILA : Some sects of Eastern belief are of the opinion that God, a great Being whom no one can fully visualize nor comprehend, created the world and all other worlds, and all that

are within those worlds, as a plaything, and parts of God entered into the puppets who were the humans, the animals, the trees, and the minerals. So the essence of God thus could live as all living creatures, gaining experience from the experience of all creatures.

Under this belief God sometimes needs another person to see what is happening to some of His faulty puppets, some of His little animals, some of His little humans, and let us not forget that humans are still animals.

God, wanting another person to see what is happening, would call upon yet another special person, an Avatar. Often a person cannot see the wood for the trees, and it is well known that the onlooker sees most of the game because the player is too busy. So the Avatar comes as an onlooker to see what it is that the player finds difficulty in seeing.

You will find more about the Avatar under the letter A. Lila also means that which is relative, that which consists of time, space, etc. In other words, that which deals more with the abstract than it does with the concrete.

LINGA : Actually this is a sign representing Shiva, but it is also used to indicate a phallic symbol.

In the days of long ago the peoples of the Earth had the most interesting task of populating the Earth as quickly as they could. Hence it is that the priests, who thought that the more subjects they had the more power they would have, made an order and called it a Divine Order. The order was to the effect that everyone should be fruitful and multiply. People had great hordes of children because that strengthened individual tribes, and the bigger the tribe, the more powerful it became. So, under the 'Divine Instruction' of the priests the warriors of the big tribes invaded small tribes and killed off the men and captured the women so that these women could be used for making more little tribesmen, who then could go out and capture more and more small tribes. This is also called civilization.

The male organ, or a representation of it, thus became an object of great worship, and in various parts of the world today such stone pillars are regarded with awe and veneration. It is an amusing fact that the cupolas and minarets of mosques and temples, and the spires of Christian churches, were of phallic-symbol origin.

In Ireland, a very, very old land indeed, there are what are

called 'the round towers.' These towers, cylindrical, and sometimes taller than a church tower, had a rounded top. They were phallic symbols, symbols of fertility, symbols that one must not forget that the more numerous a nation the stronger it became, and the more easily it could conquer lesser nations.

As the Irish became converted to Christianity they found a fresh use for their phallic-symbol round towers; they used to climb up a special staircase inside the tower and peer out from the top so that they could see if invaders were coming to steal things from their lands or to capture people to use as slaves. The round towers were very useful for keeping watch for the predatory English, who looked upon hunting the Irish as almost a national sport. Naturally enough, the Irish looked upon such 'sport' with considerable disfavor.

While on the subject it might be worth mentioning that in addition to the phallic symbol of the male organ there are also phallic symbols of the female organ. In the East windows, doors, etc., are in the shape of the female organ!

LOKA : A Loka is a plane of existence, a plane which is a complete world to one who is there. We, upon this Earth, are solid creatures to each other. 'Ghosts' are solid creatures to other 'ghosts.' Everything is solid and substantial to creatures, or beings, or entities who are going to exist in that particular world or plane of existence.

There are various Lokas, various planes of existence. It would take too long to discuss them all, but, purely by way of illustration, let us remember there is the physical world of the Earth, and that world which is invisible to us while we are upon the Earth, but which becomes solid to us when we go into 'the astral.'

When we are in the astral it is a solid, material world to us. And then the plane above becomes to us as the astral world was to us when we were in the physical world of this Earth. The higher we travel, the greater the rate of vibration of our physical and spiritual molecules.

A Master can see any of the Lokas up to his own station in evolution as plainly as he can see things upon the Earth. You will all find that when you polish up your halos and leave this Earth you will go to the third of the Lokas, where you will find that people are not so treacherous, not so vicious, and not so irresponsible as they are upon this Earth, which is one of the lower hells.

LOTUS : The Lotus symbolizes many things to the Easterner. It is a sacred symbol of Far Eastern religion in much the same way as a crucifix is a symbol to a Christian.

The Lotus is a plant which grows on the dirtiest and muddiest of water, it grows in the foulest surroundings, and yet no matter how foul those surroundings, the Lotus remains pure and unsullied and quite uncontaminated by that which is around it.

A Lotus leaf rests upon the water, but it does not become wet. The Lotus is not moistened at all by water, and that can be taken as a symbol of non-attachment with which we shall deal later.

The petals of the Lotus have a special significance, and the Easterner departs from actual physical resemblance in referring to a thousand-petaled Lotus, for instance. There is the Lotus of the Heart, and the thousand-petaled Lotus of the Brain, and if you progress in your studies and your spirituality you may find that one day a person will offer a blessing to your holy Lotus Feet. This does not mean that you have suddenly grown roots instead of the usual human appendages; it means, instead, that you have for some peculiar reason been elevated in the other person's estimation, and you now occupy the status of a Godlike Being.

If you survive this, and if you progress quite a bit more, you may find that you are of the Lotus Eyes, or the Lotus might be referred to some other part of your anatomy. Never mind, it is meant as a compliment.

The significance of the Lotus, then, is merely this : the Lotus is known as the perfect flower, with a perfect arrangement of petals and leaves. It is a plant which is part of, yet remote from, its surroundings. It remains clean and unsullied in conditions which would contaminate anything else. It is a symbol of purity which was available even to the most uneducated and the most under-privileged of the East.

LOVE : This is a most misunderstood word, as is sex. Sex and love, love and sex, they are mixed, they are muddled. They are abused and misconstrued by present-day people.

Love, actually, is harmony between two people, or between two creatures of any kind. It does not mean that they are sexually interested, it means that each vibrates on a frequency which is completely compatible with the frequency of the loved person.

Love is unselfish. A person will do things for love which he would not do for any money.

It is, of course, dreadfully unromantic, but if people vibrate on the wrong frequency, then it causes dislike, apprehension, or even actual physical fear. But if one person could do a few more wobbles a second, or rather, if one person could have his molecules agitated to go a bit faster, then disharmony disappears, harmony takes over—love takes over.

**LOWER MIND** : The lower mind is that part of our person which absorbs knowledge and stores it. If we knew how, as certain Easterners do, we could recall everything that ever happened to us, even from **BEFORE** we were born.

Actually, it is quite easy if one knows how and if one has the patience to practice. People who can do this are stated to have 'total recall.'

Total recall can, as stated, be accomplished by practice, but one should not do it unless one has a clear conscience because if you have total recall you can recall all the unpleasantnesses as well as the pleasant times, and the unpleasant things frequently appear even worse when looking back upon them.

Total recall is within our sub-consciousness, and if there is good reason for it a competent hypnotist can hypnotize a person a few times and gradually take him or her farther back into the dimmest recesses of the sub-conscious memory. It can be used for discovering why a person has certain inhibitions or fears.

It can be used, also, for deciphering old documents in a language which one does not understand, because if one is taken back through the space and time of one's sub-conscious one can even tap the racial memory of mankind. But, of course, a much easier system is to do correct astral travelling and then see the Akashic Record.

## M

**MACROCOSM** : This is a word which indicates the larger world; the world which is beyond the limitation of the fleshly things of this sphere which we term 'Earth.'

While we are in our body, we are in the 'little world' or, a technical term — 'Microcosm.' The 'micro' part indicates small, just as 'macro' indicates large.

While we are in this world we are upon a very small world, our whole existence is a very small thing, we are denizens of the Microcosm. We are much like dirty little grubs, or caterpillars which later become butterflies. A caterpillar is confined to the ground, and to stalks and leaves, but as a butterfly it can soar upwards into new dimensions. So it is that we, when we leave this minute form of life in which we are now existing, enter the Macrocosm.

**MAGIC :** Magic is merely the distortion of misunderstood scientific facts, or facts which the scientist in his blindness is not able to understand.

To the savage, flying a plane is magic. To the hardly less savage Westerner, levitation is magic. That which is impossible today because 'science' cannot explain it with certain stereotyped facts, is magic. When science belatedly catches up with magic, then magic ceases to exist and becomes 'scientific fact.'

Curare was once the magic of savage witch-doctors. Science said that it was all wishful thinking, but when the more Westernized form of witch-doctor, who called himself a scientist, investigated the matter he 'discovered' curare in his chemical laboratory, and thus it became a more respectable thing.

Do not be misled by 'magic.' It is merely the things which certain talented people can do today which the bumbling scientist may not be able to do for a hundred years.

**MANAS :** This is the thought power of a human. Human beings have certain power in the same way as a storage battery has power. If a person does not know how to use the power of a storage battery, then that power might just as well not exist. But if one knows how to connect wires to a storage battery, then one can do quite a lot of interesting things with it, or with the power from it. The same applies with a human; when one is able at will to tap the power of thought in a human, one can do quite a lot of normally difficult things. When a person is suitably trained he can do telepathy, clairvoyance, psychometry, astral travelling, etc.

At present the average person is in the position of a car which controls the driver, instead of, as it should be, the driver controlling the car. A human who is not able to control his thought-power is a human who is blinded, maimed, and not really living!

Think of a dictator whipping up the mass-hysteria of a

crowd, and moulding that crowd to do as he wishes. Think of the mass-hysteria of a football crowd. They all have their mind on one thing, and if some little matter happens to trigger their mind reactions, then one can have a very ugly incident.

When there is any large crowd of people thinking upon a common subject each person magnifies the thought-power of the other, and so the thought-power grows as a snowball grows when rolled downhill. Dictators know this; they plant excitable or hysterical people in a crowd, and the crowd, taking their cue from the hysterics, soon get in a frenzy of enthusiasm, rage, or anything that the dictator wants.

Manas can act something like telepathy, it can induce mass-hysteria, and it can make a whole crowd think and act as one. MANIPURAKA : This is one of the Chakrams. This one is that which is at the level of the umbilicus or navel. It is the third of the seven common Yogic centres of consciousness, and in esoteric terminology it is referred to as The Wheel, or Lotus. It is so called because to a clairvoyant, or to one who can see the astral, 'petals' flap around by the umbilicus, and depending upon how one is thinking it can be termed a wheel with the spokes rotating, or as the Lotus undulating in the etheric wind.

A person who is of good intentions, and who is fairly pure, will have the petals of the Lotus or the spokes of the Wheel, whichever you prefer to call it, of a green colour. That indicates that the person is able and willing to learn and to assist others as much as possible.

As the person rises higher and higher in the scale of evolution the petals become more and more yellow, showing increasing spirituality and devotion.

MANTRA : Actually a Mantra is a particular name for God, but by common usage it now is taken to mean something else; it is a form of prayer, it is the repetition of something sacred whereby one gains power. If one repeats a Mantra conscientiously and reverently one attains to purification of thought.

A Mantra should only be used for good, and never for bad, for there is an old saying that 'He who digs a grave for another may fall in it.' Thus it is that Mantras should only be used for good, they should only be used unselfishly and to help others.

In the Christian Bible it is stated that faith moves mountains; the same could be said about a Mantra. A Mantra used properly has very, very strong effects, and the more it is used

the more it builds up power. Here is a very simple illustration of how it builds up power :

A violinist can play a certain note on a violin. If he just touches on the note he only makes a sound, but if he keeps on at the same note he can cause a glass to shatter and crumble because playing on that note has induced a vibration in the glass which eventually becomes more than the elasticity of the glass can handle, and so the glass breaks. In the same way a Mantra increases the vibration for good or for bad, but when used for bad it often turns on the one who utters it.

One Mantra, or Sacred Invocation is 'Om Mani Padmi Hum,' or, as the Indians say 'Ram Ram Ram.'

It should be realized that all sounds and words can influence matter, can even influence inanimate objects. Probably everyone has heard of the statement 'Mind over matter.' Well, it is correct, Mantras influence matter according to the thoughts of the human mind.

MANU : According to some Eastern beliefs the ruler of this world is the Manu of the world, the Law Giver of the world, the one who runs things, controls things.

It is obvious that one Manu could not adequately deal with different countries with their different types of peoples, nor deal with different cities, etc. Thus, according to esoteric lore there is a whole series of Manus and lesser Manus. You may like to consider it in this way :

The world is a big firm with a lot of branches, branches in all the great cities of the world, and super branches in all the countries of the world. Then imagine that the Manu of the world (who is not God!) is the President or General Manager. He will be responsible for general policy, he will exercise control of all other 'managers.'

All the other branches in the cities or countries will have a general manager who, while being free to make policy within certain limits, will also have to follow the basic instructions of the General Manager or Director of the firm.

There is a Manu of London, there is a Manu of, let us say, Birmingham, Brighton, Hull, just as there is a Manu for New York, Pasadena, and Santa Fe. There is a Manu for everywhere, and there are over-Manus who supervise and look after countries as a whole.

If you went into astrology you would find that each city

and each country are under different astrological signs. We say that this country is under Pisces or Aries or Taurus, when actually we are referring to the basic characteristics of the Manu. In the same way, the characteristics of a Scottish Manager would be quite different from the characteristics of a Cuban Manager.

A Manu, then, is one who has lived through rounds of existence as a human, who has seen and experienced the difficulties of humanity, and then, by progress, the Manu is appointed to a certain country or certain city.

MAUNA : This is keeping quiet, not talking too much. Too many people tell all the world about their Yogic practices, or their operations, or the difficulties they have with their wife or their husband. Too many people talk about their esoteric studies, say with whom they are studying and why, etc., etc.

It is a pity that people talk so much, because to talk of one's knowledge dissipates power and makes a student have various difficulties. It is much like trying to drive a car which has got a big hole in the petrol tank.

People talk far too much, they really babble and babble. Most people take things in through their ears and immediately pour it out again through their mouth, showing that there is no capacity in their mind to store knowledge.

A student who talks too much proves conclusively that he or she is not progressing along the right path. Study is a private matter, one's progress is a private matter, so if you want to progress keep your mouth shut and your ears open. It is the only way to progress.

MAYA : Maya is that which deceives, that which obscures the clarity of one's vision, causing a person to have illusions, frequently causing him to have illusions that he is far more important than he really is. He may have talked so much that he convinced himself of his own importance!

Maya is one of the big drawbacks with which we have to contend. This Earth is the World of Illusion, the World of Maya, and we must get rid of our illusions and face reality before we can go on to a higher stage of evolution.

MEDITATION : Meditation is a system of putting one's mind in order, training it, developing it. Meditation is thinking upon a certain object, or subject, or matter, so that one may know all there is to be known about it.

One can meditate upon a plant, and then visualize the seed planted in the earth. One meditates upon the seed, and then one sees the cracking of the outer shell and the first tentative thrusting of the life within, the blind groping as the little tendril twists about through the Earth, rising upwards towards the light.

One can see this little tendril going up as a white thread, and then emerging through the earth and turning green or brown, growing, becoming adult, and later shedding seeds which may fall all around or may be swallowed by birds, or they may even be carried aloft on the winds to be planted afar. We can see these seeds also falling to the earth, and in their turn being buried and growing again.

Meditation enables us, when trained, to seek for the inner motive, to probe into the otherwise unknown. It is not concentration, for concentration is a different thing altogether. MEDIUMS: Mediums? Well, what are they? There are two types of medium; the back-street fortune-teller who might somehow, through a kink in her mind, be able at times to receive 'revelations' from the other side of death. These mediums are untutored, erratic, and not constantly mediumistic. They are in the same position as the savage witch-doctor who has certain psychic power, he cannot say why, nor would he be interested in knowing why, he is satisfied to have the power.

The other type of medium is the cultured man or woman who has advanced far and is perhaps on Earth for the last time. That person will be mediumistic most of the time.

It does not mean to say that a person is good because one is clairvoyant, or telepathic, or mediumistic in some other way. It just means that he or she is a bit different. One can have a singer who can have a truly glorious voice, but the singer will have that glorious voice no matter whether he be a good man or a bad man, his character will have nothing to do with his voice. So it is with mediums—one can have evil people who are mediums, just as one can have a saint's 'next-door neighbor' as a medium.

An evil medium is one who is a fraud, that is one who imposes on the credulous and pretends to have powers which she does not possess. Often she is a good psychologist who tells back in a different way what her client has just told her!

This must be made clear; a person is not a medium just

because he or she says he or she is a medium. It must also be stated that a bad medium, as in the case of a good medium, can be either 'he' or 'she,' but mediums are usually like ships—classified as she, probably because of all the fuss involved!

A medium is merely a person who can be used as 'a medium for the exchange of thoughts from one plane of existence to another!' In other words, it is possible for an illiterate person to speak in a language which he or she does not consciously know because the medium is just passing on a message.

**MEMORY:** It is known that the human mind can contain a knowledge of all that which has ever happened on Earth. The human mind is something like an electronic brain in that certain cells store certain memories, but an electronic brain occupies a vast space, and the human mind has many, many vacant cells waiting for more information.

Mankind is only one-tenth conscious. The other nine-tenths is the sub-conscious, and in the sub-conscious there is a knowledge of everything that has happened on the Earth, a form of inherited racial memory, because into the sub-conscious comes information gleaned during astral travelling of that which is on the Akashic Record.

By suitable training one can delve deep into the sub-conscious and dredge up memories and knowledge which the person did not even know was there.

**MIND :** Before we are going to get very far in any spiritual matter we must be sure that our mind is clear. We must be sure that our mind is able to stand up to the demands which we are going to make on it.

To attain purity of mind one should associate with those who are of even temperament, those who are sane and balanced, those who know the truth of what they are saying.

One should show sympathy to those who are suffering and to those who are not capable of distinguishing truth from fiction. One can be understanding and sympathetic without binding oneself to such people; in fact, to be too closely associated with the wrong type of person would be to contaminate one's own mind.

The mind is like a sponge which soaks up knowledge. If it be a good mind it knows how to use the knowledge which it has soaked up. If it is a bad mind it just stuffs mentally undigested knowledge into the sub-conscious.

Later we shall give some breathing exercises which will help

cleanse the mind, but remember, if you treat your mind well your mind will serve you; if you do not treat your mind well your mind will serve you ill.

**MING** : This is not, as so many people imagine, just a precious piece of ceramic which appears in some museum. That 'Ming' is some ancient ornament left over from the Ming period (or Ming Dynasty) of the Chinese Emperors.

The Ming to which we refer is that which indicates fate. The Chinese consider that destiny is Ming, Ming is an Order from the Gods above.

**MING CHIA** : The Chinese, before the Communists ran wild there, were great believers in names. Names were words of power, names could be auspicious or inauspicious. So Ming Chia is a special school of names wherein auspicious and inauspicious names could be determined, and so that it was possible to give a correct name for something which was of importance to the name giver.

The Chinese well knew the science of vibrations, they knew that suitable vibrations could increase the power of an object, thus they started their science of names.

**MITHYA** : People are in bondage here through the World of Illusion. People have false values, false beliefs, and false understanding.

All that matters on the Earth is how much money a person has in his bank account, how was he born—to what class of society. People worship false Gods, the Chief God is the dollar sign. People are able to contemplate travel in space with equanimity, but they are not able to realize that the mind is greater than the material, and that the easiest way to travel in space is through astral travelling!

Mithya is that state of falsity which has to be banished before one can attain liberation from the bonds of the flesh, from the illusions of this world, and so come to a realization of one's true Overself.

Mithya is a good thing to put behind us, because until one can wake up and become aware one is wasting time and coming back to Earth needlessly.

**MOHA** : This is a state of ignorance, the state of being stupid, the state of being in utter confusion. It is caused by lack of appreciation of that which has to be done and that which has to be left undone.

Moha leads to sorrow and suffering. In overcoming Moha one

also has to overcome Mithya, and then, and then only, does one attain to the stage of.

**MOKSHA:** Moksha is liberation. It is freedom from crass stupidity, freedom from ignorance, freedom from confusion.

It is the aim of all sentient beings to reach liberation, to reach freedom from the bonds of the Earth and the cloying lusts of the flesh, and thus to attain that stage which, for want of a better term, we will call 'Buddhahood.'

No matter if one is a Christian or a Jew, a Moslem or a Buddhist, one still strives to attain freedom from the suffering of the world, and entry into that which we term Heaven, Nirvana, the Heavenly Fields, or similar. We cannot get to any of those desirable places until we have attained Moksha.

**MUDRAS:** Hatha Yoga has all sorts of queer exercises, some harmless and possibly decidedly funny, but some highly dangerous. The twenty-five exercises of Mudras should not concern us except that I personally desire to issue a solemn warning that none of these exercises should be practiced except under the supervision and advice of a really qualified person.

The dangers are real. A person may have some heart affliction which does not obtrude in one's ordinary life, but if one tries to emulate a dyspeptic snake, then one is asking for—and will get—trouble.

Too many people make a cult or a fetish of some of these exercises, and by over-concentrating they can do terrible harm to themselves. What sort of harm? Go into any mental home and you will see!

There are numerous exercises which have some part in the process of raising the Kundalini, and just to give you some information, on this subject let me tell you of one or two merely as a matter of academic interest.

The first is Khechari-Mudra. This is a series of exercises which enables one to lengthen the tongue. It takes several months, of course, but when the tongue is suitably lengthened and has its muscles trained, it can be turned backwards so that it completely obstructs one's throat. The Adept—who sometimes knows what he is doing—stops up all his body orifices with oiled pads, and then by practicing the necessary Mudra he can remain without breathing for many, many days. This has been proved under test conditions.

Another exercise, or Mudra, is that of Viparitakarani. In this the victim, or practitioner, lies on his back with his head

on the ground. He then raises his legs in the air, following with the lower part of the back. He should support his hips with his hands, and then the elbows take the weight of the body. Sometimes people doing this waggle their legs round in a circle, but before doing so they should tie a flag to their ankles to at least make some semblance of purpose to it, or they could even tie a palm leaf to the legs so that they fan themselves in the process.

Another crazy stunt is Pasanimudra. The person who does this should be doing it for a living on a stage. Anyway, this fellow wraps his legs around his neck as if he were tying a scarf around himself. It is much cheaper to go out and buy a scarf than to pay the doctor who might have to untie you afterwards.

Yet another exercise—Kaki-Mudra is where a poor soul contracts his lips and tries, for some reason, to resemble a crow. He then sucks in air very slowly:

A personal point of view again—in the *real* Far East the only people who go in for these foolish stunts are the beggars and those ‘fakirs’ who want to make a living and have not the brains to do anything else. The people who do these exercises are merely acrobats, jugglers, and the like. These exercises do not really help in increasing one's spiritual understanding, and if you have any suspicion of an ailment leave these exercises alone, you will live longer—happier.

MULADHARA : This is another Chakra. This one is below the base of the spine. It is the site of the Kundalini.

Most people are content to say that the Kundalini is located at the base of the spine, but actually the Kundalini is located exactly halfway between the organ of excretion and the organ of reproduction.

This Muladhara is a Chakra of four petals, the lower the evolution of the person, the darker the red colour of the petals. In the centre of the red petals—where they join—in the fiery shape of a triangle with the yellow square precisely locating the Kundalini.

The red indicates lower carnal emotions and passions. The yellow, which actually surrounds the recumbent Kundalini shows that the Kundalini force can be spiritual if raised properly. But if it is raised in the wrong way or at the wrong time or for the wrong purpose, it can be like a searing flame

which can burn out one's reason and leave one a gibbering idiot.

The Kundalini should not be awakened except by some experienced Teacher who really knows what he is doing. It is better to wait, if necessary, for your Kundalini to be awakened in the next life than to have to come back for a few extra lives through being impatient and getting your Kundalini excited for the wrong purposes.

**MUMUKSHUTWA** : This is a very strong desire to be free of the bonds of the flesh. That is why so many people want to do astral travelling, they want to get out of the body, out of the imprisoning clay, to go places and see things for themselves.

It is also a desire to get away from continual incarnations, a desire to return home to the world of the spirit.

**MUNI**: This is a person who does not talk about his Yogic exercises or what he is learning, or what his Teacher said last time, or what he is going to say to his Teacher if his Teacher does not show him what he wants to know. Muni is one who does not engage in idle chatter, one who can maintain silence. You should consult Mauna here to refresh your mind!

**MYSTICISM**: This is a belief that by dwelling upon things higher than this world one can increase one's spiritual status. It is reaching a super-conscious state, it is increasing one's vibration so that, while still conscious in the body, one's mind is able to receive higher truths, higher realities.

Mysticism has nothing to do with spells or black magic, but only with that which increases one's understanding of things which are beyond the physical human experience.

## N

**NADAS** : There are various forms of sound. Sound, in fact, is merely a vibration, as is sight. We call 'sound' that which can be apperceived by the human ears, or more accurately, by any ears.

Nadas is a form of sound that is heard within, without the aid of ears. It is a voice of conscience, the voice of the God within, the voice of your Overself calling you, telling you what to do, and—perhaps even more important—telling you what not to do.

It is said that 'Be still and know that I am within.' The 'I'

that one 'knows' in this way is the Nadas, the Voice Within. You cannot go wrong in your present stage of evolution if you listen and obey that still inner voice of conscience.

NATURE SPIRITS : Humans in their conceit and overweening sense of superiority think that they alone have a soul. Humans think that only humans continue after life, after death, and into another life.

Many of the ancient races worshipped Nature Spirits. They were not so far wrong because there are Nature Spirits, and they are quite as important as human spirits.

A human is a lump of protoplasm which has a soul or Over-self which tells that lump of protoplasm how to operate, how to grow. In the same way trees have Nature Spirits, spirit-entities who look after that tree.

Animals also have spirits, souls, if you like, and it does not at all follow that because an animal cannot talk English, or Spanish, or German, that the animal is 'dumb.' Many animals have characters in no way inferior to the best of humans!

In the astral world there are human entities doing their own particular job of work, and there are Nature Spirits, those who look after plants and the astrals of animals. There are also elementals, but elementals we have already dealt with.

For your own evolution, then, remember that there are animal spirits growing and evolving on different lines from humans, admittedly, but in no way inferior to humans. They are distinct and quite separate lines; humans never reincarnate as animals, animals never reincarnate as humans. They are quite, quite different lines of growth.

NECK: The neck is that narrow passageway connecting the head and the brain to the body, and if your neck does not work properly, then you cannot expect to have messages conveyed from the brain to various assorted centres, because if your arteries are constricted in the neck, then you do not get an adequate supply of blood to the brain. If you have pressure on nerves in the neck, then various sense-impulses are delayed or altogether obstructed in their passage from brain to torso.

It is a good plan to have some exercises which have a definite end in view, exercises to free arteries and nerves. This must not be confused necessarily with Hatha-Yoga or with occultism, there is nothing occult in this particular exercise, it just makes you feel better.

This is the way to set about it :

Sit as comfortably as you can in a hard chair of the type used in the kitchen. It must be a hard chair with a back to it, you cannot lounge in an armchair.

Sit upright with your hands on your knees. Keep your head erect for a second or two, and then turn your head slowly to the left as far as it will go. Make an effort, and turn it a little bit farther, because it will go farther than you thought at first. Then quite slowly return your head to the centre, so that you are looking straight forward again. Pause for a second or two, and then turn your head to the right as far as it will go. As before—force it that little bit more to the right.

Do this so that you can almost feel the rust falling out of your unused joints in the spine, do it so that you can actually feel the bones creaking. Do it several times, then sit upright again—Oh, yes; you will have slumped down by now!—and pause for a few moments while taking several deep breaths, really deep breaths, holding a deep breath for, perhaps, ten seconds at a time.

When you have done that for about a minute put your head as flat as you can on your left shoulder, put it so that your ear is resting on your shoulder, and when you can do that push your head down farther so that your ear is crushed. Keep it there for a second, then let your head return to the upright position. After a second or so do the same to the right shoulder. Make sure that your head goes down just a bit farther than is really comfortable. In all pauses between alterations of posture you should breathe deeply, and then exhale completely.

Now for the next step—breathe deeply again, and exhale completely. Then take a deep breath, and let your head sink as far as it will, so that your chin digs into your chest. Push it a bit farther so that your neck actually creaks. Let your head return to the normal position, rest a moment while you are breathing deeply, and then let your head go as far back as you can.

You must be careful in any of these exercises not to move fast enough or violently enough to hurt yourself. With practice you will be able to move farther, and farther round.

After these exercises sit up with your hands at the back of your neck, and massage your neck with your two thumbs. You will find that this will help you, and might even assist you to concentrate.

It must again be emphasized that these exercises will not help you in metaphysical matters, in fact, no physical exercises help

in occult matters. Physical exercises help the physical, unless they strain something, and you would never, never find an Adept in the Far East doing these physical exercises except for purely physical reasons. For occult exercises you must do quite different things, and that has nothing at all to do with the physical. Many people go in for absurd posturing, and delude themselves that they are great occultists when actually they realize that they cannot do occult stuff, and so they are doing the physical exercises and calling them big names.

**NIDANAS** : These are known as the Twelve Causes of Misery. There is no point in listing them in detail because they are just things connected with material existence, such as lusts of the flesh and all that sort of thing which seem to have been specifically designed to keep poor suffering Man, and even more suffering Woman, on this quite miserable Earth.

We should get rid of Nidanas as fast as we can. There are such things in Nidanas such as pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth. These things are not desirable things, we do not have to put up with them, and with a little effort we can get rid of the whole bunch, and when we come to make that effort we find it is not so hard as we thought, and then we know we are well on the way to leaving this Earth-round for good—and it certainly is good.

**NIDIDHYASANA** : This is a practice of profound meditation, the real form of meditation, the type which enables one to achieve results. There are three stages necessary; those stages are :

First one reads or hears. One may read a religious or meta-physical text, or possibly someone reads the text to us. That puts information at our disposal, information ready for the second stage.

Second, we have the information and now it has to be thought about. What information is at our disposal? We think generally on that information, we think of it and we think around it, and when we have thought so that we have a grasp of the whole basic subject we come to the third stage.

The third stage is, of course, Nididhyasana in which we take one facet, or one aspect of the information which was given to us in stage one, and was generally thought of in stage two and then we meditate upon that which has merited our more specialized attention.

NIDRAS: These are ideas which one obtains during sleep. They may be ideas which came to us during our visit to the world of the astral. If we brought them back to the physical just as we received them, then they would be of invaluable benefit to us. Many composers of music are able to bring back to the physical world a memory of music which they heard in the astral world, and so they 'compose' a wonderful masterpiece which goes down in history as a classic.

Unfortunately, many people are not able to accept astral travelling and are not able to accept the ideas put to one during an astral visit. One's particular form of religion may not have mentioned astral travelling, and so the adherent of that religion may think there is something wrong in it. Thus ideas become rationalized into 'dreams.' The human mind, which is the biggest drawback of humanity, makes a rationalized picture which completely distorts what the astral body is trying to tell the physical body.

If one would keep a notebook and pencil by the bedside, and immediately write down ideas that come to one in the night, they would remember them in the morning. People say, 'Oh, it's so clear I'm sure to remember it,' and then they turn over and go to sleep again, and in the morning they have forgotten all about it. It is a pity because many wonderful things are told us during our 'sleep.'

NIRVANA : This is liberation from the body, liberation from the lusts and gluttonies of the flesh. It does not mean the cessation of all experience; it does not mean the cessation of all knowledge, nor the cessation of all life.

It is incorrect to say that Nirvana means existing in a state of nothingness. That is an absolute error which has been perpetrated through people talking about things which they did not correctly understand.

Nirvana is freedom from lust, freedom from the various hungers of the flesh. Nirvana is not even a blissful contemplation. It is, instead, a fulfillment of spiritual knowledge, and liberation from all bodily desires.

The state of Nirvana is being in a pure state, pure so far as lack of lusts of physical things are concerned. But even when one has attained to Nirvana—freedom from flesh desires—one still goes on to learn spiritual things and to advance in other planes of existence.

NIYANA: This comes from Raja Yoga, and it refers to the

second of the Eight Limbs of that branch of Yoga. It refers to the attainment of virtues of purity, physical and mental, and to contentment.

It indicates that one must have a certain degree of austerity before one can realize the profound devotion which is necessary to give to one's God. If one has not the necessary degree of austerity, then one is so busy thinking of one's own desires that there is no time to think of God.

**NON-ATTACHMENT:** This means just what it says—non-attachment to any material thing. The miser becomes earth-bound because he is attached to his money; the drunkard is earth-bound because he is attached to drink. If one has a strong lust or desire, then when one leaves this Earth one is drawn irresistibly back like a fish being reeled in by a fisherman, one is brought back to visit those haunts which have most of what one wants—money, drink, or what? One hangs around, a disembodied ghost, caught inexorably by the magnet of that desire which was not mastered during the physical existence. Non-attachment means self-mastery, detachment from the lures and lusts of living on Earth.

Non-attachment means release from the desires which afflict mankind. A person who has reached this stage, who has secured non-attachment, helps mankind and does not ignore their need for assistance.

**NUMEROLOGY :** Words are vibrations. Letters, sounds, are vibrations, and a vibration is a pulsation, or a wave, with peaks and valleys following in a certain order. Such vibrations can be given numerical values so that they can be identified.

Some sounds are pleasant, just as some smells are pleasant. Some sounds are bad in the same way that there are bad smells.

If we give sound numerical values we can have a table which can be consulted to see which sounds are good or bad for us. So it is that people of the East have a Science of Numerology under which letters—each individual letter—has a number, and if we have a name we can add up the numbers forming the name to see whether the name is good for us or bad for us.

Certain people have found by experience that if they change their name slightly they come on to a harmonic vibration instead of having to suffer from a bad one. So people who know how can use their full name, or their initials and their surname, whichever proves to be most beneficial.

Numerology, however, lends itself to quackery, and one

should only go to a numerologist who has an established reputation because some of the back-street practitioners merely want your money, they do not want to help you as well.

## O

**OBSERVANCES:** All religions have certain things which adherents to that religion must do or follow. They are the Disciplines, for without discipline it is not possible to have a controlled, sensible being.

Some call these Observances 'Stations,' as witness 'Stations of the Cross' in the Christian belief. As witness, also, various forms of procedure in different societies. In occult matters there are five basic observances, or, if you prefer, one can say that there are five basic disciplines which one must follow.

One must have a clean body and a clean mind. One must study one's own body in order that one may get purity of mind. Health is necessary unless one is going in for really occult matters when different rules apply. But to the average person sound health is necessary in order that the mind shall be able to resist the auric emanations of another person who possibly is not so pure minded.

I stated above that one needs health unless one is going in for really deep occult matters when different rules apply. You may be interested to know why different rules apply.

The average person in average health falls between a range of average vibrations, and those average vibrations make the person usually unable to reach a few 'octaves' higher, but if a person has some illness then the personal vibrations may be heightened so that one starts at a higher vibration than average, and goes to a much higher vibration than average.

You get the same thing in the case of a dog; a dog can hear higher sounds than a human can, as witness the 'silent' dog whistle. But a human can hear lower sounds than the dog can. In certain cases, then, and only in very dedicated people, an illness is an advantage in that it makes a person respond to a higher frequency of sensory and parasensory impressions. For all others, that is, for all except those who have definite—very definite—knowledge of their destiny, people should cultivate a clean mind in a clean body!

By following the right disciplines, or, to get back to our

key word, by obtaining the right observances and purity of mind, one can obtain the highest form of pleasure available on the Earth, and one can thus make great progress towards increasing one's spiritual stature for other incarnations.

We have, then, a clean mind and a clean body. The third of the Observances leads to the elimination of impurities from the body and from the mind, and the cultivation of purer and cleaner attainments, that is, one progresses along the path of spirituality and breaks away from lusts.

The fourth of the Observances exhorts one to associate with those of better abilities and stronger spiritual patterns than one's own. The more one associates with one's 'betters,' the more opportunity there is of some of the 'goodness' rubbing off on to us. The fourth Observance is that we should constantly strive to associate with those who can set us an example, and lead us along the path of purity and spiritual development.

The fifth Observance is that we should develop the power of contemplation. We should not rush blindly and come to instant, ill-informed decisions. One should think about a thing, contemplate the matter, and then there is the satisfaction of knowing that our decision is made only after careful assessment of all facts in our possession.

**OBSTACLES :** After one has considered the Observances and what they mean, and how they can help one, one has to take a look at the obstacles which are in the way of continued development. So, what are these obstacles?

People are faced with a problem. There seems to be no immediate solution to the problem, no solution, that is, which is easy and acceptable to the 'victim.' The person who is suddenly faced with a choice, both paths of which are unpleasant, or distasteful, or entail hard work, or 'loss of face', usually comes up with some form of self-induced illness which makes it possible for him to say, 'Oh, I cannot do that, I am ill!' Or an onlooker can say, 'Oh, poor little so-and-so, he cannot be expected to do better for he is ill!' A major obstacle, then, is one's feeling of inferiority, one's feeling of laziness, and so a self-induced illness is formed which provides an excuse which is not much good on this world, but which is quite valueless on the world beyond.

Another obstacle is dullness, mental lethargy, or, more usually, mental laziness. People take the line of least resistance, they lack the ability to look themselves straight in the face and see

what a scruffy little moron they really are. If people would only face up to the truth and make the best of a bad job, the bad job would soon become a better job.

A very big obstacle is excessive talkativeness. Too many people talk too much too often while knowing too little. Talkativeness is a sign of an empty brain. A person receives certain information through the ears, and immediately it pours out of the ever-open mouth without having any opportunity of lodging in the memory cells of the brain. People talk too much because they are (and not merely feel!) inferior. They talk to boost up their own sense of importance, they drone on and on endlessly about the most mundane subjects in a singularly monotonous tone and in a singularly uninformed way. They think they delude the listener and make the listener feel that the speaker is erudite. Instead, the listener usually thinks, 'What a boring moronic idiot!' It is necessary to curb one's desire to talk because talkativeness merely gives one an entirely false idea of one's own importance.

All these things are obstacles, obstacles to development, obstacles which divert one from the path of spiritual progress. We must at all times keep before us the knowledge that upon this Earth we are like passengers at some wayside station in the far, far country, we are waiting to get somewhere, and the more we add difficulties the farther back we find ourselves. It is, in fact, something like a game of snakes and ladders; you move along and you find your counter lands on the head of a snake, and then you get back a lot farther than when you started, but if you play right you go up a ladder and you get sudden promotion!

**OCCULTISM** : This is concerned with the knowledge of things which are beyond the ordinary mundane senses of the body. Upon this Earth we are confined to certain senses. We can touch a thing and know it is there, we can know if it is hot or cold, or if it gives us pleasure or pain: That is mundane knowledge, but occult knowledge is concerned with the knowing of things which cannot be known by the ordinary mundane powers of the world. That is, which in the flesh you cannot touch it, you can only be aware of it, and when one can be so aware of it one can have.

**OCCULT POWERS** : Occult powers come to us after years and years of training, and after lives after lives of experience.

In the East the number 8 is a sacred number, a number which

is supposed to confer various 'magical' powers. In the world of occultism there are eight standard accomplishments, but one cannot have occult powers unless one first sets aside all thoughts of domination over others. For example, the advertisements that say, 'Dominate others with hypnotism,' are doing a great disservice to the world as a whole, they are inciting one to evil deeds. You can only go in for occult powers when you are quite certain that you are not going to use those powers for wrong purposes.

The higher Adepts never advise students to try to do all the eight occult accomplishments, instead one should make haste slowly and progress by comfortable stages.

It is better to try to cultivate good ability on the mundane plane before going in for occult powers, because if one develops occult powers before one is pure enough to control them, they will control the person who develops them, and that can be a source of much grief !

OJAS : This is the highest form of energy in the human body. It shows in the aura first as a dull blue light, but as the purity increases the blue turns to a lighter blue, then to silver, then to a golden radiation.

In the purer type of person Ojas is stored in the brain where it stimulates one's advancement into spiritual and intellectual reaches which normally would be far beyond one. When one sees a person of this type one can see the golden halo or nimbus around the head.

OM: This is known as a word of power. When it is uttered correctly, and with the appropriate force according to the circumstances, it confers great benefit on the uttered. The pronunciation is 'OH-M.'

It is a definite fact that there are certain Eastern Adepts who can raise people from the dead by uttering a correct combination of sounds. It should be emphasized again, however, that one should not go in for tricks such as this without very special knowledge and without very special reason, because if you raise a person from the dead without knowing what you are doing you will revivify a person whose brain has deteriorated through oxygen starvation, and thus you will have a typical zombie.

OMTATSAT: This is another mantra. Saying the word properly sets a train of vibrations in motion, and so by repeating the word a few times and in the proper way one can awaken certain centres within. It must be emphasized again that unless a

person is properly taught they will not get the correct pronunciation, and so then they can repeat the word until their voice fails and nothing either good or bad will happen.

We have various chakrams which are more or less dormant, atrophied, or 'asleep in clay' as one might term it. But by setting up the right vibrations through every molecule of the body we can shake free the chakram so that it has a chance to develop, but this can only be done when a person has pure motives, when a person does not want senseless demonstrations; demonstrations, materializations, etc., etc., are, after all, no more than the toys or playthings of immature children, and children should not have the powers which correctly repeated mantras can bring.

OVERSELF : There is a lot of confusion about ego, soul, over-self, and all the rest of it. Well, let us remember that we here are like puppet. You might refer at this stage to 'Puppets' under the letter P.

The Overself is the soul, the super-ego, the super-being, the overseer, the one who manages us from some distant plane of existence. The Overself is the real 'I.'

Many people have claimed to have originated the word 'Over-self,' but actually it comes from a very old Tibetan word which indicates loosely 'the Man in Charge Above.' So when you think of yourself down here, you should think of yourself as a puppet dangling on the end of a string, the string which is the Silver Cord, trying to carry out the wishes of the Man in Charge Above.

If you are very erudite you may like to have the Sanskrit name; in Sanskrit the Overself is termed the Adhyatma, and in Sanskrit it is the whole nucleus, the whole power, the whole fount of our existence; it is the point from which all feeling, all senses, everything about us, originates, and to which everything about us returns.

## P

PADMASANA: You will recognize this when I tell you that it is the familiar Lotus Position. You will have seen Eastern statues of Buddha sitting, and most times the Buddha is portrayed sitting in the Lotus Posture.

The Western person who is accustomed to sit on a chair, the seat of which is raised off the ground, and upon which one sits with the legs hanging straight down, may find it difficult and strange to sit as the Easterner sits; the man and woman of the East sit on a fairly hard substance with the legs crossed, so that the soles of the feet face upwards, and, of course, on opposite thighs. The Easterner in such a position sits upright with the spine erect.

In Tibet lamas of high degree sit in that position all night, they sleep in that position, and they die in that position, for it is part of the Eastern lamastic tradition that one shall stay conscious as long as possible when dying, and shall sit upright.

The Japanese Samuri sat in such a position when he was about to commit ceremonial suicide, an act which he believed would save the honour of his family.

The Westerner studying occult subjects cannot always sit in the Lotus Position because of convention or because of—let us be painfully blunt—stiff joints! No matter, the position is not of vital importance. The Lotus Posture is, admittedly, very good for meditation, but the really suitable position for anyone is that which is the most comfortable but which yet keeps the spine erect. If you want to sit with your legs crossed, do so, and just place your hands on your thighs. When you are meditating keep your mouth closed, and let the tip of your tongue rest lightly against the back of your teeth. Your chin should droop so that it is barely supported on your chest.

Your eyes should be unfocused if you can manage it, or if you prefer, gazing into infinity. They should not flicker or wander from object to object. The point here is that your eyes should not see.

If you sit as suggested here, and breathe gently and smoothly, and with a definite rhythm, you will discover that it is an excellent aid to relaxation. Of course—to repeat—you should sit with your spine upright unless you have some defect which gives you pain in that position.

PANCHATAPA: This I described in the book *The Third Eye*. I have been through this ordeal. Perhaps here I may again remind you that *The Third Eye* is true, all I have written is true. But let us return to Panchatapa.

This is a very severe treatment in which one has to sit in a tight—very tight—Lotus Position without moving, from the first light of day until the last light of day has faded and been superseded with the darkness of night. One is not permitted to move for any purpose whatsoever, one is not permitted to uncross one's legs nor to take a walk. One has to sit, and sit, and sit.

Normally, four big, fires are lit, North, East, South, and West, and the fires are painfully close to one, so that one becomes almost like roast pork. The idea is to harden one by severe discipline. It has been known for a very experienced person to meditate in that manner for seven days, that is, from dawn to dusk sitting motionless, and during the night hours sleeping and having the meals which were denied during daylight.

This is very good for developing one's powers of meditation, because if one does not meditate one is oppressed by body desires, etc., but if one does meditate then one 'gets out of this world.'

Naturally, it is not at all recommended that Westerners shall do a thing like this because it demands intensive training.

PANDIT : A lot of people are vastly impressed when they hear of Pandit This or Pandit That.

A person may call himself 'Pundit' instead, but whether it is Pandit or Pundit, or Pundit or Pandit, it is precisely the same.

Pundit is an Eastern name for one who has thoroughly studied the Scriptures and various religious books. You might say that in the Christian religion it approximates to a lay preacher and no more. In other words, a lay preacher is able to do certain offices in the Church, but he is still not a preacher—not an ordained preacher, and a Pundit or Pandit occupies much the same status, or lack of status.

PARA : This usually has a prefix 'the,' so it becomes 'the para.' It just means that it is referring to that which is beyond the Eightfold Path. To make it clearer regard it as being supreme, beyond.

We have Para-bhakti. This indicates that one offers one's

devotion to the God whom one worships. It means a devout person.

Another use for para is in Para-vidya. This combination word refers to and means supreme knowledge.

If you were in India you would find that the Brahmins are the most consistent users of Para-vidya, they have almost a monopoly of the word, using it for more than any other religious adherents, because to them it indicates the great, the pure, the supreme knowledge which was Brahman's.

PARAMATMA: This is another word with our old friend 'para.' In this case it refers to the Supreme Self, the Supreme Atma, that which is us far above the flesh. It is our own personal Overself, that which controls the human body when on Earth and on other planets.

It is much more convenient to say 'Overself,' because names such as Paramatma, Atma, or Jivatma merely lead to confusion. PATH : In Eastern lore this is referred to as 'The Path.' To the Buddhist 'The Path' is also known as the 'Noble Eightfold Path.' It is a way of life, that behavior, or abstinence from behavior, which leads to release from reincarnating, and thus eventually to release from suffering. For as long as there is life in the body there is suffering, or the possibility of suffering.

The Noble Eightfold Path is a code of living, and although it is often called a religion, actually it merely guides the manner in which the right-thinking person should conduct himself during life. If one considers the Christian religion, Christianity is a religion, but the Ten Commandments would not necessarily be 'a religion,' but a code of conduct, the following of which would make one a worthy exponent or adherent of that religious belief.

The Eight Stages of the Noble Eightfold Path are :

1. Correct understanding.
2. Correct motive.
3. Correct speech.
4. Correct conduct.
5. Correct living.
6. Correct effort.
7. Correct intellectual activity.
8. Correct contemplation.

When you can do all that correctly you will find that life will be very hard for you, because it will mean that you are on your

last incarnation, and during one's last incarnation there is always suffering and loss because at such time one is clearing up the odds and ends necessary before one can move on with a clear conscience and with no bills outstanding.

PEACE: Peace is the absence of conflict internally and externally. Peace is when oneself and one's surroundings are in harmony instead of being in a state of conflict. Many of those who are stated to be 'peaceful' are having an interlude, or rest, in a whole series of lives. For them—they are just marking time—things go peacefully like a deep and placid pool, unruffled on the surface. But it is not a good sign when one's whole life is too peaceful, it shows that one is not making much progress! If one is to meditate successfully one must avoid inner conflict, although the Adept can meditate successfully even when there is outer conflict; an Adept can actually meditate when surrounded by the enthusiastic members of a brass band who are putting out their Saturday night best. Such an exercise is not to be recommended because, unless one has reached a certain stage, it can be an upsetting process.

PERCEPTION: We have to 'perceive' before we can attain any knowledge. For example, a student first listens to that which he is told. Secondly, he considers that which he has been told, and from the information then at his disposal he forms his own judgement, reaches his own conclusions, and has a few ideas of his own.

Thirdly, the person who has passed through the two previous stages, and thus is no longer a student, has now reached the stage where he can perceive things at first hand without being told or assisted by others.

Probably he has now advanced sufficiently so that he can reach out from the body and visit astrally the 'Hall of Memories,' where he can consult the Akashic Record for the past, the present, and the probabilities for the future. When a person has reached that stage he is stated to have reached the Age of Perception.

PINGALA: This is a channel on the right side of the spinal cord. It contains sensory and motor fibers which have a bearing on one's physical life as well as on one's metaphysical life.

The Ida is a similar tube, or column, and when the Pingala and the Ida can be controlled freely by the person in whom they are located, time, material, and distance have no meaning, and are no longer a bar or a restraint. One is then in the happy

position of being able to say, 'Prison bars do not a cage make.'

The person with such abilities can accomplish conscious astral travelling, telepathy, clairvoyance, and under suitable conditions levitation as well.

PLANES OF EXISTENCE (Puppets): Many people are not able to understand what they are and why they are. They wonder why such an all-powerful person as the Overself shall be constrained to deal with just one poor puny little human. Well, it is not so simple as that!

The Overself is like a puppet master. just as the manipulator of puppets can manage the strings of several puppets at once, so can the Overself manage the Silver Cords of quite a number of different people. A person can be in England and have another person in Africa, Australia, or even on another planet; they can all be under the control of the same Overself.

We might say that these are like inhabitants of parallel worlds, because according to some beliefs everything that has ever happened, and ever is going to happen, has a common denominator. The past, the present, and the future are one. It is like being on the ground in a street, you cannot see round the corner, and so that which is coming round the corner is in the future to you. But if you go up in a helicopter you can see that which is approaching the corner, so you can see the future clearly.

Throughout history there have been cases where men or women have suddenly been 'possessed,' and have done things for which they were normally quite unfitted. Consider the case of Joan of Arc : Here there was a young girl who spent a lot of time alone, it was stated that she heard voices, and those voices exhorted her to lead her country. She did so, she became as a man, wearing armour, leading men into battle.

Do you know what really happened? The strings of the puppets became entangled. Joan of Arc, a young girl, had her Silver Cord entangled with a person perhaps in another country, perhaps on another planet, who had to do certain things. Joan rationalized and made the voices say the things which applied to her own conditions. One cannot help wondering what happened to the young man who was going to lead his country. Did he become as a young girl, spending much time alone day-dreaming?

There are parallel worlds, there are worlds which we cannot

see because they are of a different vibration. We can see light, but we cannot see radio waves, and yet they travel at much the same speed. We can see this world in which we now live, but what if another world is superimposed upon it? We could not see that world any more than we can see radio waves, but in our sleep, in our astral travel, we could visit it.

We have seen groups of people, perhaps a whole family, who were completely tied together, who acted as a group having identical interests, and being thoroughly miserable when one member of the group was away. These people, members of one family, they may have been all puppets of one Overself. Most of us, though, are one of a group, that is, we may be here in this country and we may have counterparts in other countries or on other planets, and that is why sometimes we have a knowledge of a country even though we have not consciously been there. That is why we may have a complete and clear knowledge of another planet.

PLEASURES and PAIN: Mechanisms have governors, speed controllers. A gramophone, as an illustration, has a governor or controller which limits its speed and keeps it constant so that the record turns at the correct speed and plays music at the right pitch.

Humans also have governors, and the governors or controllers of a human being are, at one end, pleasure, and at the opposite end, pain. The average human lives somewhere between the two extremes; he learns to avoid pain in order that he may experience pleasure through the lack of pain. He learns also, to his regret, that some pleasures cause pain. In the early stages of Man there is lethargy and an unwillingness to make any effort, there is desire to do nothing. The savage will not hunt food unless he first be assailed by the pangs of hunger. Having discovered that food brings pleasure, he tends to over-eat, but then he finds that over-eating causes pain.

Pleasure, pain, pleasure, pain. The cycle of pleasure alternating with pain teaches one that which can be and that which cannot be. By having pleasure which turns to pain a human learns to stop indulging excessively before the pleasure be supplanted by pain, and thus there is the start of a form of intelligence.

The Adept learns not to try for high pleasures or he will get low pains. He learns that he must maintain an equable temperament so that he is not assailed by pleasure or by pain. Thus

he learns control of his body, and by obtaining control of his body he is able to do astral travelling, clairvoyance, and provided he progresses he can later obtain disassociation from the body so that he can be immured in a hermit's cell—walled up for years without any light—Then he may be fed every two or three days. The rest of the time he is disassociated from the body, and his astral form goes soaring away over the mountains, over the oceans, and over the lands. By being so disassociated he can visit all the countries of the world, and nothing is secret from him. He comes to the council chambers of the great as a soundless invisible ghost, who yet can be aware of all that is happening. But such a person is not permanently separated from the body until death severs the Silver Cord.

**POLTERGISTS:** There are certain elementals who socialize in causing discomfort to humans. These are called poltergeists. They are mischievous like monkeys, and of course they have no reasoning power.

There are many elementals of the poltergeist type. Normally, they have not the etheric power to move any material object, and then they seek to find a young girl (or even a young boy, although he will have less power) who is just entering into womanhood, a young girl of from twelve to fourteen years of age, who has a lot of etheric energy which is undirected and is about to be channeled into womanhood. The poltergeist manages to obtain energy—etheric energy—from the young girl, and with that energy articles can be moved, for example, a chair can be overturned when no one is within reach of it.

It is not necessary for the energy source (the young girl) to be in the same room, although she must be within about fifty feet of the manifestation.

Poltergeists only do manifestations when humans are frightened. The elemental, who is always destructive, merely desires to terrify a human, and the more frightened the human becomes the more pleasure does the elemental derive.

**POWER :** Every living creature, whether human, or animal, or even vegetable, seeks power. In the forest the creeping plants of the ground move across the earth to the tallest tree. They grow and climb up and up to the topmost branches, where they derive extra power from the sunlight. The plant grows, and in doing so strangles its unwilling host. Think of ivy around an old fir tree; strip off the ivy and look at the deep scores in the bark of the tree.

The strong animal seeks to dominate those of his species who are weaker. His thought is that in dominating he has nothing to fear, for if others are afraid of him they will be afraid to attack.

Humans seek power through the misuse of money, or by self-styled importance. Others seek power by claiming to be high in some religious belief, and by telling others that there will be various tortures, or torments, or sufferings, unless the weaker person obeys the stronger.

Those who abuse power should remember this: Let the powerful man be generous to the poor and needy, for the cycle of life revolves like the wheel of a cart bringing riches to one and poverty to another, bringing happiness to one and misery to the other, and as the wheel revolves through life after life, with each life being as a spoke of the wheel, so the rich become poor and the poor become rich, and those who suffer now shall have happiness and those who are overjoyed without helping others shall know the pangs of misery, pain, and sorrow. Thus it is, let the powerful man be merciful, let him be helpful, let him bring help and succour to those in need that he in his time of need shall have help from others.

But the real power while one is on Earth is the power conferred by meditation. By meditating correctly we can obtain :

1. Free access to the Akashic Record. This will give us a knowledge of everything that has happened in the past, not merely to us but to the whole world and worlds beyond. We will know, too, things which are happening at the present time, and if we have a reason for it we can see the Akashic Record of the probabilities of the future.
2. Telepathic communication with animals; a most rewarding experience; because animals have a high intelligence not realized by humans.
3. A knowledge of one's past lives, and the past lives of other people. A knowledge obtained by methods other than incursions into the Akashic Record.
4. Telepathic communion with those of equal spiritual stature, no matter in what part of the world they belong, and no matter if they be outside of this world.
5. Knowledge of the time of probable death which enables us to make sure that our debts are paid, and our conscience is clear.

6. Clairvoyance. An ability to see far distant places, to see happenings and the probabilities of happenings.

7. Meditation enables one to control matter. there is a power of mind over matter, and when we can do that we can do astral travelling, because astral travelling is a simple thing indeed.

PRALAYA: Scientists have just discovered what ordinary humans have known for centuries; humans and animals must have sleep after a certain number of hours, otherwise life cannot continue. Here is something which Eastern science has known for centuries—the whole Universe has to ‘sleep’ at certain intervals.

At long, long intervals the whole Universe sleeps, and that is called Pralaya. There are the various periods, according to Hindu belief, and after each cycle of those periods the Universe sleeps while fresh peoples are being ‘designed’ and fresh worlds are planned. Such things can be observed in the Akashic Record.

PRANA : There are two meanings to this. The first is that this is a Chakra connected with the cardiac plexus. This Prana controls the state and health of the heart. It is connected to that bunch of nerves in the heart which gives a shock to the heart muscle, and thus causes the heart to beat with a certain rhythm.

This form of Prana shows in the aura as a yellow-orange colour which tends to become of a reddish hue in those who have very strong desires of the lower animal nature, such as excessive indulgence in sex or in food.

The second Prana is rather better known to the average person. It is connected with breathing and with breath control. We will not deal with it here, because in Supplement A at the end of this Dictionary we shall have a series of very safe, very healthful, breathing exercises.

PRAYER : People pray every Sunday and forget about prayer for the rest of the week, and then Christians laugh at Buddhists for repeating mantras. A prayer is a mantra, a mantra is a prayer.

The purpose of prayer is to wake up one's powerful subconscious, and make the lazy fellow work, make the lazy fellow get busy stimulating those parts of our body or mind which will give us the power to do ourselves what we pray that others will do.

When we pray the message is conveyed to our puppet master

our Overself, and if our Overself thinks that that for which we have prayed is essential for the task at hand, then we may get some help in realizing our ambition.

It has been observed that most people pray for material possessions and power, rather than pray for the good of others! PROOF : It is a sad fact that so many people demand proof of everything. How do you know that there is a God? The answer is that you do not, not in terms that you could 'prove' to a materially minded audience. You have to take your belief in a God as a belief, you have faith that there is, and you cannot let it go beyond that while you are in the flesh.

How do you know that there is a 'next life'? How do you know that there is an astral world where we can meet friends and prepare plans for a better life? Unless you can do astral travelling consciously you must take that on faith also. People who have been to the 'Other Side' at will, and remember completely, do not have faith; instead, they have knowledge, they are aware of the certainty of that which previously was a matter of faith alone.

The Tibetan attitude towards 'proof' can be put in this way; That which is needs no proof. That which is NOT cannot be proved. Wherefore it is not correct to demand or to give proof.

One of the most difficult things we have to fight against is this continual desire for proof. Continually demanding proof makes it impossible for us to really progress. Those who can produce psychic manifestations can rarely do so under alleged scientific test conditions, because the general atmosphere of suspicion, disbelief, and dislike, inhibits the higher vibrations which are necessary to the realization of such materializations.

So-called, self-styled investigators rarely have the qualities or qualifications to investigate the occult. People do not have to believe, nor do they have to disbelieve. All that is required is an open mind, and a desire, a sympathetic desire, to investigate without being biased.

PSYCHOMETRY: A person who is 'a sensitive' can finger an object and tell quite a lot about it. For example: A sensitive can pick up a stone on the shore of some lake or sea. Then by sitting down and letting the mind go blank, the sub-conscious can activate some para-normal senses so that the fingers can convey vibrations to the brain which form pictures. All life is electric and magnetic, and anything that has been touched by a person always has the mark of that person in future. It is like

touching a piece of iron with a magnet; you will find that you have partly magnetized the piece of iron. A galvanometer, or even an ordinary magnetic compass, can detect the magnetism imparted to the iron by the light touch of the magnet.

In the same way, a person who can do psychometry can touch a stone, or a ring, or a piece of clothing, and can describe scenes in the past of that article.

Such a person does not do it for self-gain, nor as a stage trick, but only to help others.

**PURGATORY:** This is not hell, it is nothing like hell. It is more like the Hall of Memories in the astral world.

You may have a silver teapot. With a bit of use that silver teapot will have got tannin stains inside, and a few marks outside. Well, if you think of selling the thing, or giving it away for a wedding present, you take steps to remove the dirt.

In the same way, when some human or animal leaves this world there is a very short stay in 'purgatory' where the soul, or Overself, sees the mistakes committed in the life just ended, and there are some astral faces which go very red on such occasions!

This purgatory is not a punishment centre, it is not the local jail, it is not hell, and there are no devils who gleefully prod you with red-hot toasting forks. Purgatory is merely a place where you shed some of your conceit, some of your illusions. and where you face up to the fact that although on Earth you had loads of money, etc., and people were afraid of you, here it is quite different, you did not bring your money with you.

There is nothing to be afraid of in purgatory. It is quite a pleasant experience, really, to get rid of the dross picked up by living on Earth.

## Q

**QUALITIES:** It is useless for any person to apply for a specialized job without having the qualifications necessary for that job. You would not apply to be a cook if your specialty was deep-sea diving. In the same way one has to have certain qualifications or qualities before one can make progress on the upward Path of evolution.

Among the qualities one must cultivate are those of stability; stability of purpose, stability of character, and stability of spirit.

One must have the necessary incentive to give one the drive to pursue the much harder path of doing right, thinking right, acting right, and being right. Without drive, without the necessary incentive of restlessness, one is like a vegetable, and no matter how pure the vegetable may be it still does not climb upwards very quickly.

We have had two qualities, first stability and second incentive. The third quality is order. Unless one can maintain order within that complicated mechanism which is the human body then one cannot make progress. One must have order in one's acts and in one's spirit, one must have the conviction and the knowledge that one is doing 'the right thing.'

It is better to do one small thing well rather than to do a thousand things badly. One should act instead of idly talking, for useless talk inflates one's ego and leads one to a false evaluation of one's own virtues and vices.

QUERENT: This is 'the Enquirer.' One who enquires, one who asks a question, one upon whose behalf certain forms of divination are being practiced. One may be using the crystal or the tarot cards, and the person for whom one is using the crystal or the tarot cards is 'the querent.'

The attitude of the querent determines whether the divination shall be successful or not. If the querent is skeptical or downright disbelieving, or if the querent gives false information, then that person's sub-conscious is prevented from realizing the truth.

It should be remarked that the person—the diviner, if you wish—is not trying to catch the querent, the diviner is trying to help. It follows that a querent should be impersonal, free from emotion, and should put aside all fears and all self-consciousness, otherwise the attitude may weigh against the cards or against the crystal.

If, as an example, a young woman with things to hide tries to get a tarot reading she may erect an invisible barrier of thought in case her unfortunate past will be revealed. The barrier and that which she would conceal is indeed revealed to the clairvoyant, but the matter about which the querent is querying may be obscured.

Tarot cards and crystals, capably handled, can help one, but one also has to help in one's turn.

QUEST: We come to this Earth in quest of knowledge, in quest of purification. We come that by suffering (and we get

that!) the dross may be purified from our soul in much the same way that ores are clapped in a furnace and melted so that dross and slag are set aside.

An Overself may have certain desires. It is much the same as you wearing a suit of clothes which has a spot of dirt, eventually you send that suit to the cleaners where—in its own opinion—it gets badly treated; it is dipped in various solvents, knocked about, shaken out, and subjected to hot irons, but it comes back sometimes with the spot removed.

The Overself sends the messy bits of itself down to the Earth where, it is hoped, that by hardship the flaws will disappear.

Quest is the search for purification of the Overself. Or, if you like ancient mythology, the search for the Golden Fleece, that which has no impurities; that which was clean and pure and spiritual.

## R

**RAGA:** This is another word for emotion, for 'liking,' for pleasure. It usually arises from the memory of some pleasant object, or from an idea or a person. It is, of course, an abstract term.

There is another meaning for Raga, because it is a specialized form of Indian musical composition.

Arising from the first form of Raga comes Raga-Bhakti, which is the spontaneous flowering of spiritual love. Usually it is caused by some intense and unexpected experience or emotion.

Another form of Raga is Raga-Dweshha, and that is the liking and disliking of people. We sometimes meet a person whom we like intensely at first sight, 'love at first sight' it is called; or we also have the converse—we see a person and we most heartily dislike that person at first sight.

These sensations are things which have to be eradicated by the developing person, because likes and dislikes, without apparent reason, are a sign of ignorance and a failure to succeed on a spiritual basis.

**RAJA YOGA :** Raja is 'Royal,' so Raja Yoga is often referred to as 'Royal Yoga.' It is one of the four main ways which enables us to return to the Great Overself. Raja Yoga trains the easiest angle? Have you a tightness in a calf muscle? And mankind to self-mastery. It teaches that one must not be dependent upon others but must master one's own difficulties oneself.

RECHAKA: This is the process of expelling all possible air from the lungs so that fresh air can be taken in when one is practicing various breathing exercises.

We will not deal with it here because Supplement A is devoted to different forms of breathing.

RECREATION: Do you know what recreation really is? Re-creation, that is, creating anew.

A person becomes dull and jaded by working too long at one particular thing. A person may be at a desk all day adding up columns of awful figures. At the end of the day the person looks 'dead on his feet,' but then he goes out and 're-creates' energy, that is, he obtains energy by engaging in a fresh form of exercise, or pastime, or work. Recreation is necessary if one is going to do one's best work in any particular line.

REINCARNATION : Reincarnation is the act of coming back to, this material world from the spirit world. The time sense on a material world and that of the spirit world is quite different, and so one can learn lessons much faster on a material planet than one can in the spirit.

People keep coming to Earth—or to other Earths—in much the same way as one goes to school; one leaves home in the morning and goes to school, where it is intended that one shall learn certain lessons. At the end of the school day one returns home.

As one works through one class one is promoted to another class until one has learned, in theory, all that the school can teach, and then one goes on to a higher grade of school, and from school to a college or university.

In much the same way one comes to this Earth, and then keeps coming back to the Earth to enter different 'classes.' When one has learned that which the Earth can teach one moves on to a different world, just as the adolescent moves on to a higher class at school.

RELAXING : It is essential that a person be able to relax, and few people can because they are too impatient, too anxious to get results without doing anything.

One can relax anywhere. Sit down, slump down, in a chair. Examine (mentally) your muscles one by one. Is your foot at the easiest angle? Have you a tightness in a calf muscle? And how about your back, are you really sitting in that position which it is no strain to maintain?

Examine yourself mentally area by area. Make sure that all

your muscles are Slack-REALLY slack. Are you sure everything is slack? Then how about your face, why is your mouth pursed up like that? Why are your eyelids so tightly squeezed together? Relax! Relax your muscles. Imagine that you have just fallen out of an airplane and you are sprawled on the ground. You would be relaxed then all right! If you can relax all your muscles so that you are not under constant muscular tension your health will improve. Try it!

**RIGHTS** : It is the right of all mankind to be able to travel along the Path of Spirituality. People do not usually realize that 'All men are equal in the sight of God.' In the same way, all souls are equal in the sight of God, no matter whether they be black, yellow, or white. It is known that there is no segregation off this Earth!

Too often 'rights' are limited by a form of communal law which—is intended to benefit only the members of that community. Tribal law was the same; tribes had laws which benefited only the tribe to which they applied.

The stranger is always wrong. The foreigner in a country is always the one who gets the wrong end of the stick; the alien is always suspect, always misunderstood, always penalized. The alien is that which does 'not belong,' and thus is an object bereft of the sympathy and understanding of others.

It is said that 'Blood is thicker than water,' but until the parochial thinking people realize that the person of another tribe or community has equal rights, until the people of one country realize that people of another country also have a right to live, then there can be no real understanding or progress on Earth.

**RISHI** : This is a Saint, or a good-living person, or one who has mediumistic abilities.

Usually a Rishi is a person who has in some way been responsible for the Sacred Scriptures of a religion.

Rishi—an inspired seer.

**RITES** : Rites are disciplines, and whether they be pagan rites or civilized rites depends upon whether you are referring to the other fellow or to yourself.

The Catholic Church, as an example, has a very involved ritual, and in all countries where pageantry is used it is with the purpose of attracting people together, of holding them by this form of uniformed discipline.

Rites are things which cause one to have a certain frame of

mind because in having a certain frame of mind one can be attuned to the reception of, or perception of, certain things.  
ROSARY : Many religions use a rosary—a string of beads—so that the person who is saying prayers or mantras can, by fingering the beads, remember to say the prayers in a certain order or the correct number of times.

A rosary is merely an elementary form of calculator which tells the sub-conscious that a thing is being done in the right order, or in the right number.

Fingering a rosary often gives a soothing effect to people and overcomes that age-old problem of 'not knowing what to do with one's hands!'

## S

SADHANA : This is a word which relates to various spiritual disciplines. Sadhanas are especially four means of attaining freedom from desires. It is also part of Dama (see under Dama). The disciplines are freedom from lust and similar, and need not be detailed because this whole book is devoted to them!

SADHU: A holy man, maybe a hermit, but particularly a monk. A person who leaves a lamasery or monastery and wanders among the people is given the term 'Sadhu' in much the same way as among Christians a similar person would be called 'Father' or 'Reverend.'

SAHASRARA : This is the highest of the physical centres of Yogic consciousness. It is the seventh, and although, as previously stated in this book, there are nine centres, only seven are named in the West.

Sahasrara is also called The Thousand-petalled Lotus, and a clairvoyant can see this emerging from the top of the head like a fountain of golden light, and all the 'petals' around the base are of every different colour imaginable.

SAMADHI : This is a special state of being more than acutely aware of 'reality.' In certain stages, when a person has progressed far, one gets to a 'uper-conscious' state in which one is aware of divine realities, which cannot be proven but of which one KNOWS that they are true.

It is also a special form of knowledge in which one receives spontaneous enlightenment. A person can be pondering upon the meaning of a word, and one can have a sudden flash of

revelation which gives instantly and unexpectedly the whole meaning of that which had been pondered upon.

**SAMANA:** At the centre of the solar plexus there is what is usually termed 'a vital force.' It is an emanation which can clearly be seen by any developing clairvoyant. The colour is affected by the gastric secretions in the vicinity, and thus most times it is of a cloudy green, something like jade, or, when slight digestion is proceeding, it may be like a yellowish form of milk colour.

**SAMATWA :** Tranquillity of temperament, placidity of mind, an entire absence of discontent, dislike, or antagonism. A state of mind where one is able to consider dispassionately, without bias or rancor.

**SAMSARA:** People come to the Earth in a cycle of birth, living, death, planning, and rebirth time after time in an endless cycle which remains endless until one progresses through every sign and every quadrant of the zodiac, and learns that which has to be learned,— learns that which liberates one from the ties of the flesh, and thus from the necessity of reincarnating.

**SANCHITA KARMA :** Many people regard Karma as cruel, relentless, implacable, but that is not so.

People can have a lot of their Karma 'set aside,' that is, put in cold storage to see how the unlucky possessor manages. Then, if the person makes progress and honestly tries to help others, his 'stored Karma' can be forgiven him, for as you forgive others their sins against you so shall others forgive you the sins you have committed against them.

The God of all is merciful and just, but with a justness tempered and modified by compassion. No one born of Earth is ever called upon to suffer more than is his or her limit. No one ever has to 'pay back' that which would be crippling. Thus it is that stored Karma can be voided, bypassed, discarded, if the person being saddled with such Karma proves that he or she is worthy of forgiveness.

As an illustration let us assume that a person has been very cruel indeed in the past; Karma does not mean that a person has to suffer cruelty because of that, because if a person is reborn and strives conscientiously to atone by kindness, then the Karmic cruelty is discarded.

**SANNYAS:** This actually refers to a life of complete self-denial. It is usually said in the case of a person who has entered

a lamasery or a monastery and who has dedicated the whole of progress unless he freely gives, unless he is willing to sacrifice that which he wanted for himself and give it for the good of others. This is the last of the four stages into which the life of an individual is divided.

There is a second meaning of Sannyas, and it is an initiation during which a person preparing to be a monk takes the final vows of complete renunciation and withdrawal from the world. SARASVATI : Most religions have 'a Divine Mother.' There is a Divine Mother of the Christian belief, a Divine Mother of the Lamastic belief, and a Divine Mother as a consort of Brahma.

Sarasvati is the Goddess of Learning and the Patron Saint of the Arts.

SAT: This in a Western term could be likened to absolute existence, or a pure Being not upon the Earth. It is the reality, the Overself, that which we shall become if we behave ourselves and wait long enough.

SATYA: This means truthfulness, and abstention from deceiving others. It is known as the Second of the Abstinencies. One must be completely truthful, completely honest with oneself, as with others, if one is to make progress.

SATYA YUGA: This is the first of the four-world periods. Various religions divide world periods into a certain number of years, and Satya Yuga, also known as Krita, divides the periods into 1,728,000 years.

SEANCES: It is surprisingly easy to get in touch with 'the Other Side.' It is surprisingly easy to get in touch with elementals who pretend to be one's dearly departed friend or relative.

There are certain people, not necessarily evolved, not necessarily good, not necessarily bad, but certain people who, through some quirk of metabolism, can raise their vibrations so that it approximates to the harmonic of a fundamental vibration of some entity in the astral world. It may be that the person, who is then called 'a medium' (a medium for communication), receives information from some person who has recently, or not so recently, left the world.

It is highly dangerous to use such messages unless the medium is extremely well known, that is, unless you know that the medium is beyond suspicion. By this it is not meant that the me-

dium will necessarily cheat you, but she may not have the intellectual or educational attainments which will enable her to discriminate between that which is fraudulent and that which is genuine.

In general people who have passed beyond this life are far too busy to send senseless messages, they have a job to do, perhaps preparing for a fresh incarnation. So Aunt Fanny will not come back and remind you to water the flowers, or tell you that her long-lost Will is in the third drawer down of the old tallboy!

SHAKTI: Here again we have the Mother of the Universe. The Mother is the principle of Primal Energy. She is that which creates, preserves and ends the Universe. It is, also, the forces seen in the manifested Universe.

The world here is a negative world, so the negative principle is the feminine principle. When we move beyond this world we move to a positive world, we move, in terms of esoteric lore, to the God-world. Here on Earth we are in the Goddess-world, the negative principle.

The powers which come from the Goddess principle are those to do with clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy, psychometry, and similar, and these powers also embrace those which are thought pictures which arise without thought activity.

A third power which comes from the female principle here, is the power of sound, the power of vocal expression, the power of composing music.

It is a Hindu belief that one has to know of the grace of the God-Mother before the true aspect of God becomes apparent.

SHANTI: In lamaseries and Buddhist monasteries the word Shanti, which means peace, will be repeated at the end of a discourse.

In Tibetan lamaseries those who are having a meal are read to so that their thoughts may be distracted from the merely physical aspect of food. At the end of the reading the Lector will often say three times, 'Om, Shanti, Shanti, Shanti.' It merely means that it is an exhortation to peace much as in certain Christian monasteries the words, 'Pax vobiscum' are repeated, meaning 'Peace be with you.'

SHATSAMPATTI: A person who is studying with an advanced Guru, with the aim of securing liberation from the lusts and desires of the flesh, will be taught in the main six things, which are :

1. Shama, which is the ability to remain tranquil and to direct one's thoughts, to control the mind so that the lusts of the body are set aside.

2. Dama. This is a system of Disciplines which enables one to control the body after the mind has been raised to a state when body desires can be exorcised.

3. Uparati. This system teaches one not to desire the possessions of one's neighbor. It teaches one to become circumspect in choosing one's associates and one's possessions; it teaches one to be content with what one has.

4. Titiksha. This is the ability to endure cheerfully and patiently the difficulties which are thrust upon us by our evolving Karma.

5. Shraddha. Under this system one has to be sincere and honest with oneself and with others. One must tear away the illusions and the falsity which surround one. In Western terms it implies that one should cease to be a 'Walter Mitty.'

6. Samadhana. Here one is able to concentrate one's forces; one's abilities, to a single purpose. One is not turned aside by temporary distractions. Instead, one pursues a steadfast path straight ahead to secure freedom from reincarnating.

SHENG JEN : This is what the Chinese call a wise man, one who has studied much, a sage, a good man, one who can control others with kindness and maintain discipline by kindness rather than by force. From it we have

SHENG WANG: Which is an ideal ruler, one who has inner wisdom together with the ability to be a good ruler.

SHIH FEI : This is the opposites, right and wrong, truth and lies or errors. That which is correct and that which is incorrect.

SHIVA : This is a word with many meanings. In the Hindu trinity of Gods it means the God who dissolves us from the Earth, the power called the destroyer which releases humans from the earth-body. It is a 'God' venerated by Yogis who seek release from the flesh.

We have three forms, which is birth, life, and death. There is a 'God' which determines when we shall be born. There is a 'God' which supervises us during life, and there is a 'God' (Shiva) which gives us release from Earth in the form of death.

SIDDHA : This is one who has progressed through the various cycles of incarnations, and is now a 'Perfect Soul,' one who has

not yet reached the stage of actual Divinity, but who is progressing and is therefore at the stage of semi-Divinity.

From this we have

**SIDDHI:** This means spiritual perfection. It also means that one has considerable occult power.

**SILVER CORD :** Just as the new-born child is connected to its mother by the umbilical cord, so are we connected to our Overself by the Silver Cord. Just as the puppet is connected to the puppet master by a bit of string, so are we connected to our puppet master by the Silver Cord.

The Silver Cord has its name because, being composed of rapidly rotating particles of all the colours in existence, it appears to be silver. The myriad colours reflect to the clairvoyant as a pure bluish-white silver.

This cord is infinitely extensible, and it has no limitations. When a person is doing astral travel, the inner body separates from the outer sheath of flesh and floats away at the end of the Silver Cord in much the same way that you can let a kite up at the end of a cord. When the body demands the astral body, the latter is reeled in just the same way as a kite is reeled in.

Everything that we do on Earth is transmitted to the Overself by way of the Silver Cord. Anything the Overself wants to tell us is transmitted downwards to the sub-conscious, where the information is stored until we want it, transmitted downwards by way of the Silver Cord.

When we come to death; then the Silver Cord thins and parts; just as a baby 'dies' to its mother when the umbilical cord is severed, so does the flesh body die to the Overself when the Silver Cord be severed 'and the Golden Bowl be shattered.' The Golden Bowl, of course, is the nimbus or higher etheric force which surrounds the head during life and departs at the moment of death.

**SIN :** What is sin? Sin is that which a group of priests at any time consider to be undesirable. Actually it is a rather meaningless term. At present procreation seems to be rather a sin, because it is stated that children are born in sin. How can they be? Without procreation there would be no race and no priests. 'Sins' include pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and laziness. These are the main sins, the parent sins, and all others derive from them.

Pride, of course, is only a misunderstanding of our abilities. Covetousness disappears when the coveted article has been

obtained. Lust is another name for the sexual drive without which the race would not continue, and sex was held out in days of old as a reward by the priest for those who obeyed the priests.

Sex, in fact, now regarded as a major sin, used to be much favoured by the priesthood for attracting the populace to the temples. The priests used to stage shows which would make anyone's eyes fairly stick out nowadays. The priests also used to make it a law that every unmarried woman in the land should once a year prostitute herself to any man who in the temple grounds offered her money.

Sin is that which has been adjudged by the priesthood to be something which can weaken their own force, weaken their own power. The best way to avoid sin is to rigidly adhere to the rule 'Do as you would be done by.' If you wouldn't like it to be done to you, then don't do it to anyone else. Do that, live by that, and you are safe.

SOUL: A much misunderstood word. It is our Ego, our Overself, our puppet master, the real 'I.' That spirit which is using our flesh body in order to learn things on Earth which could not be learnt in the spirit world.

SPHOTA: This is something, perhaps a thought, or some special sound (such as 'Om'), which makes the mind open like a blossom in the sunlight. It is something which stimulates our mind to unexpected awareness. It is that for which we strive upon Earth in order that we may become enlightened beings.

SPONGES : You may wonder what sponges have to do in a Dictionary like this, but there are many people who are just human sponges, they suck up information which remains as an undigested mass inside the brain. It is useless information.

Human sponges are often 'do-gooders.' They know everything in theory, but they lack the application. They can only 'do good' in theory, they are not able or sufficiently evolved to really do anything to help.

Human sponges suck up information without obtaining any selfishness around them, and then wonder why the world does not bow down in veneration.

SRI : This merely means 'Reverend,' or 'Holy,' when it is used as a prefix to a holy personality or a sacred book. Otherwise it is used in much the same sense as English people use the word 'Esquire,' or the Americans use 'Mr.'

SRIMATI: A form of address prevalent in India. It is the equivalent of 'Miss' or 'Mrs.' or 'Senorita' or 'Senora.' There is nothing mystical, nothing religious about it, it is just a generic form of address for ladies with or without culture.

SSU TUAN : This is the four essentials to humanity :

1. Being 'human.'
2. Having the right sort of 'righteousness.'
3. Having a correct sense of propriety.
4. Having mature wisdom.

STAGES OF LIFE : There are four main divisions of life. The first:

1. A child has been born, and through experience it develops and learns. The whole faculties of the body are being developed and improved. At this stage the person is able to learn fairly rapidly and without great effort.

2. This second stage is a stage during which a person takes employment, and gets married. The learning here is enough to keep the job, to get promotion, to raise a family, and to make enough money in order to prepare for stage three.

3. In stage three the person has retired, or is about to retire. There is more cultural activity, and more time to devote to the things which have not been attended to before.

4. In the fourth stage one 'digests' the experiences of the lifetime, and is able to send impressions along the Silver Cord to the Overself of all the gleanings of the life to date. The Higher Self does not start to profit greatly until the fourth stage.

STONES: Stones are materials which can exert a very great influence upon us, upon our thoughts, upon our health, and upon our fortunes. Thus it is that at the end of this Dictionary there is a special Supplement (Supplement B) devoted exclusively to stones, their nature, their influence, etc., and it is advised that you carefully read Supplement B.

SUB-CONSCIOUS: The sub-conscious has the greater part of one's make-up. We are only one-tenth conscious, and nine-tenths sub-conscious. The average human is not able to tap the knowledge of the sub-conscious, but when the average human ceases to be average and becomes an Adept, the whole of the sub-conscious can be examined for knowledge, and everything that has happened in human life is contained within the sub-conscious.

**SUBTLE BODY** : The Subtle Body consists of seventeen complete components. They are :

- |             |                          |
|-------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Sight.   | 6. Tongue.               |
| 2. Hearing. | 7. Hands.                |
| 3. Smell.   | 8. Feet.                 |
| 4. Taste.   | 9. Organ of Excretion.   |
| 5. Touch.   | 10. Organ of Generation. |

The other seven include various items such as breath control, digestion control, mind, and intellect.

**SUSHUMNA**: When the Kundalini becomes awakened it passes through the centers of consciencious which are actually located in the Sushumna.

The Sushumna is a channel in the subtle body which is straight through the interior of the spine. It starts right at the bottom of the spine and goes right up to the top. The spine in effect, then, is a tube, the hollow part of which is the Sushumna.

Outside the Sushumna are two other channels; the one on the right is the Pingala, and the one on the left is the Ida. They coil upwards and later unite.

These three channels give rise to the Trinity which is common to most religions.

**SUTRA** : This is a terse sentence containing a general doctrine. It is a system whereby much truth is compressed into little space.

In the East the Vedanta and Yoga Sutras are the best-known illustrations.

**SVAHA**: This is a mantra uttered after a prayer or during parts of a religious ceremony. It means the same as 'Amen.' In other words- 'So be it!'

**SWADHISHTHANA CHAKRA**: This is located around the area of the reproductory organs. It is in the shape of a Lotus containing six petals. In a poorly evolved, lustful person, the colour of the petals will be a very dark-brown red, a most unpleasant colour indeed. As the person becomes more evolved, the brownish part of the red disappears and becomes brighter red.

When a person is evolved the colour changes to orange-red, and the greater the degree of spirituality the more yellow there is and less red.

There is a hollow centre to the flower in which appears

radiations, the exact form of which depends upon the state of evolution of the person to whom it is attached.

SWAMI : This is much the same as a Guru. It is a Master or a Spiritual Teacher. It is used preceding the name of the person—Swami So-and-So-and is merely the same as 'Professor' 'Holiness,' or similar. It is a title which is given when one has reached the stage at which it is deserved. If you want to be very respectful to a Swami you will call him Swamiji.

## T

TAI CHI : The wise men of China used Tai Chi to indicate that to which we return upon leaving this world. It is the Ultimate, or the end of all things incarnate. It is reunion with one's Overself, and a state which upon Earth one can only liken to 'bliss.'

TALK : It is a sad fact that so many people talk too much, and about things of which they have no knowledge.

People get hold of 'half a story,' and they immediately rush away to their nearest and dearest and make a story and a half out of it, and complete fiction at that.

People should be like the three wise monkeys, see no evil, hear no evil, and say no evil; people should be like the wise old owl who believes that those who talk least hear most. Most people emit a torrent of sound like the falling waters of Niagara Falls, they babble, they drivel, they open their mouths and let all their rambling, unsorted, senseless thoughts come pouring out in a cacophony of unrelated sound, discordant sound, too. When a person is talking, a person is not learning, and if a person does not learn, well they come back to this Earth until they do learn. The best thing that most people could do would be to put a sticking plaster over their lips, and keep their ears wide open.

TAMAS: This is inertia, laziness, prejudice. It is that which enables things to maintain a constant form.

When we go to the cinema, or when we look at television, we are suffering from static inertia, and without static inertia we—should not be able to see the intermittent flickering pictures of the cinematograph film or of television. In the eyes this static inertia could be termed residual ocular memory.

A person who is lazy or sluggish is a 'Tamasic' person.

**TANMATRAS:** This is actually five fundamental principles which correspond to the senses of touch, sight, hearing, taste, and smell, which we have with us while we are in the conscious state and which correspond to air, fire, earth, ether, and water.

**TANTRAS :** Tantra applies to any of the writings or scriptures connected with the worship of Shakti.

The purpose of Tantras are to give one a philosophy or discipline which enables us, through their correct practice, to obtain liberation from ignorance, liberation from rebirth through direct knowledge.

**TAO:** In the days before the Communists upset the human values, Tao was 'The Way,' the Principle, the Truth. Tao is that which shows us how to proceed, shows us the path which we must follow. It teaches us, in essence, to take 'The Middle Way.'

**TAPAS :** This is something which the aspirant Yogi has to do every day. It is a form of body conditioning. One has to do certain breathing exercises, one has to have certain mental disciplines.

Discipline makes the difference between a proud army and a rabble; discipline makes the difference between a genuine Yogi and a genuine fake!

Some people are not able to discriminate between truth and fiction. The latter go in for all sorts of absurd exercises, far beyond anything that is necessary or desirable, and they spend so much time flinging their arms and legs about, and getting in weird and unnatural positions, that they have no time or energy left for SPIRITUAL development.

**TARA :** I must put in this word as a tribute to Ireland! Ireland has ballads about 'The Halls of Tara,' wonderful songs relating to history of long bygone days.

In the metaphysical world, Tara means 'The Savior,' but in this case the Savior is the Divine Mother who was the Consort of Shiva.

**TARAKA :** This is actually a centre between and in front of the eyebrows, and if a pupil is meditating correctly he or she will be able to see, or sense, a light in front of and between the eyebrows.

**TAROT :** This is a pack of cards, seventy-eight cards in all; and the Akashic Record says that these cards contain the knowledge of the 'Book of Thoth.'

The cards contain—for those who can read them!—all the knowledge of past history, but nowadays they are also used for divination.

Tarot cards are shuffled, and one's sub-conscious magnetizes certain cards in much the same way as a piece of ebony, when rubbed, can attract a piece of tissue paper, or in the same way as a piece of magnet can attract a piece of iron. The sub-conscious, which is nine-tenths of us, exerts a magnetic influence through the etheric, and so certain cards are sub-consciously selected. Tarot cards, in the hands of a genuine person, are genuine, and they are quite infallible.

TAT TWAM ASI : In a lamasery the students have to meditate on 'That,' which, of course, is the Overself, and they have to be able to distinguish 'That' from 'This,' the latter of which is the manifestation.

When the students are able to distinguish between 'That' and 'This' they are able to say with truth 'Tat Twam Asi,' which means 'That, you are.'

TE : A Chinese word relating to virtue. Virtue, of course, has to be moral, but Te also relates to power in all senses of the word. You can have power for good and power for bad, but Te most often refers to virtue and power used for good.

TELEPATHY: Telepathy is the art, or science, or ability, whereby we pick up and understand the brain waves of others. Just as a radio station broadcasts a program, so does the human brain—also a form of radio station—broadcast the thoughts of the person to whom the brain is attached.

Thought is an electrical impulse, or series of impulses, and thought radiates everywhere just as does the program from a radio station. So any person with training can become telepathic, that is, they can 'tune in' to the thoughts of another person, and can also inject one's own thoughts into the receptive areas of another person.

TELEPORTATION : This is a little understood science in the Western world; teleportation is the art of sending a material object by thought to another location. A poltergeist, for example, can pick up a large object such as a chair, and cause it to move violently across a room.

In the Far East, suitably trained lamas can cause a heavy, material object to be transported by thought to another location.

Gravity, which gives a thing apparent weight, is merely a magnetic attraction between the object and the core of the Earth.

Under certain conditions the magnetic attraction can be lessened, or entirely removed, so that the material object becomes less heavy or actually without weight. This process is adopted when an article is being teleported. It is also a system in use during levitation.

TIEN LI : This is Divine Law, the Law of 'Heaven.' The Law of that place to which you go when you leave this world.

TIEN TI : This is the origin of life, the Universe, everything. It is 'All-ness'; that which is and which always has been.

TOUCH STONE : Centuries and centuries ago, when the world was a much wiser place than it is now, before the age of aspirins and various tranquilizing drugs, the priests and wise men had methods of calming a person who was nervous or irritable, or in some way 'off colour.' They made 'Tranquilizer Touch Stones.' These very special stones were shaped in a particular manner so that, by gently rubbing them, one could obtain a pleasant tactile impression which soothed a troubled mind, prevented one from having ulcers, and bad temper, and hysteria. You may like to read more about this under 'Stones.'

TRANCE : A real trance is the condition when the astral body willingly vacates the physical body in order that the former may witness some occurrence which can be reported back to some person through the Silver Cord and the physical body. At times a person of mediumistic capabilities will be willing to have his or her body used by some discarnate entity who wants to give a message. In such a case the medium sits in a position of repose, and wills the astral body to depart from the physical body. Then a discarnate entity can catch hold of the Silver Cord and cause the physical body of the medium to give a necessary message. After the message, or whatever it is, is finished the discarnate entity relinquishes the hold, and the astral returns to the physical of the medium.

Untrained people should never dabble in trance work, nor in seances, because it can have a very harmful effect upon the health. It is safe under certain conditions, but only under trained supervision.

TRETA YUGA: As we have said previously in this book, world periods are divided up into different phases. Treta Yuga is the second of four-world periods, and this one is of 1,296,000 years.

TURIYA : This is the fourth state of consciousness. It is not connected with waking; or dreaming, or dreamless sleep; in-

stead it is a form of being super-conscious. One reaches such a stage when one is correctly meditating, because then one gets beyond thought, beyond wisdom, and into a state which is almost the equivalent of astral consciousness. In the Turiya state one experiences things not of the Earth.

TYAGA : This is the absolute renunciation of possessions and, what one might term, social activities. One who has given up or renounced all possessions, such as a hermit or a recluse, is known as a Tyagi—a man of renunciation. So—Tyaga is giving up possessions and social activities, and Tyagi is the man who has already given up possessions and social activities.

## U

UDANA : This is a centre which conveys the automatic commands to operate the chest muscles. That is, it is our breath control centre. Actually, it is the bluish-white light which emanates from the pharyngeal plexus. The clairvoyant, as just stated, sees this as a bluish-white light.

UNMANI : This is the stage when we are out of the body, that is, when the astral body is withdrawn from the physical body, such as during astral travel or during a trance, we are said to be in a state of Unmani.

UPADANA: This is the material from which all things are made. Everything is made from a substance corresponding to the state of the thing which is made. A silver pot is made of silver, a glass window is made of glass, a human is made of flesh and bones, and nothing can change the fact that a human is made of flesh and bones. That is 'the Upadana.'

UPADHI: This is the ignorance which the Overself imposes upon the human in the flesh. It would be most unsatisfactory if all humans, irrespective of their progress, could remember all their past lives. Those who had been princes would be dissatisfied if they remembered their princely reign when they came back as an impoverished peasant, and the one who had been a peasant would feel a sense of inferiority possibly when reincarnating as a prince: Thus, it is that before a human soul incarnates he or she 'Drinks of the Waters of Forgetfulness' before awakening to consciousness in the body of a baby.

It is a wise provision that those who are incarnating normally forget (while in the flesh) what they have been in the past, al-

though such knowledge is available to them when they get to the astral world by way of astral travel, and so can consult the Akashic Record.

Sometimes Upadhi is given an 's' and becomes Upadhis, and in that case it refers to the whole man upon the Earth and out of the body. It refers to his three bodies—his three basic bodies—which are:

1. The causal body.
2. The subtle body.
3. The gross body.

UPANAYANA : When a boy is training to become a monk of the Hindu faith he takes 'a Sacred Thread,' a symbolical ceremony during which the boy vows to observe certain virtues, which are :

1. Absolute purity.
2. Absolute truthfulness.
3. Absolute self-control and self-restraint.

Compared to the Christian belief, it is much the same as 'being confirmed.'

UPANISHAD: These are certain books which constitute the philosophical portion of the Vedas. These Sacred Scriptures deal with the more mystical matters, and the nature of Man and Man's Overself.

There are one hundred and eight Upanishads (a hundred and eight is a Sacred Number in Tibet). The chief ones are :

- |             |                    |
|-------------|--------------------|
| 1. Isha.    | 6. Mandukya.       |
| 2. Kena.    | 7. Chandogya.      |
| 3. Katha.   | 8. Brihadaranyaka. |
| 4. Prasna.  | 9. Aitareya.       |
| 5. Mundaka. | 10. Taittiriya.    |

The Upanishads brought to a close each of the four Vedas, and so they had at the end of Vedas the word 'anta' meaning end, thus becoming 'Vedanta' which means 'the end of the Vedas.'

UPARATI : This is for which we must all strive; the end of all personal desires.

## V

**VAIDHI BHAKTI** : Devotion to one's God, particularly when there is observance of much ritual and ceremony, is known as 'Vaidhi Bhakti.' It frequently leads to an almost hypnotic state of devotion to one's God.

**VAMACHARA** : In days of long ago the priests used 'Wine, Women, and Song' in their rituals. Sometimes in Western religions, particularly in Greece and Rome, such undoubted attractions were used to lure male worshippers to the temples where they would pay greatly for spiritual and other comforts.

In the East the use of 'Wine, Women, and Song' was for the purpose of teaching the religious follower to obtain freedom from passions. It was intended that he should see the influence of the Holy Mother in all objects and all actions; it was intended that he should see in all women, not merely an object of sexual attraction, but the symbolical representation of the Consort of God—the Holy Mother which is common to all the great religions of the world.

In the East when it was found that such demonstrations aroused the wrong passions, the whole thing was outlawed, possibly to the great regret of certain of the adherents!

**VASANAS** : These are habits, or tendencies. In quite common language, a man smokes a cigarette; the more he smokes a cigarette, the more he wants to smoke other cigarettes, so that in the end he becomes a chain smoker. Just as cigarette smoking should be overcome, so should other undesirable habits or traits which keep one Earthbound, Earthbound while in the flesh, and Earthbound while in the astral.

Vasanas are often regarded as desires, but that is an incorrect translation. They are habits which lead one to suppose that one has certain desires, whereas they are merely habits, and can be overcome.

**VEDANTA** : As we discussed under 'Upanishads,' Vedanta is merely the end of the Vedas. Upanishads ended each of the four Vedas, thus becoming termed 'the Vedanta.'

Vedanta is now loosely termed a philosophy based upon the Yoga of Knowledge of the Vedas.

**VEDAS** : This is the origin of Indian religions. Special books dealing with high mystical functions of the human body and

the human Overself. The Vedas are a source of inspiration which was in existence centuries and centuries before the Bible and before the Alkoran.

VICHARA: Various Vedanta schools order that their adherents shall engage in very serious thinking. It is necessary for a person to be able to think of, about, over, and around a subject.

It is also taught that thinking is not knowledge. Thinking is one of the drawbacks of the human body, for when knowledge IS thought is NOT.

VIDEHA: During life upon Earth, and during life on the astral world, we are normally in a state of growth, we are learning all the time. But we can also withdraw from continual learning so that we can 'ruminate' on the knowledge which we have so far gained. We can stop by the wayside and have a rest from the hardships and difficulties of learning. We can turn over our memories like turning over old things in an attic to see what needs to be kept and what needs to be thrown away.

People who are becoming aged often have what is termed 'a second childhood.' They live over past memories, they live in the past more than the present, they can turn back the clock of memory to see again all the incidents of their long life.

Videha is sometimes used to indicate Devas, who, of course, are humans who have secured liberation from reincarnation.

VIDEHAMUKTI : This refers to the state during which one is able to secure liberation while out of the body. While out of the body one can move wherever one will at the speed of thought, but it must always be remembered that when one is in the body one is able to attain to experiences which cannot be realized when out of the body. We come to the Earth, and to other planets, and incarnate, that is, we come to a flesh body to learn lessons which cannot be learned while in the spirit.

VIDYA: This merely means 'knowledge.' There is nothing occult, nothing strange about it. It is just another word in another language for our good old 'common or garden' term, 'knowledge.'

VIJNANA : This is what one gets after years and years of study, which is a very high realization and spiritual appreciation of the God of all, the God who is above the Overself, the God who really is.

VIKALPA : This is one of the five kinds of ideas which exist in the lower mind. It is a form of imagination. We can have a

thing existing 'in the mind,' and 'in the mind' it can appear to be very real to us. That is Vikalpa.

VIPARYAYAS: These are thoughts which come to one and which one immediately recognizes as false information supplied by the sub-conscious. As an illustration, let us say that if one were to say that the streets of London were paved with gold it would immediately be recognized as false information.

VIRAT: This is the Manu who is responsible for this whole Universe. While on Earth one might say 'God,' but it is not God, God is a different Being altogether. Virat is the Spirit of the Universe.

VISHUDDHA: This is the fifth of the seven commonly recognized Yogic centers of the body. It is the 'Lotus' at the level of the throat. It has sixteen rays with a lilac colour edged with red.

This particular Chakra is connected with the will-power of the human being.

VRITTI : This is a thought-wave in the mind which swirls and swirls around something like a whirlpool, and leaves one in rather a state of turmoil until one does something about it. It is not a direct thought which comes, and is gone, but it is instead a thought which persists until some definite action be taken.

VYANA: This is a special source which supplies energy to the whole body. It is connected particularly in the male with the prostate center and excessive sexual activity depletes the Vyana. It is because of this that so many 'Masters,' who really are not at all, say that no one should have any sexual interests whatever. That, of course, is completely absurd. They might as well say that there is only black and there is only white, and there is no other colour whatever.

Sex, properly channeled and of a pure type, can send great power for good through the spinal channel, and can energize the highest centres connected with the spirit.

Depending upon the development of the person, the colour of the Vyana, which appears at around the prostate area, is from a dull brownish-red to a very pale rose.

## W

WALL-GAZE: Buddhist monks, when they are meditating, try to sit looking quite blank, they try to have no expression, they try to be completely immobile, and so it is often stated that a monk has a gaze as blank as a wall!

WU HSING : This is a Chinese term for what they termed the 'Five Elements.' They are:

1. Earth.
2. Fire.
3. Metal.
4. Water.

WU LUN: The Chinese sages believed that there could be

five basic relationships, and that all other relationships sprang, or were derived from, the five main branches. The relationships were :

1. Between the King and his subjects.
2. Between father and son.
3. Between the husband and the wife.
4. Between brothers.
5. Between friends.

## X

X as a letter is not prolific in the world of metaphysical terms, and it is mentioned here merely for the sake of the completeness of our Dictionary.

The X, however, has great significance in the occult world. It is used in the form of a cross to denote suffering, as we shall see later. It is also used to denote that which is radiating in all directions at once as opposed to a point, or dot, which is self-contained and is 'indrawn.'

The X relates upon the terrestrial plane to all points of the compass, North, East, South, and West, but when used in the esoteric sense it indicates that we have to give 'in all directions' to those who are worthy of our gifts. We must show others that which they desire to be shown, and that which they are

ready to learn. We must help them and guide them, but only when it is clear that they are ready for such help and guidance.

A decorative and esoteric form of 'X' was known as the Swastika, and this must not be confused with the crooked cross of Nazi Germany which relates to treachery, warfare, and all that which is indecent and impure. The true form of Swastika—merely an alteration to the letter 'X'—has its projecting portions going the opposite way to that of the crooked swastika, which is as it should be because the crooked swastika is evil and the true Swastika is pure and beneficent.

The letter X is often used to 'mark the spot,' and as a form of signing by those who are unable to write. The X is also used in a different form, or different stylization of form, to denote suffering in Christianity as previously stated. In addition, you will no doubt be aware, the X is used as an honorific abbreviation for the word 'Savior,' and then it becomes 'Xavier,' or derivations from that. The honorific form is used because the parents of many people who are christened 'Xavier' feel that it would not be complimentary to use 'Savior.' Thus the 'X' is regarded as a satisfactory and acceptable substitute.

There are two symbols which may be of interest. One is the point of light blazing like a star, which can indicate the One Within. The other is the symbol which is an X with small projections at the extensions of the arms which are shown rapidly rotating, and indicates the progress which has to be made.

## Y

YAMA : Yama is self-control. It indicates that one has abstention from telling lies, abstention from stealing, abstention from greed, and abstention from lustfulness.

It is also termed one of the Eight Limbs of Raja Yoga. It is, in fact, the first of the Eight Limbs.

YI : The actual meaning of this Chinese word is righteousness. We would all, no doubt, prefer to do many things if there was some profit attached to it, but Yi is that which we should do without thought of profit.

YIN YANG : This is the whole force of the Universe. The Yin, which is passive and female and negative, and the male (the Yang) which is positive and continually assertive.

IT is ridiculous to say which is the most important, the male

or the female, they complement each other, they contrast with each other, they are absolutely dependent upon each other.

We cannot have a battery unless one end is negative and the other end is positive; we cannot use a battery which has a positive terminal only, it is an absolute impossibility. Thus, a woman is quite as important as a man, and a man is quite as important as a woman. The 'battle of the sexes' is a ridiculous thing which should be ended by an explanation of the dependence of each upon the other.

YOGA : The actual meaning of this word is union, or joining, or yoking together. It is the union, or linking, or joining of an individual soul with the Source of all Goodness.

It is also used (Yoga) to indicate various methods by which it is claimed such unions may be effected.

It must be made very clear that one can attain to such a state of union without knowing how; those who pry, and probe and fidget about, trying to obtain 'proof' of that which cannot be proven are merely delaying their own path, and until they can get a little bit of sense, or a little bit of enlightenment, they will not make much progress.

YOGI : A person who practices Yoga is usually known as a Yogi or Yogin, but if it is a female, then the female version of Yogin is Yogini.

YU WU : A state of 'being' and 'non-being.' The state of being in the world, of the world, out of the world, and not of the world.

## Z

ZEN : This is a particular form of 'mental stillness.' It is not a religion, but a system of living. It is a method of attaining complete release from anything in this, the material world.

Zen depends chiefly on stopping the flow of 'mentality' by blankness of expression, blankness of desires, and blankness of thoughts, so that one is then able to experience and develop intuition.

Students of Zen meditate a lot, and success is achieved when *reasoning* is stopped.

In connection with this, it is worth mentioning that one of the biggest drawbacks to the human entity is reason. Reason, and particularly faulty reason, prevents one from perceiving the True Reality.

Humans often scoff at the intellect of animals, claiming that animals do not have reason, and that is correct. Animals have intuition, they have the ability to perceive a thing is so when not even the greatest reason-workers of humanity can get the same results.

The whole object of certain forms of Eastern study is to suppress, or destroy, or control 'reason' to let the true nature of the Overself show through and profit. But that cannot be done while Man is striving and scrabbling in the dirt for a few bits of grubby paper called 'money' which are of use merely upon the Earth. Again—Man has never yet, and never will succeed in taking even a single penny or a single farthing into the realms of Spirit.

## SUPPLEMENT A

### BREATHING

BREATHING is the most essential of our functions. Without breath we cannot exist, because it takes breath—containing oxygen and other gases—to activate the brain and keep it working. But our manner of breathing is the coarsest way we can possibly use ‘air.’

We have to know something about breath control before we can go to deal with any form of exercise.

Have you heard two people whispering, and you feared that they were whispering about you? What did you do—how did you listen harder? Now think of this carefully—YOU HELD YOUR BREATH, because instinctively, or through experience, you knew that in holding your breath you would somehow be able to hear better. That is so, is it not?

Again, suppose you cut yourself, or, if you prefer, imagine you have sustained one of those painful grazes which one can obtain from a fall on rough concrete. What do you do? Think of this carefully—YOU HOLD YOUR BREATH! You find, by instinct, that if you hold your breath there is less shock, there is less pain, but as you cannot go on holding your breath indefinitely you feel pain when you breathe normally.

Have you ever watched strong furniture removal men when they are confronted with a heavy object which has to be taken away? What do they do? They first look very glumly at the object to be lifted, then they dolefully rub their hands together while they take a deep breath—and THEY HOLD THEIR BREATH while they are actually lifting the heavy article off the ground. Instinct, or experience, or whatever you like to call it, has taught these furniture removal men, and in fact anyone who has to lift weights, that if they take a deep breath and hold it, lifting becomes much easier.

Does your work necessitate deep thinking? Do you have to ponder upon a matter—work out some form of solution? You DO? Then no doubt you will have noticed that as you think more and more deeply your breath becomes slower and slower.

An Adept who is deeply meditating breathes so slowly, so shallowly, that one has difficulty in knowing if he is breathing

at all, and those people who are buried in the earth can suspend their breathing so that one breath might last for several hours!

Breath—air—is essential to us. Air contains prana, but prana is not a matter which the student of chemistry can shove into a test tube, or heat in a retort, or look at through a microscope. Prana is a different thing altogether. One might say that it exists in a different dimension, but it is absolutely essential for the maintenance of life because it is the universal energy of EVERYTHING. It is manifest in everything that we can think of, and yet humans use prana in the coarsest possible way when it is breathed carelessly, clumsily.

Prana stimulates our thoughts. Without adequate prana there can be no thought; without adequate prana there can be no healing, because for the latter prana is quite essential. A ‘healer’ is a person who can transfer his or her own excess prana to a sufferer. The area of its storage is in the solar plexus. The more prana we have succeeded in storing the more dynamic we are, the more vibrant with life force, the more we make an impact upon others.

There is no point in going into details about the ten Nadis, and how prana moves through them. We have dealt with such things and about Ida, Pingala, and Sushumna in the preceding portion of this book. Instead, we want to have some elementary exercises which cannot hurt us, but which can do us a tremendous amount of good.

First of all—how do you breathe? There is more than one system, you know. As an illustration, sit comfortably, preferably on a hard-backed chair, keep your spine erect and your head facing forward. Relax as much as you can while maintaining that erect posture. Now take a deep breath, a long breath; allowing your lower abdomen to swell out, but without inflating your chest or raising your shoulders. You have to keep your chest as it was and your shoulders as they were, the deep breath is taken by letting your diaphragm sag downwards, so that only the lower abdomen swells out. This is ‘lower breathing,’ and if you do it properly you will find that your ribs and inter-coastal muscles do not move. Remember that, will you? This ‘lower breathing’ is the first of our exercises, so let us call it System Number One.

When you have done that, try another method. Take a deep breath while preventing your diaphragm muscle from moving. This time, breathe with the aid of your ribs and your inter-

costal muscles. Take a really big breath; you will find that now your chest is expanding, but your abdomen remains quite normal—unexpanded.

In this exercise you will observe that you have chest expansion instead of abdomen expansion. This method is termed 'middle breathing.' We called the other system—System Number One; so this time we will term it System Number Two.

There is yet another system and we will deal with it now. You are still sitting erect, still with your head facing forward. Draw in your abdomen slightly, as if you are trying to 'suck' it up towards the chest. Now, with your abdomen contracted take a deep breath while raising your shoulders and keeping your ribs and intercostal muscles as still as possible. This is a completely different type of breathing, one in which the upper portions of the lungs become well ventilated. We will call this system, System Number Three.

System Number One enables you to take in far more air than the other systems. System Number Three proves to be the least efficient of the lot, with Number Two coming in between.

The best way to breathe is that using all three types. You start by slowly taking in air by swelling out the lower abdomen, and keeping your shoulders still and your ribs rigid. Next you swell out the chest using the ribs and the intercostal muscles, and at the same time you raise your shoulders and force them back. This fills the whole lung area and prevents pockets of stale air which lead to asthma, voice complaints, and often to lung congestion. It is an easy matter to practice this type of complete breathing, but you must remember that breathing in is only half the battle. When you breathe out—exhale—your shoulders should sag, your ribs should close in, and your abdomen should push up to squeeze as much stale air as possible from your lungs. Until we have this clear—until you can get rid of stale air and take in fresh—it is not possible to go farther in obtaining the optimum amount of prana. Presumably you have practiced by now so—let us go a little farther.

We have to remember that breathing consists of three steps:

1. Breathing in.
2. Retaining the breath.
3. Exhaling all the breath.

There are various 'ratios' which enable us to achieve certain objectives. That is, we should breathe in for a certain period of

time, then we should retain that breath for a certain period of time before exhaling over a certain period of time.

Let us look, then, at 'ratios.'

RATIOS : As probably everyone knows by now, the lungs are like sponges inside a sponge bag. If you fill the lungs with air the oxygen is taken into the blood, and waste gases from the blood pass back into the lungs and become lodged in some of the deeper sacs of our 'sponges.'

We need to exhale for twice as long as we inhale because it may be taken that it needs twice the time to get the impure air out of the lungs. At the same time we should squeeze out as much air as we can.

If we do not completely exhale, then we cannot get full lungs of air on the next inhalation, and the incoming air will be contaminated by the stale air (like stagnant water in a pond) in the deeper sacs.

Stale air lets bacilli remain undisturbed, and so the lungs can be affected by TB, which is not so easily the case if one breathes deeply and exhales completely.

The ratio of one unit in and two units out should be adhered to. As an example, breathe in for four seconds and breathe out for eight seconds. With practice you can breathe in over a much higher time and breathe out over twice that time.

We have seen that the average input ratio is one to two. Now let us look at the next step.

How long should we retain our breath? An average time is four times the amount of seconds it took you to inhale, or twice as long as it takes you to exhale. So on our former illustration you should breathe in for four seconds, retain the breath for four times four seconds, that is, sixteen seconds, and breathe out over twice four seconds, that is, eight seconds. So we have—breathe in for four seconds, hold your breath for sixteen seconds, and breathe out for eight seconds.

Naturally, this is just an illustration, just an example, for soon you will want to hold your breath for longer and have some different ratios, but we will deal with that all in its turn. You should keep before you, though, this thought; if you breathe irregularly, you are irregular in the mind. When your breath is steady so is your mind. As you breathe, so are you.

Now we will have some exercises which it is KNOWN will be of great help to you if you will carry them out conscientiously. To save time and paper, and all that, let it now be stated that

for all these exercises you should be sitting comfortably. If you are young, and have some practice in such things, you may like to sit in the Lotus Position, or sit with your legs crossed, but all that matters really is that you sit so that you are comfortable, never mind about the exotic things, just sit comfortably; keep your spine erect, and your head (unless specifically told otherwise) facing forward.

We shall have to have some period of time—some unit—and just as in the old days of photography people used to count off seconds. ‘Kodak One, Kodak Two, Kodak Three, etc.’ (free advertisement for Kodak!). We can use ‘OM One, OM Two, OM Three,’ and so on.

Here is the first exercise. Remember, you are sitting on a hard chair with your spine erect and your head facing forward. Take two or three deep breaths—just take in the breath, hold it for about a second, and let it out. Do that two or three times.

Now—put a finger against your right nostril so that you cannot breathe through that nostril. It does not matter which finger you use, or even if you use your thumb, the whole purpose is to close the nostril so that it cannot be used.

Inhale through the left nostril to the mental count of ‘OM One, OM Two, OM Three, OM Four, OM Five.’ Then exhale through the left nostril (be sure that you keep the right one tightly closed) while doing the ‘OM’ count ten times. In every case such as this the breathing out time is twice that of the breathing in time, that is a fixed rule.

Repeat this twenty times, that is, breathe in through the left nostril, and exhale through the left nostril twenty times, breathing in over a period of five ‘OM's’ and breathing out over a period of ten ‘OM's.’

After that just sit still for a few moments, and see if you do not already feel quite a lot better, and remember, you are just starting! The second stage comes next.

You have just had your right nostril closed, so now you do the same thing but keep your left nostril closed. Again, it does not matter which finger you use, or even which hand you use. Proceed exactly as you did when breathing through the left nostril, take exactly the same amount of time, and do this breathing through the right nostril for twenty times as you did for the left.

You must breathe as silently as you can, and you must take what we term the complete breath, that is, using your abdomen,

using your chest muscles, and raising and throwing back your shoulders. You have to get in as much air as you can, and you have to get out as much air as you can. After these exercises you will have no foul or stale air left in your lungs!

This first exercise should be carried out for two weeks. You can slowly—very slowly—increase the time of inhalation and exhalation, but do not do anything which strains you or tires you. You must ‘make haste slowly.’ If you find five seconds in and ten seconds out is too much, then make it four, or even three, seconds in, and eight or six seconds out. These particular figures are given merely as a guide, you have to use common-sense, and you have to suit yourself. If you start with a smaller time, then you will make progress but you will take rather a longer period over it, while being much, much safer.

Observe particularly that in the above exercise you do not retain the breath; that is done for a special reason, because this exercise is designed to make the nostrils accustomed to breathing properly. So many people breathe through the mouth, or through one nostril, and the exercise given above is a form of training process first.

We suggested that you should do this exercise for two weeks or so. If you take two weeks, three weeks, or four weeks it does not matter, there is no hurry, you have plenty of time, and it is better to do a thing slowly and properly because rushing through does no good. So now, after two, or three, or four weeks, whatever you like, let us get on to what is known as the alternate nostril breathing.

Remember how you have to sit? Well, it should be second nature by now! You are sitting, then, on a hard chair with your feet together, your spine erect, your head level, and your gaze straight forward. So you start now by closing the right nostril while you breathe through the left. Hold the breath a moment while you close the left nostril and exhale through the right nostril, that is, in this case, you are breathing in through one nostril and out through the other.

Next time inhale through the right nostril, and when you have a big lungful of air close the right nostril with a finger or thumb, and exhale through the left. Again, you have to breathe in for five or six seconds, and breathe out for ten or twelve seconds.

Have you got that right? First you close your right nostril with a finger and inhale through the left nostril. Then you close

the left nostril and exhale with the right. After that you change things around, you inhale through the right nostril (with the left closed), and then you close the right and exhale through the left. Do that for about twenty times.

After a month you should be able to increase the time so that you are doing eight and sixteen seconds, and when you have been doing it a month, or two months, you will find that you are very, very much better in health. Your sight will improve, and you will become lighter on your feet. It is suggested that this second exercise be practiced for three months because it is still a 'probationary' period, or a period in which your breathing mechanism is becoming trained.

Exercise Number Three: This is similar to the Number Two, but we have here retention of breath as well. It should be stated now that although one should retain the breath for four times as long as one took to breathe in, until you are well used to this system it is much more comfortable to retain your breath for only twice as long as it took to breathe it in and then after a few months you can work up to the one to four ratio.

In this third exercise one has to inhale the air through the left nostril while doing our 'OM' count four times. Then one retains the air during an 'OM' count of eight times. After that, exhale through the right nostril (we breathed in through the left, remember) eight times. When we have breathed out, and without stopping, inhale through the right nostril (and with the left closed), retain the breath for the eight 'OM's, and then breathe out through the opposite nostril. You would be well advised to practice this twenty times a day.

It really does not matter what finger or thumb you use to close off the unwanted nostril. So many people say you must not use this finger or you must use that finger, just to try to make things look mysterious. In my case I have been doing it for more years than you would believe, and I can tell you from personal experience, as well as from the observed experience of others, **IT DOES NOT MATTER WHICH FINGER OR THUMB YOU USE!**

You will, of course, be practicing and getting bigger and bigger breaths, and longer and longer retentions, and slower and slower exhalations. You will be able to do, to start, four seconds in, hold it eight seconds, and breathe out for eight seconds. But after two months or so you will be able to breathe in for eight seconds, hold it for sixteen seconds, and exhale for sixteen seconds, and to really give you something to work for,

when you have been doing it for a year you should be able to breathe in for eight seconds, hold it for about half a minute, and then breathe out over some sixteen seconds. But you should not try that until you have been practicing for some twelve months.

This really is a very good system of breathing, and one which should be practiced every day for 'twenty rounds.'

Here is an exercise which enables one to keep warm in cold weather. It is something much practiced in Tibet where a lama can sit unclothed on ice, and even melt ice around him and dry off wet blankets draped around his shoulders.

Here's how you do it. Sit comfortably again, and make sure that you really ARE sitting with your spine upright. You must have no tensions or pressing worries for the moment. Close your eyes, and think of yourself saying, 'OM, OM, OM,' telepathically.

Close your left nostril, and take in as much air as you can through the right nostril. Then close the right nostril (your thumb is the best for this because it is most convenient), and retain the breath by pressing your chin hard against your chest, bring your chin up close to your neck.

Hold the breath for a time and then gradually exhale through the left nostril by closing the right nostril (again the thumb is easiest here).

Careful note—in this particular exercise one always breathes in through the right nostril, and always breathes out through the left nostril.

You should do this from a start of ten breathings, during which you gradually increase the time of breath retention, up to some fifty times, but you must increase your breath retention very gradually, there is no need to rush, and while on the subject here is a little note which may free you from worry; when you have been doing it for some time, and you are doing it with deep breath retention, you may find that you perspire from the roots of the hair. That is perfectly safe, perfectly normal, and really does increase the health and cleanliness of the body.

Here is another system of breathing which is very good to improve the state of the blood, and keep one cool.

Have you ever seen how a dog or a cat folds the tongue so that it becomes a vee shape? Well, in this case we are going to be like the cat! Sit as before, that is, comfortably on a hard seat with the spine erect. Protrude your tongue just a little, and

make it so that it has a vee. Then you draw ALL THROUGH THE MOUTH with an indrawn ‘Ssss.’ Hold your breath as long as possible, and then exhale through the nostrils. You need to do this for twenty times a day.

It is important that you should be absolutely regular in these exercises. Do not miss one day and do twice as long the next day, that is just a waste of time. If you are not going to do the exercises regularly, then it is far better not to start. So—be regular, be punctual, try to do your exercises at the same time every day, and when doing them do not screw up your face, do not indulge in any contortions of any kind. If you find that you get any pain, stop immediately until the pain is gone. Further, you cannot do these exercises if you have just over-stuffed yourself with food. Most people eat too much for too long to too little purpose, and so a moderate diet is to be preferred.

As a final warning, do not do these exercises if you have heart disease or T.B. Do not try to hold your breath longer than is comfortable. After all, there will be other lives, what you do not learn in this life you can always ‘drop in’ again, and take up where you left off! And it should be stated, too, that unless you are very young, very supple, and very well insured, you should not do any of the exercises which require you to balance on one thumb or sit with your feet resting on the top of your head or something. Unless you were born an Easterner, or unless your parents were acrobats at the local circus, you will be well advised to leave these things alone.

## SUPPLEMENT B

### STONES

This is a supplement about various kinds of stones, because they have great influence on the life of each of us. Stones are the oldest solid things on this Earth; they were in existence before humans were ever dreamed of—or nightmared of!—and will be in existence long after we have gone.

Depending on your point of view, you may think of stones as a collection of chemicals, or as a lot of molecules which wobble around according to the number of them crammed into one space. Stones, though, have very strong vibrations. In

effect they are like radio transmitters, transmitting their messages for good or for bad all the time.

Let us look at stones, starting with :

AGATE: Many people regard agates as a red stone, but actually there are red, green, brown, and a sort of ginger colour. In the Far East the red, or blood agate, as it is often called, is truly a protection against poisonous insects such as spiders. This is not fiction. Agates give off a radiation which disheartens spiders and scorpions and makes them 'seek pastures new.'

There is a form of brown agate which radiates a vibration which gives a man self-confidence, and thus by giving him a form of 'Dutch courage' gives him victory over his enemies or success with his lady friends.

In the medical field it has been proved that if a person wears a brown agate next to his skin, preferably over his sternum, that is, hanging around his neck over his breast-bone, it increases his intelligence and helps to allay fevers and madness. From the latter you will readily observe that not many brown agates are so worn.

In the Middle East some people wear a shaped agate which is alleged to keep away intestinal infections which are normally quite prevalent in the Middle East.

There are black agates, green agates, and grey, but in China there is a very, very remarkable agate which has certain fossilised remains in it, and if you take one of these stones which have been highly polished you will see the patterns of small plant-life forms such as ferns. This is used by farmers as a decoration in the hope that they will have a very profitable agricultural year.

AMBER : If you have trouble with your kidneys or your liver, or if you are troubled with that civilized complaint from which our pharmaceutical houses reap a large fortune (constipation) take some powdered amber, grind it so it is like flour, then mix it with honey and a little water. Then swallow the muck, but only if you are within reach of the appropriate convenience of civilization, because this is a remedy which really does work, as you would find out. The only difficulty is—amber is rather expensive.

Ladies who desire a husband and have not much luck in attracting them should have a piece of amber shaped as a

phallic symbol. By wearing such a symbol it would attract a man who had the right desires for her. Thus she would get the husband for which she had such a desire.

Amber is a stone, but it is not very much used in the West because, unless skillfully polished, it is rather dull.

AMETHYST: Many bishops wear an amethyst in the ring which the devout kiss on the bishop's finger. An amethyst, which is of violet or wine colour, makes one tranquil. In other words, the molecular vibration of the material which we call the amethyst oscillates at such a period of frequency that it heterodynes with belligerent vibrations of a human and causes those vibrations to slow down and become tranquil!

The amethyst was used as a tranquilizer in the Far East long before aspirin took over that field.

ANTIPATHES : This is a stone which is quite black. It looks something like a highly polished piece of coal of the anthracite variety. It is little used now in the West because of its complete blackness. It has been used, however, as the background to a super-imposed cameo of ivory.

BERYL: St. Thomas is the patron saint of the beryl. It is stated that he used the yellow beryl for curing diseases of the liver. The beryl normally is of a green coloration. It is a stone which helps in the matter of digestion.

CARNELIAN: Some people call the carnelian a blood stone. It has a vibration which damps down the pulses of the blood, and it is truly a fact that if a person has congestion of blood in the head, the congestion is relieved very greatly if the frontal lobes and the site of the atlas be stroked with a smooth carnelian.

Carnelians are sometimes opaque, but the best ones are translucent.

CATOCHITIS: This is really a remarkable stone found in some of the Mediterranean islands, particularly Corsica. It is a stone which is magnetic to human skin so that if you rub your hands together and then touch the catochitis that stone will stick to the hand, provided, of course, that it be not too heavy.

The Corsicans use such a stone to protect them from being hypnotized.

CHALCEDONY : In certain backward countries (or are they really advanced?) chalcedony are used powdered. It helps to pass gall-stones. The chalcedony powder caused dilation of the gall-bladder and all passages connected thereto. Thus gall-stones

which had been impacted into the wall of the gall-bladder would be passed out without an operation.

**CRYSTAL:** Crystal is a very peculiar form of rock. It is clearer than glass, and has extremely great powers in the field of 'crystal gazing.' Those who are in any way gifted with the ability of clairvoyance will find that this increases with the use of a piece of flawless crystal.

The crystal has a vibration which is compatible with that of the third eye, it strengthens the third eye, strengthens one's 'seership.'

In various parts of Ireland little crystal balls are set in silver rings, and it is believed that these are able to attract favourable responses from the Irish leprachauns!

Priests in bygone ages in the Far East would go out in their search-parties and find a lump of crystal in the Andes or in the Himalayas. They would carefully chip off rough edges, and through years and years would carve the piece of rock into spherical shape. Then generation after generation of priests would polish the crystal by using finer and finer sand and water, the sand being embedded in soft leather. At last the crystal would be ready for religious use—seeing the future, seeing the will of the Gods!

**DIAMOND :** The diamond is a close cousin to a lump of coal. It is merely a piece of carbon which has been given a higher education, in other words, it vibrates at a higher frequency.

It is often believed that a diamond renders one immune from poisons and madness. In the health line a diamond was believed to cure most illnesses. At one time in India the Koh-I-Noor Diamond was dipped in water and swished around with the intention of imparting some of its qualities to the water. As the person who held the diamond did not necessarily wash his hands before, then no doubt some 'qualities' WERE so imparted! The resulting dirty water was given to the patient to drink, and such was the faith in India in those days that often a cure was effected.

It is also understood that diamonds are very effective in obtaining the favors of the lady of one's desire, particularly if the diamond is wrapped up in a mink coat. But this, of course, is merely hearsay.

**EMERALD :** The green emerald has a reputation of being able to cure eye afflictions, and throughout the course of time people came to believe absolutely in the power of the emerald to over-

come illnesses of the eye. It occurred to some warlock, or witch, or priest (they are all much the same) that if the emerald could cure eye illnesses, then it could also ward off the evil eye. And so it came to pass that emeralds were worn around the neck with the idea that if a person possessed of the evil eye looked at such a wearer all evil influences would be warded off and reflected back to the evil eye with singularly disastrous results to the latter.

There is much evidence in the East that emeralds actually did help in the alleviation of eye complaints.

GARNET: This is a stone which apparently now is not very popular, but at one time it was worn with the hope of protecting the wearer from skin diseases and danger. It had to be worn actually in contact with the body, and instead of being used in rings as at present, it was put in a little mounting and worn around the neck, usually arranged so that it was right over the heart.

When danger of ill health was present, a stone acclimatized to its wearer would become dull and lusterless. As the danger or illness abated the stone would return to its original brilliance.

At present in Europe people wear garnets in the belief that it gives them constancy in love.

JADE : Many people think of jade as a green stone, but one can have jade of quite a number of different shades. It can be blue, or even black. Jade is a stone which can be carved and worked by those who have such skill. The Chinese, before Communism, worked jade into very beautiful ornaments and statues.

The Chinese businessman of pre-Communist days used to have his hands inside his sleeves. If you remember, they had very large sleeves, and often an astute businessman would keep his hands inside his sleeves and would clasp a talisman made of jade. He would ask the jade to guide him in a profitable business deal.

In the medical sense it is stated that a green jade could, by its particular vibration, cure dropsy and similar afflictions relating to the urinary system.

JET : Jet is a black stone. Its correct name is jaggitis. It is a stone which was of particular importance in the time of the Druids in the British Isles. A jet knife was used for the druidic sacrifices at Stonehenge.

In Ireland even at the present time, particularly on the West coast where the wild Atlantic beats against the great rocks, the Irish fisherman's wife will burn a small piece of jet stone while praying for his safe return from the perils of the turbulent sea.

Before the days of dentists people used powdered jet put around an aching tooth. Probably the sharpness of the powder gave them something else to think about, but apparently it worked in curing toothache. It also cured headache and stomach ache.

**LAPIS LAZULI** : This is a stone of particular history in Egypt and in India. Many plaques were inscribed on lapis lazuli cylinders, giving high esoteric knowledge. Lapis lazuli was known as one of the sacred stones, one of the stones used in the performance of the Higher Mysteries. It was sacred because of its beauty, but in the medical sense it was stated to avert miscarriage and abortions.

**ONYX** : In the East this is regarded as a stone of misfortune. It is an invitation to those possessed of the evil eye, and apparently it used to be quite good practice to disguise a stone of this type and make it resemble something else, or embed it in something else, and then give it to one's enemy with the conviction that the poor wretch would get more than he expected.

**OPAL** : This is another stone which is very unfortunate. The smoky stone mined largely in Australia often had bad influences and the occultist could detect malignant radiations.

Some people claim that opals are extremely good for those suffering from eye diseases, but if one is fortunate enough to obtain a black opal which still is light enough so that one may see the ruby 'flares' in it, then that may be considered to be a bringer of good fortune, and to give one remarkably keen sight.

**RUBY** : This stone is stated to protect one from all manner of infectious diseases. It is stated that rubies prevent one from having typhoid, bubonic, and other plagues.

As in the case of diamonds, the better type of ruby was often swished around in water, or even left in water for a time, and then the patient was given the water to drink when suffering from intestinal pains.

It has been known also for a person suffering from cancer of the intestines to swallow a ruby which was, 'in the course of nature,' recovered, cleaned, and swallowed again, and it is

stated quite definitely that a case is known where cancer was arrested by this means.

**SAPPHIRE:** Many people confuse sapphires, the turquoise, and lapis lazuli, but whichever name you give it, the remarks referred to under lapis lazuli will apply in the case of the sapphire and the turquoise.

**TOUCH STONES :** Stones, as we have seen, are, like all other substances, merely a mass of molecules in motion. The sensation which can be imparted to a person may be for good or for evil. There are stones which radiate misfortune and cause grave disharmony within the body. But there are also stones which make one become tranquil, and these are called Tranquilizer Touch Stones.

Centuries and centuries ago, long before the age of aspirins, the Ancients, the Adepts, and the Magic Makers of old could cure humanity of their various nervous and mental ills. They could bring tranquillity into the homes of people.

In far off China, in Tibet, in the holy temples of India, and in the great temples of the Incas, the Aztecs, and the Mayas, priests laboriously shaped stones by hand, stones whose cunningly contrived contours comforted the human brain, and by flooding that organ with comfort and pleasant tactile sensations calmed the whole of the human mechanism. Unfortunately, the art of making such contoured-stones became almost extinct throughout the ages. People stuffed themselves with drugs to depress sensation, because we are in a negative cycle of evolution, and drugs make one 'negative.'

Tranquilizer Touch Stones are available once again; I have made such stones, and I have copyrighted the design because only one particular configuration offers the maximum comfort.

A Tranquilizer Touch Stone should be held in either the left or the right hand, it does not matter which. The part with my name should be against the palm, and the ideograph should be at the bottom, leaving the carefully dished portion facing upwards so that it comes under the ball of your thumb. Then your thumb should idly follow the contours in that dished portion. You will find that comfort, ease, and freedom from worry will steal upon you, you will find that your problems will dissolve away like morning mist before the rising sun. You will find that you have such peace of mind as you have not had before.

This is not the place to give further details, but you may have

seen my advertisements by now. It will suffice to say that if we use the things of nature as intended, then the things of nature can come to our aid. Stones can help us quite as much as fruits and herbal remedies. It should be stated that only a suitably contoured Touch Stone should be used because the wrong sort can cause irritation instead of tranquillity. So—you have been warned!

**TURQUOISE** : The turquoise is very common in Tibet, where there is a bridge called 'The Turquoise Bridge.' Prayer Wheels and Charm Boxes in Tibet were usually decorated with small turquoise stones because the turquoise was known as a particularly fortunate stone.

It was mounted in rings, and worn in the hair. The Tibetan woman used to wear a large framework so that her hair could be displayed to the maximum advantage, and often the frame itself would be decorated with turquoise stones.

Turquoise stones are externally good for giving one improved health.

The turquoise is a stone sacred in the Buddhist belief.

## SUPPLEMENT C

### THE STUFF WE EAT!

As anyone who has lived on this Earth for even a little while will have discovered, we have to eat in order to live, but we should not live merely in order to eat. The human body can be likened to a factory; materials are taken in and 'worked' and changed in various ways. In our human factory materials are taken in so that the body may maintain itself, repair tissue which has been damaged or aged, and to drive the muscles which move one about. There also must be enough materials left over so that the body can grow mentally and physically.

Humans need four basic types of material in order that tissue may grow or be repaired, and in order that bones may grow or re-unite after fracture. Here alphabetically are the four things quite essential to human life:

1. Carbohydrates.
2. Hydrocarbons.
3. Minerals.
4. Protein.

Before Man became civilized—or considered himself civilized—all mankind was vegetarian, but in those days the appendix, that now troublesome or atrophied organ, had a very useful part in the life of the human body, and as the appendix is just an atrophied stump, then Man should not be entirely vegetarian. To be a vegetarian and to be in any way the equivalent of a balanced eater means that one must be eating all the time, because one has to take in vast bulk of a purely vegetarian diet.

Mankind became acclimatized to meat, and found that by eating reasonable amounts of meat one could manage with less fruit and vegetables, and so there was more time away from eating to devote to other things.

Many people are too ‘bitter.’ That is, their blood, juices, and tissues contain too much acid, and such people crave bitter or sharp things such as lemons, sour apples, and all manner of things which have a sharp, tangy, acid taste. This is unfortunate because such people get too much acid in the blood and that depletes the blood's capacity for taking carbon dioxide and other waste gases which have to be exhaled. It requires an alkaline blood to absorb gases which have to be carried to the lungs and exhaled, thus making room for oxygen to be inhaled.

So—all you who like bitter things, remember that you are upsetting your oxygenation system! In addition, you lay yourself wide open for colds, chest complaints, rheumatism, and nerve upsets.

It is unfortunate that vegetarians often become cranks and faddists; they become extreme! It has already been stated that a vegetarian diet is an ideal diet FOR THOSE WHO LIVE IN IDEAL CONDITIONS. If one is a vegetarian, and living in the ideal conditions which that demands, there is no such complaint as constipation, because the bulk of waste and rough cellulose with its hydrogogic properties lubricates the large intestine, and aids in the expelling of waste products. But again, in order to live as a purely vegetarian person one has to be more or less eating all the time.

Constipation is most frequency caused because the blood extracts too much moisture from the intestines. By the time the waste products have reached the descending colon there is not enough moisture in it to make it pliable (or ‘plastic’) so that it can be expelled. Such waste matter then adheres quite firmly to the hairlike lining of the colon, and muscular con-

tractions called peristalsis causes pain. People would be less costive if they drank more water.

VITAMINS: Vitamins are 'life forces.' They are present in the four essential materials which we mentioned before; vitamins are present in fruit, vegetables, and nuts, and in most of the natural substances which we eat. These 'life essences' are a definite requirement, and if one lacks certain of them one is subject to all manner of unpleasant illnesses. Lack of vitamins, for instance, is the cause of beri-beri, and in Japanese prisoner-of-war camps beri-beri could often be cured when the patient could get hold of a little Maritime, a most valuable product.

In the days of the old sailing-ships, before refrigeration and all that, when the 'wooden walls of England' sailed the seas, without having to wonder about the Russian fishing fleets, sailors often suffered from scurvy. This is a skin disease caused by lack of vitamins, and if scurvy is neglected eventually the sufferer 'fades away,' becomes worse and worse in health, and eventually dies. It starts as a skin disease, and then works its way inwards and affects various organs.

In the days of those sailing-ships English sailors took lime juice aboard because lime juice was rich in vitamins, and this lime juice was issued in much the same way as rum was issued. That lime juice, by the way, is why Americans call English people 'limeys,' because of the lime juice, or lime fruit, consumed aboard British ships.

Unless one has adequate vitamins one is not able to break down or to assimilate the minerals which also are necessary to us. A correct mixture of vitamins and minerals must be maintained, otherwise our various glands, such as endocrines, will not function correctly, then people lack hormones, testrone, they become sterile—impotent. They become irritable and become victims to all manner of obscure complaints. Here are some of the essential vitamins:

VITAMIN 'A' : We depend greatly upon vitamin A, which is a substance soluble in fats and oils. It helps to keep the skin in a suitable pliable and unbroken condition. It helps to prevent infection through abrasions of the skin, and it is a most useful aid in overcoming urinary illnesses. A further advantage is that a sufficient quantity of vitamin A is of great benefit in regulating oxygenation of the brain.

VITAMIN 'B1': Vitamin B1 is not soluble by acids, but is

destroyed completely by an excessively alkaline condition. Thus, unless we maintain our body juices or secretions at the optimum level between excess acidity and excess alkalinity, we are going to destroy many substances before they can help us at all.

Vitamin B1 gives one a good appetite and aids the digestion of that which it has induced us to eat. It helps provide adequate resistance to infection, and is one of the essential materials if we are to have proper growth.

VITAMIN 'B2' : Vitamin B2 is a water-soluble vitamin. It is a substance particularly essential for good vision. If one lacks this vitamin one is always having eyesight trouble, and many such ailments can be overcome by attention to the vitamin content of the body.

This vitamin assists in the smooth functioning of the alimentary canal from start to finish. It provides one with good digestive powers, and enables one to 'eat like a horse!'

If one lacks vitamin B2, the system cannot absorb iron, and further a lack of this vitamin causes severe loss of hair, and so depletes the resources of the body that one suffers from ulcers such as ulcers of the tongue, etc.

VITAMIN 'C': Vitamin C is an unstable substance. It cannot be stored very long in the body. Any imbalance will cause attacks on this vitamin, and cause it to be destroyed before it can be properly utilized. One needs to take this substance every day, and one's diet should be so arranged so that there is an adequate supply.

Vitamin C is beneficial for bone and tooth growth because it makes it possible for the body to absorb calcium, which, as you know, is a requirement for sound quality bones. Without vitamin C the body becomes rickety through lack of calcium. Lack of the vitamin causes respiratory troubles, and may make one prone to T.B.

VITAMIN 'D' : Vitamin D is another of the vitamins which regulates the calcium and phosphorous absorption, and enables phosphorous to become phosphates. So unless we have vitamin D we are not able to make the best use of the minerals which we also must have that our body functions may continue.

Vitamin D is one of the things which the vegetarian usually lacks, because this is NOT found in vegetable or fruits. The faddist vegetarian must get his vitamin D from artificial sources instead of going to natural meat.

Too much vitamin D will give you severe illness such as

acute depression, and diarrhea; you will be unable then to retain food long enough for the villi—the hairlike tubes in the intestines—to absorb the food, so in effect you will suffer from starvation in the midst of plenty.

**VITAMIN ‘E’ :** Vitamin E (we can go through the alphabet with these letters!) is a substance which lodges in the muscles and, unfortunately, rapidly becomes destroyed or excreted. Thus it is that we must have a balanced diet in order to ensure a regular supply of vitamin E. Lack of this produces sterility and miscarriages, and when a child is born it is handicapped from then on.

For those who are interested, celery and germ of wheat are the most suitable sources of Vitamin E.

Now we have dealt with our vitamins perhaps we should give a note about the minerals which are necessary to us.

**MINERALS :** Minerals are quite essential, and the confirmed vegetarian should remember that many minerals are present in meat as well as in fruit and vegetables. Thus, a balanced diet of meat and vegetables and fruit gives a more balanced supply of vitamins and minerals.

In the ideal world people would not eat meat, but we do not live in such idyllic conditions. We have to get up in the morning before we are really ready to eat, then we have to rush through breakfast, rush to catch a bus, at the office we have to work in a cramped and unnatural position. At lunch-time we have to rush out to get some food to keep us going, and at the same time as we are hurrying through our food we are talking to other people. We hasten back to the office, get cramped again, and after that we might do a long journey home too tired, too dispirited, too frustrated, to be in a suitable state to really digest the food which is placed before us. A real vegetarian meal should be a rather leisurely affair lasting most of the day, and it cannot sensibly be accomplished under everyday living conditions. So—for those who are cranky about vegetarianism, they can only be, logical if they go to some far-off isle away from the snares, delusions, and illusions of civilization. If they want to stay here, then they are advised to take the path of sweet reasonableness, and eat enough meat to maintain the essential functions of the body.

Here are the essential minerals arranged alphabetically:

**CALCIUM** : Calcium is quite necessary if one is to have strong bones and sound teeth. Calcium is the foundation of our bones and our teeth. Without calcium one would soon bleed to death even after a slight scratch, because this mineral gives the blood clotting ability.

Calcium aids in the absorption of vitamin D, and these two work together.

**CHLORINE** : Everyone knows that chlorine is a good cleaner. You can buy bottles of the stuff under various trade names and use it for doing your dishes or your washing. In the human body chlorine is necessary, in limited quantities, of course, for the chlorine which we take cleans and disinfects the body cells, purifies the blood, helps in ridding the body of excessive accumulations of unwanted fats, and eliminates various impurities which get in one's joints and make one creak like a rusty hinge when one moves.

Chlorine in controlled amounts is essential, and if one has a balanced diet one finds that there are adequate supplies of chlorine in the everyday meals which we have.

**COPPER** : Copper is necessary, as we wrote before, in order that, together with chlorophyll (the latter coming from all green stuff of course), iron may be broken down to a form that the body can take and use. We shall deal with iron later.

Copper can be classed as one of the 'trace elements' because even a minute amount is enough to act as a catalyst. A catalyst is that which can act on another substance without necessarily becoming changed or destroyed in the process.

Science has not discovered precisely how much copper is necessary, but even a minute trace will be adequate, and the ordinary balanced diet contains the necessary amount.

**IODINE** : Iodine is quite essential for the correct functioning of the body. Everyone knows that seaweed (kelp) is rich in iodine, and another suitable source is sea food.

Some time ago people used to wear locketts containing a dab of iodine, but this was a mere psychological affair because the iodine has to be absorbed, and normal food contains adequate supplies.

Iodine can cure goiter because that complaint is merely a disfunction of the thyroid gland. Iodine corrects a deficiency and helps to regulate that gland. In many places remote from the sea the natives of the place suffer from goiter, but it is rare indeed for a person to have goiter when living by the side of

the sea, because even the rain contains a certain amount of iodine unless one is in a far distant area.

**IRON:** Iron is another mineral. People who think of it as a metal forget that it is still a mineral. Probably everyone knows that we need iron, because without it we are not able to manufacture the red blood corpuscles which enables our blood stream to absorb oxygen. If we lack oxygen our brain becomes dull and eventually dies. So iron is a very, very necessary mineral. We cannot swallow a few nuts and bolts and say that we have had some iron. The iron has to be in a certain form and then it has to be acted upon by chlorophyll and copper in order that it can undergo a chemical change within the body so that the various body cells can absorb it and use it.

It is interesting to note that the ladies require more than their share of iron; the ladies need about four times as much iron for the same body-weight as a man. This is because the former have various outputs which a man is delighted to avoid.

**MAGNESIUM :** Magnesium is a mineral which assists calcium in forming bones. If we lack magnesium we are prone to tooth decay. It is quite an essential as is calcium.

Magnesium helps in the digestive system, in fact if one gets a pain through indigestion (probably through eating too much!) you cure the complaint by taking some magnesium tablets.

We need an alkaline form of magnesium, and that can conveniently be obtained from nuts and in most types of fruit.

**PHOSPHOROUS:** We also have to have phosphorous, you know, stuff which makes the ordinary kitchen match strike. Phosphorous is a highly combustible material. You may have seen experiments in a laboratory where a piece of phosphorous was taken out of the water in which it is usually stored. Immediately it is so removed, and in the presence of air with its oxygen, it starts to smolder and give off dense white smoke.

Phosphorous helps greatly in oxidizing various substances in the body and in giving alkalinity to the blood.

Without having this alkaline blood we cannot get rid of excess gases such as carbon dioxide. If we have our blood stream cluttered up with carbon dioxide and excess nitrogen, then we have a 'cyanosed' or blue appearance, because our blood is then oxygen starved. Phosphorous overcomes this by making room for oxygen.

Phosphorous compounds are necessary in order to maintain

the health of our nervous system. Phosphorous when used for nerves is termed 'lecithins.' This strengthens the white stuff of the nervous system and the nervous tissue which is found in the grey matter of the brain. Thus, if we lack phosphorous we also lack brain power. Fish is a food rich in phosphorous and phosphates, that is why people say that fish is good food for the brain.

**POTASSIUM:** Potassium is a mineral which ensures that our muscles remain elastic. If one were without potassium the intercostal and heart muscles would fail, and so this mineral is absolutely essential to the maintenance of life. Fortunately, the alkaline type which we need is present in most species of fruits and vegetables, and thus should cause no difficulty in acquiring a suitable supply.

**SODIUM:** Sodium of the alkaline variety is of benefit to human beings in addition to being of use in street lamps of the fluorescent type. Sodium is one of our most important products at the present time.

Deficiency of sodium can actually cause diabetes, because its lack may be the instigator of paralysis of the Islets of the pancreas. When these Islets are paralyzed the person is not able to break down the sugars and fats. Many people who suffer from diabetes would be helped by taking alkaline sodium in their diet.

How to obtain alkaline sodium Eat bananas, celery lettuce, and a very prolific source of many minerals are chestnuts-preferably lightly boiled and roasted.

If a person lacks sodium he will also lack saliva, and there will be a paucity of bile and pancreatic juices.

**SULPHUR:** Sulphur is a mineral known to the witches of old. A dose of sulphur and brimstone used to work wonders for people in love! Sulphur is a very good blood tonic and conditioner. It was also given to animals so that their fur should be preserved, and for the same reason sometimes a lady will dust sulphur powder into the fur coat which she has laboriously obtained.

The acid type of sulphur is essential for all cells of the body. It is an antiseptic of the blood cells, and it helps purify the cells around the intestines.

Without an adequate supply of acid sulphur one can be the victim of a weird and unpleasant collection of skin diseases. Sulphur also helps to make hair grow.

This is not meant to be a learned treatise on diet, but should be read as notes intended to help you work out your own food problems. Throughout all my books I say what I feel, what I consider to be fact. Possibly some people might think that 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread,' but I know what I am doing (which most people do not! ), and I want to say this :

Man is an animal. Man has certain animal requirements. At present, because we have broken away from nature, and live in a 'civilized' world where there are all manner of unnecessary jobs, we have to eat synthetic foods, messed up foods, stuff which has been put through processes which kill off many of the most important constituents; vitamins have been rendered insoluble, and a lot of minerals have been 'filtered', out.

So let us be sensible; at our present stage of evolution we may have to eat a certain amount of meat, but we can still have our vegetables, our fruits, and our nuts. Let us not ruin our health by denying ourselves meat **IF THE BODY NEEDS IT**. Some people do not need it, for others it is essential. You can only 'let your conscience be your guide.'

Many people think that it is cruel to eat meat. According to Russian scientists who have used special equipment of an electronic nature, and have inserted probes into poor suffering plants, a cabbage can shriek with pain when it is cut. Scientists throughout the world have been doing researches into the reflexes and responses of fruits and vegetables, and it has been found that these do have sense-reflexes which react to certain stimuli.

If you are going to be logical, if you are so cranky that you will not eat meat, then why eat butter? Why drink milk? Think of this; to supply the milk which you are willing to drink some poor wretched cow has had violent hands laid upon a rather sensitive portion of her anatomy. That portion has been rudely manipulated in order to separate the cow from the milk—in order to give you some pleasure.

If you kill an animal for meat it is done cleanly and instantaneously. But if you are going to take the view that this is unkind, well, why put a cow through the torture of being milked twice a day?

And if you still insist that you will not destroy any life in order to eat, how about all the germs, all the bacteria, on a lettuce when you chew it? And how are you going to satisfy

your conscience when you look at the lettuce leaf you have been chewing and find half a worm?

Let us be sensible, let us eat that which is necessary to us at our present stage or level of development. We can always hope that with our continued evolution we shall be able to dispense with meat, synthetic foods, water with fluorides in it, air which has been contaminated, etc., and go back to nature, fig leaves, and woad. Then only shall we be ready to live on a purely vegetable and fruit diet. Otherwise if we become cranks, then we do not merely chew nuts, we are 'nuts!'

## SUPPLEMENT D

### EXERCISES

THERE is no doubt whatever that exercises and disciplines are a very popular feature of the writings of many authors. For that reason I thought that I should add a few notes stating why I am so definitely opposed to irresponsible exercises.

Many, if not all, of the Yogic exercises originated in the Far East where people are taught and practice such things from babyhood up to the time of their death. These Yogic exercises form quite an important part of what one might call the lower-class Easterner's life.

The higher-trained Adept does not use Yogic exercises, they are not necessary for such people. The purpose of Yogic exercises is to discipline the human body. When a person reaches the state when he can discipline his mind, then he has progressed far beyond the stage at which he needs to tie his legs around his neck while balancing on one thumb, or something like it.

In my considered opinion, based on many years of observation, it is dangerous for the average middle-aged Western man or woman to suddenly, enthusiastically take up exercises which are suitable only for very supple-boned people, or those who have been trained from the very earliest days.

For a person suffering from hardened arteries, or various other conditions, to take up exercises is both foolish and hazardous, and can lead to grave risk of impairing the health. Throughout my writings I have stressed the dangers of un-

supervised exercises for the Westerner. If you want to do some exercises do that suggested under 'Neck,' or a few simple and mild things, and practice the breathing exercises in Supplement A.

It is necessary for the unevolved occultist to master his or her body before being able to master his or her mind, in the same way that children may play with tops or hoops. But for those who have progressed beyond such elementary things Yogic exercises are a waste of time.

In India and similar countries the contortionist tying himself in knots, or who has held an arm above his head until it has atrophied, is not an Adept, he is just a contortionist, a street performer, one who has little spirituality perhaps, one who has to make his living by doing these stage turns in much the same way as one can see buskers on the streets of big cities and outside theatres.

The real Adept does not give demonstrations, and, in fact, the real Adept does not go in for these exercises.

I have tried to warn you, so if you go in for the plough position, or some of these other things, and you get a crick in your back that is your own fault. If, in disregarding this warning, you start to raise the Kundalini and then cannot control it, well—you started it.

My strong recommendation is that if you are more than eighteen or twenty years of age you should not indulge in any strenuous exercises or contortions unless you are thoroughly accustomed to these things, because it is painfully easy (and painful to suffer!) to strain muscles, displace bones, and generally upset your health. So—if you are wise leave these exercises unless you have some really genuine Eastern-trained occultist who can help you and supervise you, and keep you from harm.

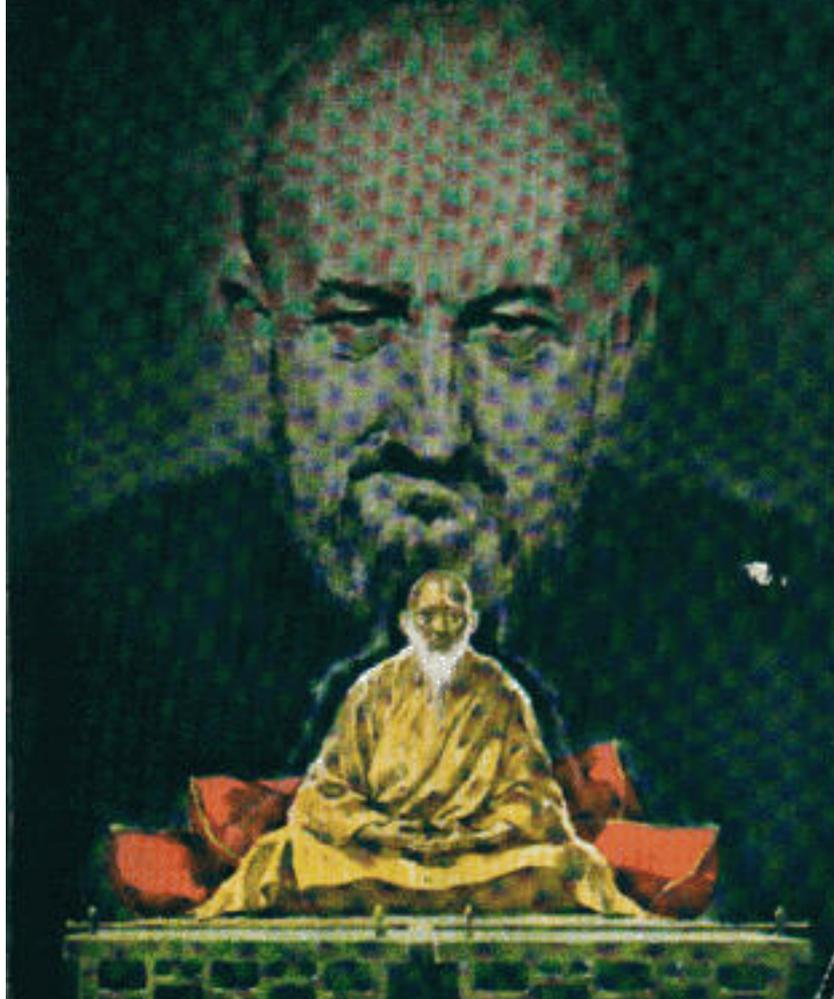
Occultism, as well as religion, can be a joyous thing if we will permit it to be so. But if we unnecessarily complicate it with all sorts of really stupid things, then we have only ourselves to blame for miseries which will surely come.

The exercises given in this book, in fact, any exercise which I give, is safe and healthy, except when I tell you with a note of considerable derision that you should not attempt it, where I tell you, in fact, to show you what others go in for!

I hope that you enjoyed this book, and that it will bring you a lot of help, satisfaction, and health.

# LOBSANG RAMPA

## THE SAFFRON ROBE



## CHAPTER ONE

STRANGE shadows rippled before my uncaring gaze, undulating across my vision like colorful phantoms from some remote, pleasant world. The sun-dappled water lay tranquil inches from my face.

Gently I inserted my arm below the surface, watching the lazy little waves which the motion caused. Squint-eyed I peered into the depths below. Yes, that big old stone, that is where he lived—and he was coming out to greet me! Idly I let my fingers trail along the sides of the now-motionless fish; motionless save for the easy movement of the fins as he ‘kept station’ by my fingers.

He and I were old friends, often I would come and drop food into the water for him before caressing his body. We had the complete understanding which comes only to those who have no fear of each other. At that time I did not even know that fish were edible! Buddhists do not take life or inflict suffering on others.

I took a deep breath and pushed my face below the surface, anxious to peer more closely into another world. Here I felt like a god gazing down at a very different form of life. Tall fronds waved faintly in some unseen current, sturdy water-growths stood erect like the giant trees of some forest. A sandy streak meandered along like a mindless serpent, and was fringed with a pale-green plant looking for all the world like a well-kept lawn.

Tiny little fish, multi-colored and with big heads, flashed and darted among the plants in their continual search for food and fun. A huge water-snail laboriously

lowered itself down the side of a great gray rock so that it could do its task of cleaning the sand.

But my lungs were bursting; the hot noonday sun was scorching the back of my neck, and the rough stones of the foreshore were digging into my flesh. With a last look round, I rose to my knees and thankfully breathed deep of the scented air. Here, in MY world, things were very different from the placid world which I had been studying. Here there was bustle, turmoil, and much scurrying about. Staggering a little from a healing wound in my left leg, I stood and rested with my back against a favorite old tree and looked about me.

The Norbu Linga was a blaze of color, the vivid green of the willows, the scarlet and gold of the Island Temple, and the deep, deep blue of the sky emphasized by the pure white of the fleecy clouds which came racing over the mountains from India. The calm waters of the lake reflected and exaggerated the colors and lent an air of unreality when a vagrant breeze roiled the water and caused the picture to sway and blur. All here was peaceful, quiet, yet just beyond the wall, as I could see, conditions were very different.

Russet-robed monks strode about carrying piles of clothes to be washed. Others squatted by the side of the sparkling stream and twisted and turned the clothes so that they should be well soaked. Shaven heads gleamed in the sunlight and, as the day progressed, gradually became sun-reddened. Small acolytes, newly joined to the lamasery, leaped about in a frenzy of excitement as they pounded their robes with big smooth stones that they should look older, more worn, and so give the impression that the wearer had been an acolyte longer!

Occasionally the sun would reflect bright shafts of light from the golden robes of some august lama journeying between the Potala and the Pargo Kaling. Most of them

were men of staid appearance, men who had grown old in Temple service. Others, a very few, were young men indeed, some of them being Recognized Incarnations, while others had progressed and advanced on their own merit.

Striding about, looking very alert and fierce, were the Proctors, large men from the Province of Kham, men charged with the task of maintaining discipline. Erect and bulky, they carried huge staves as a sign of their office. No intellectuals, these, but men of brawn and integrity, and chosen for that alone. One came close and glowered inquiringly at me. Belatedly recognizing me he strode off in search for offenders worthy of his attention.

Behind me the towering bulk of the Potala—"the Home of the God"—skywards, one of the more glorious works of Man. The multi-hued rock glowed gently and sent vari-hued reflections skittering across the placid waters. By a trick of the shifting light, the carved and colored figures at the base seemed imbued with life, causing them to sway and move like a group of people in animated discussion. Great shafts of yellow light, reflected from the Golden Tombs on the Potala roof, sped off and formed vivid splashes on the darker mountain recesses.

A sudden "thunk" and the creak of bending wood caused me to turn to this new source of attraction. An ancient bird, gray and molting, older than the oldest acolyte, had alighted on the tree behind me. Eyeing me with remarkably beady eyes, it said "cruaak!" and suddenly shuffled so that its back was towards me. It stretched to full length and violently flapped its wings while expelling an unwanted "gift" in my direction with astonishing force and precision. Only by a desperate jump aside did I escape being a target. The bird shuffled round to face me again and said "cruaak! cruuak!" before dismissing me from its attention in favor of the greater interest elsewhere.

On the gentle breeze came the first faint sounds of an

approaching group of traders from India. The lowing of yaks as they protested at their drovers' attempts to hurry them. The asthmatic creak and wheeze of old, dry leather harness, the plod and shuffle of many feet and the musical tinkle of small pebbles being jostled aside by the caravan. Soon I could see the lumbering beasts, piled high with exotic bundles. Great horns tossing above shaggy eyebrows, the rise and fall as the huge animals stumped along with their slow, untiring gait. The traders, some with turbans, some with old fur hats, others with battered felt headgear.

“Alms, alms for the love of God,” cried the beggars. “Ah!” they shouted as the traders moved on unfeelingly, “Your mother is a cow who mated with a boar, your seed is the seed of Sheitan, your sisters are sold in the market-place!”

Strange odors came to twitch at my nostrils, making me draw in a deep breath—and then sneeze heartily. Scents from the heart of India, bricks of tea from China, ancient dust being shaken from the yak-borne bales, all were wafted my way. Into the distance faded the sound of the yak bells, the loud talk of the traders, and the imprecations of the beggars. Soon the ladies of Lhasa would have wealthy callers at their doors. Soon the shopkeepers would be haggling over prices demanded by the traders; raised eyebrows and higher-raised voices at the inexplicably increased prices. Soon I would have to be going back to the Potala.

My attention wandered. Idly I watched the monks at their ablutions, two of them ready to come to blows at the threat of thrown water from one. Rapidly the Proctors moved in, a flurry of motion, and two chastened monks were marched off, each in the iron grip of “Guardians of the Peace.”

But what was that? I let my gaze search the bushes. Two tiny glittering eyes looked anxiously at me from near-

ground level. Two small gray ears were inclined intently in my direction. A minute body was crouched ready to rush should I make a false move. A little gray mouse was pondering on the possibility of passing between me and the lake on its way home. As I looked, he darted forward, all the time keeping his gaze on me. His care was misplaced; not looking where he was going, he charged headlong into a fallen branch and—with a shrill squeak of terror—leaped a foot in the air. He jumped badly, jumped too far to the side. As he came down he missed his footing and fell into the lake. The poor mite was making no headway, and was in danger of being seized by a fish, when I stepped knee-deep into the water and scooped him up.

Carefully drying him with the end of my robe, I waded back to the shore and placed the shivering little bundle on the ground. Just a faint blur—and he vanished down the little burrow, no doubt thankful for his escape. Above me the ancient bird uttered a “cruaak!” of derision, and creaked laboriously into the air, flapping noisily in the direction of Lhasa.

In the direction of Lhasa? That reminded me, I should be going in the direction of the Potala! Over the Norbu Linga wall monks were stooping, examining the washing drying upon the ground. Everything had to be carefully scrutinized before it could be picked up; Little Brother Beetle may be strolling across the clothing, and to roll up the garments would be to crush Little Brother—an act to make a Buddhist priest shudder and turn pale.

Perhaps a little worm had taken shelter from the sun beneath a high lama's laundry, then Little Worm must be removed to safety so that his destiny may not be altered by Man. All over the ground monks were stooping, peering, and gasping with relief as one little creature after another was safely delivered from certain death.

Gradually the piles of washing grew as everything was

heaped ready to be taken into the Potala. Small acolytes staggered along under newly-washed burdens; some could not see over that which they were carrying. Then would come a sudden exclamation as a little fellow tripped and sent all the clothes flying to the dusty ground or even to the mud of the river bank.

From high on the roof came the throb and boom of the conches and the blare of the great trumpets. Sounds which echoed and re-echoed from the distant mountains so that at times, when conditions were right, vibrations pulsed about one and beat at one's chest for minutes. Then suddenly, all would be still, quiet, so quiet that one could hear one's own heartbeat.

I left the shade of the friendly tree and made my halting way through a gap in the hedge. My legs were shaky; some time previously I had sustained a grave burn to my left leg—it did not heal well—and then had two legs broken when a great gust of wind had lifted me from the Potala roof and thrown me down the mountainside. So I limped, and for a short time was exempt from doing my share of household duties. My joy at that was offset by having to study more “that the debt may be set straight” as I was informed. Today—washday—I had been free to wander and rest in the Norbu Linga.

Not for me a return by way of the main entrance, with all the high lamas and abbots treading on one's heels. Not for me the hard hard steps where I used to count “ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred, one hundred and one.” I stood by the side of the road while lamas, monks, and pilgrims passed by. Then there was a lull and I limped across the road and ducked into the bushes. Pulling myself along the precipitous mountainside, I made my ascending way above the Village of Sho and joined the side path between the Courts of Justice and the Potala.

The way was rugged, but beautiful with its profusion of

small rock plants. The air was cooling, and my battered legs were beginning to ache intolerably. I gathered my tattered old robe about me and sat upon a convenient rock so that I might regain my strength and my wind. Over in the direction of Lhasa I could see little sparkling fires—the traders were camping in the open, as Indians often did, rather than stay at one of the hostelrys. Farther to the right I could see the shining river as it left on its immense journey all the way to the Bay of Bengal.

“Ur-rorr, ur-rorr” said a deep bass voice, and a hard furry head butted me in the knees. “Ur-rorr, ur-rorr!” I answered amiably. A blur of movement and a big black cat stood on my legs and pushed his face into mine.

“Honorable Puss Puss!” I said through thick fur. “You are choking me with your attentions.” Gently I put my hands on his shoulders and moved him back a little so that I could look at him. Big blue eyes, slightly crossed, stared back at me. His teeth were as white as the clouds above and his widespread ears were alert to the slightest sound.

Honorable Puss Puss was an old and valued friend. Often we snuggled together beneath some sheltering bush and talked to each other of our fears, our disappointments, and all the hardships of our hard, hard life. Now he was showing his affection by “knitting” on me, opening and closing his big paws, while his purrs roared louder and louder. For a time we sat together, and then, together, we decided it was time to move.

As I toiled ever upwards, stumbling from the pain in my damaged legs, Honorable Puss Puss raced ahead, tail stiffly erect. He would dive into some undergrowth and then, as I drew level, would spring out and cling playfully to my flapping robe. “Now! Now!” I exclaimed on one such occasion, “this is no way for the leader of the Cat Jewel Guard to behave.” In reply, he laid his ears back and

rushed up the front of my robe and, reaching my shoulder, jumped sideways into a bush.

It amused me to see our cats. We used them as guards, for a properly trained “Siamese” cat is fiercer than any dog.

They would rest, apparently asleep, by the side of the Sacred Objects. If pilgrims attempted to touch or steal, then these cats—always in pairs—would seize him and hold him by menacing his throat. They were FIERCE, yet I could do anything with them and, being telepathic, we could converse without difficulty.

I reached the side entrance. Honorable Puss Puss was already there, energetically tearing great splinters off a wooden post by the side of the door. As I lifted the latch he pushed the door open with his strong head and vanished into the smoky gloom. I followed much more slowly.

This was my temporary home. My leg injuries were such that I had been sent from Chakpori to the Potala. Now, as I entered the corridor, the familiar odors smelt “home.” The ever-present aroma of incense, the different perfumes according to the time and purpose for which it was being burned. The sour, rancid, and “stinging” smell from the yak-butter which we used in our lamps, for heating small articles such as kettles, and which we used for sculpture during the colder days. The “memory lingered on.” No matter how hard we scrubbed (and we did not scrub too hard!) the scent was always there, permeating everything. A less pleasant smell was that of yak dung which, dried, was used for heating the rooms of the aged and infirm. But now I stumbled on, moving down the corridor past the flickering butter lamps which made the gloomy corridors gloomier still.

Another “perfume” was always present in all lamaseries, a “perfume” so familiar that one did not notice it unless hunger had sharpened one's perceptions. Tsampa! The

smell of roasted barley; the smell of Chinese brick tea, the smell of hot butter. Mix them and the result is the inevitable, the eternal, tsampa. Some Tibetans have never tasted any other food than tsampa; they are born to the taste of it, and it is the last food they taste. It is food, drink, and consolation. It provides sustenance during the hardest manual labor, it provides food for the brain. But, it has ever been my belief, it starves sexual interest and so Tibet has no difficulty in being a celibate state, a land of monks, and with a falling birth-rate.

Hunger had sharpened MY perceptions, and so I was able to appreciate the aroma of roasted barley, hot butter, and Chinese brick tea! I walked wearily down the corridor and turned left when the scent was strongest. Here, at the great copper cauldrons, monk-cooks were ladling roasted and ground barley into bubbling tea. One hacked off several pounds of yak butter and tossed it in, another up-ended a leather sack of salt which had been brought by tribesmen from the Highland Lakes. A fourth monk, with a ten-foot paddle, was stirring and swirling everything together. The cauldron bubbled and foamed and bits of twigs from the brick tea rose to the surface, to be swept off by the monk with the paddle.

The burning yak dung beneath the cauldron gave off an acrid stench and clouds and clouds of black soot. The whole place was coated, and the black, sweat-streaked faces of the monk-cooks could have been those of entities from some deep Hell. Often the monk with the paddle would scrape floating butter from the cauldron and toss it on the fire. There would be a sizzle, a flare of flame, and a new stink!

“Ah, Lobsang!” yelled a monk above the clatter and clamor. “Come for food again, eh? Help yourself, boy, help yourself!” I took from inside my robe the little leather bag in which we monks kept a day's supply of barley.

Shaking the dust out, I filled it to capacity with freshly roasted, freshly ground barley. From the front of my robe I withdrew my bowl and looked at it carefully. It was a bit grubby, a bit “caked.” From the big bin against the far wall I took a handful of very fine sand and thoroughly scoured my bowl. It helped clean my hands as well! At last I was satisfied with its state. But another thing had to be done; my tea bag was empty, or rather, all it now contained was the small sticks, bits of sand, and other rubbish always found in the tea. This time I turned the bag inside out and picked free the debris. Returning the bag to its correct state, I took a hammer and knocked a suitable lump off the nearest brick of tea.

Now it was MY turn; once again I took my bowl—my newly cleaned bowl—and held it out. A monk took a ladle and slapped my bowl brimming full of tsampa. Thankfully I retired to a corner, sat on a sack, and ate my fill. As I ate, I looked about me. The kitchen was full of the usual hangers-on, idle men who lounged about gossiping, telling the latest scandal, adding a bit to rumors just heard. “Yes, Lama Tenching is going to the Rose Fence. ‘Tis said he had a quarrel with the Lord Abbot. My friend heard it all he says . . .”

People have many strange notions about lamaseries or monasteries. It is often thought that monks spend the whole day in prayer, contemplation, or meditation—“looking good and saying only good things.” A lamasery is a place where, officially, men of religious intent congregate for the purpose of worship and contemplation that the Spirit may be purified. Officially! Unofficially, a robe does not make a monk. In a community of several thousand there must be those who deal with household duties and repair and maintenance of the fabric. Others look after accounts, police the lower classes; teach, preach . . . Enough! A lamasery may be a large town with an exclu-

sively male population. The workers will be the lowest class of monks and will have no interest in the “religious” aspect of the life, paying only lip-service to it. Some monks have never been in a Temple except to clean the floor!

A large lamasery will have a place of worship, schools, infirmary, stores, kitchens, hostels, prisons, and almost everything that would be found in a “lay” town. The main difference is that in a lamasery everyone, everything, is male and—on the surface—everyone is devoted to “religious instruction and action.” Lamaseries have their earnest workers, and their well-meaning, bumbling “drones.” The larger lamaseries are cities, or towns, with many buildings and parks spread over a wide area, sometimes the whole community is encircled by a high wall. Other lamaseries are small, possessing but a hundred monks and all housed in one building. In some remote areas, a very small lamasery may have no more than ten members. So, they range from ten to ten thousand, the tall and the short, the fat and the thin, the good and the bad, the lazy and the energetic. The same as in some outside community, no worse, and often not much better except that Lamaistic DISCIPLINE may be almost military—it all depends on the abbot in charge. He may be a kind, considerate man, or he may be a tyrant.

I stifled a yawn and wandered out into the corridor. A rustling in one of the store alcoves drew my attention; I was in time to see a black tail vanish between leather sacks of grain. The cats were “guarding” the grain and at the same time catching their (mouse) supper. On top of one sack I saw a contented-looking cat cleaning his whiskers and fairly SMILING with satisfaction.

The trumpets sounded, reverberating through the echoing corridors, and sounding again. I turned and made my way to the Inner Temple to the sound of many shuffling sandals and the slap of bare feet.

Within, there was the deepening gloom of early evening, with the purple shadows stealing across the floor and lining the columns with ebony. The sides of the windows were edged with gold as the sun's fingers reached out and gave a last gentle caress to our home. Swirling clouds of incense drifted along and, when pierced by a shaft of sunlight, showed to be a myriad dust-motes of living colors almost endowed with life.

Monks and lamas, and humble acolytes, filed in and took their places upon the floor, each adding his own splash of color to be reflected upon the vibrant air. The gold robes of the Potala lamas, the saffron and red of others, the dark brown of monks, and the sun-bleached garments of those who habitually worked outside. All sat in lines in the approved position. I—because my severe leg injuries prevented me from sitting as prescribed—was relegated to a back position where I was hidden by a smoke-wreathed column so that I should not “destroy the pattern.”

I looked about me, seeing all the boys, the men, and the very old sages who were attending to their devotions each according to his understanding. I thought of my mother, the mother who had not even said “Good-bye” to me when I had left home—how long ago that seemed!—to enter the Chakpori Lamasery. Men, all men. I knew only about men. What were WOMEN like? I knew that in some parts of Tibet, there were monasteries where monks and nuns lived together, married, and raised their families.

The incense swirled on, the service droned on, and the dusk deepened into darkness barely relieved by the flickering butter lamps and the softly glowing incense. Men! Was it right for men to live alone, to have no association with women? What were women like, anyhow, did they think the same as we? As far as I knew they chattered only about fashion, hair-style, and silly things like that.

They looked awful frights, too, with all the stuff they put on their faces.

The service ended, and I climbed painfully on shaky legs and stood with my back to the column so that I could not be toppled over in the first rush. Finally, I moved into the corridor and made my way to the dormitory.

A chill wind was blowing through the open windows, blowing straight down from the Himalayas. The stars were shining bright and cold in the clear night air. From a window below me a quavering voice was reciting:

“Now this is the Noble Truth as to the origin of suffering. It is the craving thirst that causes the renewal of becomings . . .”

Tomorrow, I reminded myself, and for perhaps a few days after, we were going to have special lectures on Buddhism from one of the great Indian Teachers. Our Buddhism—Lamaism—had departed from the strict orthodox lines of “Indian Buddhism” in much the same way as the Christian belief had various forms such as Quaker and Catholic. Now, though, the night hours were far advanced, and I turned away from the frosty window. About me acolytes were sleeping. Some snoring, a few tossed restlessly as they thought, maybe, of “home” as I had so recently been thinking. A few very hardy souls were trying to practice the “correct” Lamaistic sleeping posture—sleeping upright in the Lotus position. We had no beds, of course, nor mattresses. The floor was our table and our bed.

I took off my robe, shivering naked in the chill night air, and then wrapped myself in the blanket which all Tibetan monks carry as a roll over one shoulder and caught at the waist. Cautiously lowering myself to the floor in case my treacherous legs betrayed me, I bundled my robe beneath my head as a pillow and dropped off to sleep.

## CHAPTER TWO

“You, boy, you—sit correctly; sit in the manner prescribed!” The voice was like rolling thunder, then two heavy hands smote my ears, left—right. For a moment I thought all the Temple gongs had clanged together; I saw more stars than were visible even during the clearest night. A hand grasped the collar of my robe, lifted me to my feet, and shook me like a duster being shaken from a window.

“ANSWER ME, BOY, ANSWER ME!” the angry voice shouted. But he gave me no opportunity to answer, just shaking me until my teeth rattled and my bowl fell out and rolled across the floor. My bag of barley fell and the thong became untied, loosing a shower of grain into the shocked air. Satisfied at last, the Fierce Man threw me aside like a rag doll.

Sudden silence descended and there was a tense air of expectancy. Cautiously I fingered my robe at the back of my left leg; a thin trickle of blood was oozing from the ruptured scar. Silence? I looked up. An abbot was standing in the doorway facing the Fierce Man. “The boy has been gravely injured,” he said, “he has the Inmost One's special permission to sit in the manner most comfortable. He has permission to answer a question without rising.” The abbot walked over to me, looked at my blood-reddened fingers, and said: “The bleeding should soon stop. If it does not, visit the Infirmarian.” With that, he nodded to the Fierce Man and left the room.

“I,” said the Fierce Man, “have come specially from Mother India to tell you the Truth of Buddhism. You in

this country have broken away from our tenets and formed your own brand called 'Lamaism.' I have come to tell you of the Original Truths." He glared at me as though I were his mortal enemy, then he told a boy to give me my bowl and my now-empty barley bag. For some moments while this was being done, and while my spilled barley was being swept up, he paced around the room as though seeking another victim. He was a tall, lean man, very brown of skin and with a great beak of a nose. He wore the robes of an old Indian Order, and he looked as though he despised us!

The Indian Teacher walked to the end of the room and mounted the small raised platform. Carefully he adjusted the lectern to his exact requirements. Fumbling in a leather bag which had stiff sides and square edges, he brought forth some remarkable sheets of paper. Thin paper, a hand's span by two hands span, not at all like the long, thick sheets which we used. They were thin, translucent, and almost as pliable as cloth. His strange leather bag fascinated me. It was highly polished, and at the center of one narrow side it had a shiny piece of metal which clicked open when a button was touched. A piece of leather formed a highly convenient handle, and I determined that one day I would have just such a leather bag.

The Indian rustled his papers, frowned severely at us, and told us the tale we had long known. I watched in profound interest the way in which the end of his nose wobbled as he spoke, and how his brow formed a sharp ridge as he squinted at the pages. The story he told us? The old familiar one!

"Two thousand and five hundred years ago the people of India were disillusioned with their religion; the Hindu priests were degenerate, thinking only of earthly pleasures, thinking only of personal gain. The people whom they should have been helping were turning away from their old

beliefs, turning to anything that would offer a scrap of hope. Prophets and soothsayers roamed through the land with forecasts of doom and torture. Animal lovers decided that animals were better than humans, so they worshipped animals as gods.

“The more cultured Indians, the deep-thinking men who feared for their country, turned aside from the religion of their ancestors and pondered deeply on the sorry state of Man’s soul. One such man was a high Hindu raja, an enormously rich warrior king. He worried and fretted about the future of his only son Gautama, who had so recently been born into a troubled world.

“The father and family had the strongest desire that Gautama should grow up as a warrior prince and later inherit his father's kingdom. An old soothsayer, called in to prophesy, had said that the young man would be a prophet of great renown. To the stricken father this was “a fate worse than death.” Around him he had many examples of young upper-class men renouncing a life of comfort and going forth as pilgrims, bare-footed and clad in rags, to seek a new spiritual life. The father determined to do everything possible to thwart the prophecy of the soothsayer; he laid his plans . . . .

“Gautama was an artistic, sensitive young man, with a keenly alert intellect which was able to sweep through subterfuge and penetrate to the heart of the matter. Autocratic both by birth and upbringing, he yet had consideration for those under him. His perceptions were such that he became aware that he was carefully guided, shielded, and permitted to meet only those who were personal servants or caste-equals.

“At the time of the soothsayer's prophecy the father had given the strictest orders that his son be at all times shielded from the evils and sorrows which troubled those beyond the Palace confines. The boy was not to be per-

mitted to go out alone; his travels were to be supervised, and he should be allowed to meet no one who had poverty or suffering. Luxury and only luxury was to be his lot. All that money could buy was his. All that was unpleasant was ruthlessly excluded.

“But life cannot continue thus. Gautama was a young man of spirit, and with more than his share of determination. One day, unknown to his parents, unknown to his tutors, he slipped from the Palace and with a carefully chosen servant, went driving beyond the Palace grounds. For the first time in his life he saw how other castes lived. Four incidents provoked the most profound thoughts, and thus changed the course of religious history.

“At the outset of his journey he saw an old, old man, trembling with age and illness, leaning heavily upon two sticks as he painfully dragged himself along. Toothless, blind with cataract, and senile, the old man turned a vacant face towards the young prince. For the first time in his life Gautama realized that old age came to everyone, that with increasing weight of years one was no longer active and supple.

“Badly shaken, the young prince continued his drive, full of strange and morbid thoughts. But there was another shock in store; as the horses slowed for a sharp turn Gautama's horrified gaze chanced to alight upon a miserable figure sitting rocking and moaning by the side of the road. A man covered with suppurating sores, emaciated and disease-ridden, was groaning as he picked yellow scabs from his body.

“The young Gautama was shocked to the core. Sick at heart—perhaps physically sick too—he pondered the question as he was driven along. Must one suffer? Does suffering come to all? Is suffering inevitable? He looked at his servant who was driving. Why was he so calm, the young prince wondered. The driver was unconcerned, as

if such sights were common. This, then, must be why his father had shielded him.

“On they drove, with Gautama too stunned to order otherwise. Fate, or Destiny, had not finished, though. At an exclamation from Gautama, the horses were slowed; they came to a halt. At the side of the road was a naked corpse, grotesque and bloated by the fierce heat of the sun. A flick of the driver's whip, and a dense cloud of flies feeding upon the body, rose in a swarming mass. The body, discolored and odorous, was revealed completely to the young man's sight. As he looked, a fly wandered out of the dead mouth, buzzed, and settled again.

“For the first time in his life Gautama saw death, knew there was death at the end of life. The young man mutely ordered the driver to return , . . he sat thinking of the impermanance of life, sat thinking of the beauty of a body which yet had to fall into decay, Was beauty so temporary, he wondered?

“The wheels revolved, the dust rose in clouds behind. The young prince sat in thought, morose, indrawn. By chance, or Fate, he looked up in time to see a well-clad, serene monk striding along the road. The monk, calm and tranquil, radiated an aura of inner-peace, of well-being, of love for his fellow-men. The brooding Gautama, shocked to the core of his being by the sights he had seen, now received another shock. Were peace, contentment, Tranquillity, all the virtues, to be found only if one withdrew from everyday life and became a religious? A monk? A member of some mystic Order? Then he, he resolved would become as that monk. He would withdraw from the life of the Palace, withdraw from the only life he knew.

“His father raged and stormed, his mother wept and pleaded. The servant was banished from the kingdom. Gautama sat alone in his room, thinking, thinking. Think-

ing endlessly of the sights he had seen. Thinking that if he had seen so much in one short excursion—his ONLY excursion—how much more suffering and misery there must be. He refused food, pined, moped, and just sat wondering what to do, how to escape from the Palace, how to become a monk.

“His father tried in every way he knew to lift the load of sorrow and depression afflicting the young prince. The best musicians were ordered to play constantly that the young man should have no quiet in which to think. Jugglers, acrobats, entertainers of all types were tried. The kingdom was scoured for the most beautiful maidens, girls versed in the most exotic arts of love, that Gautama should be aroused by passion and thus lifted from his despondency.

“The musicians played until they dropped from exhaustion. The maidens danced and practiced erotic exercises until they, too, collapsed fainting from exhaustion. Then only did Gautama take notice. He stared with horror at the awkward postures of the fallen musicians. He looked with shock at the naked maidens, pale with the pallor of collapse, with the cosmetics standing out vivid and ugly now that the glow of health had vanished.

“Once again he pondered the impermanence of beauty, how transient it was, how quickly it fled. How sad, how ugly was Life. How garish and tawdry were painted women when their immediate activity had ended. He resolved to leave, resolved to shun all that he had known, and seek tranquility wherever it might be found.

“His father ranted, doubled, and then trebled the Palace Guard. His mother screamed and became hysterical. His wife, poor woman, collapsed, and all the Palace ladies wept in concert. Gautama's baby son, too young to know what was going on, yelled and shrieked in sympathy with the misery around. The Palace Advisers waved their hands

helplessly, and poured out torrents of words to no avail.

“For days he worked at means whereby he could leave. The Palace guards knew him well. The people in the kingdom knew him not at all—for he had so rarely left the Palace confines. At last, when he was almost in despair, the thought occurred to him that he had only to disguise himself from his immediate guards. From some friendly servant, who was well rewarded and who immediately left the kingdom, Gautama obtained old and ragged clothes such as the mendicants wore. One night, at dusk, before the Palace gates were locked, he donned the old clothes, and with his hair tousled, and his hands and face well covered with dirt, he shuffled out with beggars who were being turned out for the night.

“Into the forest he went, away from the main roads and people, fearing that his ignorance of the ways of everyday life would betray him. All the night he wandered, striving to reach the limits of his father's kingdom. He had no fear of the tigers and other wild animals prowling at night; his life had been so shielded that he did not KNOW the danger.

“Back in the Palace his escape had been discovered. The whole building was searched, the outbuildings, the parks. The king rushed around shouting orders, armed men stood at the alert. Then everyone went to bed to await the dawn when a search could be mounted. In the women's quarters there was wailing and lamentation at the fury of the king.

“Gautama crept through the forest, evading meetings where possible, being silent to all questions when it was not. From growing crops he took his food, living on grain, berries, and fruits, drinking from cold, clear springs. But the tale of the strange wanderer who did not behave as a wanderer should, eventually reached the Palace. The king's

men swept forth in strength, but could not catch the fugitive as he always hid in the thickets where horses could not go.

“At last the king decreed that all the dancing girls should be taken to the forest, and they should go in pursuit of Gautama and attempt to lure him back. For days they danced and weaved their way through the forest glades, always in sight of Gautama, always acting out their most seductive dances. At last, near the limits of his father's domain, Gautama stood forth and said that he was going into the world in search of spirituality, and would not return. His wife rushed towards him, the baby in her arms. Gautama heeded not her pleas, but turned away and continued his journey”

The Indian Teacher, having got thus far in a story which we knew as well as he, said, “From the then-decadent Hindu religion a new Belief was at that moment formed, a Belief that would bring comfort and hope to many. For this morning we will end our session. This afternoon we will continue. Dismiss!” The others rose to their feet, bowed respectfully to the Teacher and left. I had trouble; I found that my robe had stuck to my leg-scar with dried blood. The Teacher left without giving me a glance. I sat in considerable pain and wondered what to do. Just then an old cleaning-monk hobbled in and looked at me in surprise. “Oh!” he said. “I saw the Teacher leave and I came to clean. What is the trouble?” I told him, showed him how the great scar had burst open, how the blood had poured out, and how I had “plugged the hole” with my robe. The old man muttered “Tsk! Tsk!” and hurried out as fast as he could with his own deformed legs. Soon he returned with the Infirmarian.

The pain was like raging fire; I felt that my flesh was being torn from the bones. “Ah, my son!” said the Infirmarian. “You are as one born to trouble as surely as the

sparks fly upwards!” He sighed, and muttered, “But WHY are some of these Great Teachers, who should know better, so harsh, so unfeeling? There!” he said, as he fastened a herbal compress and helped me to my shaky feet. “There, now you will be all right, I will give you a new robe and destroy the other.”

“Ow! Reverend Master!” I exclaimed in some fright, my knees trembling with the shock. “I cannot have a NEW ROBE or everyone will think I am a new boy just joined. I’d rather have this one!” The old Infirmarian laughed and laughed and then said, “Come on, my boy, come with me and we will together see what we can do about this weighty matter.”

Together we walked slowly down the corridor to where the Infirmarian had his Office. Inside, on tables, ledges, and shelves, there were containers of herbs, a few powdered minerals, and odd items which I could not then identify. Tibetans only sought medical aid in cases of extreme emergency. Not for us the First Aid kits of the West. We managed as Nature intended! A broken limb would be set, of course, and a very deep wound stitched. We used the long hairs from a horse's tail for stitching, when well boiled it was very suitable. For stitching the very deepest layers we used the long fibers from shredded bamboo. The bamboo was also used as a drainage tube when one had to drain pus from an internal wound. Clean, well-washed Sphagnum moss made very useful sponge material, and was also used for compresses, with or without herbal ointments.

The Infirmarian took me into a side room which I had not noticed. From a pile of old and mended robes he drew forth one. It was clean, well mended, and was very sun-faded. My eyes lit up at the sight, for such a robe would show that I had been in the Lamasery a long, long time! The Infirmarian motioned for me to take off my

robe. I did so, and he examined me for other injuries. “Hmnn! Skinny, under-sized. Should be bigger for your age. How old are you, boy?” I told him. “So? Oh, I thought you were three years older. Hmnn! Quite a man, eh? Now try on this robe.” I swelled out my chest and tried to stand straighter—to look bigger and taller, but my legs would NOT stretch. The robe was somewhat too big for me and I tried to conceal the fact. “Ah!” said the Infirmarian. “You will soon grow and fill it up. Keep it on. Good-bye!”

But now it was time to eat, eat before the afternoon classes. I had already lost much time, so I shuffled down to the kitchen where I explained my plight. “Eat, EAT, boy, and get on with it!” said the friendly, soot-streaked cook, helping me generously. The sunlight streamed through the window. I stood with my elbows on the frame, looking out as I ate. At times the temptation was too much, and I flipped a little tsampa over the edge of the bowl on to some poor, unsuspecting monk far below. “More, boy?” said the cook-monk in some astonishment. “More? You must be hollow, or “—he winked slyly at me—“are you pasting the heads of the Brothers?” I must have blushed or looked guilty, for he laughed uproariously and said, “Then let's mix a little soot with this lot!”

But fun could not last for ever. My bowl was again empty. Below, an increasingly cross group of monks were wiping their black-spattered pates and peering suspiciously about them. One even started up the path—hastily I withdrew from the kitchen, and sauntered as nonchalantly as I could out of the kitchen and into the corridor. As I turned the corner a glowering monk appeared and hesitated as he saw me. “Let me see your bowl,” he growled. Assuming my most innocent expression, I reached in to my robe and produced the desired article and handed it over for inspection. “Is something wrong, sir?” I asked.

“That really Is my bowl,” I continued. The monk examined the bowl carefully, looking for traces of the soot which I had so thoroughly removed. He stared at me with the deepest suspicion, then, as he handed the bowl back, said, “Oh! You are the injured one. You could not have climbed the roof. Someone is dropping wet soot on us, he is ON THE ROOF—I will catch him!” With that, he turned and dashed away towards the roof. I breathed deeply and sauntered on.

Behind me there was a chuckle, and the cook-monk's voice said: “Well done, boy, you should be an actor. I won't give you away or I might be the next victim!” He hurried past me, off on some mysterious mission connected with food supplies, and I continued on my reluctant way back to the classroom. I was the first one there, and I stood braced in the window looking out. It always fascinated me to look out across the country from this eminence. The sight of the beggars at the Pargo Kaling (or Western Gate), and the never-failing thrill of seeing the eternal spume of snow blowing from the highest peaks of the Himalayas, I could spend hours, days, watching.

Around the District of Lhasa the mountains formed a great “U”—the mighty Himalayas which formed the backbone of the continent. Having time on my hands I looked well, making a game of it. Below me the white lime-washed walls of the Potala melted imperceptibly into the living rock of what had once, aeons ago, been a volcano. The lime-white of the man-made structure flowed into the gray and brown of the mountain, and where the one ended and the other began no man could now say, they had fused together so successfully. The lower slopes of the mountain were covered by the small bushes through which we boys often crawled when trying to escape detection. Lower still were the buildings forming the Village of Sho, with the great Courts of Justice, the government offices, the govern-

ment printing works, the civil Records offices, and the prison.

It was a busy scene, pilgrims were progressing along the “Pilgrims' Way” hoping to acquire virtue by stretching their length on the ground, crawling forward a few feet, and then again lying prone. It certainly looked most amusing from my height above. Monks were striding about energetically between the houses—must be the Proctors after a malefactor, I thought—and lamas were proceeding about their stately business on horseback. An abbot and his retinue turned in to our road and slowly rode up the wide, stepped path towards the main entrance. A group of fortune-tellers plied a brisk trade as they extolled the virtues of their horoscopes “blessed by a Lord Abbot, mind you, sure to bring you luck!”

The green of the willows in the marsh across the road attracted me, the fronds were gently swaying in the breeze. Pools of water reflected the racing clouds and changed color according to the color of the passing pedestrians. One fortune-teller was established on the brink of a large pool, and he was pretending to “read the future” of his clients in “the sacred water at the foot of the Potala.” Trade was brisk indeed!

The Pargo Kaling was thronged. Small stalls had been erected and itinerant traders were doing a sharp business selling foods and sweet stuffs to the pilgrims. A profusion of amulets and charm boxes were draped over the end of one stall, the turquoise and gold ornaments flashing brightly in the sunlight. Gaily turbaned Indians, heavily bearded, and with flashing eyes, strode around looking for bargains and trying to beat down the seller.

Opposite towered Chakpori—Iron Mountain—slightly higher than the Potala but not so ornate, not so many buildings. Chakpori was austere, somewhat gray and grim.

But Chakpori was the Home of Healing, while the Potala was the Home of the God. Beyond the Chakpori the Happy River sparkled and chuckled as it made its swift way down to the Bay of Bengal. By shading my eyes and straining a little, I could see the boatman paddling passengers across the river. His inflated yak-hide boat always fascinated me, and I was beginning to wonder if I would not be better as a boatman than as a small acolyte in a large lamasery. But there was no chance to be a boatman yet, as I well knew, I had to get on with my studies first. And whoever heard of a monk becoming a boatman!

Far off to the left the golden roof of the Jo Kang, or Cathedral of Lhasa, dazzled the eyes as it reflected the sun's rays. I watched the Happy River as it wandered through the marshy land, twinkling through the willow groves, and with a small tributary flowing under the beautiful Turquoise Bridge. Far off I saw a gleaming silver thread diminishing in the distance as the river followed its path towards the flat lowlands.

This was a busy day, by leaning out of the window—with some danger of falling a long, long way—I could see more traders coming along the road from Drepung, coming from the high mountain passes. But it would be some considerable time before they were close enough for me to see details; classes would start before that.

The sides of the mountains were dotted with lamaseries, large ones that were self contained towns, and small ones which clung precariously to the side of the steep rock pinnacles. Some of the very smallest ones, and the most dangerously positioned, were the hermitages of monks who had renounced the world and were walled into their small cells, there to spend the rest of their life. Was it REALLY good, I wondered, to be so completely cut off? Did it help anyone when a young, healthy man decided to be walled up in a small cell, there to spend perhaps forty years in

total darkness, total silence, while he meditated upon life and tried to break free from the bonds of the flesh? It must be strange, I thought, to never see again, never speak again, never walk again, and to have food only every other day.

## CHAPTER THREE

I THOUGHT of my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup who had had to go to distant Pari very suddenly; I thought of all the questions which were welling up in me and which only he could answer. Never mind, tomorrow he would return, and then I should be glad to get back to Chakpori. Here, at the Potala, there was too much ceremony, too much red tape. Yes! I had a lot of questions which were bothering me and I could hardly wait for an answer.

A swelling noise had been for some moments obtruding on my consciousness; now the volume of sound reminded me of a herd of yaks in full charge. Into the classroom erupted all the boys—yes—they WERE playing at being a herd of yaks! I sidled carefully to the back of the room and sat down close to the wall, out of the way of those who raced around.

Round and round they went, leap-frogging one after the other, robes flying, voices raised in shrieks of joy. Suddenly there was a loud “WHUUMPF!” and a gasp of violently expelled air. Dead silence fell upon the room, with boys frozen into position like carved figures in the Temple. My horrified gaze saw the Indian Teacher sitting on the floor, his eyes crossed and unfocused with the shock. Now His bowl and barley had been spilled from his robe, I thought with some glee. Slowly he stirred and climbed shakily to his feet, clutching the wall and looking about him. I was the only one sitting, I obviously had had no part in it. Oh! The wonderful, strange feeling to have a perfectly clear conscience. I SWELLED with virtue as I sat there.

On the ground, half stunned, or petrified with fright, lay the boy who had dived straight at the spare midriff of the Indian Teacher. The boy's nose was bleeding, but the Indian touched him with an ungentle foot and bellowed "GET UP!" Bending, he grabbed the boy by the ears and pulled him up. "Disgraceful, horrid little Tibetan scum," he bawled, slapping the boy's ears in time to his words. "I will teach you how to behave to an Indian Gentleman. I will teach you yoga that will mortify the flesh so that the spirit may be freed." I must ask my Guide, I thought, to tell me why some of these Great Teachers from other lands are so savage.

The scowling Teacher stopped knocking the boy about and said, "We will have an extended lesson period to teach you that you should be learning instead of being ill-mannered. Now we will start." I called out, "Oh! But Honorable Master, I was doing nothing at all, it is not fair that I should have to stay."

The Indian turned a ferocious face in my direction, and said, "You—you would be the worst of the lot. Just because you are crippled and useless it does not mean that you should escape the retribution of your thoughts. You will stay, as will the others."

He picked up his scattered papers, and I was sorry to see that the beautiful leather bag with the handle across the top and the shiny button which opened it, had been scuffed by contact with our rough stone floor. The Indian noticed it, and growled, "Someone will pay very dearly for this; I shall claim another from the Potala." He opened his case and rifled through his papers, sorting them out. At last satisfied he said, "We ended this morning with Gautama stating that he renounced his life at the Palace, stating that he would continue his life searching for Truth. Now let us continue.

"When Gautama had left the Palace of his father, the

king, his mind was in turmoil. He had undergone a most shatteringly sudden experience of seeing illness when he had not known of illness, of seeing death when he had not known of death, and of seeing peace profound, utter tranquility, and contentment. His thoughts were that as the wearer of the contented look was also wearing a monk's robe, then contentment and inner peace would be found in the garb of a monk, and thus it was that he set forth on his search for inner tranquility, in his search for the meaning of life.

“He wandered on and on, on into realms beyond those over which his father ruled, on and on following rumors of learned monks and erudite hermits. He studied with the best Teachers that he could find, studying whenever there was anything to be learned. As he learned from one Teacher all that the Teacher could teach him he moved on, ever on, ever in search of knowledge, ever in search of the the most elusive thing on Earth—peace of mind, tranquility.

“Gautama was a very apt pupil. He had been favored of life, he had been given an alert brain and a bright awareness. He was able to pick up information and sort it in his mind, rejecting that which was useless to him and retaining only matter which was of benefit and worth. One of the Great Teachers, impressed by Gautama's readiness and acute intelligence, asked him that he should stay and teach, asked him to become a full partner in imparting knowledge to other students. But this was quite alien to Gautama's belief for—he reasoned—how could he teach that which he did not fully understand? How could he teach others when he was still searching for Truth himself? He knew the Scriptures and the Commentaries of the Scriptures, but, while the Scriptures gave a certain degree of peace, yet there were always questions and problems which broke the tranquility which he was trying to gain, and thus Gautama wandered on.

“He was as a man obsessed, a man with a burning drive which permitted him no rest, spurring him on and on in search of knowledge, in search of Truth. One hermit led him to believe that only the ascetic life could lead him to tranquility, so, a rather impetuous man, Gautama tried the life of the ascetic. Long ago he had shed all material things, he had no material pleasures, he lived only to search for the meaning behind life. But now he forced himself to eat less and less, and, as the old, old stories say, at last he managed to live on one grain of rice a day.

“He spent the whole of his time in the deepest of meditation, remaining immobile beneath the shade of a banyan tree. But at last his sparse diet betrayed him; he collapsed through hunger, malnutrition, and lack of elementary care. For long he lingered at the point of death, but no enlightenment reached him, he still had not found the secret of tranquility, he still had not found the meaning behind the most elusive thing on Earth—peace of mind, tranquility.

“Certain 'friends' had gathered about him during the days of his starvation, thinking that here was a sensation, a monk who could live on one grain of rice a day. Thinking that they would gain great advantages by being associated with such a sensational man. But, like 'friends' the world over, these deserted him in the hour of his need. As Gautama lay near the point of death through starvation his friends one by one left him, wandered off in search of sensation elsewhere. Gautama was now alone again, free from the distraction of friends, free from followers, free to start pondering all over- again on the meaning behind life.

“This episode was the turning point in the career of Gautama. For years he had been practicing yoga that he might, by mortifying the flesh, free the spirit from the bonds of the body, but now he found yoga useless to him, yoga was merely a means of gaining a little discipline over a recalcitrant body, and had no great merit in assisting one

to spirituality. He also found that it was useless to lead such an austere life because continued austerity would merely result in his death with his questions unanswered and his quest unended. He pondered upon that problem too, and he decided that what he had been doing was like trying to bale out the River Ganges with a sieve, or trying to tie knots in air.

“Once again Gautama pondered, he sat down beneath a tree, weak and trembling, with a weakness which comes upon those who have starved too long and who have but barely escaped from the portals of death. He sat beneath the tree and meditated deeply upon the problem of unhappiness and of suffering. He made a solemn resolve that as he had already spent more than six years in the search for knowledge without gaining the answer, he would sit in meditation and would not rise again until he had found the answer to his problem.

“Gautama sat, and the sun went down, and darkness fell upon the land, and the night birds began their calling and the animals began their prowling. Gautama sat. The long hours of the night dragged on and soon the first faint streaks of light appeared in the sky, the dawn was approaching. Gautama sat and meditated.

“All the creatures of Nature had witnessed the sufferings of the weary Gautama the day before as he sat alone beneath the great tree. He had their sympathy, their understanding, and all the creatures of Nature considered in their minds how they could help mankind struggle out of the difficult ways into which he had fallen.

“The tigers ceased to roar that their song and their callings should not disturb the meditating Gautama; the monkeys ceased to chatter, ceased to swing from branch to branch; instead, they sat silent hoping, hoping. The birds ceased their song, ceased their trilling, and sat, instead, fluttering their wings in the hope of being able to help

Gautama by sending to him waves of love and waves of cooling air. The dogs, normally barking and chasing around, ceased their noise and went away and hid beneath the bushes, hid where the rays of the sun should not fall upon them. The king of the snails, looking about him, saw the dogs disappearing into the shade, and the king of the snails thought how he and his people could help mankind through Gautama. Calling his people together the king of the snails slowly led the way up Gautama's back, up his neck, and they clustered upon his sun-reddened head, that head so deep in meditation, that head so scorched by the burning rays of the sun; the snails clustered and with their cool bodies protected Gautama from the heat of the noon-day sun, and, who knows, those snails by keeping Gautama's head cool may have helped him in his final quest. The people of Nature at one time were the friends of Man, they had no fear of Man, and until Man behaved treacherously towards them the people of Nature came forward to help Man.

“The day dragged on, dragged on with Gautama sitting motionless, as motionless as a carved statue. Once again the night came, the darkness; once again with the approaching dawn there came faint streaks in the sky, and then the sun brushed upon the horizon. But this time the sun brought Buddha enlightenment. As if struck by lightning, a thought occurred to Gautama, he had an answer, or a partial answer to the problems with which he had been beset. He had become enlightened with a new knowledge, he had become ‘The Awakened One,’ which in Indian is ‘The Buddha.’

“His spirit had been illumined by that which had occurred during his meditation on the astral plane, he had gained insight and he had remembered the things which he had seen in the astral plane. Now, as he knew, he would be free from the unhappiness of life on Earth, free of

returning to Earth in the endless cycle of birth, death, and rebirth. He had gained a knowledge of why Man should suffer, what caused it, what was its nature, and how it could be ended.

“Gautama from that moment became Gautama the Awakened, or, to use the Indian phraseology, Gautama the Buddha. Now he pondered again as to what his course of action should be. He had suffered and studied, and so should he just teach others or should he let them find out by the means by which he himself had found out? He worried, would anyone else believe the experiences he had undergone? But he decided that the only way to gain an answer to this was to talk with others, to tell them the good news of the enlightenment which had come to him.

“Rising to his feet, and taking a little food and water, he set out on the journey to Benares where he hoped that he would find five of those former associates who had left him when he was in dire need of assistance—who had left him when he decided again to take food.

“After a journey which lasted quite a time, for Gautama the Buddha was still weak from his privation, he arrived at Benares and he met the five associates whom he had been seeking. He talked with them, and gave them that which has come down through history as ‘The Sermon on the Turning of the Wheel of the Law.’ He told his audience of the cause of suffering, of the nature of suffering, he told them how to overcome suffering; he told them of a new religion which is known to us as Buddhism. ‘Buddhism means a religion of those seeking to be reawakened.’”

So Gautama knew hunger, I thought. I knew hunger too! I wished that this Teacher would have more understanding, for we boys, we never had too much to eat, we never had too much time to ourselves, and with his voice droning on, droning on long beyond the allotted time, we

were hungry, tired, sick of it all, hardly able to take in the importance of what he was saying.

The boy who had leap-frogged into the Indian Teacher sat snuffling, his nose was obviously damaged, perhaps broken, but he had to sit there with his fingers trying to stop the flow of blood, trying to keep from enraging the Teacher further. And I thought then, what is the purpose of it all, why so much suffering, why do those who have it in their power to show mercy, compassion, and understanding—WHY do they, instead, behave in a sadistic manner? I resolved that as soon as my Guide came back I would have to delve more deeply into these problems which were truly perturbing me. But I saw with considerable pleasure that the Indian Teacher was looking a little tired, looking a little hungry and thirsty, he kept shifting from one foot to the other. We boys sat on the floor, all crossed-legged except me, and I had to keep myself as unobtrusive as possible. The others sat crossed-legged in orderly rows. The Teacher normally patrolled at our backs so that we did not know where he was from moment to moment, but this man, the Indian Teacher, he was shifting from foot to foot, looking out of the window watching the shadows move across the ground, watching the hours pass by. He came to a decision; he drew himself up and said, “Well! We will have a recess, your attention is wandering, you are not paying heed to my words, words which can influence the whole of your lives and your lives for eternities to come. We will have a recess for one half hour. You are free to partake of your food, then you will return here quietly and I will resume my talk.”

Quickly he crammed his papers into his leather bag. It snapped shut with a very satisfying “Click!” Then with a flurry of his yellow robe he was gone. We sat rather stunned by the suddenness of it all, and then the others jumped to their feet with alacrity, but I—I had to climb

up painfully. My legs were stiff, I had to support myself by leaning against the wall and more or less pushing one leg before the other. But, the last one out, I made my way down to the domain of the friendly cook-monk and explained to him the position, and how I, an innocent one, was being punished as well for the sins of the others. He laughed at me and said, “Ah! But how about the young man who was dropping pellets of soot? Is it not the case that your Karma is catching up? And is it not the case that if your legs had not been damaged you might even have been the ringleader?”

He laughed at me again, benevolently. He was a nice old man. And then he said, “But go on, help yourself! You don't need me to help you, you've helped yourself long enough. Have a good meal and get back before that awful man loses his temper again.” So I had my tea, the same as I had had for breakfast, the same as I had had for lunch—tsampa. The same as I should have for years—tsampa.

We Tibetans do not have watches nor clocks. When I was in Tibet I never even knew of the existence of a wrist-watch, but we were able to tell the time by something within us. People who have to depend upon themselves rather than upon mechanical contraptions develop some different powers. Thus I and my fellows were able to judge the passing of time quite as accurately as those who wear watches. Well before the half hour had ended we returned to our classroom, returned cautiously, as quietly as the mice which fed so well upon our grain down in the store-rooms.

We entered in an orderly procession, all except the boy who had a bleeding nose. He, poor fellow, had gone to the Infirmary where it was found that he had broken his nose, and so I had the task of presenting to the Indian Teacher a cleft stick in which was wedged a piece of paper

bearing the reason wherefore the boy—now a patient—could not be present.

The others sat, and we waited, I standing with my back against the wall bearing the stick in my hand, idly fiddling with the fluttering paper in the end. Suddenly the Indian Teacher appeared in the doorway and glowered at us, and then he turned and scowled at me. “You—boy—you! What are you doing there playing with a stick?” he asked. “Sir!” I replied with some trepidation. “I bear a message from the Infirmarian.” I extended the stick in his direction; for a moment it looked as if he had not the faintest idea what he should do, then suddenly he snatched the stick with such a jerk that I almost fell on my face. Dropping the stick, he took the paper and read it. As he did so his scowl deepened, then he screwed up the piece of paper and flung it away from him, a grave offence to us Tibetans, for we regarded paper as sacred because it was through the medium of paper that we were able to read history, and this man, this Indian Sage, had thrown away sacred paper.

“Well! What are you standing there gawping for?” I looked at him, and “gawped” more for I saw no sense in the way he was going on. If he was a Teacher, then I decided I did not want to be a Teacher. Roughly he motioned for me to get out of sight and sit down. I did so, and he stood again before us and started to talk.

As he told us, Gautama had found a different way of approaching reality, a way in which was called “The Middle Way.” The experiences of Gautama had certainly been twofold; born as a prince with the utmost in luxury and comfort, with an ample supply of dancing girls (the Indian Teacher's eyes grew wistful!) and all the food he could eat, and all the pleasures he could absorb, then from that, abject poverty, suffering, reaching almost to the point of death by privation, starvation. But, as Gautama readily understood, neither the riches nor the rags had the key to

Man's eternal problem. The answer must therefore lie between them.

Buddhism is often regarded as a religion, but it is not a religion in the strict sense of that word. Buddhism is a way of life, a code of living whereby, provided one follows the code precisely, certain results may be obtained. For convenience Buddhism may be called religion, although to those of us who are true Buddhist priests "religion" is the wrong term, the only term is "The Middle Way."

Buddhism was founded from the Teachings of the Hindu religion. The Hindu philosophers and religious Teachers had taught that the way to knowledge of self, knowledge of the spirit, and the tasks confronting mankind were as one walking along the edge of a razor where the slightest leaning to one side or the other would cause one to topple.

Gautama knew all the Hindu Teachings for he was at the start of his life a Hindu. But by his own perseverance he discovered a Middle Way.

Extreme self denial is bad, it leads one to a distorted viewpoint; extreme indulgence is equally bad for it equally leads to a distorted viewpoint. One can with profit regard the conditions as those existing in tuning a stringed instrument. If one over-tightens the string of an instrument, such as a guitar, eventually it reaches breaking point so that the slightest touch will cause the string to snap, and there is, therefore, in this over-tightening a lack of harmony.

If one releases all tension on the strings of the instrument one again finds that there is lack of harmony, one can only get harmony when the strings are correctly and quite rigidly tuned. That is as it is in the case of humanity where indulgence or over-suffering causes lack of harmony.

Gautama formulated the belief in the Middle Way and

worked out the precepts whereby one can attain happiness, for one of his sayings was, “Happiness he who seeks may win, if he practice the seeking.”

One of the first questions which a person asks is, “Why am I unhappy?” It is the question most often asked. Gautama the Buddha asked why he was unhappy; he pondered, and pondered, and thought of the thing, and thought around the thing. He came to the conclusion that even a newborn baby suffers, a newborn baby cries because of the ordeal of being born, because of the pain and lack of comfort in being born and leaving the comfortable world which it knew. When babies are uncomfortable they cry, and as they grow older, they may not cry but they still find ways of giving voice to their displeasure, to their lack of satisfaction, and to their actual pain. But a baby does not think about why he cries, he just cries, he just simply reacts like an automaton. Certain stimuli cause a person to cry, other stimuli cause a person to laugh, but suffering—pain—becomes a problem only when people ask why do I suffer, why am I unhappy?

Research has revealed that most people have suffered to some extent by the time they are ten years of age and they have also wondered why they have had to suffer. But in the case of Gautama this question did not arise until he was thirty years of age, for the parents of Gautama had done everything they could to stop him enduring suffering in any form whatever. People who have been over-protected and over-indulged do not know what it is to face unhappiness, so that when unhappiness eventually is thrust upon them they are not in a position to deal with the matter and often they have a mental or nervous breakdown.

Every person at some time has to face suffering, and face the reason for suffering. Every person has to endure physical, or mental, or spiritual pain, for without pain there could not upon Earth be any learning, there could

not be any purification or driving away of the dross which at present surrounds the spirit of Man.

Gautama did not found a new religion; the whole of the teaching of Gautama, the whole of Gautama's contribution to the total of human knowledge, is focused on or about the problem of pain or of happiness. During his meditation, while the creatures of nature remained quiet that he might meditate unmolested, and while the snails cooled his sun-heated head, Gautama realized pain, realized the reason for suffering, and came to believe that he knew how suffering could be overcome. He taught these things to his five associates, and the things he taught became the four principles upon which the whole of the Buddhist structure rests. They are The Four Noble Truths, with which we shall later deal.

The shades of night were falling, darkness was descending so rapidly that we could scarce see one another. The Indian Teacher loomed against the window, his outline limned in the faint starlight. He continued talking, forgetful or uncaring of the fact that we boys had to be up for the midnight service, we had to be up for the four o'clock service, and then we had to be up again at six in the morning.

At last he seemed to realize that he was getting tired, he seemed to realize that standing there in the darkness with his back to the starlight he was perhaps wasting time because he could not see us, he could not know if we were paying attention, or if we were sleeping as we sat.

Suddenly he slapped his hand on the lectern with a resounding "THWANG!" The noise was shattering—unexpected—and we all jumped with fright so that there must have been several inches of air between our bodies and the floor. Then we all fell back with dull, soggy thuds and grunts of surprise.

The Indian Teacher stood there for a few moments,

then he just said, “Dismiss,” and strode out of the room. It was easy for him, I thought, he was just a visitor, he had special privileges, there was no one to call him to task. He could now go to his cell and rest for the whole night if he wanted to. We—well, we had to go to Temple service.

We climbed stiffly to our feet, and I was the stiffest of all. Then we stumbled out of the dark room into the darker corridor. It was not usual for our classes to be held at such an hour and there were no lights. The corridors were familiar to us, however, and we trudged along until we came to one of the main corridors which, of course, was lit by the inevitable flickering butter lamps, the butter lamps which were set in niches in the walls at head-level, and which it was the constant task of two monks to keep filled with butter and to tend the wick which floated on the surface of the liquid butter.

We stumbled on, up to our dormitory where we fell upon the floor without more ado, trying to gain a little sleep before the trumpets and the conches should call us to the midnight service.

## CHAPTER FOUR

I CROUCHED below the great ramparts, making myself into a tightly curled ball while I tried to peer through a slight opening. My legs were raging, searing bars of fire which, I was afraid, would erupt blood at any moment. But I Had to stay, Had to endure the discomfort of lying cramped and frightened while I tried to scan the far horizon. Here, in my present position, I was almost on top of the world! I could get no higher without taking wings, or—the thought appealed to me—being lofted by some mighty kite. The wind swirled and howled about me, tearing at the Prayer Flags, moaning under the roofs of the Golden Tombs, and every now and then blowing a rain of fine mountain dust on my unprotected head.

Early in the morning I had stolen out and with fear and trembling made my secret way through little-used corridors and passages. Stopping to listen every few steps, I had with extreme caution at last emerged upon the Sacred Roof, the Roof where only the Inmost One and his very closest friends were free to go. Here there was DANGER. My heart throbbed anew at the thought of it. Here, if I were caught, I would be expelled from the Order in the most dire disgrace. Expelled? What should I do then? Panic welled within me, and for a long moment I was on the point of fleeing down to the lower regions where I belonged. Common sense prevented me, to go down now, with my mission unaccomplished, would be failure indeed.

Expelled in disgrace? What SHOULD I do? I had no home, my father had told me that “Home” was home no longer to me—I must make my own way in life. My

wandering eye caught the sparkle of the Happy River, sought the dark boatman in his yak-hide boat, and my mind cleared. THAT'S what I would do, I would be a boatman! For greater security I edged along the Golden Roof, safe now even from the sight of the Inmost One, should he venture out in this wind. My legs trembled with the strain, and hunger rumbled within me. A patter of rain solved one problem, I bent and moistened my lips on a small pool that had formed.

Would he NEVER come? Anxiously I scanned the distant horizon. I—yes; I rubbed my eyes with the backs of my hands and stared again. There was a little cloud of dust! From the direction of Pari! Forgotten for the moment was the pain in my legs, forgotten too was the ever-present danger of being seen. I stood and stared. Far far away a little group of horsemen was approaching along the Valley of Lhasa. The storm was increasing, and the cloud of dust raised by the horses' hooves was whipped away almost as soon as it was formed. I peered and peered, trying to shield my eyes from the cutting wind and still not miss anything. The trees were bending away from the gale. Leaves fluttered madly, then broke away and raced wind-borne off into the unknown. The lake by the Serpent Temple was no longer mirror-placid; seething waves surged along to break madly against the far bank. Birds, wise to the ways of our weather, walked cautiously to shelter, always keeping head to wind. Through the strings of Prayer Flags, now almost breaking-tight with the pressure, came a direful thrumming, while from the great trumpets fastened to the roof below came hoarse bellowings as the wind ebbed and swirled around their mouthpieces. Here, on the very highest part of the Golden Roof, I could feel tremors, strange scrapings, and sudden splats of ancient dust driven from the rafters below.

A horrid premonition, and I turned uneasily in time to

glimpse a ghastly black figure rushing upon me. Clammy arms wound around me, choking me, striking me violent blows. I could not scream—I had no breath! A stinking black cloud enveloped me, making me retch with the vile odor. No light, just shrieking darkness, and SMELL! No air, just that nauseous gas!

I shuddered. My sins had found me out. An Evil Spirit had attacked me and was about to carry me off: Oh! I muttered, why DID I disobey the Law and climb to Sacred Ground? Then my bad temper got the upper hand. No! I would NOT be carried off by Devils. I would fight and FIGHT anyone at all. Frantically, in blind panic and furious temper, I lashed out, tearing great chunks out of the “Devil.” Relief flooded through me, and I laughed the high-pitched laugh of near-hysteria. I had been frightened by an old, old goat-skin tent, rotten with age, which had been blown at me by the wind. Now its shreds were being carried in the direction of Lhasa!

But the storm had the last word; with a triumphant howl a great gust arose which slid me along the slippery roof. My scrabbling hands sought in vain for a hold, I tried to force myself tighter to the roof, but all to no avail. I reached the very edge, teetered, teetered, and fell feather-light into the astonished arms of an old lama who gaped open-mouthed at me as I appeared—it seemed to him—from the sky itself, borne on the wind!

As was the way of the storms of Lhasa, all the tumult and commotion had died. The wind was lulled and now merely sighed wistfully around the golden eaves and played gently with the great trumpets. Overhead the clouds still raced over the mountains and were whipped to shreds with the speed of their passing. I was not so calm, though, there was much “storm” within me. CAUGHT! I muttered to myself CAUGHT like the biggest ninny in the Lamasery. Now I'll have to be a boatman or yak herder. Now I'm

REALLY in trouble! “Sir!” I said in a quavering voice.  
“Lama Custodian of the Tombs, I was . . .”

“Yes, yes, my boy,” said the old lama soothingly. “I saw it all, I saw you borne from the ground by the gale. You are blessed of the Gods!”

I looked at him. He looked at me. Then he realized that he was still holding me in his arms—he had been too stunned with surprise to think about it before. Gently he put me down. I stole a glimpse in the direction of Pari. No! I could not see Them now. They must have stopped, I . . .  
“Honorable Custodian!” a voice bawled. “Did you see that boy flying over the Mountain? The Gods took him, Peace be to his soul!” I turned round. Framed in a small hatchway was a rather simple old monk named Timon. Timon was one of those who swept the Temples and did odd jobs. He and I were old friends. Now, as he looked at me and recognized me, his eyes widened in astonishment.

“The Blessed Mother Dolma protect you!” he exclaimed. “So it was you!!! A few days ago the storm blew you off this roof and now another storm puts you back. “Tis indeed a miracle.”

“But I was—I started to say, but the old Lama broke in, “Yes, Yes We know, we saw it all. I came in the course of my duties to see that all was well, and you FLEW UP OVER THE ROOF BEFORE ME!” I felt a bit gloomy, so they thought a rotting old goat-skin tent, tattered and frayed, was ME! Oh well, let them think it. Then I thought how I had been frightened, how I had thought evil spirits were fighting me. Cautiously I looked about to see if any of the old tent was in sight. No, I had shredded it in my struggles and all the bits had blown away.

“Look! Look!” shrieked Timon. “There's proof! Look at him, LOOK AT HIM!” I looked down at myself and saw I had a string of Prayer Flags twisted around me. Clutched in my hand I still grasped half a flag. The old lama clucked and clucked and clucked, and led the way down, but—I

turned abruptly and rushed to the wall peering out again over the ramparts hoping to see my beloved Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, coming into sight in the far distance. But the far distance was blotted out completely by the raging storm which had left us and was now sweeping down the valleys leaving flying dust, flying leaves, and no doubt the remnants of the old goat-skin tent.

The old Custodian of the Tombs came back and peered over the ramparts with me. "Yes! Yes!" he said. "I saw you come up the other side of the wall, you were fluttering in front of me supported on the wind, and then I saw you fall on the very highest pan of the Golden Tomb Roof; I could not bear to look. I saw you struggling to maintain your balance, and I covered my eyes with my hand." A good thing, too, I thought, or you would have seen me fighting off the old goat-skin tent, and then you would have known that I had been up there all the time. Then I should have been in for trouble.

There was a babble of conversation as we turned and went through the doorway leading to the other buildings below, a babble of conversation. There were a group of monks and lamas, each one testifying that they had seen me scooped up from the lower reaches of the mountain path and lifted straight up flapping my arms. They had thought that I was going to be crushed against the walls or blown straight over the Potala, not one of them had expected to see me alive again, not one of them had been able to discern through the dust and stinging wind that it was not I being lofted, but part of a goat-skin tent.

"Ai! Ai!" said one. "I saw it myself—with my very own eyes. There he was, on the ground sheltering from the wind and—POOF! Suddenly he was flying over my head with his arms a-flap. I never thought I'd see the like of it."

"Yes! Yes!" said another. "I was looking out of the window, wondering at the commotion, and just as I saw this boy

blown towards me I got my eyes full of dust. He nearly kicked my face as he passed.”

“That’s nothing!” cried a third. “He DID strike me, nearly buffeted my brains out. I was out on the parapet and he came flying by me, I tried to grab him, and he nearly tore my robe off—pulled it right over my head, he did—I was blinded, couldn’t see a thing for a time. When I could—he was gone. Ah well, I thought, his time has come, but now I see he is still here.”

I was passed from hand to hand much as though I was a prize-winning butter statue. Monks felt me, lamas prodded me, and no one would let me explain that I had NOT been blown on to the roof but almost blown OFF. “A miracle!” said an old man who was on the outskirts. Then—“Oh! Look out, here comes the Lord Abbot!” The crowd respectfully made way for the golden-robed figure who now appeared among us.

“What is this?” he asked. “Why are you so congregated together? Explain to me,” he said as he turned to the most senior lama present. At some length, and with much help from the constantly growing crowd, the matter was “explained.” I stood there wishing the floor would open and drop me down . . . to the kitchen! I was hungry, having had nothing to eat since the night before.

“Come with me!” commanded the Lord Abbot. The senior lama took an arm and helped me, for I was, tired, frightened, aching, and hungry. We went into a large room which I had not previously seen. The Lord Abbot seated himself and sat in silence as he thought of that which he had been told. “Tell me again, omitting nothing,” he said to the lama. So, once again I heard of my “marvelous flight from the ground to the Tomb of the Holy One.” Just then my empty stomach gave a loud, warning rumble that it needed food. The Lord Abbot, trying not to smile, said, “Take him so that he may eat. I imagine that his

ordeal has strained him. Then call the Honorable Herbalist Lama Chin to examine him for injuries. But let him eat first.”

Food! It tasted good! “You certainly have an up-and-down life, Lobsang,” said the friendly cook-monk. “First you get blown off the roof and thrown down the mountain. and now they tell me you have been blown from the bottom of the mountain to the top of the roof! An up-and-down life, and the Devil looks after his own!” Off he went, chuckling at his own wit. I did not mind, he was always kind to me and helped me in many little ways. Another friend greeted me; a rasping, roaring purr and a hearty butt against my legs made me look down. One of the cats had come to claim his share of my attention. Idly I let my fingers trail up and down his spine, making him purr louder and louder. A slight rustle from the direction of the barley sacks—and he was gone like a flash, silently.

I moved to the window and peered out over Lhasa. No sign of the small party led by my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup. Had he been caught by the storm? I wondered. Wondered too, how much longer he would be returning. “. . . tomorrow, then, eh?” I turned. One of the kitchen hangers-on had been saying something and I had caught only the end. “Yes,” said another, “they are staying at the Rose Fence tonight and returning tomorrow.”

“Oh!” I said. “Are you talking about my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup?”

“Yes! It seems that we shall have to put up with you for yet another day, Lobsang,” said one of the hangers-on. “But that reminds me—the Honorable Infirmarian is waiting for you; you'd better hurry.”

I slouched gloomily off thinking that there were too many troubles in the world. Why should my Guide have to stop on his journey and stay perhaps a day and a night at the Rose Fence Lamasery? At that stage of my existence I thought that only my affairs were of importance, and I did

not fully realize the great work that the Lama Mingyar Dondup was doing for others. I slouched along the corridor to the Infirmarian's office; he was just coming out, but as he saw me he grabbed my arm and led me back. "Now what have you been doing? There is always some incident or item whenever you come to the Potala."

I moodily stood before him and told him only that which eye-witnesses had seen about the wind and about the great storm. I did not tell him that I was already on the Golden Roof for, as I knew, his first thought would be to report to the Inmost One.

"Well, take off your robe, I have to examine you for injuries and then I have to give a report on your condition." I shrugged off my robe and threw it on a low bench. The Infirmarian knelt and probed and prodded to see if I had any bones broken or muscles torn. He was rather surprised that my only injuries, apart from my damaged legs, were that I was covered with blue-black bruises, some with yellow overtones!

"Here—take this, and rub it well into yourself," he said standing up and reaching to a high shelf, and bringing down a leather jar full of some herbal ointment which had a most powerful stink. "Do not rub it on here," he said. "I do not want to be gassed out, they are your bruises after all"

"Honorable Infirmarian," I said, "is it true that my Guide is having to stop at the Rose Fence Lamasery?"

"Yes, he is having to treat an abbot there, and I do not expect that he will be returning here until late tomorrow. So we have to put up with you a while longer," he said, and then added slyly, "You will be able to enjoy the lectures by our respected Indian Teacher-Visitor." I looked at him and the thought occurred to me that the old Infirmarian had no greater love for the Indian Teacher than I had. However, there was no time now to deal with that. The sun was

directly overhead and it was time I was going to our lecture hall again.

First I went to the dormitory where I stripped off my robe and rubbed in the stinking ointment. Then I wiped my hands on my robe, put it on again, and made my way back to the lecture hall, taking my place at the back as far away from the Indian Teacher as I could.

The other boys came in, small boys, medium-sized boys, and big boys, all crammed in together because this was a special event, a visit by a very noted Indian Teacher and it was thought that we boys would profit by hearing Buddhism as taught by another culture.

As we sat waiting for the Teacher, boys were audibly sniffing. The ones near to me moved away, so by the time the Teacher arrived I was sitting in solitary splendor against the wall, with a semi-circle of boys not closer than about twelve feet.

The Indian Teacher came in carrying his delightful little leather bag, but sniffing, looking about him suspiciously, his nostrils were working and he was sniffing very audibly. Half way between the door and the lectern he stopped and looked about, then he saw that I was sitting alone. He came towards me but soon retreated, the room was quite warm with so many boys in it, and with warmth the ointment was becoming more and more pungent. The Indian Teacher stopped, put his hands on his hips, and he glared at me. "My boy, you are the biggest trouble-maker in this whole country I believe: You upset our beliefs by flying up and down the mountainside. I saw it all from my own room, I saw you going up in the distance. You must have devils teach you in your odd moments, or something. And now—ough!—you STINK!!"

"Honorable Indian Teacher," I replied, "I cannot help the stench, I am merely using ointment prescribed by the Honorable Infirmarian, and," I added, greatly daring, "it is much the worse for me because the stuff is fairly bubbling out of me." Not a flicker of a smile crossed his lips, he just turned contemptuously

aside and moved away to the lectern.

“We must get on with our lectures,” said the Indian Teacher, “for I shall be very glad to leave you and to journey onwards to more cultured India.” He arranged his papers, shuffled around a bit, looked suspiciously at all of us to see if we were paying attention, then he continued: “Gautama in his wanderings had thought a lot. For six years he had wandered, spending most of his time searching for Truth, seeking for Truth, seeking the purpose behind life. As he wandered he suffered hardships, suffered privation, hunger, and one of his first questions was ‘Why am I unhappy?’

“Gautama pondered the question incessantly, and the answer came to him when the creatures of Nature were assisting him, the snails cooling his head, the birds fanning his brow, and all the others keeping quiet that he should not be disturbed. He decided that there were Four Great Truths, which he called The Four Noble Truths, which were the laws of Man's stay on Earth.

“Birth is suffering, said the Buddha. A baby is born to its mother, causing pain to the mother and pain to the baby, only through pain can one be born to this Earth, and the act of being born causes pain and suffering to others. Decay is suffering; as a man gets older and his body cells are not able to replenish along the familiar pattern, decay sets in, organs no longer function correctly, change takes place, and there is suffering. One cannot grow old without suffering. Illness is suffering; with the failure of an organ to operate correctly there is pain, suffering, as the organ compels the body to readjust to the new condition. Wherefore it is that illness causes pain and suffering. Death is the end of illness; death causes suffering, not the act of dying

itself, but the conditions which bring about death are in themselves painful. Therefore, again, we are unhappy.

“Suffering is caused by the presence of objects which we hate. We are kept in tension, in frustration, by the presence of those we dislike. We are made unhappy by the separation from objects we love; when we are parted from a dear one, perhaps with no knowledge of when we are going to be with that person again, then we suffer pain, we suffer frustration, wherefore we are unhappy.

“To desire, and not to obtain that which we desire, that is the cause of suffering, that is the cause of loss of happiness, the cause of misery. Wherefore it is that as we desire and do not obtain, then instead we suffer and are unhappy.

“Death only brings peace, death only brings release from suffering. Wherefore it is clear that clinging to existence is clinging to suffering, clinging to existence is that which makes us unhappy.”

The Indian Teacher looked at us, and said, “The Buddha, our Blessed Gautama, was not pessimistic but realistic. Gautama realized that until one can accept facts one cannot banish suffering. Until one can understand why there is suffering one cannot progress along the Middle Way.”

The Teachings stressed a lot about suffering, I thought; but I remembered what my own dear Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup had said to me. He said, “Let us, Lob-sang, consider what Gautama really did say. He did not say that everything causes suffering. No matter what the Scriptures say; no matter what the Great Teachers say, Gautama at no time stated that everything is suffering. He really said that everything holds the POSSIBILITY of suffering, from which it is clear that every incident of life can result in pain or discomfort or disharmony. CAN! It is nowhere stated that everything MUST cause pain.”

There is so much misunderstanding about what Great

Men did or did not say: Gautama had the belief that suffering, pain, went far beyond mere physical suffering, mere physical pain. He emphasized at all times that the sufferings of the mind through the dysfunction of the emotions was a greater suffering, a greater disharmony, than any mere physical pain or unhappiness could cause. Gautama taught “If I am unhappy it is because I am not living happily, because I am not living in harmony with nature. If I am not living harmoniously it is because I have not learned to accept the world as it is, with all its disadvantages and POSSIBILITIES of suffering. I can only attain happiness by realizing the causes of unhappiness and avoiding those causes.”

I was busy thinking of this, and thinking of what an awful stink that ointment was causing, when the Indian Teacher slapped his lectern again, and said, “This is the First of the Noble Truths. Now let us deal with the Second of the Noble Truths.

“Gautama gave his sermon to his disciples, those who had previously left him when much of the sensation had gone from the Teaching, but now they were Gautama's disciples again. He said to them, “I teach only two things, suffering and release from suffering. Now this the Noble Truth as to the origin of suffering. It is the craving thirst that causes the renewal of becomings; the craving thirst is accompanied by sensual delights and seeks satisfaction now here, now there. It takes the form of craving for the gratification of the senses, or the craving for prosperity and worldly possessions.”

“As we were taught, suffering follows something which we have done wrongly, it is the result of a wrong attitude towards the rest of the world. The world itself is not a bad place, but some of the people in it make it appear bad, and it is our own attitude, our own faults, which make the world seem so bad. Everyone has desires, or cravings, or

lusts, which make one do things which in a more balanced mood, when free from such cravings and lusts, one would not do.

“The Great Teaching of the Buddha was that he who craves cannot be free, and a person who is not free cannot be happy. Therefore, to overcome craving is to take a big step forward towards happiness.

“Gautama taught that every person has to find happiness for himself. He said that there is a happiness that does not give contentment, it is merely a transient thing and is the type of happiness which a person obtains when he or she wants change always, always want to flit around seeing fresh sights, meeting fresh people. That is transient happiness. The true happiness is that which gives one deep contentment, gives one's soul release from dissatisfaction. Gautama said, “When in following after happiness .. I have perceived that bad qualities develop, and good qualities were diminished, then that kind of happiness is to be avoided. When following after happiness I have perceived that bad qualities were diminished and good qualities developed; such happiness is to be followed.”

“We, then, have to stop chasing about after the idle things of the flesh, the things which do not endure into the next world, we have to stop trying to satisfy cravings which grow the more we feed them, and, instead, we have to think what are we really looking for, how shall we find it? We have to think of the nature of our cravings, the cause of our cravings, and having known the cause of our cravings, then we can seek to remove that cause.”

Our Teacher was warming up to his subject. He was being a little troubled, too, by the smell of herbal ointment for he said, “We will have a recess for the moment because I do not want to overstrain your mentality which, I perceive, is not at all the mentality of my Indian students.”

He picked up his papers, put them in his case, carefully

snapped the lock, and held his breath as he walked by me. For a few moments the other boys sat still waiting for his footsteps to die away in the distance. Then one turned to me and said, "Pooh! Lobsang, you do stink! It must be because you have been mixing with devils, flying up and down to heaven with them." I replied quite reasonably, "Well, if I have been mixing with devils I should not be flying to heaven with them, but the other way, and as everyone knows I flew up." We dispersed and went our way. I went to the window and looked out pensively, wondering what my Guide was doing at the Rose Fence Lamasery, wondering how I should fill in the time with this Indian Teacher whom I thoroughly disliked. I thought that if he was such a good Buddhist as he imagined himself to be, then he would have more understanding and feeling for small boys.

As I was standing there thinking a young lama came into the room in a hurry. "Lobsang!" he said. "Come quickly, the Inmost One will see you." Then he stopped and said, "Pooh! Whatever have you done?" So I told him about the herbal ointment, and he said, "Let us hurry to the Infirmarian to see what can be done to get rid of that stench before you see the Inmost One. Come—quickly."

## CHAPTER FIVE

TOGETHER we rushed down the corridor towards the Infirmary's Office. TOGETHER? NO, not quite! The young lama did the rushing, I followed on faltering legs. Followed because he had a grip on the front of my robe and was towing me. I muttered and grumbled to myself as much as lack of breath would permit. I get blown off the ground and on to the roof and now everyone pushes me around. Ow! I thought, now I am almost BELIEVING that I was blown up. Ow! I wondered what the Inmost One thought—or knew!

We skittered around the corner and swept into the Office. The Infirmary was having tsampa. At sight of us he paused and looked up; his mouth dropped open at seeing me again and his hand hovered between bowl and mouth. “You again? You? What have you done this time?” The young lama, gasping with excitement, anxiety, and lack of breath, poured out a stumbling cascade of words—almost tripping over his own tongue with the speed of his speech.

“The Inmost One, he wants to see Lobsang Now. What can we do?” The Infirmary sighed as he put down his bowl and wiped his fingers on his robe. “He will not merely SEE him, but SMELL him if I take him like this,” the young lama muttered agitatedly. “Ai! Ai! What can we do to sweeten him?” The Infirmary chuckled and then speedily became solemn as he thought of the Inmost One. “Ah!” he said. “I only did it for a joke, I was trying a new ointment and he was available. It is also an ointment which can be spread on posts and walls to keep dogs off by its smell, but it is a “bruise ointment.” Now, let me think!”

The young lama and I looked at each other in some dismay. DOG repellent, well, it had certainly made ME repellent, but what to do now? So the old man had played a joke on me, had he? Well, I thought, now the joke was on HIM—how was he going to get rid of the smell before the Dalai Lama knew about it? He jumped to his feet and snapped his fingers with satisfaction. “Off with your robe,” he commanded. I shrugged out of my robe again. The Infirmarian went into the side room, to emerge minutes later with a leather pail filled with sweet-smelling liquid. Pushing me over a small drain in his Office, he up-ended the pail and poured the contents over my head.

I hopped and hopped, the stuff was astringent, and I thought my skin would peel off. Quickly grasping a rag, he swabbed my body, leaving it very pink, very smarting, but sweet-smelling. “There!” he exclaimed with satisfaction. “You have been a great trouble to me, perhaps a painful treatment will discourage you from coming except in dire necessity.” He went back into the other room and returned bearing a clean robe. “Put it on,” he commanded. “We cannot have you going to the Inmost One looking like a scarecrow.” I dressed, itching and tingling all over. The rough material of the robe made matters worse, but the young lama and the Infirmarian did not seem to mind that! “Quick! Quick!” said the former. “We must not waste time.” He grabbed my arm and dragged me towards the door. I moved reluctantly, leaving scented wet footmarks on the floor.

“Wait!” cried the Infirmarian. “He must have sandals!” With a flurry, he disappeared and then came into view carrying a pair of sandals. I thrust my feet into them and found they were large enough for a person twice my size.

“Ow!” I exclaimed in panic. “They are too big, I shall trip over them or lose them. I want mine!”

“Oh! Aren't you a one?” snapped the Infirmarian. “Just a bundle of trouble, always in trouble. Wait! I must get you

fitted right, or you will fall over in the presence of the Inmost One and so disgrace me.” He bumbled around, fiddling and fumbling, and then produced a pair of sandals which were of more satisfactory fitting. “Go!” he exclaimed. “Don’t come back here unless you are dying!” He turned crossly away and continued his interrupted meal.

The young lama was panting with worry and excitement. “How shall I explain the delay?” he asked, as if I could give him the answer. We hurried along the corridor and soon were overtaken by another young lama. “Where have you been?” he asked in some exasperation. “The Inmost One is waiting—and he does NOT like to be kept waiting!” This was no time for explanations.

We hurried along the corridors, climbing to the floor above, and the floor above that—and yet another floor. At last we reached a large doorway guarded by two immense proctors. Recognizing the two young lamas, they moved aside, and we entered the private quarters of the Dalai Lama. Suddenly the first young lama skidded to a halt and pushed me against a wall. “Keep still!” he said. “I must see that you are tidy.” He looked me up and down, pulling a fold here, draping a fold there. “Turn around,” he commanded, as he eyed me carefully, hoping that I was no more untidy than the average small acolyte. I turned around, with my face to the wall. Again he pulled and tugged and straightened my robe. “You are the boy with the injured legs, well, the Inmost One knows of it. If he tells you to sit—sit as gracefully as you can. All right, turn round.” I turned, noticing that the other young lama had gone. We stood and waited. We waited until I thought my knees would give out. All that rush, and now we wait, I thought. Why do I have to be a monk?

The inner door opened and an elderly lama came out. The young lama bowed, and withdrew. The high official,

for that is who the elderly lama was, looked at me—looked me up and down and asked, “Can you walk without assistance?”

“Holy Master!” I replied. “I can with difficulty walk.”

“Then come,” he said, turning and slowly leading the way into another room, crossing it, and coming to a corridor. At a door, he knocked and entered, motioning for me to wait outside. “Your Holiness,” I heard his respectful voice say. “The boy Lobsang. He does not walk well. The Infirmarian says that he is badly bruised and his legs are not yet healed.” I could not hear the reply, but the elderly lama came out and whispered: “Go in, while standing, bow three times and then advance when so instructed. Walk slowly—do not fall. Go in now!”

He gently took my arm and led me through the door, saying, “Your Holiness, the boy Lobsang!” before leaving and closing the door behind me. Blinded by emotion and fright I hesitantly bowed three times in what I hoped was the right direction. “Come! My boy, come and sit here,” said a deep, warm voice, a voice I had heard once before during a previous visit. I looked up and saw first the Saffron Robe glowing softly in a bright shaft of sunlight which streamed through the window. The Saffron Robe! Above it, a kind but firm face, the face of one who was used to making decisions. The face of a GOOD man, our God upon Earth.

He was sitting on a small platform raised from the ground. The red cushions upon which he rested contrasted with the saffron of his robe. He was in the lotus position, with his hands clasped in front of him and his knees and feet were covered with a gold cloth. In front of him there was a low table containing just a few articles, a small bell, a Charm Box, a Prayer Wheel, and state papers. He had a moustache then, and its ends depended slightly below his chin. His face bore a benign smile, but marks of suffering were there too. Before him, to the side of the small table,

two seat-cushions were upon the floor. To these he motioned, saying, "I know of your disability, sit in any way comfortable." Gratefully I sat down, for all the rushing around, all the excitement—all these were having their effect upon me and I was trembling slightly with weariness.

"So!" said His Holiness. "You have had some adventures? I have heard much about it, it must have been very frightening?" I looked at him, at this Great Man so full of goodness and knowledge. Now, I knew, I would HAVE to tell him what happened for I would not deceive him. All right, then I would be expelled—cast out, driven forth for breaking the Law and climbing too high. Never mind, I would be a boatman or a builder of kites or—my mind boggled at the thought—I might even travel to India and become a trader.

The Inmost One was looking hard at me and I jumped in some confusion as I realized he had been speaking to me. "Your Holiness!" I said. "My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, has told me you are the greatest man in the world and I cannot conceal the truth from you." I paused and swallowed a lump that had come into my throat. "Your Holiness," I said in a faint voice. "I arose early this morning and climbed . . ."

"Lobsang!" said the Inmost One, his face glowing with pleasure. "Say no more, tell me no more, I already know it, having been a small boy myself oh! so VERY long ago." He paused and looked thoughtfully at me. "This I enjoin upon you," he said. "You are not at any time to discuss this with another, you are to remain silent upon the matter of what really DID happen. Otherwise you will be expelled as the Law demands." For a moment he was deep in thought, then he added, musingly, "It is good, sometimes, to have a 'miracle,' for it strengthens the faith of the lower and weaker Brothers. They need what they imagine is proof, but 'proof' examined closely often proves to be but illusion, whereas

the 'Illusion' for which 'proof' was sought is truly the Reality."

The mid-morning sun was flooding the room with golden light. The saffron robe of the Inmost One glowed and seemed to be half flame as a whisper of wind dared to rustle its folds. The red cushions had a halo and cast ruddy reflections on the polished floor. A small Prayer Wheel stirred gently to the vagrant breeze and its turquoise insets flashed little blue beams on the golden air. Almost idly, the Inmost One stretched out his hand and picked up the Prayer Wheel, looked at it speculatively, and put it down again.

"Your Guide, my Brother in Holiness, Mingyar Don-dup, speaks very very highly of you," said His Holiness. "And so do those who know you well. You have a great task in life and you will be more and more in the care of your Guide and of men like him, so you will be withdrawn more and more from class-studies and will have private tuition of a much higher standard." The Inmost One paused and looked at me with a smile lurking at the corners of his eyes. "But you will have to continue that course of Lectures with our Indian visitor," he said.

That shook me; I was hoping to avoid that awful man—hoping to get out of attending the afternoon lecture on the strength of my great experience. The Inmost One continued: "Your Guide will return late tonight or early tomorrow morning, he will report to me, then you will return with him to Iron Mountain to continue specialized studies. The Wise Men have determined your future; it will be hard always, but the more you study NOW the better will be your chances later." He nodded kindly to me, and reached out for his little bell. With a musical sound it rang out, summoning the elder lama, who came hurrying in. I rose to my feet with some difficulty, bowed three times with disgraceful awkwardness—clutching my breast

so that my bowl and other items should not fall out as previously—and withdrew backwards almost praying that I should not trip and fall over.

Outside, mopping the perspiration from my brow and steadying myself against the wall, I wondered—WHAT NEXT? The elder lama smiled upon me (for I had been blessed by the Inmost One) and said kindly, “Well, now, boy. That was a very long interview for so small a boy, His Holiness seemed pleased with you. Now”—he looked out at the shadows “now it is time for you to eat and go to your class for the Indian Buddhism Lecture. All right, my boy, you may go. This Official will see you past the guards.” He smiled at me again and turned aside. The young lama whom I had first met appeared around a screen and said, “Come on—this way!” I followed, almost tottering, thinking that this day, which was not even half over, seemed a week long already.

So once again I made my way to the kitchen and begged some tsampa. This time I was treated with RESPECT—for I had been in the presence of the Inmost One and already reports had flown that he had been pleased with me! With my meal hastily eaten, and still smelling sweetly, I repaired to the classroom.

Our Teacher stood before his lectern again, saying, “We now have the Third Noble Truth, one of the shortest and simplest of the Truths.

“As Gautama taught, when one ceases to crave for a thing then one ceases to have suffering connected with that thing; suffering ceases with the complete cessation of cravings.

“A person who has cravings usually has cravings for another person's goods, he becomes covetous—he covets that possessed by another, he becomes infatuated with the possessions of another, and when he cannot have those things resentment sets in and the person dislikes the

owner of the coveted goods. That gives rise to frustration, anger, and pain.

“If one covets a thing which one cannot have, then there is unhappiness. Actions arising from cravings lead to unhappiness. Happiness is gained when one ceases to crave, when one takes life as it comes, the good with the bad.”

The Indian turned over his pages, shuffled about a bit, and then said, “Now we come to the Fourth of the Four Noble Truths, but the Fourth of the Four Noble Truths has been divided into eight parts called the Holy Eightfold Path. There are eight steps which one can take to obtain liberation from the desires of the flesh, to obtain liberation from cravings. We will go through them. The first is:

(1) The Right Viewpoint: As Gautama taught, one must have the right viewpoint on unhappiness. A person who feels miserable or unhappy must find out precisely why he is miserable or unhappy, he must investigate himself and find out what is the cause of this unhappiness. When a person has discovered for himself that which is causing unhappiness, then that person can do something about it to obtain the fourth of the Four Noble Truths which is—How can I find happiness?

“Before we can proceed upon life's journey with a tranquil mind and with a hope that we shall lead life as life is meant to be led we must know what are our objectives. Which brings us to step two of the Holy Eightfold Path:

(2) Right Aspiration: Everyone ‘aspires’ after something, it may be mental, physical, or spiritual gain. It may be to help others, it may be only to help ourselves. But, unfortunately, humans are in very much of a mess, they are undirected, confused, unable to perceive that which they should perceive. We have to strip away all

the false values, all the false words, and to see clearly that which we are and that which we should be, as well as that which we desire. We must renounce false values which obviously lead us into unhappiness. Most people think only of 'I,' 'me,' and 'mine.' Most people are too self centered, they care not at all for the rights of others. It is essential that we look at ourselves as an object to be studied, look at ourselves as we look at some stranger: Do you like the stranger? Would you like him to be your close friend? How would you like to live with him for a lifetime, eating with him, breathing with him, sleeping with him? You have to have the right aspirations before you can make a success of life, and from this right aspiration it follows that you must have:

(3) Right Speech: This means that a person must control his speech, must not speak idle slander, must not deal with rumor as if rumor were fact. With right speech one should always give the other person the benefit of the doubt, and should withhold speech when speech can harm another, giving speech when speech is good, when speech can help. Speech can be more deadly than the sword, speech can be more poisonous than the most venomous poison. Speech can destroy a nation. Thus, one must have right speech, and right speech arises through:

(4) Right Behavior: If one behaves in the correct way one does not speak in an incorrect way. Thus, right behavior contributes materially to right speech and right aspirations.

“Right Behavior means that a person does not tell lies, does not drink intoxicants, does not steal.

“Gautama taught that we are the result of our own thoughts. What we are now is that which our thoughts have caused us to be in the past. So if we think right now,

if we behave right now, we will be 'right' at some near future occasion.

“Gautama stated, ‘Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred can only be conquered by love’” He also said, ‘Let a man overcome the anger of another by love, let him overcome the evil of another by his own good.’

“As I was so often taught, one must not give proof of extra-sensory abilities, one must not attack those who attack one, for according to the sayings of Gautama one should not attack those who attack one with abusive language or with sticks or stones. Gautama said, ‘If someone curses you, you must suppress all resentment and make firm determination that your mind shall not be disturbed and no angry word shall cross your lips. You will remain kind and friendly and without spite.’

“Our Buddhist belief is of The Middle Way, a code of living, a code of doing to others as one would have done to oneself. The next of the Holy Eightfold Path:

(5) Right Livelihood: According to the Teachings of Buddha there were certain occupations which were harmful to a man, certain occupations which could not be followed by a true Buddhist. For instance, a true Buddhist could not be a butcher or the seller of poisons, nor could he be a slave trader or slave owner. A Buddhist could not partake of nor distribute liquors. The good Buddhist, at Gautama's time, was necessarily a man who wandered alone or lived in a monastery.

(6) Right Effort: Right Effort has a special meaning; it means that one must proceed at one's own most suitable speed on the Holy Eightfold Path. A person who is seeking to progress should not be impatient and try to move too quickly before he has learned the lessons which are to be learned. But again, nor must that seeker

try to hold back with false modesty, with false humility. A person can only progress at his own allotted speed.

(7) Right Mindfulness: It is the mind of Man that controls Man's actions. The thought is father to the deed; if you think of a thing that is the first step to doing the thing, and some thoughts are very disharmonious. Physical desires might distract one and cause one harm. One might desire too much or too rich food; the desire does not give one the pain, but the over-eating does. Unhappiness and pain develop from excessive eating, and follows the excessive desire to eat.

The Buddhist must remember that feelings are short-lived, coming and going like the wind which changes at all times. Emotions are unstable things and cannot be relied upon. One must train oneself so that one has the right mindfulness at all times irrespective of one's transient desires.

(8) Right Contemplation: As Gautama well knew yoga was not by any means the answer to spiritual attainment. Yoga is merely a set of exercises which are designed to enable the mind to control the physical body, they are designed to subjugate the body at the mind's command. They are not designed to give one spiritual elevation.

In Right Contemplation one has to control irrelevant thoughts of the mind, one has to know one's own true needs. By having Right Contemplation one could meditate—contemplate—so that without reasoning one could come to a conclusion by intuition as to what was right for oneself and what was wrong for oneself.”

The Indian Teacher's voice stopped and he seemed to jerk back into the present. His eyes roved over us and then settled on me. “You!” he said, pointing with outstretched finger. “I want a word with you, come outside into the

corridor.” Slowly I got to my feet and made for the door. The Indian Teacher followed and closed the door after him, then he opened it again and put his head around the corner saying, “You boys be silent, not a sound from you, I shall be just outside.” He shut the door again and stood with his back to it. “Now, boy,” he said, “you have been to see the Dalai Lama; what did he say to you?” “Honorable Master,” I exclaimed. “I am enjoined not to repeat anything that happened, not to say a word that was passed.” He turned on me in a fury and shouted, “I am your Teacher, I command you to tell me! Did you mention me?”

“I cannot tell you, sir,” I said. “I can only repeat that I am forbidden to make any comment upon what passed.”

“I shall report you for insolence and for disobedience, and for being in general a very unsatisfactory pupil.” With that, he leaned forward and hit me violently on the left side and the right side of my head. He turned and entered the classroom, his face flaming with temper. I followed and resumed my place.

The Indian Teacher returned to his lectern and he then picked up his papers. He opened his mouth at the same instant as a lama entered. “Honored Sir,” said the lama to the Indian Teacher, “I have to ask you to go to the Lord Abbot and I am instructed to continue with this lecture. If you will please indicate the point which you have reached I shall be glad to continue.” Sullenly the Indian Teacher gave a rough summary of the position, and said that he was about to deal with Nirvana. Then he said, “It gives me much pleasure that I shall be leaving your class, and I hope my pleasure may be increased by not returning to it.” With that he swirled all his papers into his leather bag, snapped it shut with a vicious clank, and swept out of the room leaving the lama looking rather astonished at the display of temper. We smiled because we knew now that things would be better, for this fairly young lama was still

young enough to understand the feelings of boys. “You fellows—how long have you been at this lecture? Have you had food?” he asked. “Do any of you want to leave for a few moments?” We all smiled back at him, and assured him that we were not anxious to leave just yet. So he nodded in a satisfied way while he went to the window and looked out for a moment or two.

## CHAPTER SIX

THE lama who was our new Teacher pushed aside the lectern and sat down in the lotus position in front of us, sitting on the slightly raised platform which was present at all Tibetan lecture rooms. At our meals in our dining halls we had high lecterns at which a Reader either sat or stood during meals, because at all times when we ate we were read to so that our minds should be filled with spiritual thoughts while our stomachs became filled with tsampa. It was not considered correct to eat and think of the food. It was the custom for formal lectures to be given with the lecturer standing at the lectern, and as we were quick to appreciate, the fact that our new Teacher was sitting in front of us showed us that he was a different sort of a man.

“Well,” he said, “you have just been dealing with Right Mindfulness, and I hope that you are in the right frame of mind because the mind is the cause of most of Man's distress. Physical desires can be very troublesome particularly in a monastic community, particularly where the inmates are all celibate. Thus, it is necessary to control the mind—to create right mindfulness, because in creating right mindfulness we are able to avoid the unhappiness which arises when we desire all the things which we know quite well we cannot have.

“You know that the Buddha always taught that men particularly were often led astray by what one might term visual impact. Men, the average man, tends to idealize women.” He looked at one rather big boy, and smiled as he said, “I know that a young gentleman such as you, who sometimes accompanies an older monk to the market place,

might at times deserve to be called 'Swivel Eyes,' but the Buddha taught that such things are not good for the monk because the desire is father to the action. The thought makes one do the things which one knows to be wrong." He looked at each of us and smiled as he said, "We should take The Middle Way, however, and not be too good and not be too bad. There is a story of a certain wayfarer who was traveling along a road; some time before he had seen a very beautiful young woman pass, and he was most anxious to make her acquaintance. Unfortunately, he had had to step aside into the bushes for a purpose which we need not discuss, and he feared that in the interval the young woman must have passed him by. He saw an old Buddhist monk coming along, and he stopped him saying, "Will you tell me, Honorable Master, have you seen a very beautiful young woman passing this way in your travels?" The old monk looked blankly at him and replied, 'A beautiful young woman? That I cannot tell you. I have been trained in right mindfulness, therefore it is that I can only tell you that a set of bones passed me some time ago, whether it was that of a man or of a woman I cannot say, for it was of no interest to me.' "

The lama chuckled as he said, "That is right mindfulness carried beyond all reasonable limits, carried in fact to an absurd extent. However, let us carry on with a subject which is very, very much misunderstood."

He went on to tell us that the Eightfold Path had an objective, an objective under which those who followed that Path would attain a very desired end, would attain Nirvana. Nirvana actually means the cessation of craving, the end of resentment and covetousness. The end of covetousness and the other lusts of the body would enable a man or a woman to attain to a state of bliss.

Nirvana is liberation from the body, liberation from the

lusts and gluttonies of the flesh. It does not by any means imply the cessation of all experience, nor does it mean the cessation of all knowledge nor the cessation of all life. It is incorrect to say that Nirvana means existing in a state of nothingness; that is an error which has been perpetrated through ignorant people talking about things which they did not at all understand.

Nirvana is freedom from lust, freedom from the various hungers of the flesh. Nirvana is not just blissful contemplation, it is, instead, a fulfillment of spiritual knowledge and liberation from all bodily desires. The state of Nirvana is being in a pure state, pure so far as lack of lusts for physical things are concerned. But even when one has attained to Nirvana, that is freedom from flesh desires, one still goes on to learn spiritual things and to advance in other planes of existence.

Buddhists believe in the Round of Becoming, they believe that mankind is born to Earth, lives on Earth, and then dies, and then comes back to Earth in a different body, that it is reborn to Earth so that lessons not learned during a past life can be assimilated.

Nirvana is not a place, it is not a place that you can pin down on a map. It is a state of mind, a condition of mind. It is the condition of being thoughtful; thoughtfulness is one of the chief virtues of the good Buddhist, while thoughtlessness is abhorred.

Nirvana does not mean the loss of personal consciousness at the cessation of life upon Earth, it means quite the reverse. There is also a further Nirvana which in the Indian language is called Parinirvana.

“A good Buddhist,” said our lama Teacher; “is a truly happy person, a person who is concerned with helping others, a person who has thought for others. The good Buddhist does not respect or recognize the titles or castes existing in countries such as India, for a man does not

attain to a state of happiness by the estate of his parents. A prince could be unhappy, while a beggar could be happy. Birth does not enable one to discover how to defeat the suffering, the state of one's parents' purse had nothing to do with it. The only way to seek liberation from unwholesome desires is by following the practical Eightfold Path which gives one self knowledge, and as one has self knowledge one can have lasting happiness.”

The lama looked at each of us and said, “I suppose you think that we Buddhists have the greatest number of followers of any religion in the world, you think we are the most important. Well, that is not correct, because at the present time only one-fifth of the population of this world are Buddhists. We have Buddhists in Thailand, Ceylon, Burma, China, Japan, Korea, Tibet, and a certain number in India. There are many different forms of Buddhism, and they all spring from the same source, wherefore it is clear that there should not be friction between us, springing as we do from the same parent. We can each think in our own way. Much later in our lectures we shall deal with the uses of religion, but for the moment I want you to recite the ‘Refuges.’ ”

The Three Refuges  
I take refuge in the Buddha.  
I take refuge in the Doctrine.  
I take refuge in the Order.

The lama said, “You boys must say that in the morning and before retiring at night. You must get it impressed upon your sub-conscious. You can call it a symbolization of the Great Renunciation which the Founder of Buddhism made when he left the family palace and took up his monk's robe.”

“You boys,” he continued, “will be renouncing the lures of the flesh. You will be training to be young men of good

character, of good conduct, young men of pure thought, for in the days which shall come upon our country, days of sorrow, days of overshadowing evil, for terrible things shall come to pass in our beloved country, it will be necessary for young men of good character to go out into what, to us, is the great unknown and to keep our own culture alive. Therefore, it is that you of this generation must study and purify yourselves, for we of the older generation shall not be able to follow you.”

He told us, “In your travels you will meet many Zen Buddhists. You will wonder if their austerities are necessary, for to the Zen Buddhist all those who teach and all that which teaches—such as books or scriptures—are only pointers like a finger outstretched, pointing the Path that one shall take. Think of the people you have seen, think as you look down upon our pilgrims walking around the Ring Road; observe how when some guide or gipsy points to a thing, like one of us at our windows, how a pilgrim's eyes invariably follow and look at the pointing finger rather than the object at which it is pointed. It is a fact that the ignorant always look at the pointing finger rather than in the direction that the finger indicates. This is a fact which was known to the sect of Buddhism which became known as the Zen Buddhists. It is their belief that one can only know truth by one's personal experience of truth. Truth cannot be known by just listening to the spoken word, nor by reading the printed page. One can only profit by actual personal experiences.

“One is enjoined to read, to study the Scriptures, and to listen with attention to the learned lectures of wise men. But all the printed words and all the written words must serve merely as fuel for the workings of one's own mind so that when one gets an experience one can relate that experience to Great Truths as propounded by others.” He smiled and said, “All this means that you cannot get far

by being a mere theorist, you have to be a practical man as well as a student of the written word. It is stated that one picture is worth more than a thousand words, but I say that one experience is worth more than a thousand pictures.”

He hesitated for a moment, and turned and looked out of the window. My heart leapt because I thought that perhaps he would see my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup returning from the Wild Rose Fence Lamasery. But no, he just turned back to us again and said, “I am going to tell you something which undoubtedly will shock you and make you think that Zen Buddhists are uncultured savages, and sacrilegious savages at that! Some time ago in Japan there was a very famous Teacher indeed, a man who was revered for his high ideals, for his profound knowledge, and for the austere manner of his living. Students came from all over the Eastern world to bow at that Master's feet and study under him. One day he was giving a very special lecture in one of the ceremonial temples, a temple adorned by many statues of the Thousand Buddhas, statues cunningly carved from rare exotic woods. The Teacher had the enthralled attention of his students, and then he paused in the middle of his lecture and his students held their breath wondering what he was going to say, because he had, deservedly, a reputation for being very very eccentric.

“As this wise man turned aside and seized the nearest of the wooden Buddhas and threw it in the fire, the students rose in shocked horror. For a moment there was a babble of conversation, protests, waving hands, and scuffling feet. But the wise man stood calmly with his back to the fire, stood with his back to the blazing statue of the Buddha. When the commotion had ceased he said that everyone has statues in their minds, everyone sets up ornaments, idols, useless things which occupy space in the mind just

as useless wooden idols occupy space in a temple. As he said, the only way to progress is to burn up the clutter in one's mind, destroy that which impedes progress. The Great Teacher turned and rubbed a finger over one of the higher Buddhas; he turned back to the class and said, 'Here there be dust, dust upon a Buddha, but that is not so bad as dust upon the mind. Let us destroy carved images, let us destroy false ideas that live within us, for unless one clears out one's untidy mind as one clears out an untidy attic, one cannot progress and go on to the higher reaches of The Path.' "

Our lama Teacher laughed outright at our shocked expressions. He said, "Oh! You are a conservative lot! Wait until you get out to some of the other lamaseries, wait until you move among the people. You will find that some have no use for the teachings of religion, and you will find yet others who wash out their mouth before speaking the name of the Buddha, wash their mouth so that their mouth shall be clean before uttering a sacred name. But these are extremes, those who make a fetish of it and those who have no use for religion. Religion is a discipline which is only of use if one uses common sense, moderation, and The Middle Way, and then religion can solve all one's problems."

I do not know, but I suppose I must have grunted or made some sign which attracted his attention, for he hesitated a moment and then slowly came over and stood in front of me and looked down. "Lobsang," he said, "you appear to be very troubled, you have had a most trying, a MOST trying experience today. But from your expression I am sure that there is more troubling you than that, and I am sure also that it is even more serious than that your Guide has not returned, and will not return, this day. Tell me what it is."

I wished the floor would open and drop me all the way through, right down into one of the volcanic chambers

because I had to admit to myself I had been thinking rather unusual things. To be quite blunt I was heartily sick of the way I had to live, and I thought that now was the time perhaps. Let us get it over with.

“Honorable Master,” I said with some trepidation, “it is true that I am dissatisfied. My mind is in conflict, my thoughts are in turmoil, for I am being driven to take a course of action which is not at all in accordance with my own desires. I have been sorely troubled, and as I sat upon the Golden Roof struggling with the wind, thinking that death awaited me, I was glad because I thought that death would bring the end of my problems.”

The lama Teacher looked at me with sympathy. He drew his robe around him and sat on the floor beside me, crossing his legs and settling himself in the lotus posture. “Lobsang!” he said. “Let us discuss this problem, and I suggest that we discuss it with this class because I have no doubt that many of the young men here are similarly troubled at some time or other. I have been at the Potala a long, long time, and perhaps your own problems now may have been my problems in days gone by.”

“Honorable Teacher,” I replied, “I have no choice, I had to leave my wealthy home. I was driven out by my parents who were very powerful people indeed, and I was told that I was to be trained in the priesthood. Because I came of a high family I had to undergo more trials and tribulations than had I come from a low family. I had more to learn, I had more to suffer. My left leg was burned to the bone through no fault of mine. Both my legs were broken when I was blown off the mountain in a gale, but although I can barely hobble, although I suffer constant pain, I still have to attend classes. Now, Honorable Teacher, I have never wanted to be a monk, but I have had no choice in what I wanted, I have been forced to do it. Religion offers me nothing.”

The lama looked at me with a lot of understanding and said, “But, Lobsang, these are early days. Religion will offer you a lot when you understand the workings of the Middle Way and the rules of this life and the life beyond. Then you will become tranquil and will understand much more what life really is. But at your present stage, what do you want to be?”

“I looked out from the Golden Roof and I saw the boatman on the Happy River, and I thought what a free life that is, how pleasant just paddling backwards and forwards on a river which everyone loves, meeting interesting people, people who come from India, people who are going to China, people who are going beyond the mountains to return at some time with strange knowledge and strange artifacts. But I—I am just a boy stuck here subject to discipline, not able to do anything that I want to do, always having to obey orders, always having to learn things in which I am not interested, always being told that my life will be hard but that I am working for a special purpose, that I am going to do a special task.” I stopped and wiped my brow with my sleeve, then continued, “WHY do I always have to have such hardship?”

The Teacher put a hand on my shoulder and said, “All life is like this classroom; you come here, some of you reluctantly some of you gladly, but you all come here to learn things, and each of you must learn at your own rate because no one, no teacher, can force your development, for to do so would mean that you had an imperfect knowledge of the subject. You have to progress at your own rate, fast or slow according to your own capabilities, according to your own desire for knowledge. All life is like a classroom; you come to this life as you come to this class. But when you leave this classroom in several minutes time it will be the same as dying to this life, dying to the classroom. Perhaps tomorrow you will go to a different classroom, which is much the same as being reborn, reborn in a

different body, in different conditions, with different circumstances. You do not know what the teacher is going to teach you, you do not know why the teacher is going to teach you, but when in years to come you go out into the great world beyond our range of mountains you will find that the things you have learned in this classroom and in other classrooms will help you enormously in ways which you cannot at present comprehend.”

“That is what my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, always tells me,” I replied. “But I still do not know how I can reconcile myself to doing something which makes me unhappy.”

The Teacher looked about to see what the other boys were doing, but the others were all intent, they were interested because it seemed that they all had problems similar to my own. We boys had all been put in lamaseries without any choice of our own, in my own case I entered when I was seven. These boys were listening now, we were all, in fact, like people groping in total darkness hoping for a ray of light to guide us.

Our Teacher continued: “You must decide what paths there are open to you. You, Lobsang, can stay here and be a monk, or you can leave and be a boatman, or a maker of kites, or a traveler to lands beyond the mountains. But you cannot be all of them at the same time. You must decide what you are going to be. If you are going to be a boatman, then leave this lamasery now and think no more of this lamasery, think no more of being a monk, think only of being a boatman. But if you are going to be a monk—as indeed is your destiny—then forget about being a boatman, devote the whole of your thought to being a monk, devote the whole of your thought to studying how to be a good monk. And the more you think about being a good monk, the easier it will be for you.”

One of the other boys broke in, saying excitedly, “But,

Honorable Master, I, too, had to enter a lamasery against my own wishes. I wanted to go to Nepal to live because I think I would be happier in Nepal.”

Our lama Teacher looked quite serious, looked as if this was a matter of extreme importance instead of being the idle fancies of boys who didn't know what they were talking about. He replied gravely, “But do you know the Nepalese people very well? Have you had any real experience of them besides the very few you have met? Do you know of the lower types of Nepalese people? If not, if you have not frequently been in their homes, then you cannot know if you would like them. I say that if you want to stay here in Tibet, then you should devote all your thought to Tibet. But if you want to go to Nepal, then you should leave Tibet now and go to Nepal and think no more of Tibet, for if one divides one's thoughts one divides one's forces. We can have a good stream of thought, or force, or we can have the scattered raindrops which cover a wide area but have no force. Each of you must decide what you want to do, what you want to be, and having decided, then each of you must concentrate wholeheartedly and with undivided mind on achieving what you want to be, for if you decide to go to Nepal with one half of your mind and the other half decides to stay in Tibet, then you are in a state of indecision the whole time, you are worried the whole time, and you cannot at any time then obtain peace of mind or tranquility. That is one of the great forces of the world, one of the great Laws which you must remember. Divide the enemy and you can rule the enemy, stay united yourself and you can defeat a divided enemy. The enemy can well be indecision, fear, and uncertainty.”

We all looked at each other, and we thought how well this particular Teacher understood us. It was so very much better having a man who was a man, a man to whom we could talk and who would talk back with us and not just

at us. We thought of our Indian Teacher, how supercilious he was. I said, "Honorable Master, I have a question: Why is it that some lamas are so very cruel and others are so understanding and so kind?"

The Teacher smiled a little and said, "Why, Lobsang, it's rather late at night to delve into such weighty matters, but I promise you that we will deal with such things, and we will also deal with the uses and abuses of religions. But I think now we have worked long enough for one day, so let us go each of us about his own business." He stood up, and all the boys stood up with him. The lama saw that I was having difficulty so he bent over, put an arm around me, and just helped me to my feet as easily, as calmly, as if he was used to doing it every day of his life.

"Go along, now, boys," he said, "otherwise you will be stumbling and falling in the darkness of the corridors and we don't want any more people who have temporary leg injuries."

The boys all rushed away, full of happiness because we had finished rather more early than usual. The lama Teacher turned to me before leaving and said, "Lobsang, your Guide will be returning in the morning; I doubt if you will see him until the afternoon, or even until the evening, because he has to make a special report to the Inmost One and to the members of the Upper Council. But he has sent a message that he is thinking about you, and the Inmost One has sent a message to him saying how pleased His Holiness is with you. And, Lobsang, your Guide has something for you!" With that he smiled at me, gave me a light pat on the shoulder, turned and left. I stood for a moment or two wondering why the Inmost One should be pleased with me when I was so tattered and battered, and when in the eyes of others I had caused so much trouble, and I also wondered what my beloved Guide had for me. I could hardly bear to think what he might have for me, because

never in my life had I had any gift bestowed upon me. I turned and stumped out of the room just as the old cleaning-monk entered. He greeted me in a friendly fashion and inquired most kindly about my legs. I told him that they were slowly mending, and he said, "I was cleaning in the Lamas' Quarters today and I have heard them saying that you are destined for great things, I have heard them say that the Holy One is very very pleased with you." I exchanged a few more words, helped the old man light the butter lamps, and then I went on my way going down and down, reluctantly passing the corridor to the kitchens and going, instead, into one of the minor temples. I wanted to be alone, wanted to think, wanted to meditate on the past and contemplate upon the future.

In a lamasery there is little privacy for an acolyte—or more accurately, a chela because chela is the Buddhist term—and if we ever were overcome with sorrow or problems, then the only place that we could be alone was in one of the minor temples where we could get behind one of the larger of the Sacred Figures where no one would disturb us. So I went down and entered a dimly lit temple where the butter lamps were sputtering showing that someone had got water in with the butter, the lamps were sputtering and sending up goutts of black smoke which were leaving marks upon the walls, leaving marks on a tanka.

I walked on and on, past the smoldering incense burners, and turned to my favorite statue and sat down beneath its shadow. As I sat there was a "Urrah, Urrah" and a friendly black head butted me in the small of my back, and then great furry feet made their way on to my lap and started knitting, while the cat went on purring louder and louder.

For some moments I played with the old cat, rubbing his fur, pulling his tail and tweaking his ears, and all the time

he purred louder and louder. Then suddenly, like a lamp going out, his head dropped and he fell asleep on the lap of my robe. I clasped my hands and thought of all the incidents of my life, thought of all the difficulties. I pondered about the present, thinking how easy it was for people to give one platitudes about religion, thinking how easy it was for one to say of the Rules of Right Living. But it was not so easy when one was a small boy and had just been forced into a career or vocation without the slightest inclination or desire for such career or vocation. So thinking, I must have drifted off to sleep, sitting upright as we often did when we slept. The old cat slept, and I slept as well, and time passed us by. The lengthening shadows outside became darker and darker, the sun ran its course and disappeared. Soon over the edge of the mountains peered the face of the silver moon, and all the houses of Lhasa had the little butter lamps flickering behind their windows. And I and the old cat, we slept in the shadow of the Sacred Figure.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

A DEEP droning buzz penetrated my sleeping mind. Somewhere near by very much thought-power was being poured on to the receptive air. My telepathic powers were stirred. I lifted my nodding head and tiredly opened my drooping eyelids. My! I was tired! A slight stir on my lap, and a loving mouth took a gentle grip of my hand and squeezed with affection. "Aurragh! Mmmrrno!" said the old Guardian Cat. He looked up at me with deep understanding. The faint flicker of a butter lamp reflected blood-red from eyes that were sky blue by daylight. Softly, so softly that I was aware of it only after he had left, the cat slid from my lap and merged with the palpable shadows.

Oh! My legs were stiff; the scarce-healed bones felt as if they were grating, the tight, deep burn-scar gave the impression that it would at any moment peel away from the flesh to leave again a raw and gaping wound. Waves of pain shot up my limbs and twirled fierce talons of pain along my spine, threatening to tear my ribs from their seatings. I lay still, gasping. As the spasm slowly faded I cautiously looked about me. Here, in the deep purple shadow of the great Sacred Figure I could see, unseen. The windows were outlined as dark rectangles on a wall of dancing shadows. Through the glassless frames I could see the night sky as a black pall of smoothest velvet sprinkled with bright jewels of light. Diamonds, rubies, and turquoise dots twinkled and swirled above. Here, in the high thin air of Tibet, stars were seen in color, not like white specks of light as in lower pans of the world. Here there were no rolling clouds of smoke to sully the to sully the purity of the sky and obscure the grandeur of the Heavens. Mars was red—a pale ruby. Venus was

green, while the little speck of Mercury was as a splinter of turquoise. Faint finger-marks as of finely crushed diamond dust stretched in a band as far as I could see. Tonight there was no moon to compete with and swamp the feeble starlight.

On the walls the shadows leaped and postured, now being of giant figures stretching to the roof, now squat dwarfs scrabbling on the floor. Off to the side near me a butter lamp was damaged. From its battered bottom there came a “gluck-gluck” as melted butter seeped out, then a “splatt!” as the congealing liquid splattered on the floor. Against a distant wall by the side of a window a tanka fluttered as almost as though it were a moth straining to reach the flickering flames. It clattered slightly as it bulged away from the wall, vibrated, and then sank back as exhausted, only to repeat again and again. For a moment I had what was almost an attack of vertigo; I had awakened suddenly from sleep, and now as I looked about, the shadows moving and writhing and twisting, and the different cadences of the voices at the other side of the Sacred Figure, it rather bemused me. I looked up, up at the back of the head of the great figure behind which I crouched. For a moment I felt panic, the figure was toppling, toppling, it was going to fall on me and crush me. The outlines wavered, and I got ready to throw myself sideways hampered as I was by my damaged legs. But suddenly—I almost laughed out loud—it was the illusion of life through the flickering of the shadows.

By now the pain had somewhat subsided. I got on my hands and knees and softly crept around the edge of the figure, so that I could peer into this, one of the innermost of the temples. I had never seen a service in this temple before, we boys were rigidly excluded, for us it was the main temple, or one of the more common of the minor temples,

but this, hollowed in the rock far beneath the man-made structure, I wondered what it was, what they were doing here. Cautiously, pulling my robe around my waist so that I should not trip over it, I edged forward and peered round the corner.

This was interesting, I thought. In front of me in a circle were nine lamas all in their saffron robes, all with their heads facing the center of the circle, and in the center upon an ornately carved stand was Something—Something which I could not clearly distinguish. There seemed to be something, and yet there seemed to be nothing there. I shivered, and the shaven hair of my head stood rigidly erect like guards on parade, for the chill fingers of fear had reached out and touched me, stimulating me so that I was ready to flee. I thought that on that carved stand stood a creature from the shadow world, a creature which had no real existence in this, our world, and hardly any existence in the other world from whence it came. I stared and stared.

It seemed to be a globe of something, or a globe of nothing; it seemed to be almost without form, and yet what form there was rippled! I wish I could go closer, and peer over the head of one of the seated lamas, but that would be sure detection. So I sat back, and rubbed my hands into my eyes trying to wipe away sleep, trying to make them more alert, trying to make them see better in this haze and gloom. Satisfied that I had done as much as I could to my eyes, I crouched forward again on hands and knees, and stared, shifting my position slightly to get a better view between the shoulders of two lamas.

I saw—it occurred to me suddenly—that this was an enormous rock crystal, flawless, perfect. It reposed upon its carved stand and commanded the attention of the lamas who sat almost in devotion before it. They eyed it intently, and yet not so intently as to engage their physical eyes, but

instead it seemed to be a use of the third eye. Well, I thought, I, too, am clairvoyant. So I stared no more with my eyes, instead, I let my clairvoyant faculties come into play, and in the crystal I saw colors, swirls, whorls, and a smoky turbulence. Amazingly, frighteningly, I seemed to be falling, falling from an immense height; falling from the top of the world down into an abyss. But, no, it was not an abyss; instead, a world was stretching out in front of me, a world where there were different colors, different standards. I saw as from slight eminence people wandering about full of misery, full of sadness; some were full of pain. They were lost souls, souls without guidance, souls pondering on a method of release from their worries.

As I sat there entranced, as though I were on the sunlit plane of a different world, the chants of the lamas droned on. Every so often one would reach out a hand and ring a silver bell, another opposite would do the same with a different tone of bell. And so they would go on with their chants, their music sliding up and down the scale, not in notes staccato as in other parts of the world, but here a glissade of notes, sliding one into the other, merging into chords which echoed from the walls and reverberated and made chords of their own.

The leader of the lama group clapped his hands, the one next to him rang a bell, and the third of the group lifted up his voice in a ritualistic chant "Oh! Listen the Voices of our Souls." And so they went on from one to the other repeating the age-old stanzas, first one at a time, then in unison, the cadence of their voices rising and falling, rising and falling, lifting me out of time, out of myself.

Then came the whole set of prayers of this group:

*Oh! Listen to the Voices of our Souls,  
All you who cower in the wilderness, unprotected.*

*Listen to the Voices of our Souls  
That we may protect the unprotected.  
As the First Stick of Incense is lit and the smoke  
rises upwards  
Let your Soul and your Faith rise also,  
That you may be protected.*

.....

*Oh! Listen to the Voices of our Souls,  
All you who cringe with fear in the night.  
Listen to the Voices of our Souls,  
For we will be as a lantern glowing in the darkness  
That we may guide benighted wayfarers.  
As the Second Stick of Incense is lit and glows with life  
Let your Soul perceive the Light we shine that you may be  
guided.  
Oh! Listen to the Voices of our Souls,  
All you who are stranded at the Gulf of Ignorance.  
Listen to the Voices of our Souls,  
Our help shall be as a bridge to cross the chasm,  
To assist you farther on the Path.  
As the Third Stick of Incense is lit and the smoke trails,  
Let your Soul step forth bravely into Light.*

.....

*Oh! Listen to the Voices of our Souls,  
All you who are faint with the weariness of Life.  
Listen to the Voices of our Souls,  
For we bring you Rest that rested your Soul shall  
sally forth anew  
As the Fourth Stick of Incense is lit and the smoke idly  
drifts,  
We bring Rest that, refreshed, you may rise renewed.*

*Oh! Listen to the Voices of our Souls,  
All you who scoff at Holy Words.  
Listen to the Voices of our Souls.  
We bring you Peace! That you may dwell upon  
Immortal Truths.  
As the Fifth Stick of Incense is lit to bring  
fragrance to Life,  
Open your mind that you may KNOW!*

The sound of the chanting died away. A lama raised his bell and tinkled it softly; others picked up their bells and tinkled them. First they all rang separately, and then, according to some pre-arranged pattern, they all rang out together, forming a special tonal scheme which echoed and reverberated, and varied in pitch and intensity. The lamas continued their deep droning, repeating again “Oh! Listen to the Voices of our Souls,” ringing their bells, droning on. The effect was hypnotic, mystical.

I continued to look at the people about me—or were they about me? Was I in some other world? Or was I looking in a crystal? My strong impression was that I was in another world where the grass was greener, where the sky was bluer, where everything stood out in sharp, vivid contrast. There was the green sward beneath my feet—good gracious, I could feel it with my bare toes! I could feel moisture seeping through my robe where my knees were in contact. My hands, too, as I gently scuffed them seemed to feel grass and perhaps here and there a stone or two. I looked about me with avid interest. There were great boulders in the foreground, of a greenish stone, here and there streaked with white veins. Other boulders were of different colors; one to which I was particularly attracted was of a reddish hue, reddish with milk-white strands running through it. But what impressed me most was the manner in which everything stood out with stark

reality, the manner in which everything looked more normal than normal, with brighter colors, with sharper outlines.

There was a gentle breeze blowing, I could feel it above my left cheek. It was rather astonishing because it bore upon it strange scents, exotic odors. Some distance away I saw something that looked like a bee. It was buzzing along, and it landed and entered the trumpet of a little flower growing in the grass. All this I saw without consciously being aware of the passage of time, but then I became alarmed, wary, for there was a whole group of people coming my way. I looked at them and I was powerless to move; they were coming towards me and I was more or less in their path. Here as I looked at them, I sensed something very much amiss. Some of the people were old people who leaned upon sticks and who hobbled along bare-footed, clad in tattered rags. Others were obviously men of wealth, but not with the general air of well-being which affluence usually brings, for one thing stood out particularly about these men and women—they were miserable, frightened, the slightest movement made them jump and clasp their hands across their breasts. They looked nervously about them, and not one seemed to be aware of his neighbor; they seemed to feel that they were alone, forgotten, desolate, and abandoned in some alien world.

They came on, each one an individual aware only of his own existence, and yet they came in a group, no one touching the other, no one aware of the presence of another. They came on lured by the voices which I, too, could hear: “Oh! Listen to the Voices of our Souls all you who wander unguided.” The chant and the droning went on and the people came on also, and as they came to a certain spot—I could not see what actually was happening—each face lit up with a sort of unearthly joy, each person stood more erect as if

he or she had received an assurance and felt the better therefore. They moved along out of my sight. Suddenly there was a clash of bells in dissonance, and I felt a violent jerk within me as if someone was reeling me in, as if I was a kite at the end of a string being drawn in against a gale which tried to loft it farther.

As I looked out upon that strange landscape I had the impression that night was falling, for the sky was darkening and the colors were becoming less distinguishable. Things seemed to be shrinking. Shrinking? How could they shrink? But undoubtedly they were shrinking, and not only were they becoming smaller but a fog like the clouds above was beginning to cover the face of that world, and as my horrified gaze took in the scene getting smaller and smaller the fog changed into black thunder clouds shot with lightning.

The world was getting smaller and smaller, and I was rising upwards and upwards. As I looked down I could see it rotating beneath my feet, and then I decided of course it was not rotating beneath my feet because I was on my hands and knees in the temple. Or where was I? I was confused and dazed, and then once again came that sharp, terrific jerk, a jerk which nearly spun my brain out of my head.

Quite dizzy for the moment, I raised my hand to rub my eyes. And then I gazed again, and I saw before me that the crystal was a crystal once again, no longer a world, just a crystal lying dull and lifeless with no point of light within it. It stood upon its carved base as though it were a stone, or an idol, or anything, not as the most wonderful instrument of wonderful experiences. Slowly a lama rose to his feet and took from the base a cloth—it looked like black velvet. Reverently he unfolded the cloth and draped it over the crystal and then tucked it in. He bowed three times in the direction of the crystal, and turned away to resume his

seat. As he did so his astonished gaze fell on me. For some seconds there was a stunned, shocked silence; time itself seemed to have been paralyzed. I could just hear my heart give one loud “thump!” and then no more. There was an impression that the whole of nature, the whole of time, was listening in hushed suspense to see what would happen next.

There was a mutter between the lamas. The one nearest me stood up and towered over me. He was the biggest of the lot, but to my terrified eyes he looked bigger than the Potala itself. He towered over me and started to speak, but then another lama recognized me. “It is Mingyar's boy, Lobsang,” he said, rather relieved, “this is our most telepathic boy. Bring him here.” The giant lama reached down and put his hands beneath my arms and lifted me up, for, being told that I was “Mingyar's boy” had given him the knowledge that I could not easily walk, and so he saved me that trouble. He carried me into the circle of lamas, each one looking at me as if they were going to peer into my soul, as if they were going to peer through my soul, beyond, and into other realms leading to the Overself.

I was in a considerable state of fright because I did not know that I had done anything particularly wrong. I had chosen this particular temple because some of the others were always thronged by small boys who were not seriously interested in meditation. I was. But what was that? “Lobsang!” said a small, wizened lama. “What were you doing here?”

“Honorable Master,” was my reply, “it has long been my habit to come to the minor temples for private meditation, and I sit behind one of the Sacred Figures where I cannot disturb anyone else who is meditating. I had no thought of intruding upon your service, in fact”—I looked rather shamefaced—“I fell asleep, and I was only awakened when I heard your service about to start.”

Off to the left the leaking butter lamp had ceased its

“splat! splat!” and suddenly there came a short hiss as the floating wick, now deprived of liquid butter, expired and was extinguished against the metal. For seconds it smouldered red, and then there was the acrid, rancid smell of charring wick. From outside our circle came a familiar “Mrow! Mmrow!” Friend Cat importantly pushed his way between two lamas, walked to me with tail erect and butted me in friendship. I reached out a trembling hand and riffled my fingers through his fur. He turned to me, gave another butt, and said “Aarrah!” and sedately stalked off, pushing his way between two more lamas. The lamas looked at each other, and a faint smile played about their lips. “So, our guardian here knows you well, Lobsang! He spoke well for you, too, he assured you of his devotion and told us that you had spoken the truth.”

For a few moments there was silence. One of the younger lamas turned his head and saw the cat haughtily stalking away. He chuckled and turned back to the group. The old, wizened lama, who seemed to be very much the senior, and who was in charge of the service, looked at me then turned to each of his fellows, remarking, “Yes, I remember; this is the boy who has to have special instruction. We were waiting for the return of his Guide before summoning him here, but as he is here let us test his experience and his capabilities so that we may assess him without the influence of his powerful Guide.” There was a murmured agreement, and low-voiced suggestions which I was far too confused to follow. These were the high telepathic lamas, the high clairvoyants, the ones who helped others, and now I was sitting with them, sitting shivering with fright, it is true, but still sitting with them. One of them turned to me and said, “Lobsang, we have heard so much about you, about your innate powers, about your possibilities, and about your future. In fact, it is we who investigated the Record of Probabilities to see what would happen in your

case. Now, are you willing to undergo some ordeal in order that we may determine the extent of your powers? We want to take you for a walk in the astral, and in the world below the astral, we want to take you as a “ghost through our Potala.”

I looked at him dubiously. Take? How did they think I could walk? I could hobble about the corridors, but my legs were not yet healed enough to enable me to WALK with any degree of confidence.

I hesitated, thought about it, and twisted the hem of my robe. Then I replied, “Honorable Masters! I am very much in your power, but I have to say that I am not able to walk much because of my accidents; but, as a good monk should, I place myself at your disposal hoping that my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, would approve of my decision.” No one laughed, or even smiled, at what must have sounded to be a very pompous statement, for I was young and inexperienced, and after all I was doing my best and who can do more than one's best. “Lobsang, we want you to lie prone, we have to have you prone because your legs will not permit you to be in the orthodox position. Therefore, you must lie prone.” The old lama carefully took a seat-cushion and placed it beneath my head, then he placed my hands with fingers clasped so that my two hands with fingers entwined were between the end of the breast bone and the umbilicus. Then they rearranged themselves; they shifted the crystal to one side, reverently placing it in a place that I had not previously noticed, in the base of a Sacred Figure. They sat about me so that my head was in the exact center of the circle. One lama broke away from the group, and returned with sticks of incense and a small brazier. I almost disgraced myself by sneezing as a trailing cloud of smoke crossed my face and made my nostrils itch.

Strangely, my eyes were getting heavy. I had a sense of

increasing lassitude, but the lamas were not looking at me, they were looking at a point far above me. I forced open my eyes, and I could see under their chins, I could see up into their nostrils, their heads were so far tilted that I could not distinguish their eyes. No, they were not looking at me, they were looking—Where?

The incense smoldered on making a small sizzling noise which I had not noticed before. Suddenly I clutched my hands even more tightly because the whole building seemed to be rocking. I had heard of earthquakes, and I thought that suddenly we of the Potala were being afflicted with an earthquake. Panic welled up within me and by great effort I managed to suppress it, thinking that it would be a disgrace to my Guide if I scrambled to my feet and scuttled out of the temple while the lamas sat placidly on.

The swaying continued, and for a moment I felt almost sick. For a moment I felt that I was drifting up, I found that one of the beams of the roof was a few inches from my hand. Idly I put out my hand to ward myself off, and to my terror my hand went right through the beam, not even disturbing the dust which lay upon its surface.

With the terror of that experience, I sank down rapidly and landed on my feet by the side of a Sacred Figure. Quickly I put out my hand to steady myself, knowing that my legs would not support me. But again, my hands went right through the Sacred Figure, and my legs felt firm and strong, I had no pain, no discomfort. I turned quickly—the group of lamas was still there. But, no! One was absent. He was, I perceived, standing beside me and his hand was about to touch my elbow. He appeared bright, he appeared rather larger than the others, and when I looked at the Sacred Figure I found that I, too, was a bit larger than was my normal state. Again, a great knot of fear seemed to be inside me and my stomach churned with fright. But the lama took my elbow, reassuring me with,

“It is all right, Lobsang; there is nothing for you to fear. Come with me.” He led the way with his hand on my right elbow. Carefully we skirted the lamas still sitting in a circle. I looked, and—I looked in the center of the circle, but my body was not there, there was nothing there. Carefully I felt myself, and I felt solid. Surreptitiously I reached out and touched the lama beside me, and he was solid too. He saw my gesture and laughed and laughed. “Lobsang! Lobsang! You are now in a different state complete with your body. Only those with the greatest occult ability, inborn ability, can do such a thing as that. But come with me.”

We walked on to the side of the temple, and the wall came closer and closer. I withdrew from his grasp and tried to turn aside, exclaiming, “No. We shall hurt ourselves unless we stop. This wall is solid!” The lama regained his grip on me, and commanded, “Come along! When you have more experience you will discover how simple this is!” He moved behind me and put his hands between my shoulder blades. The wall loomed ahead, a solid wall of gray stone. He pushed, and truly the most remarkable sensation of my life came upon me as I entered the stone of the wall. It seemed as if my whole body was tingling, it seemed as if millions—billions—of bubbles were bouncing against me, not impeding me, just tickling me, just making my hair stand on end, just making me itch pleasantly. I seemed to be moving without any difficulty whatever, and as I looked I had the impression that I was moving through a dust storm, but the dust was not hurting me, it was not troubling my eyes at all, and I put out my hands and I tried to grasp some of the dust. But it went through me or I went through it, I do not know which is correct. The lama behind me chuckled and pushed a little harder, and I broke right through the wall and into the corridor beyond. An old man was coming down

carrying a butter lamp in each hand, and carrying something pressed between his left elbow and his body. I tried to avoid contact with him, but it was too late. Immediately I was set to apologize for my clumsiness, but the old man went on; he had walked through me, or I had walked through him, and neither of us was aware of the contact, neither had the slightest impression that we had just walked through another human.

With the lama guiding me, we moved through the building, never intruding upon the privacy of others alone in their rooms, but instead visiting storerooms and—a rather caustic comment or gesture on the part of the lama who knew me so well—we visited the kitchen!

The old cook-monk was there resting against a great leather container of barley. He was scratching at himself and picking at his teeth with a piece of stalk from somewhere; every so often he would turn and spit in the corner, and then get back to his scratching and his tooth-picking. Eventually, as we stood watching him, he turned around, gave a hearty sigh, and said, “Ai! Ai! Time again to prepare food, I suppose. Oh! What a life this is; tsampa, tsampa, and yet more tsampa, and all these hungry people to fill!”

We moved on and on through the building. My legs did not trouble me at all, in fact, to be truthful about it, I did not even think about my legs, for there was no reason that I should—they did not disturb me. We were careful, very careful, not to invade the privacy of another person. We turned the corridors as much as we could so as not to enter any individual living space. We came, deep down, into the storerooms. Outside there was my old friend, Honorable Puss Puss, lying stretched out full length on his side, twitching slightly. His whiskers were quivering and his ears were flat upon his head. We were approaching soundlessly, we thought, but suddenly he awoke to full alertness and sprang to his feet bristling and with bared fangs. But

then his eyes went crossed as he looked at the astral plane (as all cats can), and he started to purr as he recognized me. I tried to pat him, but of course my hand went right through him, a most remarkable experience, for I often patted old Honorable Puss Puss and never before had my hand gone inside. He seemed as amused as I was distressed, but he just gave a butt at me, which went through me to his surprise this time, and then he dismissed the whole thing from his mind, lay down, and went to sleep again.

For a long time we wandered through solid walls, rising up through floors, and then at last the lama said, “Down again, let us go down, for we have journeyed far enough on this occasion.” He took my arm, and we sank down through a floor, appearing from the ceiling beneath, and through another floor, until we came to the corridor off which the temple lay. Once again we approached the wall, but this time I had no hesitation, I walked through it, rather reveling in the strange sensation of all those bubbles coming, all that pleasant tickling. Inside, the lamas were still in their circle, and my lama—the one who was holding my arm—told me that I should lie down in the position I originally occupied. I did so, and on the instant sleep came upon me.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

SOMEWHERE a bell was tolling, Muted at first by distance, it rapidly grew in volume. CLANG! CLANG! It Went. Strange, I thought, a BELL? Good gracious, it is tolling in time with my heartbeat. For a moment panic threatened to overwhelm me; had I overslept and been late for Temple service? Blearily I opened my eyes and tried to see where I was. This was STRANGE! I could not focus. All I could discern was nine horrible white blobs stuck on the top of saffron streaks. My brain creaked with the effort of thought. Where was I? What happened? Had I fallen off a roof or something? Drearily I became aware that there were various aches and pains surging back into my consciousness.

Ah, yes! It all came back with a rush, and with the knowledge came the ability to focus my eyes and see what was before me. I was lying on my back on the cold cold stone floor. My bowl had somehow slipped from front to back in my robe and was now supporting my weight between my shoulder blades. My barley bag—of hard leather—had worked down and was almost breaking my left ribs. Touchily I moved and stared up at the nine lamas sitting watching me. THEY were the horrible white blobs stuck on saffron streaks! I hoped that they did not know what I had thought.

“Yes, Lobsang, we DO know!” smiled one; “your telepathic thoughts were very clear on the subject. But rise slowly. You have done well and fully justified your Guide’s remarks.” Gingerly I sat up, receiving a hearty butt in the back and a roaring purr as I did so. The old cat came round

to face me and touched my hand as a sign that he wanted his fur ruffled. Idly I did so as I collected my scattered wits and wondered what would happen next. “Well, Lobsang, that was a good experience of getting out of the body,” said the lama who had accompanied me. “We must try it often so that you can get out of your body as easily as shrugging off your robe”

“But, Honorable Lama,” I said in some confusion, “I did NOT leave my body—I took it with me!”

The lama-guide’s jaw dropped in astonishment. “What do you mean?” he exclaimed. “You traveled in spirit with me.”

“Honorable Lama,” was my rejoinder. “I looked specially, and my body was not on the floor, so I must have taken it with me.”

The old, wizened lama, the smallest of the nine, smiled and said, “You are making a common mistake, Lobsang, for you are still bemused by the senses.” I looked at him and quite honestly I did not know what he was talking about; it seemed to me that he had taken leave of HIS senses, for, I thought, surely I should know if I saw my own body or not, and if I did not see my body then it must not have been there. I suppose they must have seen by my skeptical glance that I was not taking in what they were saying, what they were implying, because one of the other lamas motioned for me to pay attention. “I am going to give you my version of it, Lobsang,” said this other lama, “and I want you to pay close attention, for what I have to say is elementary yet it is a matter which puzzles a lot of people. You were lying on the floor, and as this was your first conscious time of astral traveling we helped you, we helped ease your astral form out of your physical form, and because it was done by us who have a lifetime of experience you did not feel any jolt, or any disturbance. Wherefore it is clear that you had no idea that you were out of the body.” I looked at him, and thought about it. I thought, yes, that is right, I had no idea that I was out of the body, no

one had said that I was going to be out of the body, so if they hadn't told me what to expect how could I have a feeling of leaving the body? But, then, it all came back to me that I had looked down and I had not seen my body lying on the floor as surely I should have done unless I was still in the body. I shook my head as if to shake the cobwebs loose; I felt that all this was getting too deep for me. I was out of the body, yet my body wasn't there, so if it wasn't there where was it, and why hadn't I seen it lying about somewhere? Just then the old cat gave me another butt and started knitting, bumping up and down on my lap, sinking his claws into my robe, and purring louder and louder reminding me that I must stay aware of his presence also. The lama who had been speaking laughed as he remarked, "There! Old cat is telling you to scrape your brains clear so that you may perceive!"

I spread my fingers and raked the cat's back. His purrs increased in volume, then suddenly he just flopped at length. He was a big old thing, his head was sticking over one side of my lap and his legs were protruding over the other side, with his tail stretched straight out on the floor. These cats grew larger than the average sort of cat, they were normally fierce, but our temple cats all seemed to recognize me as a brother or something, because certainly I was as popular with them as they were with me.

The lama who had been speaking to me before turned to me saying, "Leave him be, he can rest on you while we talk to you. Perhaps he will give you a good dig every so often to remind you to pay attention. Now! People see what they expect to see. Often they do not see that which is most obvious. For instance," he looked hard at me as he said this, "how many cleaners were there in the corridor as you came along? Who was that man sweeping in the barley store? And if the Lord Abbot had sent for you and asked you to tell him if you had seen anyone in the inner

corridor, what would you have told him?" He paused for a moment to see if I was going to make any remark, and as I stared at him—open-mouthed, I am afraid—he continued, "You would have said you saw no one in the inner corridor because the person who was in the inner corridor was a person who has every right to be there, who is always there, and who would be so correct in that corridor that you would not even notice him. So—you would say you saw no one in that corridor."

Another lama broke in, nodding his head wisely as he added his piece: "The proctors often have some difficulty when they are carrying out an investigation; they may ask if there were any strangers, or if anyone had been in a certain building, and invariably a custodian of the building would say that, no, no one had been in. And yet there might have been a procession of people, there would be proctors passing, there would be perhaps a lama or two, and there might even be a messenger from another lamasery. But because these people were so common—that is, because it was so usual for them to be in the vicinity—their passage would pass unnoticed, and as far as being observed, they might just as well be invisible."

One who had not yet spoken nodded his head, "Yes, that is so. Now I ask you, Lobsang, how many times you have been in this temple? And yet by your look quite recently you had not even seen the stand upon which we rested the crystal. That stand has been here for about two hundred years, it has not been out of this temple, and yet you looked at it as if you were seeing it for the first time. It was here before, but it was commonplace to you, therefore it was invisible."

The lama who had been with me on my astral trip through the Potala smiled as he continued: "You, Lobsang, had no idea of what was happening, you did not know you were going to be out of the body, therefore, you were

not prepared to see your body. Thus, when you looked, you looked at lamas sitting in a circle, and your attention carefully avoided your own body. We get the same thing in hypnotism; we can hypnotize a person to believe that he is completely alone in a room, and then that person in a state of hypnosis will look everywhere in a room except at the person who shares the room with him, and the hypnotized person, on being awakened, would take an oath to the effect that he had been alone. In the same way, you carefully avoided looking at where your body was in plain view. Instead, you looked around the perimeter of the circle, you looked around the temple avoiding the one spot that you thought you wanted to see.”

It really made me think; I had heard something like that before. I had once seen an old monk who had had a bad attack of migraine. As he had explained it to me afterwards, things at which he looked were not there, if he looked at a thing in front of him he could only see things at the side, but if he looked towards the side he could see things in front of him. He told me it was like looking through a pair of tubes placed over his eyes, so that in effect he was as one wearing blinkers.

A lama—I did not know one from the other then—said, “The obvious often might be invisible because the more common an object, the more familiar an object, the less noticeable it becomes. Take the man who brings barley: You see him every day, and yet you do not see him. He is such a familiar figure that had I asked you who came along here this morning you would say, no one, because you would not regard the barley-carrier as a person but just as something that always did a certain thing at a specified time.”

It seemed most remarkable to me that I should be lying on the ground, but then be unable to see my own body. However, I had heard so much about hypnotism and

astral traveling that I was quite able to accept their explanation.

The old, wizened lama smiled at me as he remarked, “We shall soon have to give you more specific instruction so that you can leave your body easily at any time. Like everyone else, you have been doing astral traveling every night, traveling off to distant places and then forgetting about it. But we want to show you how easy it is for you to get out of your body at any time at all, and go on an astral journey, and then return to your body retaining the full knowledge of all that you have seen, all that you have done. If you can do that you can travel to the great cities of the world and you will not be isolated here in Tibet but can acquire a knowledge of all cultures.”

I thought about that. I had wondered often how some of our higher lamas seemed to have all-knowledge, they seemed to be Beings apart, being remote from the pettiness of everyday life, being able to say what was happening at any moment in any part of our country—I remembered on one occasion I with my Guide had called upon an old, old man. I had been presented to him, and we had been talking, or rather my Guide and he had been talking and I had been respectfully listening. Suddenly the old man had held up his hand, saying, “I am called!” Then he had withdrawn, the light seemed to go out from his body. He sat there immobile, looking like a man dead, looking like an empty shell. My Guide sat quite still, and motioned for me also to be still and quiet. We sat together with our hands clasped in our laps, we sat without speaking, without moving. I watched what appeared to be the empty figure with vast interest; for perhaps ten, perhaps twenty minutes—it was difficult to gauge time under those circumstances—nothing happened. Then there was the color of animation returning to the old man. Eventually he stirred and opened his eyes, and then—I shall never forget

it—he told my Guide exactly what was happening at Shigatse which was quite some way from us. It occurred to me that this was far better as a system of communication than all the remarkable devices I had heard of in the outside world.

I wanted to be able to astral travel anywhere. I wanted to be able to move across the mountains, and across the seas and into foreign lands. And these men, these nine lamas were going to teach me!

The old cat yawned, making his whiskers vibrate, and then he stood up and stretched and stretched until I almost thought he would break in two. Then he strolled off, arrogantly pushing his way between two lamas, and disappeared into the darkness behind one, of the Sacred Figures. The old, wizened lama spoke, saying, “Well, it is time we brought this session to an end, for we did not come here to teach Lobsang on this occasion, this is just an incidental. We must set about our other work, and we will see Lobsang again when his Guide returns.”

Another one turned to me and gave me a hard stare: “You will have to learn very carefully, Lobsang. You have a lot to do in life, you will have hardships, suffering, you will travel far and often. But in the end you will achieve that which is your task. We will give you the basic training.” They rose to their feet, picked up the crystal leaving the stand, and left the temple.

I sat wondering. A task! Hardship? But I had always been told I had a hard life ahead of me, always been told I had a task, so why did they rub it in so? Anyhow, why did I have to do the task, why was I always the one to have suffering? The more I heard about it the less I liked it.

But I did want to travel in the astral and see all the things I had heard about. Gingerly I climbed to my feet, wincing and muttering unkind words as the pains shot through my legs again. Pins and needles, and then a few bumps and

bruises where I had fallen down a few times, and a pain between my shoulder blades where I had been resting upon my bowl. Thinking of that I reached inside my robe and sorted my possessions into their accustomed position. Then, with a final look round, I left the temple.

At the door I hastily turned and went back to the flickering butter lamps. One by one I snuffed them out, for that was my duty, I was the last one to leave, therefore I was the one to snuff out the lamps. As I felt my way through the darkness to where there was a faint glimmer from the open door, my nostrils were assailed by the stench of smoldering wicks. Somewhere off in a corner there was the dying red ember of a wick which was just then charring into blackness.

I stood for a moment at the door deciding which way I would go. Then, with my mind made up, I turned and made my way to the right. The bright starlight was pouring in through the windows, imparting a silvery-blue appearance to everything. I turned a corner in the corridor and stopped suddenly, thinking, yes, of course they were right. I stood there a moment and thought. It occurred to me that time after time I had passed an old monk sitting in a little cell, and yet although I saw him every day I had never even noticed him. I retraced my steps for perhaps ten yards, and peered in. There he was in a little stone cell on the far side of the corridor opposite the windows. He was blind, endlessly he sat there on the floor turning a Prayer Wheel—rather a big one, it was—turning, turning, turning. Whenever anyone passed by there was the eternal “click, click, click,” of the old monk's Prayer Wheel. Hour after hour, day after day he sat there, believing that it was his allotted task in life to keep that Prayer Wheel turning, and that was all he lived for. We who passed that way so often were immune to the turning of the Wheel, we were

so accustomed to it that we neither saw the old monk, nor heard his wheel a-click.

I stood there in the dark doorway and pondered as the Wheel clicked on, and as the old man softly droned, “Om! Mani padmi hum! Om! Mani padmi hum!” His voice was hoarse, and his fingers were twisted and knarled. I could make him out but dimly and he was quite oblivious of me, turning the Wheel, turning the Wheel, as he had turned the Wheel for so many years, turning it long before I was born. How much longer will he turn it? I wondered. But it pointed out to me that people were invisible if they were so familiar that one did not have to notice them. It occurred to me, too, that sounds were silences if one became too accustomed to them.

I thought of the times when I had been quite alone in a dark cell, and then after a time I would hear the gurgle and rustle of body sounds, the blood surging through the veins and arteries of the body, and then I would hear the steady thud, thud, thud of my heart pumping away. After a time, too, I could actually hear the air sighing through my lungs, and when I moved the slight creak and snap of muscles pulling bones to a different position. We all have that, we are all noisy contraptions, I thought, and yet when there are other sounds which attract our attention we just do not hear those with which we are constantly surrounded and which do not obtrude.

I stood on one leg, and scratched my head. Then I thought the night was already far advanced, soon there would come the call to temple service at midnight. So I hesitated no more but put both feet on the ground, pulled my robe more tightly around me, and moved off up the corridor to the dormitory. As soon as I lay down I fell asleep.

Sleep was not long my companion; I twisted and turned, creaked and groaned as I lay and thought of Life as it was

in a lamasery. About me boys wheezed and muttered in their sleep, the sound of their snores rising and falling on the night air. One boy who suffered from adenoids was making a “globble-globble, globble-globble” until in desperation I rose and turned him on his side. I lay on my back, thinking, listening. From somewhere came the monotonous click-click of a Prayer Wheel as some monk endlessly twirled it so that his prayers could go winging forth. From afar came the muted clop-clop as someone rode a horse up the path outside our window. The night dragged on. Time stood still. Life was an eternity of waiting, waiting, where nothing moved, where all was still save for the snores, the click of the Prayer Wheel and the muffled steps of the horse. I must have dozed.

Wearily I sat up. The floor was hard and unyielding. The cold of the stone was creeping into my bones. Somewhere a boy muttered that he wanted his mother. Stiffly I climbed to my feet and moved to the window, carefully avoiding the sleeping bodies around me. The cold was intense and there was a threat of snow to come. Over the vast Himalayan ranges the morning was sending forth tendrils of light, colored fingers seeking our Valley, waiting to light up yet another day.

The spume of snow-dust always flying from the very highest peaks was illumined now by golden light shining on its underside, while from the top came scintillating rainbow crescents which wavered and blossomed to the vagaries of the high winds. Across the sky shot vivid beams of light as the sun peeped through the mountain passes and gave a promise of another day soon to be. The stars faded. No longer was the sky a purple vault; it lightened, lightened, and became the palest blue. The whole of the mountains were limned with gold as the sky grew brighter. Gradually the blinding orb of the sun

climbed above the mountain passes and shone forth in blazing glory into our Valley.

The cold was intense. Ice crystals fell from the sky and cracked on the roof with a musical tinkle. There was a bitterness, a sharpness in the air that almost froze the marrow in one's bones. What a peculiar climate, I thought, sometimes too cold to snow, and yet—sometimes at mid-day it would be uncomfortably hot. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, a great wind storm would rise and send all flying before it. Always, in the mountains, there was snow, deep snow, but on the exposed stretches the winds blew away the snow as fast as it fell. Our country was high, and with rarefied air. Air so thin and clear that it afforded scant shelter from the ultra-violet (or heat generating) rays of the sun. In our summer a monk could swelter miserably in his robes, then, as a cloud momentarily obscured the sun, the temperature would fall to many degrees below freezing—all in a few minutes.

We suffered greatly from wind storms. The great barrier of the Himalayas sometimes held back clouds that formed over India, causing a temperature inversion. Then howling gales would pour over the mountain lips and storm down into our Valley, sweeping all before it. People who wandered abroad during the storms had to wear leather face-masks or risk having the skin stripped from them by the rock-dust torrenting down, wind-borne, from the highest reaches. Travelers caught in the open on the mountain passes would risk being blown away, unless they were alert and quick to act, their tents and other possessions would be blown in the air, whirling ragged and ruined, playthings of the mindless wind.

Somewhere below, in the pale morning a yak bellowed mournfully. As if at the signal, the trumpets blared forth from the roof high above. The conches lowed and throbbled, to echo and re-echo and fuse into a medley of

sound like some multiple chord played on a mighty organ. About me there were all the myriad sounds of a large community awakening to a new day, to another day of life. A chant from the Temple, the neighing of horses, muttered grumbles from sleepy small boys shivering naked in the intensely cold air. And as a muted undertone, the incessant clicking of the Prayer Wheels located through the buildings, turned and turned eternally by old, old monks who thought that that was their sole purpose in life.

The place was astir. Activity increased from moment to moment. Shaven heads peered hopefully from open windows, wishing for a warmer day. A dark blob, shapeless, formless, wobbled from somewhere above and crossed my line of vision to crash with a sharp crack on the rocks below. Someone's bowl, I thought, now HE will have to go without breakfast until he can obtain another! Breakfast? Of course! We have started another day, a day when I would need to have my strength up because I was hoping that my beloved Guide would be returning this day, and before I could see him there were morning classes, temple service—but before all—BREAKFAST!

Tsampa is unappetizing stuff, but it was all I knew about except for very rare, very infrequent delicacies from India. So I trudged off down the corridor, following the line of boys and monks wending their way down to the hall where we ate.

At the entrance I hung about a bit, waiting for some of the others to settle down because I was shaky on my legs, somewhat uncertain in my steps, and when everyone was milling about it posed a definite threat to my stability. Eventually I walked in and took my place among the lines of men and boys sitting on the floor. We sat cross-legged (all except me, and I sat with my legs tucked under me). There were lines of us, perhaps two hundred and fifty of us at one time. As we sat there monk attendants came and

ladled out tsampa, passing along the rows, giving each of us our fair equitable share. Monks stood at the sides of each row, and then at a given signal they all went between our ranks with our food. No one could eat, though, until the Attending Master gave the signal. At last each monk and boy had his bowl full of tsampa; the attendants stood at the side.

An old lama walked to the Lectern, a Lectern raised up high above us so that he could look down upon us. He stood there and lifted the top sheet off his book, for our pages, remember, were long things not bound together as is the Western style. This lama lifted off the top sheet, and then signaled that he was ready to start. Immediately the Attending Master raised his hand and brought it down as a signal for us to start our meal. As we did so the Lector commenced his reading from the Sacred Books, his voice droning on and on, seeming to echo around the place, and making much of what he said unintelligible.

Around the dining hall the ever-present Proctors padded silently, making no sound save for the occasional swish of their robes.

In the lamaseries throughout Tibet it was the fixed custom that a Lector should read to us while we ate because it was considered wrong for a person to eat and think of food; food was a gross thing, merely necessary to sustain the body so that it could for a little while be inhabited by an immortal spirit. So, although it was necessary to eat, yet we were not supposed to get pleasure from it. The Lector read to us always from Sacred Books, so that while our bodies had food for the body, our spirit had food for the soul.

The senior lamas always ate alone, most times thinking of some sacred text or looking at some sacred object or book. It was a very great offence to talk while eating, and any unlucky wretch caught talking was hauled forth by the

Proctors and made to lie across the doorway so that when everyone left they had to step across the recumbent figure, and that brought much shame to the victim.

We boys were always the first to finish, but then we had to keep quiet until all the others had finished. Often the Lector would go on reading quite oblivious of the fact that everyone was waiting for him. Often we would be made late for classes because the Lector, getting absorbed in his subject, would forget time and place.

At last the Lector finished his page and looked up with some start of surprise, and then half turned to the next page. But, instead, he put the cover on the book, and tied the tapes together; lifting the book off he handed it to a monk-attendant who took it, bowed, and removed the book for safe keeping. The Attending Master then gave the signal for us to dismiss. We went to the side of the hall where there were leather bags of fine sand, and with a handful of sand we cleaned out our eating bowls, the only utensil we had because, of course, we used our fingers—the oldest utensil of all!—and had no use for knives and forks.

“Lobsang! Lobsang! Go down to the Master of the Paper and get me three sheets which can have been spoilt on one side.” A young lama stood before me, giving me the order. I muttered grumpily and stumped off down the corridor. This was one of the types of jobs I hated, because for this particular thing I would have to get out of the Potala and go all the way down to the Village of Sho, where I would have to see the Master Printer and get the paper desired.

Paper is very rare, very expensive in Tibet. It is, of course, absolutely handmade. Paper is treated as a minor religious object, because nearly always it was used for sacred knowledge, sacred words, thus paper was never abused and never thrown away. If in printing a book the

print was smeared, the paper was not scrapped but the unspoilt side was available for teaching us boys. There was always a plentiful supply of spoilt paper for such purposes because we printed from hand-carved wooden blocks, and of course a block had to be carved in reverse so that it could print the right way about. Thus, in trying out the blocks, there were inevitably many sheets of paper spoilt. I made my way out of the Potala, going down by the lower back entrance where the way was very steep but much shorter, and where there were no steps to tire my legs. Here by the lower back entrance we boys would go down, lowering ourselves from bush to bush, or if we missed our footing we would skate down on a cloud of dust and wear a great hole in the seat of our robes, a matter which was difficult to explain later.

I went down the narrow, narrow path with the overhanging bushes. At a small clearing I stopped and peered out, peered out in the direction of Lhasa hoping to see a very special saffron robe coming across the Turquoise Bridge, or possibly—what joy the thought brought!—coming along the Ring Road. But no, there were only the pilgrims, only the stray monks and an ordinary lama or two. So, with a sigh and a grunt of disgust, I continued my slithering path downwards.

At last I arrived down by the Courts of Justice and made my way around their back to the Printing Office. Inside there was an old, old monk, he seemed to be all smeared up with ink, and his thumb and forefingers were absolutely spatulate with handling paper and printing blocks.

I went and looked about, for the smell of the paper and the ink always fascinated me. I looked at some of the intricately carved wooden boards which were going to be used for printing new books, and I rather looked forward to the time when I should be able to take a hand at carving because it was quite a hobby of mine, and we monks were

always given opportunities of displaying our skills for the good of the community.

“Well, boy, well! What do you want? Quick, what is it?”

The old printer-monk was looking at me severely, but I knew him of old, his bark was definitely worse than his bite, in fact, he was rather a nice old man who was merely scared that small boys were going to crumple precious sheets of paper. Quickly I gave my message to the effect that I wanted three sheets of paper. He grunted in reply, turned away and peered, and peered, and peered, and looked as if he could not bear to give away his loved pieces of paper. He looked at each sheet, and kept on changing his mind. In the end I got tired of it and picked up three sheets saying, “Thank you, Honorable Printer, I have these three sheets, they will do.”

He spun around and looked at me with his mouth wide open, a picture of stupefaction. By that time I had reached the door, complete with three sheets, and when he recovered his wits enough to say anything I was out of hearing. Carefully I rolled the three sheets so the spoiled surface was outside. Then I tucked it into the front of my robe, and made my way up again, pulling myself hand over hand by the hardy bushes.

At the clearing I stopped again, officially it would have been to regain my breath, but actually I sat upon a rock and looked for some time in the direction of Sera, the Wild Rose Fence. But no, there was just the ordinary traffic, nothing more. Possibly a few more traders than usual, but not the one that I desired to see.

At last I got to my feet and continued my journey upwards, going again through the little door, and searching for the young lama who had sent me.

He was in a room by himself, and I saw that he was composing. Silently I held out the three sheets to him, and he said, “Oh! You have been a long time. Have you been

making the paper?” He took them without a further word, and without a word of thanks. So I turned and left him, and made my way up to the classrooms, thinking that I would have to fill in the day somehow until my Guide returned.

## CHAPTER NINE

I STOOD on the storehouse roof, standing high above the surrounding ground. Before me stretched the whole of the Valley of Lhasa, green and beautiful, with the colored houses and the blue of the Turquoise Bridge. Farther, the golden roof of the Cathedral of Lhasa gleamed brightly, standing erect as it had stood for centuries, weathering the storms. Behind me, although at this time I did not turn my head, was the Happy River, and beyond the towering range of mountains with the passes leading up, ever higher, and descending through great gorges, great canyons, until one could turn one's head and see the last of Lhasa. Then straighten up and carry on in the direction of India, and to see part of Nepal, part of Sikkim, and part of India stretched out in front. But that was commonplace to me, I knew all about it. My whole attention now was riveted on the City of Lhasa.

Below me to the right, or rather, almost directly below me, was the Western Gate, the entrance to the City, thronged as ever with beggars crying for alms, pilgrims hoping for a blessing from the Holy One, and traders. As I stood there, shading my eyes against the harsh light so that I could see the more clearly, the rising voices carried their messages to me: "Alms! Alms for the love of the Holy One! Alms that you in your hour of distress may be given aid too!" Then from another direction, "Oh! This is a real bargain, ten rupees only, ten Indian rupees and you have this precious bargain; you will never see the like of it again for our times change. Or I'll tell you what—you've been a good customer, let us make it nine rupees. You give me

nine rupees now, and I will pass this over to you and we part good friends!”

From the Ring Road just below, the pilgrims were going along, some stretching their length, rising and stretching their length again, as if that peculiar form of locomotion would give them some salvation. But others walked erect, gazing at the rock carvings, the colored rock carvings which was one of the beautiful features of this mountain. As they came into sight I could hear them muttering, “Oh, there is someone on the roof there staring out. Do you think it is a lama?” The thought almost made me laugh. I, a small boy, standing aloft with the wind fluttering through my ragged robes. I, a lama? No, not yet, but I would be in time.

The pilgrims muttered away at their eternal “Om mani padme! Hum!” The traders tried to sell them charms, prayer wheels, amulets, and horoscopes. Most of the horoscopes, the charms, and the amulets had been made in India and imported, but the pilgrims would not know that, nor would they know that none of these things had been blessed in the manner promised. But does it not happen in all countries, in all religions? Are not traders the same everywhere?

I stared out from my lofty perch, staring out in the direction of Lhasa, staring out trying to penetrate the light haze which was formed by the yak-dung fires being lit to warm the houses, for a nip was coming to the air. The weather was definitely worsening. I looked up at the snow-laden clouds racing overhead, and I shivered. Sometimes it was remarkably hot, perhaps 40 degrees Fahrenheit, at this time of the day, but then by night it would drop far below freezing. But not even the weather was of much concern to me at this particular moment.

I eased myself, trying to take some of my weight on my elbows which I rested on the wall in front of me, and I

stared and stared until my eyes ached, and until I imagined that I saw that which I desired. At one time I started up in high excitement; a lama in a scintillating saffron robe was coming into sight. I started up in such excitement that my treacherously weak legs betrayed me, and I toppled back knocking the wind from me, and making me gasp for seconds before I could scramble to my feet again and peer on, on in the direction of Lhasa. But no, the wearer of the saffron robe was not the lama whom I sought. I watched him riding along with his attendants, watched him enter the Ring Road there, and saw the pilgrims make way for him, and bow in his direction as he passed. Then after half an hour or so he came up the path before me, as he did so he looked up and saw me and made motions with his hands which I correctly understood to mean that my Guide would be coming shortly.

This was a kindness, and a kindness which I greatly appreciated because high lamas were not much in the habit of paying attention to small boys, but as I already had good reason to know there were lamas AND lamas—some were remote, completely austere, withdrawn from the emotions of life, while others were jolly, always ready to help another no matter his rank, or age, or station in life, and who was to say which one was the better, the austere or the compassionate. My choice was the compassionate man who could understand the miseries and the sufferings of small boys.

From a higher window, a window which I could not reach because I was just an acolyte, a head protruded and looked down. The face had a moustache. I bowed my head reverently, and when I looked again the face had vanished. For a moment or two I stood in contemplation, hoping that I had not caused annoyance by climbing up here on to this roof. And as far as I knew, I was not breaking any rules, this time I was trying desperately hard to behave and not

do anything which could cause me to be delayed in seeing my Guide when he returned.

Over at the slightly higher Chakpori I could see monks going about their business, they seemed to be going in procession around the walls, and I thought that no doubt they were giving thanks that another batch of herbs had arrived from the highlands where they grew. I knew that a party of monks had recently arrived from the annual herb-gathering in the highlands, and I hoped that before too long I would be a member of such parties.

From afar off there came a trail of smoke. I could see a small group of men milling about, presumably they were brewing their tea so they could make tsampa. Traders, that was clear, for there was no colored robe among them, just the drab colors of traders, and these all wore their fur hats.

The chill wind was growing once again. Down below traders were gathering up their goods and scurrying for shelter. The pilgrims were crouching on the lee-side of the mountain, and the beggars were showing remarkable agility, some, in fact, even forgot their pretended illnesses as they hurried to get away from the approaching sand storm, or rather, dust storm.

The Valley of Lhasa was habitually swept clean by the gales which swept down from the mountains, blowing everything before them. Only the larger stones remained in place. Dust, grit, sand, all were swept away. But with every high wind, fresh sand and dust came upon us, sand borne by great boulders which had been rocking and swaying in the mountains, and then perhaps had collided with some other rock and shattered, forming pulverized stone which, becoming windborne, swept down upon us.

The wind so suddenly having arisen pressed hard against my back, plastering my robe tightly to the stone wall in front of me, pressing so hard that I could not move. Grimly I

clung to the wall, trying to find fingerholds, trying to let myself sink down so that I should be a bundle on the roof and thus afford the wind little grip for it to lift me. Painfully I let my knees fold, with infinite caution I lowered myself down so that I formed just a tight ball with my face and head protected from the stone-laden gale.

For minutes the wind howled and shrieked, and seemed to threaten to blow away the mountain itself. The wind howled louder than our trumpets ever blared, and then on the instant, remarkably, strangely, there came complete silence, a dead calm. In the silence I heard a sudden laugh, a girl's laugh from somewhere in the bushes below. "Oh!" she said. "Not here in this Holy place, that is sacrilege." Then a giggle, and a young man and a girl sauntered into view, hand in hand, as they crossed towards the Western Gate. I watched them idly for a few moments, then they strolled out of sight and out of my life.

I stood, and stared and stared again, over the tops of the trees along in the direction of Lhasa. But the storm had left us and it was now at Lhasa. The view was blanked out, all I saw was a great cloud like a gray blanket held to intercept the view. The cloud was featureless, but it was traveling rapidly, it gave you the impression of two Gods each holding the end of a gray blanket, and running with it. As I watched more and more buildings became visible, then the nunnery itself on the other side of Lhasa became visible, and the cloud went on receding rapidly down the Valley, becoming smaller and smaller as it did, as the wind forces became spent and the heavier particles of dust and grit fell.

But I was watching in the direction of Lhasa, not a silly dust cloud which I could see at any time. I rubbed my eyes and stared again. I tried to force myself to see more than was really there, but in the end I saw a small party of men just appearing beyond some buildings. Some of them were

wearing saffron robes. They were too far away for me to see individuals, but I knew—I knew!

I watched enthralled, and with my heart beating more rapidly than was its wont. The little group of men rode on sedately, not hurrying, an orderly procession. Gradually they approached the entrance of the Turquoise Bridge, and then were concealed from my gaze by that beautiful enclosed structure until they appeared again at the near end.

I stared and stared, trying to imagine which was which. Gradually, with painful slowness, they came closer and closer. My heart leapt within me as at last I could recognize the one saffron robe in whom I was interested. I tried to dance with joy on the roof, but my legs would not permit me, so I braced my arms against the wall again in an unsuccessful attempt to control the trembling of my limbs, trembling more from excitement than from weakness on this occasion.

The little cavalcade drew closer and closer, until at last they were hidden from me by the larger buildings of the Village of Sho beneath. I could hear the clatter of the horses' hooves, I could hear the rustle and grate of harness and the occasional squeak of a leather bag being pressed perhaps between rider and horse.

I stood on tiptoe and tried to make myself taller so that I could see more. As I peered over the edge I could just make out heads wending their slow way up the stepped path towards the main entrance. Briefly one in the saffron robe looked up, smiled, and waved his hand. I was too overcome to wave back. I stood there and stared, and trembled with relief that soon he would be with me again.

A word was said to another lama, and he, too, looked up and smiled. This time I was able to force my features into a rather trembly sort of smile in return, because I was overcome with emotion, I could feel emotion welling up

inside me, and I was desperately afraid that I was going to break down and prove that I was not a man.

The little cavalcade mounted higher and higher, making for the main entrance to the Potala, as was right for such an august party. Now, as I well knew, there would be a little delay because my Guide would have first to go to the Inmost One and make his report, and then he would in the fullness of time make his way to his own rooms in the higher portion of the Potala, whence, after a suitable interval, he would send a boy in search of me.

I slithered down from my post and dusted my hands and knees, and tried to make sure that my robe was fairly presentable. Then I made my way to the little house on the roof, entered it, and very carefully and slowly climbed down the ladder to the floor below. I had to make sure that I was available whenever a messenger came in search of me, and I wanted first of all to make sure that I was as tidy as I could make myself.

Our ladders were rather hazardous contraptions for anyone who had any leg troubles. They consisted of a substantial pole, well smoothed, and with notches cut on each side so that one put one leg—or rather, one foot—on the left side, and then one put the right foot to a higher notch on the right side, and one climbed up in that manner with the pole between one's knees. If one was not careful, or the pole was loose, one would slip around to the wrong side, often to the great glee of small boys. A menace of which one had to be wary was that often the pole-ladders would be slippery with butter because when one climbed a pole with a butter lamp in the hand, often the butter which had melted would slop and add to one's problems. But this was not a time to think of ladders or butter lamps. I reached the floor, carefully dusted myself off again, and scraped off a few dabs of congealed butter. Then I made my way into the boys' part of the building.

In our dormitory I walked impatiently to the window and peered out, kicking my heels against the wall as a sign of my impatience. I peered out, this time out of sheer boredom, for there was nothing I wanted to see outside, the one I wanted to see was inside!

In Tibet we did not use mirrors—not officially, that is, because mirrors were considered a vanity; if any person was caught looking in a mirror it was considered that he was thinking more of carnal things than of spiritual things. It was a great help in keeping to this attitude that we had no mirrors! On this particular occasion, however, I urgently desired to see what I looked like, and so I made my way surreptitiously into one of the temples where there was a very shiny copper plate. It was so shiny that after I had rubbed the hem of my robe across it a few times I was able to look into the surface and get an idea of what I looked like. Having looked hard and long, and feeling heartily discouraged at what I saw, I put back the plate and made my way in search of the barber-monk, for I was looking like a “Black Head.”

In Tibet “Black Heads” are people who are not in Holy Orders. Monks and all those coming under acolyte, trappa, monk, or monastic Orders, shaved their heads, and so they were frequently known as “Red Heads” because that is what we had when the sun did its worst. On the other hand, lay people had their heads covered with black hair, and so they were known as “Black Heads.” It should be added here that we also referred to “Saffron Robes” when we meant the higher lamas; we never said “the wearer of the saffron robe,” but only “Saffron Robes.” In the same way, we talked of “Red Robes” or “Gray Robes” because to us the robe was the thing, as indicating the status of the person inside it. It was also clear to us by Tibetan logic that there must be a person inside the robe, or the robe would not be able to move about!

I made my way deeper and deeper along the sloping corridors of the Potala, and then at last I approached the rather big room where the barber-monk plied his trade. He was one who was called a monk by courtesy because it seemed to me that he never left his particular room, and certainly never attended services. I strolled along the corridor, and entered his door. As usual the place was filled with hangers-on, shiftless monks who hung about, the barber-monk, the kitchen-monks, in fact, anywhere where they could skulk and just waste their own and somebody else's time. But today there was quite an excited air about the place, and I looked to see the reason.

On a low bench there was a pile of remarkably tattered and torn magazines. Apparently one of the monks had done some service for a group of traders, and the traders out of the kindness of their hearts had given him a whole load of magazines and papers which they had brought for various purposes from India. Now there was quite a throng of monks in the barber-monk's room, and they were waiting for another monk who had spent some time in India and thus could be presumed to understand what was in the magazines.

Two monks were laughing and chattering over some picture in a magazine. One said to the other, laughingly, "We must ask Lobsang about all this, he should be a specialist on such things. Come here, Lobsang!" I went over to where they were sitting on the floor looking at pictures. I took the magazine from them, and then one said, "But, look, you have the magazine upside-down; you don't even know which way to hold the thing." Unfortunately, to my shame, I found that he was right. I sat down between them and looked at the most remarkable picture. It was of a brownish color, sepia, I think the correct term would be, and it depicted a strange-looking woman. She was sitting on a high table in front of a bigger table, and on a

framed affair on the bigger table there was a picture, or reflection of the woman.

Her dress really intrigued me because it seemed to be longer than a monk's robe. She had a remarkably small waist which appeared to be belted tightly to make it even smaller yet her arms were heavily padded, and when I looked at her chest I found myself blushing with embarrassment because her dress was remarkably low—dangerously low, I should say—and I found to my shame that I wondered what would happen if she bent forward. But in this picture she was keeping a rigidly straight back.

As we sat there looking at the picture another monk came in and stood behind us; we took no notice of him. One of the people milling around said, “Whatever is she doing?” The monk who had just entered bent down and read what was written beneath, and then he said grandly, “Oh, she is merely making-up her face, she is applying lipstick, and when she has done that she will use eyebrow pencil. That is a cosmetic advertisement” All this confused me beyond belief. Making-up her face? Putting on lipstick? Putting on eyebrow pencil?

I turned to the English-reading monk behind me, and said, “But why does she want to mark where her mouth is? Doesn't she know?” He laughed at me, and said, “Some of these people, they put red or orange around their lips, it is supposed to make them more attractive. And when they have done that they do things to their eyebrows and perhaps to their eyelids. And when they have finished with that lot, they go and put dust on their faces, dust of various colors.” All this seemed very strange to me, and I said, “But why hasn't she got her dress on covering the top part of her body?” Everyone laughed at me, but everyone took a jolly good look to see what I was getting at. The English-reading monk laughed loudest of all, and said, “If you see these Westerners at their parties you will find that they

wear very little on their chest, but a very great deal below the waist!”

I pored over the pictures, trying to understand what they were all about. I did not see how the woman could move about in such uncomfortable clothes. She appeared to have no feet, but the cloth went all the way down to the ground and trailed behind her. But I soon forgot all about that when I heard the English-reading monk telling others about the magazines.

“Look at this one, the date says 1915, there's a very great war on in the West and its going to envelop the whole world. People are fighting, killing each other, and they dig holes in the ground and they stay in those holes, and when the rains come they nearly drown.”

“What is the war about?” asked another monk. “Oh, never mind what the war is about, Western people don't need any reason to fight, they just fight.” He turned over a few magazines, then he came to another. It showed a most remarkable thing, it seemed to be a great iron box, and according to the picture it was running over the ground running over soldiers who were trying to escape. “That,” said the English-reading monk, “is the latest invention ; it is called a tank, and it might be a thing which will win the war.”

We looked, and we thought about the war, we thought of all the souls getting injured when their physical bodies were destroyed. I thought of how many sticks of incense would have to be burned to help all those wandering souls.

“The British are raising another battalion of Gurkhas, I see,” said the monk who read English. “But they never think of asking for any spiritual assistance from Tibet.” I was rather glad they did not because I could not see any sense in all the killing, all the bloodshed, all the suffering. It seemed so stupid to me that grown men had to squabble and come to blows just because one set of people could not

agree with another set of people. I sighed and shook my head in considerable exasperation to think that it was my unfortunate destiny to travel to the Western world later. All that had been fore-ordained, my future had been told to me with extreme clarity, but I did not like any of the things that had been told to me, it entailed too much suffering, too much hardship!

“Lobsang!” a voice bawled at me. I looked up, there was the monk-barber motioning for me to come and sit on his three-legged stool. I did so, and he stood behind me and picked up the huge blade with which he shaved our heads. He did not use soap or water, of course, he just made a few strokes with the razor blade across a piece of stone, and then grabbing my temples firmly with his left hand he began the painful process of scraping off the stubble from my skull. None of us liked this process, and we all expected to end up with a bloody head—with a head nicked, chopped, and gashed. However, Tibetans are not soft, they do not run screaming at the first trace of pain. So I sat there while the monk-barber scraped and scraped away. “I suppose I'd better trim your neck, eh?” he said. “Understand your Guide man has returned—you'll be wanting to rush off, eh?” With that he shoved my head down almost between my knees, and then scraped industriously at the long hair where my head joined my neck. All the time he kept blowing at me, blowing off the hair which he had cut, and each time (if I guessed the right time!) I held my breath because his breath was—well—not pleasant, apparently his teeth were rotting or something. At last, though, he finished his scraping and we started to mop up the blood from the numerous scratches. Someone said, “Quickest way to stop it is to put a piece of paper on each scratch. Let's try it.” So I ended looking something like a scarecrow with little three-cornered bits of paper stuck to bloody patches.

I had nothing better to do for a time, so I stayed in the barber-monk's room and listened to all the conversation. It seemed that matters were in a very bad state in the Western world, it seemed that the world was just about aflame. There seemed to be trouble in Russia, trouble in England, the Irish people were making a commotion—only we of Tibet were peaceful. I fell silent as I recalled the prophecies which had been made about Tibet centuries before, and I knew that in our time, in my lifetime in fact, we of Tibet would have our own troubles. I knew also that our own beloved Dalai Lama would be the last actual Dalai Lama, and although there would be one more he would not be of the same spiritual significance.

Idly I turned over a page and saw a most extraordinary picture; it seemed to consist of a lot of boxes with pieces cut out of the sides, and out of the sides people's faces were peering. The boxes were all joined together, and they seemed to be drawn along by some monster which was belching smoke. There were circular things beneath the boxes, and there seemed to be two lines between them. I could not at all make out the significance of what it was, I did not at that time know that they were wheels, and what I was seeing was a train because in Tibet the only wheels were Prayer Wheels. I turned to the English-reading monk and tugged at his robe. Eventually he turned to me, and I asked him to tell me what it said. He translated for me that it was a British troop train taking soldiers to fight in the Fields of Flanders.

Another picture fascinated me and thrilled me beyond all explanation; it was of a contraption that appeared to be a kite with no string keeping it in touch with the ground. This kite seemed to be a framework covered with cloth, and in the front of it there seemed to be a thing which, by the representation of the picture, must have been revolving, and I saw there were two people in this kite, one in

the front and one sitting close behind. The quite friendly English-reading monk told me that it was an airplane, a thing that I had never heard of before. I resolved that if I were ever expelled from the lamasery, or from the Order, I would not be a boatman, but I would instead be one of those people who flew those strange kites which they had in the West. And then, as I turned those pages I saw another thing, a thing which frightened me speechless for a time—and that was a feat in itself—for this thing appeared to be a long tube covered with cloth or some sort of material, and it was shown as if flying above a city and dropping great black things on the city. Other pictures showed the black things landing, and showed a flash and damage as buildings flew up in the air. The monk told me that it was a thing called a zeppelin which was used to bomb England, and that a bomb was a metal canister filled with high explosive which blew everything from its path when it landed. It seemed to me that these magazines had nothing of peace in them, they were, instead, dealing only with war. I thought that I had looked enough at those pictures which merely served to inflame men's angry passions, and so I put down the magazines, made my thanks to the English-reading monk and to the barber-monk, and made my way upwards again to the dormitory where I knew I could soon expect a messenger.

The endless day drew on. Once again it was time for tsampa. I went down into the hall and had my meal with the others, but I confess the day was endless, endless. I had little appetite, but I thought I should take an advantage and eat while there was still time.

Having cleaned my bowl I left the dining hall, made my way up again to the dormitory, and stood for a time looking out of the window watching the bustle that surrounded our buildings.

## CHAPTER TEN

SOON there came to our corridor a boy yelling “LOBSANG! LOBSANG!” I hastened across the room and met him at the door as he was about to enter. “Phew!” he exclaimed, wiping imaginary perspiration from his brow “I’ve looked EVERYWHERE for you. Been in hiding or something? Your Guide wants you.”

“What does he look like?” I asked, in some anxiety.

“Look like? Look like? What do you expect him to look like? You saw him just a few days ago, what’s wrong with you, anyhow, sick or something?” The boy wandered off muttering about stupid . . . I turned away and pulled my robe straight and felt to be sure that my bowl and charm box was in place. Then I walked up the corridor.

It was a pleasure to leave the Boys’ Quarters, with the smeared lime-washed walls and enter the much more ornate Lamas’ Quarters. As I wandered softly along I could see into most of the rooms I passed; most of the lamas kept their doors open. Here an old man was fingering his beads and reciting endlessly, “Om! Mani padme Hum!” Another was reverently turning the pages of some old, old book, looking unceasingly for yet another meaning from the Scriptures. It rather bothered me, to see these old men trying to read “between the lines”—trying to read into writing those messages which were not put there in the first place. Then they would burst out with, “A New Interpretation of the Scriptures, by Lama So-and-So.” A very ancient man, with a straggly white beard, was gently twirling a Prayer Wheel and crooning to himself as he did so. Yet another was declaiming to himself—practicing for

a forthcoming theological debate in which he was to take a leading part.

“Now don't you come here bringing dirt to my clean floor, you young squirt!” said a testy old cleaning-monk as he leaned on his brush and eyed me balefully, “I don't work here all day for the likes of you!”

“Go and jump out of the window, Old One!” I said rudely as I walked past him. He stretched out and tried to grab me, but, tripping over his long brush handle, fell to the floor with a resounding thud. I hastened my steps so as to have a head start before he could climb to his feet. No one took any notice; Prayer Wheels still hummed and clacked, the Declaimer still declaimed, and voices still intoned their mantras.

In some near room an old man was hawking and clearing his throat with horrid noises. “Hrruk! Hrruk! Uahha!” he went in his endless attempt to obtain relief. I walked on. These corridors were long and I had to walk from the quarters of the Lowest Form of Lamastic Life to almost the highest—to that of the very senior Lamas. Now, as I progressed towards the “better” area, more and more doors were shut. At last I turned off the main corridor and entered a small annex, the domain of “The Special Ones.” Here, in the place of honor, my Guide resided when at the Potala.

With a rapidly beating heart I stopped at a door and knocked. “Come in!” said a well-loved voice. I entered and made my ritual bows to the shining Personage sitting with his back to the window. The Lama Mingyar Dondup smiled kindly at me and very carefully looked at me to see how I had fared during the past seven or so days. “Sit down, Lobsang, sit down!” he said, pointing to a cushion placed before him. For some time we sat while he asked me questions—most difficult to answer, some of them were, too! This great man filled me with the deepest feelings of

love and devotion; I wanted nothing more than to be continually in his presence.

“The Inmost One is very pleased with you,” he remarked, adding idly, “and I suppose that calls for some sort of celebration.” He stretched out his hand and tinkled his small silver bell. A serving-monk entered and brought a low table, one of those ornate things carved and with many coats of color. I was always afraid of scratching or marking the wretched things. The table was placed to the right of my Guide. Smiling at me, the Lama turned to the serving-monk and said, “You have the plain table ready for Lobsang?”

“Yes, Master,” the man replied. “I will fetch it now”

He left, soon returning with a very plain table which had the best “ornaments” of all; it was laden with things from India. Sweet and sticky cakes which were covered with some sort of syrup which had then been sprinkled with sugar, pickled walnuts, special chestnuts which had been brought from a far, far country, and many other items which delighted my heart. The serving-monk smiled slightly as he also put beside me a large jar of the herbs which we used when afflicted with indigestion.

Another serving-monk entered bearing small cups and a large jug full of steaming Indian tea. At a sign from my Guide they withdrew, and I had a Pleasant Change from Tsampa! I did not bother to think about the other acolytes who probably never in their lives had tasted anything except tsampa. I knew quite well that probably tsampa would be their only food for as long as they lived, and I consoled myself with the thought that if they suddenly had a taste of these exotic foods from India it would make them dissatisfied. I knew that I was going to have a hard time in life, I knew that soon there would be very different foods for me, so in my small-boy smug complacency I thought there was nothing wrong in having a fore-taste of pleasant things to compensate for the unpleasant things which I

had already endured. So I ate more than I should with complete tranquility. My Guide remained silent, and all he had was tea—the Indian variety. But eventually, with a sigh of the utmost regret, I decided that I could not take even another crumb, in fact, the mere sight of that wretched food was beginning to appear distasteful to me, it was coloring my outlook, and I felt—well—as if enemies were fighting inside me. I became aware that certain unwonted specks were floating before my eyes, so I had no more to eat, and before long I had to withdraw to Another Place, for the food had stretched my stomach rather painfully!

When I returned, somewhat paler, considerably lighter, and a little shaken, my Guide was still sitting, still unruffled, quite benign. He smiled at me as I settled myself again, saying, “Well! Now you have had and lost most of your tea, you at least have the memory of it, and that might help you. We will talk about various things.” I settled myself very comfortably. His eyes were roaming, no doubt wondering how my injuries were, then he told me: “I had a talk with the Inmost One who told me of your, er—flying on to the Golden Roof. His Holiness told me all about it, told me what he had seen, and told me that you risked expulsion to tell him the truth. He is very pleased with you, very pleased with the reports he has had about you, very pleased with what he has seen, for he was watching you when you were looking for me, and now I have special orders about you.” The lama looked at me, smiling slightly, possibly amused at the expression which I knew was on my face. More trouble, I thought, more tales of woe to come, more hardships to endure now so that they won't appear so bad in the future by comparison. I am sick of hardship, I thought to myself. Why can't I be like some of those people who flew those kites in a battle, or drove those roaring steam boxes with a lot of soldiers? I thought,

too, I would rather like to be in charge of one of those metal things which floated on water and took a lot of people between countries. Then my attention wandered, and I pondered the question—how could they be metal? Anyone would know that metal was heavier than water and so would sink. There must be a catch to it, I decided, they could not be metal at all, that monk must have been telling me a story. I looked up to see my Guide laughing at me; he had been following my thoughts by telepathy, and he really was amused.

“Those kites are aeroplanes, the steam dragon is a train, and those iron boxes are ships, and—yes-iron ships really do float. I will tell you all about it later, but for the moment we have other things in mind.” He rang his bell again, and a serving-monk entered and removed the table which had been before me, smiling ruefully at all the havoc I had made of the foods from India. My Guide said we wanted more tea, and we waited while a fresh lot was brought to us. “I prefer Indian tea to China tea,” said my Guide. I agreed with him, China tea always rather sickened me, I did not know why because I was obviously more used to China tea, but the Indian tea seemed to be more pleasant. Our discussion on the matter of tea was interrupted by the serving-monk bringing in a fresh supply. He withdrew as my Guide poured fresh cups of tea.

“His Holiness has said that you be withdrawn from the ordinary standard classes. Instead, you are to move into an apartment next to mine, and you are to be taught by me and by the leading lama specialists. You have the task of preserving much of the ancient knowledge, and later you will have to put much of that knowledge into writing, for our most alert Seers have forecast the future of our country saying that we shall be invaded, and much that is in this lamasery and others will be ravaged and destroyed. Through the wisdom of the Inmost One certain Records

are already being copied so that the copies will remain here to be destroyed and the originals will be taken far, far away where no invader will be able to reach. First, you will have to be taught extensively about the metaphysical arts.” He stopped speaking and rose to his feet, and moved into another room. I heard him rustling about, and then he came back carrying a very plain wooden box which he brought and placed on the ornamental table. He sat down before me and for a moment or two remained silent.

“Years and years ago people were very different from what they are now. Years and years ago people could call upon the natural laws and use senses which humanity has now lost except in certain rare instances. Many hundreds of centuries ago people were telepathic and clairvoyant, but through using such powers for evil purposes humans as a whole have lost the ability, the whole of those powers now are atrophied. Worse—humans now generally deny the existence of such powers. You will find when you move about to different countries that when you leave Tibet and India it will not be wise to talk of clairvoyance, astral traveling, levitation, or telepathy, because people will merely say ‘Prove it, prove it, you talk in riddles, you talk nonsense, there is no such thing as this, or that, or something else, if there were Science would have discovered it.’ ”

He withdrew into himself for a moment, and a shadow crossed his features. He had traveled extensively, and although he looked young—well, actually he looked ageless, one could not say if he were an old man or a young man, his flesh was firm and his face fairly unlined, he radiated health and vitality—yet I knew that he had traveled to far-away Europe, traveled to Japan, China, and India. I knew, too, that he had had some most amazing experiences. Sometimes when he was sitting he would look

at some magazine which had been brought over the mountains from India, and then he would sigh with sorrow at the folly of warring mankind. There was one particular magazine which really interested him, and whenever he could he had it brought from India. It was a peculiar sort of magazine called *London Illustrated*. I found odd copies of the magazine to be a great source of information, giving me pictures about things quite beyond my understanding. I was interested in what were called "Advertisements," and whenever I could I tried to read the pictures and then, as opportunity presented itself, I would find someone who knew enough of the strange language to tell me about the wording.

I sat and looked at my Guide. Occasionally I looked at the wooden box which he had brought out, and wondered what it could possibly contain. It was a box of some wood quite foreign to me. It had eight sides to it so that, as near as anything, it was round. I sat for some time wondering what it was all about, what was in it, why he had suddenly lapsed into silence. Then he spoke, "Lobsang, you have to develop your very high degree of natural clairvoyance to an even higher state, and the first thing is to get to know this." Briefly he motioned to the eight-sided wooden box as if that would explain everything, but it just led me into a deeper state of confusion. "I have here a present which is given to you by order of the Inmost One himself. It is given to you to use and with it you can do much good." He leaned forward and with two hands picked up the wooden box, and looked at it for a few moments before putting it in my hands. He put it very carefully in my hands and held his own hands near by in case I—boylike—should be clumsy and drop it. It was a surprising weight, and I thought it must have a lump of stone inside it to be so heavy.

"Open it, Lobsang!" said the lama Mingyar Dondup.

“You will not get any information about it by just looking at the box.”

Dumbly I turned the thing in my hands, hardly knowing how to open it because it was eight-sided and I could not see how the top fitted on. But then I grasped the top and somehow gave it a half twist. The top domed portion came off in my hands. I peered at it and it was just a lid, so I put it down beside me while I devoted my attention to what was in the box. All I could see was a lump of cloth, so I grasped that and went to lift it out, but the weight was quite amazing. I spread my robe carefully so that if there was anything loose inside it would not fall on the floor, and then with my hands over the box I inverted the box and took the weight of the contents on my fingers. I put down the now empty box and devoted my attention to the spherical object wrapped up in dead black cloth.

As my busy fingers unwrapped the thing I gasped in fascinated awe, for revealed to me now was a very wonderful, quite flawless crystal. It was indeed crystal, not like the glass used by fortune-tellers, but this crystal was so pure that one could hardly see where it began and ended, it was almost like a sphere of nothingness as I held it in my hands—that is, until I contemplated the weight, and the weight was quite formidable. It weighed as much as a stone of the same size would weigh.

My Guide looked at me smilingly. As I met his eyes he said, “You have the right touch, Lobsang, you are holding it in the correct manner. Now you will have to wash it before you can use it, and you will have to wash your hands, too!” he exclaimed. “Wash it, Honorable Lama!” I said in some amazement. “Whatever should I wash it for? It is perfectly clear, perfectly clean.”

“Yes, but it is necessary that any crystal be washed when it changes hands, because that crystal has been handled by me, and then the Inmost One handled it, and I handled it after. So

now, you do not want to delve into my past or my future, and it is, of course, forbidden to delve into the past, present, or future of the Inmost One. Therefore go into the other room,” he motioned with his hand to the direction I should take, “and wash your hands, then wash the crystal, and make sure that you pour water over it so that it be running water. I will wait here until you have finished.”

Very carefully I wrapped up the crystal and eased myself off the cushion where I had been sitting, placing the crystal on its center so that it could not fall off on to the ground. When I had regained my feet and was standing more or less securely, I reached and lifted the cloth-wrapped bundle and left the room. It was a beautiful thing to hold in water. As I rubbed my hands around it under the water it seemed to glow with life, it felt as if it were part of me, it felt as if it belonged to me, as indeed it now did. I gently set it aside and washed my own hands, making sure that I used plenty of fine sand, and then I rinsed them and went back and rewashed the crystal, holding it beneath a jug which I held inverted while the water splashed over the crystal making a little rainbow as the falling drops were struck by the incoming sunlight. With the crystal clean, and my hands clean too, I returned to the room of my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup.

“You and I are going to be much closer in the future, we are going to live next door to each other, for so the Inmost One has decreed. You are not to sleep in the dormitory after this night. Arrangements are being made whereby when we return to Chakpori tomorrow you will have a room next to mine. You will study with me, and you will study with learned Lamas who have seen much, done much, and traveled in the astral. You will also keep your crystal in your room, and no one else must touch it because it would give a different influence to it. Now move your cushion and sit with your back to the light.”

I shuffled round and sat with my back to the light. I sat rather close to the window carefully clutching the crystal in my hands, but my Guide was not satisfied. “No, no, be sure that no ray of light falls on the crystal, for if it does you will make false reflections within. It is necessary that there be no points of light in the crystal, instead you must be aware of it, but not aware of its exact circumference.” He rose to his feet, and pulled an oil silk curtain over the window, subduing the sunlight, and making the room flood with a pale-blue glow, almost as if twilight had come upon us.

It should be said that we had very little glass in Lhasa, or rather, very little glass in Tibet, because all glass had to be brought across the mountains on the backs of traders or on the backs of their pack-animals, and in the sudden storms which beset our city glass would be shattered immediately by the wind-driven stones. Thus, we had shutters made of different material, some were of wood and others were of oil silk or similar which shut out the wind and shut out the dust, but the oil silk was the best because it let sunlight filter through.

At last I was in a position which my Guide considered to be suitable. I was sitting with my legs tucked under me—not in the Lotus Position because my legs had been too much damaged for that—but I was sitting with my legs tucked under me and my feet were protruding to the right. In my lap my cupped hands held the crystal, held it beneath so that I could not see my hands under the bulging sides of that globe. My head was bowed, and I had to look at the crystal or in the crystal without actually seeing, without actually focusing. Instead, to see correctly in a crystal, one focused at a point in infinity, because if one focused directly at the crystal one focuses automatically on any smear, or speck of dust, or on any reflection, and that usually destroys the effect. So—I was taught to always focus at some

point in infinity while apparently looking through the crystal.

I was reminded of my experience in the temple when I had seen the wandering souls come in range, and where the nine lamas had been doing their chant, punctuating each reference to a stick of incense by the tinkling of a silver bell.

My Guide smiled across at me, and said, "Now there is no time to do any crystal gazing or scrying for the moment because you will be taught properly, and this is a case of 'more haste less speed.' You want to learn how to hold the thing properly, as indeed you are doing now, but you want to learn the different methods of holding for different occasions. If you want world affairs you use the crystal on a stand, or if you want to read about one individual you take the crystal and let the inquirer hold it first, after which you take it from him and, if you are properly trained, you can see that which he wants to know."

Just at that moment pandemonium broke out above us; there was the deep, roaring, discordant sound of the conches like yaks lowing in the meadows, a ululating sound which wobbled up and down the scale like an excessively fat monk trying to waddle along. I could never discern any music in the conches; others could, and they told me it was because I was tone deaf! After the conches came the blare of the temple trumpets, and the ringing of bells, and the beating on the wooden drums. My Guide turned to me and said, "Well, Lobsang, you and I had better go to the Service because the Inmost One will be there, and it is common courtesy for us to go on our last evening here at the Potala. I must hurry off, you come at your own speed." So saying, he rose to his feet, gave me a pat on the shoulder and hurried out.

Very carefully I wrapped up my crystal, wrapped it very very carefully indeed, and then with the utmost caution I

put it back in its eight-sided wooden box. I put it on the table by the seat of my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup. And then I, too, followed down the corridor.

Acolytes, monks, and lamas were hurrying along from all directions. It reminded me of a disturbed colony of ants rushing along. People seemed to be in a hurry so that they could get in the best position relative to their own class. I was in no hurry so long as I got in somewhere and could sit without being seen, that was all I asked.

The sound of the conches ceased. The blaring of the trumpets ended. By now the stream entering the Temple had diminished to a trickle and I found myself following at the tail end. This was the Great Temple, the Temple at which attended the Inmost One himself when he had time from his world duties to come and mix with the lamas.

The great pillars supporting the roof seemed to soar up into the blackness of night. Above us there were the ever-present clouds of incense smoke, grays, and blues, and whites, swirling and intermingling and yet never seeming to settle out into one particular shade, for all these clouds of incense seemed in some way to retain their own individuality.

Small boys were rushing around with flaring torches lighting more and more butter lamps, which sputtered and hissed, and then burst into flames. Here and there there was a lamp which had not been properly lighted because one had first to rather melt the butter so that it became liquid like oil, otherwise the wick which should be floating merely charred and smoldered, and made us sneeze with the smoke.

At last sufficient lamps were lit, and huge sticks of incense were brought out and they, too, were lit, and then extinguished so that they glowed red and gave out great clouds of smoke. As I looked about me I saw all the lamas in one group in rows facing each other, and the next row

would be back to back, and so on facing each other, and the next row would be back to back. Farther out from them were the monks sitting in a similar manner, and beyond those the acolytes. The lamas had little tables about a foot high on which reposed various small items, including the ever-present silver bell; some had wooden drums, and later as the Service started the Lector standing at his Lectern would read out passages from our Sacred Books, and the lamas and monks in unison would chant, and the lamas would, at the completion of each passage, ring their bells, while others would tap with their fingers on the drums. Again and again, to signify the end of some particular part of the Service, there would be the rumbling of the conches from somewhere in the distance, somewhere in the dim recesses of the Temple. I looked on, but it was merely a spectacle to me, it was merely religious discipline, and I decided at some time when I had time I would ask my Guide why it was necessary to go through this ceremony. I wondered if it made people any better because I had seen so many monks who were very devout, very devoted indeed to their service attendances, but away from the temples, away from the services, they were sadistic bullies. Yet others who never went near the temples were kind-hearted and considerate, and would always do something to help the poor bewildered small boy who didn't know what to do next and who was always afraid of getting into trouble because so many adults hated to be asked things by small boys.

I looked to the center of the Temple, the center of the lamastic group, and I looked at our revered, beloved Inmost One sitting there serene and calm with a very strong aura of spirituality, and I resolved that I would at all times try to model myself on him and on my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup.

The Service went on and on, and I am afraid that I

must have fallen asleep behind one of the pillars because I knew nothing more until there was the loud ringing of bells and the roaring of conches again, and then the sound as of a multitude rising to their feet and the indefinable noises which a lot of men make when they are making for an exit. So I rubbed my eyes with my knuckles, and tried to look intelligent, tried to look awake and as if I had been paying attention.

Wearily I went along, again at the tail end, to our common dormitory thinking how glad I was that after this night I should not be sleeping with a whole crowd of boys who rent the night with their snores and cries, but after this night I should be able to sleep alone.

In the dormitory as I prepared to wrap myself in my blanket a boy was trying to talk to me, saying how wonderful he thought it was that I was going to have a place of my own. But he yawned heavily in the middle of his sentence and just fell to the ground sound asleep. I walked to the window wrapped in my blanket, and looked out again at the starry night, at the spume of snow tearing away from the mountaintops and lit most beautifully by the rays of the rising moon. Then I, too, lay down and slept, and thought of nothing. My sleep was dreamless and peaceful.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

TOGETHER we walked down the corridors until at last we reached the inner courtyard where monk-grooms were already holding two horses, one for my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup and the other for unfortunate me! My Guide motioned to a groom to help me mount, and I was glad my legs were bad because a horse and I rarely arrived at the same point together; if I went to mount a horse, the horse moved and I fell to the ground, or if I expected the horse to move and took a cunning jump the horse did not move and I jumped right over the wretched creature. But this time with the excuse of my injured legs I was helped upon that horse, and immediately I did one of those things which are NOT DONE! I started riding away without my Guide. He laughed out loud as he saw me, knowing that I had no control over that unfortunate horse. The horse strode away out of the courtyard and down the path, I clutching on for dear life, afraid of rolling over the mountainside.

Around by the outer wall I rode. A fat and friendly face peered out of a window just above and called, "Good-bye, Lobsang, come again soon, we'll have some fresh barley in next week, good stuff, better stuff than we've been having lately. You call and see me as soon as you come." The cook-monk heard another horse coming and turned his eyes leftwards, and let out a "Ow! Ai! Ai! Honorable Medical Lama, forgive me!" My Guide was coming and the poor cook-monk thought he had taken 'an impertinence,' but my Guide's friendly smile soon put him at ease.

I rode off down the mountain, my Guide chuckling

behind me. “We shall have to coat the horse with glue for you, Lobsang,” he chortled. I looked back rather glumly at him. It was all right for him, he was a big man some six feet tall and more than two hundred pounds in weight, he had muscles, he had brains, and I had no doubt that if he felt like it he could pick up that horse and carry it down the mountainside instead of the horse carrying him. I, on the other hand, felt like a fly perched on the creature. I had little control over the thing and every so often, out of the perverseness of its nature and knowing that I was scared stiff, it would go to the very edge of the path and stare straight down at the willow grove so far below, neighing presumably with amusement as it did so.

We reached the bottom of the mountain and went along the Dopdal Road because before going on to Chakpori we had a call to make in one of the offices of the Government in the Village of Sho. Arrived there, my Guide very considerably tied my horse to a post and lifted me off saying, “Now you just stay around here, Lobsang, I shall be not more than ten minutes.” He picked up a bag and strode off into one of the offices, leaving me sitting on a pile of stones.

“There! There!” said a countrified voice behind me. “I saw the Lama of the Saffron Robe get off that horse and here is his boy to look after the horses. How do you do, Young Master?” I looked around and saw a small group of pilgrims. They had their tongues out in the traditional Tibetan greeting with which the inferiors greeted their superiors. My chest swelled with pride, I basked unashamedly in the glory reflected from being “the boy of the Lama of the Saffron Robe.”

“Oh!” was my reply. “You should never come upon a priest unexpectedly like that, we are always engaged in meditation, you know, and a sudden shock is very bad for our health.” I frowned rather disapprovingly as I looked towards them and continued, “My Master and Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, the wearer of the Saffron Robe, is

one of the most important Lamas here, he is a very great person indeed, and I should not advise you to get too near his horse because his horse, too, is important bearing such a great rider. But get along now, get along, don't forget your circuit of the Ring Road, it will bring much good to you!" With that I turned away hoping that I had acted as a true monk should, hoping that I had made a favorable impression.

A chuckle near by me made me look up rather guiltily. A trader was standing there picking at his teeth with a piece of straw, one hand on hip, the other hand very busy with his mouth. Hastily I looked round and saw the pilgrims had, as ordered, continued on their round. "Well? What do you want?" I said to the old trader who was peering at me through screwed-lip eyes, his face seamed and wrinkled with the years. "I have no time to waste!" I said.

The old fellow smiled benignly. "Now, now, Young Master, don't be so harsh to a poor old trader who has such a difficult time making a living in these hard, hard days. Do you happen to have any trinkets with you, anything that you have brought from the Big House up above there? I can offer you a very good price for cuttings from a lama's hair or for a piece of a lama's robe, I can offer you a better price for anything that has been blessed by one of the higher lamas such as your Master of the Saffron Robe. Speak up, Young Master, speak up before he comes back and catches us."

I sniffed as I looked at him and thought, no, not if I had a dozen robes would I sell for things to be traded by fakes and charlatans. Just then, to my joy, I saw my Guide coming. The old trader saw him too and made off with a shambling gait.

"What are you trying to do, buy up traders?" asked my Guide. "No, Honorable Master," was my response, "he was trying to buy up you or any bits or pieces of you, hair

pieces, robe clippings, or anything which he thinks I should have been able to steal from you.” The Lama Mingyar Dondup laughed, but there was a rueful sort of ring to his laugh as he turned and stared after the trader who was not tarrying but really hurrying to get out of calling range. “It is a pity these fellows are always on the make. It is a pity they try to get something and give it a false value. After all, it is not the Saffron Robe that matters, but the soul of the wearer of the Saffron Robe.” So saying he lifted me in one swift easy motion and put me astride my horse which looked as surprised as I felt. Then he untied the reins, giving them to me (as if I knew what to do with them!) and mounting his own horse we rode off.

Down the Mani Lhakhand we went, past the rest of the Village of Sho, past the Pargo Kaling, and then over the little bridge which spanned a tributary of the Kaling Chu. We took the next turn left, passing the small Kundu Park, and taking the next road left to our own Chakpori.

This was a rough and stony road, a hard road to traverse, a road which needed a sure-footed horse. Iron Mountain, as was our name for Chakpori, is higher than the mountain on which the Potala is erected, and our pinnacle of rock was smaller, sharper, steeper. My Guide led the way, his horse every so often dislodging small stones which rolled down the path towards me. My horse followed, carefully picking a path. As we rode up I looked over to my right—to the South—where flowed the Happy River, the Kyi Chu. I could also see straight down into the Jewel Park, the Norbu Linga, where the Inmost One had his very few moments of recreation. At present the park was very much deserted except for a few monk-gardeners straightening up after the recent tempest, there were no senior lamas in sight. I thought how, before my legs were damaged, I liked to slither down the mountainside and duck across the

Lingkor Road and go into the Jewel Park or Norbu Linga by what I thought was my own super-secret way.

We reached the top of the mountain, we reached the stony space before the Chakpori walls, walls which enclosed the whole of that lamasery. The monk at the gate quickly welcomed us in, two other monks hurried to take our horses from us. I parted from mine with the greatest of joy, but groaning somewhat as the weight fell upon my legs once again. "I shall have to see about your legs, Lob-sang, they are not healing so well as I expected," said my Guide. A monk took the lama's luggage and hurried off with it. He turned and made his way into the lamasery, calling over his shoulder, "I will see you again in an hour's time."

The Potala was too public for me, too "grand," one always had to be alert in case one accidentally annoyed a senior monk or a junior lama; the senior lamas never took offence, they had greater things to worry about than whether a person was looking in their direction or apparently ignoring them. As in all cases, it is only the inferior men who create commotions, their superiors were kind, considerate, and understanding.

I wandered into the courtyard, thinking that this would be a good opportunity to have a meal. At that stage of my career, food was one of the most important things because tsampa, with all its virtues, still left one feeling quite a bit hungry!

As I walked the well-known corridors I met many of my contemporaries, boys who had entered at much the same time as I had. But now there was a great change, I was not just another boy, not just another young lad to be trained or to be fought with; instead, I was under the special protection of the Great Lama Mingyar Dondup, the wearer of the Saffron Robe. Already rumor had leaked out and spread abroad that I was going to be specially taught,

that I was going to have a room in the Lamas' Quarters, that I was going to do this, that I was going to do that, and I was amused to notice that my exploits, real or imagined, were already well known. One boy chortled gleefully to another that he had actually seen me picked up from the ground by a great gust of wind and blown up on to the top of the Golden Roof. "I saw it with my very own eyes," he said. "I was standing here at this very spot and I saw him down there sitting on the ground. Then this great dust storm came and I saw Lobsang sailing upwards, he looked as if he was fighting devils on the roof. Then—" The boy paused dramatically and rolled his eyes for emphasis. "And then—he fell down right into the arms of one of the Temple Keeper-Lamas." There was a sigh of awe, admiration, and envy all mixed up, and the boy continued, "And then Lobsang was taken to the Inmost One which brought distinction and honor to our class!"

I pushed my way through the throng of sensation-seekers, the horde of small boys and junior monks who were hoping that I would make some startling announcement, a sort of Revelation from the Gods, but I was in search of food; I pushed my way through that throng and stumped off down the corridor to a well-known spot—the kitchen.

"Ah! So you've returned to us, eh? Well, sit ye down, lad, sit ye down, I'll feed you up well. You've not been too well fed at the Potala by the look of you. Sit ye down and I'll feed you." The old cook-monk came and patted my head and pushed me back so that I was sitting on a pile of empty barley sacks. Then he just fished inside my robe and managed to get my bowl. Off he went, carefully cleaning my bowl all ready (not that it needed it!), and off to the nearest of the cauldrons. Soon he was back slopping tsampa and tea all over the place, making me draw up my legs in case I got it over my robe. "There, there, boy," he said,

pushing the bowl into my hands. “Eat it up, eat it up because I know you will be sent for soon—the Abbot wants to hear all about what happened.” Fortunately, someone else came in and wanted attention so he turned away from me and went off leaving me to eat my tsampa.

With that matter disposed of I thanked him politely because he was a good old man who thought that boys were nuisances, but they were not such nuisances if they were fed properly. I went to the great bin of fine sand and carefully cleaned my bowl once again, taking the broom and sweeping up the sand which I had spilled on the floor. I turned and bowed in his direction, to his pleased surprise, and made my way out.

I went to the end of the corridor and rested my arms against the wall while I peered out. Below me was the swamp, a bit beyond that was the flowing stream. But I was looking over the Kashya Linga towards the ferry because the boatman appeared to be most uncommonly busy today. He was there standing up leaning on his oars, pushing away at them working hard, and his yak-skin boat seemed to be absolutely laden down with people and their bundles, and I wondered what it was all about, why there were so many people flocking to our Holy City. Then I remembered the Russians, the Russians had been putting a lot of pressure on our country because the British had been making a commotion also, and now the Russians were sending a lot of spies into Lhasa disguised as traders and thinking that we poor ignorant natives would never know. They forgot, or perhaps never even knew, that many of the lamas were telepathic and clairvoyant and knew what they were thinking almost as soon as they themselves knew.

I loved to stand and watch and see all the different types of people, and to divine their thoughts, determine whether

they were good or bad. With practice it was easy, but now was hardly the time for standing staring at others, I wanted to go and see my Guide, I wanted to be able to lie down. My legs were hurting me and I really was tired. My Guide had had to go away to the Wild Rose Fence before I was really well enough to get about my business. Actually, I should have been between my blankets on the floor for another week, but the Chakpori—good place though it was—it really did not welcome small boys who were ill, who had wounds which were slow to heal, and who broke the regular routine. So it was that I had had to go to the Potala where there were, curiously enough, more facilities for such attentions than in our “Temple of Healing.”

At Chakpori suitable students were taught the healing arts. We were taught all about the body, how the different parts of the body work, we were taught acupuncture in which very thin needles are pushed into the body to stimulate certain nervous centers, and we were taught about herbs, how to gather herbs after having been able to identify them, how to prepare them store them and dry them. In the Chakpori we had large buildings in which monks under the supervision of lamas were always preparing ointments and herbs. I remembered the first time that I had seen them.

I peered through the doorway, hesitant, scared, not knowing what I would see, not knowing who would see me. I was curious because, although my studies had not yet reached the state of herbal medicine, I was still vastly interested. So—I peered.

The room was large, it had a high, rafted roof, and from great beams which stretched from side to side and help up a triangular arrangement of frames, ropes descended. For a time I looked, not being able to understand the purpose of those ropes. Then as my eyes became shar-

per in the somewhat dim interior I saw that the other end of the ropes were attached to leather bags, leather bags which by suitable treatment were as hard as wood. Each leather bag had a word painted on it, words which meant not a thing to me. I watched and no one took any notice of me until at last an old lama turned and saw me. He smiled quite kindly and said, "Come in, my boy, come in. I am pleased indeed to see that one so young is already taking an interest. Come in." Hesitantly I walked towards him, and he put a hand on my shoulder and to my amazement he started telling me about the place, pointing out the different herbs, telling me the difference between herb powder, herb tea, and herb ointment. I liked the old man, he seemed to have been remarkably sweetened by his herbs!

Just in front of us there was a long table of stone, a rather rough type of stone. I would not like to say what sort of stone it was, but it was probably granite. It was level and about fifteen feet by six feet, one large solid slab. Along its sides monks were very busy spreading herb lumps, that is the only word I can find to describe them because they seemed to be clotted lumps of herbs, a mass of brownish vegetation. They spread these herbs on the table, and then with flat pieces of stone something like bricks, they pressed down on the herbs dragging the stone towards the side. As they lifted I found that the herbs were being macerated—shredded. They kept on and kept on at it until it seemed that only a fibrous pulp was left. When they reached that stage they stood back and other monks approached with leather pails and stones with a serrated edge. Carefully the fresh lot of monks scraped the stone bench, scraped all the fibrous matter into their leather pails. With that done, the original monks spread fine sand on the bench and started rubbing it with their stones, cleaning it and at the same time making fresh

scratches which would hold the herbs so that they could be shredded.

The monks with their leather pails took the fibrous material to the far side of the large room where, I now saw, there were steaming cauldrons of water. One after the other they took their pails and emptied the contents into one of the cauldrons. I was interested to see that it had been bubbling and steaming, but as soon as the new fibrous stuff was put in the boiling point stopped. The old lama took me across and looked in, and then he picked up a stick and stirred the stuff, saying, "Look! We are boiling this, and we are keeping on boiling it until the water boils off and we get a thick syrup. I will show you what we do with that."

He led me across to another part of the hall, and there I saw great jars full of syrup all labeled with their different identities. "This," he remarked, pointing to one particular jar, "is what we give to those suffering from catarrhal infections. They have a small amount of this to drink and, while the taste is not very pleasant, it is much more pleasant than the catarrh. Anyway, it cures them!" He chuckled in high good humor, and then led me to another table in an adjacent room. Here I found that a group of monks were working on a stone bench, it seemed to be a shallow trough. They had wooden paddles in their hands and they were mixing up a whole collection of things under the supervision of another lama. The old lama who was giving me such a pleasant conducted tour said, "Here we have oil of eucalyptus, together with oil of camphor. We mix that with some highly expensive imported olive oil, and then with these wooden paddles the monks stir everything up and mix it with butter. The butter forms a fine base for an ointment. When we have people with chest afflictions they find fine relief when this is rubbed on their chest and back." Gingerly I stretched out a finger and touched a blob of the

stuff on the edge of the trough, even more cautiously I sniffed it and I even felt my eyes going crossed. The smell seemed to burn right through me, it seemed as if my lungs were going to burn inside out, and I was afraid to cough, although I badly wanted to, in case I should explode. The old lama laughed and laughed as he said, "Now put that on your nose and it will take the skin out of your nostrils. That is the concentrated stuff, it has to be diluted yet with more butter."

Farther along monks were stripping the tips off the leaves of a certain dried plant, and carefully sifting it through a cloth which was like a very close mesh net. "These monks are preparing special teas. By tea we mean an admixture of herbs which can be drunk. This particular tea," he turned and pointed, "is an anti-spasmodic tea and it gives relief in cases of nervous twitchings. When you come here and take your turn at all this you will find it extremely interesting." Just then someone called to him, but he said before leaving, "Look around, my boy, look around. I am glad indeed to see one who is so interested in our arts." With that he turned and hurried off to the other room.

I wandered about taking a sniff of this and a sniff of that. I took one particular powder and sniffed it so much that it got up my nostrils and down my throat, and made me cough and cough and cough, until another lama came and gave me a drink of tea, beastly stuff it was, too.

I recovered from that incident and walked to a far wall where there was a great barrel. I looked at it and I was amazed because it seemed to be full of a bark, a curious-looking bark, bark such as I had never seen before. I touched a piece and it was crumbly to my fingers. I put my head sideways in some astonishment because I couldn't see what use there would be for such dirty old pieces of bark, rougher and dirtier than anything I had seen in any of our parks. A lama looked at me, came over and said,

“So you've not any idea what this is, eh?” “No, Honorable Medical Lama,” I replied, “it seems to me to be just rubbish.” He laughed at that, he really was highly amused as he said, “That, young man, is a bark which is used for the most common ailment in the world today, a bark which gives relief and which has saved many lives. Can you guess what it is? What is the most common ailment?”

He really had me puzzled there, and I thought and thought, and just could not come up with any sensible solution, and I told him so. He smiled as he told me. “Constipation, young man, constipation. The biggest curse of the world. But this is a sacred bark which we import by traders from India. It is called sacred bark because it comes from a very, very distant country, Brazil, where they call it cascara sagrada, that is, bark sacred. We use it, again, as a tea, or in exceptional cases we boil and boil and boil until we have a distillate which we mix up with a certain collection of chalk and sugars, and then we press it into a pill form. That is for the ones who cannot take its acrid taste as a tea.” He smiled quite kindly at me, obviously pleased at my interest, and it really was interesting.

The old lama whom I had first met came hurrying back, asking me how I was managing, and then he smiled as he saw that I was still handling a bit of cascara sagrada. “Chew it, my boy, chew it. It will do you a lot of good, it will cure any cough that you have because you will be afraid to cough after chewing that!” He chortled away like a small elf, because although he was a high medical lama he was still a small man in stature.

“Over here, over here,” he said, “look at this, this is from our own country. Slippery elm, we call it, the bark of the slippery elm. A very useful thing for people who have gastric disturbances. We mix it up, we make a paste of it, and the unfortunate sufferer takes the stuff and it relieves his pain. But you wait, my boy, you wait. When you come

here a little later on I am sure that we shall discover that you have a great future ahead of you.”

I thanked him and the other lama for their kindness, and then I left after the first of many visits.

But hurrying footsteps—hurrying footsteps; a boy was coming with the order for me to go to my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup who was awaiting me in his own quarters and which now would be almost mine, because I was going to have a room next door to him. So I wrapped my robe tightly about me trying to look tidy again and hurried off as fast as I could, hurried off to see what sort of place I was going to have.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

MINE was a pleasant room, small, but still large enough for my requirements. I was gratified indeed to notice that I had two low tables, and one of those low tables had quite a number of magazines and papers on it. On the other table there were some very nice things laid out for me—those sweet things of which I so heartily approved. As I entered a monk-attendant smiled at me and said, “The Gods of Fortune have certainly smiled upon you, Lobsang. You are right next door to the High Lama Mingyar Dondup.” I knew that, he was telling me things I already knew, but then he said, “Here is a communicating door; you must remember never to enter that door without permission from your Guide, because he may be in deep meditation. Now you cannot see your Guide for a little time, so I suggest you get down to that food.” With that he turned and left my room. My room! It sounded good. It was a wonderful thing to have a room of my own after having had to sleep very publicly with a lot of other boys.

I walked across to the table, bent down and carefully examined all the good things displayed there. After a frenzy of uncertainty I decided which I would have, a sort of a pink thing with a white dusting on top. I picked it up with my right hand and then for good measure I picked up another with my left hand, then I went to the window to see just where I was in the building.

I rested my arms in the stone of the recessed window-frame and poked my head outside, muttering a very unfortunate word as I dropped one of my Indian cakes in the process. Hastily I gobbled up the other lest it, too, should

share that fate, then I returned to my scrutiny of the landscape.

Here, I was at the extreme South Eastern part of the building, I had the last room right on the corner of the annex. I could see the Jewel Park—The Norbu Linga. At present there were a number of lamas poking about, they seemed to be having a debate, making quite a number of gestures. For a few idle moments I watched them; they were quite amusing, one was posturing on the ground and the other was declaiming to him, then they changed places. Oh!—yes, I knew what they were doing, they were rehearsing for the public debates because the Dalai Lama himself was going to take part in a public lamastic debate. Satisfied that I had not missed anything that I should know about, I turned to other things.

A few pilgrims were pottering about on the Lingkor Road—pottering about as if they expected to find gold beneath every bush or beneath every stone. They were a motley collection, some of them were orthodox pilgrims, really sincere; others, as I could tell without much trouble, were spies, Russian spies who were spying upon the Chinese and us, and Chinese spies who were spying on the Russians and on us. I thought that as long as they spied upon each other they might leave us alone! Right below my window was a swamp with a little river running through it and emptying into the Happy River. There was a bridge over the river which carried the Lingkor Road. I watched in some amusement because there was a small group of townsboys there—Black Heads, we called them, because they hadn't shaven heads as we monks had. They were fooling about on this bridge, throwing little bits of wood over one side and dashing across to the other side to see them reappear. One boy over-balanced with a suitable assist from one of his companions, and over he went, head first into the water. However, it was not very serious, he

managed to drag himself ashore covered in a particularly gluey mud which already I, to my cost, had encountered in that river. Then all the boys rushed down the bank and helped him get clean because they knew what mother and father would say to each of them if they all went back into Lhasa City and left the boy in such a horrid state.

More to the East the boatman was still plying his trade, ferrying across the river, making a great production of it in the hope of being able to drag a little more money out of his passengers. This was a thing that really interested me, because at that time I had never been on the water in a boat, and at that time it was really the height of my ambition.

A little farther along the ferry road was another small park, the Kashya Linga, along the road which led to the Chinese Mission. I could actually see the Chinese Mission walls from my room, and I could look down on the garden even though it was well shielded by trees. We boys always thought that horrible atrocities were taking place in the Chinese Mission, and-who knows? It may be that we were correct!

More to the East was the Khati Linga, a very pleasant but somewhat damp park, located in swampy ground. Farther away was the Turquoise Bridge which I could see, and the sight of which delighted me. I thoroughly enjoyed seeing people enter the covered enclosure, later to emerge at the other end.

Beyond the Turquoise Bridge I could see the City of Lhasa, the Council Hall, and, of course, the golden roofs of the Jo Kang, the Cathedral of Lhasa which was perhaps the oldest building in our country. Far beyond were the mountain ranges and the dotted hermitages, and the great heaps of different lamaseries. Yes, I was well satisfied with my room, and then it occurred to me that I could not see the Potala. Simultaneously the thought occurred to me

that high officials of the Potala could not see me either, so if I dropped pebbles or lumps of tsampa on to unsuspecting pilgrims no one would see me, and the pilgrims would put it down to birds!

In Tibet we did not have beds, we slept on the floor. Most times we did not have cushions or anything else on the floor, we just wrapped ourselves in blankets and lay down, perhaps using our robes as a pillow. But it was not time to retire, instead I sat with the window at my back so that the light streamed in over my shoulders, and I picked up a magazine. The title meant nothing to me because it might have been English, French, or German, I could not read any of them. But as I turned to this particular magazine it appeared to be an Indian one, because they had a sort of map on the cover and I could recognize some of the names, some of the shapes of the words.

I turned over the pages. The words meant nothing to me, and I devoted myself exclusively to the pictures. As I sat there feeling content, feeling that my lot had changed for the better, I was quite happy to just look at pictures while my thoughts wandered far afield. Idly I turned the pages, and then I stopped and laughed and laughed and laughed to myself; here in the two center pages were a collection of pictures of men standing on their heads tying themselves into knots and all sorts of things of that nature. Now I knew what I was seeing—some of the yoga exercises which were then very much the cult in India. I laughed hard and loud at some of the expressions, then stopped suddenly as I looked up and saw my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, smiling at me through the open communicating door.

Before I could scramble to my feet he waved me down, saying, “No, we want no formality here, Lobsang. Formality is suitable for formal occasions, but this room is your home just as my room”—he motioned through the

open doorway—“is my home. But what was making you laugh so much?” I suppressed my rising mirth and pointed to the yoga pictures. My Guide came into the room and sat on the floor with me.

You should not laugh at others peoples' beliefs, you know Lobsang, because you would not like other people to laugh at your beliefs. These”—he motioned to the pictures—“are practicing yoga. I do not do yoga, nor do any of the higher lamas do it, only those who have no ability to do metaphysical things do yoga”

“Master!” I said in some excitement. “Will you tell me something about yoga, how people do it, what it is? I am very puzzled about the whole thing.” My Guide looked at his fingers for a few moments, and then answered me, saying, “Well, yes, you have to learn about these things. Let us talk about them now. I will tell you something about yoga.”

I sat and listened while my Guide talked. He had been everywhere, and seen everything, and done everything, and I wanted nothing so much as to model myself upon him. I listened with more care than a small boy would normally give as he talked to me.

“I am not interested in yoga,” he said, “because yoga is merely a means of disciplining the body. If a person already has discipline of the body, then yoga becomes merely a waste of time. In this, our country, no one except the very much lower classes ever practices yoga. The Indians have made very much of a cult of yoga, and I regret that exceedingly because it is leading one away from the real Truths. It is conceded that before one can do various metaphysical practices one must have control of the body, must be able to control one's breathing, one's emotions, one's muscles. But”—he smiled as he looked at me—“I am opposed to yoga because it is merely trying by brute force to do that which should be achieved by spiritual means”

While he was talking I was looking at the pictures, and it did seem remarkable that people should try to tie themselves up in knots and think it was being spiritual. But my Guide continued, "Many of the lower types of Indians can do a form of trick by indulging in yoga. They are able to hypnotism and various other tricks which they have made themselves believe is a truly spiritual thing; instead, it is a trick, and nothing more. I have never heard of anyone going to the Heavenly Fields on the basis of being able to tie his body up in knots," he said with a laugh.

"But why do people do such remarkable things?" I asked. "There are certain things, certain physical manifestations which can be achieved by yoga, and there is no doubt that if one practices yoga it can perhaps develop a few muscles, but that does not help in developing spirituality. Many of the Indians put on exhibitions, and such men are called fakirs. They travel from village to village and town to town putting on yoga exhibitions, perhaps tying oneself up in knots, as you call it, or keeping one's arm above one's head for a long time, or doing other remarkable things. They put on a holy pose as if they are doing the most wonderful thing of all, and because they are a noisy minority who bask in publicity people have reached the conclusion that yoga is an easy way to reach the Great Truths. This is completely wrong, yoga merely assists one to develop or control or discipline the body, and it does not help one achieve spirituality."

He laughed and said, "You would hardly believe this, but when I was a very young man I tried yoga myself, and I found that I was spending so much time trying to do a few childish exercises that I had not sufficient time left to devote to spiritual progress. So, on the advice of a wise old man, I gave up yoga and got down to serious business." He looked at me and then stretched his arm in the direction of Lhasa, he swung it round to include the direction of the

Potala, saying, “In all our country you will not find the higher types of lama doing yoga. They get down to the real thing, and”—he raised his eyebrows and stared at me as he said this—“you will always find that the yogas make a lot of public commotion saying how wonderful they are, how important they are, and how they have the keys to salvation and spirituality. Yet the true Adept of metaphysics does not talk about what he really can do. Unfortunately, in yoga it is a noisy minority which tries to sway public opinion. My advice to you, Lobsang, is this; never never bother with yoga, for it is quite useless to you. You were born with certain powers, clairvoyance, telepathy, etc., and you have absolutely no need whatever to dabble with yoga, it could even be harmful.”

While he had been talking I had been turning the pages quite without thinking, and as I looked down I peered because I saw what seemed to be a Western man wearing a contorted expression as he was trying to do an exercise. I pointed it out to my Guide, who looked at it and said, “Ah, yes, this is a victim of yoga. A Western man who tried an exercise and dislocated a bone in the process. It is very very unwise for Westerners to try yoga because their muscles and bones are not supple enough, one should only do yoga (if one really wants to!) if one is trained from a very early age. For middle-aged people to do it—well, it is foolish and definitely harmful. It is ridiculous, though, to say that the practice of yoga causes illness. It does not. All it does is to bring into use a few muscles, and at times a person may get a dislocation or a strained muscle, but that is the person's own fault, they should not meddle with such things.” He laughed as he folded the paper and said, “The only yogi I have met have been real cranks, they have thought that they were the cleverest people ever, they thought that they knew everything, and they thought that the practice of yoga was the salvation of the world. Instead,

it is just an exercise such as when you boys climb a tree or on stilts, and when you run so that a kite may be lofted into the air. Yoga? Just a physical exercise, nothing more, nothing spiritual. Possibly it can help one by improving one's physical condition so that then one is able to forget about yoga and get on with the things that matter, the things of the spirit. After all, in a few years everyone leaves a body, and it does not matter then if the body is full of hard muscle and strong bone, the only thing that matters then is the state of the spirit.”

He returned to the subject saying, “Oh, and I should warn you of this; many practitioners of yoga forget that theirs is just a physical training cult. Instead, they have taken some of our occult healing practices and said that these healing practices are an adjunct of yoga. Such is completely false, any of the healing arts can be done by a person entirely ignorant of yoga, and often done far better. So”—he pointed at me sternly—“don't you ever fall victim to yoga publicity, it can actually lead you away from the Path.”

He turned and walked into his room, then he turned back to me saying, “Oh! I have some charts here which I want you to fix on your wall. You'd better come and get them.” Then he came over to me and lifted me up so that I should not have the struggle of getting up myself. I walked behind him into his room and there on a table were three rolled papers. He held one up saying, “This is a very old Chinese picture which many hundreds of years ago was made in veneered wood. It is at present in the city of Peking, but in this representation I want you to study carefully how the organs of the body are imitated by monks doing various tasks.” He stopped and pointed to one particular thing. “Here,” he said, “monks are busy mixing food and fluid, that is the stomach. The monks are preparing all this food to pass through various pipes before it reaches

other monks. If you study this you will get a very good idea of the basic workings of the human body.”

He rolled up the scroll again, carefully tied it with the little tapes which were already affixed to it, then he took another and held it up for me to see. “Here,” he continued, “is a representation of the spine with various chakrams. You will see from this how the different centers of power are located between the base of the spine and the top of the head. This chart must be right in front of you, so that you see it last thing at night and first thing in the morning.”

Carefully he rolled up the scroll and tied that, then he went on to the next one, the third. He untied the fastening and held the chart at arm's length. “Here is a representation of the nervous system showing you things which you will have to study, such as the cervical ganglion, the vagus nerve, the cardiac plexus, solar plexus, and pelvic plexus. All these things you have to know because they are quite essential to you as a medical lama in training.”

I looked at the things feeling more and more despondent, because it seemed to me that I should never master all these things, all the bits and squiggles of the human body, all the wriggly bits that were nerves, and the great blobs that were chakrams. But, I thought, I've got plenty of time, let me just go at my own speed and if I cannot learn as much as they think I should—well, one cannot do more than one's best.

“Now I suggest you go out and get some air. Just put these in your room, and then whatever you do for the rest of the day is your own affair . . . unless you get up to mischief!” he said with a smile. I bowed respectfully to him and picked up the three scrolls. Then I returned to my own room, shutting the communicating door between us. For a time I stood in the center of the room wondering how I should fix these wretched things, and then I observed that there were already suitable projections in the

in the wall. Carefully I took a table and placed it beneath one of the projections; climbing the table, which gave me another foot or eighteen inches of height, I managed at last to get the cord of the first chart over the projection. Carefully I retreated to the far side of the room and looked approvingly at my handiwork. No, it was not straight. I eyed the thing critically and hurried forward to make sure that everything was correct as it should be. Satisfied that one was hanging true and level, I went to work on the other two. At last I was satisfied, and I dusted my hands together with an air of complacency. Smiling with self-satisfaction I walked out of my room wondering which way to go, but as I went out passing my Guide's door I saw the serving-monk at the end of the corridor. He greeted me in friendly fashion, and said, "That's the quickest way out, it is a private door for lamas, but I have been told that you are permitted to use it." He motioned to it, and I thanked him and soon slipped out into the fresh air.

I stood outside in the open. The end of the mountain path lay just beneath my feet. Over to the right a crowd of monks were busy working. It looked to me as if they were leaning up the road, but I did not hang about, I did not want to be sent on any tasks. Instead, I moved directly forward and sat on a boulder for a time while I looked out over the city not so far away, near enough for me to distinguish in the clear, clear air of Tibet the dress of the traders, the monks, and the lamas who were going about their business.

Soon I moved a few yards down and sat on another rock beside which there was a pleasant small bush. My attention now wandered to the swamp below me, the swamp where the grass was lush and green, and where I could distinguish bubbles as fish lurked in the deeper pools. As I sat there was a sudden rushing behind me and a hoarse throaty voice said, "Hhrrah? Mmrraw!" With that there

was a hearty boink in the small of my back as a solid furry head greeted me. I reached round and stroked the old cat, and he licked me, licked me with a tongue which was as rough as the gravel on the ground. Then he rushed round to the front, jumped on my lap, jumped off, and made off through some bushes stopping just in sight, wheeling around to face me. He looked the very picture of inquiry as he stood there, tail straight up, ears straight up, facing towards me with his blue eyes glinting. I made no move, so he rushed up the hill again towards me saying, "Mrraw! Mrraw!" As I still made no move he reached out with one of his paws and hooked his claws into the bottom of my robe and gently tugged. "Oh, cat, whatever is the matter with you?" I asked in exasperation. Slowly I scrambled to my feet and looked about me to see what the cat was agitating about. There was nothing to be seen, but the cat was rushing towards a bush in the distance and then rushing back to me and clawing at my robe. So I faced down the mountainside and began a slow, cautious descent, the cat fairly dancing with excitement, whirling around, springing into the air, and charging at me.

I clung to the bushes as I made my slow way, and I reached the point where the cat had turned to face me, but there was nothing to be seen. "Cat, you are an idiot!" I said in irritation. "You have dragged me down here just to play."

"Mmraw! Mmraw!" said the cat, clawing at my robe again and weaving about between my legs, poking beneath my robe and nibbling at my bare toes showing through my sandals.

With a sigh of resignation I progressed a bit farther, pushed my way through a bush, and clung on grimly because here was a ledge and had I not been clinging on so grimly I could have fallen over the edge. I turned to say some very unkind things to friend cat who was now in a frenzy of excitement. Darting around me he sprang over

the edge. My heart nearly stopped with the shock, for the old cat was a very good friend of mine and I thought he had COMMITTED SUICIDE!

Very cautiously I sank to my knees and clinging hold of the bushes peered over the edge. About twelve feet below I saw the body of an aged monk. My horrified eyes saw that his head was blood-stained, and that his robe also had blood on it. His right leg, I perceived, was bent at an unnatural angle. My heart was palpitating with fright, excitement, and effort. I looked about me, and I found that just off to the left there was a small declivity down which I descended, finding myself then at the head of the old monk.

Gingerly, nearly ready to jump out of my skin with fright, I touched him. He was alive. As I touched him his eyes flickered feebly and he groaned. I saw that he had fallen over and struck his head on a rock. The cat was now sitting, watching me carefully.

Gently I stroked the old monk's head, stroking beneath the ears down the neck towards the heart. After some time his eyes opened and he looked vacantly about him. Slowly his eyes came into focus, focusing on me. "It is all right," I said soothingly. "I will go up and get help for you. I shall not be very long." The poor old man tried to smile, and closed his eyes again. I turned, and on hands and knees, as being the safest and the speediest, I made my way up to the top and rushed across the path into the concealed door of the lamas. As I entered I nearly collided with the serving-monk who was there. "Quick! Quick!" I said. "There is a monk injured on the rocks." As I was speaking my Guide came out of his room and looked inquiringly at the commotion.

"Master! Master!" I said, "I have just found, with the aid of Honorable Puss Puss, an old monk who is injured. He has a head injury and his leg is unnaturally bent. He needs help urgently." My Guide speedily gave instructions to the

serving monk and then turned to me. "Lead on, Lobsang, I will follow," said he.

Together we went out of Chakpori and crossed the small path. I led him down the steep path, noting with consternation that his saffron robe was getting soiled; my own was so soiled that a few more marks made no difference! Honorable Puss Puss was there dancing about on the path ahead of us, and he really looked relieved to see the Lama Mingyar Dondup with me.

Soon we reached the old monk who still had his eyes shut. My Guide knelt down beside him and took various packages from the inner pan of his robe, bandages and some stuff which he held on a piece of cloth and held beneath the old monk's nose. The monk sneezed violently and opened his eyes, eyes which were strained and pain-racked. He looked a very relieved monk indeed when he saw who was attending to him. "It is all right, friend, help is coming for you," said my Guide. With that the old monk closed his eyes again and sighed with relief.

My Guide raised the monk's robe and we saw bits of bone sticking through the skin of the leg just beneath the knee. My Guide said, "Hold his hands, Lobsang, hold him tightly. Rest your weight so that he cannot move. I am going to pull the leg straight." With that he caught hold of the monk's ankle, and with a very swift sudden pull, straightened the limb and I saw the bones disappear inside the skin. It was so sudden, so carefully done, that the old man did not even have time to groan.

Quickly my Guide reached out to two branches which were very convenient to hand on a fairly big bush. With a knife he cut them off, and padding them with a piece of his own robe he bound them as a splint on the monk's leg. Then we just sat back to wait.

Soon there came shufflings and scufflings as a party of monks led by a lama appeared coming down the path.

We called to them and directed them to the place where we were. Carefully they grouped about the old monk. One young monk, not at all carefully, tried to show off, tried to show how sure-footed he was. His foot slipped on the loose stones, his feet slipped from under him and he started to slide down the mountainside. A shrub caught the bottom of his robe and pulled it up above his head, and there he was, like a peeled banana, swinging naked to the gaze of pilgrims on the Ring Road below. My Guide chuckled, and gave orders for two others to rescue him without delay. When he was pulled back he was looking very shamefaced and very red-faced, too. I noticed that he would have to stand for a few days if he wanted to be comfortable because that place in contact with the floor when sitting was quite badly scratched by the stones!

Cautiously the monks turned the injured man so that they could slide beneath him a length of strong canvas. Then they turned him back and pulled so that he was upon a convenient stretcher. They tucked the cloth right around him, forming a tube of it, and then they slid a stout pole inside, binding him to the pole by broad lengths of webbing. He was unconscious, fortunately, and then two monks raised the ends of the pole and with others behind helping by pushing and steadying their footsteps they made their slow, cautious way through the bushes, up the mountain path, and into the safety of Chakpori.

I stood patting Honorable Puss Puss, telling my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup how Honorable Puss Puss had fetched me down to come to the aid of the old man. "The poor old fellow would probably have died if you had not called, Honorable Puss Puss" said my Guide, ruffling the old cat's fur. Then he turned to me saying, "Good work, Lobsang, you have started well. Keep it up."

Together we scrambled up the mountain path, both of us envying Honorable Puss Puss who danced and gam-

bolled ahead. My Guide entered Chakpori, but I stayed sitting on the boulder at the top, teasing Honorable Puss Puss with a piece of bark, a nice flexible piece of bark which he pretended was some fierce enemy. He leaped, and growled, and roared, and attacked the bark, and together we had the strongest sense of warm friendship.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

IT WAS good to be back at Chakpori, good to be among those with whom I was familiar. Here the Teachers were a dedicated lot, dedicated to training medical lamas. My guide had suggested that I should attend classes for herbs, anatomy, and medicine as Chakpori was THE center for such teaching.

With twenty-five others—boys like me, older boys, and one or two young monks from other lamaseries—I sat upon the floor of one of our Lecture Halls; the lama Teacher was interested in his work, interested in teaching us.

“Water!” he said. “Water is the key to good health. People do not drink enough to make the body function correctly. One eats—and there is a stodgy mess inside one that cannot traverse the lengthy path through the intestines. The result is a clogged system, bad digestion, and utter inability to undertake the study and practice of metaphysics” He stopped and looked about him as if to challenge us to think otherwise!

“Master,” said a young monk from some lesser lamasery, “surely if we drink when we eat we dilute our gastric juices—or so I have been told” The young monk shut up abruptly and glanced about him as if confused by audacity.

“A good question!” said the lama Teacher. “Many people have that impression, but it is WRONG! The body has the ability to put out a highly concentrated digestive juice. So concentrated, in fact, that under certain conditions the digestive juices can start to digest the body!” We gasped in amazement, and I felt considerable fright at the thought that I was eating myself. The Teacher smiled as he saw

the commotion he had caused. For a few moments more he kept silent that the full impact should dawn upon us. “Gastric ulcers, stomach irritations—how are they caused?” he asked, gazing from one to another of us in the hope of getting a reply.

“Master!” was my brash response. “When a man worries he gets ulcers in much the same way as he might get headache!” The Teacher smiled at me and replied, “Good attempt! Yes, a man worries, the gastric juices in his stomach become more and more concentrated, until at last the weakest part of the stomach is attacked and as the acids which normally digest food erode away the weakest part and eventually make a hole, twinges of pain churn the stomach contents and lead to further concentration of the juices. At last the acids seep through the hole they have made and permeate between the layers of the stomach causing what we know as gastric ulcers. An adequate supply of water would greatly alleviate the position and could even PREVENT ulcers. Moral—when you are worried, drink water and reduce the risk of getting ulcers!”

“Master!” said a foolish boy. “I hope people do not heed this too much; I am one of those who have to carry water up the mountainside—and the work is hard enough now.” Most people give no thought to the problems of a country such as Tibet. We had plenty of water, most of it in the wrong place! To supply the needs of lamaseries such as the Potala and Chakpori, teams of worker-monks and boys carried leather containers of water up the mountain paths. Laden horses and yaks also were used to transport the water necessary for our being. Endless teams of workers toiled to keep filled tanks which were placed in accessible positions. We did not just turn on a tap and find a plentiful supply—hot and cold—ours had to be dipped out of a tank. Very fine river-bed sand, also hauled up, was used for cleaning utensils and for scouring floors. Water was

PRECIOUS! Our laundry was the river's edge; we took our clothes to the river instead of carrying the river up the mountain.

The lama Teacher ignored the idiotic remark, and continued, "The worst ailment of mankind is"—he paused for dramatic effect, while we thought of plagues and cancers—"CONSTIPATION! Constipation causes more general ill-health than any other complaint. It lays the foundation for more serious illnesses. Makes one sluggish, bad tempered, and miserably ill. Constipation can be CURED!" Once again he paused and looked about him. "Not by massive doses of Cascara Sagrada, not by gallons of Castor oil but by drinking enough water. Consider—we eat. We take in food and that has to progress through our stomach and through our intestines. In the latter, short hairs called 'villi' (they are like hollow tubes) suck up nutriment from the digesting and digested food. If the food is too stodgy, too 'solid,' it cannot enter the villi. It becomes impacted into hard lumps. The intestines should 'wriggle' as we may describe the action of peristalsis, this pushes the food along the alimentary canal, making room for more. But if the food is SOLID peristalsis merely results in pain and no movement. So—water is very necessary to soften the mass."

It is a sad fact that all medical students imagine that they have all the symptoms which they are studying. I pressed my abdomen—yes!—I was SURE that I was just one hard mass. I must do something about it, I thought. "Master!" I inquired. "How does an aperient work?" The Teacher's gaze turned on me. There was a smile in his eyes. I guessed that he had been watching most of us feel if we had "Hard Masses."

"A person who has to have an aperient is a person already deficient in body water. He is constipated because he has insufficient fluid to soften impacted waste products.

Water MUST be obtained, so an aperient first causes the body to pour water THROUGH the villi so that the mass is softened and rendered pliable, then the peristaltic urge is strengthened. Pain is caused as caked lumps adhere to the inner surfaces—and the body is left dehydrated. One should ALWAYS drink much water after taking an aperient.” He smiled as he added, “Of course, for our water-carrying friend, let me say that the sufferers should lie by the bank of the river and drink deeply!”

“Master! Why do constipation sufferers have such bad skins and all those pimples?” A boy with a VERY bad skin asked it, and he blushed furiously as every head swiveled in his direction.

“We should get rid of our waste products in the way intended by Nature,” responded our teacher. “But if Man obstructs that method, then waste gets into the blood, clogging up the vital vessels, and the body tries to get rid of the waste through the pores of the skin. Again, the matter is not sufficiently fluid to pass through the fine tubes of the pores, and clogging and ‘dirty skin’ results. Drink a lot of water, do a reasonable amount of exercise—and we shall not have to pay so much for Cascara Sagrada, Fig Syrup, and Castor Oil.” He laughed and said, “Now we will end this so that you can all rush out and lap up gallons of water!” He waved his hand in a gesture of dismissal and was walking to the door when a messenger burst in.

“Honorable Master, is there a boy Rampa—Tuesday Lobsang Rampa—here, please?” The Teacher looked round and crooked a finger to beckon me. “You—Lobsang—what have you done this time?” he inquired mildly. I reluctantly came forward, putting on my best and most pathetic limp, and wondering what more trouble there was. The messenger spoke to the lama, “This boy has to go to the Lord Abbot at once. I have to take him—I do not know why.”

Ow! I thought, what can it be Now? Could someone have seen me dropping tsampa on the monks? Had someone seen me put the salt in the Master of the Acolytes' tea? Or perhaps—gloomily my mind wandered over the various “sins” which I knew to be mine. What if the Lord abbot knew SEVERAL of my offences? The messenger led the way along the cold, bare corridors of Chakpori. No luxury here, no ornate drapes as at the Potala. This was functional. At a door guarded by two Proctors the messenger stopped and muttered “Wait!” before entering. I stood and fidgeted, shifting from foot to foot, the Proctors gazed stonily at me as if I were some lesser form of human life. The messenger reappeared. “Go in!” he commanded, giving me a push.

Reluctantly I entered the door, which was pulled shut behind me. Entered—and involuntarily stopped in amazement. There was no austerity HERE! The Lord Abbot, clad in the richest vestments of red and gold, sat upon a platform raised about three feet off the floor. Four lamas stood in attendance upon him. Recovering from my shock, I bowed in the prescribed manner so fervently that my joints creaked and my bowl and charm box rattled in unison. Behind the Lord Abbot a lama beckoned me forward, raising his hand when I reached the point at which I should stop.

Silently the Lord Abbot gazed at me, looking the whole length of me, observing my robe, my sandals, and presumably noting that I had my head well shaved. He turned to one of the Attending Lamas, “Arrumph! This is the boy, eh?”

“Yes, my Lord,” replied the lama to whom he had addressed the question. Again that stare, that calculating appraisal. “Arrumph. Urrahh! My boy, so you are he who brought aid to the Monk Tengli? Urrhph!” The lama who had signaled me before moved his lips and pointed to me.

I got the idea; “I was so fortunate, my Lord Abbot,” I replied with what I hoped was sufficient humility.

Again that gaze, inspecting me as if I were some kind of bug upon a leaf. At last he spoke again, “Err, ahhh! Yes, Oh! You are to be commended my boy. Arrumphh!!” He turned his gaze elsewhere, and the lama behind him signaled for me to bow and leave. So—three more bows, and a cautious retreat backwards, with a telepathic “thank you” to the lama who had guided me by such clear signals. The door bumped my posterior. Gladly I fumbled behind me for the door fastening. I eased through and subsided against a wall with a “PHEW!!” of hearty relief. My eyes moved upwards to meet those of a giant Proctor. “Well? Are you going to the Heavenly Fields? Don't SLUMP THERE, boy!” he bellowed in my ear. Glumly I hitched up my robe and moved down the corridor with the two Proctors looking balefully at me. Somewhere a door creaked and a voice said, “STOP!”

“My goodness, by Buddha's Tooth, what have I done now?” I asked myself in despair as I halted and turned to see what it was all about. A lama was coming towards me and—good gracious—he was SMILING ! Then I recognized him as the lama who had given me signals from behind the Lord Abbot's back. “You put on a good show, Lobsang,” he murmured in a pleased whisper. “You did everything just as one should. Here is a present for you—the Lord Abbot likes them, too!” He thrust a pleasantly bulky package into my hands, patted me on the shoulder, and moved off. I stood as one stupefied, fingering the packet and guessing the contents. I looked up—and the two Proctors were smiling benevolently upon me—they had heard the lama's words. Ow! I said as I looked at them. A Proctor smiling was so unusual that it frightened me. Without more ado, I scurried as fast as I could out of that corridor.

“What ye got, Lobsang?” piped a small voice. I looked

around and there was a boy who had recently been accepted. he was smaller than I, and he was having difficulty in settling down.

“Eats—I think!” I replied.

“Aw, gie us a taste, I missed me food,” he said wistfully. I looked at him and he did appear to be hungry. There was a storeroom off to the side; I led him in and we sat at the far wall, behind some sacks of barley. Carefully I opened the parcel and exposed the “Indian food.” “Oh!” said the small boy. “I have never had food like that!” I passed him one of the pink cakes, the one with the white stuff over it. He bit and his eyes went rounder and rounder. Suddenly it dawned on me that I had been holding another cake in my left hand but it was GONE! A sound behind me made me turn round; there was one of the cats . . . eating MY cake! And enjoying it! With a sigh of resignation I dipped into the packet again to get another cake for myself.

“Rarrh?” said a voice behind me. A paw touched my arm. “Rarrh? Mrlaw!” said the voice again, and when I turned to look—he had taken my second cake and was eating it. “Oh! You HORRID thief!” I exclaimed crossly, then I remembered how good these cats were—how they were friends of mine and how they comforted me. “I am sorry, Honorable Guardian Cat,” I said contritely. “You work for your living and I do not.” I put my cake down and put my arms around the cat who purred and purred and purred.

“Oh!” said the Small boy. “They won't let ME even TOUCH them. How do you do it?” He stretched forth his hand and “accidentally” picked up another sugar cake. As I made no comment he relaxed and sat back that he might eat in comfort. The cat purred on and butted me with his head. I held half a cake for him, but he had had enough; he just purred even louder and rubbed the side of his face against it, spreading the gluey syrup all over his whiskers. Satisfied that I understood his thanks, he strolled away, jumped to the windowsill, and sat there washing in

the warm sunlight. As I turned back from watching him, I observed the Small boy pick up the cake which the cat had rubbed against, and cram it into his mouth.

“Do you believe in Religion?” asked the Small boy. Do I believe in Religion, I thought. What a truly remarkable question. Here we were training to be Medical Lamas and Buddhist Priests, and I am asked, “Do you believe in Religion?” Crazy, I thought, CRAZY. Then I thought of it some more. DID I believe in Religion? What DID I believe? “I didn't want to come here,” said the small boy. “But they made me. I prayed to the Holy Mother Dolma; I prayed hard about not coming, and still I came. I prayed that my mother would not die, but she did die, and the Disposers of the Dead came and took her body and gave it to the vultures. I've never had a prayer answered, have you, Lobsang?” We sat there in the storeroom, leaning against the bags of barley. In the window the cat washed and washed and washed. Lick the forepaw, wipe it across the side of the face, lick the forepaw again, go over the top of the head behind the ears and down again to the side of the face. It was almost hypnotic as he sat and licked and cleaned, licked and cleaned, licked and cleaned . . .

Prayer? Well now that I thought about it, prayer did not seem to work for me either! Then, if prayer did not work, why did we have to pray? “I burned many sticks of incense,” said the small boy, humbly. “Took them from Honorable Grandmother's special box, too; but prayers never worked for me. Look at me now—here at Chakpori training to be something that I don't want to be. WHY? Why do I have to be a monk when I have no interest in such things?” I pursed up my lips, raised my eyebrows, and frowned just as the Lord Abbot had recently done to me. Then I critically surveyed the small boy from head to foot. At last I said, “Tell you what, we will let the matter drop for the moment. I will think about it and let you know

the answer in due course. My Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup knows everything, and I will ask him to take this matter under advisement.” As I turned to scramble up I saw the packet of Indian foods, now about half consumed. On an impulse I gathered the wrapping into a bundle, with, of course, the food inside, and pushed it into the astounded small boy's arms. “Here!” I said. “You have these, it will help you to think of other things than matters spiritual. Now you must go because I have to think!” I took him by the elbow and led him to the door and pushed him out. He was delighted to go, fearing that I should change my mind and want those Indian foods returned.

With him out of the way, I turned to more important matters. On one of the sacks I had seen a beautiful piece of string. I went over to it and carefully teased it out of the neck of the sack. Then I went to the window, and the cat and I had a fine game, he chasing the end of the string, leaping over sacks, diving between them, and generally having much fun. At last he and I were tired almost simultaneously. He came out, butted me, and stood with his back legs tall and his tail straight in the air, saying, “Mrrawh!” he jumped up into the window sill and disappeared on one of his mysterious journeys. I tucked the piece of cord in the front of my robe and sauntered off out through the door, along the corridor, until at last I reached my own room.

For some time I stood facing the most important picture. It was of a male figure, and one could see inside. First there was the windpipe; on the left of the windpipe a picture of two monks who were busy fanning air into the lungs. On the right two monks fanned air into the right side of the lungs, they were working quite hard, too, I observed. Then there was a picture of the heart. Here monks were busy pumping blood, or rather, fluid because one could not see that it was blood. Farther on was a large

chamber which was the stomach. One monk, obviously a senior monk, sat behind a table, and there were five monks very busy bringing in bundles of food. The head monk was making a tally of the amount of food being brought in. Farther along a group of monks were ladling bile from the gall bladder to dilute the food and to help in the matter of digestion. Yet further monks were busy in what was obviously a chemical factory—the liver—they were breaking down various substances with vats of acid, and I was quite fascinated looking at this picture, because then everything went along to coils and coils and coils which were meant to represent the intestines. Monks were stuffing various substances into the intestines. Farther on there were the kidneys where monks were separating different fluids and seeing that they were sent off in the right direction. But below the bladder was the most interesting sight of all; two monks were sitting on opposite sides of a pipe, and they were obviously controlling the flow of fluid. Then my gaze went back to the face of the figure, and I thought no wonder he looks so mournful with all those people inside him, and poking away at him and doing the most remarkable things to him! I stood there for some time in pleasant contemplation and fantasies concerning the little men inside.

At last there was a light tap on the communicating door and after a few moments it was opened, and I turned to see my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup standing there. He smiled with approval as he saw me studying the figure.

“That is a very old figure indeed; it was made in its original form by great craftsmen of China. The original figure is exactly life-sized, and it was made out of veneers of different kinds of wood. I have seen the original and it is truly lifelike.

“I understand that you made a good impression on the Lord Abbot, Lobsang. He told me just after that he thought

you had remarkable potentialities.” He added in a rather ironic voice, “I was able to assure him that the Inmost One was of the same opinion!”

My head was buzzing thinking about religion, so I said humbly, “Master, can I ask you a question on a matter that has troubled me greatly?”

“Most certainly you may. If I can help you, then I will help you. What troubles you? But come, let us move into my room where we can sit comfortably and where we can have tea.” He turned and led the way into his room, after a quick glance noticing that my small supply of food was becoming rapidly smaller. In his room he quickly sent for an attendant and tea was placed before us. After we had finished our meal the lama smiled at me and said, “Well, what is the trouble now? Take your time, and tell me all about it for you need not attend evening service.” He sat back in the Lotus Position with his hands folded on his lap. I sat, or rather reclined, on my side, and tried to sort out my thoughts so that I could make the matter as clear as possible without “bumbling.”

“Honorable Master,” I said at last, “I am troubled on the matter of religion; I cannot see the use of religion. I have prayed and others have prayed, and nothing has Come of our prayers. We seem to have been praying to a wilderness. It seems that the Gods do not listen to prayers. It seems that as this is the World of Illusion religion and prayer must be an illusion also. I also know that many pilgrims seek the aid of lamas that their problems may be resolved, but I have never heard of any being resolved. My father, too—When I had a father!—employed a priest full time, but it does not seem to have been much good in our case. Master, can you, will you, tell me of any use in religion?”

My Guide remained silent for a time, looking at his clasped hands. At last he heaved a sigh and looked straight

at me. "Lobsang," he said, "religion is a very necessary thing indeed. It is absolutely necessary, absolutely essential that there be religion which can impose spiritual discipline on its adherents. Without religion people would be worse than wild animals. Without religion there would be no voice of conscience. I say to you that it does not matter at all whether one be Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, or Jew; all men bleed red, and the faith to which they subscribe is in its essentials the same." He stopped and looked at me, trying to determine if I could follow what he was talking about, what he was meaning. I nodded, and he continued. "Here upon Earth most people are very much like children in a school, children who never see the Head Teacher, who never see the world outside the school. Imagine that the school building is completely enclosed by a high wall; there are certain teachers in the school, but the head ones are never seen by this particular class. The pupils at the school would then have some grounds for thinking that there was no Head Teacher if they had not the wits to see that there was something higher than the average teacher. As the children pass their examinations and are able to go to a higher grade of class, then they can move outside of the wall around the school, and perhaps eventually meet the Head Teacher and see the world beyond. Too often people demand proof, they must have proof of everything, they must have proof of God, and the only way they get proof is to be able to do astral traveling, to be able to do clairvoyance, because when one can travel beyond the confines of this classroom which is walled in one can see the Greater Truth beyond." Again he stopped and looked at me rather anxiously to see if I was following his remarks satisfactorily. Actually I was and I could see complete sense in what he was saying.

"Let us imagine that we have a classroom and we believe our Head Master is called So-and-So. But there is another

classroom near us and we can meet those students; they argue with us and say that the Head Master's name is something else. But a third class, whom we also can meet, breaks in rather rudely and tells us that we are all idiots because there is no Head Master because if there were we should have met him or seen him, if there were there would not be any doubt about his name. Now, Lobsang," smiled my Guide, "you will see that one classroom can be full of Hindus, they call their Head Master by one name; the next classroom can be full of Christians, they call their Head Master by another name. But when we come down to it, when we extract the essence of every religion, we find that every one has common, basic characteristics. It means that a God is there, a Supreme Being is there. We may worship Him in many different ways, but so long as we worship Him with belief that is all that matters."

The door opened and a serving-monk brought in some fresh tea. My Guide gratefully poured some and drank, because he was thirsty with so much talking, and—well—I told myself that I had to have a drink as well because I was thirsty with listening. One excuse was as good as another!

"Lobsang, suppose all the acolytes, monks, and lamas at the Wild Rose Fence Lamasery had no one responsible for their discipline; there are seven thousand inhabitants of that lamasery, seven thousand of them. Supposing there was no discipline, supposing there was no reward, no punishment, supposing every man there could do just as he wished without anything to bother his conscience. Soon there would be anarchy, there would be murders, anything could happen. These men are kept in order by discipline, spiritual discipline as well as physical, but it is quite essential for all the peoples of the world to have a religion, for one must have spiritual discipline as well as physical discipline, because if there be physical discipline only,

then it is a rule of force in which the strongest wins, but if there is a spiritual discipline one has more of a rule of love. The world today greatly needs a return to religion, not one particular religion but any religion, the religion most suited to the temperament of the person concerned.”

I sat there, and I wondered about it all. I could see the sense of a discipline, but I wondered why we never got prayers answered. “Honorable Master,” I asked, “that is all very well, but if religion is such a good thing for us, why is it that we do not get our prayers answered? I prayed that I would not have to come to this dump—er—I mean, lamasery, but in spite of all my prayers I had to come here. If religion is any good why should I be sent here, why were not my prayers answered?”

“Lobsang, how do you know that your prayers were not answered? You have the wrong idea about prayer. Many people think that they just clasp their hands together and ask a mysterious God to grant them an advantage over their fellows. People pray for money. Sometimes people pray that an enemy be delivered into their hands. In war opposing sides pray for victory, opposing sides say that God is on their side and is ready to smite the enemy. You must remember that when one prays, one really prays to oneself. God is not a Great Figure which sits at some table listening to petitions in the form of prayers and handing out whatever it is that one asks for.” He laughed as he continued, “think of going to the Lord Abbot and telling him that you were praying that he would release you from the lamasery, or would he give you a great sum of money. Do you think he would answer your request in the way you wanted him to? He would more likely answer your request in the one way you didn't want him to!” It made sense to me, but it did not seem much sense to keep on praying if there was no one there to answer or to grant things which one asked, and I said so.

“But your idea of prayer, then, is an entirely selfish one. All you want all the time is something for yourself. Do you think you can pray to a God and ask him to send you a case of pickled walnuts? Do you think you can pray and have a great packet of Indian sweetmeats delivered to your arms? Prayer should be for the good of others. Prayer should be giving thanks unto God. Prayer should consist of a statement of what you want to do for others, not for yourself. When you pray you make some power to your thoughts, and if possible or convenient you should pray aloud because that adds power to the thoughts. But you should make sure that your prayers are unselfish, you should make sure that your prayers do not contradict natural laws.” I was nodding a bit with all that because it did seem that prayers were not much good.

My Guide smiled at my apparent lack of attention, and he continued, “Yes, I know what you think, I know you think prayer is just a waste of time. But supposing a person had just died, or supposing a person had been dead for a few days, and you could have a prayer answered. Supposing you prayed that that person could be returned to life. Do you think it would be good to have returned to life a person who had been dead for some time? People pray that God shall strike down someone who at the moment has displeased the person praying. Do you think it would be reasonable to expect that a God would go about just killing people because some wild and woolly person had prayed to that effect?”

“But, Honorable Master, the lamas all pray in unison in the temples, and they ask various things. Then what is the purpose of that?”

“The lamas pray in unison in the temples with special things in mind. They pray—they direct their thoughts, in other words—that they may assist those in distress. They pray that those who are weary may come for assistance,

telepathic assistance. They pray that those who are wandering ghosts lost in the wilderness beyond this life come that they may be guided, for if a person dies knowing nothing of the other side of death he or she may be lost in a morass of ignorance. Thus, it is that lamas pray—send out telepathic thoughts—that those who need help may come and be helped.” He looked at me sternly, and added, “Lamas do not pray for their own advancement, they do not pray that they will be promoted. They do not pray that Lama So-and-So, who has been a bit difficult, shall fall off a rooftop or something. They pray only to help others.”

My ideas were getting a bit disjointed, because I had always had the thought that a God, or the Blessed Mother Dolma, would be able to answer a prayer if it was said with sufficient fervor. For example, I had not wanted to enter a lamasery and I had prayed and prayed until my voice had almost given out. But no matter how much I had prayed, I still had had to go to the lamasery. It seemed that praying was merely something which could possibly help other people.

“I perceive your thoughts exactly, and I do not altogether agree with your views on the matter,” remarked my Guide. “If one is to be spiritual one must do for others that which he would have done to him. You must pray that you may have the strength and the wisdom to bring help or strength and wisdom to others. You should not pray for your own self gain for that is a waste and a useless exercise.”

“Then,” I asked, “a religion is merely something which we've got to do to others?”

“Not at all, Lobsang. A religion is something which we LIVE. It is a standard of conduct which we willingly impose on ourselves so that our Overselves may be purified and strengthened. By keeping pure thoughts, we keep out impure thoughts, we strengthen that to which we return

when we leave the body. But when you are more proficient in astral traveling you will be able to see the truth for yourself. For the present—for a few more weeks—you must accept my word. Religion is very real, religion is very necessary. If you pray and your prayer is not answered as you think, it may be that your prayer was answered after all, because before we come to this Earth we make a definite plan of what advantages and disadvantages we are going to have on this Earth. We plan our life on Earth (before we come here) just as a student in a great college plans his courses of studies so that at the end of those studies he may be this, that, or something else—that for which he trained.”

“Do you think that any one religion is superior to another, Honorable Master?” I said rather timidly.

“No religion is better than the man who professes that religion. Here we have our Buddhist monks; some Buddhist monks are very good-living men, others are not so good. A religion is personal to each person, each person has a different approach to a religion, each person sees different things in his religion. It does not matter if a man is a Buddhist, a Hindu, a Jew, or a Christian. All that matters is that a person should practice his religion to the best of his belief and to the best of his ability”

“Master,” I asked again, “is it right for a person to change his religion, is it right for a Buddhist to become a Christian, or a Christian to become a Buddhist?”

“My own personal opinion, Lobsang, is that except in very unusual circumstances a person should not change his religion. If a person was born to the Christian faith and lives in the Western world, then that person should keep the Christian faith because one absorbs religious beliefs as one absorbs the first sounds of one's language, and it often happens that if a person who is a Christian suddenly becomes a Hindu or a Buddhist, then certain hereditary factors, certain inbred

conditions tend to weaken one's acceptance of the new faith, and all too often to compensate for that one will be avidly, fanatically in favor of the new religion, while at the same time having all sorts of unresolved doubts and conflicts beneath the surface. The result is rarely satisfactory. My own recommendation is that as a person is born, so he has accepted a religious belief, and thus he should keep to that belief."

"Mmmm!" I mused. "Then it seems that my ideas about religion have been all back to front. It seems that one has to give and not ask for anything. One has to hope, instead, that someone will ask on one's behalf."

"One can ask for understanding, one can ask in prayer that one shall be able to assist others, because through assisting others one learns oneself, in teaching others one learns oneself, in saving others one saves oneself. One has to give before one can receive, one has to give of oneself, give of one's compassion, of one's mercy. Until one is able to give of oneself, one is not able to receive from others. One cannot obtain mercy without first showing mercy. One cannot obtain understanding without first having given understanding to the problems of others. Religion is a very big thing, Lobsang, too big to be dealt with in just one short talk like this. But think about it. Think what you can do for others, think how you can bring pleasure and spiritual advancement to others. And let me ask you something, Lobsang; you were instrumental in saving the life of a poor old monk who had an accident. If you face it squarely you will find that you derived pleasure and high satisfaction from that act. Is that not so?"

I thought about that, and yes, it was quite true, I had a lot of satisfaction from going down there after Honorable Puss Puss and then bringing help to the old man. "Yes, Honorable Master, you are correct, I had much satisfaction," I replied at last.

The evening shadows were falling, and the purple mantle of night was gradually spreading across our Valley. In far-off Lhasa the lights were beginning to twinkle and people were beginning to move behind their oil silk screens. Somewhere below our window one of the cats gave a plaintive cry which was answered by another cat's voice from close at hand. My Guide stood up and stretched. He appeared to be stiff, and when I scrambled to my feet I nearly fell on my face because we had been sitting talking for longer than I thought, and yes—I was stiff too. Together we looked out of the window for a few moments, then my Guide said, "It might be a good idea to have a sound night's rest because—who knows?—we may be busy on the morrow. Good night to you, Lobsang, good night."

"Honorable Master," I said, "thank you for the time and trouble you have taken explaining this to me. I am slow and I suppose sluggish in my mind, but I am beginning to get a little understanding. Thank you. Good night!"

I bowed to him and turned, and walked to the communicating door. "Lobsang," my Guide called to me. I turned and faced him. "The Lord Abbot really was pleased with you, and that is a matter which should go on record. The Lord Abbot is an austere, stern man. You have done well. Good night."

"Good night," I said again as I turned to my room. Quickly I made my very simple preparations for the night, and then I lay down—not to sleep immediately but to think of all the things which I had been told, and as I thought about it—yes—it was true, correct adherence to one's religion could provide most adequate and excellent spiritual discipline.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

“Ow! Aaagh!!” Wearily I rolled over and lay for a few moments wondering where I was. Reluctantly I came awake, well-almost. The sky to the east was slightly pink. Ice crystals suspended high above in the up-draft from the mountain peaks glittered with prismatic flashes of rainbow hues. Right above me the heavens were still a deep purple, a purple which lightened even as I watched. My! It was cold. The stone floor was like a block of ice and I shivered. My one thin blanket was poor protection from my frigid bed. Yawning, I rubbed my knuckles into my eyes, trying to clear away the sleep, trying to put off for a few more minutes the effort of rising on this cold morning.

Irritably, still half asleep, I fumbled with my “pillow” which by day was my robe. Drugged with the effects of heavy sleep, I fumbled and poked, trying to find which way was “up” with my robe. In desperation—I could NOT awake properly—I made a wild guess and pulled the garment around me. With increasing crossness I discovered that I had it on inside out. Muttering to myself I tore it off. Literally “tore it off,” for the rotten old thing split all the way down the back! Gloomily I surveyed the damage, standing naked in the frosty air, air so cold that my breath puffed out like a white cloud. Now I was “for it.” What would the Master of the Acolytes say? Damaging lamastic property—wanton carelessness—stupid numbskull of a boy—I knew all that he would say, he had said it to me so often.

We were not issued new robes. As a boy grew out of his robe he was given another which some other boy had out-

grown. All our robes were old; some were held together more by faith than by strength. Now my robe was FINISHED, I concluded, as I looked at the sorry remains. Between my finger and thumb the fabric was thin, empty, devoid of "life." Sadly I sat down and pulled my blanket around me. WHAT SHOULD I DO Now? Judiciously I made a few more rents and then, with my blanket wrapped round me like a robe, I went out in search of the Master of the Acolytes. When I arrived at his office he was already saying truly horrid things to a small boy who wanted a different pair of sandals. "Feet were made before sandals, m'boy, feet were made before sandals!" he was saying. "If I had my way you would all go about bare-footed, but—HERE—here is another pair. Take care of them. Well! What do you want?" he asked as he caught sight of me in my very threadbare blanket.

The way in which he looked at me! The way his eyes absolutely glared at the thought that another acolyte wanted something from his precious stores! "Honorable Master," I said with considerable trepidation, "my robe has split, but it is very, very thin and was long ago worn out."

"WORN OUT???" he bawled. "I am the one who says if a thing is worn out, not you, miserable boy. Now go about your business clad in rags for your audacity." One of the serving-monks bent forward and whispered something. The Master of the Acolytes scowled and bellowed, "What? What? Speak up, Can't you, SPEAK UP!"

The serving-monk bawled back, "I said that this boy was recently sent for by the Inmost One. He was also sent for by my Lord Abbot here, and he is the chela of the Honorable Master Lama Mingyar Dondup."

"Ulp! Urragh!" gasped the Master of the Acolytes. "Why in the name of Buddha's Tooth didn't you tell me who he was. You are a dolt, an imbecile, worse than any of the acolytes!" The Master of the Acolytes turned to me

with a synthetic smile upon his sharp features, I could see that it was causing him agony to look pleasant. He said, "Let me see the robe, my boy." Silently I passed him my robe with the back portion up so that the rents were the first thing he saw. He took the tattered garment, and very gently tugged at it. To my delight the tear increased, and with a final tug the garment was in two pieces. The Master of the Acolytes looked at me with open-mouthed astonishment, and said, "Yes! It did tear easily, did it not? Come with me, my boy, you shall have a new robe." He put his hand on my elbow, and as he did so he felt my blanket. "Hmm! It is very threadbare, you must have been unfortunate with your blanket as with your robe. You shall have a new one." Together we went into some side room—well—room? It was more like a hall. Robes of all descriptions hung on hooks fixed to the wall, robes from those of high llamas down to the most menial type of garment for lay workers. Keeping my arm in his hand he led me along with his lips pursed, and stopping every so often to feel a garment; it was as if he loved every one.

We came to the part where there were garments for acolytes. We stopped, and he fingered his chin and then tugged at the lobes of his ears. "So you are the boy who was first blown down the mountain and was then blown up to the Golden Roof? Hmmm! And you are the boy who went and saw the Inmost One by special command, eh? Hmmm! And you are the boy whom I personally heard talking to the Lord Abbot of this Lamasery? Hmmm! And you—well, well, that's most extraordinary—you have gained the favor of the Lord Abbot himself. Hmmm!" He frowned and appeared to be looking into the far distance. My guess was that he was trying to decide if I would have to see the Inmost One again or if I would have to see the Lord Abbot again, and—who knows?—even a small boy can be used to further the aims of an ambitious man.

“I am going to do something very unusual. I am going to give you a completely new robe, one that was made only last week. If the Inmost One has favored you, and the Lord Abbot has favored you, and the Great Lama Mingyar Dondup has favored you, then I must see that you are dressed so that you can go to their presence without bringing shame to me. Hmmm!” He turned away and led the way to yet another room, an annex off the big store. Here there were new robes which had just been made by monks working under the direction of lamas. He fingered a pile which had not yet been hung up on the racks, and taking out one he said, “Put it on, let us try it for fit.” Quickly I discarded my blanket, being careful to fold it neatly, and then tried on this brand new robe. As I well knew, if one had a brand new robe it was a sign to the other acolytes, and to monks as well, that one had a “pull” somewhere and so was a person of some consequence. So I was glad indeed to have a new robe because, while an old robe was sometimes taken as an indication that one had been an acolyte for a long time, a brand-new robe was the sign-manual that one was important.

The new robe fitted me well. It was much thicker and even the few moments it had been upon me had brought a warm glow to my formerly shivering body. “This fits perfectly, Master,” I said with some pleasure.

“Hmmm! I think we may do a little better than that. Wait a moment.” He dug down into the pile, mumbling and muttering, and every so often fingering his beads. At last he moved aside to another pile, and took out a far better quality garment. With a sigh, he fairly groaned, “This is one of a special batch, they were made by accident from a superior material. Now try this on, I think it will make quite an impression on our seniors.”

Yes, there was no doubt about it. It was a fine robe. It fitted me well, rather long perhaps, coming right down to

my feet, but that meant that I would have room to grow, and this brand-new robe would last me longer. Anyway, a thing that was a bit too big could always be shortened by having a bigger “bay” in front and with a bigger pouch in front I could carry more things around with me. I turned round and round, and the Master of the Acolytes looked carefully at me, and then at last he nodded his head and pulled at his bottom lip before remarking with considerable gloom, “Having gone so far, we must surely go a little farther. You shall have that robe, my boy, and I will give you another, because I perceive that you are one who has no spare robe.” I found it difficult to follow what he was saying because he was mumbling away with his back turned to me, digging into the pile of robes. At last he came up with another one, saying, “Now try this on to see if this, also, fits you. I know that you are the boy who has been given a special room in the Lamas' Quarters, so your robe will not be taken from you by some bigger boy.”

I was delighted. Now I had two robes, one for spare and one for everyday use. The Master of the Acolytes looked with considerable distaste at my blanket, and remarked, “Oh, yes, we were going to give you a new blanket. Come with me and bring that one with you.” He hastened ahead of me out into the main storage hall and called for a monk, who came bringing a ladder with him. Quickly the monk went up the ladder and took from some shelves a blanket. It contrasted rather too much with my robe, so, with a groan of sheer anguish, the Master of the Acolytes took the steps himself and went back into the side room, returning after a few moments with his eyes half closed and with a superior quality blanket. “Take it, my boy, take it,” he quavered. “This is one of our better blankets made by accident from superior stock. Take it, and remember, when you see the Lord Abbot or the Inmost One that I have treated you well and outfitted you grandly.” In all

seriousness I tell you that the Master of the Acolytes cupped his hands over his eyes while he groaned at the thought of parting with his better quality materials.

“I am much indebted to you, Honorable Master,” was my reply, “I am sure” (here my diplomacy came into play!) “that my Master, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, will very speedily perceive your goodness in giving me these garments. Thank you!” With that off my chest I turned and made my way out of the storeroom. As I did so one of the serving-monks outside solemnly winked at me, and I had much difficulty in not laughing out loud.

Back I went, up the corridor and into the enclosure of the Lamas' Quarters. As I was hastening along with a robe and a blanket in my arms I almost bumped into my Guide. “Oh, Honorable Master!” I exclaimed. “I am so sorry, but I could not see you.”

My Guide laughed at me saying, “You look like a traveling salesman, Lobsang, you look as if you have just come back over the mountains from India. Have you set up as a trader by any chance?” I told him about my misfortunes, told him how my robe had split all the way down. I told him, too, that the Master of the Acolytes had been telling a boy that he would have all boys go bare-footed. My Guide led the way into his room and we sat down. Immediately my interior gave notice that I had had no food and fortunately for me my Guide heard that warning, and he smiled as he said, “So you, too, have not yet broken your fast? Then let us two break our fast together.” With that he reached out his hand and rang his little silver bell.

With tsampa before us we made no remarks until we had finished our meal. After, when the monk had cleared away the dishes, my Guide said, “So you have made an impression on the Master of the Acolytes? You must have made a sound impression to get two good robes and a new blanket. I shall have to see if I can emulate you!”

“Master, I am very curious about clothing, for if the Master of the Acolytes says that we should all go about without sandals, then why should we not go about without clothes?” My Guide laughed at me and remarked, “Many years ago, of course, people did not wear clothes, and because they did not wear clothes they did not feel the lack of such garments, because in those days people were able to have their bodies compensate for a much wider range of temperatures. But now, through using clothing, we have become effete, and we have ruined our heat-regulating mechanisms by abusing them.” He fell silent, musing the problem. Then he laughed as he continued, “But can you imagine some of the fat old monks around here going about with nothing on? It would be quite a sight! But the story of clothes is a very interesting one because in the first case people wore no clothing at all, and thus there was no treachery because each person could see the aura of others. But at last the leaders of the tribes of those days decided that they needed something to distinguish them as leaders so they would use a bunch of feathers strategically placed, or a few coats of paint made from various berries. But then the ladies came into the picture; they wanted to be decorated also, and they used bunches of leaves even more strategically placed.” My Guide laughed at the thought of all these people, and I could conjure up quite a good picture myself.

He continued, “When the head man and the head woman of each tribe had got themselves all decorated, then the next in line of succession had to have some decoration also, and thus they became indistinguishable from the head man and the head woman, so the head man and the head woman had to add even more decorations, and so the matter went on for quite a time, each leading man adding more clothing. Eventually the leading women wore clothing which was definitely suggestive, clothing

intended to half reveal that which should not be concealed for—do not misunderstand me—when people could see the aura, then there could be no treachery, no wars, no double-dealings. It was only since people started wearing clothing that they ceased to be able to see the aura, and they ceased to be clairvoyant and telepathic.” He looked hard at me and said, “Now you pay attention to me, because this has much bearing on the task which you will have to do later.” I nodded to show that I really was paying attention. My Guide continued, “A clairvoyant who can see the astral of another has to be able to see the unclad body if he is to be able to give a quite accurate reading of any illness, and when people wear clothing their aura becomes contaminated.” I sat up in some astonishment at that because I did not see how clothing could contaminate an aura, and I said so. My Guide soon answered me: “A person is naked, so the aura from that person is the aura of that person and not of anything else. Now, if you put a yak-wool garment on the person you take in the auric influence of the yak, the person who sheared the yak, the person who combed and carded the wool, and the person who actually wove the material. So, if you are going to bother about the aura as seen through clothing, you may be able to tell of the intimate history of the yak and its family, which is not at all what you want.”

“But, Master,” was my anxious question, “how does clothing contaminate an aura?”

“Well, I’ve just told you; everything that exists has its own field of influence, its own magnetic field, and if you take a view through that window you can see the bright daylight, but if you pull our oiled silk screens across you see the bright daylight which is now modified by the influence of the oiled silk screens. In other words, what you actually see is a bluish tinge to the light, and that would not at all help you in describing what sunlight was like.”

He smiled rather wryly at me as he continued, "It is rather remarkable, really, that people are so unwilling to part with their clothing. I always have had the theory that people have a racial memory that without clothing their aura could be seen and read by others, and so many people nowadays have such guilty thoughts that they dare not let anyone else know what is on their mind and so they keep clothing on their body, which is a sign of guilt masquerading under the misnomer of purity and innocence." He reflected for a few moments, then remarked, "Many religions say that Man is made in the image of God, but then man is ashamed of his body, which seems to imply that Man is ashamed of the image of God. It is all very puzzling how people go on. You will find in the West that people show surprising amounts of flesh in certain areas, but they cover other areas so that attention is automatically drawn to it. In other words, Lobsang, many women wear clothing which is completely suggestive; they wear padded portions, which were also known as 'gay deceivers' when I was in the West. All these pads are designed to make a man think a woman has that which she has not, in the same way as just a few years ago men of the West wore things inside their trousers which they called 'cod pieces'. That is, there were certain pads of material which were meant to convey the impression that a man was generously endowed and thus would be a very virile partner. Unfortunately, the ones with the most padding were the least virile! But another great difficulty with clothing is that it keeps out fresh air. If people would wear less clothing, and would have air baths their health would greatly improve; there would be less cancer, and very much less T.B., because when a person is all swaddled up with clothing air cannot circulate and germs multiply."

I thought about that, and I just did not see for one moment how germs would multiply if a person wore

clothes, and I expressed that view. My Guide responded: “Lobsang! If you look about on the ground you see many insects about, but if you lift a rotten log or move a big stone, you will find all sorts of things beneath. Insects, worms, and various types of creature which breed and live only in the dark and secluded places are there. In the same way, the body is covered with bacteria, covered with germs. The action of light prevents the germs and the bacteria from multiplying, it has an effect of keeping the body healthy. But as soon as one allows pockets of stagnant air to rest in the darkness of thick clothing one gets all sorts of bacteria multiplying.” He looked at me quite seriously as he said. “Later when you are a doctor treating patients, you will find that if a dressing is left too long untended maggots will form beneath in just the same way as when a stone is left on the ground insects will collect beneath it. But that is a thing you will deal with in the future.”

He rose to his feet, and stretched and said, “But now we have to go out. I think I will give you five minutes to get ready, and then go down to the stables because we are going on a journey together.” With that he motioned for me to pick up my spare robe and my blanket and take them to my own room. I bowed to him, and gathered my bundle and turned through the communicating door. For a few moments I was busy getting myself ready, and then I made my way down to the stables as directed.

As I went out into the open of the courtyard I stopped in amazement; there was quite a cavalcade being assembled. For some moments I hung about against one of the walls, moving from foot to foot as I wondered whoever all this was for. For a moment I thought one of the Abbots was getting ready to move, but then my Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup appeared and looked rapidly around. Seeing me he beckoned. My heart sank as I realized that all this commotion was for us.

There was a horse for my Guide and a smaller horse for me. In addition, there were four monk attendants each mounted on a horse, and as well as that there were four more horses laden with bundles and packages, but laden in such a way that they were not carrying too much weight so that two of them could at any time be used as spares in order that the heavier men would not overtire their own horses. There was much heavy breathing through nostrils, the stamping of feet, and the swishing of tails, and I walked forward exerting the greatest care not to get behind any horse for once before a playful horse had lured me behind him, and then he had planted a hoof with considerable force in the middle of my chest, knocking me over and actually cart wheeling me on the ground. Since then I had exercised care.

“Well, we are going up into the mountains, Lobsang, for two or three days, and you are going as my assistant!” His eyes twinkled as he said that, actually it was another stage in my training. Together we walked to our horses, and the one allotted to me turned his head and really shuddered as he recognized me; his eyes rolled and he neighed in bitter protest. My sympathy was entirely with him, because I did not like him any more than he liked me, but—a monk-groom quickly extended his cupped hands and helped me on to my horse. My Guide was already mounted on his and was waiting. The monk-groom whispered, “This is a quiet horse, you shouldn't have any trouble with this one—not even you!”

My Guide looked about him, checking that I was just behind him, and that the four monk attendants were also in position, and the four pack-horses were attached by long tethers. Then he raised his hand and we rode off down the mountain. Horses allotted to me seemed to have one thing in common, whenever there was a particularly steep piece the wretched beast would put his head down and I

had to cling on to prevent myself from sliding over his neck. This time I braced my feet behind his ears—he liked that no more than I liked his head being down! The terraced road was jerky, there was much traffic, and I had all my abilities concentrated on staying on my horse. But I did manage as we rounded a bend once to glance up and out across the parkland to that which had once been my home and was now my home no longer.

Down we went, down the mountain and turned left into the Linghor Road. We plodded on over the river bridge and as we came in sight of the Chinese Mission we suddenly turned right on the road which led to the Kashya Linga, and I wondered why such an entourage would be going just to that little park. My Guide had given me no indication of where we were going except to “the mountains,” and as there were mountains all round Lhasa enclosing us in a sort of bowl, that was no guide at all to our destination.

Suddenly I jumped for joy, so suddenly that my wretched horse started to buck, thinking that I was attacking him or something. However, I managed to hang on and pulled the reins so tight that his head came right back; that soon made him quiet and so I had learned a lesson—keep a tight rein and your seat is safe, I hoped! We went on at a steady walk and soon reached a widening of the road where there were a number of traders just disembarking from the ferries. My Guide dismounted and his senior monk-attendant dismounted also and strode over to the ferry-man. For a few moments there was conversation, then the monk came back, saying, “It is all right, Honorable Lama we go now.” Immediately there was bustle and confusion. The monk-attendants got off their horses and all converged on the pack-horses. The loads were removed and carried into the boat of the ferry-man. Then all the horses were tied together with long leads, and two attendant-monks

each mounted a horse and walked them into the river. I watched as they started out, the monks pulling their robes right up around them, right up beyond their waists, and the horses all bravely plunging into the water and swimming away across to the other side. My Guide, I saw with some astonishment, was already in the boat and motioning me to enter also. So for the first time in my life I clambered aboard a boat, to be followed by the two other attendants. With a muttered word to his assistant, the ferry-man pushed off. For a moment there was a sensation of giddiness because the boat spun around in a circle.

This boat was made of the skins of yaks, carefully stitched together and made water-proof. Then the thing was inflated with air. People and their goods got in, and the boatman just took long sweeps, or oars, and paddled slowly across the river. Whenever there was a wind against him he took a long, long time, but he always made up for it on the return journey because then it was just a question of guiding and the wind blowing.

I was too excited to know much about that first trip across the water. I know that I clutched the sides of the skin-boat so there was some danger of my fingers, with sharp nails, penetrating. I was, in any case, afraid to move because every time I tried to move something sagged beneath me. It was almost as if we were resting on nothingness, and it was not at all like resting upon a good solid stone floor which did not rock. In addition, the water was rather choppy and I came to the conclusion that I had eaten too much, for curious qualms assailed me in the stomach and I was very frightened that I would be heartily sick in front of all those men. However, by holding my breath at judicious intervals, I managed to preserve my honor, and soon the boat grated on a shallow pebbly beach, and we alighted.

Our cavalcade reassembled, my Guide in the lead and I

half a horse-length behind him, then the four monk-attendants riding two and two, and after that the four pack-horses. My Guide looked about to make sure that everyone was ready, and then his horse stepped forward towards the morning.

We sat and sat, while our horses jogged on and on. All the time we were facing the West, the direction in which the morning had gone, for we say that the sun rises in the East and travels West taking the morning with it. Soon the sun overtook us and was dead overhead. There was no cloud, and the rays of the sun were scorching indeed, but when we came into the shadow of great rocks the cold was bitter because at our altitude there was insufficient air to balance out the hot rays of the sun and the coldness of the shadows. We rode on for perhaps another hour, and then my Guide came to a part of the trail which apparently he used as a stopping place. Without any signals that I could perceive, the monks got off their horses and immediately started to boil water, taking dried yak dung which we used as fuel, and going to a nearby mountain stream for water. In about half an hour we were sitting down having our tsampa, and I for one certainly felt the need of it. The horses also were fed, and then they were all taken off to the mountain stream so that they could be watered.

I sat with my back against a boulder, a boulder which looked to be about as big as the buildings of Chakpori Temple. I looked out from our high position across the Valley of Lhasa; the air was absolutely clear, no haze, no dust, and we could see everything with utter clarity. We could see pilgrims going by the Western Gate, we could see the traders, and we could look far back down the trail and see the boatman bringing yet another load of passengers across the Happy River.

Soon it was time to move on, so the horses were again loaded and we all mounted, and then rode along up the

mountain path, going deeper and deeper into the foothills of the Himalayas. Soon we abandoned the established road which eventually led into India, and we turned left where the road—rather a track this time—became steeper and steeper, and where our progress became much much slower. Above us, perched on a ledge, we could see a small lamasery. I looked at it with great interest because it was a source of some fascination for me, it was a lamasery of a slightly different Order, an Order in which the monks and lamas were all married and they lived in the building with their families.

We went on and on, hour after hour, and soon drew level with this lamasery of a different Order. We could see monks and nuns walking about together, and I was quite surprised to see that the nuns also had shaven heads. Here they had dark faces, faces which glistened, and then my Guide whispered to me, “Here there are many sand storms, so they all wear a thick mask of grease which preserves the skin. Later we, too, shall have to put on leather face-masks.”

It was a fortunate thing that my horse was sure-footed and knew more about mountain trails than I did, because my attention was completely upon that small lamasery. I could see small children playing about, and it really puzzled me why there should be some monks who lived a celibate life and others who got married, and I wondered why it should make such a break between two branches of the same religion. The monks and nuns just looked up at our passing, and then took no more notice of us, took less notice of us than if we had been traders.

We climbed on and on, and above us we saw a white and ochre building perched upon what I should have called a wholly inaccessible ledge of rock. My Guide pointed it out, “That is where we are going, Lobsang, up to that hermitage. We have to get up there tomorrow morning because

the way is dangerous indeed, tonight we shall sleep here among the rocks.”

We rode on for, perhaps, another mile, and then we stopped amid a cluster of rocks, great rocks which formed almost a saucer. We rode the horses in among the rocks and then we all dismounted. The horses were tethered and fed; we had our tsampa, and then—night was upon us like the drawing of a curtain. I rolled myself in my blanket and peered out between two rocks. I could see various glimmers of light from Chakpori and from the Potala, the moon was shining very brightly and the Happy River might well have been named the Silver River for it was shining as a streak of purest, bright silver. The night was still, no breath of wind, no movement, not even a night bird called. The stars were gleaming bright in their myriad hues above. On the instant I fell asleep.

I had a good night's rest with no interruptions for temple services, no interruptions for anything, but in the morning when I awakened I felt I had been trampled by a herd of yaks. Every bone ached and I felt I would not be able to sit down with any degree of comfort, then I remembered that wretched horse and I hoped he ached as well, although I had grave doubts about that. Soon our little camp was a-bustle with serving monks who were preparing tsampa. I wandered away while they were doing so and stood gazing out across the Valley of Lhasa. Then I turned and looked up at the hermitage some quarter of a mile above. It looked a strange place, it reminded me of one of those bird's nests which are stuck tight against the wall of a house, and which one always expected to fall and shatter at any moment. I could not see any path or any way at all of reaching the hermitage.

I wandered back and had my tsampa, and listened to the men talk. Soon—as soon as we had finished our breakfast—my Guide said, “Well, we shall have to be moving, Lob-

sang. The horses and three of the monk-attendants remain here, we and one of the attendants move up.” My heart sank at the thought of that, how was I going to walk all the way up the mountain side? I was sure that if the horses could not travel that way I could not either. However, ropes were obtained from one of the horses and draped about the monk-attendant. Then I carried one bag of I know not what, and my Guide took another, while the rather bulky monk-attendant took the third. The three monks left behind looked very happy that they were going to have some time alone without any supervision, without anything to do except look after the horses. We set out, and plodded up between the rocks finding a precarious foothold when we could. Soon the way became worse and worse, and the monk-attendant took the lead, throwing a rope with two stones attached to the end. He would throw, make a quick jerk, and the stones would swing around and trap the rope, and then he would pull to see if it was straight. After which he would pull himself up with the rope, then, reaching the end, he would steady it so that my Guide and I could make our slow dangerous way. The process was repeated time after time.

Eventually, after one particularly arduous effort, we reached a platform of rock, a platform that was perhaps thirty feet wide and had obviously been carved out by some age-old avalanche. As I thankfully reached it and pulled myself over the edge climbing first to my knees and then to my feet, I turned my gaze to the right and there several feet away was the hermitage.

For some moments we stood there, all of us panting while we got our breath back. I was enthralled with the view; I could look down upon the Golden Roof of the Potala, I could look also into the courtyards of the Chakpori. I could see that obviously a fresh load of herbs had just arrived, for the place was like a disturbed beehive,

monks were scurrying in all directions. There was much traffic, too, through the Western Gate. But then I sighed, this was not for me, I had, instead, to go climbing silly mountains and go to meet people in hermitages when who but an idiot would live walled up in a hermitage?

Now there were signs of activity, because from the hermitage three men approached. One was very, very old and was being supported by two younger men. As they came towards us we picked up our baggage again and advanced to the hermitage.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE old man was blind-totally blind. I looked at his eyes with wonder, they were PECULIAR. For some time I could not place what it was that made me think they were so strange, and then I heard how he had been made blind.

In Tibet hermits are immured in cells deep within a hermitage. The cells are completely and utterly without light, and after three years or seven years, if a man wants to be let out, if he feels that his self imposed withdrawal should end, then it takes a considerable time. First a very small hole is made in the roof so that a minute trace of light can then enter. After several days the hole is made larger so that after perhaps a month the man inside is able to see again, because during his incarceration the pupils of the eye open fully and if light should suddenly enter the man would instantly be struck blind. This old man had been in a cell one side of which had been hit by a falling rock, tearing it off. At one moment the hermit had been sitting in the cell where he had sat for some twenty years; the next thing was a terrific crash and rumble, and the side of his hermitage had been torn away, and the old man was looking directly into the face of the burning sun. Instantly he had been struck blind.

I listened to what the old man was telling my Guide: “So in accordance with custom we provided the food on the first day, and on the second day, and on the third day, but the food was untouched, and thus as our Brother does not answer we believe that his soul has taken wing away from the empty shell of the body.”

My Guide took the old man by the arm, saying, “Do not

be disturbed, my Brother, for we will look into the matter. Perhaps you will lead us to the cell?"

The others turned and led the way in and across their small courtyard. To the left there was a series of small cells five cells I observed, very bare, very barren of comforts, for they were just cells, just stone caves in the rocky side of the mountain. No tables, no tankas, nothing; just a stone floor upon which a monk could sit or lie in sleep. We passed those and we entered a large dark room, a room which was perched precariously on a rocky spur jutting out from the side of the mountain. It looked a shaky contraption to me, but apparently it had survived there for a couple of hundred years.

In the center of this large gloomy room was another room. As we went to it the darkness increased. Butter lamps were brought, and we entered a small corridor, which was pitch-dark, about ten paces and we came up against a blank wall. The butter lamps shed a feeble glow which seemed to accentuate the darkness. My Guide took one of the lamps and held it just about at chest level, and then I saw there was a very closely fitting trap-door. My Guide opened it and felt about in what appeared to be a cupboard. Loudly he rapped on the inner side of the cupboard and listened carefully. Then he put his lamp inside, and I saw that it was apparently a box let into the wall. My Guide said, "This is a box, Lobsang, with two doors, this door and a door inside. The occupant of the cell waits until a certain time, then he opens his door, feels about and removes food and water placed for him. He never sees light, he never speaks to anyone, he is, in fact, under a vow of silence. Now we have the problem that he has been without food for several days, and we do not know if he is alive or dead."

He looked at the opening, then he looked at me. Looking back to the opening he measured it with his hand and arm

then he measured me, after which he said, "It seems to me that if you took off your robe you could just possibly scrape through this opening and force open the door on the other side, then you could see if the monk was in need of attention."

"Ow! Master!" I exclaimed in complete fright. "What happens if I go through and can't get out?"

My Guide thought for a moment, and then answered, "First you shall be lifted up so that you are supported. Then you can, with a stone, batter in the inner door. When you have battered it in we will slide you in and you can hold a lamp in your outstretched hands. It should be bright enough to permit you to see if the man is in need of help"

My Guide went into the other room and took three butter lamps, prying the wicks out of two of them, and putting the three together twisted into one lamp which he very carefully packed with butter. In the meantime one of the monks had gone out into the open, and he now returned carrying quite a substantial rock. He handed it to me and I hefted it for weight and balance. "Master, why cannot the monk answer a question?" I asked.

"Because he is under oath, under a vow not to speak for a certain time," was the response.

I reluctantly shed my robe, shivering in the cold mountain air. Chakpori was cold enough, but here it was colder still, the chill was biting. I kept on my sandals because the floor was like a block of ice.

In the meantime a monk had taken the stone and had given a good bonk against the inner door, which sprang out of its frame with a loud crash, but the others, although they tried hard, were not able to see into the inner cell. Their heads were too big, their shoulders were too wide. So my Guide held me horizontally and I extended my hands as if I was going to dive, and one of the monks lit the three wicks now fixed in the butter lamp putting it

carefully between my hands. Then I slid forward. I found the frame of the wretched cupboard, or passage, very rough, but with many a grunt and exclamation I eased into the box-like entrance, being twisted sideways and joggled to and fro so that at last my arms and my head protruded. Immediately I was overcome by a sickening stench. It was absolutely foul, it was the smell of rotting meat, the smell of things gone bad. One smelt something the same when one chanced upon a dead yak or a dead horse which had been kept too long; it was a smell which reminded me of all the sanitary appliances in the world which had gone wrong at the same time! I was absolutely gagging with the stench, but I managed to control myself enough to hold the light aloft, and in its flickering gleams reflected from the stone walls I could see the old monk. His eyes were shining at me, he was staring at me, and I jumped so much with fright that I scraped a whole lot of skin from my shoulders. I gazed back at him, and then I saw that his eyes were shining in the reflected light but they did not blink, they did not waver. I waggled my feet as a signal that I wanted to be out—in a hurry. Gently I was pulled back, and then I was sick, sick, sick!

“We cannot leave him there!” said my Guide. “We shall have to knock the wall down and get him out.” I recovered from my nausea and put on my robe. The others got tools consisting of a heavy hammer and two iron bars with flattened ends. Then they applied the iron bars to niches in a far part of the wall, and hammered. Gradually a block was removed, and then another, and another. The stench was terrible. At last the opening was big enough for a man to enter, and one of the monks entered bearing two butter lamps. Soon he returned looking gray-faced and he repeated my performance, which I was glad to note.

“We shall have to put a rope around him and drag him out,” said that monk, “he is falling to pieces. He is very

much in a state of decay.” Silently a monk left the room and shortly returned with a long length of rope. Entering the hole in the wall (where the door had originally been walled-up) we heard him moving about, and then he returned. “It is all right, you can pull,” he said. Two monks gently took the rope and pulled. Soon the old man's head appeared, and his arms; he was in a terrible state. The monks carefully pulled him out and then he was lifted up by tender hands and borne outside.

At the far side of the room there was a small trail leading farther up the mountain. The two monks with their burden ascended the path and disappeared out of our sight. I knew that they were going to take the body to a flat surface where the vultures would soon devour it, because there was no chance of burying bodies here in the hard mountain rocks, we depended upon “air burial.”

While this was being done the monk-attendant who was with us had made a small hole in the far side of the wall that let in a dull gleam of light. Then he took pails of water and swilled down the inner cell, cleaning it from its last occupant. Soon—how soon—there would be someone else taking over that cell and would live there for ten? Twenty? How many years?

Later that day we were all sitting down and the old blind man said, “I can feel that here we have one who is destined to travel far and to see much. I have received information about him from when my hands touched his head. Boy, sit before me.”

Reluctantly I moved forward and sat right in front of the old blind man. He lifted his hands—they were as cold as ice—and placed them upon my shaven skull. His fingers lightly traced the outline of my head and probed various bumps I had. Then he spoke: “You are going to have a very hard life.” I groaned to myself. Everyone was telling me I was going to have a hard life and I was getting heartily

sick of the whole affair. "After you have had hardships, trials, and tribulations that fall to few, you will just before the end have success. You will do that for which you came to this world."

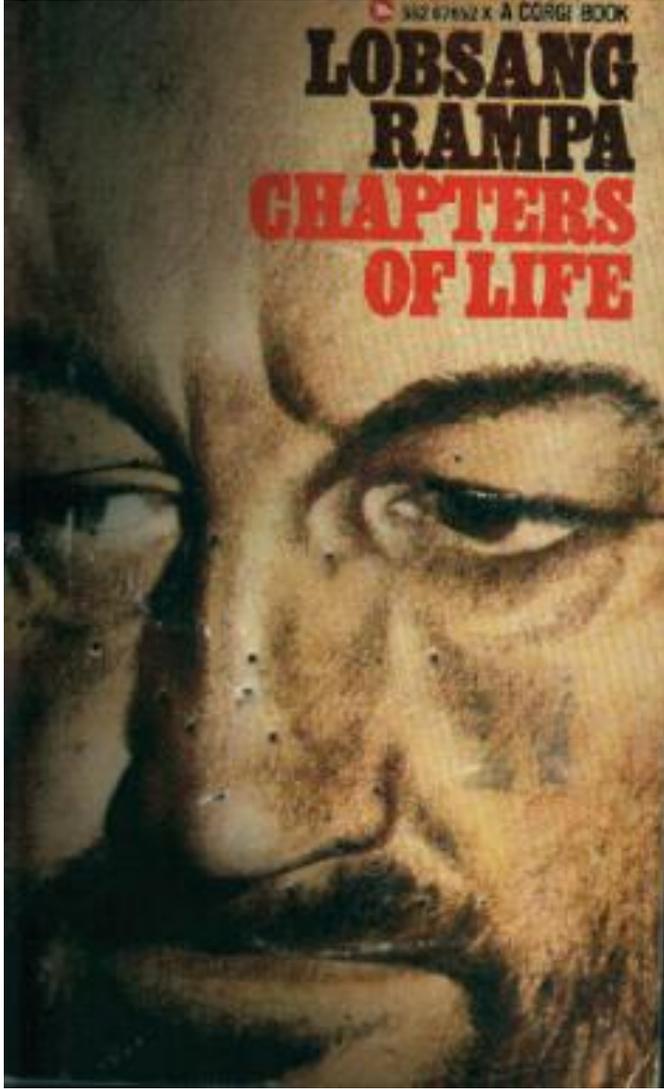
I had heard it all before. I had been to soothsayers, seers, astrologers, and clairvoyants, and every one of them had told me the same type of thing. After having told me that he just waved his hands, so I got up and moved as far away as I could, an act which caused him to cackle with amusement.

My Guide and the others were in long discussion on very serious matters. It did not make much sense to me, they were talking about prophecies and things that were going to happen in Tibet, they were telling about the best methods of preserving the Sacred Knowledge, and how already steps were being made to take various books and articles high up into the mountains where they would be hidden in caves. They were saying, too, how counterfeit things were going to be left in the temples so that the old old genuine articles would not fall into the hands of the invader of later years.

I moved out of the enclosure and sat on a rock, gazing out where far below the City of Lhasa was now hidden by the gloom of the fast approaching night. Only the higher peaks of Chakpori and the Potala were still in the faint dusk light. They appeared to be like two islands floating upon a sea of the deepest purple. As I sat there gradually the islands appeared to submerge in the all-pervading darkness. Then as I sat, a bright shaft of moonlight striking down over the mountain edge touched the roof of the Potala, which lit up with golden gleams. I turned and walked inside the enclosure where I took off my robe, rolled myself in my blanket, and fell asleep.

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**LOBSANG  
RAMPA  
CHAPTERS  
OF LIFE**



TO THANK . . .

Mrs. Valeria Sorock (a language purist!) for her noble action in typing extra copies of this manuscript, bravely ignoring and unaltered fractured English and graceless grammar.

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Ladies—good gracious! They are ALL ladies!—THANK YOU!

T. LOBSANG RAMPA

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## CHAPTER ONE

### COMING WORLD LEADER

THE tall, rank weeds at the edge of the unkempt vacant lot stirred slightly. The broad leaves of the ragged old dock plant waved sideways, and the two unwinking green eyes stared out into the gloom of the dismal street. Slowly, and with considerable caution, a gaunt yellow tomcat emerged on to the uneven sidewalk. Carefully he stopped to sniff the night air for signs of enemies. Friends—he had none, for cats in this street lived a near-jungle existence, with every man's hand against them.

Satisfied at last that all was clear, he sauntered across to the centre of the roadway and there, sitting, he commenced a meticulous toilet. First the ears, then the back of the neck with a well-moistened paw. Finally, with the left leg pointed skywards, he continued his careful grooming. Pausing for a moment to draw breath, he looked about him, looked at the dreary street.

Dirty brick houses of another era. Tattered curtains at soot-smearred windows, with paint peeling from the rotting window frames. Occasionally there came the loud blare from some discordant radio, to be quickly turned down as a screamed curse testified to some other occupant's disapproval.

Yellow glimmers of light came from such street lamps as had escaped being broken by the local children. Great patches of black shadow sprawled across the area of the broken lamps. The yellow tomcat turned again to his toilet, unmoved by the garbage littering the sidewalks. From far away, from the better area, came the muted roar of the traffic and reflected from the sky came the glow of many neon signs. But here, in this street, all was desolate, a street of the hopeless.

Suddenly the yellow tomcat was all alert, ears erect, eyes staring into the gloom, muscles ready for instant flight. SOMETHING had impinged upon his awareness. Springing to his feet, he gave a warning HISS before merging into the gloom between two houses. For a moment all was normal in the street, the fretful wail of a sick baby, a man and woman quarrelling with lurid anatomical overtones, and the distant

screech of brakes suddenly applied in an adjacent street.

At last, there came the faintest of unusual sounds, slow, shuffling footsteps—not a drunk, that was normal here!—but aged, halting footsteps, the footsteps of one who was tired of life, who was hanging on by the merest thread to a miserable and uncertain existence. The shuffling came nearer, like the slow grating of sand beneath sandaled feet. The dark chasm of the gloomy street, but poorly relieved by the infrequent street lamps, made seeing difficult. A vague shadow moved feebly across a lighted patch and was swallowed up again by the darkness.

The sound of wheezing, asthmatic breath smote harshly on the ears as the shrouded figure approached. Suddenly the steps halted, and there came the raucous noise of harsh expectoration, followed by a painfully hissing intake of breath. A heavy sigh, and the tottering steps resumed their weary cadence.

Dimly a whitish shadow materialized out of the semi-darkness of the street and came to a halt beneath a feebly flickering street lamp. An aged man clad in dirty white robes and with tattered sandals upon his feet peered near-sightedly at the ground before him. Stooping, he fumbled to pick up a discarded cigarette end lying in the gutter. As he bent the burden he carried reflected the light; a placard on a pole, with the crudely printed words: 'Repent, Repent, for the Second Coming of the Lord is at hand. Repent.' Straightening, he moved a few steps farther, and then climbed painfully down some stone steps to a basement apartment.

'Don't know why ye do it, Bert, that's a fact I don't. Ye only get's laughed at by the kids. Give it up, will ya?'

'Ah, Maudie, we all got our job to do. Guess I might plant a seed of thought somewhere, you know. I'll keep at it a while longer.'

'A while is all it'll be, Bert, ye'r eighty-one now, time you give it up I say, afore you drop dead on the street.'

. . . . .

The old lych-gate was gleamingly resplendent under the weak afternoon sun. The fresh varnish brought new life to the age-old wood. Farther along the path the ancient grey stone church of St. Mary's looked mellow and benevolent. The great iron-studded doors were open now, waiting for worshippers to the Eventide Service. High above the bells clanged their



eternal message, 'Hurry now, hurry now, or you'll be late.' A thousand years of history was locked in the old churchyard. Great stone tombs of bygone days, with their archaic spellings, vast stone angels with wide-spread wings. Here and there broken marble columns signified a life 'broken' in its prime.

A vagrant shaft of light, bursting unexpectedly from suddenly parted clouds, shot through the old church and threw the stained-glass windows into vivid life, laying the shadow of the castellated tower across the graves of those who were buried so long ago.

People were converging on the church now, coming from all directions, talking animatedly, dressed in their Sunday best. Young children, self-conscious in their finery, and embarrassed by freshly scrubbed faces, tagged along behind their parents. An old Verger appeared briefly and gazed worriedly down the path before retiring into the dim coolness of the church.

From over the stone wall came a burst of laughter, followed by the Rector and a clerical friend. Skirting the old tombstones, they followed a private path leading to the vestry. Soon the wife and children of the Rector appeared, making their way to the main entrance so they could mingle with the incoming throng.

Above, in the bell tower, the clang-clang, clang-clang continued, urging on the tardy, reproaching the churchless. The crowd thinned to a trickle, and came to a stop as the verger peered out once more, and, seeing no one, closed the main door.

Inside there was the hallowed atmosphere so common to old churches of any Faith. The great stone walls soared upwards, to give way at last to massive rafters. The sunlight shone through the stained-glass windows, throwing shifting patterns across the pale faces of the congregation. From the organ loft came the lulling strains of a hymn whose history was lost in the mists of antiquity. A last peal from the bells, and as their echoes were still dying away a door creaked faintly, and the bell-ringers came into the nave to find seats at the back.

Suddenly the organ changed its music. People stiffened with an air of expectancy and there was subdued commotion at the rear of the church. The tread of many feet, the rustle of vestments, and soon the first choirboys were filing up the aisle, to take their places in the choir stalls. There came the fidgeting

and murmuring so common to such occasions as the congregation prepared for the service to start.

The Reader droned on, reading the Lessons as he had done for years past, reading automatically—without a thought. Behind him a bored choirboy with a rubber band and some pellets of paper proceeded to find amusement. ‘Ouch!’ said the first victim, involuntarily. Slowly the organist-choirmaster ferocious glare that he dropped the rubber band and shuffled uneasily.

The Guest Cleric, ready to give the sermon, slowly mounted the steps of the pulpit. At the top he leaned against the wooden ledge and gazed out complacently at the congregation. Tall, he was, with wavy brown hair, and with eyes of that shade of blue which so appeals to elderly spinsters. The Rector's wife, sitting in the first pew, gazed up and permitted herself to wish her husband could have such an appearance. Slowly, taking his time, the Preacher gave as his text THE SECOND COMING OF THE LORD.

He droned on, and on, and on. In a far-back pew an old retired farmer found it too much for him. Slowly he lapsed into slumber. Soon snores resounded throughout the church. Hastily a sidesman moved towards him and shook him awake before leading him outside. At last the Visiting Cleric finished his Address. After giving the Blessing he turned and made his way down the pulpit steps.

There was a shuffling and stirring of feet as the organist commenced to play the closing hymn. Sidesmen moved along the aisles passing the collection plates and shaking a reproving head at those who did not give enough. Soon they formed into a group of four and marched up the centre aisle to give the plates to the waiting Rector. Later, in the vestry, the Rector turned to his guest and said: ‘The Take, nineteen pounds, three shillings, and eleven-pence halfpenny, one Chinese tael, one French franc, and two trouser buttons. Now, I am very concerned about the poor fellow who has lost two trouser buttons, we must hope that he reaches home without untoward event.’

Together, Rector and Guest wended their way along the little path between the age-old tombstones, with the shadows lengthening and pointing to the East. Silently they crossed the little stile set into the wall between churchyard and Rectory

grounds. The Rector broke the silence: ‘Did I show you my petunia beds?’ he asked. ‘They are doing well—I planted them myself. We shouldn’t talk shop, but I rather liked your sermon.’

‘Seemed to me appropriate, with all this talk about God being dead,’ replied the Guest.

‘Let us look at the croft,’ remarked the Rector, ‘I must get some of the apple trees pruned. Do you obtain your sermons from the same Agency as I? I just recently started with them—saves a lot of trouble.’

‘Rather a large acreage you have here,’ responded the Guest. ‘No, I do not deal with the Agency now—they let me down twice and I am not going to risk a third time. Do you dig the garden yourself?’

‘Oh!’ said the Rector’s wife, as they were drinking a mild sherry before supper. ‘Do you REALLY believe in a Second Coming as you said in your sermon?’

‘Now! Now! Margaret!’ interposed the Rector. ‘That is very much of a leading question. You know as well as I that we cannot preach nor say all that we believe—or disbelieve. We have subscribed to the Articles and we must preach according to the Rules of the Church and the dictates of the Bishop of the See.’

The Rector’s wife sighed, and said, ‘If ONLY we knew the truth, if ONLY we had SOMEONE who could tell us what to expect, what to believe, what to hope for.’

‘Tell me,’ said the Guest, turning to the Rector, ‘do you use natural manure or chemical fertilizer on your strawberry beds?’

. . . . .

The grey, shifty-eyed old man sidled ingratiatingly towards the thin-faced man sitting uncomfortably on the battered park bench. ‘Wha’ time does dey give da ‘andouts, Mate?’ he enquired anxiously, in a hoarse voice. ‘I gotta get da food inside me quick, or I croak, see. Does ye ‘av ter do them yimns first, eh?’

The thin-faced man turned and yawned elaborately as he eyed the other from head to foot. Carefully manicuring his nails with a broken tooth-pick, he replied languidly, ‘Jolly old Oxford accent, you have, old boy. Old Borstalian myself, Feltham House. So you want to EAT, eh? So do I—so do I.

Often! But it is not THAT easy; the Johnnies make us work for it, you know. Hymns, prayers, and then the jolly old rock pile, or wood to saw or split.'

The evening shadows lengthened as they stole across the little park, lending a welcome privacy to young couples who strolled wistfully among the trees. Minutes ago the shops had closed for the night, and now the grotesque and improbable male and female manikins were left to display their clothing as figures forever frozen into immobility. The lights were on at the Salvation Army headquarters just down the road. From somewhere afar off came the 'bumm bumm bumm' of a heavy drum being pounded with more vigor than skill. Soon there came the sound of marching feet, and the beating of the drum grew louder and louder.

Round the corner came a group of men and women, all dressed in dark blue serge. The men with peaked caps, and the women with old-fashioned poke bonnets. Now in the main street, the band, which before had been just bright reflections under the street lamps, came into action. The bugler expanded his puny chest and blew a mighty blast through his cornet. The drummer enthusiastically whacked the Big Bass Drum, while one of the Salvation Lassies—not to be outdone, clashed her cymbals as if her place in the Hereafter depended upon it.

Just opposite the park gates they stopped and the flag-carrier grounded the butt of the staff with a happy sigh. The lady with the old accordion got into her stride as she squeezed off the opening bars of a hymn. 'Lah-de-da-da, lah-de-da-da, brumm brumm brumm,' quavered the old grey, shifty-eyed man. The little band of Salvation Army men and women formed a circle, and their captain adjusted his glasses and waited hopefully for a crowd to collect. Along the edge of the sidewalk volunteer workers held out copies of the War Cry, while other Salvation Army Lassies walked into a public house energetically shaking their collection boxes. Over on the park bench, the two men—now joined by a third—watched the proceedings with interest.

'You gotta confess yer sins if you want a double helpin,' said the newcomer.

'Sins? Ain't got none!' said the shifty-eyed man. 'Aincha?' said the first. 'Then you'd better invent some quick. Reformed drunkard goes over well. Yer can't 'av that—

that's mine. Tell ya, yer better be a wife beater wot seed th' light.'

'Ain't got no wife, don't 'av nuthin' to do with THAT truck!' said the shifty-eyed man.

'Gor bless yer, man,' snorted the other in annoyance, 'yer Can INVENT a wife, can't yer? Say as 'ow she run off 'cause you threatened ter knock 'er block off. Yer gotta say it OUT LOUD, though!'

'Do you fellows believe in God?' asked the Old Borstalian, as he turned his idle gaze towards the Salvation Army group.

'Gawd?' asked the shifty-eyed man. 'Gawd no! Never 'ad time fer Gawds nor fer wimmin neither!' He turned and spat contemptuously over the back of the seat.

'How come you interested in Gawd?' asked the newcomer of the Old Borstalian. 'I knewed ye was an old con soon as I seed ye.'

'One has to keep one's faith in SOMETHING,' gently replied the Old Borstalian, 'in order to keep one's sanity—such as it is. So many people nowadays say that God is dead. I don't know what to believe!'

A sudden outburst of music made them look towards the park gates. The hymn had just ended, and now the band was playing louder to attract attention for the Captain. Looking about him, stepping a few paces apart from the others, he said, loudly, 'God is NOT dead, let us prepare for the Second Coming of the Lord. Let us prepare for the Golden Age which is so close upon us but which will be ushered in by toil and suffering. Let us know the TRUTH.'

'All right fer HIM,' said the shifty-eyed man in surly tones. 'Ee don't know about hunger, 'ee don't 'av ter sleep in doorways and under benches and git some cop come and say, "Move along, there, move along."'

'You fellows give me the creeps,' said the Old Borstalian 'Remember we are PERFORMING DOGS—we must do tricks before we get our food.'

Shrugging his shoulders and nodding to the two other men, the Old Borstalian graduate shambled off towards the park gates. Soon he was in the midst of the Salvation group, confessing his sins out loud to an uncaring world.

A fat old woman, watching the proceedings from a caretaker's apartment window, shook her head dubiously. 'I don't know, I just don't know,' she muttered to her tabby cat. 'THAT

don't seem to be the answer; I wish SOMEONE would tell us the TRUTH of it all!

. . . . .  
In little tin-roofed mission huts, in prayer-meeting groups held in the open, and in great cathedrals, men of 'the Cloth' were preaching of the Second Coming of the Lord. Many of them had not the slightest idea that it was not a SECOND coming, but just one of many.

Far away in a distant land beyond the burning sands of a grim and arid desert, where the West was not yet the East, but where the East had not quite thrown off the shackles of the West, a baby boy was resting on his back, gurgling, and sucking his thumb. A baby who was to become a Great Disciple of the soon-to-be Leader of Man. Yet again in another city where East meets West, and both are soiled thereby, a two-year-old baby boy solemnly fingered the yellowed leaves of an ancient book. Gazing round-eyed at the strange writings, perhaps even then he subconsciously knew that he, too, was to become one of the new Disciples.

Yet farther into the East a small group of old Astrologers—like the Three Wise Men of old—consulted the stars and marveled at what they saw. 'Here,' said the eldest, pointing a gnarled finger at a chart, 'the Sun, the Moon, and Jupiter will conjoin under the Pushya star which then will be in the Sign of Cancer. It shall be in the second or third new Moon.' Gravely they looked at each other, and bent again to check and recheck their figures. Obtaining the hoped-for confirmation, they called in responsible men, messengers—

Throughout history there have been reports of a Second Coming. Actually the One to Come is the TENTH to come in this Round of Existence!

Heedlessly, in the sprawling lands of this world, people went about their mundane occupations, quarrelling, bickering, swindling, always trying to get 'one over' a neighbor—quite uncaring that not so far away two babies, first and second assistants to the Leader of Destiny soon to be born, crowed and crooned in their cradles.

The Wise Men of the East, well knowing of the immature West, gave their edicts that westerners be not told of the dates and places of these Events. For, if the information had spread, maddened hordes of frenetic pressmen would have swooped

across the world on jet-propelled wings, to scoff, deny, and misreport. Yammering feature-writers and undisciplined television crews would have invaded the sacred places, bringing dismay and harm wherever they trod. But only those with special knowledge know where these sacred places are. In good time, in a few years, the world will hear more of these things, and by then the Young Ones will be adequately protected. In good time these Young Ones, under a brilliant Leader, will show the Way into the Golden Age at the end of this cycle of Kali, the Age of Destruction.

. . . . .

Many people have the quite mistaken idea that this world was but recently populated and history is complete. That is far from being accurate.

For millions of years there have been different civilizations upon this Earth. This Earth is like a school building to which various classes come. As in the case of classes, one can be exceptionally good, another can be exceptionally bad.

Presumably the same thing happens in the case of wines where wines of a certain 'vintage' are especially prized. In the case of the Earth crop, which, of course, is humans, there are fairly set cycles. For example: The Hindus believe that each world period is divided into four classes, or stages, or cycles, each of which is 864,000 years. The first cycle of 864,000 years is a very good one, people try, people have faith in each other and in the essential goodness of mankind. They try to help and there are no wars, not even rumors of wars. But unalloyed bliss is not a good thing because people 'go to seed'. An example of that can be found in the great civilizations of India, China, and Egypt; these were great civilizations indeed, but through excess power, through lack of suitable opposition and competition the civilizations degenerated. One can see the same thing in the history of Rome of many years ago.

The second cycle is that in which people, or rather, the rulers of the world, realize that they have to introduce a 'snake' into 'Eden', and so the second cycle has some difficulties and controversies in order that it may be ascertained how much people can think for themselves and overcome opposition.

Presumably at the close of the second cycle the 'school reports' of those who have taken part in that particular class is not considered very satisfactory, and so the third class, or

period, of 864,000 years which is then starting is a bit more severe. People have wars, they go out to conquer others, but even so their particular wars are not the sadistic, barbarous affairs which are present in this cycle. People were not treacherous in the third cycle, they had wars certainly, but it was more in the way of a game in the same way as two small boys will get busy with their fists and each try to alter the features of the other, but that does not mean to say that either would want to kill the other—just make a few structural alterations! However, wars are infectious and it was found that by introducing a few judicious stabs in the back and assorted treachery, one could win a battle before it really started.

Things in the third cycle go from bad to worse, and get very much out of hand. It is like a forest fire which is not checked in time. If some moron drops a lighted cigarette end and sets the undergrowth on fire an observant person can soon extinguish the conflagration. But if the fire is not noticed in time it will really get a hold, and get out of hand, and then many lives will be lost, much property will be ruined before the fire can be brought under control. Life is like that; if evil be allowed to grow and flourish unchecked, it will become more and more, and become stronger and stronger, and like weeds choking the life out of a beautiful cultivated flower, evil will crush out what faint instincts for good Man originally had.

At the end of the third cycle conditions were very much out of hand. One can say that the rowdy elements in the classrooms which were the countries of the Earth stood up to the teachers, and abused them and would not obey their orders. So the fourth cycle came into being, the fourth cycle which is known (from the Hindu) as the Age of Kali.

The Age of Kali is that in which people suffer. If you wish you can think of it as the Age when men and women are tortured in the fires of war that they may be purified, and so that the dross may be burned out to prepare them for the next and better Round, for life goes on and on, people grow better in the natural course of evolution, they get more experience, and if they do not make a success of their life in one stage of evolution they come back to that stage as a schoolboy who cannot pass the end-of-term exam often has to go back to the same classroom, or same grade, instead of being promoted.

In *You—Forever!*, which certainly has gone around a bit, I

refer to the Jews on page 109 of that book. I said, 'The Jewish people are a race who, in a previous existence, could not make progress at all.' This has produced some very friendly correspondence with Jewish readers throughout the world, and in particular some very erudite ladies in Tel Aviv have asked me to give more details about Jews. This request has been supported by Jewish people in Argentina, Mexico, Australia, and Germany. So, let us go a little more deeply into 'the Jewish question'. May I at this stage say that I have quite a number of friends who are Jewish and I have a sincere admiration for them, for they are an old, old race who have knowledge which is the envy of those less gifted.

First of all we might ask, 'What are Jews?' The general idea is a complete misconception, for 'Jew' in its present form is a misnomer. Actually, this word 'Jew' has not been in use for very long.

If you asked the average person who was the Father of the Jews, you would undoubtedly be told, 'Why, Abraham of course!' But as history proves conclusively, this just is not so because in the true sense of the word Abraham was not a Jew!

If you study your ancient history, either by going to a public library, or, more conveniently, by getting at the Akashic Record, you will find that Abraham was actually a native of the place called Ur of the Chaldees. Many places have two names nowadays, so if it will help you, Ur was also known as Ur Kasdim which was in Babylonia. That brings us to the interesting point that Abraham, far from being a Jew, was a Babylonian, and his actual name had no corresponding name or counterpart in Hebrew. The original name of Abraham was Abram.

Abraham lived 2,300 years before the birth of Christ, at a time when the word 'Jew' was not even thought of, but about 1,800 years after Abraham had gone to his 'just reward' the word 'Jew' referred to people who lived in the Kingdom of Juda, and that was in the South of Palestine.

Those of you who are sufficiently interested can look in your Bible, in Kings 11.16. 6. Here you will find words written 600 years before Christ, and the word for Jew in those days was Jahudi.

Back to your Bible again, this time to Ester 11. 5. Here you will find that Jew is mentioned for the first time, and re-

member, also, that the Book of Ester was not written until some 2,400 years after the death of Abraham, that is, in the first century A.D. So—we find that Jahudi is that which we now call ‘Jew’.

In each cycle there have been twelve ‘Saviors’ or ‘Messiahs’ or ‘World Leaders’. So when we refer to ‘The Second Coming’ we are rather behind the times; we can refer to Abraham, Moses, Buddha, Christ, and many others, but the whole point is that in every cycle of world existence there has to be a World Leader of a different Zodiacal sign. There are twelve signs of the Zodiac, and a Leader comes first in one sign, then another, then another, until in all there have been twelve Leaders. On this particular cycle of Kali we are now approaching the eleventh, and after—there will be one more before this actual Age ends and we are really into the Golden Age.

Naturally, with each World Leader there have to be those who can support Him—disciples, if you like, or assistants, or ministers, call them what you like. But there have to be these men who are born specially to be of service to the world.

In 1941 the first of the disciples was born, and others have been born since. The actual ‘Savior’ will be born early in 1985, and in the interim the disciples will be preparing the Way.

The ‘Savior’ or ‘World Leader’—whichever you prefer—will have very special education and training, and in the year 2005, when he is twenty years of age, he will do much to confound godless people who do not believe in Gods, Saviors, etc., etc.

Again, there will be a case of transmigration. If those of you who know the Bible well will study it with an open mind you will find that the body of Jesus was taken over by ‘the Spirit of God—the Christ’. In much the same way, the body of the new World Leader will be taken over by a very high Personage indeed, and during the few years after that there will be remarkable events, and the world will be led along those essential steps which will prepare it for the start of a new cycle.

For some 2,000 years the world will make progress by following the precepts of the church to be founded by the new Leader, but at the end of that 2,000 years yet another Leader shall arise—the twelfth of the cycle, completing the destiny of the Zodiac traversal. Conditions shall improve, and so, gently,

in the due course of time, people shall be led into a new Age where they have different abilities from those now existing. There shall be clairvoyance and telepathy as there was before the so-called, mis-called, Tower of Babel, in which through abuse of special powers mankind lost their telepathic abilities for the time being. The whole story is given in the Bible, but it is in the form of a story. Actually, Man was able to communicate with fellow Man and with the animals, too, but through treachery to the animal world mankind was deprived of telepathic communication and so there was the utter confusion of people trying to converse in what were local dialects, and which in time became the languages of the world.

This world can now be likened to a train. The train has been going through various stages of scenery, it has been traversing pleasant sunlit lands which can correspond to stage 1, lands in which there was beautiful scenery and amiable fellow passengers. But then we come to stage 2, when the passengers all changed, and this new lot were not so friendly, nor was the journey so pleasant because there was an uneven track with many clattering switchpoints, and the journey continued through depressingly gloomy terrain where the smoke of various factories belched vile chemicals into the atmosphere. Here the passengers were quarrelling and almost coming to blows, but worse was to come. At the third stage the passengers changed again and a lot of bandits got aboard, bandits who tried to rob other passengers, there was much stabbing, much sadistic action. The train, too, rocked along the edge of narrow gorges where landslides made travel precarious. All the time there was discordant noise and the continual quarrelling of the unhappy passengers.

Again the train stopped and took on fresh passengers. This time conditions were even worse, the new passengers were almost wrecking their train, damaging the fittings, torturing, swindling, and engaging in all those activities which the decent person finds abominable.

The train went through increasingly difficult land, with badly laid rails, with many detours and obstructions. At last there came a long and gloomy tunnel; the train plunged in and there appeared to be no lights anywhere in the train. The passengers were in darkness, like the people of the world itself, leaderless. The gloom became gloomier, and the atmosphere more dismal, until the train was pitching and tossing in abso-

lute darkness, with a darkness that comes in a passage through the heart of a mountain. But our train is now in its darkest phase, it cannot get darker, therefore it must get lighter.

As the train goes rocketing along it will get lighter and lighter, and eventually, as a New Age approaches, the train will burst forth from the mountainside, and below the passengers will see a fair and pleasant land with sparkling waters, herds of cattle grazing peacefully. The sun will be shining, and as the train goes on and on, ever changing passengers, they will find that conditions become better and better, where men respect the rights of others, where there is no longer terrorism, sadism, and torture. But much has to be done at the present time because before the Golden Age shall come there will be much more hardship and suffering on this world. Prediction is dealt with in another Chapter of this book, but possibly it would not be amiss to say something here.

According to the age-old art of astrology many sad events are going to take place on this Earth. Round about the year 1981 there will be a very substantial and unexpected increase in the world's heat, with a reduction in rainfall and a drying up of crops, and fruit and other plants will wither up before they can be gathered. This great heatwave could easily be the result of an atom bomb dropped by the Chinese; the Chinese are making haste to develop a super bomb, and the present-day Chinese are like mad dogs, without thought for the rest of the world: because the rest of the world keeps them in virtual seclusion and they do not know what is happening elsewhere, and it is a sad fact that one always fears the person one does not know. Thus, the Chinese, in their xenophobic state of mind, are ready to lash out at that which they do not understand.

One also has to bear in mind that it was bad enough when only the United States had the atom bomb, but now the Russians, the French, the Chinese, and perhaps others have this device. Conditions have reached a most precarious pass.

Much preliminary work has to be done before the advent of the New Leader. Certain people have to be given hints of what is happening, when, and how. But certain other people have to be excluded from getting much knowledge.

In addition to the disciples who are now born and who are still but children, there are those much older people with special knowledge who have to write about such things so that

the knowledge will be disseminated, and who will thus 'pave the way'. These older people will not, of course, be upon the Earth at the time of the New Coming, but like those who are to come after, these forerunners will have done their task by taking upon themselves the hatred and the suspicions which always come to the innovator.

People fear that which they do not understand; and so if it is said that a person has changed bodies with another, then he is automatically the subject of much persecution. But it is necessary that there be incidents of changing bodies to bring it into the public consciousness so that when the New Leader comes people will be able to accept the truth of transmigration of souls and the changing of bodies. Thus, while those who are undergoing the scorn and ridicule and active persecution of an ill-informed Press at present, they will know in the fullness of time that their suffering and misery has been justified.

Often people will say, 'Oh, but if these people have such great powers why do they live in poverty? If they were truly what they say they are, they would have all the money they wanted.' This is utterly ridiculous because a person who comes to this Earth under different conditions is something like a splinter in the body of the world, and if you have a splinter in your thumb you agitate, and fidget, and you mess about until eventually you get that splinter dislodged, and you spare no liking for that splinter! In the same way, people who come to this world, and change bodies, and try to prepare a way for another, they too are like a splinter, the world finds them strange, people may be uncomfortable in the presence of such a being. Rather than blame their own lack of development they always try to put the blame on the other person 'Oh, he is queer, he makes me have such an uncanny feeling when he touches me.'

So, the old world goes rolling along full of trouble, but the darkest hour is before the dawn, and when things are at their blackest there is the happy thought that any change can be for the better. And this world and the peoples of this world, after their blackest hour, will go on and on into the light when mankind shall be tolerant of mankind, and when the little people of the animal world shall be understood instead of misunderstood, feared, and tormented as they are at present. So, beginning with the year 2000, the world shall have pleasures, and a Golden Age shall dawn.

## CHAPTER TWO

### MANY MANSIONS

ALONE he was, alone in the old rambling house in the heart of the Moor. Far off at the end of the long, cultivated garden, a noisy brook went tumbling over the rocks and hissing across the stony stretches. On a warm day he was wont to stand by that babbling brook, or perch on one of the large rocks overhanging the tumultuous torrent. Farther along there was the little wooden bridge with the shaky handrail by which he crossed on his way to the small hamlet for his mail and shopping.

It had been pleasant here, he and his wife. Together they had tried to make a home, tried to keep 'body and soul together' while he painted and waited for recognition. But, as usual, the Press had not understood—nor tried to understand—his art, and so the critics had damned his work with faint praise; recognition was as far off as ever. And now he was alone in the old, old house, his mind and mood in a turmoil matched by the gale outside.

Across the moorland heather the gale screeched in unbridled fury, lashing the yellow gorse, making it bow to the mighty wind. The distant sea was a boiling white mass of foam, with mighty waves breaking in thunder on the great granite shore, dragging back the pebbles with a nerve-jarring scream. A lone gull soared backwards overhead, blowing helplessly inland, powerless in the grip of the storm.

The old house shook and shuddered to the ceaseless pounding of the elements. Flecks of cloud, driven low, whipped by the windows like ghosts seeking entry. A sudden metallic clatter and rumble, and a sheet of corrugated metal went spinning across the garden, to strike the bridge and shear through the old timbers. For a time the broken ends vibrated like an overtaxed violin string, then, one after the other, they shuddered and tumbled into the brook.

Inside the house, oblivious of the turmoil, the man paced back and forth, back and forth. Seeing again and again, the moment when he had returned from the hamlet and found his

wife gone. Re-reading the bitter note in which she told him that he was a failure—and she was going elsewhere. Grimly—as a sudden thought struck him—he strode to the battered old desk and wrenched open the center drawer. Rooting in the back, he dragged out the cigar box in which he kept the rent and living money. Even before he opened it he knew that it was empty, the money, his ONLY money, gone. Groping his way to a chair he sat down and buried his head in his hands.

‘Before!’ he whispered. ‘Before, this has happened to me before!’ Lifting his head he stared unseeingly through the window against which torrential rain was beating in an unceasing stream, forcing its way through a loose-fitting window and collecting in a spreading pool on the carpet. ‘I’ve lived through all this before!’ he whispered. ‘Have I gone INSANE? How could I have known about this?’ High up among the eaves the wind shrieked in derision and gave the old house an extra shake and judder.

Against the ancient stone hedge the little moorland ponies huddled head to wind in abject misery, trying to get even slight shelter for stinging eyes. Away in the hall the telephone rang and rang, jarring him from his lethargy. Slowly he made his way to the jangling instrument, which ceased its clanging even as he stretched out his hand to lift it. ‘The same, the same,’ he murmured to the uncaring walls. ‘IT HAS ALL HAPPENED BEFORE!’

The old Professor plodded wearily across the quadrangle on his way to the Lecture Hall. The years had been hard ones indeed. Born in very humble circumstances he had been the ‘bright boy’ who had slaved and earned that he could put himself through college. It had been almost a lifetime of clawing his way up against the opposition of those who resented his humble origin. Now in the evening of his life the weight of Time was showing in his white hair, lined face, and feeble step. As he stumbled slowly along, oblivious of the greetings of undergraduates, he pondered on many obscure facets of his specialty, Ancient History.

Completely the model of the Absent-minded Professor, he fumbled for the door-knob of a door already open, and not finding it, turned away, muttering, ‘Dear dear! Most strange, MOST strange—there used to be a door here. I must be in the

wrong building.’ An understanding student—one who had profited from the old man's brilliant Lectures, took his arm and gently turned him round. ‘Here, sir,’ he said. ‘I have opened the door for you. In here.’ Gratefully the Professor turned and mumbled his thanks. Entering the Lecture Hall he became a man transformed; HERE was his life, here he expounded upon Ancient History.

Moving like a man rejuvenated, he crossed to the rostrum and smiled benignly upon the assembled undergraduates. They smiled respectfully at him, for even though they did at times make fun of his forgetfulness, yet they still had a genuine liking for the Lecturer who was so willing to help them to the full extent of his power. Remembering his own struggles, he took pleasure in HELPING the student in difficulties, instead of flunking him as was so often the case with other Professors.

Glancing about him to see that his class was complete, and all were ready, he said, ‘We are going to continue with our discussion about one of the great enigmas of History, the Sumerian civilization. Here was a mighty civilization which seems to have appeared in a most mysterious manner and disappeared in an equally mysterious manner. We have tantalising fragments, but no clear picture. We know, for example, that three thousand and five hundred years B.C. the Sumerians were preparing beautifully written manuscripts. We have fragments of them. Always fragments, and no more. We know also that the Sumerians had a musical system which differed from any other system of musical notation throughout the old or new worlds. There has been discovered a clay tablet which by scientific methods indicates an age of some three thousand years. The tablet has engraved upon it musical symbols which lead us to suppose that it was a hymn, but it has defied musical interpretation.’

The old man paused, his eyes opened wide as if seeing something beyond the normal vision of Man. For a minute he stood thus, gazing into the Infinite, then, with a strangled groan, he dropped to the floor. Stunned amazement held the class motionless for a moment, then two students rushed to his side, while another hurried out in search of medical assistance.

A hushed assembly stood respectfully aside as two stretcher-bearers carefully lifted the unconscious man, placed him upon the opened stretcher, and bore him away to the waiting ambulance. The Head who had been called, appeared full of

bustle and dismissed the class for the afternoon.

Away in the cool hospital room the old Professor, now regained consciousness, muttered to his doctor, 'Strange! Strange! I had the distinct impression that I had lived through this incident before, that I KNEW the origin of the Sumerians. I must have been working too hard. But I KNEW the answer, and now it has faded. Strange, strange!'

. . . . .

The middle-aged man squirmed uncomfortably upon the hard wooden bench, crossing first one leg then the other. From time to time he lifted half-frightened eyes to gaze about him. From the end of the room came the harsh, impersonal voice of the nurse grating out her monotonous orders: 'Garland, you are to see Dr. Northey. Here are your cards. Take them in THAT door, and wait until the Doctor speaks to you. Rogers, you go to Therapy, they want to do some test. Here are your cards. Go down the corridor THERE.' The voice continued like the voice of a bored Announcer quoting the Fat-Stock prices.

The middle-aged man shuddered at the rows and rows of people before him. Patients unaccompanied, new patients with relatives with them, and some with burly Attendants waiting near by. The hours dragged on. Here and there a man or woman screamed in the grip of some mental fantasy. Nearer, a man shouted, 'I gotta, and when you gotta you gotta.' Jumping up, he rushed across the room, scattering people right and left, elbowing aside a clutching Attendant, tripping a clerk, before diving headlong through an open window. Throughout the ensuing commotion the nurse's voice droned on imperturbably.

Outside, the dull red-brick buildings shimmered in the increasing heat. The glass of the many windows threw back the sun's reflection, and showed the thousands of bars across the windows. Scores of blank-eyed men stooped and shuffled as they grubbed along the gravel of the paths in search of weeds. Attendants loitered alertly in any available shade as they supervised the toiling men. Farther along, where the grassy slopes met the main drive, lines of dowdy women bent to the task of picking litter and stones from the grass before the mowers could do their work. Beneath a spreading tree a gaunt woman stood in the pose of utter majesty as she scornfully surveyed the two watchful women Attendants who were poised in anxious expectancy.

At the main gates two Attendants stopped cars entering that the occupants might be directed. An inmate, appearing casual, tried to slip out behind an Attendant's back, but was soon stopped. 'Now, Alf!' the Attendant admonished. 'Back in you go—none of your tricks, I'm busy.' Beyond the high stone walls and heavily barred gates pedestrians peered in curiously, getting a thrill out of a forbidden peep at Life Inside the Walls.

In Admittance the middle-aged man stood up uncertainly as his name was eventually called. Rising to his feet he walked to the Nurse at the desk and said, 'It is all a mistake, I—'

'Yes, yes, I know, you are as sane as can be,' interrupted the Nurse. 'They all say the same.' Sighing, she picked up a card and some papers and signaled to a waiting Attendant. 'You had better take this one to Dr. Hollis,' she said, when the Attendant appeared. 'He says it is all a mistake and he is sane. Mind he doesn't get away.'

'Come on, fella,' said the Attendant, grasping the middle-aged man by the arm and leading him through a small door. Together they trudged along a corridor lined with doors. From behind some came sighs, from others screams, and from yet another a queer bubbling sound which made the Attendant jump to an alarm and energetically summon assistance to one whose life was bubbling away through a cut throat. The middle-aged man shivered and seemed to shrink. 'Scared, eh?' asked the Attendant. 'You ain't seen nuthing yet. YOU WILL!'

At last they stopped before a door, the Attendant knocked and a distant voice called, 'Come in.' Pushing the middle-aged man before him, he entered and placed the card and papers on the desk. 'Another one for you, Doctor,' said the Attendant as he turned and withdrew. The Doctor slowly reached out a languid hand and picked up the papers and compared them with the card. Then, without paying the slightest attention to the middle-aged man he settled back in his swivel chair and began to read. Not until he had read every word, and made notes, did he look up and utter a terse, 'Sit!'

'Now!' said the Doctor as his patient sat shakily before him. 'What's all this about? How d'ye think you can be in two places at once? Tell me all about it.' He sat back with an air of bored resignation and lit a cigarette.

'Well, Doctor,' said the middle-aged man, 'for some time I have had the strangest feeling that another part of me is living

in some other part of the world. I feel as if I were one of identical twins sometimes almost completely in rapport with the other.'

The Doctor grunted and knocked the ash off his cigarette. 'Any brothers or sisters?' he asked. 'The report says none, but it could be wrong.'

'No, Doctor, no brothers, no sisters, and no one with whom I am sufficiently friendly to account for this feeling. It is exactly as if I sometimes get in touch with another "me" somewhere else, someone who also is aware of this feeling.'

The Doctor stubbed out his cigarette and said, 'How frequently do you have these remarkable occurrences? Can you predict their onset?'

'No, sir,' the middle-aged man replied. 'I may be doing something quite ordinary, then I will experience a tingling in the navel, and after that I feel as if I were two telephone lines which have been crossed and both parties are receiving their own telephone calls as well as those of the other.'

'Hmm!' mused the Doctor. 'Does it inconvenience you in any way?'

'Yes, Doctor, it does,' the middle-aged man replied. 'Sometimes I speak out loud and say the DARNDEST things!'

The Doctor sighed as he remarked, 'So I see from this report. Well, we shall have to commit you to an Observation Ward until we can get the matter straightened out, you seem to be living in two worlds at the same time.'

At the Doctor's signal the Attendant entered the room. 'Take him to Observation B3 please. I will see him later in the day.'

The Attendant motioned to the middle-aged man, and together they turned and went out of the Doctor's office. The Doctor sat motionless for a moment, then pushed his glasses up to his forehead and energetically scratched the back of his neck. Lighting a fresh cigarette, he leaned back in his swivel chair and put his feet on the desk.

'It seems we have a lot of people in nowadays', he said to himself, 'who believe they are living twin existences. I suppose next we shall have people saying they are living in parallel worlds or something.' The 'burr, burrr' of his telephone jerked him back to the present, and slipping his feet off the desk he reached out for the phone and got ready for the next patient.

. . . . .

There are such things as parallel worlds because everything must have its counterpart in a reversed state, just the same as you cannot have a battery which is only positive or only negative; there must be positive and negative. But that is a matter to be discussed in our next chapter, now we have parallel worlds.

Unfortunately, 'scientists' who have been afraid of losing face or something, or sinking into matters beyond their depth, have confused the issue because they will not face up to the thought of having genuine research. Yet in India the Adepts of years gone by referred to their 'Linga Sharira', which means the part of the body which is in a different dimension—beyond the three dimensions of this world—and so cannot be perceived normally by a person existing in this three-dimensional world. We have to remember that upon this world we are confined to three dimensions, for this is wholly a three-dimensional world and to the average person who has not studied anything about metaphysics the fourth dimension is something to laugh about or to read about in some remarkable science fiction.

Not merely is there a fourth dimension, but beyond the world of the fourth there are the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, and the ninth. In the ninth, for example, one attains realization and is able to comprehend the nature of things, one is able to comprehend the origin of Life, the origin of the Soul, how things started and what part mankind plays in the evolution of the Cosmos. In the ninth dimension, also, Man—still a puppet of the Overself—is able to converse face to face with his Overself.

One of the greatest difficulties is the unfortunate fact that 'scientists' have set up all sorts of extraordinary and arbitrary rules and if one dares to contradict anything that these 'scientists' say, then one is really ostracized. An example of that may be found in the way in which the medical profession was completely crippled for hundreds of years because of the works of Aristotle, it was considered to be a great crime to do any investigation into the human body because Aristotle had taught all there was to know—ever. So, until the medical profession could escape from the dead hand of Aristotle, they could do no dissections and no post-mortems, and they could do no research.

Certain astronomers had much the same difficulty when

they taught that Earth was not the center of creation because some early Wonderful Man had taught that the Sun revolved round the Earth, and that everything existed for the comfort of mankind!

But now we have to get on with our dimensions. Here on this Earth we deal with that which is commonly known as three dimensions. We see a thing and we feel a thing, and it appears solid and real to us. But suppose we had to deal with an extra dimension, the first thing would be—well, what is this extra dimension? Possibly we could not quite comprehend it. What could be a fourth dimension? Worse, what would be a fifth? And then go on up to the ninth, or even beyond the ninth.

The best thing is to consider first an ordinary tape-recorder because most people have access to a tape-recorder or have seen one. We have a tape-recorder running at a very slow, slow speed, less than an inch a second. At such a slow speed one could have a tape message last for an hour. But supposing we made that tape play back at, for example, a foot a second; then the speech would be quite unintelligible to us, the message upon the tape would not have altered in any way, the words would be the same, but in effect we would have moved our speech to another dimension and so we could not comprehend the speech. Before we could comprehend that which was upon the tape we should have to play the tape at the same speed as that employed in recording it.

Incidentally, marine biologists have used tape-recordings and have discovered that fish of all kinds talk. There is, in fact, a special phonograph record giving sounds of the sea in which there are the sounds of the fish talking to each other, and even lobsters and crabs communicating. If you find this hard to believe, remember that dolphins have had their speech recorded on tape; dolphins speak many, many times faster than humans, so the speech was recorded on tape and was quite unintelligible to humans but the tape was slowed to a dimension (speed) acceptable to human ears. Now the scientists are trying to decipher the tapes, and at the time of writing this it has been stated that these scientists are able to compile a vocabulary so that eventually they may be able to communicate *in extenso* with dolphins.

But—back to our parallel worlds. Many, many years ago, when I had escaped from the Russians and was making my

slow and painful way across Europe to eventually reach a free country, I chanced to stop in war-torn Berlin then being desecrated by the savage Russians. I was walking about wondering what to do next, wondering how to pass the time until nightfall when I should hope to be able to get a lift upon my way towards the French border.

I walked along looking at the still-smoldering ruins where allied bombing had reduced most of Berlin to shattered rubble. In a little cleared spot beneath twisted steel girders now turning red with rust, I saw a ramshackle stage set up surrounded by those bomb-racked buildings. There was scenery of a sort upon the stage, scenery made from bits of material salvaged from the wreckage. They had some poles, and from the poles were stretched pieces of sacking so as to obscure as much as possible a view of the stage from those who had not paid to enter.

I was interested and looking farther I saw there were two old men, one was standing before a curtain taking money. He was tattered and unkempt, but there was a certain air of—something—majesty, I suppose, about him. I forget now how much money I paid to enter, not much because none of us had much money in war-torn Berlin, but as I paid he put the money in his pocket and courteously motioned me through the tattered and bedraggled curtain.

As I went beyond the curtain I saw some planks bridging rubble, and on those planks people were sitting. I took my seat, too, then a hand came through the curtain and waved. An old, old man, thin, bent with the weight of years, shuffled to the centre of the stage and made a little address in German telling us what we were going to see. Then turning away he went behind the backdrop. For a moment we saw him with two sticks in his hand and from those two sticks depended a number of puppets, inanimate lumps of wood, roughly carved to represent a human shape, dressed up in gaudy rags, with painted features and lumps of hair stuck on top. They were crude, they really were crude, and I thought that I had wasted money which I could ill afford, but—I was tired of walking, tired of just ambling about attempting to evade Russian and German police patrols, so I kept to my hard seat and thought that as I had wasted the money I would waste some time as well.

The old man shuffled out of sight at the back of his little

ramshackle stage. Somehow he had rigged up lighting of some kind, these were now dimmed and on this very makeshift stage appeared figures. I stared. I stared hard and rubbed my eye, for these weren't puppets, these were living creatures, gone completely was the crudity of hacked wood daubed over with color, topped with horsehair and swaddled with bits of rag salvaged from bombed ruins. Here were living people, people each with a mind of his own, people intent on the task at hand people who moved of their own volition.

There was no music, of course, and no sound, no sound that is except for the asthmatically wheezing of the old, old man now hidden in the back. But sound was not necessary, sound of any kind would have been superfluous, the puppets were Life, every movement, every gesture was expressive, speech was unnecessary, for these motions were in the universal language of picture, pantomime.

There seemed to be an aura around these puppets, these puppets who had now become people, they seemed to take on the identity and the personality itself of that which they were at the moment representing. No matter how much I peered I could not see the strings going from the heads, these were indeed artfully hidden against the background. Before me scenes of life were being enacted with absolute fidelity to the human counterparts. I lost myself in following the actions and the motives, we watched human drama and our pulses raced in sympathy with the under-dog. This was excitement, this was real, but at last the show came to an end and I roused myself as if from a trance. I knew that a real genius was controlling those puppets, a master of masters, and then the old man came out from behind his stage and bowed. He was shaking with fatigue, his face was white with the strain and covered with a thin sheen of perspiration. He was indeed an artist, he was indeed a master, and we saw not a tattered, battered old man clad in rags, but the genius who manipulated those crude puppets and brought them to life.

As I turned away I thought of the things I had learned in Tibet, I thought of my beloved guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and how he had shown me that Man is just a puppet of his Overself. I thought also how this puppet show had been a wonderful lesson on parallel worlds.

Man is nine-tenths subconscious and one-tenth conscious. You have probably read quite a lot about it because the whole

science of psychology is devoted to the various facets and idiosyncrasies of Man's subconscious. Remembering that Man is so little 'conscious' does it not occur to you what a shocking waste of time it is for a powerful, powerful Overself, gifted with all manner of abilities and talents, pulsing with the power of a more vibrant world and of a different way of life, who comes to this world laden with troubles and obstacles, and then to function at, at most, one-tenth of its ability? Supposing you had a motor-car, oh, let us say an eight-cylinder car because there do not seem to be any ten-cylinder cars to make the allusion more exact—let us say we have an eight-cylinder car, then, just for the purpose of this illustration.

We have this eight-cylinder car, but we find that it is working on one cylinder alone, seven cylinders are not in any way contributing towards the function of the car, they are in fact holding it back even more because of the inertia. The performance is deplorable. But think of it in terms of human existence; mankind is like a ten cylinder car only one cylinder of which works, the other nine are 'subconscious'. Wasteful, isn't it?

The Overself of a human—or any other creature either, for that matter—does not waste energy; the Overself of a human has a number of tasks which must be accomplished. Supposing we have an evolved Overself who is anxious to progress to other planes of existence, one who is anxious to go up and up and up to different dimensions. In that case the Overself might devote one-tenth of its ability to dealing with the body on Earth, and the rest of its abilities might go to dealing with bodies on other planets, or other planes of existence. Or it might even be without puppet bodies on other planes of existence and be moving in what one might term, pure spirit, instead. But if the Overself is not that far evolved or has a different scheme of operations, it might do things in a different way.

Supposing our Overself is more or less of a beginner, then you can say that it is the same as a student in secondary school. The student has to attend a number of classes instead of having to learn just one subject, often this means that the student has to walk to different classes or to different centers, and that really does waste a lot of time and energy.

The Overself is in a far more satisfactory position. It is the puppet master. Upon this world which we call Earth there is a

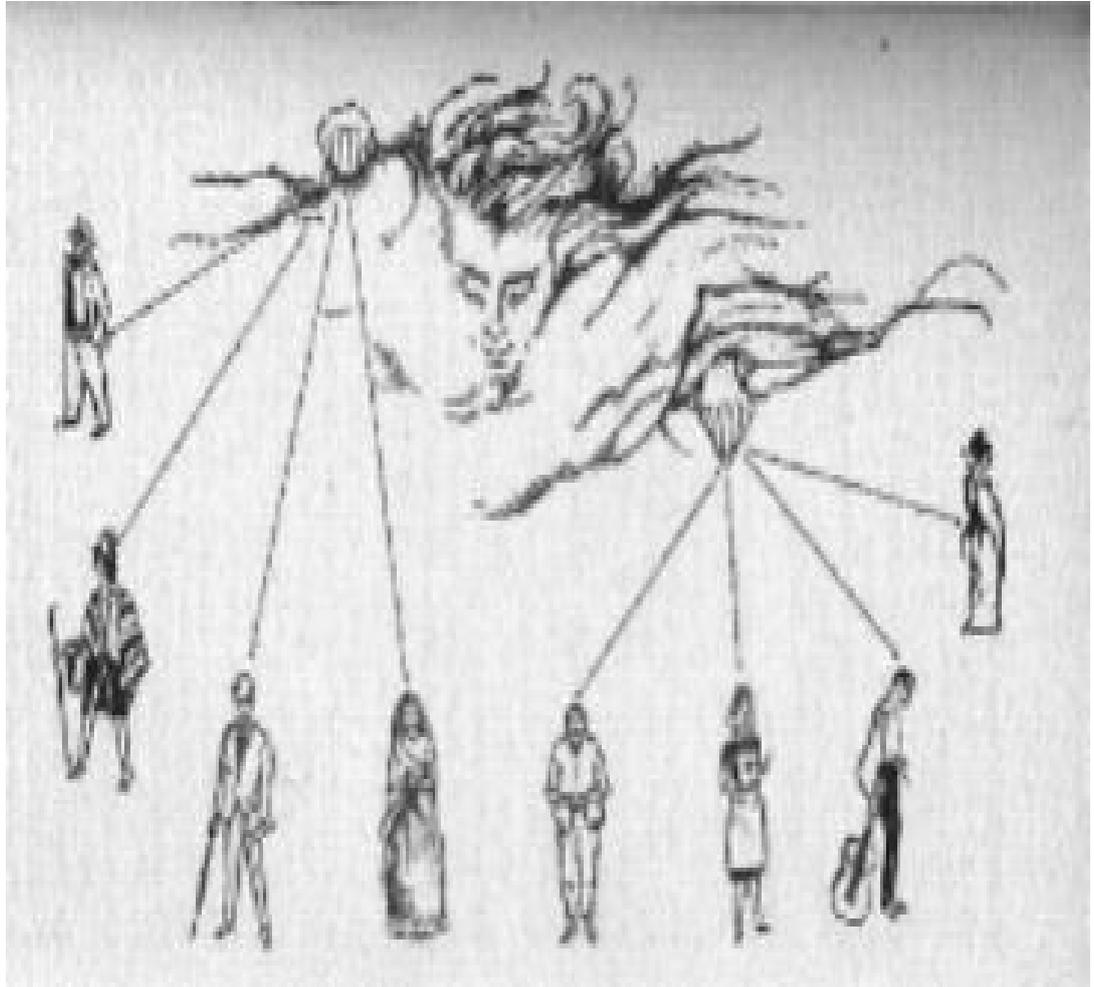
puppet which is the Earth body, and which functions with one tenth of the Overself's attention. Upon a parallel world in another dimension the Overself could have another puppet, or perhaps two or three, or more puppets, and it would then be able to manipulate these between various tasks. To go back to our student, one might say that this is like a student who can remain aloof in his private room and send his deputies to the different classrooms so that he can gain all the experience required through these different sources and 'connect them up' later.

Let us assume that the Overself is having to rush things somewhat in order to catch up with the cycle of evolution. Supposing the Overself has been a bit slow or a bit lazy, and has had various setbacks, and this Overself does not want to be left in the same class or state after the others have passed on, so he has to take, in effect, a cramming course the same as a child or older student takes extra lessons in order that he may keep up with others who are more advanced, and so remain in close touch with them.

The Overself may have a person living one life in Australia and may have yet another person doing something else in Africa. Perhaps there will be another one in South America or Canada, or England; there may be more than three, there may be five or six or seven. These people might never meet on Earth and they would still be very much in affinity with each other, they may have telepathic rapport without in any way understanding why, but then occasionally they would meet in the astral just as travelling salesmen sometimes meet in the sales manager's office.

The poor wretched Overself with seven or eight or nine puppets would really have to get a move on to manipulate them all at once and avoid 'crossing the wires'. This is one explanation of some curious dreams because frequently when two compatible puppets are asleep their Silver Cords might touch, and would produce an effect similar to those crossed telephone lines wherein you hear pieces of others' conversations but, sadly, sadly, and to one's immense regret, we miss all the most interesting bits.

But what is the purpose of all this, you might ask. Well, that's easy to answer: By having a number of puppets the Overself can have vast experience and can live ten lives in just one lifetime. The Overself can experience riches and poverty



at the same time, and so weigh them in the balance of experience. One puppet in one country could be a beggar making a miserable living, hardly existing, in fact, while in some other country the next puppet could be a prince gaining experience of how to handle men and how to shape a nation's policy. The beggar would be gaining experience of misery and suffering so that when his lifetime of experience was blended to that of the prince-puppet the Overself would know of the seamier side of life, and would know that there are at least two sides to every question.

In the normal course of events people would perhaps come as a prince and then wait for another life to come as a beggar, or the other way about, but when they are rushed for time when any given cycle of evolution is nearing its end as is the present case, then heroic methods have to be adopted in order that those who are slower may yet keep up with the rest.

We are now entering the Aquarian Age, an Age wherein much will happen to Man and Man's spirituality will increase—it is about time that it did, by the way. Man's psychic ability also will increase. Many people now living on the Earth will not be reborn to the Earth but will go on to different stages of evolution. Many of those who have not learned in this life or in this cycle of existence will be sent back like naughty schoolboys to start again in the next cycle.

If a boy is left behind by his class at school he is often dissatisfied and disgruntled that he is left behind, and he tends to play his part and to show that he knows more, is better, bigger, and all that sort of thing, and the newcomers to the class almost always dislike the boy who is left over from the previous class. It is the same in the classroom of life, a person who has been rejected as not sufficiently evolved to go on to the next stage of existence has to come back and do that cycle all over again. His subconscious memory contained in the nine-tenths of the subconscious resents it, and he tends to get ahead in one particular way.

Many people after leaving this Earth will go on to a different form of existence, ever higher, for Man always must climb higher and higher, as indeed must all creatures, and the spirit of Man being gregarious by nature, delights to be in company with loved ones. Thus it is that an Overself will make really

determined efforts and will use many puppets in order that it may keep up with its fellows.

Let us accept, then, that a parallel world is a world in a different dimension, a world which is much like Earth, but yet is in a different dimension. If you find that difficult to comprehend, supposing you could go to the other side of the world instantly, in the twinkling of an eye. Now decide for yourself—are you living in the past? That is, have you gone back to yesterday, or have you traveled to the future? According to your calendar you will find that when you cross various date-lines you travel either backwards or forwards as much as a complete day. So it is theoretically possible to move a day into the future according to your basic time, or to a day in the past. Having agreed that that is so, you should be able to agree that there are various dimensions which cannot be easily explained, which nevertheless do exist, as do parallel worlds.

It is always amazing that people can readily believe that the heart can pump ten tons of blood in an hour, or that there are 60,000 miles of capillary tubing in the body, and yet a simple thing like parallel worlds causes them to raise their eyebrows in disbelief and thereby make an astonishing amount of muscles go to work.

Our subconscious is usually quite difficult to reach, difficult to plumb. If we could easily reach our subconscious we could at all times find out what other puppets of ours were doing in other worlds, or in other parts of this world, and that would lead to very considerable confusion, alarm, and despondency. For example, think—today you have done certain things, but if you could get into your subconscious and find yourself living the life of another puppet of yours who had done the same thing last week or who intended to do it next week, it would lead to quite amazing confusion. This is one of the many reasons why it is so very difficult to tap into the subconscious.

At times things happen whereby there is an involuntary breakthrough between the conscious and the subconscious. It is a serious matter indeed, so serious that it is usually dealt with in a mental home. It leads to all sorts of psychotic conditions because the poor wretched sufferer is unable to determine which is the body in which he is supposed to reside.

Have you heard of the book *The Three Faces of Eve*? A woman was possessed by three different entities. The whole thing has been written about by quite a number of reputable

doctors and specialists who presumably know what they are writing about.

Have you read the story of Bridie Murphy? That is a similar case. Again a person was possessed by another entity, or in other words, there was a breakthrough in the subconscious from one puppet to another.

Then we have the matter of Joan of Arc; Joan believed that she was a great leader, that she had messages from higher sources. Joan of Arc, a very simple, uneducated country girl, turned into a warrior and a leader of warriors because the Silver Cords between two puppets became tangled and Joan received impulses designed for a man in a different body. For a time she acted as that man, as that leader of men, as that great warrior, and then when the lines were untangled her powers failed and she was once again the simple country girl who had to pay a penalty for temporary, and mistaken, fame; she was burned to death.

In the case of the victim of *The Three Faces of Eve* a multiple breakthrough, or breakdown, occurred and the poor woman was placed in unwilling contact with other puppets controlled by the same Overself. These other puppets were in a similar condition, they also suffered this breakthrough and as a result there was complete chaos. It is the same when you get two or three puppets and you are careless or inexperienced or let your attention wander, the cords become entangled, you pull a string which should control Puppet A, but because of the tangle you might cause Puppet B to kick and Puppet C to nod its head. In the same way, when you get a breakthrough between the conscious and the subconscious, an uncontrolled breakthrough, that is, then you get interference from and with others who are being controlled by the same Overself.

Bridie Murphy? Yes, that also is true, that was a breakthrough into the subconscious and again a tangling of cords and a transference of impressions.

Joan of Arc, as we have seen, was a simple country girl without education of any kind. She spent long periods alone in contemplation, and in one such period she quite accidentally broke through to the subconscious. Probably she did a special breathing exercise without even knowing it, because all this can be done deliberately and under full control. Anyway, she broke through to the subconscious, crossed strings with another puppet, and really got into a mess. She had all the impulses of

a warrior, and she became a warrior, she wore armor and rode a horse. But what happened to the poor fellow who was intended to become a leader, did he develop womanly traits? Well, if we speculate on that we can lead ourselves to all sorts of unfortunate conclusions. But—Joan of Arc became a leader of men, a warrior hearing voices from the sky. OF COURSE SHE DID! She was picking up impressions from the Silver Cord which, after all, is only our puppet string. Think of that, our puppet string. We have a Silver Cord that is also mentioned in the Bible where, as you may remember, in the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes it is said, ‘Or ever the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken or the pitcher be broken at the fountain or the wheel broken at the cistern.’

People write about time and relativity, parallel worlds and all that, they use such big words that even they do not understand what they mean. But possibly you have got the general idea from this chapter. Remember, all this is true, all this is absolute fact and one day in the not too distant future science will break down a few barriers and a few prejudices, and will realize the truth of—parallel worlds.

## CHAPTER THREE

### MANY MORE MANSIONS

'You ruined my radio!' yelled the hatchet-faced woman as she tore into the little shop. 'You sold me batteries which RUINED EVERYTHING!' She continued in a shriek as she rushed up to the counter and thrust a small transistor radio into the startled hands of the young man who was staring apprehensively from the other side. The customer whose place had been so suddenly usurped by the belligerent woman sidled cautiously away and, reaching the door unharmed, dashed into the street.

From the back room the Manager appeared, nervously washing his hands with invisible soap and water. 'Can I help you, Madam' he enquired, gazing with some alarm at the large, red-faced woman.

'HELP ME?' she shouted. 'You ruined my radio with your bad batteries. IT WONT WORK. I want a new radio,' she replied, her voice rising to a hoarse bellow as she thought of all her 'troubles'. The young Assistant behind the counter feebly fumbled with the set, at loss to know what to do. At last he took a coin out of his pocket and gave a half-turn to two screws at the back of the radio. Removing the cover of the battery box, he slowly removed the four batteries.

'I will test them,' he said as he moved to the end of the counter and reached for two leads. 'There!' he exclaimed, as each cell indicated one and a half volts. 'They are GOOD!' Gathering them up, he carefully placed them back into the radio, turned the screws in the opposite direction, then turned over the set. With a flick of his thumb he rotated the switch—and the latest Beatle music blared forth.

The hatchet-faced woman stared at the Assistant, her mouth dropping open with surprise. 'Well! It didn't work for ME' she asserted. 'You must have changed the batteries,' she added, truculently.

The Manager and the Assistant looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders with exasperation. 'Madam!' softly said the former. 'Are you SURE you put the batteries in correctly?'

‘Correctly? Correctly? What do you mean?’ the woman asked, her face becoming purple with anger. ‘ANYONE Can put batteries in a radio. OF COURSE I put them in correctly.’

The Manager smiled as he said, ‘There is one correct way and one incorrect way. If you put them in with the polarity reversed they will not work.’

‘Rubbish!’ said the woman haughtily. ‘They should work in any position—any position at all. I plug in my TV and I do not have to wonder which way the plug should go. You are making excuses, just like all you men do!’ she sniffed expressively, and turned to pick up the radio which was still playing its raucous tune.

‘Just a moment, Madam!’ exclaimed the Manager. ‘I will SHOW you, or we shall have the same trouble again.’ Reaching past her, he took the radio and quickly removed the battery-box cover. Pulling out the batteries, he reinserted them in the wrong way and switched on the set, no sound, no whisper at all. Turning the batteries once again, he passed the now-playing set to the woman. ‘Try it yourself,’ he said with a smile.

‘Well I never. Well I never did!’ said the woman in a subdued tone of voice. Then—triumphantly pointing at the Assistant. ‘Well, HE should have told me. How was I to know?’

The Manager reached for a battery on a shelf. ‘Look, Madam,’ he said. ‘All batteries have polarity, one end is positive and the other end is negative. To make a battery work in a set at all it MUST be inserted with the correct polarity. Your TV is different, it takes alternating current which is changed inside the TV itself. EVERYTHING, batteries and magnets, and many other things, have polarity. Even men and women are of different polarity.’

‘Yes!’ sniggered the woman with a leer. ‘We all know what happens when THEY get together!’

The telephone burred insistently; ‘burr, burrr, burrr’ it went. At the other end of the garage the man in the grey overalls sighed in exasperation. Snatching up a piece of cotton waste he wiped his oily hands as he hurried to the still-burring telephone. ‘Steve’s Garage, Sales and Service,’ he announced as he picked the instrument from its cradle.

‘Oh!’ exclaimed a feminine voice at the other end. ‘I thought you would never answer.’

‘Sorry, Madam,’ said the garage man. ‘I was busy with another customer.’

‘Well,’ replied the woman. ‘This is Mrs. Ellis of The Ferns. My car won’t start and I have to go to town very urgently.’

The garage man sighed anew, always WOMEN had trouble starting their cars, still, he thought, that was what brought in the rent money. ‘Have you tried the starter?’ he enquired.

‘Of course I have,’ the woman said indignantly. ‘I pressed and pressed and nothing happened, the thing does not go round at all. Will you come over?’ she asked anxiously.

The garage man thought for a moment, the woman’s husband was a good customer and—yes—he would have to go. ‘Yes, Mrs. Ellis,’ he said. ‘I will be over within thirty minutes.’

Just at that moment his assistant mechanic drove in from the town where he had gone for some spares. Steve hurried out to the truck. ‘Put on the spare battery and the jumper cables, will you, Jim?’ he said hurriedly. ‘I have to go to see the Ellis car and I must wash up a bit first.’ Hastily he went into the washroom and removed the dirt and grease, and peeled off his soiled overalls. Brushing back his hair, he strode out to the pick-up truck. ‘Leaving you in charge, Jim,’ he called to his assistant as he drove off down the road towards the suburbs.

The ten-minute drive to the Ellis house took him through a newly developed district, and he looked wistfully at all the new houses, thinking of all the potential business there was. But people just got into their big new cars and rushed away to the city to spend their money. Only the ones with old cars, or those whose cars would not start, shopped locally, he mused. Otherwise they all flocked to Flash Pete, or Honest Trader Joe, bedazzled by the gleam of chromium window frames and fluttering bunting

As he drew up to the Ellis driveway, he saw the slim Mrs. Ellis hopping from foot to foot in her impatience. Seeing the pick-up truck, she hurried down the sloping driveway. ‘Oh!’ she exclaimed. ‘I thought you were NEVER coming!’

‘I’ve only been twenty minutes, Madam’ responded Steve mildly. ‘Now, what is the trouble?’

‘That’s for you to find out!’ said Mrs. Ellis tartly, as she turned and led the way to her two-car garage.

Steve glanced around, noting the spare tires carefully fixed to the wall and the five-gallon drum of oil with the patent tap,

and the new, gleaming battery charger still plugged into the outlet and with its warning light still glowing. ‘Hmnn!’ he thought. ‘THAT should rule out any battery trouble.’

Stepping over to the nearly new car, he opened the door and slid into the driver's seat. Looking about him, trying the clutch, and making sure the car was out of gear, he pressed the starter button. Nothing, no sign of life. No red light to indicate that the ignition was on, either. Getting out and lifting the bonnet, he saw that the engine was clean, with all ignition wires new. Testing the connections to the battery, he found them tight and clean. For a moment he stood puzzled and undecided. ‘Oh! Do be quick, I'm late already, I MUST insist that you do SOMETHING, or I shall have to call someone else to start it.’ Mrs. Ellis was really agitated. ‘This is so stupid,’ she said. ‘My husband bought a battery charger yesterday so that our cars would start easily in the coldest weather, and now mine won't start at all!’

Steve hurried to his pick-up truck and returned with tools and a battery tester. Placing the leads across the battery terminals he discovered that the battery was completely DEAD.

‘Oh, nonsense!’ exclaimed Mrs. Ellis as he pointed it out. Going over to the battery charger, Steve looked at it and found to his astonishment that the leads were unmarked, neither bore POSITIVE and neither bore NEGATIVE. ‘How do you know which is which?’ he asked.

Mrs. Ellis looked blank. ‘Does it matter?’ she asked.

Steve sighed, and explained. ‘All batteries have a positive side and a negative side, and if you connect a charger wrongly you will discharge your battery instead of CHARGE it. So now your battery is flat and you cannot start.’

Mrs. Ellis let out a wail of annoyance. ‘I TOLD my husband not to pull off those labels,’ she exclaimed. ‘Now what shall I do?’

Steve was removing the terminals and battery clamps as he spoke. ‘Ten minutes and you will be ready to leave,’ he said. ‘I brought a spare battery to lend you while I charge yours properly.’

Mrs. Ellis, all smiles now, asked, ‘Why does there have to be a positive thing as well as a negative?’

‘There just has to be in order to have an energy flow,’ answered Steve. ‘EVERYTHING has its opposite counterpart

SOMEWHERE. Men have women as their opposite, light has darkness in fact,' he continued with a laugh, 'I expect that SOMEWHERE there is a world with the opposite polarity to that of this Earth!' Getting into the car again, he pressed the starter and the engine roared into life.

'I must hurry,' shouted Mrs. Ellis, 'or my "opposite pole" will be angry if I am late meeting him for lunch.' Releasing the brake, she shot away, leaving Steve to put the dead battery on his pick-up truck.

Shaking his head in resignation, he muttered, 'WOMEN . . . ! But I wonder if there really COULD be another world of anti-matter, that was a queer tale I heard down at the Rose and Dragon the other night. I wonder . . . !'

. . . . .

The river flowed on, swirling and gurgling around the stone piers of the Peace Bridge at Fort Erie, swinging around the bend to wash the banks of the Niagara Parkway. With undulating ripples it made the moored pleasure-boats toss and bob against their snubbing posts. Along the sandy beach at Grand Island it swept with a chuckling hiss as it rolled little stones with languid grace. Welcoming the Chippawa River to its bosom it flowed on, surging with increased force as every little river, stream, and spring added to the volume.

Farther on, the spray of the Niagara Falls sprang hundreds of feet into the air, to hang poised for a moment, then fall back to add to the torrent. Coloured beams of light played in ever-changing patterns upon the leaping waters and made multi-hued rainbows in the spray above. At the water-control station above the Falls the water divided at the whim of a man's hand, countless gallons going over the Falls for the delectation of tourists, and thousands of gallons swirling sharply left to enter a vast man-made tunnel and swoosh with ever-increasing force five miles downhill to the Sir Adam Beek Generating Station.

The mighty, power of the harnessed waters closed in and swept with irresistible force against turbine blades, turning them with incredible speed, and rotating the coupled generators so that stupendous amounts of electricity were generated.

Across Ontario power-lines hummed as the current flowed to meet the needs of civilization. From Canada great grids of wires spread across the United States to New York City, bringing Canadian electricity to American homes and in-

dustries. Billions of lights spread their comfort and assurance. In busy hotels elevators whooshed along, taking guests to their rooms. In hospitals of two countries doctors and surgeons performed their tasks by the light of Canadian-generated electricity. Radios blared, and the flickering shadows called 'television' swayed and jumped behind their glass screens.

Droning across the well-lit land came aircraft from all over the inhabited globe. From England, Australia, Japan, South America, and from all the exotic names of the Travel Agency advertisements they came, converging in orderly layers to the great airports of New York State. Controllers in countless towers talked to the airmen, directing, guiding. Runway lights made the scene bright as day. Beacons threw great shafts of light into the sky, to be seen many many miles away by those still in the enshrouding darkness high above the ocean, still beyond sight of land.

Electric trains roared and thrummed below the ground, and clattered noisily across viaducts and bridges on the surface. In the docks great ships with commerce from the whole world rode at their moorings as swarms of ant-like humans engaged in frenzied activity to unload and load anew. Floodlights reversed the hours and turned the darkness of night into the brightness of day.

Away at the generating station the waters rushed endlessly by, turning, turning, that electricity should flow across two lands. Generating 'positive' and 'negative' so that the ceaseless struggle for one to reach the other would cause energy to flow, work to be done, and the comfort of Man assured. But somewhere—somewhere a little fault occurred. A short circuit took place. And what is a short circuit but a sudden coming together of positive and negative? They came together on a small scale at first, then, like surging football crowds, more and more positive electrons rushed to jump across to more and more negative electrons.

Relays became hot. The heat increased and points were welded together by the heat. Insulated cables grew hot, grew red hot, and threw off goutts of burning rubber. Motors roared and whined in an agony of excess power, then died and whirred into silence. Across two lands the lights went out. Elevators ceased to move, stranding passengers, and causing distress and fear. Beneath the ground the trains juddered to a screeching standstill as the current failed. Joy of joys—the

shouting radios and the flickering television sets were silenced and extinguished. The presses came to rest in a tangle of torn paper and cursing men.

And all because 'positive' electricity wanted to meet 'negative' electricity suddenly, violently, without being tamed and controlled by first having to work. For when opposites meet, uncontrolled, ANYTHING Can happen . . . and DOES!

. . . . .

For centuries past the Adepts of the far, far East have known that there was an opposite world to this, the world which in the far, far East is referred to as 'the Black Twin'. For years Western scientists have scoffed at such things, believing in their ignorance that only things discovered by Western scientists could exist, but now, fairly recently, a man has been awarded the Nobel Prize for discovering various things connected with the world of anti-matter.

In 1927 a British physicist discovered that there was such a thing as a world of anti-matter, but he doubted his own work, apparently not having sufficient faith in his own ability. But then an American physicist by the name of Carl Anderson photographed cosmic rays passing through a special chamber. He found traces of an electron different from other electrons, he found, in fact, that there were anti-electrons, and for his discovery, which was anticipated by the British in 1927, Anderson received the Nobel Prize. Possibly if the British physicist had had sufficient confidence in his work he would have had the prize instead.

It is now clear even to scientists—it has been clear to people of the East centuries before—that a hydrogen atom and its anti-matter counterpart could make an explosion which by comparison would make the standard atom bomb as ineffectual as a damp squib. But let us look into this matter a little more. All life, all existence is motion, flow, rise and fall, wax and wane. Even sight consists of motion, for the rods and cones of the eye merely respond to vibrations (motion) from the article which we say we have seen. So there is nothing whatever that is stationary. Take a mountain—it looks a solid structure, but by different sight the mountain is merely a mass of molecules dancing up and down, circling around each other like midges on a summer night. On a larger scale we could compare it to the cosmos, because in the cosmos there are planets, worlds

meteors, all circling around, all in constant motion, nothing is still, one is not even still in death!

In the same way that a battery must have a negative pole and a positive pole before any flow of energy can occur, so do humans, and anything else that exists, have negative and positive components. Nothing has ever existed which is all positive or all negative, because unless there is a difference there cannot be any flow of energy from one to the other, and thus life or existence would be impossible.

Most people are unaware of the world of anti-matter just as the negative or positive poles of a battery would not be aware of the existence of other poles. The positive terminal of a battery could have a direct pull towards the negative, or vice versa, but it is highly improbable that either pole could discuss the existence of the other.

There is the world of matter, but equal and opposite, there is a world of anti-matter, just as there is God and there is anti-God. Unless we have an anti-God there is no way of comparing the goodness of God, and unless we have a God there is no way of comparing the badness of anti-God. We who live upon this, which actually is the negative world or pole, are at present controlled by anti-God, the Devil, or Satan, or what we term 'the power of evil'. But soon the cycle of existence will change and we shall be controlled by God, more under His beneficent influence. We are of an alternating current system which changes from positive to negative, and negative to positive, just as our counterpart changes from negative to positive and positive to negative.

All life is flow, movement, vibration, oscillation, change. All existence is flow and change. If we examine the alternating current system we can see that each half wave consists of a negative cycle becoming half positive, and a half positive cycle becoming half negative. But then they go on and instead of becoming half negative the first becomes wholly negative, and the second wholly positive. In our ordinary household current, in England for example, the current changes its polarity fifty times a second, from negative to positive and positive to negative. In other parts of the world, such as Canada and the United States, the frequency of change is sixty times a second. We upon this form of existence known as the world, the solar system, and the universe, have a cycle system of our own. Here we travel along the stream of time just as electrons travel

along the electric stream, we travel along our conception of time until we reach—or our Overself reaches—some much greater existence. If you will refer to *Wisdom of the Ancients* written by me, you will find that one different time cycle is 72,000 years.

But everyone and everything on Earth has a counterpart of the opposite polarity on another Earth, in another galaxy, in another system of time altogether. Obviously that system cannot be close to us or there would be such a tremendous explosion that the whole Earth, and many other worlds as well, would be destroyed.

It is now thought that the great earth-shaking explosion which occurred on June 30th, 1908, in the wastes of Siberia was caused by a piece of anti-matter much smaller than a football which had somehow got into our atmosphere. It traveled along at truly tremendous speed, and as it slammed into the Earth this piece of anti-matter, much smaller than a football, exploded with a noise which was heard more than 500 miles away. People 40 miles away were thrown off their feet with the blast and shock. So if a larger piece of anti-matter came there would be no longer an Earth; in just the same way as a spark can weld contacts together and so cause a short and complete failure of an electric system, so would a larger piece of anti-matter have caused complete failure to us.

We, then, in our present cycle and on our present world, are of the negative cycle. Thus we have frustration, bitterness, where the predominant force is evil. Take heart from the fact that this particular cycle is coming to a close, and in the years to come a fresh cycle will start in which conditions will become more and more positive, where we shall no longer be under the domination of anti-God, where no longer shall there be wars, but where all shall be good; for just as now we have wars against each other, in the cycle to come the only wars shall be against poverty and illness, and against evil itself. We will find that we have what can be termed 'Heaven on Earth,' and Overselves everywhere will be sending their puppets to what then shall be the positive world as well as to the negative world

Suppose you consider *Alice in Wonderland*: think of Alice going through the mirror into a world where everything was reversed. Supposing that you could suddenly pass through the veil separating the negative and positive, supposing that here

on this world you were wondering how you could pay your bills, wondering how you were going to afford to keep going, and wondering why your neighbor disliked you so much. Then, unexpectedly you were pushed through the veil. You would find you had no bills, people were kind, you had time to help other people instead of thinking about yourself all the time. It is going to come, inevitably, it always comes, and each time there is a reversal of cycle we learn a little more.

It is an interesting thought that if we could catch a lump of anti-matter about the size of a pea, and we could shield it somehow from the Earth's influence, we could harness it to a vast spaceship, and then by exposing just a little to the Earth's influence that particle, no larger than a pea, would propel the spaceship upwards beyond this world, and out into deep, deep space. There would then be no need for rockets or other forms of propulsion, because that small piece of anti-matter, under proper control, would provide complete anti-gravity matter.

Again, there cannot be good without evil because no force would exist. You cannot have a magnet which is all positive or all negative because no force would exist. The magnet would not exist either! Let us imagine that the world is just a form of magnet with magnetic fields which radiate from the Arctic and the Antarctic, but connected to us by some bridge that we cannot see is another world of the opposite polarity. Then we would have the two poles of, for instance, a horseshoe magnet. Many scientists are wondering if anti-matter means that every single thing is duplicated on this other world. They wonder, for instance, if there are anti-people, anti-cats, and anti-dogs. Scientists do not know what these people are like because scientists are people of little or no imagination, they have to have a thing in their hands so that they can dissect it or weigh it. It takes an occultist to give information on this particular subject, because the competent occultist can leave the body and get out of the body, and out of the Earth as well, and once out of the Earth he can see what this other world is like—as I have done so very, very frequently.

Anti-people are merely people whose etheric direction is different from that of people on this, the world of Earth. They may, purely by way of illustration, have a yellowish and blue shell to the aura instead of a blue and yellow shell as here. If you find it difficult to visualize the world of anti-matter, consider in photography—we have a negative and we have a posi-

tive, and if we shine a light through the negative under sensitised paper and dip the stuff in various chemicals we get a dark patch where there was a light patch on the negative, and a light patch where there was a dark patch on the negative.

There are certain unknown flying objects—let us call them ‘flying saucers’—which come to this Earth actually from the world of anti-matter. They cannot come too close or they would explode, but they are exploring just the same as we send a rocket to the Moon, or to Mars, or to Venus.

People complain that if there was anything in this flying saucer business the people aboard would land or would make contact with people upon this Earth. The whole truth of the matter is that they cannot, because if they touch down there is an explosion and no longer a flying saucer. If you will consider various reports you will remember that there have been incidents when some unknown flying object, which was very clearly seen on radar, suddenly exploded most violently as it came within 1,000 feet or so of the surface of this world, exploded so violently that no trace could be found. The same thing could happen if we could send a rocket to the world of anti-matter. We should annoy the inhabitants considerably by perhaps blowing a city right off their map!

There are other aspects of this world of anti-matter which are exceedingly interesting to those who have studied the matter thoroughly. For example, there are certain locations—fortunately but few—on this world of ours where people can ‘slip through’ into another dimension, or into the world of anti-matter. People move to such a location which oscillates slightly, and if they are unlucky they are transferred completely from our Earth. This is not imagination, but is a matter which has been proved time and time again.

Far away beyond the Shetland Islands in a very cold sea there is a mysterious island called Ultima Thule, the Last Land. Most mysterious happenings have occurred in the vicinity of that island and actually upon it. There is, for instance, a British Admiralty report of many years ago wherein it is stated that a party of British seamen landed on Ultima Thule, and there most peculiar things happened to them, and people appeared, people who were quite different from British sailors. Eventually the British sailors returned to their ship, a British battleship, by the way, considerably shaken by their unnerving experiences. At Ultima Thule whole ships' crews have dis-

appeared never to be seen again.

There is off the American coast a place which has been known as the Triangle of Death. It is an area in the Atlantic Ocean where ships, and even fast flying aircraft, have disappeared. Would you like to check on some of this?

Here is a start: On February 2nd, 1963, a tanker called *Marine Sulphur Queen* left Beaumont in the State of Texas. This ship was bound for Norfolk in Virginia.

The ship left on February 2nd, and was in routine radio communication with land radio stations until February 4th, when she was stated to be near a certain area of land in the Gulf of Mexico. Then no more was heard of the ship.

On February 6th the ship was presumed lost. Planes took off to patrol the area, coastguard cutters steamed criss-cross patterns, and all ships in the area were asked to report any unusual wreckage. And so the search continued until February 14th, without any trace whatever of anything from the tanker.

Not only ships have been lost; in August 1963 two large four-engine tanker planes left an Air Force base South of Miami. The eleven men aboard the planes were to be engaged in ordinary refueling operations—just an ordinary matter of training in refueling.

During the flight the planes radioed their position as 800 miles North of Miami and 300 miles West of Bermuda, but that was the last heard from them, they reported their position and vanished to be seen no more.

These were new planes with highly trained crews. There was no fault in the planes at all, they had just radioed their position, and then they vanished.

Imagine the search which followed; aircraft went out and literally combed the area, some flying high so that they could see over the widest possible part of the sea, others flying low in the hope of spotting something of the two planes. Ships moved across and took up the search, but nothing whatever was ever found, no planes, no wreckage, no bodies—nothing.

Throughout years there have been reports of the mysterious disappearance of ships-ships lost without trace, lost without even a matchstick of wreckage to show that they existed. But never have there been the facilities for quick search by fast radar-equipped aircraft as at present, and no matter how one searches, no matter the means one employs, there is still no trace of what happened.

There is an area in the Atlantic on the Bermuda/Florida coastline where many ships have disappeared, and many aircraft, too, have disappeared. This is not a lonely area because the whole of the coastline is patrolled by coastguards, by the Navy, and by the Air Force. The list of disappearances goes back to the first part of recorded history.

Many years ago I became acquainted with a most mysterious area in the Pacific, South of Japan. Here there was a region known as the Devil's Sea where a ship, usually a junk, could sail along its peaceful way and then completely vanish before the startled eyes of people in other junks near by. On one occasion a line of fishing junks were sailing out over the Devil's Sea, the leading junk was perhaps a mile away from the next. It sailed on, and suddenly vanished without the slightest trace. The helmsman in the second junk was so paralysed with fright that he had no time or thought to alter course, and his junk sailed on over the course of the other and nothing happened to it. All the crews later reported a curious shimmer in the air above them, and a sensation which they said was oppressive and heavy like that often occurring before a very strong tornado.

Here is something that the skeptical among you could check; on December 5th, 1945, five torpedo-bombers took off from the naval station at Fort Lauderdale in the State of Florida. It was a peaceful, sunny day, without clouds, the water was placid, there were no storms, nothing at all to give one thought that a great mystery was about to occur.

These five bombers were going out on an absolutely routine flight during which time they should be within visual sight of the American coastline or some of the Caribbean Islands. At no time, considering the height at which they would fly, should they be out of sight of land. Every bomber had been carefully checked and every fuel tank was completely full. Every engine was at its best condition, as was certified by the pilots who had to sign examination sheets before taking off. Further, every plane had a self-inflating life-raft, and each man wore his own life-jacket, life-jackets which would keep a man afloat for days. The crew numbered fourteen, and every man had more than a year's experience of flying.

Presumably they all thought they were going for an ordinary pleasurable flight up into the blue sky, watching the jewels of islands which were the Caribbean Islands, and watching the



long, long coastline of Florida. Perhaps, too, some of them hoped to get another look down at the Everglades. But they took off carrying out their ordinary routine patrol, they were going to fly East for 160 miles and North for 40 miles, after which they would head back to the air station which they would reach two hours after take-off.

Sometime after take-off—about an hour and a half—a message was received at the Fort Lauderdale station, and it was a strange message indeed, it was a message of emergency. The leader of the flight was agitated, even frightened; he said they all seemed to be off course, and he said also that they could not see land. This was such a strange occurrence that he found it necessary to repeat it. ‘Repeat, we cannot see land.’

As is usual in such a case the radio operator on duty at the air station sent a message to the flight of planes asking what was their position. The reply completely shattered the composure of the men in the airport control towers. The reply, ‘We are not sure of our position, we do not know where we are.’ Yet they were flying in ideal conditions, every man was completely experienced and their aircraft were excellent. But then a further message was received, a highly alarmed voice called through the speakers, We don't know which way is West, said the voice. ‘Everything is wrong, everything is strange, we can not be sure of any direction, even the sea doesn't look as it should.’

Can you imagine an experienced man accompanied by thirteen other men being able to say the compass did not indicate correctly, they did not know where they were, they could not see land and even the sea looked different? And yet, also, the sun which was shining on the air station was invisible to the fourteen men flying in a cloudless sky, they could not see the sun and the sea looked different.

At about 4:30 p.m. of that same day another flight leader spoke by radio, and said that he did not know where they were. It continued, ‘It looks as if we are—’ And then the message ended, no further contact was ever made, no trace was ever found of these fourteen men, nor of the planes in which they flew, no wreckage, nothing.

Within minutes one of the American Navy's largest flying-boats, with complete equipment for survival and rescue, roared off the water carrying a crew of thirteen men. The flying-boat, nearly 80 feet long and with a wing span of 125 feet, was built

to withstand the roughest landings at sea. One would have called such a flying-boat invincible and invulnerable.

During the flying-boat's journey out to the imagined position of the torpedo-bombers it sent out routine reports, but after twenty minutes all radio contact stopped and nothing whatever was ever heard again about the torpedo-bombers nor about the huge, specially equipped, specially manned flying-boat which had gone to their rescue.

The coastguard, the Navy, the Air Force—everyone—went out in a hurried search for wreckage, for men floating in life-jackets or in self-inflating life-boats, but nothing was ever found.

An aircraft carrier moved into the area and thirty planes took off at first light to search the whole area. The R.A.F. who happened to be nearby sent every one of their available planes into the air to search. But, again, never has there been the slightest piece of wreckage, and it is clear that all these planes just disappeared.

Disappeared? Yes, they went through a 'hole in time' into the world of anti-matter, just as throughout the ages ships and men and women, and animals too, have vanished without trace.

These incidents are not just isolated incidents that happened recently, they have happened throughout history, and if one digs deep enough one can find various highly interesting accounts of sudden disappearances. There is, for example, a well-documented case of a boy who went out of his father's farmhouse one evening. He was going to get water from the well, there was snow upon the ground, just a few inches of it, and the boy was anxious to get back to the fire, so he started out with a pail in each hand. His parents and some visiting friends sat by the side of the fire and waited for him because they wanted the water with which to make tea.

After a time the mother got restless and wondered whatever was keeping the boy. But knowing how boys dawdle she was not alarmed until almost an hour had passed. Then some strange feeling came over them and they took lanterns and went out in search of the boy, thinking that perhaps he had fallen into the well.

With their lanterns before them shedding light upon the snow they could follow his footsteps half-way across the field. Then, the father in the lead stopped with such horrified

astonishment that those following bumped into him, He moved aside and pointed dumbly. The others looked in the snow, and there they found clear imprints of the boy's footsteps and then no imprints any more. The boy had vanished as if he had suddenly been drawn straight up into the air.

This is fact; the footsteps went in a straight line, and then they were no more. The boy has not been seen since.

There was another case of a man in full daylight. He went out into a field watched by his wife and the local sheriff (in the United States). He was going to get something for the sheriff from the field, and in view of these people he just vanished into thin air and was never seen again!

Do you have access to *Reynolds' News*? If you do you might like to consult the issue of August 14th, 1938. If you turn over those by now yellowed pages you will find the tale of an R.A.F. flying-boat that suddenly disappeared in an immense column of water and smoke while flying just a few feet above the surface of the sea off Felixstowe, England. There was no collision, no impact, but the plane just vanished and no trace of it has been found.

Here is another one: In the year 1952 in the month of March Wing-Commander Baldwin of the R.A.F. was flying with a patrol of planes along the Korean coast. He and his companions were all flying new jet planes. He flew into a cloud, his companions did not. They returned to base eventually but Commander Baldwin did not, there was no trace of him and no trace of his plane, and none of his companions could say what happened to him.

There are many, many such cases. For example, in 1947 an American Super-Fortress just disappeared without any trace and without any wreckage. It was flying in that triangle near Bermuda. This Super-Fortress, a very large plane, just vanished, and although a really intensive search was mounted no trace was found.

Do you remember the case of the British South American Airways plane, *Star Tiger*? The year was 1948, the month was January, well, almost February because it was January 30th. But this great plane, a four-engine affair, radioed the airport at Kindleyfield, Bermuda, that it was approximately 400 miles from the island. The radio operator stated that the weather was excellent and the plane was performing exactly as it should. The radio operator added that they expected to

arrive on schedule. Well, they did not; the six members of the crew and two dozen passengers disappeared, and again, in spite of a most thorough search, nothing was ever found. About fifty planes of various types flew low over the area, but—nothing was found. In London there was an investigation based on all available evidence. These things are thoroughly investigated because of the insurance at Lloyds of London, but the only verdict the investigators could bring in was ‘Lost, cause unknown’.

Do you want another? December 1948—a big airliner going from San Juan airport towards Florida. There were more than thirty passengers, and when the radio operator got in touch with his station he said that everything was going well and the passengers were all singing.

At 4:15 a.m. the radio operator contacted Miami control tower stating that they were 50 miles out and were in sight of the field. He asked for landing instructions.

The plane vanished, the passengers, everything vanished without trace, and no trace has ever been found. Again there was no wreckage. The investigators confirmed that the Captain and crew were highly experienced and yet—less than 50 miles from their destination a great plane vanished without the slightest trace.

Just one more—we have to mention this one because it is a sister of the *Star Tiger*, but this later one was called the *Ariel*. Again it got in touch with Bermuda and then passed on *en route* to Kingston, Jamaica. But at 8:25 there was a message which stated that the plane was 175 miles from Bermuda. The operator confirmed that everything was well and he was changing to the radio station at Kingston, but that was the last heard, the plane vanished without trace.

The United States Navy were in the vicinity of Bermuda, carrying out maneuvers. The United States Navy and the Air Force, too, had had enough of these mysteries, so they bent every possible effort to solving the mystery. Two immense aircraft carriers put every one of their planes in the air, in addition there were light cruisers and destroyers, together with mine-sweepers and all manner of pinnaces. Yet although every square foot of water was covered, no trace was found, nothing at all.

The explanation is that there is a ‘split in time’ through which infrequently people go from one world to another. If

you imagine two large footballs rotating close together, and each football has a small split in it, you can see that if for some reason the two split-areas came into close proximity an unhappy little flea on one football could just jump straight into the split of the other football. Perhaps there is a similar state of affairs between this world and the opposite world.

If you find that difficult to understand, remember this; here we are in a three-dimensional world. We imagine that in our little box-like rooms we are quite safe and nothing can touch us, but supposing a four-dimensional person looked down at us, then possibly for him a ceiling or a wall would not exist and so he could reach down and pick us up.

It might be a good idea if we have a chapter devoted to dimensions, the fourth dimension, for example. What do you think? Shall we do it? The fourth dimension is a very useful thing if we understand it properly.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### MANY DIMENSIONS TOO!

IT seems rather appropriate to deal with the fourth dimension in the fourth chapter because when we leave this Earth we all go into the fourth dimension! Let us add an interesting point here; people who attend seances are often upset at the garbled messages they receive from those who have 'passed over'. They do not understand that the person who has left this Earth or another plane of existence is what we might term thousands of light years in the future. You will find an interesting parallel later in this chapter when we deal with the Hindu king and his daughter, but first what is a one-dimensional world? We cannot understand what four dimensions are unless we understand what one is. Suppose we have a piece of paper and a pencil; let us draw on the paper a straight line, and let us imagine that all the carbon from the pencil represents people so that in effect the straight line is a whole universe. There will be only two points for the people, one is straight ahead and the other is straight behind, they will be able to move backwards or forwards, and in no other way at all. Supposing that you could make a change in that line, then the one-dimensional people would think that a miracle had occurred, or if they saw the point of your pencil just lightly pressing on the paper they would think that a flying saucer had suddenly appeared.

You, as a three-dimensional creature, will have temporarily entered a one-dimensional world to rest the point of your pencil on the paper, and the one-dimensional being who saw that pencil point will be sure that a most unusual happening has occurred. Being one-dimensional he would not be able to see you but only that point of the pencil in contact with the paper.

Having some idea of what a one-dimensional world is, let us have a look at a two-dimensional world. This will be a flat plane and the people who live upon such a world will necessarily be flat geometrical figures. The world in which they exist will be to them much the same as our world except that if

you draw pencil lines around them they will become aware of these as great walls preventing them from going beyond those encompassing lines, and they will probably decide that the lines they encounter must exist somewhere else, they will think of the third dimension in much the same way as we think of the fourth dimension; in much the same way as we sometimes have difficulty comprehending the fourth dimension, so will these two-dimensional people have the greatest difficulty in comprehending that third dimension which to us is so commonplace. In fact, if anything does stir their consciousness about a third dimension, and if they are foolish enough to talk to anyone else about it, they would be put away as lunatics and regarded as liars, phonies, hoaxes, or similar.

A two-dimensional being senses lines, they cannot be perceived by this person because, being a two-dimensional person, he will not be able to look from above.

If only scientists were not so difficult! If only scientists would put aside all their preconceived notions and enter a research with an absolutely unbiased outlook. We have to face the fact that 'big names' have too much say in everyday affairs. For example, a man had some success as a General in a war so he is immediately made into President of the United States. Or we get an actor who pretends that he is a lady-killer on the screen. Actually, he is really quite hopeless in that department, but anyway he had some success on the screen so we immediately become inundated with photographic comments from the fellow, telling us how we should brush our teeth, how we should cut our hair, what sort of shavers we should use, and possibly helpful hints on a love life which this person could not possibly enjoy.

It follows, then, that one of the biggest difficulties—one of the biggest drawbacks—which we metaphysicians have to face is that people blindly follow the words of those who should know about such things, but probably do not.

Take people such as Einstein or Rutherford, or those of similar standing. These men are specialists in a particularly narrow field of science. They have the scientific outlook and they want to analyze everything according to mundane, outmoded concepts and physical laws which daily are being contradicted. People take the word of eminent scientists as gospel. They take the words of film stars as gospel also, and unfortunately the 'gospel' cannot be disputed and cannot be

varied. Our problem is to delve into truth's which some eminent people have strenuously attempted to conceal.

Fundamental laws should be regarded as 'fundamental'. That is, as being valid during the present state of knowledge, but such laws must be sufficiently flexible that they can be altered, amended, or even scrapped in the light of increasing knowledge. Let us remind you of the bumble-bee. According to the laws of flight—the laws of aerodynamics—the bumble-bee cannot possibly fly because the poor creature's structure completely defies all known laws of aerodynamics. Thus, if we believe that the bumble-bee cannot fly.

They, reputable scientists, basing their statements on the laws of physics, have said that Man would never travel at more than 30 miles an hour because his blood system would break down under the strain, his heart would burst, his brain would collapse, etc., etc. Well, according to recent reports, Man CAN travel at more than 30 miles an hour! Having accomplished that, the scientists said Man would never fly; it was impossible. With THAT overcome they said that Man would never fly faster than sound. Never mind, undaunted they said that Man would never leave the Earth and go into space. According to rumors this has been done!

Going back a bit farther, to somewhere about 1910, all the wise men and pundits of science said that no man would send his voice across the Atlantic, but a gentleman by the name of Marconi proved that statement wrong and now we send not merely voices but pictures across the Atlantic. But possibly that is not much of an advantage, having due regard to the present day state of television programs.

Having got over to you—more or less—the idea that established scientists with their stereotyped, hidebound, immovable laws can be wrong, let us go a little farther. One of their fallacies is that statement that 'two solids cannot occupy the same space at the same time'. That is absurd, that is completely incorrect, for in the science of metaphysics two bodies CAN occupy the same space at the same time by a process known as interpenetration.

Scientists have shown that everything that exists is composed of atoms with great spaces between them, in much the same way as when we look up at the stars on a clear night we can see little dots which are worlds, and great black spaces

which is Space. It follows, then, that if we have a creature small enough (you will have to stretch your imagination here) to look at what to us is a solid, that creature may be able to see not a solid as we do, but all the particles composing the 'solid'. Then to that creature, looking at our solid, the view will be similar to that which we see when we look at the heavens on a clear night. To remind you, that is much Space with just a few little pinpoints of light. But imagine this: supposing that there was a Being large enough so that in looking at our Universe He would see that Universe as a solid. At the other end of the scale, think of a virus: if you could catch a virus of a special type, you could drop that single virus into a porcelain cup and the poor creature would fall right through—would fall right through the bottom without touching anything on the way because it is such a small thing. This is not imagination but fact. You may be aware that one of the big difficulties in 'catching a virus' in a laboratory is that the things just go through the ceramic filters much the same as a dog can run wild on a moor.

To a creature small enough, the spaces between atoms in a 'solid' are as great in comparison as those between the stars in our Universe, and just as whole showers of meteorites or comets or spaceships can travel the empty spaces between the worlds, so can other objects occupy that which we term a 'solid object'.

It is quite possible to have two solids, or three or four solids so arranged that their 'worlds' do not touch each other, but one set of 'worlds' occupies the spaces between the other set of 'worlds'. You will appreciate that under this system there could be many apparently solid objects which occupy the same space simultaneously. Obviously we cannot perceive this in normal life, because we do not have a suitable nor an adequate range of perceptions. We need to increase our perceptions, and as here on this world we cannot easily enter the fourth dimension, we have to accept the printed words of explanation or taped voices of explanation.

To give you just a crude idea—suppose you have two forks, ordinary garden forks, if you like, or table forks. You can pass the tines of one through the space between the tines of the other. Thus, while one set of tines occupies the spaces between the other set of tines the two fork blades occupy what is

essentially the same amount of space without impinging upon the 'living space' of the other.

Originally people thought that objects had length and breadth. But then matters improved somewhat and people came to the conclusion that there was length, breadth, and thickness, so that people lived in a three-dimensional world; i.e. length = one dimension, breadth = two dimensions, and thickness = three dimensions. But it is quite obvious that we live in a three-dimensional world. There are other dimensions, such as a fourth, a fifth, and so on. To give you something to think about—our three-dimensional object has length, breadth, and thickness, but here is another dimension; how long will it exist? So we have a further dimension of Time. Time becomes a fourth dimension in this case.

The average person, by way of illustration cannot see infrared rays without special equipment. This proves of course that there are things beyond the range of the average human perceptions, and it follows from this that objects emitting infrared rays and lying in a plane beyond length, breadth, and thickness would be quite invisible to the average person.

May we digress for a moment? May we remind you that there are sounds which are quite inaudible to humans, but which cats and dogs hear clearly? The soundless dog whistle, probably everyone knows about that! But if you look at the illustrations in Lesson Six of *You-Forever!* you will see what we term the symbolic keyboard. You will observe that after sound, we have sight, and there are certain cases in which sounds have been almost seen, 'apperceived' would be a better term, because under certain conditions if a person is very clairvoyant they can 'see' the shape of sound. You have probably heard someone say, 'Oh, it was such a ROUND sound' or something similar, from which we may gather that quite a number of people have an idea of sound as a shape such as a round sound, a square sound, or a long-drawn-out sound.

But—let us get back to the point we were making before we digressed in the previous paragraph.

You will need to think of this; a three-dimensional object such as a house or a person or a tree casts a two-dimensional shadow, because the shadow has length and breadth but no thickness. Of course, in other planes of existence we should say that the shadow also has a further dimension, that of time, the time of its enduring. But let us forget that for a moment and

go back and say that a three-dimensional object casts a two-dimensional shadow. We can assume that a four-dimensional object would show a shadow of three dimensions, so those of you who have seen a 'ghost' may actually have seen the shadow of a person in the fourth dimension. A ghost is a person who has apparent breadth, thickness, and height, but is of somewhat shadowy substance, as shadowy as a shadow in fact. So why should it not be that our four-dimensional visitor, who is invisible to us because of his four dimensions, nevertheless manifests to us in three dimensions, or as a ghost which has form without substantial substance.

Consider further, reports of objects which the Press rather foolishly call 'flying saucers'. These objects have appeared and disappeared at fantastic speeds and without any sound at all. They have changed direction at a speed far beyond that of a human body. Now, why should we not suppose that some flying saucers may be the shadow of a four-dimensional object? Consider their rate of change of direction, consider holding a mirror in your hand and focusing the Sun's rays on a wall. You can make that blob of light dance about and change direction at a rate far in excess of that which any human mechanism could manage.

Again, imagine a sheet of frosted glass facing a person or entity who had no conception of the appearance of a human being. Then supposing the human, who was concealed at the opposite side of the sheet of frosted glass, put four fingers and a thumb in contact with the glass. The person at the other side, knowing nothing of the shape of humans, would see five blobs—five dark smears—just as some people have seen blobs in the sky.

You may wonder what all this has to do with metaphysics. Well, it has a very great deal to do with metaphysics! You see, we live in a three-dimensional world, but the highest form of Truth can be perceived only when we go beyond a three-dimensional world. We have to go beyond Time and Space, for Time is relative. Time is merely a convention established by mankind to suit his own convenience.

You think that Time is not relative? All right, supposing that you have to go to the dentist, and you have to have a tooth or teeth extracted. When you are having your aches and pains time appears to stand still. It appears that you are in the dental chair FOR EVER.

Now, you have a very enjoyable experience with a person to whom you are deeply attached. You will find that time flies. So, Time is just a relative thing, it appears to drag or hasten abominably according to our mood.

Well, back into our dimensions. Let us suppose that there are some form of people who live only in a two-dimensional world, that is, they live on a world on which there is length and breadth but no depth. They are like shadows, they are thinner than the thinnest sheet of paper—but having no perception of depth they can have no perception of space, because space is that which is beyond the sky, and to bring in the sky would be to bring in a third dimension. Thus, to them space is inconceivable.

A railroad track is similar to a world of one dimension—length. A train conductor could indicate his position from just one point of reference, he could say where he was by referring to the known location of a station or from a signal, or from some other well-known mark.

Let us go farther and agree that a ship upon the sea is as a person occupying a two-dimensional world, for the ship is not confined to rails but it can go forward or sideways or even backwards, so it has the use of length and width.

An aeroplane is a creature of three dimensions. It can go forward, sideways, and up or down. That, you will perceive, gives us the three dimensions.

This theory (actually, to us it is knowledge) of dimensions will explain many things which otherwise must be considered as a mystery—teleportation, for example, in which an object is moved from one room to another without any visible person doing the moving. An object can be moved by teleportation from a locked room to another room. Actually it is quite simple because we merely have to think of our two-dimensional being. If we three-dimensionals had a series of boxes without any tops to them, the two-dimensional people who could be in those boxes would be completely confined, completely enclosed, because not having any conception of height they would not know that there was no roof above them. And so if we three-dimensional creatures reached in through the open roof and moved something from one box to another it would, to the two-dimensional people, be an absolute miracle in which an object in one secured room was moved to another secured room. Remember the two-dimensional person would

have no conception of the roof above. In just the same way we three-dimensional people could have no conception of an opening which is quite clear in the fourth dimension, so that the person in the fourth dimension could reach down into a locked room (for the room would be locked in three dimensions only) and move that which he desired to move through what was an opening clear to four-dimensional people. The object would be moved from the three dimensional world and for a moment would be in the four-dimensional world, where it would penetrate through what we prefer to call solid walls. We have something of an illustration when we think of the way that radio or television waves can penetrate apparently solid walls and still activate a radio or television receiver.

Time, to which we have already referred, plays a very important part in the life of Man, but that which we call 'Time' differs from man to man and animal to animal. Again we suggest that you think about this under different conditions in your everyday life. When you are late for an appointment, see how the hand races around the clock face. When you are expecting someone and he or she (more usually she!) keeps you waiting, time appears to stand still.

Animals have their own conception of time, and their conception of time is quite different from that of humans. Animals live at a different rate. An insect which lives for twenty-four hours of human time can still have as full a life as a human living for seventy years, the insect can have a mate, can raise a family, and see its own family have their families in turn. If the allotted span of an animal is twenty years, those twenty years will appear as seventy years or so appears to a human, and within the space allotted to the animal he will be able to function just as a man could function in his longer lifespan. It is worth a thought that all creatures, insect, animal, or human, have approximately the same number of heart-beats in a lifetime.

All this about time was readily understood by the wise men of centuries ago. There is a very holy book, one of the great 'Bibles' of the Far East, which is called the Srimad Bhagavate, in which appears this:

Once a great king took his daughter to the home of the Creator, Brahma, who lived in a different dimension. The great king was most concerned that his daughter had arrived



at a marriageable age and still had not found an acceptable suitor. The great king was anxious to find a good husband for his daughter. After arriving at the home of Brahma, he had to wait for just a very few moments before he could be escorted into the Presence and thus make his request. To his intense amazement Brahma replied, 'Oh king, when you go back to Earth you will not see any of your friends or relatives, your cities or your palaces, for although it seems to you that you arrived here only a few moments ago from the Earth you knew, yet those few moments of our time are the equivalent of several thousand years of your time when you were on the Earth. When you go back to Earth you will find that there is a new age, and your daughter whom you have brought here will marry Lord Krishna's brother, Balarama. Thus, she who was born thousands of years ago, will be married to Balarama after several thousand more years, because in just the time it takes for you to leave my presence and journey again through Time to Earth several thousand years of Earth time will have passed.'

And so the bemused king and his daughter returned to the Earth which, according to their own estimate of time, they had left but a few minutes before. They found what appeared to be a new world, with what appeared to be a new civilization—a different type of people, a different culture, and a different religion. So, as he had been told, several thousand years had passed in the time of the Earth although he and his daughter, traveling to a different dimension, had seen but a few minutes pass.

This is a Hindu belief which was written in the holy books of the Hindu faith thousands of years ago. One cannot help wondering if this is not possibly the foundation of some of the things that Dr. Einstein produced as the theory of relativity.

Probably you have not fully studied Einstein's theory of relativity, but very very briefly, he explained Time as a fourth dimension. He also taught that Time is not a steady, unvarying flow of 'something'. He realized that a second ticked on, after sixty such second ticks a minute had passed, and after sixty minute ticks an hour had passed. But that is convenient time, that is mechanical time. Einstein considered Time as a sense, as a form of perception. Just as no two people see pre-

cisely the same colors, so Einstein taught that no two people have precisely the same sense of time.

We call a year 365 days, but it is just a trip around the Sun—an orbit around the Sun. So we upon the Earth do an orbit of the Sun roughly every 365 days, but compare this with a person who lives on Mercury. Remember that Mercury completes its orbit around the Sun in eighty-eight days, and during that orbit it rotates just once upon its axis, whereas, as you know, we upon Earth rotate once in twenty-four hours.

Something else for you to ponder; do you know that if a clock be attached to a moving system it will slow down as that moving system's velocity increases?

Supposing that you have a rod made of some material—metal, wood, ceramic—anything you like, but it is a definite measuring rod of a definite length. If you attach that to any moving system it will apparently shrink in the direction of its motion according to the velocity of the system. All these things, such as changes in the clock, or the contraction of the rod, are not in any way to do with the construction of the things, nor are they of a mechanical phenomenon. They are instead to do with the Einstein theory of relativity. You may have your metre stick (let us say that our metal rod was 1 metre or 1 yard long), so now if it goes through space at 90 per cent of the velocity of light, it will shrink to half a metre and, in theory, if its speed is increased until it moves at the speed of light it would, according to the Einstein theory of relativity, shrink to nothing at all! And if somehow you could tie a clock of some kind to that metre stick, its rate of time-keeping would vary so that as the metre stick approached the speed of light the clock would go more and more slowly, or would appear to, until at the speed of light the clock would stop completely.

You must remember when you criticize this by saying, 'Oh well, I have driven the car, and I haven't seen the car contract,' that these changes can be detected only when the speed of the moving article approaches near to the speed of light. So, if you have a brand-new car and you race along the road, it doesn't mean to say that your car is going to get any shorter, because, no matter if you can do 100 or 120 miles an hour; that speed is still all too slow to make any measurable difference in the length of your car. But it does mean, according to Einstein, that if a spaceship should be sent into space and it

could approach the speed of light, then it would contract and disappear.

Do you know what that means, assuming that Einstein is right? We, being able to do astral travel, we know that Einstein is wrong, just as were those scientists who said that Man would never exceed the speed of sound. Einstein is wrong, just as wrong as the person who said Man would never exceed 30 miles an hour, but we have to learn by the mistakes of others. It might save us from having mistakes of our own. So let us see what would happen according to the theory of Einstein. Let us say that we have a spaceship, and the crew in the spaceship are all wise men who are able to make accurate observations. The ship is travelling at a very high speed indeed, almost approaching the speed of light. The ship is going to a distant planet, so distant that it would take ten years to reach from the Earth to that other planet. A light year is the time and distance it takes light to reach a certain point by travelling one full year, so ten light years is the time it takes light to reach that distant object.

This ship is going to travel at about the speed of light. (Let us forget all about Einstein for the moment, and let us say that this ship can travel at the speed of light.) So, supposing the ship is going ten light years to this distant planet, and then without stopping it is going to come back. After all, as we are 'supposing' anything is permissible! Thus, we have a journey which will last for twenty years-ten years out and ten years back. Well, naturally, the poor fellows aboard are going to be frightfully bored shut up for twenty years. Not only that, but they are certainly going to need a whole pile of food and drink with them. Anyhow, we are just 'supposing'.

If you are to believe Einstein, there won't be these difficulties, they won't need food for twenty years. If the ship is going to travel at even close to the speed of light everything aboard the ship will slow down. The men will be slow in all their functions, their heart-beats, their breathing, and their physical actions, and even their thoughts. Whereas with us a thought may take a tenth of a second, when travelling at the speed of light, according to Einstein, it might take ten seconds for a thought on Earth but ten weeks for the duration of the same thought when travelling near the speed of light. But travelling at the speed of light is going to have certain very important advantages according to Einstein. For example,

twenty years on Earth would pass, but to the people in the spaceship it would be just a matter of a very few hours. Do you want to have a better illustration than that?

All right: In 1970 we have made a spaceship which will travel at almost the speed of light. The ship is outfitted and ready to go on a journey far beyond our solar system, far beyond Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Pluto, Saturn, and all of them. It is going, instead, to a different universe. It is going to take, at the speed of light, twenty years. In 1970, then, the spaceship lifts off. It does ten years travelling to this far distant world. It circles, it takes some photographs, and then it returns—another journey of ten years—twenty years in all.

The crew are young men, one of them is just twenty years of age when he leaves on that eventful journey. He is married and his wife is the same age as he—twenty years. They have a child one year of age. When the poor fellow returns after just a few hours of travelling at near the speed of light, he will get the biggest shock of his life. He will find that his wife is twenty years older than himself. While he and other members of the crew have aged just a very few hours, the others left upon the Earth have aged by the temporal time, that is, twenty years. So this man of twenty and a few hours now has a wife of forty!

Here is an incident which the United States very much desires to keep quiet and keep out of the public knowledge. This particular matter which follows is absolutely authentic, absolutely genuine, and those who are sufficiently highly placed may be able to 'dig in' to some of the United States naval records.

In October 1943 an attempt was made to render a ship of the United States Navy invisible! This had disastrous results because some of the scientists were so hidebound that they could not use their imagination, but had to go 'by the book'. You will remember that in the Second World War the United States as well as other people advertised for ideas of how to make super-super weapons, etc. One idea was as a result of Professor Einstein's letter to President Roosevelt in which 'the unified field' theory was set out in some detail. There is no point in going into the technical aspects of the unified field, but we might say that it does embrace a certain amount of knowledge about the fourth dimension.

A certain Doctor of Science, a very clever man indeed, used

part of the theorems relating to the unified field, and working in conjunction with the United States Navy in October 1943 he was able to make a shield—a type of ray—which completely encompassed a destroyer. The field would extend about 300 feet from its centre of origin, and anything inside that field became completely invisible so that to the observer outside the ship and crew disappeared. Unfortunately when the ship again became visible many of the crew were insane. It seems that examining physicians afterwards used sodium pentathol to try to dig down into the subconsciousness of crew members to find out exactly what happened.

From our point of view, and in connection with the fourth dimension, it seems that on one occasion the invisible ship reappeared several hundred miles away in Chesapeake Bay. It is a pity that people in the area cannot go to the Public Libraries and consult the files of the local newspapers, or get hold of some of the records in such a book as M. K. *Jessup and the Allende Letters* compiled by Riley Crabb. A book was apparently published by Gray Barker in the United States called *The Strange Case of Dr. Jessup*.

This is a very serious discussion, this is not hoax or even hearsay evidence. The United States Government have gone to great trouble to try to silence anyone who has discussed such things as this, and there have been reports of people dying mysteriously after having been in possession of certain information.

The United States Government also seems to have had some success in silencing the Press; for that surely they deserve the Nobel Prize and a few Oscar's thrown in for good measure. But it does indicate that there is much in this invisible ship business.

There has been one report inadvertently released which says that the invisible ship materialized in a port, and some quite bemused sailors staggered ashore and fairly tumbled into a public house. They were seen by perhaps thirty or forty people, and in mid-sentence while they were ordering drinks they disappeared, disappeared, vanished, went into thin air. People who are sufficiently interested should read the books mentioned above and should also try to find some method of combing newspapers round about 1944 and 1956. There are hints, and in two instances actual reports.

It is clear that if one could suddenly switch a ship or a

special weapon into the fourth dimension and then bring it back to the third dimension at some designated spot the Chinese could be suppressed very thoroughly; it might even give the Russians a few frights! People laughed about the Laser Beam, but that little ruby light has proved to be all that was claimed for it and a few things besides. So—if research would only be continued with suitable safeguards it would be found that documents solidly locked in a bank vault could be removed by way of the fourth dimension because, remember, if a thing has four walls to you that is because you are in a three-dimensional world, and in a fourth dimension there may be an opening through which one could enter.

Returning to this matter of the invisible ship, it is thought that if the men had been conditioned to know what to expect they would not have gone insane, because the horrid shock of finding oneself in a different time continuum is enough to unhinge anyone's mind unless they are preconditioned.

Many many years ago, in the days of Plato, there was discussion about the fourth dimension, but even in those days scientists were not able to perceive that which was metaphorically perched on the end of their noses. Plato had a dialogue which seems to be rather applicable to this discussion about the fourth dimension and so as it is essential that in order that we may obey the Commandment, 'Man know thyself!' we must understand the relationship of the different dimensions, the first, the second, the third, and the fourth. So let us have here to end this chapter the Dialogue of Plato the philosopher, and how he tried to make it clear to people that which was so obvious to him.

'Behold! Human beings living in a sort of underground den; they have been there from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained—the chains are arranged in such a manner as to prevent them from turning their heads. At a distance above and behind them the light of a fire is blazing, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have before them, over which they show the puppets. Imagine men passing along the wall carrying vessels, which appear over the wall; also figures of men and animals, made of wood and stone and various materials; and some of the passengers, as you would expect, are talking, and some of them are silent!'

‘That is a strange image’, he said, ‘and they are strange prisoners’.

‘Like ourselves,’ I replied; ‘and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?’

‘True,’ he said; ‘how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?’

‘And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows?’

‘Yes,’ he said.

‘And if they were able to talk with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?’

‘Very true.’

‘And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy that the voice which they heard was that of a passing shadow?’

‘No question,’ he replied.

‘There can be no question, I said, that the truth would be to them just nothing but the shadows of the images.’

‘That is certain.’

‘And now look again and see how they are released and cured of their folly. At first, when any one of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to go up and turn his neck around and walk and look at the light, he will suffer sharp pains, the glare will distress him and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows; and then imagine someone saying to him, that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now he is approaching real being and has a truer sight and vision of more real things—what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them—will he not be in a difficulty? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?’

‘Far truer.’

‘And if he is compelled to look at the light, will he not have a pain in his eyes which will make him turn away to take refuge in the object of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be clearer than the things which are now being shown to him?’

‘True,’ he said.

‘And suppose once more, that he is reluctantly dragged up a steep and rugged ascent, and held fast and forced into the presence of the Sun himself, do you not think that he will be pained and irritated, and when he approaches the light he will have his eyes dazzled, and will not be able to see any of the realities which are now affirmed to be the truth?’

‘Not all in a moment,’ he said.

‘He will require to get accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects themselves; next he will gaze upon the light of the Moon and the stars; and he will see the sky and the stars by night, better than the Sun, or the light of the Sun, by day?’

‘Certainly.’

‘And at last he will be able to see the Sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water, but he will see him as he is in his own proper place, and not in another, and he will contemplate his nature.’

‘Certainly’.

‘And after this he will reason that the Sun is he who gives the seasons and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold?’

‘Clearly,’ he said, ‘he would come to the other first and to this afterwards.’

‘And when he remembered his old habitation, and the wisdom of the den and his fellow-prisoners, do you not suppose that he would felicitate himself on the change, and pity them?’

‘Certainly, he would.’

‘And if they were in the habit of conferring honours on those who were quickest to observe and remember and foretell which of the shadows went before, and which followed after, and which were together, do you think he would care for such honours and glories, or envy the possessors of them?’

‘Would he not say with Homer—’

‘“Better to be a poor man, and have a poor master,” and endure anything, than to think and live after their manner?’

‘Yes,’ he said, ‘I think that he would rather suffer anything than live after their manner.’

‘Imagine once more,’ I said, ‘that such an one coming suddenly out of the Sun were to be replaced in his old situation, is

he not certain to have his eyes full of darkness?’

‘Very true,’ he said.

‘And if there were a contest, and he had to compete in measuring the shadows with the prisoners who have never moved out of the den, during the time that his sight is weak, and before his eyes are steady (and the time which would be needed to acquire this new habit of sight might be very considerable), would he not be ridiculous? Men would say of him that up he went and down he comes without his eyes; and that there was no use in even thinking of ascending: and if anyone tried to loose another and lead him up to the light, let them only catch the offender in the act, and they would put him to death.’

‘No question,’ he said.

‘This allegory,’ I said, ‘you may now append to the previous argument; the prison is the world of sight, the light of the fire is the Sun, the ascent and vision of the things above you may truly regard as the upward progress of the soul into the intellectual world.’

‘And you will understand that those who attain to this beatific vision are unwilling to descend to human affairs; but their souls are ever hastening into the upper world in which they desire to dwell. And is there anything surprising in one who passes from divine contemplations to human things, misbehaving himself in a ridiculous manner?’

‘There is nothing surprising in that,’ he replied.

‘Anyone who has common sense will remember that the bewilderments of the eyes are of two kinds, and arise from two causes, either from coming out of the light or from going into the light, which is true of the mind's eye, quite as much as of the bodily eye; and he who remembers this when he sees the soul of anyone whose vision is perplexed and weak, will not be too ready to laugh; he will first ask whether that soul has come out of the brighter life, and is unable to see because unaccustomed to the dark, or having turned from darkness to the day is dazzled by excess of light. And then he will count one happy in his condition and state of being.’

## CHAPTER FIVE

### PAINTING WITH WORDS

THE ancient grey walls gleamed whitely under the harvest moon, throwing deep black shadows across the well-raked gravel of the drive. Old indeed, it was, and mellow with the love which is bestowed on well-loved things. From a wall facing moonwards an antique coat-of-arms proudly caught the moonbeams and tossed them back in age-faded colours. From the mullioned windows came the yellow gleam of electric light. The old Hall was gay tonight, gay with the joy that comes only to a betrothal so recently announced.

The moon sailed serenely across the luminous sky. The shadows marched slowly across the open spaces, turning the side trees to darkest ebony. A sudden burst of music and golden light as French windows opened and a young man and woman stepped on to the terraced balcony. Behind them the windows closed silently. Hand in hand the man and woman crossed to the stone balustrade and gazed out upon the peaceful scene before them. A vagrant breeze blew the gentle scent of mimosa to them. Tenderly placing his arm around the woman's waist, the man walked with her to the broad marble steps leading to the close-cropped lawn.

He was tall, and clad in some uniform with the buttons and badges flashing in the moonlight. She was dark-haired, and with the ivory skin which so often comes to such people. Her evening gown was long, and almost of the colour of the moon itself. Slowly they walked across the lawn, to join a tree-lined path. Infrequently, they stopped a moment and gazed at each other. Soon they came to a rustic wooden bridge crossing a placid stream. For a time they leaned on one of the rails of the bridge, murmuring softly to each other, gazing at their reflection on the unruffled waters below.

Resting her head on the man's shoulder, the woman pointed upwards to a hoot-owl staring intently down from a great oak tree. Unhappy at being watched, the bird spread great wings and soared off across the garden. The man and woman

straightened, and strolled on, past well-tended bushes, past flowers now folded in sleep. Ever and anon small rustles and squeaks showed that the little people of the night went about their legitimate business.

The path curved and widened, and turned into a well-kept strand. The moonlight shed a broad white band across the softly heaving water. Tiny wavelets caught the light and turned it into a myriad of glittering jewels dancing on the water. A mile away a huge white liner clove her stately path through the sea, decks ablaze with lights. From her came faintly the strains of music as her band entertained the dancing couples upon her decks. The red of her portside light gleamed, and floodlights lit up the house-mark on her funnels. Phosphorescent foam came from the meeting of her bows with the water, and waves from her wake gurgled and tumbled upon the beach. The man and woman, arms about each other, stood and watched the majestic progress. Soon she was hull-down, and no more could the strains of her music be heard.

In the velvet-purple dimness cast by the shade of a tall pine tree, they stood together, telling each other only the things that lovers tell, planning the future, looking forward to Life itself. No shadow crossed the moon, the air was warm and balmy. Gently the little wavelets tickled the rounder pebbles and played with the smaller sand.

The night, beneath the harvest moon, was made for lovers. A night for poets too, for are not poems the essence of dreams, and life?

. . . . .

The sands of the desert were searing-hot beneath the blazing heat of the noonday sun. Even Mother Nile, flowing between hard-baked banks, seemed more sluggish than usual, with the heat-vapour pouring off her gleaming bosom and losing water which an arid land could so ill-afford. Unlucky fellaheen, condemned to work in the fields under the torrid sky, moved with heavy lethargy, too hot and weary to even curse the sweltering day. An Ibis-bird stood drooping by a clump of wilting reeds. The new Tombs of the Great Ones stood bright and tall, with the heat drying the freshly placed mortar between the immense blocks and capping stones.

In the relative coolness of the Embalming Room, deep beneath the burning sands, a wizened old man and his scarcely

younger assistant worked as they stuffed aromatic herbs into a months-dead body.

‘I reckon the Pharaoh is taking strong measures against the Priests,’ said the more ancient of the two.

‘Yes,’ replied the other with gloomy satisfaction. ‘I saw the Guards raiding some of the temples, arresting some, cautioning others, and carrying out bales of papyri. They looked very determined, too!’

‘I don't know what the world is coming to,’ said the Ancient. ‘Never was like this in my young days. The world is going to POT, that's what it is, going to POT!’ Sighing and mumbling, he picked up his packing rod and rammed more herbal mixture into an orifice of the unprotesting corpse.

‘By Order of the Pharaoh!’ shouted the Captain of the Guard as, surrounded by his men, he stalked majestically into the quarters of the High Priest. ‘You are accused of harboring malcontents who plot against Him, and try to cast evil spells that they may harm Him.’ Turning to his men he gave the order, ‘Search the place—and seize all papyri.’

The High Priest sighed and quietly remarked, ‘It was ever thus, those who aspire to higher learnings are persecuted by ignorant men who fear to know Truth and who think that no one can know more than they. So, in destroying our papers of wisdom you extinguish the rush-lights of knowledge.’

The day was a hard one, with soldiers on the alert, Guards raising, and carrying off suspects—most often those who had been betrayed through a neighbor's spite. Slave-drawn carts rumbled through the streets laden with confiscated papyri. But the day ended, as days always have and always will, no matter how endless they seem to suffering victims of oppression.

A cool breeze sprang up and rustled the papyrus reeds with a dry grating sound. Small waves bounded across the dimming Nile to rebound from the sun-baked banks. Along the lower reaches of the river, ferrymen smiled with pleasure as their slatting sails filled with wind and sped them upon their homeward path. Free from the torrid heat of the day, small creatures emerged from holes in the banks and began their nightly prowling in search of prey. But humans were in search of prey, too!

The dark vault of the heavens was besprinkled with the shining jewels which were the stars. Tonight the moon would be late in rising. Faint glimmers of light came from mud huts,

and scarce brighter gleams came from the homes of the wealthy. The air was filled with terror, foreboding. No roisterer loitered on the streets this night, no lovers clasped hands and made promises by the broad sweep of the Nile. Tonight the Pharaoh's men prowled the streets, heavy footed and coarse of mien, ready for 'sport'. The Purge was on, a purge against the scholars, the priests, and any who might threaten the Pharaoh by forecasting his early demise. It was DEATH to be abroad this night, DEATH on the pikes of the prowling guards.

But in the dark places of the city silent figures lurked and flitted from shadow to deeper shadow as the Pharaoh's men clumped noisily by. Gradually a pattern became apparent, silent, determined men, using every available cover in order to reach their destination unchallenged. As the guards patrolled noisily, and the eternal stars wheeled overhead, dark figure after dark figure slipped easily through an unmarked, unlighted door. Slipped through to be seized by those behind the door, and held securely until identity was established. As the last man insinuated his silent way in, and was identified, waiting men placed great baulks of timber against the door to ensure that it was firm.

An ancient, cracked voice quavered, 'Follow me, let each man follow in line and place a hand on the shoulder of the man in front. Follow me and—NO NOISE! for Death stalks us tonight.'

With the merest suspicion of a shuffling sound, the line of men followed their leader downwards through a well-concealed trap-door. Down, down the slanting path, for a long long way, and at last they emerged in an old burial vault where the air lay dank and musty. 'We shall be safe here,' whispered the old leader. 'But let us not unduly raise our voices lest the minions of Set hear us and carry tidings of our meeting.' Silently they filed round and placed themselves among the funeral furniture. Squatting on their heels, they waited in expectation for their Leader's words. The old man peered shortsightedly around the gathering, assessing, weighing. At last he said, 'We have today and for many days seen our most cherished possessions torn from us and burned. We have witnessed the evil sight of uncouth men, driven on by a power-mad tyrant, persecuting our learned ones and destroying the

accumulated wisdom of bygone ages. Now we are gathered here together to discuss how our heritage of written learning may be saved.' He glanced shrewdly around as he continued, 'Much has been lost. Much has been saved. Some of us—at risk of savage torture, substituted worthless papyri and saved the good. That we have stored . . . SAFELY. Now, has anyone a suggestion that we may consider?'

For some time conversation ebbed and flowed in a muted undertone as man debated with man the feasibility of This or That. At last a young priest of the Temple of Upper Egypt stood up and in a different tone said, 'Reverend Sirs, I crave your indulgence for my temerity in addressing you thus.' Heads nodded in encouragement, so he continued, 'Last night on duty in the Temple I dreamed. I dreamed that the God Bubastes descended before me and gave me indisputable instructions. I was to state that the Ancient Knowledge could be concealed by Learned Scribes distilling the wisdom of the ages, and then concealing that wisdom in the lines of carefully composed poems. This, said the God Bubastes, would be beyond the comprehension of the illiterate, but clearly apparent to the Illuminati. Thus posterity should not be deprived of our knowledge nor of the knowledge that went before.' Nervously he sat down. For moments there was silence as the Elders debated within themselves.

At last the Ancient One reached a decision. 'So be it,' he said. 'We will conceal our knowledge in verse. We will also prepare special pictures of the Book of the Tarot. And we will make much that the pictures can be a card game, and in the fullness of time the Light of Knowledge shall shine forth again, replenished and renewed.'

Thus it came to pass as was ordained, and in the years that followed men of high purpose and fearless of character strove to preserve all that which was worthy of preservation in verse and in pictures. And the Gods smiled and were well content.

. . . . .

Throughout the ages mankind, and sometimes womankind also, have used a special form of words that they might conceal and reveal at the same time. Verse can be used to enchant the reader or to mystify the intruder.

By a suitable rhythm of verse, metre, rhyme, and all that sort of thing, one can delve down into the subconscious mes-

sages which one needs or requires to become part of one's psychic entity.

When looking at a poem one should decide whether the poet is just lightly playing with words or if he has some special message which he is trying to get over. Many times a message which would be quite unacceptable in ordinary brutal prose can be so wrapped up that only the initiated can get the meaning. Many 'seers' wrote their messages and predictions in verse not because—as the skeptic says—they were afraid to put it in plain language but so that those initiated in such things could read the deeper meaning behind the poem. Frequently some illiterate author (and oh! what a lot there are!) will attempt to sneer at famous poems of predictions. Of course people who cannot write anything of their own can always get a market by pandering to the lower instincts of mankind, and so, as this is the Age of Kali, everyone is trying to reduce everyone to a common denominator. This is the age of cynical disregard for the elementary precept that all men are not equal; no matter that they be equal in the sight of God, all men are not equal upon the Earth, and there is a very prevalent form of inverted snobbery nowadays which makes a man say, 'Oh, I am as good as he is!' Now we see great leaders like Sir Winston Churchill, Roosevelt, and others, having their names and their reputations dragged in the mud, but only by the sorry little people who have no abilities of their own and thus obtain a fiendish pleasure by trying to harm those who have abilities.

Shall we look at a piece of poetry and then go deeper and look at the real meaning behind that poetry? Here, then, is a Tibetan poem, a very very famous poem, it is not just pleasant reading but it has special meaning attached to it. Here is the poem 'I Fear Not':

#### I FEAR NOT

In fear of death I built a house  
And my house is a house of the void of truth.  
Now I fear not death.  
In fear of cold I bought a coat  
And my coat is the coat of inner heat.  
Now I fear not cold.  
In fear of want I sought wealth  
And my wealth is glorious, unending, sevenfold.  
Now I fear not want.

In fear of hunger I sought food  
 And my food is the food of meditation upon truth.  
 Now I fear not hunger.  
 In fear of thirst I sought drink  
 And my drink is the nectar of right knowledge.  
 Now I fear not thirst.  
 In fear of weariness I sought a companion  
 And my companion is the everlasting void of bliss.  
 Now I fear not weariness.  
 In fear of error I sought a Path  
 And my Path is the Path of transcendent union.  
 Now I fear not error.  
 I am a Sage who possesses in plentitude  
 The manifold treasures of desire, and wherever I dwell I am  
 happy.

Shortly we will delve down into the esoteric meaning of this poem, but first let us have another poem. Again it is a Tibetan one, again this is one with a very special meaning indeed. Here is the second poem, 'Be Content':

#### BE CONTENT

My son, as monastery be content with the body  
 For the bodily substance is the palace of divinity.  
 As a teacher be content with the mind,  
 For knowledge of the truth is the beginning of holiness.  
 As a book be content with outward things  
 For their number is a symbol of the way of deliverance.  
 As food be content to feed on ecstasy  
 For stillness is the perfect likeness of divinity.  
 As clothing be content to put on the inner heat  
 For the sky-travelling Goddesses wear the warmth of bliss.  
 Companions, be content to forsake  
 For solitude is president of the divine assembly  
 Raging enemies be content to shun  
 For enmity is a traveler upon the wrong path.  
 With demons be content to meditate upon the void  
 For magic apparitions are creations of the mind.

Let us have yet one more poem, a Tibetan poem which was composed by the Sixth Dalai Lama, a very erudite man indeed. He was a writer and an artist, a man misunderstood by many, but one who definitely left his mark upon Eastern

culture. There are so few of his type in the world today. Here is a translation into English; I am afraid I do not know who made the translation, but no matter who it was, the translation cannot in any way do justice to the actual thing in Tibetan. One of the great sorrows of authors is that translations into another language rarely follow the same trend of thought as that which the author attempted to impart in the original language. But here is this translation by someone unknown of 'My Love':

### MY LOVE

Dear love to whom my heart goes out  
If we could but be wed  
Then had I gained the choicest gem  
From ocean's deepest bed.  
I chanced to pass my sweetheart fair  
Upon the road one day,  
A turquoise found of clearest blue,  
Found, to be thrown away.  
High on the peach tree out of reach  
The ripened fruit is there.  
So, too, the maid of noble birth  
So full of life and fair.  
My heart's far off, the nights pass by  
In sleeplessness and strife  
Even day brings not my heart's desire  
For lifeless is my life.  
I dwell apart in Potala, a God on Earth am I,  
But in the town the chief of rogues and boisterous  
revelry,  
It is not far that I shall roam,  
Lend me your wings white crane.  
I go no farther than Li Thang and thence return again.

Let us now consider the poem 'I Fear Not' by that great man Milarepa. Milarepa wrote that the initiated may know certain things. Here is an inkling into the hidden meanings:

In fear of death I built a house  
And my house is a house of the void of truth.  
Now I fear not death.

The meaning of that has been variously translated and mis-

translated. Actually, according to esoteric beliefs, it can be taken as meaning that even on other planes of existence one cannot stand still on a tight-rope, one must go forward or fall, one must progress upwards or one must slip backwards. It is necessary at all times to keep in mind that although here we are upon Earth, yet when we die we are reborn into another stage of existence. When we finish with what we might term the Earth Stage of existence we go on to another Round where there are different abilities, different standards. For example, upon this particular cycle of lives we are given so many senses. When we go to the next stage we will have more senses, more abilities, and so on. But we move up, never backwards unless it is by our own lack of energy.

So, in fear of death in the astral plane, I built a body, and my body had the emptiness of truth. With truth I fear not death. In other words, we know that when we die to one life we go on to the next. There is no such thing as permanent death, death is rebirth. I want to tell you this in absolute sincerity; because of very special training I have been able to visit other planes of existence normally inaccessible to one, a dweller on this plane. Special precautions have to be taken by those who guide one, of course, because one's vibrations—and we are only vibrations—cannot, unaided, speed up to make it possible for us to reach those higher planes. The experience was quite painful, it was like a blinding light, it was like passing through white-hot flames, yet I was shielded, protected.

I found that on a higher plane I was of about the same standard as would be a slug on this Earth compared to a high human intelligence. The greatest scientists of this Earth would find that they were no higher than that slug upon elevated planes. We have to progress all the time, and all the time, at the end of every life, we die, so called, so that we can progress upwards. Think of a caterpillar; a caterpillar is a creature which crawls about, then apparently it dies and becomes a butterfly which moves in a different element, which moves in air instead of crawling about on the ground.

Take the classic example of a dragonfly. From out of some stagnant pond painfully crawls some lowly worm, some grub. It crawls slowly up, perhaps, a rush or a projecting branch. It climbs up, and takes a fierce, tenacious hold. Then there is no more movement, the creature dies, it seems to decay. Eventually from the dead husk there comes a little plop and the dead



shell splits. From it emerges the dragonfly, limp, bedraggled. It spreads its wings, soon they become firm and iridescent. Then, with the sunlight upon it, the dragonfly rises up into the air and soars away.

Now, isn't that really like humanity? The human body, something like a worm you will agree, dies; from the dead husk emerges something which soars upwards into new life. That is what I like so much about dragonflies, they are a promise of eternal life, they are a promise that there is more than just this miserable flesh body. But I for one do not need promises, because I have experienced the actuality.

If we were to continue with 'I Fear Not' we might go to:

In fear of hunger I sought food  
And my food is the food of meditation upon truth.  
Now I fear not hunger.

That, of course, means spiritual hunger, not physical but spiritual. If a person is in doubt he just doesn't know what to do, where to go to obtain knowledge. A person in doubt is a frustrated person, an unhappy person. 'In fear of spiritual hunger I sought knowledge, and I meditated upon truth, and now knowing the truth I fear not hunger.' I say to you that even in these humble little chapters you can learn much, you can have seeds of knowledge planted within you. A seed is a small thing, but from a small seed can grow a mighty tree. I am trying to plant a seed, I am trying to light a candle in the darkness.

Centuries ago all mankind had knowledge such as this, but certain elements of mankind abused the knowledge, and so there came the Dark Ages when the candles of learning throughout the world were extinguished, when Man burned books of knowledge, and sank for a time into abysmal ignorance, when Man was riddled with superstition. But now we are coming to a new era, to a new stage; wherein Man is going to have additional powers. I may become unpopular when I say almost in a whisper, atom bomb fall-out may not be altogether the harmful thing which it is so often supposed to be. Let us digress from poetry for a moment to get down to reality:

Mankind throughout the centuries has been deteriorating. If we want to get prize cattle, or prize animals, we do not let them mate indiscriminately and breed unfavorable strains. The animals are carefully picked and bred for quality, possibly

for some particular quality. If we have trees, fruit trees, we can carefully tend those trees and graft them so that we get bigger and better fruit, or fruit having a special flavor. But let us neglect these animals, let them run wild, let us desert our fruit groves and let them revert to nature, then all the good training they have had reverts back and we get inferior fruit, inferior animals. Think, for instance, of a most beautiful apple which can revert back to a crab apple. Humans are like crab apples, humans breed indiscriminately, and people with the least desirable traits usually have the most children, while people who have knowledge or characters which could actually increase the quality of the human race have no children at all. Often it is because of excessive taxation, or excessive import duties.

So possibly Old Mother Nature, who must know a thing or two after all these years, might see a different way of increasing the value of the human race. Give this a thought; possibly Old Mother Nature has made it so that a few strange radiations are let loose to produce mutations. Not all mutations are bad, you know. We get, for instance, a germ, a family of germs. They are treated by penicillin, many get killed off, but others change, they become immune to penicillin. Later they become not just immune, but they thrive on penicillin. How do we know that humans are not doing the same? Always we have to move upwards, always we have to progress, and it is my firm belief, which also is the belief of Eastern thought, that everyone has to know all these things before they can pass on to higher stages of evolution.

In fear of error I sought a Path  
And my Path is the Path of transcendent union.  
Now I fear not error.

In other words—I did not know which way to move, I did not know where my Path lay, so I sought knowledge from Higher Worlds. I got that knowledge and now I do not fear that I am making a mistake of my life.

I am a sage who possesses in plentitude  
The manifold treasures of desire,  
And wherever I dwell I am happy.

Again, I am wise that I have obtained from other sources knowledge of what is to be, knowing what one is required to

know. Thus, knowing that life upon Earth is, in the infinity of Man's spiritual lifetime, just a flickering of an eyelid, I can be contented wherever I dwell. Thus, I fear not.

Milarepa was a great sage, he was a man who retired into a mountain cave. People came to consult him and to study with him. Let me make it clear that those who came to study with him, attended to his body wants, cleaned his cave, looked after his clothing, prepared his food, ran messages. So many people of the West think, 'Oh, all knowledge should be free, you must not charge to teach people anything.' But, of course, that is just ignorance, asinine, crass ignorance. That is said by people with little knowledge and little knowledge is a dangerous thing indeed. Anything that is worth having is worth working for. Milarepa taught that one must be content, be content with knowledge. Milarepa taught that the body was as a monastery, and the monks within the monastery were the different powers and abilities of the body and of the mind.

For the bodily substance is the palace of divinity.

Again, the body substance, the flesh, or clay, or whatever you want to call your body, is the house wherein dwells the Overself or the soul who is here upon this Earth to gain experience of mundane things. In higher stages of existence one cannot meet those whom one heartily dislikes. The obvious answer is to come to Earth where you meet all of them all the time! You just think—if you really think with an open mind you will find that you dislike an amazing number of people, and you are sure that an even greater number of people dislike you. If you are honest you will agree that that is right. If you go to work you will be sure that somebody is trying to cut you out of your job, somebody is trying to deny you promotion, somebody has a spite against you. That's so, isn't it?

Well, the Overself has to come down to Earth to get those obnoxious experiences. Thus it is that the body is a fairly durable contraption, it houses the soul against undue shocks. one must be content with the mind, because within the mind one can store and sort out knowledge of the truth, and until you know the truth you cannot know holiness, holiness not in the sanctimonious sense, but in the true sense which recognizes that the Overself is the controller of the body, and the body is merely a puppet.

Milarepa goes on:

Raging enemies be content to shun  
For enmity is a traveler upon the wrong Path.

That means you must not have hatred or enmity for anyone because if you feel strong hatred for anyone it means that you are upon the wrong Path. You cannot stand still on a tight-rope, you either go forward or you go back because actually, you know, on our spiritual tight-rope you cannot fall off and be destroyed. Often in religions, in all religions, there is talk of eternal damnation, talk of eternal torment. Don't believe it, don't believe it! These things were said by the priests of old in the same way that the mother might tell her child, 'Now you be quiet or I'll tell your father. He'll take a stick to you!'

In the days of old people were very much like children. They perhaps lacked reasoning power which has developed throughout the ages, often they had to be threatened in order to help them. You might find that little Joe or Charlie won't eat his breakfast, you might say—if you are foolish—'Now you eat it up this moment or I'll call the policeman for you!' I have known that happen many times. Well, eventually little Joe or little Charlie thinks that all policemen are fiends, he thinks that a policeman is always ready to pounce upon him, take him off to jail, and do all kinds of unmentionable things to him for ever and ever and a bit longer. So in the days gone by the priest used to say, 'Ah! Devils will get at you, Devils will prod you in various unmentionable places, they will give you, in fact, the devil of a time.' Don't believe it! There is a God, it does not matter what you are going to call that God, there is a God, a God of good, and no person is ever called upon to suffer beyond his limits.

Some of us, though, have memories of other things. Some of us, as in my own case, have actual knowledge, not just memories, and some people without the memories and without the knowledge are called upon to suffer more than they need to suffer because they will not learn by lessons of the past. We live upon this Earth, we are, as you know, about nine-tenths subconscious, one-tenth of us only is conscious, or at least that is the popular figure. By the sight of some of the people on certain other continents one would doubt that people are even one-tenth conscious! But I want to say something here about other work which is done by the Overself.

The Overself, of course, is ten-tenths conscious. It has to be

otherwise the human subconscious could not be nine-tenths awake. The Overself is not confined to dealing with one body alone, there are different systems of utilizing the energies of the Overself, and let us just briefly look at them.

Some people come as a member of a group, for example, a young girl may be upon the Earth and she may be quite lost and inept without the company of her brothers, her sisters, and her parents. These people, they seem to function only when they are all together. Death makes a terrific gap, while when one gets married, then the married person is always running back to the family. These people may be as puppets all controlled by the same Overself.

Twins or quads often also are controlled by the same Overself. It seems as if the leaders of other Planes know that this particular round of existence is nearly at an end and another will start, and so they seem to be bringing people here to work in groups under the control of one Overself to each group, in much the same way as a Communistic dictatorship has cells of so many people under the control of one supervisor, and all the supervisors are under the control of a senior supervisor, and so on.

One has often seen groups of birds, perhaps fifty birds, wheeling and turning in unison as if under the command of one person. Well, that is as it should be because these birds are all controlled by one person, in just the same way as a colony of ants is controlled by one Overself, or a hive of bees is controlled by one Overself.

People who are more enlightened, more evolved, have a different system, and this is going to make you think. So, let us take it slowly and briefly because actually all we have to bother about is how we are managing on this Earth—let the other worlds take care of themselves until we can get round to them.

There are many different worlds like the Earth, not in the same—for want of a better word I can only call—‘time’. But perhaps we should do better if we used a musical term—harmonics. We can have a musical note, a pure note, but then fundamentals of the original note. In much the same way there is this Earth, which perhaps we should call Earth D, then there are Earths C, B, A, and E, F, G, for instance. These are similar Earths, similar worlds, and they are called parallel

universes or parallel worlds, whichever you prefer.

An Overself who has evolved and who realizes that controlling just one puny little Earth-body is time consuming, and not sufficiently educational, can have a puppet on each of several worlds. So that in world A, for example, little Bennie can be a genius, but in world F little Freddie can be a moron. In that way the Overself can see two sides of the coin at once, and can gain experience on both ends of the scale.

A really experienced Overself might have nine different puppets, and that is the same as living nine different lives, which speeds up evolution quite a bit. But this subject has already been dealt with more fully in Chapter Two.

As was stated at the beginning of this chapter, poetry or verse or a definite rhythm-pattern is often used to drive a matter deeply into one's subconscious. Now we are going to have an example of the type of thing which the Egyptians used to do. Unfortunately it loses a lot of its power by being translated into English. In the original Egyptian the words swayed rhythmically and achieved the desired purpose, but just think for yourself, if you get a piece of poetry and you translate it from English or Spanish into, let us say, German, you get the sounds all wrong, you get the balance all wrong, and so it does not have the same effect. In fact, some poems cannot be translated at all into another language, so this 'Confession to Maat' is not as good as it would be in Egyptian.

This is a temple confession which was said in the Chamber of Maat in the Egyptian Temple of Initiation. It is as written in the Egyptian Book of the Dead, it was actually an invocation. Maat, you may remember, is the Egyptian word meaning 'Truth'. So the Chamber of Maat became the Chamber, or Temple, of Truth.

Here is the Confession to Maat which should be repeated every night before one goes to sleep. If one repeats this as did the Egyptians, then it leads one to a much purer life. Try it and see!

#### THE CONFESSION TO MAAT

Homage to Thee, Oh Great God, Thou Master of all  
Truth, I have come to Thee, Oh my God, and have brought  
myself hither that I may become conscious of Thy decrees.  
I know Thee and am attuned with Thee and Thy two and  
forty laws which exist with Thee in this Chamber of Maat.

In Truth I come into Thy Attunement, and I have brought Maat in my mind and Soul.

I have destroyed wickedness for Thee.  
I have not done evil to mankind.  
I have not oppressed the members of my family.  
I have not wrought evil place of right and Truth.  
I have had no intimacy with worthless men.  
I have not demanded first consideration.  
I have not decreed that excessive labor be performed for me.  
I have not brought forward my name for exaltation to honors.  
I have not defrauded the oppressed of Property.  
I have made no man suffer hunger.  
I have made no one to weep.  
I have caused no pain to be inflicted upon man or animal.  
I have not defrauded the Temple of their oblations.  
I have not diminished from the bushel.  
I have not filched away land.  
I have not encroached upon the fields of others.  
I have not added to the weights of the scales to cheat the seller and I have not misread the pointer of the scales to cheat the buyer.  
I have not kept milk from the mouths of children.  
I have not turned back the water at the time it should flow.  
I have not extinguished the fire when it should burn.  
I have not repulsed God in His Manifestation.

#### AFFIRMATION

I am Pure! I am Pure! I am Pure!  
My purity is the purity of the Divinity of the Holy Temple.  
THEREFORE EVIL SHALL NOT BEFALL ME IN THIS WORLD,  
BECAUSE I, EVEN I, KNOW THE LAWS OF GOD WHICH ARE GOD.

There are, as previously stated, occasions when prose in special form is used to drive into the subconsciousness a special message. Here is a Prayer which I composed, and which you should repeat three times each morning:

## TO MY OVERSELF I PRAY

Let me this day, living my life day by day in the manner prescribed, control and direct my imagination.

Let me this day, living my life day by day in the manner prescribed, control my desires and my thoughts that I be purified thereby.

Let me this day, and all days, keep my imagination and my thoughts directed firmly upon the task which has to be accomplished, that success may come thereby.

I will at all times live my life day by day, controlling imagination and thought.

. . . . .

You should also have a Prayer to be said at night, three times each night before going to sleep. Here, then, is a specially composed Prayer (composed by me) which will instill discipline into your subconsciousness by night:

### A PRAYER

Keep me free from evil thoughts. Keep me free from the blackness of despair. At the time of my misery shine a light into the darkness that enshrouds me.

Let my every thought be good and clean. Let my every action be for the good of others. Let me be positive in my thoughts that my mind may be strengthened therefrom.

I am the Master of my Destiny. As I think today, so am I tomorrow. Let me therefore avoid all evil thoughts. Let me avoid all thoughts which cause distress to others. Let my Spirit arise within me that I may easily succeed in the task that lies ahead.

I am the Master of my Destiny. So be it.

## CHAPTER SIX

### A WORLD WE ALL MUST VISIT

THE gentle rain came pattering down, lightly washing the soot-laden slates of the old market town. Like the tears of new widows it fell from grey skies to tinkle across the garbage cans with musical fingers. To the soft sighing of the evening wind it danced and swayed across the roadways, tapping against windows and bathing the parched foliage of such scrawny trees as still stood with lower trunks immured in concrete sidewalks. The light of passing cars reflected from the glistening roadway, their tyres hissing through the thin sheet of water which collected from the poorly drained surface. ‘Tap-tap-tap!’ went the raindrops as they ran gleefully together from the old grey roof and flowed into the broken spout to fall on to the worn stone steps below.

Passers-by hurried along, muttering imprecations against the weather, turning up collars, and erecting umbrellas. Those caught unprotected hastily improvised shelter from unfolded newspapers. A cautious cat sidled along close-pressed to the houses, jumping puddles, and ever alert to find the driest places. Tiring of the wet, or possibly reaching home, the cat gave a long, cautious look around, then squeezed through a partly opened window.

From around the corner came a slight, hurrying figure clad in dark raincoat and sheltering beneath a small, black umbrella. Pausing a moment beneath a street lamp she consulted a slip of paper clutched between her fingers. Peering in the dim light she checked again the address and number before hurrying on. Here and there she halted her hurried flight to bend forward and read the numbers on the house doors. At last, with a small exclamation, she stopped by the corner house. Hesitantly she looked at it, a small house, a poor house, with paint sun-blistered on the door. The window frames were cracked for want of paint, and the stonework had seen much better days. Yet—she decided—it was a HAPPY house.

Hesitating no longer, she mounted the three small stone steps and knocked timidly at the door. Soon there came the

sound of footsteps within the house and the slight creak as the door was opened.

'Mrs. Ryan?' asked the woman on the step.

'Yes, I'm Mrs. Ryan, can I help you?' responded the other, then, 'Won't you come in out of the rain?'

Gratefully the small woman folded her umbrella and stepped inside. As Mrs. Ryan took her wet coat the slight woman looked about her.

She saw an elderly, gaunt woman, with a kind face and work-worn hands. A woman who, like her house, had seen better days, but one who had well learned Life's hard lessons. The furniture was clean but well worn, and the linoleum was beginning to be shabby. The slight woman turned with a start and said, 'Oh, I'm so sorry, my mind was wandering. I'm Mrs. Harvey. Mrs. Ellis told me about you. I DESPERATELY need help!'

Mrs. Ryan gazed at her gravely and said, 'Come into the sitting-room with me, Mrs. Harvey. Let us see what the trouble is.' She led the way into a small, neat room facing down the street. Motioning to a chair she said, 'Won't you sit down?'

Gratefully the slight woman sank into the comfortable chair. 'It's about Fred,' she cried, 'he died five weeks ago and I miss him so!' Memory overcame her and she wept with an agony of emotion. Fumbling in her handbag she withdrew her handkerchief and dabbed ineffectually at her streaming eyes. Mrs. Ryan patted her on the shoulder and said, 'Now, now, just sit there and have your cry out; I will make a cup of tea and then you will feel better.' Hurrying from the room she entered the kitchen from whence soon came the clatter of tea-cups.

'I've had a TERRIBLE time!' said Mrs. Harvey later as they sat facing each other with the tea-tray between them. 'Fred—my husband—and I were very much in love and then five weeks ago he was killed instantly in an explosion at the Works. It was HORRIBLE! And every night I've had the strongest feeling that he was trying to get in touch with me, to tell me something.' She stopped, and twisted her handkerchief nervously, biting her lower lip and scuffling the worn carpet on the floor. Then 'Mrs. Ellis told me that you might be able to get in touch with Fred—I don't know what you charge—but I do so want to hear from him!'

‘My dear,’ said the elderly woman to the anxious young widow. ‘We can only try and trust in God. Sometimes I can receive messages from those who have left this life, other times I cannot. Only the highest Adepts can always be telepathic and clairvoyant. If I can help you, then that is God's Will; if I cannot, then that is God's Will too. As for my charge’—she waved a hand round the room—‘I do not look as if I over-charged and lived in luxury, do I?’ She sighed and added, ‘A machine could be constructed whereby this world and the Unseen could communicate just as we now telephone another country. But Industry is not interested . . . tell me about your husband, have you some personal article of his that I may attempt to contact him?’

Much, much later a smiling and greatly comforted Mrs. Harvey stood up to leave, and said, ‘I know now that there are mediums and mediums; some are absolute swindlers as I have found to my cost. Some raise hopes falsely and without having any ability whatever. You—you are VERY different. Thank you, thank you so much, Mrs. Ryan!’

As she softly closed the door after the departing Mrs. Harvey, the gaunt old medium muttered, ‘Lord! Lord! If only we could stop all the fakes and have real research, how easily we could then communicate.’

She turned back into the sitting-room and slowly gathered up the tea-things, thinking of a seance which she had once attended.

. . . . .

The shops had closed early, for it was the middle of the week, when all the pay packets were empty, and larders too were becoming bare in anticipation of the morrow's shopping spree. The shops had closed early, and from the great city had flowed clerks and accountants, typists and shop girls. Great rivers of humanity had stormed the barriers at the Tube stations and rushed like a roaring torrent down the escalators, sweeping along the subways to stand at last in a solid mass along the station platforms. From the deep tunnels came the reverberating vroom-vroom of the trains as they approached. At the first glimmer of train-light wavering in the darkness an uneasy surge swept the waiting masses. Strong ones pushed forward, weak ones were roughly shoved aside. As the train slowed into the station, to stop with a dying sigh of airbrakes,

the crowd rolled forward and were engulfed by the carriages. A thud as the rubber-lined doors shut, and the dull throbbing of the air compressors pumping pressure to keep the brakes off, and the train rolled away, gathering speed, as the next wave of work-leaving humans poured down the subways to stand sheep-like on the so recently vacated platform.

At last the pushing crowds thinned and dwindled to a trickle. Soon the trains became less frequent, for this was the time of home-returning for the workers. Later the flow would be partly reversed as theatre-goers and window-shoppers returned for their evening pleasures. Soon Ladies of the Night would appear, to loiter in darkened doorways or flaunt themselves beneath the lamplights. Soon policemen would saunter through the shopping areas, leisurely trying premises for unlocked doors, peering into parked cars, and being unobtrusively alert for the unusual and illegal. But not yet, the workers had but recently left for home.

Far out in the suburbs people were getting up from their evening meal. Some were dressing for theatres, others were wondering how to spend an idle evening. Others were going to Meetings . . . !

Down the road, in twos and threes came a small group converging on a big old house that stood back somewhat from the road, like some old person trying to keep aloof from the common herd. The bushes hiding the facade were unkempt, untrimmed, reminding one of a man with long, uncut hair on his neck. Above the portico a single unshaded bulb glowed dimly through the mess left by singed flies and insects. Briefly a face appeared at an upstairs window and peered down the road, assessing the number of people approaching, and then vanishing in the twitching of a quickly drawn curtain.

Soon people were congregating at the portico, calling greetings to friends, eyeing new faces with unfriendly suspicion. Soon the door was opened, and a very large, very stout woman bedecked with strings of imitation pearls appeared. Washing her hands with invisible soap and water, she beamed toothily upon the group facing her. 'Well! Well!' she exclaimed archly. 'The Spirits told me that we should have a record number tonight. Now, if you will just come in . . . .' She moved aside and people filed into the gloomy hallway. 'Leave your Love Offerings there,' said the stout woman as she pointed to a deep plate standing in an alcove. A banknote, weighted down

with four half-crowns, already rested in the capacious bottom, giving silent hints as to the amount of 'Love Offering' expected.

Under the watchful eyes of the stout woman the congregation fumbled in pocket and purse and dropped their offerings into the rapidly filling plate. 'That's right!' said the woman. 'We must not let our Spirit Friends think their efforts are unappreciated, must we? The more we give the more we receive,' she added smugly.

The little group of people moved into a large room with what appeared to be a stage at one end. Hard wooden chairs were placed in irregular ranks and these were rapidly occupied by the crowd, with nervous newcomers being pushed to the back rows.

The stout woman moved ponderously to the stage and took her place in the centre, playing with her bracelets impatiently. A tall, thin woman appeared and sat down before a half-concealed harmonium and played the first bars of a hymn. 'Just a few hymns first to get the atmosphere right,' said the stout woman. 'Then we will get down to business.' For some minutes the organ played and the people sang, then the stout woman waved her hands imperatively and said, 'STOP! STOP! The Spirits are waiting!' The last notes died away from the organ in a wail of diminuendo as the bellows emptied of air. There was a rustle and creak of furniture as people sat and shuffled to become at ease. The lights dimmed, went out, and were replaced by red ones which shed an eerie glow over all.

Upon the platform the stout woman peered and pranced. 'Oh! Boys!' she exclaimed coquettishly. 'Wait—wait—you must speak in turn! There are many waiting to speak tonight,' she exclaimed to her audience in an aside, 'and they are very impatient. Many of you will have messages tonight,' she added.

For some time she writhed on the platform, giggling, and rubbing her head. 'Now!' she exclaimed at last. 'They have had their fun. So—to business.' Looking about her, she suddenly asked, 'Mary the name is Mary. Has anyone here by the name of Mary lost a Dear One recently?'

Dubiously a hand rose. 'I lost my stepfather six months ago,' said a nervous young woman. 'He was a great sufferer, I'm sure it was a relief when he went.'

The stout woman nodded, and remarked, 'Well, he asks me to tell you that he is happy now and is sorry for all the work he caused you.' The nervous young woman nodded and whispered to her companion.

'Smith!' called the stout woman. 'I have a message for Smith. I am asked to say that you are not to worry, everything will be all right. You understand what I mean, don't you—I can hardly talk about it in a meeting like this, but you understand!' Near the front a young man nodded his head in assent.

'The Boys are in great form tonight,' said the stout woman, 'they have so MANY messages for you. I am just like a telephone, you know, giving the messages from our Dear Departed who are yet with us in the spirit! Wait—wait—what is that? OH! They say that I should ask for special contributions so that I may have this room decorated, they don't like to visit shabby rooms. Will you help? Will you contribute towards this worthy cause? Miss Jones, will you pass the plate round please? Thank you!'

. . . . .

Let it be stated at the outset that it is quite possible under certain conditions to receive messages from those who have 'passed over'. At the same time it must be stated equally definitely that people who have left this world have a job to do, and they do not just sit around in groups waiting like a gang of youths on a street comer to get a word in somehow. Many of the messages are fake messages either from elementals or from ungenune 'mediums'.

First we should deal with one or two of the very real dangers of occultism and metaphysics, and everything else that comes within that classification. Of course there is no danger whatever to the person practicing occultism for a pure reason; I have quite a different thing in mind.

One of the biggest dangers which we face is that posed by cranks, crackpots, the mentally deluded, and those who think they are Cleopatra or some such similar reincarnation. The number of Cleopatras would probably populate the whole of New York and leave an overflow for the rest of the United States.

It is a most unfortunate thing that the emotionally unstable flock to occultism like flies to a jampot, and the bigger cranks

they are the more danger they make for us who are trying to do a decent job.

Let me make this quite definitely clear; occultism is a natural thing, there is nothing mysterious about it, it is just the use of powers which almost everyone has, of which almost everyone has forgotten how to use. Put it this way: we have an ordinary, average person who shall be our guide-stick, or our yardstick. This ordinary, average person is our indicator. A person with less intellect is below average, so a denizen of a mental home can be very much below average. The sub-normals, those who are below average, do not engage our attention. But those who are in possession of abilities which our average indicator does not possess, then they are above normal, paranormal. People with occult abilities are paranormal, they have abilities which are not developed in the average person.

A savage has a very keen sense of smell, and often a very keen sense of sight also, he senses far above anything which the so-called civilized person does. A civilized person has the same potentialities for increased smell or sight, but conditions of alleged civilized life make the exercise of smell, power, and sight keenness a positive drawback. Think of going to some of those restaurants if one's smell was phenomenally acute, the stench would knock one over backwards.

The person with occult power, then, is not a magician, not anything like that, he is just a person who has developed certain senses possessed by everyone else. In the same way we all have muscles, but the weight-lifter has developed his muscles to a far greater extent than has the little old lady who sits in a chair all day long. And the man who engages in politics, he has developed his vocal chords far beyond that of the man who stays at home all the time; they both have muscles, they both have vocal chords, but the stages of development of those organs are different.

One of the most important of the occult laws is that one should not indulge in exhibitionism, one should not drag down occult power by what becomes a mere circus turn. How often does one hear a woman say, 'Oh, I met a wonderful man today, he came to my door, he's a Spanish onion seller in the mornings, in the afternoons he sells ladies wear, and in the evenings he gives occult demonstrations. He is so utterly wonderful, he can balance on one finger while drinking a cup

of tea upside down.’ Or how often do we hear of some poor little man, so lonely, so forgotten by the world, that he has to say, ‘Ah, I have read a book about occultism. I will now set up as a great Teacher and a Master.’ So he goes to work by day, perhaps canvassing from door to door, or perhaps being a meek little man under a domineering employer, and by night he sets off to his back room, puts on a mysterious look, flaps his eyebrows up and down, sights down the side of his nose, makes weird sighs and groans and perhaps also does a stage trick or two, says how wonderfully he can do astral travelling. Actually he has probably had too much supper or bad cheese, or something, and he has had a nightmare. Well, that little man is a real pest, he is a real danger to occultism and to himself. I am going to tell you that all these crackpots who put on stage shows and call it occultism are going to have to pay time after time until they learn better, they are going to have to come back to this Earth, and that should be a threat enough to put anyone off.

In India there is a sect of people called the Fakirs. They pose as holy men, they travel about India and no attractive woman is safe from them, but they put on stage shows, they put on tricks. Well I for one, if I want to see a conjuring show, I would rather pay and go to a good variety theatre. I don't want to see a dirty little man squatting on the ground trying to hypnotize a whole group of people, that doesn't prove anything spiritual to me. It proves, instead, that the person has not even the first conception of spiritualism. The Indian rope trick is just a simple matter of hypnotism. I am going to tell you, though, quite definitely that the real Masters who never prove anything to satisfy the idle curiosity seekers can actually do the so-called Indian rope trick by utilizing natural powers, and that does not employ hypnotism. I will tell you quite truthfully that I and many others have seen levitation. Levitation is a very real thing indeed, and it is not at all mysterious. It is a matter of reversing magnetic currents. If you get hold of two magnets, two bar magnets for preference, if you hold them one in each hand and bring them together, they may jump together with a loud metallic clang, often pinching a bit of flesh in-between! But if you reverse the direction of just one, that is if you take the one in your right hand, and you put the South Pole where the North Pole was before and you try to bring these two magnets together, you will find that they make quite

strenuous efforts to evade each other, they oppose each other, they have no magnetic attraction to each other, they have repulsion instead.

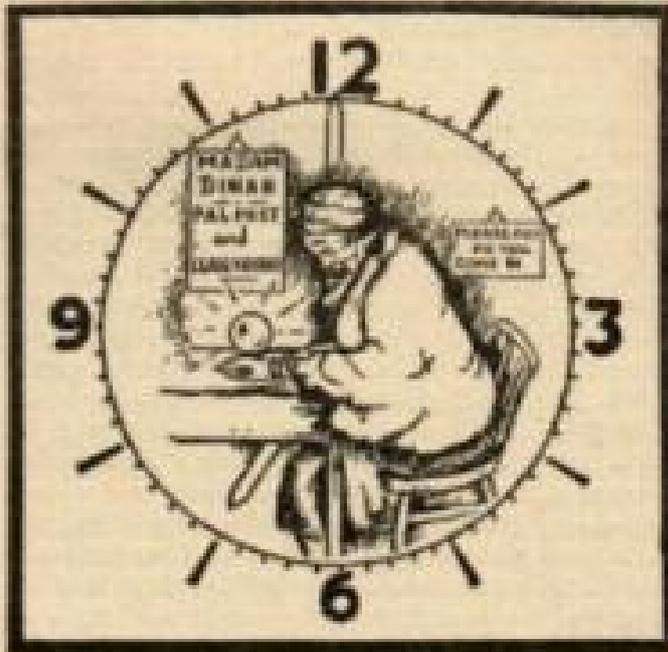
Another thing: One can have a form of induction coil connected to a battery or to the mains, and over a shaft which projects upwards one can drop an aluminum ring. If the current is switched on, the ring apparently defies gravity and floats in the air. If anyone doubts the truth of this, well, they should consult some scientific magazine or write to the United States for a demonstration kit. But let us get back to what we are discussing seriously.

Levitation is a method of altering our own magnetic attraction so that we do not weigh so much. In England about sixty or so years ago there was a young man called Home; he gave an actual demonstration of levitation in an English country house. Some of the world's foremost scientists witnessed the demonstration, but because the demonstration disproved the laws which those scientists had formulated they would not give an unbiased report. In Tibet and China—China before the Communists made a commotion there, that is—and Japan, before the United States soldiers made a commotion there as well, one saw a lot of levitation and similar things. But these things were never done as a circus turn, but only for the science of raising the Kundalini in sincere and genuine students.

Let us, then, be true occultists and let us very, very seriously suspect anyone who offers to give a demonstration of balancing on one finger or any of those really crackpotted asinities which the person with no confidence in himself and no occult powers at all tries to delude the unwary with. The true occultist never, never gives proof of his abilities unless there is a completely overriding good reason for it.

I should also include in this people like Dinah Dripdry, the back-street clairvoyant. This poor woman, perhaps for several hours a day, scrubs floors carrying around a bucket and a mop. Then at the end of her work she trudges off home (there is usually a bus strike, anyway!), she trudges off home and gets herself done up in some really outlandish fashion.

She sticks a colourful thing around herself, and then she wraps a sort of gaudy handkerchief around her head which she thinks looks like a turban. She has very dim lights in the room so the clients won't see how dirty it really is, then she is ready



to start business. Frequently she has got hold of some sort of crystal from somewhere, often it is kept as a showpiece exposed to the sunlight so that people will see this thing and think what a wonderful woman she is when she is not scrubbing floors. Well, there is nothing that ruins a crystal more thoroughly than being exposed to sunlight, it kills the odometric power of the crystal.

Dinah Dripdry, then, has somehow lured a foolish client into her room. Usually she sits down opposite him, looks him up and down and gets him talking a bit. Most people are so fond of hearing their own voice that they tell all and a bit more. So Dinah Dripdry merely has to look in her crystal, seeing nothing but her own reflection, and repeat back in gloomy tones some of the things which her client has told her. Then she gets a reputation for being a great seeress. The client frequently doesn't remember having told her anything, and he parts with his money without a murmur! Dinah Dripdry cannot be a clairvoyant if she is doing it for money because that loses her the power even if she had it in the first case.

No average clairvoyant is clairvoyant all the time throughout the twenty-four hours. A person may be highly clairvoyant at a most inconvenient time, but then when there is need for clairvoyance the person is not clairvoyant, and if you are doing it for money you cannot say, 'Oh this is one of my off-days, I don't feel able to tell you the truth today.' So people like Dinah Dripdry have to make their money, and when they cannot see anything in the crystal—which is all the time with them—then they have to make things up.

You will have experiences of not being in top form all the time: You may say, 'I don't know what's wrong with me, I can't concentrate today.' Well, in the same way with clairvoyance; you don't concentrate in clairvoyance, you do just the reverse, so that if a person is tensed up or too excited then that person cannot relax, and for the time being the clairvoyant ability falls off. The second rule is, for the sake of your own pocket book, never, never pay anything whatever to have your fortune told by a crystal gazer or a person like that, they cannot do it for money and if they try to put it on a commercial basis, then they just have to 'make up' from time to time, and the more a person makes up things the more quickly they lose any clairvoyant ability which they might have possessed in the first case.

Another thing which should be made clear now is that no person can control the astral of another. You sometimes get an idiotic sort of woman who does a cackle of laughter, like a hen about to lay a particularly large egg, and says, 'Oh, I've got a hold on you, I met you in the astral last night and now I can control your astral.' If you ever meet a person like that the best thing is to call those white-coated attendants who carry the mentally afflicted off to a comfortably padded cell.

No person can suffer any injury when in the astral. No person can be controlled by another person while in the astral. The only thing to be afraid of is of being afraid. Fear is like a corrosive acid on the mechanism of a thing like a watch. Fear corrodes, fear corrupts. So long as you are not afraid, nothing at all bad can happen to you. So again, if any idiotic crackpot claims to be able to control you, then you'd better send them off to be examined by a psychiatrist or call the police, it's time the police did something anyhow!

It is not possible except under certain conditions and circumstances to hypnotize a person against that person's will. Of course those who have been trained in Tibet, and only in the Temple of the Inner Mysteries of Tibet, could do such a thing if they wanted to for a good reason, but every person who has been trained in the Inner Temple of Mysteries of Tibet has himself been hypnotically conditioned so that he cannot do anything of this type to harm anyone else but only to help someone else, and even then only in very unusual circumstances.

If someone starts gazing at you and trying to hypnotize you, then gaze straight back at the bridge of his nose between his eyes, gaze straight back, and if he doesn't know enough he will soon be hypnotized instead of you. You have nothing to fear whatever except of being afraid. Occultism is an ordinary thing just the same as breathing, or lifting a book, or taking a step. You can walk safely unless you are clumsy and careless, and then you can slip on a banana skin. Well that is your fault, not the fault of walking. Occultism is safer than walking because there are no banana skins in occultism. The only thing to be afraid of, I repeat, is of being afraid.

Of course it's quite difficult trying to reason with people, quite difficult trying to explain a thing to a person, because there is a definite law that in any battle between the emotion and reason, emotion always wins no matter how great one's

intellect, no matter how great one's reasoning power. If one gets really excited and enraged the emotion overrides the reason.

A person lives in a tall apartment building nine floors high, if you like. These buildings have a flimsy iron railing at the edge of their balconies, a good push would probably knock the thing over, but emotion tells us that it is quite safe because there is a railing there and we experience no fear at all. But supposing that railing was removed, then we should have great fear of falling even if we stood in precisely the same position as we should have stood if the railing had been there.

At all times, then, we should keep in mind that in any battle between emotion and reason, emotion always wins, and for that reason we should not let ourselves get unduly excited, instead we should try to get a step nearer to Nirvana which is the controlling of emotion so that no longer does it stop the workings of reason.

We must realize that some of these little back-street people who have read a book or perhaps have just heard of the title of a book, are not necessarily the best teachers. The only person who is qualified to teach anything to do with the occult is the person who obviously knows. A person who has been trained at a reputable place. I, for instance, can and have produced papers showing that I have been trained and hold medical degrees of the University of Chungking, and my papers describe me as a Lama of the Potala Monastery of Lhasa. Naturally, one does not produce such papers just for curiosity seekers or to settle bets as I have frequently been asked! Publishers have seen such papers and they testify to that in their Foreword to one or more of my books.

One would not go to a quack doctor, one who would give us a 'bonk' on the head with a mallet in order to make us unconscious and so oblivious to pain, one would only go to a qualified doctor. In the same way, one should not go to a quack who has no real knowledge of the occult except some imaginary sounds in the head; all too often, as you know, voices in the head may even be a symptom of mental derangement: You should choose your occultist as soundly as you choose your physical doctor.

When a person leaves this Earth they may be advanced people who have gone on to higher planes. In that case only a medium with very considerable power can make contact be-

cause in ordinary physical concepts those who have passed over have gone to a different time zone, and if you try to telephone Australia from England, then unless you know the time zone of your friend, you cannot get in touch, you may be trying to call in the middle of the night, for instance. But in our medium case we are trying to call someone who is already a few thousand light years into the future! Most times a medium who lacks experience will be deluded by those plausible Beings who are also known as elementals. Perhaps we should discuss elementals so that we may know something about the subject.

People have rather remarkable ideas about that order of Beings which we call elementals. Frequently they are confused with the souls of humans, but they are nothing at all like that. They mimic humans just the same as monkeys copy humans, and the average medium who cannot see into the astral will be led astray by elementals pretending to be humans.

Elementals are not evil spirits either, they are merely the thought forms which have been generated by constant repetition. For example, if a person constantly gets drunk, then that person will have confused thoughts and has excess energy, being no longer under control, will run wild and will perhaps conjure up thoughts of pink elephants or spotted lizards, or something like that. These things are elementals.

As we have said, each cycle of evolution is constituted by those leaving a cycle and those starting a cycle, so we get what is in effect a life-wave of living souls or Overselves, and each of these 'waves' has its own contribution to evolution, it leaves its own pattern just the same as an Oxford man leaves a different pattern on civilization to the Yale man, and the Borstal man leaves yet a different pattern. So when this life-wave goes on their memory remains as a static force, and as there have been so many people concerned, the force is built up into what is in the astral plane a solid creature.

These creatures which have been built up and left behind by succeeding wave-forms or cycles of evolution are solid creatures, but they lack 'the divine spark', they lack intelligence, and instead they are only able to mimic or reproduce things which have entered into their consciousness at some time. You can, if you try hard enough, teach a parrot to repeat a few words; it does not necessarily understand the words but the parrot is repeating a sonic pattern. In the same way, ele-

mentals repeat a cybernetic pattern.

For those who are really interested in the subject, elementals are divided into many different types in much the same way as in humans there are black people, brown people; yellow people, white people, etc. In the elemental groups there are four main types attached to the Earth astral plane, and that is how we get some of the 'qualities' of astrology. The astrologer will know of the Spirits of Air, the Spirits of Fire, the Spirits of Water, and the Spirits of Earth, for they are the four main types of elementals.

The witchcraft people, or the alchemist, would refer to them as gnomes for one group, sylphs for the second group, salamanders for the third group, and for the last group undines.

If you want to take it a bit farther beyond the astrologer and beyond the witches you can go on to the stage of the chemists, because you can say that the Earth group represent a solid in which all molecules adhere. After the solid we have the liquid (water) in which molecules move freely. Next on our list is air, which also includes gases of various types, and in air the molecules repel each other. Finally, for our chemical correspondents, there is fire, and in fire molecules change or transmute into some other substance.

The term 'elemental' is almost always reserved for those Beings who occupy a place in one of the groups just mentioned, but there are other groups such as nature spirits. Nature spirits control the growth of trees and plants, and they help in the transmutation of organic compounds so that plants may be enriched and fertilized. These groups all have an Overself Head, or if you prefer, an Oversoul; they are known as the Manu. The human tribe has a Manu, each country has a Manu, and nature spirits have a Manu, there is a Manu who controls and oversees the work of the tree spirits just as there is a Manu who controls the work of the rock spirits. In Egypt, many, many centuries ago, highly trained priests were able to get in contact with these Manus. For example, Bubastes, the cat God, the Manu of cats everywhere.

We must have negative or we cannot have positive, so just as there are good spirits so also are there evil spirits, demons if you like. They are evil to us here, but on another plane of existence they may be good. If you are at all electrically inclined this explanation might appeal to you; suppose you have

a twelve-volt car battery; at the extreme is the positive and at the other extreme is the negative. But now supposing that you connect another battery, six or twelve volt, in series on to this first battery, then the negative of the original battery will be as the positive of the second battery, and the negative of the second battery will be more negative than the negative of the first battery! All this, stated simply, is that everything is relative and to be compared with each other. Thus we have evil here at present, but if we can find a worse world, then our evil would be as good on that world, and what is good on this world would be not very good at all on the higher world!

I said that Man was having different waves of evolution. Well, that really is so. For example, there was the Lemurian Race which mainly operated by instincts and passions, and then evolved higher emotions. After that there came the Atlantian Race which started off with higher emotions and then evolved a reasoning mind. The Aryan Race came next; this started off with the functioning mind and will eventually obtain an abstract mind. After the Aryan we come to the Sixth Race which starts with the abstract mind and eventually will obtain spiritual perception. With the Seventh Race, which will start with spiritual perception, it will go on to achieve cosmic consciousness.

For those of you who are interested in the theory of land drift, that is, that the whole world was covered with one continent at the start and that it broke up under centrifugal rotation, there is now very considerable proof that this which was known as Pangea first separated into two super continents known as Laurasia which was in the North, and Gondwanaland in the South. These in time broke up into separate lands and continents, however that is taking us rather far from our original theme.

A medium is a person who through some difference in brain structure is able to receive messages from another plane of existence in just the same way as a radio can receive messages which the unaided human ear cannot.

A medium usually goes into a form of trance, either light or heavy depending upon the medium, and during that trance the consciousness of the medium is suppressed so that another entity can operate the 'controls' and give utterance to certain thoughts in the form of words.

Most mediums will have a spirit control from among those

who have been kept upon the lower astral for some specific purpose. The spirit control, or Guide as many call it, acts as a policeman and prevents—in some cases—mischievous elements from doing harm to the medium.

The Overself of the medium has departed so as to give the Guide free rein, but the medium who is sitting in a chair or lying on a couch, will not be aware of anything at all. If you see that the medium is looking about taking too much interest in events, then you can be quite reasonably sure that you do not have a genuine medium. The whole point is that the medium should place his or her personality completely aside and function merely as a telephone. After all, if you are going to get a message from the other side of death you do not want the medium's interpretation, you want a clear unbiased statement, and the only way that one can obtain that clear unbiased statement is to let the spirit communicator communicate without interference from the medium.

Again you should remember that when one gets in contact with what we might term the spirits of the departed so that they may tell us of their experiences we merely listen to the accounts of their dreams in the other world, because the really evolved souls have gone on to a dimension which the average medium cannot possibly reach. It is only when one has a real Master that one can reach forward into time and call back a message from one of those very far-departed souls, and that is why it is so difficult to obtain really worthwhile statements from those who have passed over.

Supposing we try to look into the matter of the average medium. Let us say that the woman has some gifts in mediumistic work and she can obtain rapport with people who have passed over, but let us remember that these people who have just passed over are still in the lower astral, they are in what we might term purgatory, they are in the intermediate stage, they are in the waiting-room waiting for directions as to what to do and where to go.

Suppose you look upon these people as patients in a hospital, because it is a fact that many of these people do have to undergo certain spirit therapy to overcome the shocks of their Earth experience. So let us say that we are in contact with one of these people who is as a patient in a hospital; the patient is in bed and thus his only knowledge of his surroundings is that limited to the small area visible from his bed, he cannot see the

whole work of the hospital, and if he can see other scenery, then possibly it is only that which he can see from the window.

Supposing you get a report from one of the Guides or some spirit whose special task is to assist those who are about to pass over or who have actually passed over. If they speak that is much the same as getting a report from some inexperienced little nurse or ward-maid at the hospital, and not even if you can go to a lecture of the hospital committee can you realize the full scope of what is going on, you can only make an evaluation by leaving the hospital and touring, as one might say, the town.

When one leaves this world which we call Earth one goes to the lower astral, which the Bible terms purgatory, and that may, as we have stated, be regarded as a hospital for sick souls where they are cured of many of the shocks which they endured or sustained upon this crude, crude Earth.

Unfortunately the lower astral would better be compared to a mental home, in which patients are received and their cases considered, just as a psychiatrist may sometimes discuss things with a patient so that he himself can state his faults and ailments, so in the lower astral can the newly arrived soul see what he did wrong on the Earth and see what he has to do about it to atone. Then for a short time the soul rests and recuperates, and perhaps walks in pleasant parkland, all the time receiving medication and treatment to assist him or her to carry on with the next phase of existence.

You will quite appreciate that people in the astral world are absolutely solid to each other. You upon this world can bump into a wall, but a 'ghost' would walk through that wall, yet in the astral and other planes the walls are quite solid to those occupants.

From all this you can see that if you make a commotion and go from medium to medium and seance to seance trying to get in touch with one who has passed over, then you are causing considerable harm to that person. Think of it in this way; a loved one has been taken ill and has been taken to a mental home or some other form of hospital, suppose you keep on calling and pestering that person, then you impede that person's progress. The doctors cannot get his full attention because you are meddling in his affairs, you are stopping treatment and causing considerable distress.

When you try to get in touch with an entity who has gone

beyond the lower astral, then you are interfering with a person who is trying to do a particular task. People who have left this world do not just sit about on clouds strumming harps and singing hymns, they have more work to do than they had upon this Earth! And if they are subject to continual distraction, then they cannot get on with their work.

Suppose you call a very busy executive, or a research scientist, or a surgeon who is doing a difficult operation, suppose you keep jerking at his coat-tails, then you distract him and he cannot give attention to what he is doing.

Mediums should never, never try to get in touch with the departed unless under very special conditions and with very special safeguards. Fortunately there is already a built-in safeguard; many worthy mediums, believing absolutely in their own sincerity, merely contact elementals who are having quite a bit of fun! That is all right if you know you are contacting elementals, but if you know that much why play with a gang of half-witted monkeys?

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### END OF A CHAPTER

THE dog whined disconsolately, ears drooping mournfully down towards the ground. Whined, and whined again, with his tail hanging listlessly between his legs. A sudden shiver of apprehension twitched his body and caused him gloomily to give utterance to a short, sharp bark. The leaves of the trees rustled as if in sympathy as the dog cowered at the door. For a moment he became alert, vibrant with suppressed energy as he listened to some distant sound, then slumped again in disappointed misery. On an impulse he leaped up and scabbled at the door, tearing great gouges in the woodwork. Throwing his head back he gave voice to wolf-like shrieks and yells.

Soft, padding footsteps sounded round the corner of the house, and an old voice said, 'Bruno, Bruno! Be quiet, will you? You cannot go in, the Master is very ill.' Then, as an after-thought, adding, 'Here—you come with me, I'll tie you up in the Potting Shed where you will be out of the way.' The old gardener fumbled in his pockets and produced a length of binder-twine. Passing one end through the dog's collar, he led him off to a distant clump of trees. Dispiritedly the dog followed, head down and whining.

'What's wrong, George?' asked a feminine voice from a kitchen window.

'Ah! The dog knows what's happening, that's what's wrong!' replied George, not pausing to say more. The woman turned to some unseen companion and muttered, 'Well, I never did, it just shows that dumb animals know what's going on, that's what I say?' Sniffing she turned her back to the window and went on with her task.

In the big old house all was quiet. No clatter of crockery, no sounds of housework. Silence. Almost the silence of the grave. Like an explosion, a hidden telephone burred and burred again before it was hastily seized. The tinny rattle of the distant caller's voice, and the reply in grave, masculine tones: 'No sir, I am afraid not. There is no hope. The Doctor is with him now.' A pause while the tinny rattle sounded again, and the

rejoinder, 'Yes, sir, I will give her your sympathy at the first available moment. Good-bye!'

From a distant door there came a gentle tinkle, short, and understanding. The 'shush-shush' of hurrying footsteps and the merest whisper of sound as a door was opened. 'Ah, yes, Father!' an elderly female voice said. 'They are expecting you, I will take you up.' Quietly the old housekeeper and the Priest made their way along the carpeted corridors and up the wide staircase. The gentlest of taps on a bedroom door, and a whispered word to the Priest. The door was opened silently, and a young woman appeared, came on the landing, and closed the door behind her.

'He is failing fast,' she said to the Priest, 'and he asked to speak to you alone. The Doctor will leave the room when you enter. Will you come with me?' She turned and led the way into the bedroom.

The room was large, very large, and was indeed a relic of a bygone era. Heavy, curtains were drawn across high windows, shutting out both sound and light. Old paintings adorned the walls, portraits of almost forgotten ancestors. By the side of the vast old bed a green-shaded lamp threw an uncertain light around the gloomy room. A small, shrunken figure lay motionless on the wide double-bed. A man with skin like faded parchment, wizened and feeble. By his bedside sat a Doctor who rose to greet the Priest. 'He wanted very much to see you,' said the former. 'I will leave the room and wait outside. He is very weak, so call me if you need me.' Nodding, he walked round the bed and accompanied the young woman out of the room.

For a moment the Priest looked about him, then placed his small case on a bedside table so that he could take out certain ritual articles. 'Ah! I don't need THAT' whispered a voice as dry as dust. 'Come and talk to me instead, Father!'

The Priest moved round the bed, bent, and clasped the hands of the old dying man. 'Is your Soul prepared, my son?' asked the Priest.

'That's what I want to ask you about,' wheezed the ancient voice. 'What will happen to me, what will I see on the Other Side? Is there a life after this?'

Quietly the Priest talked, telling only that which his religion permitted, or knew. The breath of the sufferer grew shallower and fainter. Quickly the Priest hurried to the door and beck-

oned to the Doctor. 'Shall I administer the Last Rites?' he muttered.

The Doctor moved to the bed and lifted a wasted arm. Feeling no pulse, he fitted his stethoscope to his ears and sounded the sick man's heart. Shaking his head sadly, he pulled the sheet over the dead man's face and muttered, 'I wonder, Father, I wonder, what is the Other Side of Life? I wonder!'

. . . . .

For reasons of their own Western religions do not tell much about death, but, after all, death is a very serious matter for all of us just as is birth, and it seems that death should logically follow the chapter about mediums because if no one died, mediums could not try to get in touch with them. So we are going to discuss death because, no matter who we are, death is something that comes to all of us just as does birth. But, you know, death is actually birth! Let us see how that comes about.

A baby within its mother dies to that warm, comfortable life within, and reluctantly emerges into the cold, hard world without. Birth pangs are death pangs, death to the old, birth into a new state. A person dies upon Earth and the pains of death are the pains of birth into a different state of existence. Most times death—death itself—is a quite painless process. Actually, as death approaches, Nature, in the shape of various metabolic changes, introduces a form of anesthesia into the body system, anesthesia which culls the actual perceptions while allowing the body reflexes to make certain movements which people think of as death pains. People actually associate pain and death, or if you prefer, death and pain, because in the majority of cases people who are grievously ill die apparently in pain, but that pain, remember, is not the pain of death but the pain caused by the illness itself. Perhaps there is a cancer, something affecting body organs, grasping at nerve endings or eating them away. But let us remember that this pain is the pain of the illness, the pain of the complaint, not death itself.

Death, the actual state of transition from this world to the next, the actual state of leaving this physical body, is a painless process because of the anesthetic properties which come to most bodies at the moment of death. Some of us know what it is to die and to remember everything, and to come

back still remembering. In the process of dying we have a body which is ailing, functions are failing. But remember this, the functions are failing, that means the ability to perceive or apperceive or to comprehend pain impulses is failing also. We know that people sometimes give an impression of pain at dying, but this again is an illusion.

The dying body is a body which has usually (except in the case of accident) reached the end of its endurance, it can go no more, the mechanism is failing, there is no longer the ability for metabolic processes to renew failing organisms. Eventually the heart stops, the breathing stops. Clinically a person is dead when no breath condenses on a mirror held before the lips; clinically and legally a person is dead when there is no longer a pulse or a heart-beat.

People do not die on the instant, however. After the heart has ceased to beat and after the lungs have ceased to pump, the brain is the next to die. The brain cannot live long without its precious supply of oxygen, but even the brain does not die instantly, it takes minutes. There have been absolutely authenticated cases where people have been beheaded, and the head, severed from the body, has been held up for public inspection. The lips have continued to move and a lip reader can distinguish the words being formed. Obviously only a lip reader can interpret what is being said because there can be no speech when the neck has been cut and the supply of air from the lungs terminated. It is the air supply going past the vocal chords which makes the sound.

After the brain has died, after the brain is no longer capable of functioning through this lack of oxygen, the rest of the body dies slowly. Various organs die throughout a day or so. At the end of three days the body is just a lump of decomposing protoplasm, but the body does not matter, it is the immortal soul that matters—the Overself. But let us go back to the instant of clinical death.

The body in this case is lying on a bed. The breathing has stopped. A clairvoyant who is present can see a cloud like a faint mist forming above the body. It streams from the body, usually from the navel, although various people have various outlets for the Silver Cord.

Gradually this cloud coalesces and becomes denser, its molecules are less dispersed. Gradually a shadowy shape forms above the body; as the process of death advances, the shape

becomes more and more that of the body. Eventually as more organs fail, the cloud gets thicker and larger, taking at last the exact shape of the body above which it floats.

The cord, which we call the Silver Cord, connects the physical body and the astral body, for the cloud is in fact the astral body. Gradually this cord thins until at the end it withers, fades away, and parts. Only then is the body really dead, only then has the real person flown off to another life, to another stage of evolution. Once that misty figure has gone, it does not matter at all what happens to the fleshy envelope, it can be cremated or buried, it does not matter which.

It is perhaps opportune to digress here for a moment to issue what may be construed as a warning because so many people make it difficult indeed for the newly 'dead' to continue to live! When a person has died that person should be left untouched for two or three days if possible. It is definitely harmful to take that dead body and prop it up in a casket in some Funeral Home and have a lot of well-meaning people go and mutter all sorts of wonderful tributes which most times they don't mean.

Until the Silver Cord be severed and the Golden Bowl be shattered, the astral form floating can pick up the thoughts of those who are making comments at its passing. Further, if a body be cremated in less than three days there is often intense pain caused to the astral figure, and the pain, curiously enough, is not the pain of hot fire but of intense cold. So if you value those who have gone on before, and if you will do as you would be done by, you will whenever possible ensure that a person who has died has three clear days in which to sever and disassociate completely from the physical body.

But we have got to the stage where the spirit or astral form has left the body, the spirit has gone on where it meets other spirits and, of course, to each other they are quite as solid as two people on the Earth. You can only see a so-called 'ghost' as a transparent or semi-transparent person because that ghost is at a higher vibration than a human in the flesh; but—and I am not making a joke of this—two ghosts are two solid people to each other just as are two ordinary humans in the flesh.

If one has a person of a different dimension, then they might possibly see humans in the flesh as ghosts, because think of this; a two-dimensional object casts a one-dimensional shadow, a three-dimensional object casts a two-dimensional

shadow, but a four-dimensional object (the fourth dimension again!) casts a three-dimensional shadow, and how do you know that you, to a fourth dimensional person, are not just a semi-transparent shadow?

The spirit, then, has left the body and gone on, and if it is an evolved spirit, that is if it is aware of life after death, then it can be assisted in going to what is known as the Hall of Memories where all the incidents of the past life are seen, where all mistakes are perceived and appreciated. This, of course, according to some religions is the Day of Judgement or the Judgement Hall, but according to our religion Man judges himself, and there is no sterner judge than Man judging himself.

Unfortunately it frequently happens that a person dies and he does not believe in an after-life. In that case he drifts about for some time as if in the dark, as if in some stupendous cloying black fog. He drifts about feeling more and more miserable until at last he realizes that he is in some form of existence after all; then perhaps some early teaching will come to his aid, he may have gone to Sunday School, he may be a Christian, a Moslem, it does not matter what it is so long as he has some basic training, so long as he has some preconceived idea about things, he can be helped.

Suppose a person was brought up to some branch of the Christian faith, then he may have thought forms of Heaven and Angels and all that sort of thing, but of course if he was brought up in certain parts of the East he will think of a different type of Heaven where all the pleasures of the flesh which he couldn't satisfy while alive—or rather, couldn't satisfy while he was in a flesh body—are his for the asking.

So our man who just had a smattering of religion goes on for a time in an imaginary world peopled by thought forms which he himself has created, thought forms of angels or thought forms of beautiful maidens, depending on which part of the world he came from. It goes on for an indefinite time until at last he begins to perceive various fallacies, various errors in the surroundings. He might, for example, find that the angels' wings are molting, or if an Easterner he may find that certain of the beautiful maidens are not so completely beautiful as he thought! The Christian may come to the conclusion that this is not much of a Heaven where people wear brass halos, because people couldn't be sitting on a cloud playing harps all

the time dressed in their best nightshirts. So doubts creep in, doubt of the thought forms, doubt of the reality of that which is being seen. But let us take the other side.

The fellow wasn't a very good man, he thinks of Hell, he gets all sorts of pains and aches because he has an image of old Satan prodding him in various vital spots. He has thoughts of fire, brimstone, sulfur, and all those ingredients which would be of more use in a pharmaceutical laboratory. Again doubt creeps in, what is the purpose of all this pain, how can he be prodded so thoroughly when there is no blood, how can he have his bones broken every few minutes or so!

Gradually the doubts strengthen, gradually his spiritual mind becomes accessible to what we might term 'social workers' of the spirit world. At last when he is amenable to assistance they take him in hand, they clear away all the theatrical props which the man's imagination has built, they let him see the true reality, they let him see that the other side of death is a far, far better place than is this side (the Earth side).

Let us digress once more; this is becoming a habit, but—let us digress. Let us imagine a man in a radio studio facing a microphone. He does some particular sound—'Ah'. Well, that 'ah' leaves him, enters the microphone as a vibration, becomes translated into an electrical current, and travels along a very devious path. Eventually it goes through much apparatus and becomes a very much higher frequency version of 'ah'. In the same way, a body upon Earth is the low vibration of a voice. The Spirit, or Soul, or Overself or Atman, or whatever you want to call it, can be represented as being akin to the radio frequency of the 'ah'.

Do you follow what I am talking about? It is a rather difficult concept to put over without using Sanskrit terms or going into Buddhist philosophy, but we don't want to do anything like that yet. Let us deal with matter of fact things in matter of fact terms: Death is a very matter of fact affair, we all go through it time after time until at last we are free of the pains and tribulations of being born and dying to Earth. But remember, even when we advance to higher planes and to different forms of existence we still have 'birth' and 'dying' with which to contend, but the higher we go the more painless and the more pleasurable are these two stages in our existence.

Well, let us get back to this poor fellow who we left in the

spirit world, he is probably tired of waiting for us, but the spirit world, remember, or rather the astral stage, is an intermediate stage. Some religions relate it to Paradise; there is the Earth plane, Paradise, and eventually Heaven—provided the victim doesn't get sent to Hell first.

Our man is in the spirit world to see what sort of a mess he has made of his life. Did he leave undone those things which he should have done, did he do those things which he should not have done? If he is a normal human the answer is 'yes' on both counts. So he goes into the Hall of Memories to see what he did in past lives, how did he fail to learn things which he should have learned? And then when he sees his faults and also sees his successes he discusses with special guides—who are not Red Indians, by the way, or Ancient Chinese with long beards, but very special guides of his own type of person, own basic beliefs, etc., people who know the problems with which he is confronted, they know what he has been through, they know how they acted in similar circumstances. They are a bit more evolved, a bit more trained, they can see what this man has to learn in much the same way as a Careers Guidance Counselor can tell a person how to get a certain qualification so that he can later try for a specific appointment.

After this meeting, conditions and circumstances are picked so that the person can come back to Earth into the body of a small baby, perhaps as a male, perhaps as a female. It might disconcert some of you, but people come to this Earth as male and then as female, it all depends on which is most applicable to the type of lesson that has to be learned. It doesn't mean that because you are a very male male now, or an extremely feminine female, you will be the same in the next life or the life after, you might want a change of attitude, you might want to see what the other person has had to put up with.

After a person has been born time after time they come to a state when they have to be born no more to this Earth plane, but the person living the last life on Earth almost without exception has a very hard time, a time composed of misery, suffering, poverty, misunderstanding. Anyway, misery, misunderstanding, and all kinds of suffering are, as one might say, the leavening which eventually makes a person rise up to be a good spirit instead of an indifferent human.

A person living his last life upon the Earth is often regarded (on the Earth) as one of the unluckiest people ever, instead of

the luckiest in that they are living their last life here. All their hardships are because they are clearing up, getting ready to move out, paying debts, etc. They cannot learn through the flesh in the next life, so they have a good dose in this life. So they die, and most times, if they ever think about it, they are jolly glad.

Then back in the spirit world they get a good rest, for certainly they have earned it, they get a rest where they may be asleep for quite a few years, quite a few years by Earth time, that is. Then they get rehabilitated, built up, and all that, reconditioned one might say. After this they start all over again on the upward path, upward, ever upward. So the Great Prophet in one life who has learned all there is to know, or thinks he has, goes on to another stage of evolution where there are all sorts of different abilities, all sorts of varying talents which he has to master. It is like a boy who gets hold of a bicycle—the boy learns to ride the wretched thing, then when he can more or less stay on without falling off he tries a motor-cycle; this is a little more complicated because he has other controls to manipulate. From the motor-cycle to a car, from the car to an aeroplane, from an ordinary aeroplane to an even more difficult helicopter. All the time one is learning more and more difficult things.

When we go to sleep, all of us—well, let us be accurate and say about 90 per cent of us—do astral travelling, we go into the spirit world, into the astral world. As Christ said, ‘In my Father's House there are many Mansions, I go to prepare a Way for you.’ In the spirit world there are many planes of existence, many ‘Mansions’. The one closest to the Earth plane is the astral plane, beyond that is what one might term the spirit world. People who have died to Earth go to the spirit world, but if they want to they can come down to the astral world to see those who are over at the end of the Earth day. This is something like visiting people in a prison, but it may be a comforting thought for you because when you are in the spirit world you may at times want to meet those with whom you were associated upon the Earth.

Going to a higher plane it will comfort you even more to realize that when you are in the spirit world (not the astral) you can only meet those who are compatible with you, you cannot meet those whom you hate nor those who hate you. You have people around you who are attracted to you, you can only

meet those for whom you feel compatibility, kindness, consideration, or love.

In the astral plane you often meet people whom you do not particularly like; you might dislike a person intensely while on Earth and then when you both leave your bodies at night you go to the astral plane and you might meet to discuss in the astral language, or in Spanish, English, German, or some other language, and you might decide that you will try to patch up the differences between you, you might feel that friction has gone on long enough. So you have a discussion, you and your adversary, both in the astral plane, you decide what you can do to patch up your differences.

Also in the astral you often discuss what you are going to do in the physical world of the Earth. In the astral you might meet Aunt Fanny who lives in Adelaide, or some other place like that, and she will say, 'Oh, Maria Matilda (or some other name), I wrote you a letter such-and-such a time ago, you should be receiving it tomorrow when you get back to your Earth body.' Then when you wake up in the morning you have a vague idea about Aunt Fanny, or whoever it is, and you half-heartedly keep an eye open for the mailman to come trudging to your letter-box, and then you are not too surprised that you have a letter from Aunt Fanny in Adelaide, or whoever it was that you were thinking about.

Again, when one is in the astral world one can often meet people from the spirit world who have access to some knowledge. The person will say, 'Now that you have done all you can down there on Earth, you are going to have an argument with a bus next week, or the week after, and the bus is going to win, so you'd better get your affairs in order, you have nearly finished your task for this life.' The man feels very happy while he is in the astral to think that his life on Earth is nearly finished, but when he gets back to Earth he feels a bit gloomy and apprehensive, and tells his wife, if he has one, that he has had such a dreadful nightmare in which he could see that she would soon be a widow. She, of course, conceals her pleasure at this and when he goes to the office or to the store, she hurries to look in the strongbox to see that that fat insurance policy is perfectly all right, with all the premiums paid up.

Another way that the better-evolved person can know about the future is this; he is able to travel beyond the astral plane and up into what, for want of a better term, we might call the

primary spirit world. There he can consult the Akashic Record and the Record of Probabilities because it is not at all difficult to see what the probabilities of a person or of a nation are. One cannot always say precisely what is going to happen to an individual to the actual minute or even to the hour, but one can most certainly say what is going to happen to a country or to the world.

Well, we certainly have dealt with death in this particular chapter, and so you should regard this as a very pleasant affair, just as do children when leaving day comes for them to finish with their school life. Let us consider for a moment how to prepare for death, because just as one prepares for a wedding, one can have a much better time if one knows what is to be expected.

In Tibet several books are devoted to such things; The Tibetan Book of the Dead is one of the greatest classics in the Eastern part of the world, it tells in minute detail everything that can happen to a soul leaving the body and going out on the journey to the next life. In Tibet a lama specially clairvoyant and specially trained will sit by the side of a dying person and by telepathy will keep in touch with him so that even after the astral has left the physical, a conversation can be carried on. Let me state here most emphatically that no matter what the skeptical Western people say, Eastern people KNOW that it is possible to get messages from the so-called 'dead'. Everything has been told in detail, precisely what happens, precisely what it feels like.

The Egyptians also had a Book of the Dead, but in those days the priests wanted to keep a lot of power for themselves, and so they made a lot of symbolic things about the Gods Horus and Osiris, and about weighing the soul against a feather. That is a very pretty story, but it does not correspond to actual facts except that the Egyptians who were taught such things went into death with minds stuffed full of preconceived ideas so actually saw the God Osiris, actually saw the Judgment Chamber, actually in the mind lived through all those curious things where the soul was seen to flutter like a bird and where the Cat God Bubastes and others were perceived. But remember, this is just a pretty picture which has to be shattered before anyone can go on to the Reality, it is like trying to live in a Walt Disney world instead of the true world.

Many people have preconceived ideas which perhaps have

been fostered by some particular belief or by the lack of any belief at all, they do not know what to expect when they are dying and so they are caught up in remarkable fantasies of their own creation, or even worse caught in some blackness, some blankness because of a lack of understanding.

I will ask you to consider this with an open mind, it does not matter if you believe or disbelieve, just keep an open mind and think of what I am going to say to you now, it will help you later.

Give an hour or two to meditation (see the chapter on Meditation later) upon the subject of death, be prepared to accept the idea that when your time comes to leave this Earth you are going to force yourself painlessly out of this awful clay body which is cooling and feeling uncomfortable, and then you are going to gather in a cloud above the recumbent body. Then in that cloud you will send out a mental call for help from loved ones who have preceded you into the next life. You may not know much about telepathy, but that does not matter, when you leave this life for the Greater Life you will have telepathic abilities automatically, but to help you now let me say this; try to remember when you are dying that you visualise the person whom you love most **ON THE OTHER SIDE**. Try to actually visualize that person, try to send out a thought that you want that person to come and meet you and help you. In much the same way, if you are going on a journey you sometimes send a telegram saying, 'Meet such-and-such a train.' Then let yourself rest in peace, you will find a sensation of lightness, a sensation that you have escaped from a tight compressing chamber.

Keep an open mind, do not scoff, do not believe blindly but reason it out, practice what you are going to do when you are dying, practice forcing yourself out of the dying body and into life. Think how similar it is to being born, think how you are going to call on the person whom you love most for help, then when the time comes you will find that your passing will be painless and anything that the flesh body is experiencing will not disturb you in the slightest.

You will find that as you float there above the body the Cord anchoring you to it will thin and thin, and dissipate like smoke in a breeze. You will drift off upwards into the arms of your loved ones who are there to meet you. They cannot do much for you until the Cord is broken, in much the same way

that you cannot shake hands with your friends while the train is still moving into the station.

One of the things which puzzles many people about death is this: Why is the fear of death universal when beyond death lies only peace and greater evolution? The answer is very easy; if people on Earth knew how pleasant it was upon leaving this world, people would not stay here, there would be suicides and that would be a very bad thing indeed because suicide is wrong. So people come down to this Earth with a built-in fear of death. That is a provision of Nature to prevent people from committing suicide or trying to gratify their own 'death wish'.

As death actually approaches, however, all fear of that stage diminishes. So—if you are afraid to die while you are quite well that is a normal state of affairs because we have to be kept here just as children have to be kept in school, and children who evade going to school are not popular with the truant officer!

When your time of dying comes, then, keep an open mind, keep before your consciousness the thought that there are those very willing to help you, remember there is no such thing as Hell, there is no such thing as eternal damnation, there is no such thing as a vengeful God who desires only your destruction. We do not believe that one should 'fear God', we believe instead that if God is good, God should be loved not feared. And—death also is good, it should be loved and welcomed with open arms when that time comes, but until that time comes live according to the rule, 'Do as you would be done by.'

If you are willing to devote a bit of time and patience and a whole lot of faith, then most certainly you should be able to investigate the matter of death as a seriously interested on-looker, but you will find that such investigation will entail some sacrifices. For example, you cannot go to parties, you cannot go to the pictures, you cannot call in and get a 'quick one'. Instead, you have to be as a hermit.

I am a hermit, and I prefer to be a hermit because I have all those powers about which I write, and many of which can be yours if you try hard enough and with enough faith. I can do astral travelling, I can see the Akashic Record, and later in this particular chapter I am going to deal with prophecy.

A great amount can be done by meditation, and by con-

centration. For this, obviously, one has to be a hermit. Hermits, monks, lamas, call them what you will, are solitary people withdrawn from the ordinary circle of social life, withdrawn at their own choice so that they may concentrate, meditate, and go forth in astral travel. This astral travel business is very, very real, it is a fact, but it is as simple as breathing. The trouble is that you cannot take any luggage with you, it is useless to travel across the ocean to another country and think that you will stay for the week-end with friends. The difficulty is that your friends, unless they are of the same stage, may not be able to see you, the trouble is that you can neither take anything with you nor can you bring anything back that is material or solid.

One very interesting thing is in the astral one can see the Akashic Record provided one is of the fortunate few who have what I might call special permission. Let me say here and now that many of those people who pretend to go into the astral world and consult your Akashic Record are fakes and, in fact, swindlers. They take your money, usually round about fifty dollars, but they are quite unable to do what they claim to do. So if anyone tells you that he is going to go into the astral world and bring back your Akashic Record for fifty dollars—hang on to your fifty dollars!

It is a fortunate provision that not everyone can see the Akashic Record because think what a terrible weapon it would be in the hands of blackmailers or criminals. Indiscriminate use of the Akashic Record would cause untold harm. Thus, it is that only those who are of pure intention can gain access to the Akashic Record.

What is this Akashic Record? It is like a cinematograph film. For example, you have some great epic of the silver screen and if you know how, you can get to any particular part of the film, and you can see any particular part at will. In much the same way, everything that has happened in the past is on record. Look at it in this way—let us assume something that is only possible in the astral, assume that in the physical we could travel instantaneously to a far, far distant planet thousands of light years away. Then supposing we had an instrument which would enable you to see what was happening on Earth—you would not, of course, see Earth as it is now but you would see Earth as it was years ago, because light has a speed, everything you see is after the thing happened. The

speed of light is very, very fast, relatively speaking.

But let us consider sound instead. You see that man down there half a mile away? He has an axe in his hand, he is chopping wood with great energy. You see the axe hit the wood and then, an appreciable time after, you hear the sound. Again, a supersonic jet plane screams across the sky, you look up to where the sound appears to be coming from but by that time the plane is about five miles or so ahead of the sound that you are hearing. The speed of sound is slow compared to the speed of light, and light, remember, is near enough sight.

Supposing you have the ability to go instantly out into space and stop at any particular instant and see clearly the light picture which is arriving from Earth, go out a few years, a few light years that is, you know, then you will see—what shall we say?—we might see Napoleon marching away to Moscow, or we might see General Eisenhower practicing his golf. But go a bit farther and you would see much of the country of the United States covered with bushes, with wigwams and with Indians, and perhaps here and there a few of the famed covered wagons.

Go farther back, go back 1,000 years or so, 2,000 years, go back into the pages of history. You would find that history is very different from that which is written in the history books. History is written to fit the politics of the time, to fit the mood of the country and the beliefs of the country. A journey into the Akashic would show you the truth. As an illustration let us quote Francis Drake, the great hero of England. What is it to be? Sir Francis Drake the great hero of England, or, as the Spanish people view him, Francis Drake the pirate, the buccaneer, the man who tried to ruin the Spanish trade?

Look at the Spanish Inquisition. What was the truth of it? Were the inquisitors saints or was it similar to Belsen and other concentration camps in Germany? The Akashic Record will tell you.

But the Akashic Record, you know, is not just what happened in the past, you can see also the great probabilities for the future. Here in this particular time we are like a man alone on a winding road, a road with many obstacles beyond which he cannot see, but put that man up in a helicopter and he can see farther, he can see past the obstacles, he can see the road ahead. So it is with the Akashic Record, you can see the probabilities which lie ahead.

Now this does not mean that all the future is predestined. The main events are, yes. As an example let me say you know that there will be a tomorrow and a day after tomorrow and a week after that, you can safely forecast that, but you cannot safely forecast the minor minute details. You can say that a bus will go from here to some distant point, the timetable tells you that it will leave at such-and-such a time and that it will arrive at intermediate stations at such-and-such a time, and eventually arrive at the destination at the prearranged time. You have no fear that the bus or train will fail to arrive, in other words you are forecasting what will happen. You are forecasting the future of that bus.

There is a very complicated theory which is actually a very true theory about parallel universes, and to the effect that everything has already happened and that we are living in a different time continuum. However, we do not propose to go into that here, instead let it be stated that the Seers of old could see into the future, the Seers of the present can do so also. Now I am going to give you an illustration of this. This is something which happened to me, which happened under full control. I went into a trance and this is what I saw:

I saw first a probability that a war would be starting. Now, looking back, I can say that—yes, that was so, that was the war which started in Vietnam after the French withdrew, after the Foreign Legion was disbanded. But that was proved to be correct.

Other things are: In the future Italy will be conquered by Communism. For the time being the Christian religion will be lost and the Vatican will be closed, cardinals and bishops will be killed, Communism will seep throughout Europe. It will not be the Communism which we know at the present time, it will be modified somewhat. The original Communism of Russia was a much rougher, tougher affair than it is now, more like the Chinese Communism. England and the United States will eventually amalgamate for protection, and England will come under the direction of the United States and will, in fact, have an American as its Governor, which is quite an amusing thought when one thinks that people went from England to found America, and now the Americans are going to go back and rediscover England.

Eventually the surface of the Earth will crack. If you have read the reports of the international Geophysical Year you

will know that there are great areas of stress beneath the ocean, areas where alterations are taking place. Already the sea-beds are rising. Lost continents which are now the sea-bed will rise and form new lands, present lands will sink and the world will for a time be in panic and turmoil. New York will be leveled to the ground and eventually shall sink beneath the waters of the Atlantic. Los Angeles and San Francisco, Seattle and Vancouver on the Pacific coast, will be leveled to the ground and then shall sink beneath the rising Pacific. Most of the coast-line will be inundated, the whole land will change. From over Alaska will come rockets with bombs from Communist Russia, great devastation will be caused in the United States and Canada. Of course, through retaliatory methods of these countries, great devastation will also be caused in Russia, but on the North American continent a few survivors will cluster on top of the Rocky Mountains, enough to repopulate the continent later.

In Canada the Great Lakes which are now fresh-water lakes shall reverse the direction of their flow through the tipping of the Earth's axis, so that the sea shall flow from Quebec to Montreal, from Montreal to Buffalo, Buffalo to Detroit, and the water shall pile up at Chicago and flood the city and flood the land, and cut for itself a salt waterway into the Mississippi. The rushing waters, made into a raging torrent by the tipping of the world's axis, will soon erode away a lot of the land so that there a new island is formed. All that which is divided by the water and facing the sea shall be a new land.

In Europe the bed of the Mediterranean shall rise and become high land and there shall be opened great tombs, part of sunken Egypt and part of the land sunk years before.

The whole of the South American continent shall be disturbed by earthquakes. The Falkland Islands shall be islands no longer, but shall unite as high land with the lower third of Argentina. At about the lower third of Argentina a great rift shall appear so that there is access from the Pacific to the Atlantic through a gap which shall be no wider than the gap between the Mediterranean and Gibraltar. Under the change of weight distribution the Earth shall tilt even more and the seasons will change, the Poles will melt and much land will become available in these areas, together with wondrous ores and many new resources.

Japan and Korea and part of the Chinese coast will sink beneath the waters, but other lands shall emerge from the seas. The Russians will have moved great satellites into space. Soon the Chinese will get into space also, for they will have seized scientists from the United States who fled from the floods and destruction. The year 2000 will see great events in space, not always for peace, for there shall be great rivalry between the branches of Communism, the Russians and the Chinese. In the year 2004 there will be a tremendous war between China and Russia in space. On Earth, people will huddle in deep shelters and many shall be saved. More lands shall sink and more shall rise.

One part of this prophecy gave me so much cause for thought I wondered if I should be discreetly silent and not mention it, but what does it matter, let us tell the truth, let us, as we have gone so far, go a little farther.

In the year 2008 or so the Russians and the Chinese will settle their differences under the stimulus of a much greater thing. From far out in space, from beyond this whole system, will come people, humans, who will come here and want to settle on this Earth. The humans already here will be frightfully cross about it all, and they will look upon their unwanted guests with a jaundiced eye. For a time there will be a considerable commotion, however, eventually common sense and reason will prevail.

The people from outer space will demonstrate peaceful intentions, and that is a thing sadly lacking on this Earth. In time the people from outer space shall settle down with the people who are native to this Earth, they will intermarry, all races will intermarry so that at last there shall be only one race and it shall be known as the Race of Tan because the mixture of all colours, white, black, yellow, and brown, will result in a very pleasant tan shade.

At this stage in the evolution of the Earth it shall be the Golden Age, the age of peace, the age of tranquillity and of high occult knowledge. It shall be an age when Man, whether terrestrial Man or extra-terrestrial Man, shall get along harmoniously.

The future beyond that? Yes, that is clear also, but let us be content with this first episode because it is, in fact, a true episode.

Do you laugh, are you cynical, skeptical? Well you are en-



titled to your opinion as I am entitled to my knowledge. If you had my knowledge you would not be listening to me now, and you would not be laughing.

A very short time ago it was stated that Man would never send a message across the Atlantic by radio. Then it was said that Man would never fly the Atlantic in an aeroplane. It was stated that no one could possibly go faster than the speed of sound because people would die, it was also reported that Man would not be able to get into space because the heat generated by the speed would burn him up. Man has gone into space, and Woman also. Things which are utterly impossible today are commonplace tomorrow. Now we bounce television programmes off an artificial satellite, now we bounce radio messages off the Moon, Mars, Venus. How can you say that my prophecy is not true?

It is a sad thing that people condemn that which they do not understand. It is a sad thing that if people cannot do this or that or something else, then they are inclined to say, 'Oh, but that is impossible, quite impossible, such things are beyond human knowledge.' This, of course, is nonsense, because when one can see the Akashic Record of everything that has happened one can also see the Record of Probabilities.

And if you wonder what the Record of Probabilities is let me give you a simple illustration. Probabilities are those things which you expect to happen, you expect that tomorrow, the day after, and for years after, ships will steam upon the seas, planes will fly across the sky, and cars will go spewing noxious fumes throughout the countryside. You really expect that will happen because it is so probable. The future of a race or country can be forecast with the highest degree of accuracy, and the Record of Probabilities indicates what all that will be. Here you have had an insight into what will happen, but there are other things, little incidents which point the way. Do you want some more?

All right—in years to come England will be a state of the United States in much the same way as Hawaii and Alaska are states of the United States. Eventually England will be controlled by and from the United States, and eventually England will subscribe to the Federal Laws of the United States.

Canada will be one of the leading countries of the world in centuries to come, Canada and Brazil. Brazil at present is in a decline, but Brazil shall rise and shall be perhaps the second

greatest country of the world, it shall in fact become 'High' Brazil once again.

France and Russia will unite in years to come to really squash Germany. France and Russia both feel menaced by Germany, and they will unite forces to end that threat, and the German race will be scattered among other nations in the same manner as Jews are now scattered among other nations.

The United States and Russia will combine to defeat China, the new China which poses a threat to civilization everywhere, and so the Bear and the Eagle shall unite to defeat the Dragon, and not until the Dragon is defeated shall there be any enduring peace.

Those of you who are astrologically inclined will remember that on February 5th, 1962, 16 degrees covered the Sun, the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn during an eclipse at that time. The next time that will happen will be on May 5th of the year 2000, and shortly before that time Halley's comet will return in April 1986. All these configurations will lead to momentous occurrences throughout the world. It will be the opening of a New Age, the time when hope flourishes again like the gentle spring flowers which revive and bloom anew when the winter snows give way to sunshine, and as the spring flowers are renewed by the seasons, and the renaissance which comes about every year, so shall Man, Man's hopes and spiritual aspirations become renewed after the year 2000.

It might be as well here to say something about the changing climate of this world, because almost everyone in the world must have noticed great changes. The climate also is a worthy subject of prediction.

In the years to come there will be many earthquakes, land will rise and land will fall, and much land will become water. Out in the Pacific there is a great fault extending thousands of miles. It is a crack in the Earth's surface, and if many more nations start letting off many more atom bombs or worse, the crack will open a little and shift a lot, and then there will be a whole series of earthquakes and floods.

For hundreds of years it has been possible to more or less predict the weather. One could consult charts kept at meteorological offices and these charts would indicate that the temperature of, say, Canada normally would fall between such-and-such limits at such-and-such a time, while, for example,

in Buenos Aires there were different limits of rise and fall. It was possible to predict the weather in Moscow, or Timbuktu, or anywhere, by consulting records which indicated what the average temperature should be at other equivalent times for many, many years past. We have known what would happen during each season, we have known if the summer was going to be hotter than winter and what the limits of cold were going to be, and what the limits of heat were going to be, but all this is changing, and changing rapidly, through a whole conglomeration of causes, most of them man-made.

Have you noticed that quite recently there have been increasing reports of freak weather? In the United States there have been absolutely abnormally cold winters. In Georgia the weather has been quite a lot below zero. Arizona, that too, has had a great deal of cold, at times 40 degrees below.

I have had letters from friends in Canada and the United States and I get reports of freak weather, stunning cold. Then a week later, almost a heatwave. I had a report the other day from Niagara Falls, Canada; the weather was extremely hot, sweltering hot, and then it became frightfully cold. In Detroit, U.S.A., the weather has been stunningly cold, then suddenly it turned hot.

In the North and East United States there has been dryness, in fact April of this year was the driest ever recorded on the United States weather stations. There was no water for the plants, no irrigation system worked. Plants withered in the parched ground.

I don't know how many of you have been to the United States, but in Montana, not so far from the Canadian border, there is a big National Park, and in that Park there is a glacier, in fact there are several, but some have completely melted and others are greatly diminished.

Certain areas of the United States and Canada depend quite a lot on ski programs, programs calling for snow and ice. Well, there has been no snow or ice and so these people depending on such climatic conditions have been ruined.

In the mid-West there have been tornados, tremendous tornados. The number and speed and ferocity of tornados has been increasing. Quite recently there have been more than 800 tornados a year in mid-United States.

But let us leave the United States. There are other parts of the world. I get mail from all over the world, and it does not

need mail but newspapers, to bring in information about the weather. In England there has been absolutely freak weather, the coldest on record, and in England they have had the worst blizzard ever, traffic was at a standstill, people were short of food and were freezing, cattle died through exposure and through starvation.

In the Mediterranean weather has been completely freak, abnormally cold for instance, and about a metre in depth of snow in Sicily which advertises as Sunny Sicily. Well, they might have had sunshine but they have certainly had searing cold as well. It is all freak weather, the climate of the world is changing. In Rome there was ice, on the River Tiber there was ice, ice for the first time in 500 years. One associates Rome, Italy, with warmth, with a kind benevolent climate, not with ice on the River Tiber on which people could skate.

And another part of the world—Japan. They have had the roughest winter in living history. Storms, crop failures, they have had everything bad.

In Russia, on the other hand, the climate seems to have been getting milder. Siberia is less frigid, and of course with all these changes in climatic conditions more changes are caused, for if we heat an area of land the air above it rises and forms cumulus clouds. It may be that so many atom bombs have obscured the direct radiation of the Sun to the Earth and back into space, that that has altered zones of temperature throughout the world. Thus it is, as has been predicted, that in the not too distant future things are going to change on this Earth.

Have you ever thought of this? If the ice at the North Pole and South Pole melted the water level all around the world would rise by at least 600 feet? Think, even if some of the ice on the coast of Russia were to melt, the resulting flood could inundate New York or Montevideo; in fact, it would not take many feet of water to completely flood Uruguay. But in case Uruguayans want to rush out and get water-wings and bathing suits, let me say this; according to predictions that part of the world will rise so that instead of being flooded it will be quite a long way above water level. New York will sink beneath the waves, so it is predicted, and down near the end of Argentina a rift will be caused dividing the tail of Argentina from the body, so there will be in effect an island there, and a quicker passage through to the Pacific Ocean. That in itself will cause a bit of commotion, because the Pacific is saltier than is the

Atlantic, and so we have more or less of a paradox; the Pacific water will be warmer but heavier, and so it will sink in the colder waters of the Atlantic because the Atlantic is not so salty, and is, therefore, lighter.

The Russians are busy altering the weather to their own advantage by tampering with the Gulf Stream, which causes warm water which normally should go to Europe to flow along the sides of Siberia, so that Siberia is becoming thawed out and will become the far land of Russia. But in the swing of the balance England could have another Ice Age, and ice could sweep across quite a lot of Europe.

Normally the Earth is surrounded by layers of air, some of them travelling as air currents in the same way as there are water currents. Normally the amount of cosmic rays entering and striking the Earth is fairly constant, but now because of the meddling with the upper atmosphere by rockets traversing and bombs going off, the outer atmosphere's jet streams have been disturbed and diverted. Thus there are temperature inversions so that hot air perhaps cannot rise and whole lands become parched through lack of rain and through excess of heat. Temperature zones throughout the world are changing, mainly for the worse, and unless mankind rises up to control those who desire war, then mankind is going to have a pretty sorry time before they have a better time. However, we are now in the Age of Kali, the Age of pain, suffering, and de-pair. Soon will come the dawn when Man can again hope and know that he is progressing towards greater things, greater happiness, greater spirituality, and greater faith in his fellow men.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### MEDITATION

THE great tree towered heavenwards with branches groping blindly towards the Giver of Light. Upon the ground its shadow stretched black and long, becoming longer and yet longer as the Sun sailed across the latening sky on its eternal journey. The tree basked and thrived beneath the life-giving rays. In its branches, concealed by a multitude of leaves, birds fluttered and called and occasionally flew swiftly to other trees in pursuit of their business of living. From some hidden recess within the tree's foliage came a sudden sharp squawk of an outraged bird in protest against an invading monkey. The squawks continued and rose in a crescendo as a whole troupe of monkeys swung from branch to branch. Suddenly, as though at the turning of a switch, expectant silence fell upon the people of the tree. HUMANS were approaching!

Along a faint path through the bushes a bent old man stumbled and made his way. Clutching a sturdy stave in a gnarled hand, he plodded grimly forward. Behind him two young men carried small bundles. The old man stopped and pointed to the tree. 'We shall stop THERE!' he said. 'We shall rest awhile and I shall meditate through the night.' Together they moved forward into the little clearing where the great tree's bulging roots made deep furrows and mounds. Together they walked around the mighty trunk, seeking the best position. Soon they found a spot where a large flat-topped boulder protruded from the ground on the sunward side of the bole. A monkey was sprawled upon its top, leisurely scratching. At sight of the approaching men it screeched in fright and leaped straight up to disappear amid the concealing branches.

The younger of the two Assistants carefully gathered some withy branches from a nearby bush. Binding them tightly with a length of pliant vine, he soon had a serviceable brush with which he attacked the top of the rock, sweeping it clean of debris. With loving care the other Assistant took a sharp-edged stone and went with it to a lawn-like stretch of brilliant green moss. Kneeling, he pressed deep with the sharp stone

and moved along until he had cut a rough outline of the boulder's top in the moss. Gently he peeled the layer of moss and rolled it back like a carpet. With the aid of the younger man he carried it forward and spread it out upon the rock, forming a thick cushion that aged bones might be protected from the harsh stone. Tightening his tattered robe, the old man clambered with surprising agility to the verdant surface.

The brilliant rays of the fast-setting Sun sent multitudinous colours across the wooded countryside, here gilding a tree top, there shining blood-red through the lower branches. Quickly the elder of the two Assistants prepared their simple meal, a little parched barley, a sprinkling of rice, a small ripe mango fruit, and sparkling water from a nearby stream. Soon the meager repast was finished and the utensils cleaned and put away in the small bundles.

'I will meditate,' said the old man, settling himself cross-legged and drawing his robe about him. 'Do not disturb me, I will say when I am ready.'

The two Assistants nodded in respectful acknowledgement. Turning away, they retired some many feet from the rock, rolled themselves more tightly in their robes and composed themselves for sleep. Suddenly the Sun plunged below the rim of the Earth and the soft, scented purple iridescence of an Indian night reigned as the Lord of the Night awakened all the small nocturnal creatures to set about their business. Somewhere a sleepy bird muttered a last 'churp-churp' to his mate before settling down to dream, maybe, of fat worms and juicy fruits.

Slowly the purple of the night turned to lustrous silver as the Goddess of Lovers climbed into the sky and showered her Light upon the sleeping world. The gentle breezes of the night came to sweep away the odors of the day, to fondly ruffle the small forest flowers now folded in sleep, and carry fresh scents to those who dwelt by night. The hours crept slowly on. The Moon lowered her light below the distant horizon, and light fleecy clouds sailed serenely above the Earth. The old man sat erect, unmoving, withdrawn, meditating. Little creatures came forth from burrows and warrens to peer with round, unwinking eyes, and seeing no danger to them, went on with their lawful business.

The old man sat erect, unmoving, meditating, as the first

streaks widened and turned into the grey gloom of early dawn. Somewhere a sleeping monkey was jostled and shrieked and gibbered in drowsy fury. Swiftly the light grew brighter and a tinge of warmth swept across the night-chilled land. From the trees came the calls and fluttering of newly awakened birds. With a scream of terror a small monkey—inexperienced yet—lost his grip and fell a dozen feet before fear-paralyzed limbs could reach out, grasp a branch, and swing to safety. The old man sat on, unmoving, as his Assistants climbed to their feet, rubbing the sleep from their eyes.

Much later in the day, as the hot Sun poured down its waves of heat, the old Monk ended his long meditation and partook of a frugal breakfast. Turning to the elder of the Assistants, he said, 'It is time you learned the art of meditation, my son, for I have observed you well and your time of instruction has come.'

'But is it so difficult to meditate, Master? Cannot ANYONE do it?' asked the younger.

'No, my son,' replied the old man. 'Some people never meditate because they are not worthy, and some, who are worthy, do not meditate because they do not know how. Meditation is an art which must be imparted, it is an art which can lift one's ego to sublime heights.' He paused in thought for a moment, then said to the younger, 'Today you travel alone to seek out food. I must instruct your senior. In time, if you are worthy, your opportunity will come.'

So many people say that they are 'going to meditate', but of course most of these people have not the faintest idea of what real meditation means. They think that it is some mystical thing whereas, as in the case of most metaphysical matters, meditation is simple and is just a means to an end, a method whereby one can obtain certain results.

One of the great difficulties confronting the average student of metaphysical matters is that most of the original training and most of the original research was done in Tibet, and in India, where civilizations flourished centuries before there were any civilizations at all in the Western world.

Of course, there was also the great civilization of Ancient China, but although China has been lauded as being of great religious stature, actually China was more interested in the

arts of war. The civilizations of China gave us such dubious assets as explosives, high-flying kites which discharge showers of poisoned arrows, and, surprisingly enough, the Chinese of centuries ago were the first to employ rocket warfare. Their 'atom bombs' were great masses of flaming material carried on rocket-heads; these flaming masses were fired into the enemy positions where they set fire to men and material indiscriminately.

China also gave us arts and crafts, which of course is to be commended, but China mainly took the religions of India and altered them to suit Chinese ideas.

Japan can be disregarded because until a few years ago Japan was a secluded island country impervious to the influences of other countries, and as the real history of Japan tells us, they merely copied their religions and their culture from the Chinese. Where the Japanese found their cruelty as shown in the Second World War can only be a matter of conjecture, but assuredly they lead the world in crude and cruel practices, and it is somewhat of a surprise that these little people are now tolerated among other nations. No doubt this is called commerce instead of friendship.

One of the great difficulties—to get back to our original theme—is that in translating Sanskrit and other Eastern languages it is not always possible to convey the exact meaning in a Western language such as English. The Western languages deal more with concrete matters, whereas the languages of the Far, Far East deal with abstract concepts, and thus it is that so many things which depend upon the precise use of an idiom, and which are not paralleled in another language, lead translators astray, and cause grave misunderstandings. An illustration is in the case of Nirvana, a term which we really should understand in the Eastern meaning and which will, therefore, shortly be referred to before going on to meditation, what it is, and how to do it.

India had a great civilization, a civilization which was highly spiritual in nature. India, in fact, was the cradle of true religion in this particular cycle of evolution, and many nations copied and altered Indian religions.

In some stages of the culture of Ancient China, when spirituality and veneration of one's ancestors was of greater importance than Chairman Mao or war, religions flourished, but some of the Chinese and some of the Indians, too, took

their religious beliefs too literally because religion should be a signpost, a guide, a manual of behavior. The Indians and the Chinese forgot that, and it was often the case that a Chinese or an Indian would spend his life sitting beneath a tree in idle contemplation thinking, 'Oh, I will just take it easy during this lifetime, I can make up for it when I come to this Earth again.' That is not a figure of speech, that is not an exaggeration, it is a fact, and until a very short time ago it was perfectly possible for a Chinaman to incur a debt in this life on the understanding that he would pay it back with interest in the next life. Can you imagine a Western moneylender—I see now they call themselves high-class finance companies—advancing a sum of money today on the understanding that it would be paid back to him when he came in his next incarnation? Certainly it would lead to some amusing book-keeping!

To repeat—Eastern languages deal mainly with abstract and spiritual concepts, whereas Western languages deal with terms dealing with aviation, money (or the lack of it!), and other mundane subjects. You may be interested to know that a few years ago the Japanese had no ideographs, no written form of expression which would deal with technical terms in radio or engineering, and so to my own personal knowledge Japanese technicians could only discuss radio, engineering, and other scientific concepts by learning the appropriate terms in English. There is nothing particularly remarkable about that because we have somewhat the same state of affairs in Western countries where two doctors of different nationalities and not understanding a word of each other's language, could still discuss medical terms and treatments by using the common language of Latin.

Radio operators, including amateurs, can converse quite well by using abbreviations and highly stylized codes so that they can understand each other even though the language of each is unknown to the other. Possibly you have heard of 'Q.R.M.' meaning noise or static, or 'Q.R.T.' which asks a person to be silent.

Nirvana is a word or concept which is usually quite beyond Western comprehension. Probably Nirvana is the most misunderstood of Eastern terms. People in the West think that the good Easterner just wants to sit and smell the flowers—in this case the lotus—and make himself into nothingness. It is often thought that Nirvana is total extinction of life leading to a

state where nothing exists, where nothing is, where there is no memory, no action, nothing. Nirvana is too frequently regarded by the Westerners as an example of the perfect vacuum, and they shun Eastern religions which they think, in their ignorance, lead to a state of complete and utter nothingness.

This is absolutely incorrect, Nirvana does not mean a Heaven or the opposite, it does not mean a place where there is nothing whatever-not even a place! It is not possible to exist in a state of nothingness, and yet again, the average Westerner thinks that the Adept, or Master, or Guru, or Enlightened One, strives to attain to a state where he forgets everything which he has striven to learn and in which he no longer knows anything, no longer feels anything, no longer exists. This is ridiculous! This is fantastically absurd, and one would have thought that ordinary commonsense would have indicated that there is no possibility of existing where nothing can exist.

The Adepts, the Guru, the Master or Enlightened One, or whatever you like to call him, seeks Nirvana. Nirvana is not the negation of everything as is usually supposed, it is instead the elimination of those desires which are wrong, it is the elimination of scandal, the elimination of perjury, greed, lust, and other faults. The Enlightened Ones strive so that they are empty of evil emotion, and thus their soul can rise within them and leave the body at will.

Before people can do conscious astral travelling they have to purge their thoughts, they have to be sure that they do not want to travel just for idle curiosity or so that they can peer in on the private affairs of another person. It is absolutely essential that before a person can astral travel consciously and under full control, they must get rid of gross lusts and desires.

In the Far East many people can astral travel consciously, many people who are on the spiritual Path, that is. But in the East the facts of life are treated differently, and we may have cause to deal with that later. In the Western world it is rare indeed for a person to consciously astral travel while the sins of the flesh keep the souls enchained. One of the more usual methods of keeping the soul in bonds is the wrong sort of sex life. There should be no sex life whatever unless the man and woman are in love; if these people are in love, then a normal sex life increases the strength of the auric current of each,

bringing luster and clarity to the color of the aura as any clairvoyant can tell.

If a man and woman engage in a sexual life just for mere animal pleasure, then they darken the colors of the aura and they weaken the fluctuations of the current. Many of the Eastern schools of occult thought, warn and warn again that the wrong sort of sex should not be indulged in if one is trying to progress. Unfortunately Western translations, or mistranslations, state that the Easterner has no sex life at all in spiritual planes. This again is wrong. Sex is all right if the two people need it and if they are truly in love.

In the Indian temples and in the Tibetan temples, too, there are pictures which Western people in their blindness have thought to be erotic, obscene, or pornographic. It is not so, and it does not in any way upset the Easterner to gaze upon these pictures. They see the pictures for what they are, they see that this is a reminder of what can be. The sexual act is the generation of life, it is the generation of stronger auric currents, and the pictures which truly adorn the walls of temples in India and Tibet show the true sexual life, and also the wrong sexual life, so that the initiate may compare the two because, after all, how can you know what is wrong unless someone shows you, and how can you do a thing correctly unless someone tells you that also? The wrong form of sexual life leads to unpleasant manifestations, frigidity, nervous troubles, and causes a suppression of the better instincts of Man and of Woman, while the correct form of sexual life, for those who need it, leads to an increase in the spiritual abilities of both.

After a time as the initiate progresses and becomes the Enlightened One he can do without the fellowship of those around him, he can do without a sex life, and contrary to what certain people believe he does not lose anything thereby. Sex life on Earth is a very physical thing, but as one progresses higher and higher the experiences are even stronger, even better, and, you may be surprised to know, when one leaves this Earth for the next life it is utterly necessary, a 'must' in fact, that one has a knowledge of the opposite sex in order that one can obtain balance!

This is a good point to say that we should not be deluded by all those peculiar people who claim that they are great experts, great Masters, great know-all's in fact, because they have read a few books; books do not give experience, one can read a book

and be without knowledge after. It is fantastic for a man or a woman to proclaim from the housetops that he or she is a great Enlightened Adept because he or she has read a book by such-and-such a person, and that so often occurs. Quite recently I had a letter from an illiterate fellow in Australia who claimed to be a great Teacher and a great Master. He assured me he was an Avatar, he knew he was this because his wife had told him so and because he had read a book or two and talked a lot!

The real yardstick is, what experience has a person had? Would you, for example, trust your life to an airline pilot who had only read a book about flying? Would you sail from here to another continent on a ship commanded by a Captain and officers who had merely taken a correspondence course on ship management and navigation? Obviously not. Using the same reasoning you should not entrust your training to any person who has just read a few books or who has a correspondence course which they want to sell you for high payments for the rest of your life. Before you study anything you should be acquainted with the experience of the person whom you are going to trust to teach you.

Well, it is time we got back to meditation. So many people do not know what meditation is. What is it? Meditation is a special form of concentration or directed thinking which disciplines the mind, and which forms a special attitude of mind. Meditation is that form of directed thought which enables us to perceive through the subconscious and other systems that which would not be possible for us to perceive in any other way.

Meditation is of extreme importance as it awakens the mind to higher consciousness, and permits the mind to 'tap in' more freely to the subconscious, just as a person can have a large library and go to his books for special information. Unless that person knows where to look he can have his large library, but they will be just so much waste paper.

The discipline of meditation is essential if one is to make any real progress in spiritual attainment. Just as an army would be useless without discipline and without drill, so the human psyche becomes as a member of a rabble without the discipline and training of meditation correctly applied.

It is useless to try to practice meditation by reading a book which has been written by a person who cannot himself medi-

tate. So many occult books are just indigestible conglomerations of misunderstood Eastern parables; books which are written by people who really do not know the first thing about meditation, for it is clear that unless one can meditate oneself one cannot tell other people how to meditate!

It should be remembered that in many countries of the world—non-Christian countries, that is—attendants at a temple would meditate before entering the temple, they would meditate so that their mind was clear and opened ready to receive, what one might term in Western parlance, Divine Revelation and Instruction. It is quite useless to pray, for example, if one is just giving a babble of instruction to one's God. It is useless to pray that one shall win the beauty contest, or that one shall win the Irish Sweepstake. The process of praying should always be commenced by a period of meditation which clears the mind of the garbage of thought, and makes one ready to receive information from higher planes. To repeat—too many people flap down on their knees and start ordering their God to 'deliver the goods', then they say that prayer never works. Well, let them try meditation first. Meditation actually has four different parts:

1. The first part is that meditational practice which assists in the development of the true personality of the meditator, and if one can meditate and develop one's personality then one obtains a happier and more successful life. One becomes happier in the personal aspects of life and one becomes more successful in association with one's fellows, that is, in work. Successful meditation here also increases the mental capacity.
2. The second stage of meditation is that which almost automatically follows from successful completion of the first stage. The second stage of meditation is that which brings the physical body in rapport with the Overself and brings the Overself in rapport with the Manu of the nation. Before one can meditate to this, and higher standards, it is essential that one has a pure and lust-free life.
3. The next stage of meditation is that which gives one all the benefits of stage 1 and stage 2, but which enables one in addition to have full occult understanding. That is, when one reaches the third stage of meditation one is able to comprehend and apperceive.

Apperceive, of course, is different from perceive. Apperceive is the mind's perception of itself (all that which enables the Overself to improve its own spiritual condition).

4. Lastly, there is the mystical meditation, so called because it is so far removed from earthly concepts that it is rather beyond the understanding of those who have not succeeded in reaching that stage. The fourth stage of meditation takes us by way of the Silver Cord up to our Overself, and then by way of the Golden Cord of our Overself into the presence of that Great Entity which, for want of a better term down here, we call 'God'. But the first two stages of meditation are the essential steps and you should concentrate on them first.

Before taking up meditation it is essential that there shall be a Discipline because if one is playing with meditation, one is playing with fire. You would not allow a child to play with a barrel of gunpowder and a box of matches, at least you would allow him to do it only once! In the same way, you must exercise great restraint in practicing the higher stages of metaphysics.

If you get a little weed of a man who suddenly decides that he wants to gain the muscles of Mr. Atlas, he has to undergo certain exercises, the poor fellow cannot suddenly grab a barbell, etc., and put in twenty-four hours a day at exercises, he would have a breakdown. In the same way it is quite necessary that meditation be regarded as the exercises of the soul, and if you rush into the practice of meditation like an American tourist rushing through the Vatican just to say that he has been there, then you will find that your enthusiasm will wane. You must practice according to a prearranged plan with discipline and much prior preparation because our weedy little man—if he practices too much and lifts too much and exercises too much, he will find that he is so stiff in his muscles that he can hardly move. But you, remember, with meditation, you can become stiff in the mind and that is a horrible state of affairs.

So in spite of all this, you want to meditate? You want to really go in for this thing? Well, let's see how you like the next bit; to meditate you must have an absolutely quiet time in your day, and you should make that time in the early morning. This is one of the reasons why priests, etc., meditate before they eat. You should have no food before meditating, and you

should not meditate in bed, if you try that you will fall asleep. So—make arrangements to awaken a li hour earlier than usual, and when your alarm goes off and wakens you, get out of bed, wash and dress, because the process of washing and dressing will awaken you so much that you will not be tempted to crawl back into bed and sleep.

If you really want to do this thing seriously you will have one corner of a room as your own Inner Sanctuary. You will have a little shrine which will enable you to fix your attention on that which you are trying to do. So, for those who are truly serious, here is how to proceed:

Have a room, even a box-room will do, as a Sanctuary, and keep the door of that room locked when you are not in it. Have a little table in a corner covered with a white cloth. Upon the white cloth have an image of, for example, a Ho Tai the symbol of Good Living (no, you are not worshipping graven images ! Ho Tai is merely a symbol). Have an incense burner and a stick of thick incense which you should light and then blow it out so that it just smolders in pleasant smoke. It will help if you have previously timed the burning of the incense such as, for instance, to the half hour, so that when your incense goes out you cease your meditation.

The serious meditator will wear a special meditation robe because the whole idea of the meditation robe is that you are shielding yourself from outside influences. The meditation robe must be very full, with long, loose sleeves, and with a cowl to pull over the head. You can get these of thin black silk, or if you find that too expensive, thin black cotton. When the meditation robe is not in use it should be put into a black silk case where it cannot be touched by other clothing. You may think all this is rather theatrical, but it is not you know, it is the best way of getting the desired results, and if you want the desired results you have to work according to the rules. So wear your meditation robe when you are going to meditate.

Now that you have your room, your meditation robe, your Ho Tai, and your incense, go to that room and sit down quietly. It does not matter how you sit, you do not have to sit cross-legged. Sit in any way which is comfortable to you and which prevents you from getting cramps or twinges because in the early stages you cannot meditate if you are in discomfort. When you have sat for a few moments in quiet CONTEMPLATION, you should repeat the prayer:



Let me this day, living my life day by day in the manner prescribed, control and direct my imagination.

Let me this day, living my life day by day in the manner prescribed, control my desires and my thoughts that I be purified thereby.

Let me this day and all days, keep my imagination and my thoughts directed firmly upon the task which has to be accomplished that success may come thereby.

I will at all times live my life day by day, controlling imagination and thought.

You will have seen that the room is not light, of course, but very well shaded, fairly dark in fact so that everything appears grey rather than black. You will soon find the amount of darkness which suits you best.

If you take a glass of cold water and hold that glass between your two hands so that your palms and fingers are around the glass but not overlapping on to the top, you will find that you will be in a suitable position for another exercise. Now slide the fingers of one hand so that they fit in between the spaces of the fingers of the other hand, so that you have as much of your hands and fingers on the glass as you can manage.

Sit quietly and take a deep breath. Try those exercises which are mentioned in *Wisdom of the Ancients*, but take a deep breath and allow the air to be exhaled with a long, long, drawn-out sound. The sound is 'Rrrrrr Aaaaaa'. You must do it aloud, you do not have to shout it, you can do it softly although very clearly, and you must treat it seriously because it is a serious practice. Repeat this three times, then sit and watch for several minutes as the odonetic, or magnetized, water focuses the etheric of the body into a cloud around the glass of water. It will condense (the etheric) so that you should easily see the quite heavy haze which will remind you of blue cigarette smoke condensed into a cloud, or if you prefer, remind you of incense smoke condensed into a cloud.

When you have done this for a week or two, or perhaps a month or two, depending upon your seriousness, you will be able to see some of your life-force in the water, and when the life-force gets into the water it charges the water just the same as soda water sparkles, but the sparks and sparkles that you will see from your own life-force will be flashes of light, lines, and swirlings of various colors. Do not rush things because

you have plenty of time; after all, you do not grow an oak tree overnight, and the more serious you are the more success you will have and the success eventually will turn that glass of water into a miniature universe with sparkles of multi-hued fire darting and swirling within the confines of the glass.

You should arrange your meditation into a definite pattern, or timetable. It is a very good idea to have a rosary so that you can keep check on your stages of meditation. You can obtain a Buddhist rosary, or you can make your own rosary of different sizes of beads, but no matter what method you use you should keep to a very rigid timetable. You must meditate in the same room and at the same time and wearing the same meditation robe. Start by selecting one thought or one idea, and sitting quietly before your little altar. Try to eliminate all outside thoughts, center your attention within yourself, and there meditate upon that idea which you have decided upon. As you concentrate you will find that a faint shaking starts within you; that is normal, that faint vibration shows that the meditation system is working. Suggestions:

1. Have as a first meditation the meditation of love. In this you think kind thoughts towards all creatures who live. If enough people think kind thoughts, then eventually some of it will rub off on other people, and if we could get enough people to think kind thoughts instead of vicious thoughts the world would be a very different place.

2. After the first meditation of love, you can concentrate on the second meditation which causes you to think of those in distress. As you think of those in distress you really 'live' their sorrows and their miseries, and out of your compassion you send thoughts—rays—of understanding and sympathy.

3. In the third meditation you think of the happiness of others, you rejoice that at last they have attained the prosperity and all that for which they long. You think of these things, and you project to the outside world thoughts of joy.

4. The fourth meditation is the meditation of evil. In this you allow your mind to meditate upon sin and illness. You think how narrow is the margin between sanity and insanity, health, and sickness. You think how brief is the pleasure of the moment, and how all-encompassing the evil of giving in to the pleasure of the moment. Then you think of the sorrow which can be caused by pandering to evil.

5. The fifth meditation is that in which we attain serenity and tranquillity. In the meditation of serenity you rise above the mundane plane, you rise above feelings of hate, you soar above even feelings of earthly love because earthly love is a very poor substitute for the real thing. In the meditation of serenity you are no longer bothered by oppression nor do you fear, nor do you want wealth for its own sake but only for the good which you can bring to others with it. In the meditation of serenity you can regard your own future with tranquillity knowing that you at all times are going to do your best and live your life according to your own stage of evolution. Those who have attained to such a state are well on the way of evolution, and those who are can place reliance upon their knowledge and upon their inner knowledge to free them from the wheel of birth and death.

You may wonder what comes after meditation. Well, trance comes after. We have to use the word 'trance' for want of a better term. Actually trance is a state of meditation in which the real 'you' goes out and leaves the body as one would part from and leave a car.

Now, as we all know frequently to our cost, if one has a parked car one sometimes gets that car stolen by car thieves. In the same way, if people meditate deeply enough to enter what we must term the trance state without clearing their mind of lusts, etc., then they invite 'stealing' by other entities. The trance state is a highly dangerous state unless one first practices under capable supervision.

There are various forms of elementals and discarnate entities who are always prowling about to see how much mischief they can do, and if they can do a lot of mischief by taking over a person's body, then they are very happy to have some fun just as teenagers will sometimes steal a car to go racing round the roads; no doubt the teenagers fully intend to return the car unharmed, but frequently the car is harmed. And so when a body is taken over frequently it is harmed.

Let me repeat that if your thoughts are pure, if your intentions are pure, and if you are without fear, then you cannot be invaded, obsessed, or taken over, there is nothing to fear except fear itself. Let me repeat that; if you be not afraid you radiate an aura which protects your body much the same as a burglar alarm can protect a house, and if your thoughts are

pure and you have no lusts, then when the lust of taking over a body tingles your consciousness you immediately look down the Silver Cord and see what it is, just the same as a farmer keeps a watch on his orchard to protect his apples! You cannot be obsessed or taken over or invaded unless you are afraid. But if you are afraid of such things—well, for your own peace of mind and for your own peace of body do not play with the deep trance stage of meditation.

I am greatly opposed to hypnotism except with the very greatest of safeguards, for if you are put into a hypnotic trance by an inexperienced person he can have an awful lot of fears wondering if you will be all right, wondering if he can get you out of the trance, etc. The hypnotic trance is a passive trance, it is a trance which is caused by a series of powerful suggestions strengthened by a person's belief that he or she can be hypnotized. Actually, when a person is hypnotized conditions are much the same as when a person goes cross-eyed because the etheric double is thrown slightly out of synchronization which means that the physical and the etheric bodies are no longer in complete coincidence with each other.

If you get a bad hypnotist he can do a tremendous amount of damage, he can harm you for years. After all, you would not go to a surgeon who had just learned his surgical technique by taking a correspondence course, you want a person who can operate surely and competently. So—for the sake of your health and your sanity, do not allow amateurs to meddle about with you. If you want for some reason, or you have for some reason, to be hypnotized, then get in touch with some medical association in your own area and they will be able to tell you of some ethical medical hypnotist who has been trained under carefully supervised conditions. You may think that I am overstressing the dangers, but-oh! You should see some of the letters that I receive about harm which has been caused by inept, criminally careless dabblers in hypnotism. Remember that when you are hypnotized your soul is pushed out of coincidence with the centers of your consciousness.

In the case of mediums, they are often people who get into a dreamy state of trance, a dreamy state of hypnosis, for consciously or unconsciously they lightly hypnotize themselves so that they are hyper-suggestible, and in such a case they can be used as a telephone by people on the other side of life. But remember what we have said, what we have learned together

about discarnate entities. The really good people who have passed over are too busy to fool around giving messages at seances.

Under certain conditions, of course, one can have a very skilled and conscientious person who can go into this trance in the physical and still remain alert in the astral, and so can in effect supervise the type of person who is giving messages to the group of sitters below. This is a very useful tool when one is doing detailed research, but it is utterly essential to make sure that the seance be not interrupted by noise or by the unexpected entry of other people.

There is a very special form of occult trance, the Adept calls it 'temple sleep', and this is an absolutely different type of trance from any of those previously mentioned because the Initiate who has studied all this under temple conditions knows what he is doing, and he can throw himself deliberately into the trance state just the same as a person can throw himself into a car and drive off, he is under his own control and cannot be obsessed by others. But, of course, this depends upon having years of practice, and until a person has had the necessary experience he should always be under the most careful supervision of a person who has had such experience. The average person playing about with trance states has a very useful protective system; you try playing about with a trance, and if you are a normal decent person you will find that you fall asleep! That prevents you from being invaded by discarnate entities. But even here there are two grave danger spots, for example: You are awake, even though in a trance state, but then you fall asleep. Now at the instant when you are between awake/asleep you are vulnerable to obsession just the same as you are vulnerable to obsession when (under these conditions) you have gone to sleep and now awoken. Please note that this only refers to when people are playing about with hypnotism or trances, and there is no danger whatever in the awake/asleep and asleep/awake of ordinary day and night living.

It follows from all this that you would not be very wise to meddle with trance states unless you are carefully supervised, doesn't it ?

In certain temples the person being trained is supervised by two senior lamas who are able to keep contact with whatever the acolyte is thinking, and by their gentle but firm guidance

the acolyte is prevented from doing any harm to himself or having caused any harm to anyone else. When the acolyte can pass certain tests, then he is permitted to go into deep trances by himself and usually one of the first things he will do is to go into a very deep trance, what we term the 'trance of vision'. This is a deep trance indeed, and the Initiate will be completely immobile, he might appear to be utterly rigid, even with hard flesh. In this particular state he is still within his body, but is very much like a man on top of a high tower who has a high-powered telescope which enables him to see very clearly and greatly magnified. The man with the telescope can turn in any direction, and can see what is going on with startling clarity.

One does not get out of the body in the trance of vision, instead you have to wait and practice the trance of projection before you can get out, and in this case the body is limp and flaccid, and is in a cataleptic condition with all consciousness being withdrawn and the body remaining, as it were, under the supervision of the caretaker. Breathing goes on at a very much reduced rate, and the heart-beat is reduced and life just flows very leisurely indeed.

First of all, when you get in these trances you will wonder if what you are seeing is imagination, but with practice you will know, that which is real and will easily detect that which is merely a thought projection from some other entity, whether incarnate or discarnate.

To give you an illustration; you are somewhere, anywhere you like, sitting at peace and doing deep trance meditation. If you let your consciousness wander willy-nilly without having much control of it you might find yourself near a person who has had too much to drink, and you may be horrified to see all manner of queer animals wriggling around him. Yes, those striped elephants really do exist in thought form! Worse than that, though, supposing you allow yourself to just wander and you find yourself near a very, very bad-tempered man with murder in his heart; if he is thinking of murder, then you, you poor sufferer, will see the actual scenes as if they were reality instead of just thought, and you may come back to your body with such a jerk that you will get a headache for the next twenty-four hours thinking that you have witnessed a murder or worse!

The initiated metaphysician can easily recognize that which

is real and that which is imaginary, but it is again advised that unless you have some real reason for deep trance, you leave it alone.

If you will not heed that advice, well heed this; if in a deep trance or in the astral you find horrible entities making faces at you or worse, then you merely have to think strong thoughts at them that you are not afraid, and if you do that you will find that these people disappear. They can only feed on fear, and if you are not afraid they are actually repelled.

In sincere friendship I advise you not to allow yourself to be hypnotized except by a competent medical person, and I advise you not to undergo trance except under qualified supervision. The ordinary meditation is perfectly safe, no harm at all can come to you because you are in full possession of all your faculties. So—meditate and enjoy it immensely. Avoid hypnotism and deep trance because they will not further your development one iota.

## CHAPTER NINE

### IS ASTRAL TRAVEL FOR YOU?

THE dark mists of night gradually turned grey and slowly retreated from the rising sun. For some time dank tendrils of fog rose up from the long grass. Soon one could discern the old-world village of Much Nattering nestling deep in the valley formed by the Cotswold Hills. A forest spread down the slopes as if threatening to engulf the little village, through the centre of the main street a small brooklet twinkled and tinkled along, carrying with it all the refuse of an older civilization.

Much Nattering was a typical English village with small stone houses thatched with yellow rushes from the nearby marshes. At the far end of the village was the Village Green, in the centre of it the ducking pool where the scolds were dipped in the chair at the end of a long beam projecting far out over the stagnant, slime-covered water. Farther along, nearer the village side of the pond, was a small stone platform, probably the remains of an old basalt eruption from the mountain-side. Here it was the custom to take witches and throw them in the water to see if they sank or swam. If they sank and drowned they were innocent; if they swam, then it was adjudged that the Devil was supporting them and so the poor wretch would be thrown back again until eventually 'the Devil's arm got tired' and she drowned.

The maypole was still decked with its ribbons, for yesterday had been a Holy Day and the youth of the village had been dancing the maypole and plighting their troth.

As the light increased and the day advanced, small trickles of smoke seeped up from holes in mud roofs, or from small chimneys in thatched roofs, signs that the yeomen of England had bestirred themselves to get their breakfasts before setting out for their work. Breakfast-ale to drink and dry rough bread to eat, for in those days there was no such thing as tea or coffee, no cocoa, and rarely—perhaps once a year—did they eat meat of any kind, only the richer families knew the taste of any meat, the rest—that which they could produce in their own locality.

There came the sounds of much bustle, the sounds of much movement. Soon men were pouring out of doors going to shippens or barns or going out into the fields to catch and harness horses. The womenfolk were busy inside their houses, clearing up, dusting, making, and mending, and wondering how to make do with the small amount of money available, for so much was done by barter, and now everyone in the village knew what everyone else had, and it was time for some of the Travelling Men to come and bring new items.

The morning wore on, shining bright shafts of sunlight along the village street reflecting brightly from the greenish bull's-eye glass in some of the windows. Soon there came a great commotion; Mistress Helen Highwater pounced out of a house at the end of a street and pounded down the cobbled way, her old elastic-sided boots peeping shyly from beneath her voluminous skirts as they swirled slightly with the speed of her passing. Beneath the beribboned poke-bonnet which she wore her face shone bright red and was covered with a thin film of perspiration. On she swept like a full-rigged schooner racing before a winter gale, 'clack clack, clack clack, clack clack', tapped her heels on the tops of the smooth cobbles. Every so often she turned her head without stopping her headlong flight, turned to peer over her shoulder as if she thought she might be pursued by the Devil. Just a glance, then on she went with renewed vigor, her breath coming in short puffs and pants. Soon, by the time she reached the end of the street, her breath was coming in a series of staccato grunts.

At the end of the cobbled street she turned right to where the apothecary's shop stood in solitary splendor just apart from the rest of the houses. For a moment she paused in her headlong flight and looked about her once again, then she looked up at the leaded windows above her. Peering around the side of the house she saw that the apothecary's horse was not tethered, so returning to the front again she dashed up the three worn stone steps and pushed open the solid oaken door. 'Clang clang, clang clang' went a little bell as she pushed her way into a dark and gloomy room.

Odours assailed her from every quarter, musk and cinnamon, lemon, sandalwood, and pine, and other strange scents which her nostrils could not identify. She stood there panting and puffing and trying to get back her breath, when from a



room behind the shop appeared another woman, the apothecary's wife.

'Oh, Ida Shakes!' said Helen Highwater. 'I saw it again last night, there she was up in the sky with the moon as her background, she was nekkid, nekkid as a jaybird and riding on a big birch broom.' She shuddered and looked as if she was about to faint, so Ida Shakes hurried forward and guided her to a chair by the side of the little counter.

'There, there,' she cried, 'just you get yourself set down and tell me all about it. I will pour up a measure of ale and then you will feel better.'

Helen Highwater sighed dramatically and allowed her eyes to roll heavenwards. 'There I was,' she said, 'standing in my shift before the bedroom window looking out upon God's glory of the moon and the night sky.' She paused and sighed again. 'Suddenly,' she continued, 'I looked towards the right and a big old owl flew across the window, and as he flew across I saw that he was fleeing from something. I craned my neck to the right, and there she was soaring across the sky, with not a bit of a shift upon her, and I thought, "Oh dear me, all those men who were out benights and the gypsies down by the covert, whatever would they think to see a Satan's Daughter sailing overhead so!"'

Ida Shakes poured out more ale and they drank together in silence for a while. Then the apothecary's wife said, 'Let us go together and tell this tale to our priest, the Reverend Mr. Doguid, he will know what to do with it. Now you just get your breath back while I get my bonnet on and we will be out together, I will have the apprentice look after the shop.' With that she turned on her heel and hurried into the back room where Helen Highwater heard her giving orders in a short, sharp tone of voice.

Soon the two ladies, chattering away like magpies, were hurrying down the side road towards the parsonage, and towards a conference with the worthy pastor and keeper of their souls, the Reverend Mr. Doguid.

Miles away in a small village far from London, the fierce Cardinal Wolsey turned restlessly on his bed. He was making his plans to hunt witches, making his plans to make and unmake kings and bring austerity to princes as well as to paupers. He had retired to his country mansion at the Village of Hampton, some miles from London Town. Even then he was plan-

ning to rebuild the mansion and make it into a veritable Court to rival that of the King in London. But now the Cardinal, who little knew that in future years his name would be a trademark for underwear, tossed restlessly, while throughout the length and breadth of England his Special Investigators prowled, watchful, hoping to be led to witches that they could be tortured and burned at the stake to the glory of God and to save their souls.

The worthy Cardinal pondered upon all these things, and he leaned back upon his soft cushions and thought with smug complacency how he would reorganize Heaven when he eventually got there, although he had no plans to leave the Earth at the moment as he was enjoying much power.

Back in the Village of Much Nattering, the two ladies stood up to take leave of the Reverend Mr. Doguid. 'Well, then ladies,' he said somberly, 'we will keep watch on that widow of whom you spoke, and we will see what we shall see, and having seen we shall act to the glory of God.' He nodded gravely and ushered Ida Shakes and Helen Highwater out of the parsonage door.

For the rest of the day little groups of women could be seen furtively whispering to each other, and peering up towards the forest which loomed at the perimeter of the village. There was much nodding of heads and shaking of heads, much folding of hands beneath aprons. The men, ignorant of what was going on, looked mystified at the strange doings of their womenfolk, as men always do anyhow, and just put it down to a form of moon-madness which came upon women every so often.

Down by the maypole a small group of boys and girls twirled and twisted and pranced around as they practiced the steps for a new maypole dance which they were shortly going to perform before visitors from another village.

Soon the shadows of night gathered, and back from the darkening fields came the men who had labored long throughout the day, drooping with weariness they trudged along the cobbled streets and lurched into their homes. In the shadow of the parsonage four men waited silently, leaning up against the wall, talking in the lowest of low whispers. Then as the darkness became more profound a figure appeared from the side door of the parsonage: it was the Reverend Mr. Doguid himself. The four men respectfully touched a forelock to the parson, he said, 'Follow me to the widow's cottage, I

have sent a messenger to fetch the interrogators.’ So saying, he turned and strode off circumnavigating the main part of the village and heading towards the forest. For some twenty minutes they walked, and then they entered the dark shadows cast by the pine trees. Here progress was quite difficult, here there was only the purple loom from the night sky which filtered down through bare branches, but through familiarity they could feel and detect their way, so they pressed on, trying to be as silent as they could. At last they approached a clearing and passed by a pile of hazel twigs and some remnants of charcoal. Passing that they turned to the left and saw the dark outline of a rough hut ahead of them. Now their caution was extreme, they moved carefully with complete circumspection, softly they tiptoed across the clearing to the hut.

In single file they approached the window which was roughly curtained, but the merest chink of light shone out. The priest moved forward and put an eye to the chink, and looked inside. Inside he saw a sparse room, roughly furnished with home-made furniture cut from the trees themselves. The light he saw was the light from a burning pine knot on which the resin still dripped down. As it flared and sputtered, he could see that in the center of the room was an old woman sitting on the floor. By carefully listening he could detect that she was mumbling something, but some moments he stood there watching and listening. Then out of the darkness swooped a bat, it dived down and clutched the hair of one of the men; with a shriek of terror, he leapt to his feet and then fell flat on his face, petrified with fright.

As the priest and the three other men looked in stupefied astonishment the door of the hut creaked open, and in it stood the old woman. The priest was galvanized into life, dramatically pointing a forefinger at her he shouted, ‘Daughter of Satan, we have come for you!’ The old woman, struck with terror, and well knowing the fate in store for her, fell to her knees wailing. At a sign from the priest, the three other men, now slowly followed by the fourth who sheepishly climbed to his feet, went to the old woman, two held her arms roughly behind her and two entered the hut. They rummaged around, and not finding any spells or signs of magical instruments, they overturned the pine knot into a pile of pine needles so that the hut flared, and as the men retreated, burned to the ground.

In the basement of the church the old woman knelt before

the priest. 'I have sent for the Interrogators,' he thundered. 'You are a Daughter of Satan, you have sailed across the sky naked in company with Satan!'

The poor old woman shrieked with terror, knowing that as her house had been burned, judgement had been passed upon her without any trial. 'You are going to be kept in a cell for the night to await the pleasure of His Majesty's Investigators,' said the priest, and turning to the four men he instructed them to take the old woman to the local prison and keep her locked up until the next morning.

Late the next morning there was the thunder of hooves along the hard-packed earth road, ending in a clatter as the horsemen joined the cobbled main street and reined-in at the parsonage. From the leading horse descended His Majesty's Interrogator of Witches, a surly, bloated-faced man with narrow pig-like eyes. He was followed by his Assistant and two Torturers who lovingly removed the bags containing their instruments of trade from the horses' backs. Together they went into the parsonage where the priest was expecting them. For some time there was animated discussion, and then the men left the parsonage and made their way to the room which was used as the local jail. Entering they seized the old woman, who was now gibbering with terror, and stripped her of her clothing. Examining her minutely, inch by inch from head to foot, they jabbed sharp pins into her to see if there was any spot which was immune to pain, one of the standard tests for witches.

Soon also they put thumb-screws upon her and tightened them until she screamed and the screws ran red.

Still having no confession from her, for in truth she had nothing to confess, they seized her by her hair and dragged her out at a run all the way down the cobbled village street to the ducking pond, where by now a crowd of avid, eager spectators had collected in the hope and knowledge of seeing a witch drowned.

The old woman was held upright naked on the stone platform while men went to each side of the pond. Then the priest stood in front of her and said, 'In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I urge you now to make your true confession that according to God's mercy you may die knowing that your soul be saved. Confess ere it be too late.' With that he made the sign of the cross in the air and stood aside.

The old woman was speechless with terror.

Four men grabbed her by her arms and legs, and swung her high into the air. Up she went, and turned a somersault in the air before falling head first into the scummy, stagnant pond. For moments there were just ripples on the surface, and then her streaming hair and head appeared. She thrashed wildly at the water and seemed to make some headway at swimming. Then some spectator threw a heavy rock which caught her on the side of the head. Other rocks followed. The poor old woman gave a horrid, soul-wrenching scream, and an eyeball was seen dangling down her cheek. Further rocks dislodged it and the body sank beneath the water which was stained red. For a minute, perhaps more, there seemed to be turmoil beneath the water and a whole fountain of red, blood-stained water spurted up in a little mound.

One of the Investigators turned to another and said, 'So! Satan did not save her; perhaps, as she claimed, she was innocent after all.'

The man to whom he spoke shrugged and turned aside as he said, 'Oh well, what's it matter? We've all got to die sometime, we put her out of her misery!'

Unnoticed, isolated, and alone, an aged hunchback lurked in the shade of a little clump of trees. From his eyes tears slowly oozed and coursed down his seamed and wizened cheeks. From time to time he attempted to wipe them away with the back of a gnarled hand. Intently he peered forth from beneath white, shaggy eyebrows. Spasmodically his left hand gripped and re-gripped the twisted old stick which he used to assist him in his painful movements of walking.

As the poor old woman sank beneath the water surface for the last time, to become in her death agony entangled in the clinging weeds below, he muttered, 'Sad, sad.'

A woman hurrying along the path to try to see something before it was all over, spied the twisted old man and stopped beside him. 'What 'appened to her, grandfer?' she asked in a shrill voice.

'Murdered!' replied the hunchback in surly tones. 'Murdered on the altar of ignorance and superstition. She was no witch, I went to school with her. She was a pure soul who had no evil in her.'

The young woman glowered and said menacingly, 'You'd better be careful what you're saying, grandfer, or you'll find

yourself in that pond with her, there's been some ugly rumors about you, you know—if I wasn't a good granddaughter I'd tell on you myself.' So saying she hurried off to peer with avid fascination at the surface of the now still pond, a surface ruffled only occasionally by a bursting bubble plopping to the surface.

The hunchback stared towards her with brooding eyes, and then muttered to himself, 'Superstition, superstition, always the enemy of progress. We who do astral travel are the prey of the wicked, the ignorant, and the jealous, those who cannot do it themselves and who give the wrong thoughts to we who can. I must be careful, I must be careful!' Sadly he looked again towards the pond, for now Investigators had brought the old woman's clothing, which they dumped upon the stone where she had stood. Solemnly, with many a religious incantation, they applied flint and tinder to the torn old wrecks. Fanning the first sparks into flame they had the clothing blazing, and small particles of blackened burnt material swept upwards on vagrant wind.

The old hunchback turned away sadly, shrugged his shoulders, and stumbled blindly into the sheltering woods.

Yes, throughout the centuries those who could do astral travel have been persecuted and penalized by the jealous ones who cannot do astral travel, and who resent the thought that others can do what they cannot. Yet almost anyone can astral travel if their motives are right, if their thoughts are pure, and if they practice. Let us see what it takes to do astral travel.

In the first place, one must have absolutely pure thoughts because when one can travel in the astral it is a simple matter indeed to go to a person's house and see them, no matter where they are in that house, no matter what they are doing. It is possible to look over the shoulder of a person who is writing a letter, and read the letter; it is possible—but wrong, criminally wrong. The genuine person doing astral travel would never think of so intruding upon the privacy of another, and if one did intrude by accident, then one would never, never talk of what one had seen. So, unless you are sure, completely sure beyond the slightest shadow of a doubt that you do not want to intrude upon the privacy of another, then you will find that it is very difficult indeed to get into the astral consciously. Almost everyone gets into the astral subconsciously, that is, when one is asleep, but consciously—that is a different matter.

I get a vast number of letters asking me to visit such-and-such a person by astral travel to say what is wrong with him or her, but even if I was prepared to do this there are still only twenty-four hours in the day and it would be an utter impossibility to go to all the places because of the time consumed. In any case, it is morally wrong to rush along to someone's house and peer at them in the bedroom or elsewhere. Too often people want an astral visit because they are too lazy to take the necessary steps to cure themselves, or just for idle curiosity!

Another bar to astral travel in the awake state is imposed on people who want to astral travel so that they can talk about it and show how clever they are. If you do conscious astral travel you never talk about it because it is a very great privilege to be able to do it, and one only talks about it when one is trying to help others. So if you think that astral travel will take the place of a guided tour or provide more entertainment than your television—that would be easy!—think no more about astral travel, for if you think thus it is not for you.

A third bar is imposed upon those who want to astral travel so that they may control the affairs of others. There are many people who are 'do-gooder's', they want to rush around the world in the astral putting things right without knowing why things are presumably wrong! It is very wrong indeed to force a person to have help. After all, the person concerned knows his own affairs best, so if someone bumbles along in the astral and tries to peer and pry and then tells the victim that this, that, or something else should be done, that is taking an unwarranted liberty.

You may wonder what can be done by astral travel if there are so many limitations. Well, all right, this is what can be done—you can visit any of the great libraries throughout the world, you can visit any part of the world, you can learn from ancient manuscripts, you can (yes, this is quite true! ) visit other worlds when you advance sufficiently. But if you want to travel and you succeed in astral travelling, and then you give way to temptation and you just peer at someone in the privacy of their own home, then you are doing wrong and possibly you may not astral travel again.

One of my interests is to watch people going off at night. I like to sit by a window, preferably from a high vantage point, and watch over a sleeping city. Shall I tell you what it is like? Shall I tell you how I see things?

Night has fallen and above us the ageless stars twinkle silvery, or blue, or red light. The air is clear and calm, street lights shed some slight radiance into the sky and make it appear that there are dancing motes bubbling above the streets.

From the rooftops of the city comes the bluish white haze as if an impalpable mist is rising. The mist rises perhaps 30 feet, perhaps 100 feet, becoming bluer and bluer. Then the surface of the mist bubbles like the bubbles on a pot of boiling tar. The bubbles burst and gleaming streamers of pale blue-white light emerge and streak up into the night sky, the threads of light become thinner and thinner but they are always there, they radiate in all directions, to the North, to the South, to the West, and to the East. Some go straight up, straight up into the infinity above, and yet curiously enough some go straight down as if searching for another form of life in the core of this earth of ours. The bodies of the people of this city are asleep, but their astral bodies are travelling, as proof whereof their Silver Cords are agleam in the darkness of the night. They stretch up and up, and ever and anon a little thrill or ripple comes racing along the Silver Cord, and there is a jerk and a twitch and the Cord contracts, and soon the astral body comes down, disappears into the blue mists and afterwards goes into the body again. These are people who have been disturbed by perhaps the opening of a door or the tossing of a partner, these are the people who awaken in the morning with a headache and memories of a horrid nightmare. Just about everyone does astral travel, but unfortunately because of the teachings of the West most forget what they have learned and what they have done when they return to the body, and if an astral is 'reeled in' suddenly it gives rise to nightmares and a complete shattering of all memories of the actual experience.

Most people have had the experience of a violent jerk as they were falling asleep, most people have had an experience of a rising and falling, and a sensation that they were falling out of a tree or off a cliff. That was verging upon remembering astral travel, but again, remember that astral travel is a thing which almost anyone can do consciously if one remembers the provisos previously mentioned in this chapter.

Some distance away within my line of sight there was a great building, a prison. Around the walls the lights burned throughout the night and occasionally a bright spotlight would

flicker along the walls, but at this time of the night most of the cells were dark—yet not dark because the lights of the Silver Cord go up, the imprisoned men escape by night into the astral, for truly it is said that iron bars do not a prison make; iron bars restrain the flesh, but they are no bar to the astral. Thus it is that those adjudged guilty, and the innocent alike, mingle and go up about their separate travels in the night.

All too frequently from the pent-houses atop the high buildings one gets terrible sordid thoughts, and even the Silver Cords which protrude from such places are often duller and tainted. For those who pander to the lusts of the flesh do not travel to the highest planes, instead they are confined to the lower astral where they meet depraved and unevolved personalities to match their own.

Supposing you have gone through all this, and you have decided that you have no lusts, no desire to peer at others in the privacy of their own homes, suppose you decide that you are one who can travel consciously, well, this is how you should go about it:

Make a definite experiment, make an arrangement with some very close friend that you will, with his or her permission, visit the house that night. Have your friend agree to put something, perhaps some written message on a table so that you can read the message put there for you and repeat it back the next day to test your progress.

When you go to bed make sure that it is at a reasonable hour, that is, fairly early. You should not have a heavy meal before going to bed, and of course you should not drink too much before retiring otherwise your rest will inevitably be disturbed, and getting up in the night may cause you to forget your astral travelling experiences.

When you rest upon your bed make sure that you are completely comfortable, not too hot and not too cold, and it is better if you sleep alone with your door locked because if you are sleeping with your partner and there is restlessness during the night you will be brought back from your astral journey with quite a shock, which will cause you to forget anything you have experienced.

Decide where you are going to go. You may be going to your friend's house, in which case you will know the way, or you may be going to a different country. But supposing you are going to one special house or one special person, then visualize

the house, visualize how you would visit that house if you were going by car or walking. Solemnly affirm before you allow your body to sleep that your astral will go to the house and that when you awaken in the morning you will have a complete memory of all that happened, you should affirm that this will occur and you will remember. Repeat your affirmation three times, and then let yourself drift off to sleep thinking of all this as you do so. If you succeed this is what will happen; you will feel your body getting heavy, you will feel your eyes becoming tired, and you will fall asleep in a perfectly ordinary, normal manner. But then as you fall asleep you will have an experience similar to going out of a dark room into a brilliantly lighted 'outdoors'. At the time of the passing, your physical body will jerk slightly, and if the jerk does not awaken you in the physical body, your consciousness will expand and become clearer, you will experience a truly wonderful, a truly joyous feeling of exhilaration and freedom from bounds.

You will feel as if you are sparkling and bubbling all over with vitality. It will occur to you after a time to wonder what it is all about, and then you will look about and you will see that you are attached to your physical body by a glowing, pulsating, blue-white cord, like a child being attached to its mother by the umbilical cord.

With some horror and distaste you will look at the lump of clay which is your physical body resting there, perhaps in a contorted bunch of twisted limbs. You will feel horror that eventually you have to get back into that confining body. But the time is not yet. You gaze about you, looking at things from an unfamiliar viewpoint. You can rise up and look closely at the ceiling or the walls, but then as you wander about the room you find that it is boring to be confined to such a small space, and you think of how to get out of the room—well, it's no sooner thought of than done. You find that you are out projecting beyond the roof with no memory of how you got through perhaps other bedrooms in your way, now you are out, floating above the rooftop at the end of your blue-white cord.

For moments you float there gently lifting as if on unseen currents. Perhaps you look down and identify your house and friends' houses, perhaps you watch some late car speeding along the highway. You are seeing your town or your district as if from a balloon, but the impression grows upon you that this is just a waste of time, you are doing this for another

purpose, there is nothing to be gained by just lying looking down at a sleeping city.

You think of the plans you have made, you think of the places you would like to visit—where shall it be, Bulgaria, Buenos Aires, London, Berlin? Anywhere! Perhaps you will be content to go just to a friend's house to read a carefully prepared message so that you can repeat it back to him for his confirmation on the morrow. Immediately you think where you are going, and you think how to get there. Perhaps from Dublin in Ireland you decide you would like to visit New York. As you think of this your astral cord extends and extends, and you rise up and up far higher than the astronauts, or cosmonauts either, have reached. As you rise up you see the Earth turning slowly beneath you, you see the ocean which from this height looks like a placid village pond, and then as you peer down you see your destination, New York. Here the time is four hours earlier so people are not going to sleep yet, they have their city lights on and it provides an excellent beacon for you. You 'set your sights' on New York City, and you fall down towards New York City almost with the speed of thought. As you get closer and closer, and the city becomes larger and larger, you can pick your actual desired destination. Perhaps it may be Manhattan, perhaps you want to look in on the crowds swarming out of Broadway theatres, perhaps you want to have a look round Radio City or float over the docks and see the great liners lying at their moorings. As you think about it, so you achieve it.

In many great blocks of buildings you will see lights shining out, many of them are office buildings. Well, you can look around, see the cleaners at work and perhaps some 'high pressure executive' at work too. But many of the lights will be apartment buildings. A caution here—do not intrude, do not force your way into the privacy of those apartments because you would not like people spying on you and perhaps chuckling a little maliciously at you, would you? Well, respect the privacy of these people, and you will be able to continue your astral travels without hindrance.

Throughout the period of your travel keep in your consciousness the thought that you will remember, you will remember, you will remember. Never lose sight of that thought, keep it tucked away somewhere so that all the time you are getting a jog that you must and will remember. With practice

you will have no difficulty at all in remembering. First when you are back in the body you will think that you had a dream, but if you allow yourself to visit the same place the night after you will realize that it is not a dream but actuality. So with confirmation you will find that it becomes easier and easier.

But you are in the astral looking at New York City from the air. The night grows darker, down below policemen in their prowl cars wander in and out of back alleys, the city grows quieter, although New York is never quiet. Soon you find that there is a strange impression of unease, an impression that you are wanted. Soon you find there is a tingling coming to you along the Silver Cord. If you are wise and experienced you will immediately head home, in this case you left from Dublin, remember. If you are not experienced you will be reeled in unceremoniously like a fish reeled in by an eager angler.

As you, being one of the wiser ones, allow yourself to return, you head straight up into the sky again so that, looking down you can see the darkness darker and darker over the United States and over Europe the light is beginning to come brighter. You find that over Dublin you have the first faint streaks of light coming over the edge of the world, so you allow yourself to go down and down, you see the roof of your house approaching and the first time or two you instinctively brace yourself for a hard landing, but—nothing happens, you go down straight through the roof without even being aware of it, and then you find yourself in your bedroom again floating a few feet above your slumbering physical body. You look down at it and you shudder once more at the thought of losing the freedom of moving with the speed of thought. However, nature will not be denied and you find that you are settling, settling, settling. Soon you are almost in contact with the body which seems to be shimmering and vibrating slowly, and then you become aware that you are vibrating much faster. You have the task of synchronizing your vibrations to those of the physical body, but this is largely an automatic matter, and then you find you are sinking back into the physical body, you will feel as though you are tightly encased in a cold, damp, rigid garment. It is a thoroughly unpleasant feeling first because there is an impression of being stifled and constricted, and it will make you shudder and wonder why on earth people have to have bodies. Then the answer will occur to you—well, of course, you have to be on Earth!

You will still be keeping before you the thought that you have to remember everything, you have to remember everything, and you lower your astral farther down so that it fits exactly into that cold, clammy body of yours. As it fits exactly there will be a sudden 'snap' and a jerk, and an impression that you are sinking down through dark, woolly dust. You may sleep for a few moments, in which case the next thing you will know is that daylight is upon you and you are opening and rubbing your eyes, and perhaps yawning as well.

Very clear in your mind is the knowledge of all that you did in the night. Now is the time to write down everything you did—write it down immediately, using paper and pencil put at your bedside for that purpose. Do not be 'clever' and feel that you can remember all because you will not—not for the first few times anyway. Instead, you will forget everything unless you take the elementary precaution of writing it all down before the returning day causes you to forget. So write it down and read it, and do that for your first half dozen astral trips around the world.

All this so far has dealt with astral travel on the mundane plane, that is bumbling around the world, seeing the great libraries, the great art galleries, and the great cities of the world. Well, perhaps you want to visit the astral world beyond this, what the old scribes called 'Purgatory' and 'Paradise'.

In that case remember that it is quite easy, remember that in the ancient Hindu Scriptures are very vivid descriptions of men travelling to the Moon, to the Sun, and to the stars, for when you are in the astral, difference in temperature and lack of a breathable atmosphere makes no difference to you, it does not inconvenience you at all. Unfortunately people nowadays are just playing with rockets and a few silly things like that, forgetting that 10,000 years ago the Hindus were able to travel in space by astral projection. This is not fiction, this is fact, and if you can get anyone to translate Hindu scriptures for you, you will soon see that for yourself.

If you want to visit friends in the astral you will have to be specially trained, that is if your friends are highly evolved, because in the astral, that is in the higher planes of consciousness, an hour or two of Earth time will be several thousand years of astral world time because it all depends on the speed of thought, etc. It takes, as a crude illustration, a tenth of a second for thought to travel from a man's brain to wiggle his

big toe or turn a wrist. Well, in the astral planes it might take ten-thousandths of a second. There is a different time system altogether. But you—when you do astral travel daily or nightly, will find that you are able to operate your mind more and more in the lighter planes, and thus you will not be limited by physical boundaries.

To give you some idea of the difference in time-cycles, let me say that we on this Earth are now living in the Age of Kali; the Age of Kali in celestial years is equal to 1,200, but in human years it is 432,000 years.

But beyond our Earth system, beyond our whole system of time and dimensions, there is the 'Creator of the Universe' system which is quite a long time, one, in fact, in which 4,320,000 x 1,000 human years constitute just one day of 'super' time, so before you can actually locate an evolved entity you have to be sure of his place in a certain time sequence. All of which makes it clear that the back-street medium really doesn't have a chance!

But you want to get out of this world and into the astral world—well, tell yourself what you are going to do and when you go to bed determine that you really are going to leave this world and go up and up into the astral, picture yourself rising up beyond the Earth and into space, and into another dimension altogether.

First you will get out of your body at the end of your Silver Cord, and then you will find all your colour values change. You will be aware of colours which previously had no place in your knowledge. You will see that foliage is of many different hues, more colours than you knew existed. But then you may be horrified to see that there are quite unimaginable creatures gibbering at you, making obscene gestures, making obscene invitations. But do not be disheartened or frightened because here you are passing through the garbage of elementals, etc., just as in most cases to enter a great city by rail you, for some inexplicable reason, see all the backs of the slum houses first.

There is nothing at all to be afraid of, no elemental or entity can hurt you in the slightest provided that you are not afraid. If you are afraid, then you more or less attract these people. So the best thing is to carry on and realize quite fully that no one at all can hurt you unless you are afraid.

Decide that you are not going to linger in this area of elementals, but carry on—on—to the Land of the Golden Light.

Here you will see such beautiful things that it is quite impossible to describe them in words relating to a three-dimensional world, your experiences in the Land of the Golden Light have to be experienced in person not through the medium of the printed or the spoken word.

As your proficiency increases with practice you will be able to go to other worlds and to other planes, but remember you cannot intrude upon the privacy of another, you cannot harm others through astral travel because that is the crime of crimes.

Here is a happy thought for you—in the Land of the Golden Light you can only meet those with whom you are compatible, here in fact you can meet your ‘twin soul’, for there are such things as we shall see in our next chapter.

## CHAPTER TEN

### THE WORKS OF MAN

THE old Engineer smiled fondly down at the small figure resting on the bench. Straightening, he placed his hands to his aching back and rose stiffly to greet his visitor. 'Nice of you to come and see me,' said the Engineer, affably. 'I certainly have a problem here.' Taking the Visitor's arm, he led him over to the workbench. 'There he is,' he said, like a proud parent. 'The latest model. Experimental still, you know, and there are some unexpected difficulties. I can't solve them, too close to the subject, I suppose.' Gently he picked up the little figure and rested it on the palm of one hand.

The Visitor glanced around. 'Quite a nice place you've got here,' he commented. 'You seem to have some thriving colonies even though this lot is difficult.'

'Not so thriving as you think!' replied the Engineer gloomily. 'Come and look at these.' Cradling the small figure in his hands he led the way to a small blue-green sphere. 'There is a viewer there, have a look—tell me what you think!'

The Visitor placed his eyes against the viewer and twisted some knobs. For long moments he watched, and then, with a sigh, pushed the viewer away. 'Truculent lot, aren't they?' he asked. 'It seems to me that they are crazy.'

For long moments the Engineer stood in silence, idly fingering the little figure in his hands. 'Crazy?' he mused. 'Crazy? Why, yes, I suppose so. It seems to me that they have a remote control problem or something. They do not respond correctly to transmitted signals, nor do they return the correct information. I don't know what to do about it!' Turning, he paced up and down, up and down, lost in deep thought, head bent in profound contemplation of the figure in his hands. At last he abruptly halted in front of his Visitor and asked brusquely, 'What would you do if you were in my position? The Board is making difficulties over all the delay in getting them right. What would you do?'

Without replying, the Visitor turned to the viewer again, and peered through it with intense concentration. Carefully he

focused and refocused until he was quite satisfied, then for a long time he peered through the instrument. At last he turned to the impatiently waiting Engineer and said, 'You should send an Observer down. Shouldn't be impossible. It is the only way to get the results, you know. We are too far away here, we can only guess and so far we have guessed wrongly. Nothing else for it, but—on second thoughts—why not call in a Specialist Efficiency Expert?'

The Engineer shook his head doubtfully. 'No!' he replied. 'The Board would never stand for it, I don't think they would even co-operate with an Outside Specialist!'

Together, Engineer and Visitor strolled over to the work-bench and sat down. 'Here,' said the Engineer, picking a figure from a box, 'is the newest model. Homo sapiens we call them, but they seem to have lost the "sapiens" for the moment.' The Visitor took the figure and examined it carefully. 'Here is another,' added the Engineer as he took another little figure from a box on the other side of the bench. The Visitor examined the second figure and compared it with the first. 'Self-reproducing,' remarked the Engineer. 'When they reach a certain age and they get together they reproduce. Actually each has just the same equipment as the other, but in more or less degree. We call one "male" and the other "female". They work by remote control, but just now the control is faulty and we don't know why.'

The Visitor pointed to another box. 'What are those?' he asked.

The Engineer made a rueful face. 'Oh! THEY are sub-normal,' he said. 'They do not know Truth from Untruth; we Call them PRESSMEN!'

. . . . .

Yes, humans are a bit of a mess, all right. Quite an intricate mechanism which at the present time does not seem to be functioning as well as it should.

We have to remember that in our Solar system we are composed of compounds which are rather different from those existing in other Universes, other Galaxies, etc. Here everything—everything that lives on our Earth—is composed of the same 'bricks'. There are available in this Solar system hydrogen, water, and hydrates, ammonia, methane, and various other gases. We are really composed of 'bricks' of carbon

molecules and amino-acids and nucleotides. From these simple compounds are built all the species of animals, plants, and minerals upon Earth.

When that is built into human shape the resulting mechanism is subject to magnetic impulses, which we call astrological impulses, and various rays. But let us go into the matter a little more deeply and see what we can find out.

If you can get an illustration of a human body and you can see the spine and spinal nerves you will be able to follow this more accurately. The human mechanism—the controller mechanism, that is—is actually composed of nine control centres. The average occultist mentions only seven because there are seven upon the material, or mundane, plane.

The old Chinese physicians visualized all the organs of the body as being controlled and supervised by little ‘men’, and here in this chapter you will see an illustration adapted from one which was originally drawn in China about 7,000 years ago. You can see the little men helping the passage of food down the throat, blowing wind into the lungs, stirring up all the chemicals in the liver, and controlling various sphincters. But this dealt with merely the ‘animal’ part of the body, the flesh and organs. We want to go farther than that and deal with the parts which bring messages from the Overself and control the functions of the body.

We have to remember that there is very much more to the human body than meets the casual eye. If we look at a pair of wires going, let us say, past our window on telegraph poles or similar, we cannot tell by looking at those wires if any current is flowing, to us they are just copper wires. But with suitable instruments one can detect whether there be or not current flowing, and we can also determine which way it is flowing.

In the same way we can look at a body without necessarily being aware of the various centres of that body which are connected to equivalent portions of the Overself. As already stated, there are seven ‘mundane’ centres which are called ‘chakras’. At the top of the head there is the one frequently referred to as ‘the Thousand Petalled Lotus’. The actual Sanskrit name is Sahasrara Chakra. This is the ‘relay’, or centre, which is nearest to the spiritual and thus the one which is the more easily deranged.

Lower (we are looking at a body from the back, and we see the head, shoulders, and spine, etc.) around about the neck

area is the Ajna Chakra. This is the next important, and which is actually in contact with the Overself. This is the chakra of the mind, and remember that the mind is just as an electrical function in much the same way as you can receive a telephone message, and the earpiece is just a 'function' of what is being said at the other end of the wire.

Farther down the spine we have the third chakra; this one is known as Visudha. This controls the action of the mouth, so if one has difficulty in speaking clearly it could be that this chakra is undisciplined or damaged.

To digress for a moment—just imagine that you are walking along a street and you see a telephone man messing about in one of those manholes. As you stop to look, he gets hold of a great sheathed cable and tears the insulation off it. As the insulation is removed you see thousands of tiny wires, most of them colour coated, but anyway there are thousands of wires and you wonder how on earth anyone can sort such a mess. Well, the nerves inside your spine are like that; certain nerves go down inside the spine and then branch away, so when you are thinking of chakras think of a telephone man with all those wires, and think also of little relays, or repeater stations which take an incoming signal from a distant station and amplify it (make it stronger) before sending it on to the next station in the line.

Next of our 'relays' is the Anahata Chakra which controls feel and all that we touch. Below that there is the Manipura Chakra. This one is known as the 'Fire Principle' chakra, and there is no point in going more deeply into this particular chakra because it does not greatly concern us at this stage.

Below that we have the sixth chakra, this time the Swadhisatana Chakra. This one deals with the Water Principle.

Farther down we have the seventh, or Earth Principle chakra referred to in Sanskrit as the Mooladhara. This one is the home of the Kundalini, and the Kundalini is actually the controlling, or life, force of humans. It is, let us say, the equivalent of the fire in the furnace which heats the water to raise the steam which turns the turbines to generate the electricity which lights the lamps, cools the refrigerator, etc., in civilization. Once the fire goes out the electricity dies through want of steam, and everything comes to a standstill.

Many people who have been misinstructed, or worse, have been uninstructed, try to raise the Kundalini force by artificial

means, because it is a fact that if one raises the Kundalini properly one can be very much more aware, very much more intelligent. But to raise it indiscriminately without having utter purity of thought is to do immense harm to oneself, and frequently to lead to madness; to raise the Kundalini without thought of the consequences can lead to a complete mental and physical breakdown. So unless you have a Master who has been through it all and knows all about it, do not try to raise your own Kundalini. A Master will not raise the Kundalini unless he is quite sure that it is for your good.

Here it might be as well to add that people who run Correspondence Courses, etc., or offer to do small services for you for a small sum of money, do not have the power to safely supervise your development and raise your Kundalini, they can do a lot of harm instead.

Before a physical entity of the human type, that is, a person living on this world, can attain to cosmic consciousness he or she has to have certain stirrings of the Kundalini, 'stirrings' are somewhat different from actually raising the Kundalini! If one is sexually over-excited and—let me say it—lustful, it can be a bad thing indeed, because if one has sex for the sake of sex only, sex without true love, that is, it can temporarily or permanently paralyze the correct flowing of the Kundalini force. By 'permanently' I mean during this lifetime, as long as the malpractice in sex continues.

Each part of the body while upon the Earth is strongly associated and connected to its astral counterpart by way of all these chakras. No doubt you have heard of people who have had a leg amputated, and who still apparently feel pains in the amputated leg, or rather in the space which the amputated leg would have filled. This is because the physical leg which now has been removed still has certain effects upon the astral leg which, of course, has not and cannot be removed.

To refer again to astral travel, it is highly essential that we return to the physical body so that every part of the astral body fits into every part of the physical body, and so that astral and physical organs are completely compatible each with the other. The bodies must also be correctly synchronized according to the direction of current flow.

Just as all current, all electricity, must be either positive or negative—just as current can flow in one direction and return in the opposite direction, so do humans have a flow of current.

The two 'wires' of humans are known as the Ida and Pingala. Actually, of course, they are not wires but tubes in the human body. Ida is on the left side and Pingala is on the right side, and these two sources provide the energy necessary for the passive functioning of the Kundalini. We can look upon them as caretakers making sure that the Kundalini is kept in good condition, ready for use in this life if we deserve it, or if not ready for use in the next life, because when the Kundalini starts to rise under correct treatment and under correct control, Ida and Pingala are by-passed. But so long as Man (and Woman!) are bound by the operation of Ida and Pingala, that man or woman will be confined to the Earth plane, and to the theory and practice of birth, death, and rebirth. It is only when Man is able to raise his Kundalini and by-pass the caretaking energy sources of Ida and Pingala that he can progress and know that his time of release from the cycle of birth, death, and rebirth has come to an end.

It is better to regard these chakras as relay stations, or if you like, remote control spots. Remember, also, that there are other important parts of the body such as the cervical ganglion in the neck, and somewhat below it the vagus nerve. After that we have the cardiac plexus, the solar plexus, and the pelvic plexus, but these are 'sub-stations' and should not bother us unduly.

We upon Earth are affected very greatly by all sorts of outside influences. There are various rays which affect humans, and let me say at the outset that astrology is a very, very real thing indeed, and people should not sneer at it; one should only sneer at the practitioners who misrepresent astrology because to do astrology properly takes a long time and entails a lot of work, so much time and so much work that it is not a commercial proposition. Certainly you cannot get anything of a worthwhile reading by looking at the columns of the daily newspaper and reading your 'horoscope'.

The 'rays' are a form of off-shoot of cosmic rays, and according to the time of the day and your own latitude and longitude you are subject to certain rays. How the rays affect you depends upon your astrological make-up. There are, for example, the orange, the yellow, green, blue, indigo, and others, but it will be far too much to go into the principle of these rays in a book of this nature. Let us say, though, that as one gets to the red end of the spectrum one finds that one is

dealing with the development of individuality, and the purple is concerned with a group mind, while a green ray tends to give one an impetus to learning. The yellow ray itself is the ray of wisdom.

One of the more interesting of the rays is the blue ray which is supposed to come under the domination of Hermes. In ancient Egypt, and Chaldea, it was known as the Magicians' Ray.

Of more use to us at the moment are the Zodiac Signs. Imagine that you had a large ball-bearing on a smooth level surface, then if you arranged magnets all around, you could hold the ball-bearing in one position, and by juggling with the position of the magnets you could make the ball-bearing take up any desired position. Look upon the planets as the magnets and yourself as the ball-bearing! Our first magnet is the Sun, but it manifests in what we call the seventh plane of the Abstract Spiritual Consciousness. The result of the Sun's influence is to give life and to cause life to flourish.

Our next magnet shall be Jupiter; Jupiter is 'jovial', benevolent, kind. Here it refers to the sixth plane of Spiritual Consciousness. It is a beneficent planet and gives good balance in morals.

Everyone knows that 'jovial' people are happy people and good to know.

Our next magnet is Mercury which has the fifth plane of abstract mind. It makes people sharp-witted and 'jumpy'. It leads to astute business deals. People understand perfectly what is meant by a 'mercurial type'. Mercury, the God who delivered messages, is supposed to control this fifth plane which also gives good memory.

Our fourth position is Saturn, this is coming down to solid consciousness. Saturnine people dwell upon things, and it is often the opposite to the jovial temperament. Saturn people are limited, restricted, and stern. People who have overabundance of this particular Sign have to get patience and stability before they can progress farther.

Now we come to Venus—our 'magnet' occupying the third plane of the abstract emotions. Everyone knows that Venus is the Goddess of Love; it is also a mildly benevolent planet. It makes people have higher ideals and emotions, it causes people to develop their own personalities and individuality. Venus

people can be beautiful people unless they are too closely associated with 'malefics'.

Our second plane is Mars, it is also our sixth 'magnet'. Mars—martial, warlike—is known as the energizer. It can be a mildly bad-effect planet if its powers are not correctly used. Mars dominates the physical body, and frequently, sex desires. If correctly used Mars increases the consciousness, and increases courage, strength, and endurance.

Lastly our seventh influence is the Moon. Well, everyone knows what the Moon does, it has an extreme effect on human life, it causes the tides to rise and fall, not merely at sea, but also in the human body. Think of the woman's 'tide' every month, think of the word 'lunatic' from 'lunar'—the Moon. The Moon has no light of her own, she reflects only that which is shone upon her, thus a person who has too much Moon influence has no great personality of his own, he merely reflects the views and opinions of those around him.

Probably almost everyone has heard of 'twin souls'. There are such things, you know, but upon the Earth plane the meeting of twin souls is a very rare occurrence. You see, if you are going to get down to basics and you consider the world of anti-matter, you will appreciate that to be a complete battery there must be a positive and a negative. So if you are going to have a twin soul which forms one complete entity, you have to get a person in our system of the astral and a person of the corresponding system of the anti-matter astral, and these people have to be completely compatible.

What usually happens here, however, is that in the astral there are two Overselves who are highly compatible, and they send down to Earth a puppet from each and the puppet from each is completely compatible with the other, they fit in, and if they come into close proximity with each other there is an immediate feeling of rapport, of 'belonging'. One will say, 'I know I have met that person before!' In such cases a very true friendship can develop, but as already stated, such instances are rather rare upon the Earth. Instead there is often a very great degree of compatibility between two people, and because they are so compatible, because they complement each other, they consider that they are twin souls. They may get each other's thoughts, they may know just what the other is going to say seconds before it is said.

One gets much the same sort of affair between identical

twins, which of course is two people from the one egg. These two will be very much in sympathy with each other, and even while miles apart will experience the emotions of the other, and they may even get married at the same time.

A man can be very much in love with a woman; they may fancy that they are twin souls, but if they are twin souls then they will have similar interests. For example, the man could not be, let us say, a confirmed atheist while the woman had very strong religious beliefs. The dissimilarity in their beliefs would cause some dissonance, some disharmony, some friction between them, and so instead of drawing closer together they would drift farther apart.

The most that can be hoped for on this world is that two highly compatible people can live together, and by their purity of thought and by their actions, draw each closer to the other. But this is difficult of attainment at the present time because it requires such utter sacrifice and selflessness. It is useless for a man to give in and give all to the woman thinking that he is doing right, just as it is useless for the woman to give all to the man and think that she is doing right. It is not enough that each give everything to the other, instead each must give exactly what the other needs, otherwise they will drift apart.

Many people think that they have met their twin soul when they meet a person who astrologically is compatible and who lives upon the same 'ray'. They can live in harmony, and they will live in harmony, but it still is not perfect harmony, it still is not a fusion of two souls to make one entity. In fact, if people were so perfect as that they could not stay upon this imperfect world any more than a piece of ice can exist when tossed into the flames of a raging furnace. Thus, humans—Man and Woman—must try to live with each other exercising tolerance, patience, and selflessness.

Quite a number of people are brought together to work out kharmic links, and the working out of these kharmic ties makes it necessary that people shall come in close contact with each other for good or for bad. If a man and a woman are brought together through kharmic ties and, for example, the man falls in love with the woman and the woman falls in love with the man, then a very great bond of love is formed which can have the effect of canceling out many bad kharmic aspects, because no matter what we think down here, good will prevail in the end.

If one person loves another, and the other person hates the former, then a kharmic bond will still be formed, but it will be an unsatisfactory bond and they will have to come together until the hate is eradicated and love forms. It should be understood that only complete and utter indifference can possibly prevent any kharmic link being formed. If you like a person you form a kharmic tie, if you dislike a person you form a kharmic tie, if you couldn't care less about the person no link is formed. So—any reaction to any other person starts the chain which causes karma. For example, there can be a relationship between a teacher and a student, in that case a bond of some sort is formed. It could be a lasting bond, or it may be just a temporary bond which is over almost in a flash and can then be attributed to the burning out of some kharlnic link.

The worst state is that in which great love is severed by death. If a woman loses her husband while she is still in love with him she has no outlet for her love, and so that love is stored up until they come together again in some future incarnation and the conditions are right for the expression of that love. So if anyone tells you that he or she has met their twin soul, smile understandingly and hold your peace.

These wretched old bodies of ours are subject to all sorts of weird ailments, just as an intricate piece of apparatus can be jarred out of adjustment, so can human bodies be shaken somewhat out of their best condition. So, as many people desire to be healers, it might not be out of place to give a little about healing treatment here—after all, we are dealing with the works of Man!

This is the negative world, from which it follows that a negative treatment is most suitable, that, then, is the actual term which one uses in describing this particular treatment—negative treatment.

First you have to get rid of as much breath as you can from your lungs, really exhale, force the air out, and stay like that for as long as you can without too much discomfort. This enables the body to attain what we might call negative polarity because it is now deficient in prana, deficient in air.

Then breathe lightly for just a few moments (to get your breath back, so to speak!). Then repeat the whole affair by exhaling as thoroughly as possible and getting the air out of your lungs. Stay with empty lungs for as long as you can without too much discomfort or killing yourself. Then breathe

again lightly, and when you have got back some breath, do this system once again so that you have done it in all three times—three times you have exhaled completely and let your body become negatively polarized.

Now you know where you are hurting, so place your hand over the skin at the site to be treated. Then withdraw—the hand, the palm, so that only the forefinger and the thumb are pressed firmly upon the skin. Hold your finger and thumb firmly upon the area to be treated, and then again exhale and stop breathing. While you are thus stopped breathing vividly imagine the life-force flowing out of your left finger-tips into the part that you desire to be treated.

Soon you will have to breathe again, but breathe as shallowly as possible, taking in just enough air to sustain life, and then hold the fingers still in contact with the area being treated. You should repeat this three times, and each time you should hold your fingers in contact with the area for at least two minutes.

The best way to treat yourself really is to give this treatment every hour until you are very much recovered. These treatments do work because you are calling in outside forces.

If you are subject to colds and you get your head stuffed up you can greatly relieve the condition by giving this negative treatment. In this case you would place your finger and thumb one on each side of the nose just below the eyes. Then, again, you would hold your breath after you had expelled as much as possible. Again you would picture that life-force flowing into you, into your nose, and killing off all the bugs which are causing the trouble. Quite seriously I say to you that if you try this you will very shortly feel a crackling in the nose as congestion dissipates. You will find that you will then be able to breathe through your nostrils.

Asthma is a complaint which is but little understood. All sorts of nostrums are prescribed for asthma, but in many many cases asthma is caused by some nervous condition, and that nervous condition will respond to this form of treatment. In this case you put the finger and thumb on either side of the throat just above the Adam's apple. That is for the ordinary type of asthma, but of course, if you have the type which causes truly harsh and painful breathing, then you will have to put your finger and thumb some three inches apart, and place them where you can feel the throat joins the chest.

Naturally enough, if you have had asthma for many years you cannot expect a cure in a few seconds. You must have patience and use common sense, but if you will persist in this treatment you will quite definitely find that the asthma will disappear. It will disappear a whole lot faster if you will do a little meditation and introspection, and reason out for yourself what it is that causes your nervous disturbance. Again, many many cases of asthma are caused by nervous worry, and the asthma just acts like a safety valve and gives you an out.

Let me repeat that you must follow these instructions exactly, and you must always use your left hand. You cannot get a strong negative cure by using your right hand. Remember then—get the air out of your lungs, wait a little with empty lungs, and always use your left hand. You will find that even a severe burn will respond to treatment of this nature; in that case, of course, you use a forefinger and thumb, and place them upon the burn, and proceed with the treatment. You will appreciate, of course, that if you have a very severe burn, well, the sooner you get a doctor in, the better. But you can do your own treatment while waiting for him.

The Kundalini, as already stated, is the 'furnace' of the human body, and of course it and the brain can be regarded as the opposite poles of a magnet if you prefer the magnet theory instead of that of the furnace. But supposing you are very clairvoyant and you have a nude body before you which you can study—let us see how it would appear.

We have a wall covered preferably in black velvet; the wall is about fourteen feet square, and we place a little platform about four feet from the floor. Upon that platform a nude model stands with back to the velvet. As we stand facing the model and observing clairvoyantly we see a brilliant white streak which is the coursing current between brain and Kundalini, which as already stated is at the remote end of the spine—a bit lower than the spine actually.

You have seen these white strip lights in shops or by the side of dressing mirrors? Well, supposing you imagine that the clairvoyant sight lets you see the life-force as resembling a strip of that light. First you have that brilliant strip of light extending from the top of the brain of your subject, and descending to a few inches below the termination of the spine. You look at that for some seconds, observing how it fluctuates and pulsates, first being as a thin strip, and then as some other

thought occurs to your subject, expanding until it is quite a broad band.

If you are experienced at this sort of thing you will, after seeing this, be able to see that the body is outlined with a bluish light very much like the bluish smoke of a burning cigarette. If you light a cigarette and let it burn, it gives off a bluish smoke which is quite different from the smoke which is exhaled by a smoker. This bluish light (it looks very much like luminous smoke) extends from the surface of the body, and is of a uniform thickness, the thickness depending upon the health and strength of the subject. In an elderly person it may be about half an inch in width, in a really vigorous person it may extend two or three inches, or even four. That is the etheric and is just the 'animal radiation' of a body.

The aura is superimposed over all of it. The aura extends up beyond the head, and if you are clairvoyant enough you will see from the center of the head a play of light which looks very much like a little fountain bubbling and sparkling and changing colours, it changes colours according to the thoughts of the person. Well, around the head you will see the halo or nimbus. It looks like—well, everyone knows what a halo looks like even if they haven't really much hope of achieving one!—but perhaps we should describe the halo; it looks like a golden disc, the degree of gold, or colour or shade of gold, depends upon the spirituality and degree of evolution of the person concerned. If the person is very carnal, then the gold will be a very reddish color. If the person is spiritual and learning to be more spiritual, the gold will have a greenish patina. The more spiritual the person the more does yellow appear in the gold.

About the body there are swirls of colours, actually there are more colours than can be described in Earth terms because these are colours, shades, hues, etc., beyond the body-encompassed range of words. They swirl about the head, the eyes, the nose, the mouth, and the throat, they swirl about the breasts, the umbilicus, and the sex organs, and then the swirling become less intense about the knees, although there is considerable radiance from the backs of the knees. The colour becomes less and more uniform as the aura descends to the ankles and to the feet.

Our model is standing four feet, we said, from the floor, and so with the average person the bottom part of the egg-shaped

covering of the aura will be just touching the floor four feet below the pedal extremities of the model. The sheath is egg-shaped with the pointed end down. If you extend your arms at full length, then normally you would be just touching the outer limits of the auric sheath.

The colours of the aura flow and twirl, and intertwine with other colours, it is a constant shimmering of other colours, and although it is a remarkably poor illustration I can only say that as colours of spilled oil or petroleum shimmer upon water, so do the colours of the aura shimmer upon a person, but more so.

Every colour has meaning, every striation has meaning. Not only that, but the direction of flow has meaning too. Imagine that you have an egg and you wrap around that egg all manner of silks of different colours, you wind them backwards and forth, up and down, never using the same colour twice; that will give you a crude, a very crude idea, of what the aura looks like.

You see the aura, you see the etheric, and you see within the sharp burning light which is the life-force itself. It is rather difficult to explain, but you can see all three without one interfering with the others. Perhaps a good way to illustrate it would be this; you are sitting out in the open, and you have a big landscape in front of you. Now to your sight you have vision from a few inches from your face to limitless miles. If you want to focus on your hand you raise your hand in front of your face and you can see the lines on your palm. As you see this you can still be conscious of the view in the background, but it does not intrude on nor distract your study of your hand.

That represents, let us say, you looking at the aura and the auric sheath. Now let us go a stage farther; ten feet away from you there is a person sitting on a chair, you can look at that person and see him or her clearly. You can still be aware of your hand close to your face, and still be aware of the landscape in the distance, and neither the distant landscape nor the closeness of your hand impinges on your study of the person sitting ten feet from you. That is as looking at the etheric.

Now to look at the life-force shining so brightly between the brain and the Kundalini, one can say that we raise our eyes away from the person sitting in the chair and we survey the landscape, perhaps the setting Sun, or if you prefer and more



suitable to this illustration, the rising Sun! You can be aware of the rising Sun and you can study that landscape without being affected by the person sitting in the chair ten feet away from you, or by your hand which is a few inches from you. Thus it is clear that you can see aura, etheric, and Kundalini force depending on which way you shift or focus your clairvoyant sight.

The purpose of the black velvet background is that it avoids people becoming distracted. For example, if you have a light-switch on the wall, or a picture, or a mirror, then your sight becomes instinctively attracted by a reflection or a glittering point of light, and if your physical sight becomes so distracted it can distract your clairvoyant sight. For best results one should have a matt black background, one quite without pattern, and of course you must have a nude model because if your model has clothes then your clairvoyant sight is going to be led astray by colour-emanations from the clothes. In just the same way, if you are looking at the Sun and you pull curtains across the window, the light of the Sun undergoes an apparent change depending upon the colour of the curtains.

Another way to look at it is—you have an electric light burning, it has no shade so you see the colour actually emitted by the NAKED bulb. Now, if you are going to put a coloured shade over the bulb the apparent colour will be distorted by the intermingling of the natural colour of the unshaded bulb and the colour of the material of the shade, and so you will be led astray. We get a similar thing in photography when, if you want to take a photograph in colour using daylight film but you take a photograph by artificial light, we get all our colour renderings wrong. So—if you are serious you must have a nude model, there is nothing wrong with the nude model, remember, but only by the thoughts of people who are led astray by something we shall deal with in Chapter Eleven in one of the questions about sex!

The old Chinese—later copied by Japanese—liked to think that all the organs of the body had little men looking after them. Well, they weren't so far wrong, you know, because all the organs of the body are connected to the brain by various nerves, and the brain is aware of what is happening to every part of every organ of the body. The functions of an organ used to be within the conscious control of the human, but now, because people neglected such things, control of the organs is

largely automatic. There are many Adepts who can consciously control the functioning of their organs. In India fakirs who are usually debased Adepts give demonstrations of such control. They can stick a knife through the palm of their hand, and on withdrawing the knife they can cause the wound to heal within minutes. These things are very real, but nowadays control of the organs is largely lost.

The illustration with this chapter is well worth studying because you will see that the fanciful artist has caused little monks and acolytes under the supervision of lamas to control all the functions of the body. This is much the same as the monitor system which warns the brain when any damage or malfunction is about to occur. It is also worth visualizing your body as being controlled by these little people, because then when you want to meditate deeply, you, by controlling these little people, can obtain complete meditation. All you have to do is, as stated in various others of my books, make the little people leave the body and congregate outside the body so that your consciousness is withdrawn. You make the little people march up your legs from your toes, and then your toes and your legs become relaxed and at peace. Make the little people leave your kidneys and your bowels and your gall bladder, etc., and you will find that you do really get complete and utter relaxation, and when you have such complete and utter relaxation you are able to do the deepest of deep meditations and obtain what are truly revelations from another world. Try it, but first of all read up about this system in others of my books. I do not want to go into it all here, or someone will say that I have nothing else to write about and I have taken to repeating myself!

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### YOU WRITE THIS!

From Africa and India, from Australia and America, from countries all over the world—even from behind the ‘Iron Curtain’—come letters. THOUSANDS of them. Questions—questions—questions. How to become a saint. How to use a mantra and win the Irish Sweepstake, how to have babies, how NOT to have babies. From Malaysia and Manchester, from Uruguay and Yugoslavia the letters come. Questions, and MORE questions. They usually fall into a certain pattern, so in this chapter I am going to reply to YOUR more common questions. Keep calm, I am most certainly not going to mention anyone by name!

QUESTION: I have read a lot of newspaper stories about you, and before buying any of your books I thought I would write and ask if your books are true.

ANSWER: I give a definite assurance that all my books are true. All that of which I write is my own experience, and I can do ALL those things of which I write. Having given that assurance, let me say something else! My books are true, yes, but surely ‘doubters’ cannot see the wood for the trees. What does it matter WHO I am, it is what I WRITE that is important. Throughout the years hordes of ‘experts’ have tried to prove me wrong. They have failed. If I am a fake, where do I get the knowledge which others are now copying? All my books contain my own personal experiences, nothing of it is the so-called ‘automatic writing’ beloved of the Press. I am neither possessed nor obsessed, I am just a person trying to do a very very difficult task in the face of bigotry and jealousy. There are those in ‘High Places’ in India and elsewhere who could help, but who prostitute their religion to politics and so, for political reasons etc., they deny the truth of what I write!

My books have done much to ‘popularize’ Tibet and show people that Tibet is good and spiritual, yet none of this is taken into account. A stronger leadership might have enabled Tibet to avoid Communist aggression, but no war was ever

won by sitting on the fence and waiting to see 'which way the cat jumps!'

I receive thousands of letters from people who state that the truth of my books is self-evident, and I am proud indeed to be able to say that during the past ten years I have received only four unpleasant or abusive letters. To return to the first paragraph of 'Answer', let me add that it is most amusing to watch people squabbling over an Author's identity and missing the whole point of his books. Poor old Shakespeare must think that his Bacon is in the fire when he 'tunes-in' to some of the clever clever people who 'know' that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, and that Shakespeare was Bacon! Who wrote the Bible? The Disciples? Their descendants? A gang of monks monkeying with the original Scripts? What does it matter? Only the written word matters, not the name or identity of the author.

So to answer the question: yes, all my books are true!

QUESTION: What is Nirvana? Why do Indians just want to sit down and do nothing and hope everything will come right for them in the end?

ANSWER: The Indians do not think that at all. Nirvana is not the extinction of everything; it is utterly impossible to live in a void, in a state of vacuum. To live one has to progress and develop. Consider, for instance, a car. First of all a prototype is developed and the car is tried and tested on the works' testing track and then perhaps, if it is a good quality car, sent to the mountains of Switzerland so that it may be tested both in Switzerland and in, perhaps, South American jungles. When the car is tested certain faults develop and they can be eliminated, the purpose of testing is to find out what is wrong and how to put it right.

The same applies to humans; humans have to be tested to find their weak points, and when the weak points are discovered they can be overcome. That is being done all the time in the ordinary stages of evolution. You will agree that many new models of radios or cars, or anything else—space rockets, if you like—have faults, later models are better because the faults have been eliminated.

Nirvana is the stage in humans when faults have been eliminated. So the Indian and the erudite Easterner tries to overcome his faults, he tries to eliminate lusts and other quite interesting but harmful vices. You can say that he tries to live

in a state of nothingness so far as vice is concerned, he wants nothing to do with vice, he is only interested in perfection. So instead of seeking to obtain loads of nothing he tries to get rid of vice to leave more room for good.

The old idea that Nirvana is a state of nothingness where a person sits in mental and spiritual vacuity is false because there were wrong translations. Westerners think they know so much, they try to put into concrete terms that which are mere abstract whispers.

Nirvana, then, is the state wherein there is no evil, wherein one is like the three wise monkeys, who see no evil, speak no evil, and do no evil, and when there is no evil there is room for more good. Isn't that so?

QUESTION: Churches, missionaries, occultists, they are all out for money, they are all grabbers, everyone wants to take from we poor people who have to work for an honest living. Now, you tell me, why should I give, why should I bother with this old system of tithes? What's it going to do for me?

ANSWER: Well, of course, if that's how you feel about it there is little point in giving, because to give under conditions like this is much the same as going along to the local Drink Shop and trying to buy a pint of beer. You pay your money and you get a certain concrete object in return. Giving from the spiritual sense is utterly, utterly different from that, and you just cannot mix the two forms of giving any more than—it is said—you can mix your drinks. But let us look at it a bit more closely.

All Churches, all religions, realize the necessity of sacrifice, and in the very early days of Christianity the Christian Church realized that it was utterly essential to 'sacrifice' to give. In the early days of the Church, and even now in most parts of the world, the Christian Church demands a tenth of one's income. In England they call it 'a tithe', and under old English laws—ecclesiastical laws, of course—the Church was entitled to a tenth of one's possessions, and one did not escape even if one was not a church-goer because in England years ago one could actually be fined for not attending church. It was cheaper to go to church and listen to 'the words of wisdom' and then put some money in the collecting box. If you evaded 'the words of wisdom' you had to pay more by way of fine.

It was necessary that people gave a tenth of their possessions so that the Church could be financed. There were priests

of various kinds who had to be able to live. Someone had to pay them, so as the Churches were in power they saw that Mr. and Mrs. Layman of the congregation did all the paying.

It is essential that a person shall give before they can receive. Giving is like opening a door, if we do not open the door we cannot admit those good things which are ready to come in to us. If we are not prepared to give, then we cannot put ourselves in a receptive frame of mind. Actually it is almost a problem in mechanics.

In ages far beyond the Christian teachings, right at the dawn of history itself, the Ancients believed in sacrifice because they did not go by the words of some self-styled 'scientist', they knew by actual experience that sacrifice was essential, and they sacrificed that which was of most value to them. They sacrificed a valuable creature, a ram, or in some instances a son. This was not done with the thought of cruelty, but with the thought of doing that which they considered would be pleasing in the sight of God. They thought that if they gave that which was of most value to them it would show God the high value which they placed upon his pleasure.

In the Far East it is the custom to give very freely to those in need. The monk with his bowl is not just a beggar who is making himself a nuisance; the housekeeper, or the woman of the house, looks forward to giving to the monk who calls at her door. She will reserve choice pieces of food for him. In many parts of India where there is extreme poverty people still keep aside food for a monk who calls and this entails very considerable sacrifice, and it means that the people of the house are always on the hunger-borderline. Yet the sacrifice is made willingly, and it is regarded as an honour if a monk calls at the door for food, the monk never has to ask, he just goes to the door and the woman of the house will see him there, will take his bowl, and will fill it with food. If she is very, very poor she will put that which she has available in the bowl, and the monk will then go to perhaps three or four houses until he has enough. But those of the neighbors who are not called upon on that day will look upon it as a sign of disfavor, because they well know the merit to be derived from giving, particularly when giving means sacrifice.

To digress again (digression is one of my vices, perhaps I shall get rid of that in Nirvana!) it is most regrettable that many people take fright at the mention of money although,

actually, they love the stuff dearly. People expect to have the knowledge of ages without paying a penny for it, people expect a man to live throughout a very long life and to study all the time, and then to give away all that knowledge, all that he has gained, just for nothing, just so that he can get a good name I suppose. But what happens if you want to train to be a doctor or an undertaker (that was unfortunate, wasn't it!). Well, supposing he wants to train for anything, a man expects to have to pay for his knowledge, but when it comes to occult knowledge everyone thinks they are going to be in on it 'for free'.

People forget that even those who have occult knowledge have to live, have to eat, have to have clothing unless one is willing to be charged with indecent exposure, and if one is so busy learning and so busy teaching that one cannot earn a living, how is one to eat and to clothe oneself? Sackcloth and ashes have gone out of fashion, and there seems to be a shortage of fig leaves.

In the East hermits do not earn money because there is not much money to be earned. People do not pay money for knowledge because most times there is no money with which to pay, they pay by service instead. The student provides the food and the clothes, and the teacher provides the teaching, so they get on, each knowing and sharing the difficulties of the other and each making allowances for the difficulties of the other. But in the Western world where commerce reigns supreme and where the pound sterling or the dollar is almost as good as a God, money is all that matters. If you do not have money, then you are a fake or a failure. I will tell you that I have had some remarkable experiences in this connection; however, perhaps that will come in another book when I write of my experiences with the Press and a few jealous people in Germany and elsewhere. But now we must get back to our giving.

You must give in order that you may receive. People ask for things, people pray for things, people pray for money, for health, it does not matter what it is, people pray that they may be given something, they never say what they may give instead, and it is a definite statement of fact that if one is always asking for things one becomes as servile as a dog which merely asks for a pat from its master's hand.

There is a definite occult law which says that you cannot receive unless you are first ready to give. Imagine that you are

inside a room with the door and the windows shut, not locked, mind, just pushed shut. If you wish you can have the door made of thin paper, and the windows also. Outside, piled in heaps, with sacks all ready so it may be carried away, are jewels, riches worth a king's ransom or more. Outside there are all the things you have ever dreamed of and wanted. Yet if you could not push outside that paper door you could not get at all those jewels which would be yours for the taking. If you will not make the first simple move such as the symbolical pushing through the paper door, then you get nothing.

Of course this is symbolic; the act of opening the door symbolizes the act of giving, because unless and until one is ready to give, and until one has actually given with a good grace, one is shutting the door on any possibility of obtaining that which one wants, not merely shutting the door but locking it and barring it, and pushing the furniture against it so that it cannot be opened. A person who is always asking for things and never giving is a dissatisfied person, a frustrated person, one who does not know his or her path in life, one who is searching, but not too energetically, for 'something', one who is expecting others to do everything for him or for her but who is not willing to give even the slightest bit of energy in order that the matter may be speeded.

Frequently a man or a woman will go to a metaphysician seeking a cure for some illness, perhaps an illness caused by an over-excited imagination. Well, in that case the person seeking aid must be willing to give—give of co-operation, for example, because a person cannot be cured until he or she co-operates, a person is wasting time in going to a metaphysician, or any other kind of physician, unless he or she is willing to co-operate. So many people say in effect, 'Well, if you cure me it will be over my dead body,' or words to that effect.

You may say as so many do, 'Well, what have I to give? I am not rich, how can I give? I work hard for all I get, I'm not going to give to somebody who just sits down and makes wise remarks.' The answer is, unless you are ready to give with grace you are on the wrong path, you should be going backwards instead of forwards. For others who are really trying the answer is that if you have no money you can give in service, in love and care, to someone in need. If a good deed has been done to you why not give by doing a good deed to someone else? We get nothing without paying for it, and we

only get that for which we pay. You would not expect a luxurious motor-car if you were prepared to only pay the price of a bicycle.

There is such a lot of misunderstanding about 'give'. People think, 'Oh, they are always begging, they always want this, they always want that, they cannot be any good if they always want money.' It is too easy to sit back and think, 'Now, what is there that I don't want, what is there that I am tired of, what can I get rid of to cut down on the load of rubbish? I know, I will give away that old so-and-so because then I shall be justified in buying a better one for myself.' That is useless, that is a waste of time and is a mockery. It is wholly useless to give that which entails no sacrifice, that which occasions no loss. Some people are born to money—then let them give money to advance some good cause, for no matter how much money a man may accrue during his lifetime he cannot take a single cent out of this world. No person has ever succeeded in taking a material object beyond that which we term the Veil of Death, but every one of us takes the learning which we have gained through our experiences on Earth, we take a distillate of all that which we have absorbed. The more we learn, and the more we learn of what is good, the richer we are when we go to that which is truly the Greater Reality, whereas those who have sought only money in this life for their own glorification, are nothing when they have no money with them.

You may have power, then with your power help others, for your power is only lent to you to see how you will use it or abuse it. The man of millions, the leader of a country—they are not always good men, they are men who are given certain things in order that they may learn. Let us remember also that here we are as actors on a stage taking the dress which suits us for the moment, in just the same way as one takes theatrical properties to enable us to live out the part which is our lot.

Remember, also, that the prince of today is the beggar of tomorrow, and the beggar of today is the prince of tomorrow. No matter how rich, how powerful one has been in past lives, when one comes to the last life in this round of existence one comes to trouble, to lack of comfort, to hardship and misunderstanding. That is because one comes to clear up the odd bits and pieces, one comes to pay all the debts that one owes. It is much the same as a person going away to a fresh house,



but first having to clear up all the corners, all the cellars, and the garrets of an old house. But let us deal a bit more with sacrifice.

Abraham, Moses, and others, millions and millions of others, used sacrifice. Do you know what sacrifice means? Think of 'sacrament'. Well, what does 'sacrament' mean? Sacrifice, of course; only by sacrifice could one secure the help of Higher Powers, but to sacrifice you must do without something yourself in order that someone else may benefit, in order that someone else may be helped. Sacrifice may call upon you to surrender something to which you are attached, but which would be a great blessing to a number of other people or to help another person who has not had your own good fortune. Are you a Christian? If so you will remember that the Bible says, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' To give opens up the well springs of our potential for good, opens up the gates whereby we may obtain that which we want to obtain. It is useless to give in order that you may be known as a holy person of good intentions. It is useless to have your donations for charity printed in the newspapers because that would not be giving, that would be buying, you would instead, with your donations, be buying publicity for yourself.

Let us think, then, that until we give that which entails some effort, some sacrifice, some loss, then we cannot receive anything which is worth having. So—isn't it worth giving?

QUESTION: People are stated to have various faults which impede their progress on the Upward Path. What are the main faults stopping one's progress?

ANSWER: All right, let us have a look at some of these faults. Undoubtedly all of you can look at faults in a spirit of scientific detachment, because all you who are reading this are either on the way to eliminating those faults if you have not already done so. We must take a look at faults as well as at virtues. After all, doctors look at dead bodies and dissect them so that they may be enlightened and educated by the faults and the corruptions which they find in those dead bodies.

One of the worst faults is that of scandal. Scandal is the sabotage of the soul, not the victim's soul, mind, but the one who starts and continues the scandal. People love scandal, people just love to say things which will reduce to ashes the good character of another person, and if there is no truth in it then it makes them feel even better. 'I'm as good as he is!

Why should he get away with everything, he must have got faults somewhere!’

It is a case that in some countries one cannot be sued for libel or slander if one is telling lies but only if one is repeating the truth! So people like scandal, they like, by words to injure those who they have not the courage to attack physically. Scandal, lying rumour, is an insidious, evil attack on one’s own soul because in repeating tittle-tattle and making up rumors and lies, the person perpetrating such things definitely injures his own electrical charges, which is the same as taking a poison which attacks one’s own soul.

Perjury is another vice which injures the perjurer even far more than the one who is perjured. People hear a little bit of rumour, a little bit of scandal, but it is not enough, it is not dirty enough, so a little bit is added to make it worse, then it is passed on as fact to some other person who adds a bit more. That again injures the utterer’s soul. Frequently jealousy—another great vice—is the cause of rumour. One man simply cannot bear the sight of another, one man is absolutely jealous of the imagined successes of another, and so he works to cut that man down to size, he starts a whispering campaign or he damns with faint praise. It is a fact, you know, that one can injure a person terribly by saying, ‘Well, I suppose he did his best, after all, we must give him credit for that.’ Then such a person, to the superficial hearer, gets a reputation as being a reasonable man and praising even under the most difficult circumstances.

Another vice is greed; greed is akin to jealousy. Mr.X is terribly jealous of the success of Mr.Y. Mr.X is greedy for money, money-hunger it is called in some countries, and the greed feeds the jealousy and the more jealous Mr. X becomes, the more greedy he becomes. All this is deadly poison to the soul, for the soul is a very real thing, as you should know by now. When we indulge in scandal or perjury or give way to greed or jealousy we are making opposition charges to our soul, and that really can hurt us.

Nirvana is the elimination of things like jealousy and greed, scandal, etc., and the best way to progress is to remember, ‘Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.’

QUESTION: I understand that people can pick up a stone, a cigarette case, or a handkerchief, and they can obtain impressions about the owner of such things. How is this done?

ANSWER: You refer to psychometry which is receiving tactile impressions which in an occult part of the brain are transformed into pictures or visions. Now you may wonder how it is possible to pick up any impressions from an inanimate object, but let us make it clearer by giving a simple little illustration.

Supposing a person has been holding a coin in his hand, then the coin will gain warmth from the person's hand, and if that coin be placed upon a table with other coins you would have no difficulty at all in detecting which of the coins had been held. It would be the one that had some warmth to it. That is just a physical thing, but it will show you that there are impressions.

If you want to try psychometry you should first of all retire to your sanctum or meditation room. You should start off as if you were going to meditate, but then you should pick up the object whose history you desire to know; pick it up in the left hand and let it rest lightly on the palm of the left hand. Try to let your mind become blank or receptive, you may feel that you don't know what you are looking for, you do not know what to expect, you just do not know how to proceed. Well, sit there and just do nothing. Imagine that you have a big black square in front of you and you are going to see pictures appear on that big black square.

First of all you will receive impressions rather than pictures. You may receive an impression that a person is unhappy or that the person is happy, you may get vague glimpses of some particular surroundings which clearly are not your surroundings. First of all you will be inclined to doubt that you are receiving anything, but keep that article wrapped up when you are not using it so that others cannot touch it, and practice with it. You will have to make repeated attempts at that same article before you can realize how much is imagination and how much is psychometric power. Do this several times, do it every night for a week, and you will find at the end of the week; that you have certain definite conclusions about the article.

If, after some minutes, you fail to get any impression at all about the article, put it either to the left or right side of your temple. If that doesn't work, put it at the back of your head just where your head joins your neck. It could easily be that you are by nature left-handed, and in that case use your right hand instead of the left. But the main thing is to experiment

with different positions—left hand, right hand, left temple right temple, or back of the head. Then you just let your mind go blank and try to draw into your mind the impressions which are being transmitted by the object.

Remember that when you see a stone in the road or a bird in the sky your eyes are not reaching up to the bird or reaching down to the stone; what you do receive is an impression or vibration transmitted by the stone or the bird in this particular case, though, you get impressions which you call ‘sight’. In psychometry, where you also receive impressions, you go deeper than the surface and so you get your visual sensations inside the occult part of the brain. It is quite a simple matter with practice.

The best way to practice is to get a person whom you truly like to pick up a stone from the beach, and wash it carefully with running water. Then the person holds the stone to his or her forehead and thinks strongly a message to you, such as ‘I picked up this stone on Monday (or whatever the day is)’ Then the person carefully wraps the stone in tissue paper and gives it to you without touching it any more. If you practice things like that you will soon see that psychometry works.

QUESTION: You are not a Christian, you are not one brought up to the Bible, so what do you think of the Bible?

ANSWER: Well, you have to remember, to start with, that the Bible was written many many years after the actual events related. Further, the Bible has been translated, and mistranslated, and retranslated many many times. The Great Priest So-and-So demanded a new translation, then someone else came along with a fresh translation, and then King James I or somebody decided that he would have an authorized translation. Through all this, though, there is a great strain of truth, because the real truths never die, they can be concealed to a certain extent, but to the discerning the truths are always there. In the matter of the Bible there are strange records written in the mystery languages of prehistoric ages, but you cannot always take the Bible at its actual face value. You would not take the actual black and white letters precisely as they were written, you cannot interpret them literally, you have to use symbology.

The Bible is an esoteric book, and of course it is connected with the Indian, Chaldean, and Egyptian systems of symbology. Christ went to Tibet and after passing through India

and studying Indian religions, He actually went and studied in Tibet and came back to the Western world with a religion basically of the East, but which had been altered to suit the West. If you doubt this remember that if you study the Indian systems you will find that all the glyphs and numbers are to be found in the Indian systems, and if only these wretched 'scientists' would have a correct reading of the Bible, bearing in mind anthropology, ethnology, chronology, physiology, and all that, they would have a very much greater understanding of all that there was in history, for the Bible is a most invaluable aid—if one can read it correctly—to what went on in bygone ages. Before one can read the Bible one has to know all about the Chaldean Hierophants, from which one gets the knowledge of the Quabalah.

If you will carefully study the first five books of the Old Testament you will find that they are actually legends, and they are quite a useful dissertation on philosophical phases of world cosmogony.

Everyone knows the story of Moses and how he was found in the bulrushes by the Pharaoh's daughter. Well, it may interest you to know that all this happened about 1,000 years before because there are certain tiles, known as the Babylonian Tiles, which give the story of King Sargon. He lived a long time before Moses, a very long time before Moses, about 1,000 years before actually, and this story about a baby boy being found in the bulrushes was the story of King Sargon. The book of Exodus was not written by Moses, as has been generally believed, but instead was 'made up' from various prior sources by Ezra, and in connection with this the Book of Job is the oldest in the Hebrew system and certainly dates long before Moses.

Furthermore, any of the great Bible stories such as Creation, the Fall of Man, and the Blaming of Women, the Flood and the Tower of Babel, were all written long before the time of Moses. These stories are actually rewritten versions of what archaeologists know as the Chaldean tablets.

The Jews obtained their first ideas about creation from Moses, and Moses got his ideas about creation from the Egyptians, and the whole affair, which was taken from the Chaldo-Arkadian accounts, was rewritten by Ezra. You will find that the God is the Logos. You will also find that the Bible actually starts with a mistranslation where it says, 'In

the beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth.’ It was not the actual physical Earth that was referred to but the upper and the lower, the visible and the invisible.

There are a lot of discrepancies in the Bible; for example consider the first part of Genesis: God said, ‘Let there be firmaments,’ and a second God obeyed and made the firmaments. The first God said, ‘Let there be light,’ and the second God made some light. From which it is clear that God commands some other God who must have been a lesser God because he did the bidding of the first.

‘Let there be light.’ That does not mean daylight, sunlight, or artificial light, it means instead spiritual light, it means lift the soul of Man out of darkness that he may perceive the greatness of God.

Again, Adam was not the first man created. The Bible tells us that because in Genesis 4. 16, 17 it is said that Cain went into the land of Moab with the intention of buying a wife. Now if Adam was the first man created, what was the point of Cain going into Moab in search of a wife, because there just wouldn’t be any! Actually, Adam is a composite of ten Sephiroth, and of course the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is the three of the upper triad of the archetype world, while the second Adam is an esoteric composition who represents the seven groups of men—the seven groups of mankind, and which thus formed the first human root race.

There were the Atlanteans who made a lot of researches, and if you will read the Bible properly, esoterically, that is, you will find that the seven keys which open the mysteries of the seven great root races can be traced back to Atlantean times. So the Egyptians obtained information from the Atlanteans, the Jews obtained information from the Egyptians and altered it a bit, and then the Christians came along and they took all that information and distorted it quite considerably, and then the translators who put it into Latin softened all sorts of comments and made them fit in with the new Christian ideals and ideas, just as nowadays politicians alter history to suit their own country. I shall have something more to say about religion later in this chapter, but that is enough about the Bible for now.

QUESTION: DO you believe in the story of the Garden of Eden? Write to me and tell me what you think the Garden of Eden really means.

ANSWER: In the answer to the question above I blithely stated that we were finished with the Bible for the time being. Well, we have to open it again to answer this question which is, do I believe the tale about the Garden of Eden, do I believe about the Fall of Adam and Eve, and that it was caused by their new-found interest in the difference between each other's bodies. In other words, as I read the question, do I think that sex has been the ruination of mankind. No, of course I do not. I think all that is rubbish. In the time of Pope Gregory, often referred to as Pope Gregory the Great, the vast Palatine Library containing many of the original manuscripts was destroyed. Some of the manuscripts were original papyri, and they went back to almost the date of the start of Christianity. The Library was destroyed. The Pope of those days thought that men were learning too much, and if men learned more than the priests wanted them to know they would be a danger to the priests in that they would be asking questions which the priests found it difficult to answer.

Pope Gregory thought that men should start out again without benefit of the writings of other people. He also had an idea that the moment was opportune to rewrite the history of Christianity and edit it in such a way that the power of the priests was not diminished. So the Libraries were burned, priceless manuscripts were lost to the average man and woman. Some of those manuscripts in duplicate form had been hidden in caves in other parts of the world, but to those who can read the Akashic Record all manuscripts, all knowledge, is always available.

In the case of Adam and Eve we must remember that so-called 'original sin' was not sex, it was not anything at all to do with the physical body but was an abstract thing. The original sin was pride, false pride, an inferior people setting up as the equal of the Gods. Man and, of course, Woman, thought that they were the equal of the Gods and so they rebelled against the Gods. The Garden of Eden was the young Earth, the Earth which was only then becoming fitted to be the home of a new race, the race of Man. You will appreciate that there have been many races upon the Earth, many forms of life.

Before Man as we know him now appeared on this Earth there was another race similar to Man, not shaggy apes as has been popularly supposed, but a completely different type of person upon completely different continents of the Earth, con-

tinents which have long sunk beneath the surface of the ocean so that other continents could rise, and other nations rise with them.

These people were different. They had somewhat different anatomical features which we need not go into on this occasion. Their skin was purple, and they were rather larger and rather taller than humans of the present day. These people were intelligent, too intelligent for their own good, perhaps, and they were the ones who lived in the so-called Garden of Eden.

According to ancient records Earth is a colony, a colony which was populated by people from far beyond this Universe. At the time of the Garden of Eden some of the people—the Overseers—came to this Earth to supervise the new race of Man, the purple people, and the Overseers were giants according to Man's perceptions. They were, in fact, half as big again as the people of the Earth, and so we have a racial memory of the days when Gods, giants, walked upon the Earth.

The Overseers who, after all, were only humans of a different kind, fraternized rather too freely with the purple people of the Earth, they became altogether too friendly, and the inferior people of the Earth had inflated ideas of their own importance; they thought that if the Gods associated with them they must be wonderful. And so they were impressed with the strange, strange weapons and devices of the Gods, they were impressed with the boxes which showed pictures and produced voices and music out of the air, and they plotted and schemed whereby they could overthrow the Gods, the Overseers, and obtain those devices for themselves.

Strange vehicles known as the Chariots of the Gods flamed across the sky by day and by night. The Gods were busy seeing about the new Earth, seeing about the welfare of the people of the new Earth, but they still had time to fraternize with the people.

A scheme was concocted whereby one young lady who was particularly attractive to the Overseers should make herself even more attractive to one particular Overseer. And the plan was that while the Gods were otherwise engaged, one might say, the men would kill the Gods.

The Gods became aware of the plot, they became aware that mankind was very, very faulty, they became aware that mankind had treacherous thoughts, lusted after power, had pride,

false pride. And so mankind was driven away from that particularly pleasant spot; in other words, they were driven out of the Garden of Eden by angels with flaming swords. Now just think, supposing a savage who had never seen a jet plane saw one of these things going across the sky roaring like a blowtorch, wouldn't it be a Chariot of the Gods? Supposing he saw a gun which was being fired, he saw smoke and perhaps a bit of flame coming out of the barrel, couldn't that be a flaming sword? He would have to call it something, and he wouldn't know about revolvers; a flaming sword is good enough—it got down through the history books, and all that.

In the course of time the natural evolution of the Earth caused earthquakes and tremors, caused continents to sink and continents to rise. Most of the people of the Earth were destroyed in various catastrophes and calamities, but certain people were refugees and they escaped to high land. Certain of them, in fact, live on through their racial memories. For instance, have you ever seen a native of darkest Africa who was not black but almost a purplish-black? Think of that. You will agree that there are already at least three races on this Earth, the black people, the yellow people, and the white people. They are three different races, and there is quite a lot of discord among them, a racial discord, as if each one thinks that the other one is an intruder.

So we come back to the Garden of Eden, and we find that when the Gods walked upon the Earth they were kind and considerate. They were not Gods, of course, but the Overseers from right out of this Universe. Humans tried to take advantage of them, and the original sin of humans was not sex, which is a natural function of humans, but pride and rebellion.

Of course the Church in the time of Pope Gregory and, in fact, many times in the Church's history, had a great phobia against sex. They had no phobia against pride. So because it suited their purpose, they said that the Fall of Man was through Woman, the Fall of Man was because Woman tempted him with sex, Woman was the sinner, the temptress, the offender every time.

There is nothing in the Bible, nor in true Christian belief, which supports the statement that Man's fall was through sex. Christ himself was never opposed to women, He never thought that Woman was an inferior creature to be treated as a dog or worse.

St. Augustine and many others took advantage of the re-writing of the Bible to preach even more and more violently against sex. Augustine was one of those who was terribly, terribly opposed to sex even in marriage. It is perhaps worth a thought here that there is no greater opponent of drink than the reformed drunkard, there is no greater opponent of vice, so-called, than the person who has been reformed from vice.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### RELIGION AND SCIENCE

QUESTION: What do you think of religion?

ANSWER: Oh good gracious! I thought I had closed the Bible for the present, but of course I must say that I am 'for' religion. A short time ago I had a letter from a student priest. He took me to task, he said, 'In one of your books you refer to the Convention of Constantinople in the Year 60. I cannot find anything about it in the Bible.'

There was a convention at Constantinople in the Year 60. There is nothing in the present-day Bible about it because the Church authorities have rewritten the Bible quite a number of times. Even now there are frequent meetings in Rome to decide what shall be taught and what shall be suppressed, and what religious sect shall be recognized or ostracized. Religion is constantly in the making. It is clear that the teaching as it was 2,000 years ago would not necessarily be the most suitable now, it has to be brought up to date to deal with modern requirements. My student priest friend wrote to me in some consternation, some anger even, saying that I had misled him. I have had the pleasure of replying and saying that it was not I, but his superiors who misled him. He should consult books and papyri and come to his own conclusion.

I am not trying to change anyone's religion. I firmly believe in a God, I may call Him by a different name than that used by a Christian, or a Jew, or a Mohammedan, but I believe in a God and I am sure that there must be religion. Religion gives mental and spiritual discipline. If more religion was taught now there would be less juvenile delinquency.

I am all for religion. I am strongly in favor of priests provided they teach the truth, provided that they recognize that all men have a right to their own belief. Some time ago in Europe I appeared in Buddhist robes and crossed the street to a taxi; a priest of a certain sect saw me and nearly collapsed as if he was looking at the Devil himself! He crossed himself several times, and hurried away quite rapidly with complete loss of dignity. I looked on in amusement. I believe that the

greatest rule of all is—Do as you would be done by. It doesn't matter to me if a man wears a particular form of dress, it doesn't matter to me if he is a Christian priest or a Jewish rabbi; if he is a good man I respect him. If he is a sham in some priestly vestment, then I despise him, or sorrow that he has not the perceptions to know the harm he is doing. For the priests of any sect at all have a great, great responsibility, people look up to them and expect help and truth.

Much of that which is taught in religion, any religion, not just Christianity, any religion, or in history, is altered to suit the political powers of the time or the time itself. Consider again Sir Francis Drake—in England he is a great hero, in Spain he is regarded as a quite unmentionable pirate. Which is right?

To bring the matter closer home—how about the Graf Spee? The Germans thought this was a heroic ship manned by a heroic crew but the British and the Americans thought that this was a pirate ship preying upon peaceful merchantmen. So the British destroyed the pride of Germany's navy. Which do you think was right? The German viewpoint, or the British?

In Hitler's Germany history was destroyed and rewritten. In Russia, if one would believe the current history books, most of the great inventions in the world came from Russia. I wonder if Henry Ford would be called 'Fordski' in Russia? I have read that the Russians claim they have invented the aeroplane, the telephone, the motor-car, they seem to have invented the word 'No'—niet. They also invented the cold war. However, we are not dealing with politics, but I will say that the danger is not Russia but China.

So, do not believe all that is in print, but think for yourself, and if you want something stronger than thought, if you cannot get to the great libraries of the world, get busy with your astral travelling. When you can do astral travelling you can consult the Akashic Record, and the Akashic Record cannot be tampered with, there is no way of erasing the Akashic Record, no way of concealing true knowledge. It is available for those who have eyes with which to see, and for those who have ears with which to hear.

Quite amusing about religions really—if one forgets that religion is merely a mental and spiritual discipline. Some religions say one must not eat pork, another says you must not eat meat on Friday. One religion says the body from the neck

down must be covered while the face is uncovered. Another religion says one can be as naked as a boiled egg provided the face is covered.

I say—Do as you would be done by—that is the best religion of all.

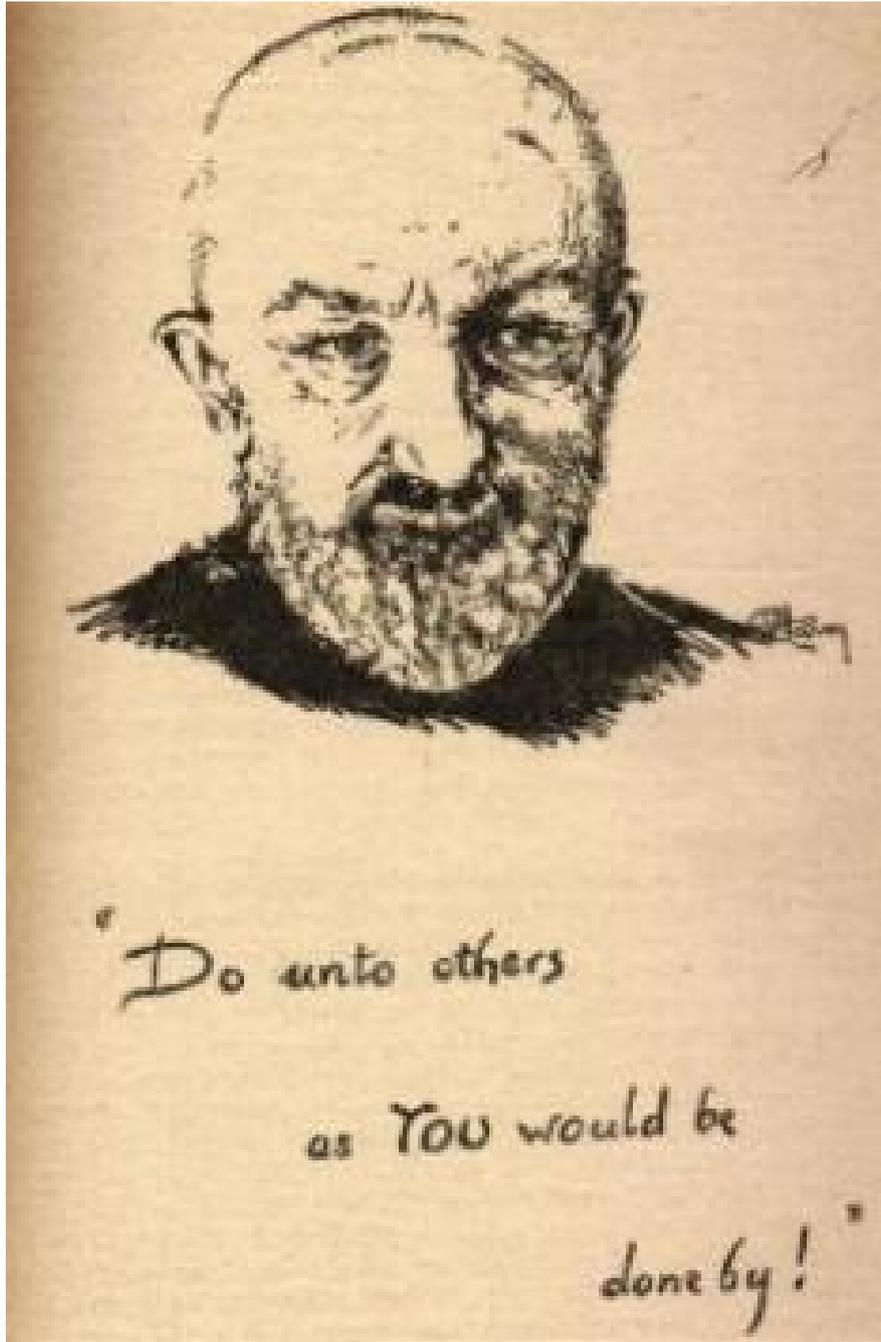
QUESTION: You say some unkind things about scientists, but don't you think that only scientists can save us?

ANSWER: Well, it depends on what you mean by scientists! I believe that many of the so-called scientists are just chair-polishers. People like Royce of Rolls-Royce, Edison, and Ford, and a few like that, they were real scientists, they had not been to schools where their thought was cemented into rock-bound channels; in other words, they did not think that things were impossible, they had never been conditioned to think that a thing was impossible, so they went out and did the impossible. Many universities specialize in teaching their students that unless Professor Dogsboddy or Professor Catswhisker does it no one can do it. That is all nonsense. I think the 'educated' scientist is a menace because he is 'educated' to believe that nothing can be done unless he or his fellows do it.

Some people think that in the matter of parallel worlds I should have quoted Einstein. But why should I quote Einstein? I can assure anyone who is interested that there are books about Einstein and his theories, and so anyone interested is recommended to purchase suitable books so that they may study the theories of Einstein.

Einstein dealt with theories. He theorized according to the facts available at the time, but you see, we must not always be led astray by what appears to be the obvious, because the obvious is not always so obvious. For instance, a scientist was studying the behavior of fleas, he thought he could correlate the behavior of fleas' psychosomatic patterns with that of humans. After all, fleas thrive exceedingly well on human blood, so our scientist went in for the study of fleas, an itching process, if I may say so.

With great care and the expenditure of much time, he trained a medium-sized flea to jump over a matchbox every time he said, 'Go.' Then when the flea had the idea, the scientist pulled off two of the flea's six legs. 'Go,' he said. The flea jumped again, and was able to repeat the performance although not so successfully as before. The scientist grunted, with satisfaction, and pulled off two more of the six legs. 'Go,'



said the scientist. Feebly the flea did so, and the scientist nodded his approval. Reaching for the flea he pulled off the poor creature's last two legs. Unfortunately now that the flea no longer had legs the scientist could shout 'Go' endlessly and the flea would not move. The scientist, after many tries, nodded his wise old head and wrote in his report, 'A flea's hearing is in its legs. When it loses two legs it cannot hear so well and so does not jump too high. When it loses all six of its legs it becomes completely deaf!'

Let us not be in the position of the scientist who tried to study fleas, let us not blind ourselves to the obvious. If Einstein is correct, then there can never be any real space travel, it would take too long, because Einstein postulated the theory that nothing could travel faster than the speed of light, and as light from distant planets may take centuries and centuries to reach us from its source, and if Einstein is correct in his theory, we cannot hope to ever move to other planets.

Fortunately Einstein is not correct. Fortunately he is correct only on the information which he possessed at the time of his theorizing.

Consider the world in 18—Oh, what shall we say?—1863 instead of 1963. We are back in the year 1863 then. Scientists tell us that Man will never travel at more than thirty miles an hour, for a man to move faster than that would be to tear air from his lungs, it would not be possible for a man to travel faster. Thirty miles an hour, then, is as fast as one can ever move.

There can be no aircraft in the skies, there can only be a few hot-air balloons, and for that presumably, there will have to be a lot of speakers and lecturers and those who criticize lecturers because that would be an inexhaustible source of hot air to send balloons soaring aloft. But we are told in this year 1863 that there will never be aircraft.

As Man developed more lethal inclinations and new instruments of war, it was discovered that Man could live beyond the thirty miles an hour limit, he could even go as fast as sixty miles an hour, and when the railroads were first laid down by George Stevenson people thought that the absolute ultimate had been reached in speed. In England, in fact, motor-cars were thought to be such dangerous vehicles that they had to be preceded by a man on foot and waving a red flag! But I believe they have got beyond that stage in England now in

cars, and they go a little faster, almost as fast, in fact, as they do in this part of the world.

We came up with the theory not so long ago that the absolute speed limit was that imposed by sound. We were told by reputable scientists that no man would ever travel faster than the speed of sound, it was impossible. Now there are passenger aircraft being manufactured which can exceed the speed of sound. War-craft continually travel faster than the speed of sound, leaving in their wake broken windows and furious exclamations from the owners of those broken windows. Fortunately the pilots are going beyond the speed of sound and so vituperation does not reach them until they alight at their airport and find that their commanding officer is dancing with rage at the messages he has received.

We have discovered, then, that the speed of sound does not limit us, we can travel faster. And yet not so long ago people like Einstein said Man would never travel faster than the speed of sound. If these men have been proved to be incorrect in their assumption, why should it not be that Einstein also is incorrect in his theory that light is the absolute limit of speed?

When people travel beyond the speed of light they will be able to see each other and see what lies ahead of them. The only difference is that the things that they will see will be of a different colour, which will be quite an interesting thing and which will be the same, I suppose, as looking at women's artificial faces under fluorescent lighting or sodium lamps. The whole point is that if one goes travelling in excess of the speed of light, then one will be approaching the clairvoyant's stage of seeing, and will see things in four dimensions instead of three.

I would like here to quote what the great scientists have said about the Earth. Scientists said that the Earth was flat. Ancient mythology states that the Earth was flat and strange demons lurked over the edge of the flat Earth. My own experience is that most of the demons live on this Earth. No one would seriously believe now that the Earth is flat. It is a common belief that the Earth is a more or less round contraption and people have even been out in little space craft to take a good look. Thus, we can say that the scientists have been wrong in most of their science. Unfortunately certain religious leaders made it an offence punishable by death to say that the Earth was round, and not so many years ago people were nicely toasted at the stake for saying that the Earth was round

and not flat. However, I suppose we all have to die at some time, and there is always the consolation that if one is thoroughly surrounded by fire one dies of suffocation before the flames reach one—not that that would be much consolation to the victim tied at the stake.

If we are going to get some scientist's technical theory as the limits of what we might do or say or think, then we are going to put ourselves in the position of a railway locomotive which is confined to rails. People on the train pulled by that locomotive can only see a very limited amount which lies on either side of the track they traverse, they are not able to diverge to see by-ways off the main highway.

People who travel by car, or even on foot, see more and learn more. People who travel on foot are the slowest, but they learn more and more in detail and are perhaps the best off in the end, while people who travel by air may be going so fast and so high that they see nothing at all. So let us meander along, not disputing ourselves with the scientific theories of great men which may be wonderful in mathematical formula, but which do not necessarily correspond to the real facts of life and the after-life.

Western civilization occupies much less than a tenth of a second of celestial time. If you think of the age of the Earth you will find that Man in any of his forms upon this Earth does not even occupy one minute of the twenty-four hours of the Earth's existence.

People who can do astral travelling or who are clairvoyant or telepathic can get a much better impression of what is going on, for those people know that Man upon Earth is just one manifestation of a spirit.

There have been other forms of body, there have been other forms of corporeal existence. The physical body of mankind on the Earth is just one of a long, long series of experiments to see which form will afford a spirit body the best chance of learning the most and the easiest and the quickest.

Mankind is not the ultimate, do not believe that it is. No words of religion, no scientists' theories can ever convince the celestial spirit that the little slug body it now occupies is superior to the glittering butterfly that it can become.

All this is an attempt to make you think for yourselves, an attempt to make you go into astral travelling and clairvoyance seriously. If people are going to analyze everything, and try to

find fault in everything without knowing better, then they are going to stultify their own development. We must keep an open mind, we must be ready to accept, we must know what we are talking about and not say, 'Oh, that's not right, that's not what Einstein said.' Einstein and people like Einstein said that the Earth was flat; Einstein and people like Einstein said Man would never travel faster than the speed of sound; well we do, you know, some of us, and some of us travel faster than the speed of light. Astral travel is much much faster. In the astral world when we move about we really whoop it up, but I do not need to tell you all this. If you will keep an open mind, and instead of trying to criticize destructively if you will try to assimilate constructively for yourselves, then you will not find too great difficulty in doing astral travel.

Keep in mind also that approximately every 2,000 years or so a new Messiah, Savior, or World Leader appears on Earth. This is a cycle which continues through cycles—always.

So we come to the end of another book, the twelfth chapter written in the twelfth hour of the cycle of Kali. May it be that something that I have written will help you on your way, and have faith in what I have written because all I have written in all my books is true!

**LOBSANG RAMPA**  
**BEYOND THE TENTH**



## THE TITLE

To save a lot of later questions, let me say now that Man is one tenth conscious, the other nine tenths deal with the sub-conscious and all that which comes under the heading 'Racial Memories' and the Occult.

This book is about **YOU**, not just about one tenth of you, but also that which goes

Beyond the Tenth.

## A SPECIAL LETTER

Dear Reader,

For over a decade you have been writing to me from all over the world, even from the other side of the Iron Curtain, writing to me some thirty or forty letters a day, letters which I have conscientiously answered. But quite a number of you have written to say that an Author of books such as mine belongs to the Reader, saying that an Author such as I cannot end with nine books but must go on writing until reasonable questions are answered.

To that I replied by writing to several representative people with this question; 'Well, what DO you want in the tenth book? Tell me, tell me what you want, tell me what I've missed in other books, and I will write that tenth book.'

So as a result of the letters I have received in answer to my questions, I have written this book which you are about to read.

Some of you, no doubt, will say that it is repetition here and there. I can only reply that it is the unanimous request of my 'Panel of Readers' or it would not be in this book, and if you think it is repetitious in places, well, it might serve to refresh your memory.

One question I am asked in particular is, 'Oh, Dr. Rampa, visit me in the astral, cure me of this, cure me of that, tell me who is going to win the Irish Sweepstake, come along to our Group Meeting in the astral.' But these readers forget that there are only 24 hours in each day; they also forget the difference in time zones, etc., etc. Even more important, they forget that although I, in the astral, can see them clearly when I want to, yet they may not always be able to see me, although an astonishing number of people have written to me confirming exactly astral visits, telepathic contacts, etc.

Well, it's not intended that this shall be a long letter, so let us get on with the book itself, shall we?

T. LOBSANG RAMPA

## CHAPTER ONE

THE soft summer night sighed gently, and whispered quietly to the nodding willows fringing the Serpent Temple. Faint ripples undulated across the placid lake as some early-rising fish sought the surface in search of unwary insects. Above the hard, high mountain peaks, with the everlasting spume of snow flying banner-wise from it, a solitary star shone with glittering brilliance in the luminescent sky.

In the granaries faint squeaks and rustles betrayed the presence of hungry mice foraging in the barley barrels. Stealthy footsteps and two glaring eyes as Watchman Cat appeared on the scene brought a scuffle of scurrying mice and then utter silence. Watchman Cat sniffed around suspiciously, then, satisfied, jumped to a low window and sat looking out at the fast-approaching dawn.

Flickering butter-lamps hissed and spat and momentarily flared brighter as night-duty acolytes replenished their supplies. From some inner temple came a subdued murmur and the tiny tinkle of different silver bells. Out upon a high roof a solitary figure stood to greet the coming dawn, hands already clasped about the neck of the Morning Call trumpet.

Shadowy, indistinct figures appeared at some back entrance and gathered to march down the mountain trail towards a small tributary of the Happy River from whence came the water supply for the needs of the Potala. Aged men, husky men, and mere wisps of

boys, members of the Serving Class, marched in age-old procession down the mountain-side carrying hard leather pails to dip in the river and then laboriously manhandle up to the kitchens and storage tanks.

The downward trip was easy, a half-awake throng still bemusedly thinking of the joys of sleep. By the little well, so constantly filled by the tributary, they stood awhile chatting, exchanging gossip gleaned from the kitchens the day before. Lounging, killing time, postponing the inevitable and hard climb up the mountain-side.

Overhead night had already given way to the approaching day. The purple curtain of night had fled to the West before the advancing dawn, the sky no longer showed the brilliant, hard pinpoints of light which were the stars in their courses, but instead was luminous with the rays of the approaching sun striking through the lower levels and lighting up the undersides of the slight alto-stratus clouds which scurried above. The mountain peaks were now tinged with gold, a white gold which threw rainbows from the blowing snow at the peak heads, and which made each mountain top appear as if it were a living fountain of iridescent colour.

Swiftly the light advanced and the Valley of Lhasa, hitherto in the purple shadows of the night, lit up great flashing gleams shone from the golden roofs of the Potala and reflected also from the Jo Kang Cathedral in Lhasa City. At the foot of the Potala near the colored carvings a little group of early risers gazed up in awe at the scintillating lights above them thinking that it must be a reflection of the spirit of the Inmost One.

At the foot of our mountain path, however, the serving monks, quite immune to the glories of nature, stood chatting, killing time before taking up their burdens and proceeding uphill. The old monk, Big Ears, stood upon a flat rock and gazed out across the

lake and the nearby river; 'Did you hear what the traders were saying in the city yesterday?' he asked a younger monk standing beside him.

'No', replied the younger one, 'but the traders always have wonderful tales to tell. What did you hear, Old One?'

Old Big Ears worked his jaws around a bit and wiped his nose on the end of his robe. Then he spat expertly and with precision between two filled buckets. 'I had to go into the city yesterday', he said, 'and there in the Street of Shops I chanced upon some traders displaying their wares. One of them seemed to be a knowledgeable sort of man, just like me, in fact, so I tarried in my task and talked to him.' He stopped a moment and chewed around his jaws again, and looked at the rippling water. Somewhere in the distance a small acolyte had thrown a pebble and hit a frog, and now the frog was croaking in astonished complaint. 'A knowledgeable man he was, a man who had traveled to many strange parts. He told me that once he left his homeland of India and traveled across the great waters to Merikee. I told him that I had to see about new buckets because some of ours were worn out, and he said that in Merikee no one had to carry buckets of water up a mountain path. Everyone has water in their houses, he said, it runs through pipes. They have a special room, where they get a lot of water, called a bathroom.'

The younger monk started with surprise and said, 'Water in their houses, eh? And in a special room too; eh? That sounds too marvelous to be true, I wish we had something like it here. But of course you can't believe all these travelers' tales. I once heard a trader telling me that in some lands they have light as bright as lightning which they keep in glass bottles and it turns the night into day.' He shook his head as if he could hardly believe the things he had heard, and the old monk, Big Ears, afraid that he was going to be

ousted as the teller of tales, resumed, Yes, in the land of Merikee they have many wonderful things. This water, it is in every house. You turn a piece of metal and the water comes gushing out, hot or cold, whichever you want, as much as you want, whenever you want. It's a great miracle, by Buddha's Tooth, he said. 'I certainly would like some other way of getting water up to the kitchens. Many a long year I've been doing this, carrying and carrying water and nothing but water, I feel that I've walked my feet and my legs right down to the knees and I've got a permanent tilt to the side through fighting against the mountain's pull. Still, water in every room? No, it is not possible!'

Together they lapsed into silence, and then started into alertness as down the path strode one of the Guardians of our Law, the Proctors. The immense man strode along, and each one of the monks found urgent business to attend to. One poured out his pail of water and refilled it, another picked up two pails and hurried up, striding along the mountain path. Soon all the monks were on the move, carting water, the first round of the water carriers for the day. The Proctor gazed around for a few moments, then he too made his way up the mountain path after them.

Silence, comparative silence, fell upon the scene, disturbed only by faint chanting from the mountain top above and by the sleepy protests of some bird who thought it was rather too early to get up and go about the business of the day.

Old Mrs. MacDunnigan cackled as if she had just laid an oversize egg and turned to her friend Mrs. O'Flannigan. 'No more of these lectures for me,' she said, 'telling us that the priests of Tibet can do telepathy. What nonsense! What will they ask us to believe next?'

Mrs. O'Flannigan snorted like a Salvation Army

trumpeter at his best and remarked, 'Why can't they use telephones like the rest of us, that's what I want to know!'

So the two ladies went their way unaware that they were 'the other side of the coin'; monks in Tibet could not believe houses could have running water in rooms and the two Western women could not believe that priests of Tibet could telepathise.

But are we not all like that? CAN we see 'the other fellow's' point of view? Do we realize that what is commonplace HERE is the strangest of strange THERE—and vice versa?

Our first request is about life after death, or death, or contact with those who have left this life. First of all let us deal with a person who is leaving this Earth. The person is very, very sick usually, and 'death' follows as a result of the breakdown of the human body mechanism. The body becomes untenable, inoperable, it becomes a clay case enshrouding the immortal spirit which cannot bear such restraint, so the immortal spirit leaves. When it has left the dead body, when it has left the familiar confines of the Earth, the—what shall we call it? Soul, Overself, Spirit, or what? Let's call it Soul this time for a change—the Soul, then, is in strange surroundings where there are many more senses and faculties than those experienced on Earth. Here on Earth we have to clomp around, or sit in a tin box which we call a car, but unless we are rich enough to pay airfares we are earthbound. Not so when we are out of the body; because when out of the body, when in this new dimension which we will call 'the astral world', we can travel at will and instantly by thought, we do not have to wait for a bus or a train, we are not hampered by a car nor by an airplane where one waits longer in a waiting room than one spends on the actual journey.

In the astral we can travel at any speed we will.

‘We will’ is a deliberate pair of words, because we actually ‘will’ the speed at which we travel, the height and the route. If, for example, you want to enjoy the wondrous scenery of the astral world with its verdant pastures and its lushly stocked lakes, we can drift as light as thistledown just above the land, just above the water, or we can rise higher and soar over the astral mountain tops.

When we are in this new and wonderful dimension we are experiencing so many changes that unless we are very careful we tend to forget those who mourn us on that awful old ball of Earth which we have so recently left, we tend to forget, but if people on Earth mourn us too fervently then we feel inexplicable twinges and pulls, and strange feelings of sorrow and sadness. Any of you who have neuritis or chronic toothache will know what it's like; you get a sudden vicious jerk at a nerve which nearly lifts you out of the chair. In the same way, when we are in the astral world and a person is mourning us with deep lamentation, instead of getting on with their own affairs they hinder us, they provide unwanted ‘anchors’ which retard our progress.

Let us go just a little beyond our first days in the astral, let us go to the time when we have entered the Hall of Memories, when we have decided what work we are going to do in the astral, how we are going to help others, how we are going to learn ourselves, let us imagine that we are busy at our task of helping or learning and then just imagine a hand jerking at the back of our neck—tweak, tweak, tweak, and pull, pull, pull—it distracts the attention, it makes learning hard, it makes helping others very difficult because we cannot add our full concentration or attention to that which we should be doing because of the insistent tug and interference caused by those mourning us upon the Earth.

Many people seem to think that they can get in

touch with those who have 'passed over' by going to a backstreet medium, paying a few dollars or a few shillings and just getting a message like having a telephone answered by an intermediary. Well, even this telephone business; try telephoning Spain from Canada! Try telephoning England from Uruguay! First you have the difficulty that the intermediary, that is the telephone operator on Earth, or the medium, is not familiar with the circumstances, may even be not very familiar with the language in which we desire to speak. And then there are all sorts of hisses, clicks, and clunks on the wire, reception may be difficult, reception, in fact, is often impossible. Yet here on Earth we know the telephone number we desire to call, but who is going to tell you the telephone number of a person who recently left the Earth and now lives in the astral world? A telephone number in the astral world? Well, near enough, because every person on every world has a personal frequency, a personal wavelength. In just the same way as the B.B.C. radio stations, or the Voice of America stations in the U.S.A. have their own frequencies, so do people have frequencies, and if we know those frequencies we can tune-in to the radio station PROVIDED atmospheric conditions are suitable, the time of the day is correct, and the station is actually broadcasting. It is not possible to tune-in and be infallibly sure that you can receive a station for the simple reason that something may have put them out of action.

It is the same with people who have passed beyond this life. You may be able to get in touch with them if you know their basic personal frequency, and if they are able to receive a telepathic message on that frequency. For the most part, unless a medium is very, very experienced indeed, he or she can be led astray by some nuisance-entities who are playing at being humans and who can pick up the thoughts of

what the 'caller' wants.

That is, supposing Mrs. Brown, a new widow, wants to get in touch with Mr. Brown, a newly-freed human who has escaped to the Other Side, one of these lesser entities who are not humans can perceive what she wants to ask Mr. Brown, can perceive from Mrs. Brown's thoughts how Mr. Brown spoke, what he looked like. So the entity, like a naughty schoolboy who didn't get the discipline that he sadly needed, can influence the well-meaning medium by giving her a description of Mr. Brown which has just been obtained from the mind of Mrs. Brown. The medium will give 'startling proof' by describing in detail the appearance of Mr. Brown who is 'standing by me now'. Well, the very experienced person cannot be deceived in that way, but the very experienced person is few and far between, and just does not have time to deal with such things. Furthermore, when commerce comes into it, when a person demands such-and-such a sum for a mediumistic sitting, a lower vibration is brought into the proceedings and a genuine message is thus all too frequently prevented.

It is unkind and unfair to let your sorrows harm and handicap a person who has left the Earth and who is now working elsewhere. After all, supposing you were very busy at some important task, and supposing some other person whom you could not see kept jerking at the nape of your neck and prodding you, and blaring silly thoughts into your ears, your concentration would go and you really would call down all sorts of unkind thoughts upon your tormentor. Be sure that if you really love the person who has left the Earth, and if that person really loves you, you will meet again because you will be attracted together when you also leave the Earth. In the astral world you cannot meet a person whom you hate or who hates you, it just cannot be done because that would disrupt the harmony of the astral world and

that cannot be. Of course, if you are doing astral travel you can go to the LOWER astral which is, one might say, the waiting room or entrance to the real astral world. In the lower astral one can discuss differences with some heat, but in the higher regions—no.

So remember this; if you really love the other person and the other person really loves you, you will be together again but on a very different footing. There will be none of the misunderstandings as upon this Earth, one cannot tell lies in the astral world because in that world everyone can see the aura, and if an astral-dweller tells a lie then anyone in sight knows about it immediately because of the discord which appears in his personal vibrations and in the colours of the aura. So one learns to be truthful.

People seem to have the idea that unless they have a lavish funeral for the departed and go into ecstasies of sorrow, they are not showing a proper appreciation of the deceased. But that is not the case; mourning is selfish, mourning causes grave interference and disturbance to the person newly arrived in the astral self-pity sorrow for oneself that one has lost a person who did so much for those left behind. It is better and shows greater respect and thought to control grief and avoid hysterical outbursts which cause such distress to people who have really left.

The astral worlds (yes, definitely plural!) are very real. Things are as real and as substantial upon those worlds as they appear to us to be here on this Earth, actually they appear more substantial because there are extra senses, extra abilities, extra colours, and extra sounds. We can do so much more in the astral state. But—

‘Dr. Rampa, you have told us so much about the astral world in your books, but you haven’t told us enough. What do people do, what do they eat, how do

they occupy their time? Can't you tell us this?' Most certainly I can tell you because I have eidetic memory, that is, I can remember everything that ever happened to me. I can remember dying and being born, and I have the great advantage that I can astral travel when fully conscious. So let us look at this matter of the astral worlds and what one does.

In the first case there is not just one astral world, but many, as many in fact as there are different vibrations of people. Perhaps the best way of realizing this is by considering radio; in radio there are many, many different radio stations in all parts of the world. If those stations tried to share a common wavelength or frequency there would be bedlam, everyone would interfere with everyone else, and so radio stations each have their own separate frequency, and if you want the B.B.C., London, you tune-in to those frequencies allotted to the B.B.C. If you want Moscow you tune-in to the frequencies allotted to Moscow. There are thousands of different radio stations, each with their own frequency, each a separate entity not interfering with the others.

In the same way astral worlds are different planes of existence having different frequencies, so that upon astral world X, for example, you will get all people who are compatible within certain limits. In astral world Y you will find another set of people who are compatible within their own limits. Lower down, in what we call the lower astral, there are conditions somewhat the same as on the Earth, that is there are mixed types of people, and the average person who gets out of his body during the hours of sleep and goes astral travelling, he goes to that lower astral where all entities may mix. The lower astral, then, is a meeting place for people of different races and different creeds, and even from different worlds. It is very similar to life upon Earth.

As we progress higher we find the frequencies be

coming purer and purer. Whereas in the lower astral you can have an argument with a person and tell him you hate the sight of him if you want to, when you get higher in the astral planes you cannot, because you cannot get people who are opposed to each other. So remember that the astral worlds are like radio stations with different frequencies, or, if you wish, like a big school with different classrooms, each succeeding class being higher in vibration than the one before, so that class or grade One is a common denominator class, or astral world, where all may meet while the process of assessing their capacities goes on. Then as they do their allotted tasks—we shall deal with that in a moment—they become raised higher and higher until eventually they pass out of the astral plane of worlds altogether and enter into a state where there is no longer rebirth, reincarnation, and where people now deal with much higher forms of being than humans.

But you want to know what happens when you die. Well, actually I have told you a lot about it in my previous books. You leave your body and your astral form floats off and goes to the lower astral, where it recovers from shocks and harm caused by living or dying conditions on Earth. Then, after a few days according to Earth time reckoning, one sees all one's past in the Hall of Memories, sees what one has accomplished and what one has failed to accomplish, and by assessing the successes or failures one can decide on what has to be learned in the future, that is, shall one reincarnate again right away, or shall one spend perhaps six hundred years in the astral. It all depends on what a person has to learn, it depends on one's purpose in the scale of evolution. But I've told you all about that in previous books. Let me mention another subject for a moment before saying what People do in the astral world.

A very pleasant lady wrote to me and said, 'I am so frightened. I am so frightened that I shall die alone

with no one to help me, no one to direct me in the Path that I should take. You, in Tibet, had the Lamas who directed the consciousness of a dying person. I have no one and I am so frightened.'

That is not correct, you know. No one is alone, no one has 'no one'. You may think you are alone, and quite possibly there is no one near your earthly body, yet in the astral there are very special helpers who await by the deathbed so that just as soon as the astral form starts to separate from the dying physical body the helpers are there to give every assistance, just as in the case of a birth there are people waiting to deliver the new-born baby. Death to Earth is birth into the astral world, and the necessary trained attendants are there to provide their specialized services, so there is no need for fear, there should never be fear. Remember that when the time comes, as it comes to all of us for you to pass from this world of sorrows, there will be people on the Other Side waiting for you, caring for you, and helping you in precisely the same manner that there are people on Earth awaiting the birth of a new baby.

When the helpers have this astral body which has just been separated from the dead physical, they treat it carefully and help it with a knowledge of where it is. Many people who have not been prepared think they are in Heaven or Hell. The helpers tell them exactly where they are, they help them to adjust, they show them the Hall of Memories, and they care for the newcomer as they, in their turn, have been cared for.

This matter of Hell—there is no such thing, you know, Hell was actually a place of judgement near Jerusalem, Hell was a small village near two very high rocks and between the rocks and extending for some distance around was a quaking bog which sent up gouts of sulphurous vapors, a bog that was always drenched in the stench of burning brimstone. In

those far-off days a person who was accused of a crime was taken to this village and 'went through Hell'. He was placed at one end of the bog and was told of the crimes of which he had been accused, he was told that if he could cross the bog unharmed he was innocent, but if he failed and was swallowed by the bog he was guilty. Then the accused was goaded into action—perhaps a soldier poked him in a delicate part with a spear—anyway, the poor wretch ran 'through Hell', through all the swirling fog of sulfur and brimstone fumes, along the path surrounded by boiling pitch, where the earth quaked and shook, inspiring terror in the strongest, and if he reached the other side he had passed through the valley of Hell and had been purged of any offence and was innocent again. So don't believe that you will go to Hell. You won't because there is no such thing. God, no matter what we call Him, is a God of kindness, a God of compassion. No one is ever condemned, no one is ever sentenced to eternal damnation, there are no such things as devils who jump up and down on one and plunge pitch forks into one's shuddering body. That is all a figment in the imagination of crazed priests who tried to gain dominance over the bodies and souls of those who knew no better. There is only hope and knowledge that if one works for it, one can atone for any crime, no matter how bad that crime seems to have been. So—no one is ever 'extinguished', no one is ever abandoned by God. Most people fear death because they have a murky conscience, and these priests who should know better have taught about hell-fire and eternal torment, eternal damnation and all that, and the poor wretched person who has heard those stories thinks that immediately he dies he is going to be seized by devils and horrendous things wreaked upon him. Don't believe it, don't believe it at all. I remember all, and I can go to the astral at any time, and I repeat, there is no such thing as Hell,

there is no such thing as eternal torment, there is always redemption, there is always another chance, there is always mercy, compassion, and understanding. Those who say that there is Hell and torment, well, they are not right in the head, they are sadists or something, and they are not worthy of another thought.

We fear to die for that reason and for another; we fear to die because the fear is planted in us. If people remembered the glories of the astral world they would want to go there in droves, they wouldn't want to stay on this Earth any longer, they would want to shirk their classes, they would want to commit suicide, and suicide is a very bad thing, you know, it hurts oneself. It doesn't hurt anyone else, but one becomes one of life's drop-out's when one commits suicide. Think of it like this; if you are training to be a professional person of some kind, a lawyer or a doctor, well, you have to study and you have to pass examinations, but if you lose heart half way through you drop out of your course and then you do not become a lawyer or a doctor, and before you can become a lawyer or a doctor you have to cease being a drop-out and get back into the class and study all over again. And by that time you find the curriculum has changed, there are different textbooks, and all you have learnt before becomes useless, so you start at the bottom again. Thus it is that if you commit suicide, well, you have to come back, you reincarnate again, which is just the same as entering college for another course, but you reincarnate again and you learn all the lessons all over again right from the start, and all you learnt before is now obsolete, so you've wasted a lifetime, haven't you? Don't commit suicide, it's never, never, never worth it.

Well, that has taken us quite away from what people do in the astral. A lot depends on the state of evolution of the person, a lot of it depends on what

that person is preparing for. But the astral worlds are very, very beautiful places, there is wonderful scenery with colours not even dreamed of upon the Earth, there is music, a music not even dreamed of upon the Earth, there are houses, but each person can build his or her house by thought. You think it, and if you think hard enough, it is. In the same way, when you get to the astral world first you are quite naked just as you are when you come to the Earth, and then you think what sort of clothes you are going to wear; you don't have to wear clothes, but most people do for some strange reason, and one can see the most remarkable collection of garments because each person makes their own clothes according to any style they are thinking about. In the same way, they build their houses in any style they are thinking about. There are no cars, of course, and no buses, and no trains, you don't need them. Why be cluttered by a car when you can move as fast as you wish by wishing? So, by thought power alone you can visit any part of the astral world.

In the astral there are many jobs that one can do. You can be a helper to those who are every second arriving from the Earth, you can do nursing, you can do healing, because many of those who arrive from the Earth are not aware of the reality of the astral and they believe whatever their religion has taught them to believe. Or, if they are atheists they believe in nothing, and so they are enshrouded in a black, black fog, a fog that is sticky and confusing, and until they can acquire some sort of understanding that they are blinded by their own folly they cannot be helped much, so attendants follow them around and try to break away the fog. Then there are those who counsel the astral people who have to return to Earth. Where do they want to go, what sort of parents do they want, what sort of family conditions, a rich family or a poor family? What sort of conditions will enable them to

do the tasks which they plan to do? It all looks so easy when in the astral world, but it is not always so easy when one is on the Earth, you know.

In the lower astral people often eat, they can smoke also if they want to! Whatever they want to eat is actually manufactured from the atmosphere by thought, not so amazing when you think of prana which is believed in implicitly on Earth. So you can eat what you wish, you can drink what you wish also, but actually all that is just folly because one is acquiring all the energy, all the sustenance from the atmospheric radiations and eating and drinking is just a habit. One soon shucks off those habits and is the better for it. You can take it, then, that one does much the same in the lower astral as one does upon the Earth.

Yes, Mrs. So-and-So, there is a sex life in the astral as well, but it is far, far better than anything you can ever experience on the Earth because you have such an enhanced range of sensations. So if you have not had much of a balanced sex life on Earth remember that in the astral you will have, because it is necessary to make a balanced person.

Of course the higher one rises in the astral worlds, that is the more one increases one's personal vibrations, then the better the experiences, the more pleasant they become, and the more satisfying the whole existence becomes.

Many people on Earth are all members of a group. You may have for example (and for example only) ten people who together really complete one astral entity. On the Earth we have these ten people, and perhaps three, four, five, or six die; well, the person who is in the astral does not become really complete until all the group are united. It is very difficult explaining such a thing because it involves different dimensions which are not even known upon this Earth, but you have felt a remarkable affinity with a certain

person, a person who, of course, is absolutely separate from you, you may have thought how compatible you were with that person, you may feel a sense of loss when that person goes away. Well, quite possibly that person is a member of your group and when you die to this Earth you will be united together as one entity. Upon the Earth all these people are like tentacles reaching out to get different sensations, different experiences during that brief flickering of consciousness which comprises a lifetime upon Earth. Yet when all the members of that group—when all the tentacles—are pulled in, one has in effect the experience of perhaps ten lifetimes in one. One has to come to Earth to learn the hard material things because there are no such experiences in the astral world.

Not everyone is a member of a group, you know, but you probably know whole groups of people who just cannot manage without each other. It may be members of a big family, they are always dashing around to see how the others are doing, and even when they marry they still have to forsake their partners at times and rush back home as if they are all going in like a lot of chickens under the old hen! Many people are individualists, not members of a group upon the Earth, they have come to do certain things alone and they rise or fall by their own efforts on the Earth. The poor souls often have a very bad time indeed upon the Earth, and it doesn't necessarily mean that they have immense karmic debts because they get suffering, it means that they are doing special work and incurring good karma for a few lives to come.

Really experienced people can tell what other people have been in a past life, but don't believe the advertisement you read where, for a small sum of money, you can have all your past incarnations told. Don't believe that for a moment because most of these people who make such claims are fakes. If they

demand money for such a service, then you can be sure that they are fakes, because the really trained person does not take money for these occult purposes as it lowers the personal vibrations! It is such a tragic thing that so many advertisements appear which are arrant fakes. People flit about examining the Akashic Record or looking into the past to see what you did wrong, or looking a bit forward to see what you did right, provided you pay enough money. And then all these cults who teach you the Mystery of the Ages provided you pay a monthly sum for the rest of your life. Some of these are just ordinary commercial correspondence colleges, they want your money, possibly they might do you some good—they might teach you not to believe all advertisements, for example. But my own point of view is this; if a person advertizes in glamorous terms what he or she can do for you for a small outlay, well, be suspicious. If these people could do it they would do it for themselves and get money and power that way. The fact that they have to run a correspondence course or do this or that service, makes them, in my opinion, suspect, and I sincerely wish that there was some way in which these advertisements could be censored and controlled. There are many, many people who are utterly genuine, but my own personal experience is that it is rare indeed for such a person to advertise. Remember also that people who make these wondrous claims about how they go into the astral for you and look at all your records, etc., etc., well, you can't prove them really wrong, can you, just the same as you can't prove them right. So, just to be on the safe side, it is far better not to bother with people who advertise as such, but instead meditate, because if you meditate you can get the results you want. You know yourself better than any other person, and most assuredly you know yourself better than a person who is going to charge you a couple of dollars for this or that service. Most times

all he does is to put a pre-printed form in an envelope and mail it to you under the heading of ‘Strictly Private and Personal’.

Here is another sad little extract from a letter:

‘I recently lost a friend of many years, my little pet died and I am broken-hearted and wondering. My parish priest told me that I was a bad woman to dare to suggest that animals have souls, he said that only humans have souls, and more or less implied that only those humans who belong to his own branch of the Church. Can you give me any hope that I will see my beloved pet in another life?’

Some priests are real jackasses, you know. They are astonishingly ignorant men. It always amazes me—well, let us take Christians—Christians almost go to war as to which sect is the true sect, Christians preaching Christianity do not show Christianity to Christians of another sect. Look at the Protestants and the Catholics, you would think they had bought up all the front row seats in Heaven the way they go on. Catholics seem to think that Protestants are evil people, and Protestants are quite sure that Catholics are evil people. But that's not a matter of discussion at present.

For centuries asinine preachers have taught that Man is the ultimate in development, they have taught that there cannot be anything higher than mankind, and mankind alone has a soul provided that they be of this or that specific religion!

I say to you with absolute knowledge that, yes, animals also go to the astral world, animals have the same opportunities as humans. I say to you, yes, you can meet beloved pets again, not merely when you yourself die to this Earth, but now in astral travel to the zone in which those animals are.

Only an utter fool, only a complete and absolute ignoramus such as a priest of some derelict, decadent religion would believe that Man has a sole copyright,

so to speak, on souls. Consider this; U.F.O.s are real, there are other people in space, people so highly evolved, so highly intelligent, that intelligent humans now are by comparison to these space people as stupid as a dress shop dummy, you know, one of those plaster or plastic figures standing stiffly in the dress with some hideous frock stuck on over it.

One of the reasons why religious bodies deny the existence of U.F.O.'s is because their very presence shows that Man is not the ultimate form of evolution. If the priests are right and Man is the ultimate form of evolution, then what are these people in space? They are real people, they are intelligent people, and some of them are spiritual people. They have souls; they too go to the astral worlds just as do humans, just as do animals, cats, horses, dogs, etc.

Very definitely, very emphatically, and speaking with the utter knowledge of one who does astral travel as a matter of course, let me tell you this; yes, my friend, your pet lives in another sphere, lives in good health and in better shape, even more pleasant to look at, perhaps even missing you, but now with the knowledge that you can meet again, for, as in the case of humans, if you really love your pet and your pet really loves you, you can and you will meet again.

Let me tell you that Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers, my truly beloved friend, left this Earth some time ago; she is still my beloved friend and I can visit her in the astral. And Miss Ku'ei also left this world when she was badly upset by another attack of press persecution. Miss Ku'ei was ill at the time and these moronic press people thundering around upset her, and—well—she left me. I was sad, sad for myself, sad that I could no longer cradle her in my arms, but glad that she had relief from the sorrows and utter miseries which she and I had endured together on this Earth. I tell you, I meet her in the astral, so I am in a very, very definite position to tell you that the priests are

wrong, mankind is not the epitome of spiritual development. Some animals are far more spiritual than Man!

Let us close this chapter, then, with a repetition of that statement. I repeat, yes, all you who grieve for those little pets who have left this Earth and gone on beyond grieve no more, for if you love your departed pet and that pet loves you, you will be together again beyond the confines of this Earth just as Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers and the Lady Ku'ei and I meet so often in the astral, and as we shall be together on a much more permanent basis when—may it be soon—this life on Earth ends for me, and when there is a cessation of press persecution and hostility, when there is a cessation of pain and misery which long drawn out illness causes.

## CHAPTER TWO

THE old man shifted wearily in the uncomfortable wheelchair. 'No springs,' he muttered, 'even a baby carriage has springs, yet the ones who are sick have to jog along as comfortably as in a farm cart!'

It had been a cheerless day, and one which was far from ended. Letters, and MORE letters. All of them WANTING 'You are my father and my mother,' said the letter from Africa, 'and I love you like my best girl friend. Now I want to come and tell you so. Will you send me a free return ticket so that I may? And at the same time send the fare so that I can see my sister who lives in Los Angeles. I shall expect this by return and will kiss the dust at your feet' The old man sighed ruefully and set the letter aside. 'Thinks I'm a millionaire, does he?' he asked the Little Girl Cat purring alongside.

Old Maggie was out of the mental hospital again and had resumed her barrage of unwanted love letters. Old Maggie! The woman who journeyed to this Canadian seaport and told people she was employed by the old man! Said she was employed by him—ran up a bill for a hundred and sixty-eight dollars in his name and sent a frightened hotel manager to the old man for the money. Money which was not forthcoming. 'I have never even SEEN the woman,' said the old man, 'and she deluges me with letters which I tear up. No, I have no work—or money—for her.' So Old Maggie cheerfully admitted that she had just left a mental home, and she was

deported back to one.

Mrs. Horsehed's letter, too, was a bother. Twenty-two pages of it. All questions. Questions which would need a book to answer, THIS book, Mrs. Horsehed. Dear, dear! Mrs. Horsehed, the lady who had things written to her in words of one syllable and who STILL managed to read the wrong meaning in everything!

Yes, the old man was weary. The day was long and the letters were longer. Outside the summer weather of deep, deep fog swirled blackly, smearing windows with a greasy scum, and hiding the ramshackle buildings near the waterfront. Somewhere out in the fog a ship hooted mournfully, as if in despair at having to enter this moribund seaport where the water stank to high heaven with the discharging effluvia of a nearby pulp mill. The old man grunted 'PFAH, what a stench!' and turned to signing the letter—all forty-three of them.

The Little Girl Cat stood up, arched her back and said 'Arrh!' before going off to her tea. The Littlest Girl Cat was still abed recovering from a chill easily induced by the damp fog and intense humidity of these summer days. The wheelchair groaned in dismay beneath the two hundred and sixty pounds of weight as the old man turned to switch on the lights. 'Lights,' he muttered, 'lights, are they really necessary at five in the afternoon of a midsummer's day?'

The years bore down heavily, years of suffering, years of sorrow, years made even more sorrowful by the cowardly men of the press who always printed lies—being strangers to the Truth—and who never dared afford an opportunity for a reply to their columns. Cowardly men, despicable men, who live by pandering to their readers' worst emotions, who drag down culture instead of helping it up.

The dreary evening slowly wore on. The faintest of faint glows showed that somewhere outside the fog-enshrouded windows street lamps were alight. Eerie

crawling glimmers, like fireflies afar, showed that late workers were making their slow way home behind straining headlights.

At last it was late enough to retire. The old man trundled his wheelchair to the side of the hard, hard bed and climbed in. With a sigh of relief he settled back. 'Now for freedom,' he thought, 'freedom to wander at will throughout the world by astral travel.' For some moments he rested, lost in thought, then, the night's journey decided upon, he relaxed for the preparatory stages.

Soon there came the familiar slight jerk, almost a start as if one had been frightened, and with the slight jerk the astral body shook free from the physical. Shook free and drifted upwards, higher and higher.

The fog was all around the harbor. A few miles further out the fog thinned and was gone. At the airport the lights were on and the infrequent aircraft were still able to make their landings. Out in the Bay of Fundy a large oil tanker rode at its moorings, rode at anchor, its riding lights swaying slightly as the ship heaved to the change of the tide. Aboard the oil ship men were still playing, gambling with packs of cards before them, and piles of money on the floor. They seemed happy enough, although impatient to get ashore to whatever entertainment this poor port could offer them. Entertainment? What sort of entertainment does the average sailor want? And that can be found in even the poorest of ports, and the poorer the port the cheaper that form of entertainment, although possibly the dearest in the end!

The old man, not old any longer now that he was not encumbered by an ailing body and a creaking wheelchair, drifted along across the Bay of Fundy. He stopped awhile at the little town of Digby nestling between hills, a quaint little place, one which it would be nice to visit in the flesh because in the astral

colours are rather different. It's like taking off smoked glasses and seeing things as they are.

From Digby, on to Yarmouth to look at that little place with its narrow streets and crowded houses. Seemed to be just one main street with a few scattered houses around. And—oh yes!—a shockingly crazy woman lived down there!

Move on, move on to Halifax. A slight pause, and the ground blurred beneath, blurred with the speed of travel. And then the lights of Halifax came swiftly into view. Halifax! What an unfriendly city, what a horrible city, was the personal opinion of the old man floating above. He thought for a moment of that stupid old biddy at the airport who said she was a good Catholic, and they didn't want heathens in clean Halifax. Still, that's in days gone by. Today is today, and tomorrow—well, a few miles further on and we shall be in tomorrow. So a circle around Halifax, passing the big Paragon buildings, passing over the Naval Station and the Bedford Basin, seeing the lights atwinkle on the wooded slopes flanking Bedford Basin. The lights of the rich people, the ones who could just buy and order what they like, the ones who could get medical attention and not count the cost. Not like the old man who, because he was so sick, couldn't get insured with the Blue Cross or the Green Shield, or whatever it is. They all seemed to want their cake and eat somebody else's. So the old man could not afford medical attention in young, bustling Canada, and so he suffered because of lack of money, because of lack of medical attention which he could not afford.

So thinking he rose higher and higher, rose up to where he could see the sunlight and sped on across the Atlantic. Soon a satellite came hurtling by, a satellite reflecting bright silver as it caught the rays of the sun. But the old man wasn't bothered by satellites, or anything of that nature. They were too

common, too usual.

He sped on and overtook an Air Canada plane shrieking its way across the Atlantic bound for— where? Shannon? Prestwick? Or possibly going straight to I.e Bourget in France. Astral travel has many advantages. The plane was overtaken, and passed with no more than a glance in the cabin windows where all the tourist and economy passengers were sitting, three abreast, on both sides of the aisle, with a blue light which simulated night shining dimly down upon them. Some were there with their mouths wide open. And there along the other aisle was a woman with her mouth wide open and her skirts up round her thighs, sound asleep she was, oblivious of the interested gaze of the young man beside her who was wishing that there was more light.

In the pilot's cabin the Captain at the controls was smoking his pipe and looking like a placid old cow seen in an Irish field. His co-pilot, sitting beside him, was looking bored to tears. And the flight engineer, behind them and to the right, was holding his head in his hands as if life was just too too insupportable.

On sped the old man, far outstripping the speed of the plane, the plane which was lumbering behind at perhaps six or seven hundred miles an hour. And soon, over the curve of the horizon, came the loom of the lights of London and the flashing beacon which was London Airport.

Here, in London, the streets were by no means deserted although it was about two o'clock in the morning, a fine morning too. Busy work gangs were moving about sweeping the streets, clearing up the litter, and here and there manholes in the streets were opened and little frames with red flags above them prevented the unwary from falling down. Here were the sewer men carrying out their nightly inspection. Deep underground while the rest of London slept.

But how London has changed, the old man thought. This great building stretching up and up! But then he remembered. Oh, yes, of course, that is the new Post Office Tower, supposed to be the highest in England. Thoughtfully, interestedly, he circled around it and saw the men inside more or less killing time. Things weren't very busy at this hour of the night. And then the old man moved on, on through Victoria Street.

A train was just coming into the station and weary passengers were picking up their luggage, and stretching cramped legs. In the taxi ranks the cab drivers were waking themselves up from a light doze, starting their cabs, and waiting for the fares.

But the old man drifted along, looking at familiar places in Victoria Street, and then he spied an immense new building, the windows of which overlooked the gardens of Buckingham Palace. 'What bad taste,' he thought, 'what bad taste! That these building promoters should intrude upon the privacy of the Royal Family who have done so much for England, even against the active opposition of the press who always take any opportunity, no matter how unjustified, of picking faults with the Royal Family. A family who has done more for England than any other Englishman or woman.'

But down below red double-decker buses still roar through the streets carrying night workers to or from their nightly shifts. Perhaps this little jaunt to England should come to an end now; there is so much else to see. But, before leaving England, let us look along the length of Fleet Street again and read some of the early morning headlines. Here it says that the press of England are having a very bad time financially, they cannot put up the price of their papers for people will not pay any more. Sixpence for a newspaper! A lot of money for paper into which one wraps one's fish and chips! 'Personally,' the old man thought, 'the daily

newspapers, the whole bunch of them together, they're not worth a halfpenny. And the sooner they go bankrupt the better for the world, for they generate hate between nations and between peoples. Can anyone truly say the press have ever done any good?'

So thinking the old man turned his thoughts southwards, and in the astral flight took a wide sweep straight over the English Channel. Straight over Paris, he went, where he just gave a passing glance at the home of de Gaulle the troublemaker before speeding on to South America, to the River Plate, to the land of Uruguay, Montevideo.

Here in Montevideo the time was about midnight. The streets were still thronged. Demonstrations were in progress. Students were rioting and even as the old man watched from a few feet above the city a lusty student hand propelled a large rock straight through the face of a clock standing on the sidewalk by a familiar bus stop. There was a shattering of glass and a PFHUT! And a shower of sparks, and the face of the clock grew dark, no longer did it indicate the hours, the minutes, and the seconds.

Around the street corner a gang of grey-uniformed police swirled, sticks in their hands, caps awry, arms outflung to catch any student who came within their reach. The old man floated along thinking of what could have been the future of Uruguay. It could have been a wonderful place. It could have been the Garden of South America, supplying exotic fruits to the rest of the world. It could have been the Switzerland of South America, looking after the money and the financial interests of the whole of North, Central, and South America. But the Uruguayans were unequal to the tasks before them like a man who has never had an illness before and so, not immunized, falls prey to the first slight sickness. Uruguay, with never a bit of suffering, went to pieces when the first

storms ruffled their apparently calm surface.

The old man thought of a year or so before when he had visited the astral world, and consulted the Akashic Record of the probabilities and saw what should have been for Uruguay. The interior of Uruguay is arid because the Uruguayans had cut down all the trees, and the land in the interior is almost barren, almost desert, without water, without vegetation, and seems to be only sunbaked earth which, drying and powdering, blows away at the first puff of wind. The Akashic Record of Probabilities showed that the Uruguayans should have floated a loan in neighboring countries, and should, by carefully controlled atomic blasts, have excavated a great basin perhaps thirty miles by fifty miles in the center. It would have filled from deep wells because the water is there, below the surface. It would have filled, and would have been a wonderful lake, or lagoon, bringing life to the Land of Uruguay. Then there would have been trees planted all around the shores of the new lake. And the trees would have brought new atmosphere to a devitalized zone. Soon the land would have flourished, it would have been lush pasture land, rich orchards, and land which would have been the Garden of South America.

The Record of Probabilities showed that there would have been a canal leading from the center of the country along to Maldonado where there is such very deep water and such a very beautiful curve to the shoreline, that it is indeed a natural harbor. The main harbor should have been there, at Maldonado, because the present harbor at Montevideo is silting up, and the whole of the River Plate is now a shallow stretch of water, dredged constantly in the ever-shifting sands.

But the old man floating above, looking down, thinking of all these things, shook his head with sorrow at the thought that the Uruguayans had not

measured up to those things which were probabilities for them and which would have led them so profitably to greatness. The Record of Probabilities showed that in years to come Australia would have been impressed by such a successful scheme, and would have copied the scheme in the dead heart of Australia. Where the furnace-like desert dries up everything. But Australia could be opened up as Uruguay could have been opened up.

The old man had seen enough of Uruguay. And so, with just a farewell wave, he lofted higher and higher and sped with the speed of thought across the face of the world. Across oceans, across lands, to another destination.

‘I want you to tell us more about astral travel, how we can do it. You’ve written about it in *You-For-ever!* and in other books, but tell us again. You cannot tell us too much about it, tell us how we can do it.’

So go the letters. So go the demands. ‘Tell us about astral travel.’

Actually, astral travel is the simplest of things, so simple that it is surprising that people cannot do it without trying. But we must also remember that walking is simple. Walking is so simple that we can walk in a straight line, or follow a curved path, and we do not have to think about it at all. It comes natural to us. Yet on many occasions a person has been very ill and confined to bed for some months, and the sufferer has then forgotten how to walk. He or she has forgotten how to walk, and has had to be taught all over again.

It is the same with astral travel. Everybody could once do astral travel, but for some strange reason they have forgotten precisely how to do it. How do you teach a person how to walk? How do you teach a person, long encased in an iron lung, to breathe?

How do you teach a person to travel in the astral?  
Possibly only by recounting the steps and the process.  
Possibly only by being what some would call re-  
petitious can one induce a person to teach his or her-  
self how to get again into the astral.

Suppose you have a sponge, an ordinary big bath  
sponge will do, and then you call it the body. Sup-  
pose you fill the holes in the sponge with a gas which  
clings together. That is, it doesn't disperse like most  
gases do, it hangs together like a cloud. Well, this gas  
you can call the astral. It is now in the sponge, so you  
have one entity inside another. The sponge represent-  
ing the body, and the gas filling the otherwise empty  
spaces in the sponge and representing the astral body.  
If you shake the sponge you may dislodge the cloud of  
gas. In the same way, when your body gives a little  
jerk under controlled conditions the astral body  
jumps free.

The best way to prepare for astral travel is to think  
about it. Think about it very seriously from all  
aspects, because as you think today so you are to-  
morrow, and what you think about today you can do  
tomorrow. Ask yourself why do you want to do astral  
travel. Ask yourself honestly. What really is your  
reason? Is it merely idle curiosity? Is it so that you  
can spy on others, or do you want to fly through the  
night and peer into bedrooms? Because if that is your  
objective you would be better off without astral  
travel. You must be sure that your motives are right  
before you do astral travel, or even before you try to  
do astral travel.

Then having assured yourself that your motives  
will stand the strictest inspection, prepare the next  
step. When you go to bed, alone, make sure you are  
not tired. Make sure that you are fresh enough, that  
you can stay awake. Everyone can do astral travel, but  
the majority of untrained people fall asleep in the  
process which is very annoying indeed! So go to bed

before you are tired and rest in any way comfortable in your bed, and then THINK that you are moving out of your body. Let yourself become completely relaxed. Have you a tension in your big toe? Does your ear itch? Have you an ache in the small of your back? Any of these will indicate that you are not truly relaxed. You must be truly relaxed, just as a sleeping cat is relaxed. And having been quite sure that you are relaxed, imagine that 'something' is coming out of your body. Imagine that you are the gas seeping out of the sponge. You might experience a little tingling, you might hear some short, sharp crackles, or you may get 'pins and needles' in the back of your neck. Fine! That means you are coming out. Now be very very sure that you keep still. It is utterly necessary that you do not panic, it is absolutely vital that you do not feel fear because panic or fear will slap you back in the body and give you quite a fright. It will also effectively prevent you from consciously astral travelling for about three months.

Astral travel is normal. It is utterly, utterly safe. No one can take over your body, no one can harm you, all that can happen is this; if you are frightened unpleasant astral entities will smell or see the colour of fright, and will with the greatest of glee try to frighten you more. They cannot hurt you, they cannot hurt you at all, but it does give them great pleasure if they can frighten you so much that you are chased back into your physical body.

There is no secret in astral travel, it just needs confidence. It just needs the firm knowledge that you are going to do astral travel while you are fully awake. And the best way to start about it is to imagine that you are travelling, imagine that you are out of the body. This word 'imagination' is badly misused. Perhaps it would be better to say 'picture'. So, picture yourself leaving your flesh body, picture yourself gradually inching out of your flesh body and floating

inches above the recumbent flesh body. Actually picture yourself doing it, actually form the strong thoughts that you are doing it, and sooner or later you will do it. You will find, with the greatest amazement, that you are floating there, looking down upon a padded, whitish-green, flesh body. Probably it will have its mouth open, probably it will be snoring away because when you are out it doesn't matter at all if your flesh body goes to sleep—when you are out. Because if you get out while the body is awake, you will remember the whole experience.

This is what you have to imagine: You are resting completely relaxed on your bed in any position which suits you provided it is comfortable and relaxed. Then you think of yourself, slowly edging out from the flesh covering, from the flesh body, slowly edging out and rising and floating a few inches or a few feet above the flesh body. Do not panic even if you do get a few sways and tilts because you CANNOT BE HURT. You cannot be hurt at all, and as you are floating you cannot fall. When you have got to that stage, rest awhile. Just keep still, you don't need to feel panic nor triumph, just rest peaceably for a few moments. And then, if you think you can stand the shock, and depending on what sort of a body you've got, gaze down on the thing you've left. It looks all lopsided, it looks lumpy and heavy, it looks an untidy mess. Well, aren't you glad to get away from it for the time being?

With that thought you should take a look at the world outside. So will yourself to rise, will yourself to float up through the ceiling and through the roof. No! You won't feel anything, you won't get a bump or a scrape or a jar. Just will yourself to float up, and picture yourself so floating.

When you get out through the roof stop when you are about twenty or fifty feet above and look about you. You can stop by thinking that you are stopped.

And you can rise by thinking that you are rising. Look about you, look at your surroundings from a viewpoint that you have never seen before so far as you can remember, get used to being out of the body. Get used to moving around. Try floating around the block. It's easy! You just have to tell yourself where you are going, and you just have to tell yourself how fast you are going, that is, do you want to go along slowly as if blown by the breeze, or do you want to go there instantly?

People write and say they have tried everything they know to do astral travel but, for some reason or other, they did not succeed. A person will write and say, 'I had a strange tickling in the back of my neck. I thought I was being attacked and it frightened me.' Another person writes in to say, 'I seemed to be lying on the bed without the power to move, I seemed to be looking through a long red tunnel with a glimmer of something which I cannot describe at the end.' And yet another person writes, 'Oh, my goodness me! I fell out of my body, and I was so frightened that I fell back in again!'

But these are perfectly ordinary, perfectly normal symptoms. Each of these symptoms can occur when you are getting out consciously for the first time. These are good signs. Signs that you are able to astral travel consciously. Signs that you have your hand on the door, so to speak, and the door is slowly opening. But then you take fright right on the threshold of this wonderful experience, you panic, and back you go into that damp, miserable clay case again.

Only fear can cause you any real difficulty. Everything else can be overcome. But fear—well, if you will not master your fear of the apparently unknown, what can one do for you? You have to make some effort yourself. You can't put some money in a slot machine and get some pre-packaged astral travel kit, you know.

Well, when you get a tickling sensation it means that your astral body is actually freeing itself from the physical body, and for some particular reason the process is causing a tickle which is, after all, some slight form of irritation. It just means that you have not been doing astral travel very often, because with practice the separation of the two bodies becomes easier and easier.

Just by way of digression let me tell you this; I was writing this chapter on astral travel, and I suppose I was thinking about it too intensely or something. And immediately I found myself floating above this building—right outside—and looking down. A member of my household was just coming up the road carrying a load of groceries! I saw her come in and have a mild listen at my door to see if I was working or not, and then undecided she passed on to another room. I looked about and thought, ‘Oh, my goodness me! I’m shirking!’ And dived back again straight into the body, and carried on working. But it just shows that when one is practiced in astral travel it is no more difficult to get out of the body than it is to leave a room by opening a door and stepping out. Actually it’s less effort. It is far less effort.

When a person is reclining and then suddenly feels paralyzed, that is a perfectly normal sign, there is nothing wrong with it. It just means that the separation of the two bodies is preventing physical body motion, and the so-called paralysis is a misnomer really. It is just a strong physical disinclination to move. One often, at the same time, seems to be peering through a long tube, it might be a red tube, or it might be a black or grey tube. But it doesn’t matter what colour it is, it is a good sign, it shows you are getting out.

The biggest thing to fear is fear itself, because all these things are perfectly ordinary. There is nothing at all unusual in them. But if you are going to give

way to panic, well, you come straight back into the body with a real 'clunk', and if you come back in misalignment, then you'll have a sick headache for the rest of the day, until you go to sleep again and relocate your astral in the physical.

It sometimes happens that one gets slightly out of the body and then a swaying motion is experienced. That's all right, too. It just means you have not learned how to handle the astral body properly. You can think of it as a person learning to steer a motor-car. You get in the wretched thing and give the wheel a turn, and turn too far. So you turn the other way, and you find you are turning too far that way. So you progress in a sort of S curve until you learn to manage the steering properly. It is precisely the same with the astral. You start emerging from the body and then, when you are a few inches out, you sort of lose your nerve, you do not know how to get it out a foot, two feet, etc. And so you stay there swaying. The only thing to do is to visualize yourself as OUT!

Yes, no doubt much of this appears to be repetition to you. Deliberately it is repetition because you need to get this firmly established that astral travel is quite normal and quite easy, and not at all dangerous. The only thing to fear is of being afraid. And you need only fear being afraid because it puts back your progress. It's like locking on the brakes hard. Once you are in a state of fear you are not in control of yourself, and your body chemistry gets jangled. So—do not be afraid, because there is no cause whatsoever to fear anything in the astral.

It really is a superb, a glorious, experience to just get out of your physical body and float along in the air. You do not have to do long journeys, you can let yourself just drift, perhaps thirty or forty feet above the ground. You will feel a gentle rise from air currents, especially when you pass over trees. Trees give a nice up-draught, a warm sort of friendly up-

draught, and if you let yourself float and maintain a constant height over a clump of trees when in the astral, you will find that your vitality improves very greatly. But this astral travel is a pleasure which has to be appreciated. There are no words which can adequately describe it. You are out of the body and you feel free, you feel as if you had been recharged with life. You feel as if you are sparkling all over, and it is one of the best experiences of all. It can be your experience too, you know, if you really want it. Thousands of people have written to me saying how surprisingly easy they now find astral travel, telling me of their travels, and telling me that they have seen me on their astral travels. What these people can do, you can do also.

But let us go into the matter a little further to try to find out what is preventing you from enjoying this wonderful experience.

First of all, do you sleep alone? That is in your own room. Because if you share a bed with someone else then you may find it a bit difficult. There is always the fear that another person turning over will disturb one's astral flight. So, while initiating astral travel, you should always be alone, quite alone in your room. One cannot, for example, easily practice astral travel when one lives in barracks with a lot of other men or a lot of other women. Nor can you easily start astral travel if you have just been married! You have to be alone, you have to keep your mind on astral travel and then you can do it.

From letters it appears that the greatest vice of those who are trying to astral travel is impatience. North Americans in particular want 'instant astral travel'. They are not prepared to wait for it, nor to work for it, they have no patience. They want a thing faster than fast and quicker than now. Well, it's not done in that way, you have to be in the right condition first. You have to exercise patience just as if

you had been in bed a long time you would have to exercise patience while you were relearning to walk. Have patience, then, and have faith that you can do this thing. Visualize yourself floating above your body because 'imagination' is a most potent force. And if you can get yourself started, well, the rest is utterly simple. Astral travel is the simplest thing that we can do. Even breathing needs some effort. Astral travel needs the absolute negation of effort.

After impatience the next great fault preventing one from getting into the astral state is over-tiredness. People flap about all day, rushing about like a hen with its head chopped off, dashing to the cinema or to the supermarkets and cavorting around the country. Then, when they are nearly dropping with tiredness, they get in bed and think they will do astral travel. Well, they do, but they are so tired that they go to sleep and forget all the traveling or rather forget all the experiences of that travel. Make no mistake about it, you do astral travel when you are asleep, the trick is to stay awake and do it, and it is just a knack which one has to acquire as one gets the knack of breathing. The doctor slaps one's bottom when one is born and one draws an outraged breath so that one can yell in protest, and breathing is started. Well, I can't come and slap you all on the bottom to start you astral traveling! But it really is a simple matter and needs just a little knack.

Impatience and over-tiredness, then are the two great causes of failure to remember. There is another cause—constipation.

If you are constipated you are usually so gloomy that the poor wretched astral form is imprisoned in a congested lump of clay. Constipation is the curse of civilization, and perhaps as it is so important for our astral travel studies that one be not constipated, we should devote a whole chapter to health things. So—read on later in this book on how to get rid of

constipation. When you get garbage out of your body you will find that you are so much freer that you can get into the astral.

Someone wrote to me and said, 'But look. All these astral bodies that you say float around by day and by night, why don't their Silver Cords get entangled, why don't they collide? You say that thousands of people leave their bodies and soar upwards like balloons on the end of a string. How can this be without hopeless tangling occurring?'

The answer to that is easy; everyone has a different frequency, every physical body has a certain frequency and the astral body has a frequency several—well, I'm not musical—but let me say 'octaves' higher. The astral body is obviously on a harmonic of the physical body, but the vibration is many million times faster than in the physical body. Everyone has a different frequency, or different rate of vibration, and if you get the B.B.C., London, on your radio, you get the B.B.C., London. You do not get Radio Turkey or Radio Peking on that wavelength or frequency.

One could say that the frequencies of radio stations do not interfere with each other, and in the same way the frequencies of different astrals do not interfere with each other so they cannot collide—so there is no tangling, no confusion. On a busy street in a busy city you will have people bumping into each other, and either apologizing or scowling, according to their make-up, but such things never occur in the astral. There are no collisions. The only ones that can come close to each other in the astral worlds above the lower astral are those who are compatible. You cannot have discord, and a collision is usually a discord, is it not?

Everyone knows that many people say, 'This problem—I can't deal with it now, I'll sleep on it. I shall have the answer in the morning' Well, that's fair enough, because people with problems take the prob-

lem into the astral world and if they can't solve it themselves there is always someone available who can. And then if they can't do conscious astral travel, they still come back with some memory of how the problem can be solved. People like great musicians go to the Other Side and go to a zone above the lower astral. They hear this wondrous spiritual music, and then, because they are basically musical, because they have musical perception, they memorize it. And when they awaken in the morning—or they might even waken specially—they rush to a musical instrument and, as they think 'compose'. Some great composers kept paper and pencils by the bedside so that if they woke up with 'inspiration' they could write down the musical notation immediately. This is stuff they have learned in the astral, this is music which they learned in the astral. And it is a legitimate use of astral travel.

A great inventor may have seen something in the astral, but possibly he didn't do astral travel consciously. So when he awakens in the morning he has a wonderful idea for a new 'invention', and he rushes to his notebooks and he writes down specification and draws squiggles. And then—well, he has invented something which the world has wanted for quite a long time.

Many highly successful businessmen use astral travel consciously or unconsciously. This is how it works; a man who is very successful at interviewing decides that he has a very tough person to see on the morrow. So when he is in bed he goes through his routine and he talks to himself, and says what he proposes to say to his 'prospect' when he meets him tomorrow. He anticipates the objections and arguments of the prospect and he refutes them as he lies there in bed. Then he falls asleep. His astral has got the idea and when the physical body is asleep the astral gets out and goes in search of the body, or the astral, of the

prospect, and tells the prospect what is going to be said on the morrow and also tells the prospect what action the latter should take.

On the morrow at the interview the two greet each other like old friends, they are sure they have met before. They find they are getting along famously, and the successful interviewer puts over his points to the prospect and really does get the action desired. It is simple, highly successful, and entirely legitimate. So, if you want to get success in business or love—well, go in for astral travel. You get your word in first. You get the action you desire firmly implanted into the prospect's mind.

A lot has been said about getting out of the body, and you can get out of the body. Once out you can always return. I suppose never in history has there been an authentic case when a person could not get back. You can get back all right, but you want to get back in the most pleasant conditions because if you get all slap-happy and just jump into your clay case you can get a headache.

When you are coming back from your astral travel you see your flesh body lying there on the bed, usually in a contorted attitude. Eyes shut, mouth open, limbs in wild abandon perhaps, and you have to get into that body. Visualize yourself lowering, and lowering, and lowering. Oh! So gently! Then when you are just barely out of contact, put your own limbs in precisely the same attitude as that of the physical body. And then let yourself be absorbed into the body like moisture being absorbed by blotting paper. You are in the body (it's a cold and clammy thing indeed) but you are in and there has been no shock, no jerk, no unpleasantness. But supposing you were clumsy and you got in with an awful jerk. Then you'll find that you've got an awful headache, you'll find that you feel sick. There is only one thing to do—no medicine, no drugs, will help you at all—there is only

one possible cure and it is this:

You must lie still with your feet together and your hands together, and you must let yourself go to sleep, even though it be for a few moments only—go to sleep so the astral body can ease out of the physical body and then sink down and relocate exactly. When it is relocated exactly you have a sense of wellbeing and no headache. And—that's all there is to it!

In this chapter quite a lot has been said about astral travel, far more than need have been said. But the whole idea was to repeat things from different angles so that you could perhaps grasp the underlying statement that it is so very, very easy. You can do it provided you do not try too hard. You can do it provided you have patience. You cannot go along to a ticket agency or travel agency and just book an astral flight, you know. Some of the flights cost a lot of money, but in the astral world it's all free. And you can have it—for free—if you have patience and are not too tired.

So go to it. It truly is a wonderful, wonderful sensation.

## CHAPTER THREE

JOHN THOMAS was a fine, upstanding young member of the little Welsh community. A loyal, vociferous member of the ‘Wales for the Welsh—Look you’ Movement, he was an acknowledged leader of the group who shouted invective when the Prince of Wales to-be appeared in the Principality. Loud and shrill he was, indeed, when he translated strange bardic oaths into the English language and hurled them at the heads, or ears, of English tourists harmlessly visiting the Seat of Welsh Culture.

Down at the ‘Leek and Daffodil’ he threw a pretty Dart ‘at the heart of the English Tyrant, Whateffer, look you,’ as he stopped for a moment or so from his endless beer imbibing. Many were the tales he told of English atrocities as he waited for his unemployment benefit provided free by a parsimonious England.

By night he would steal out with a paint-pot and brush and, first making sure he was unobserved, paint witty remarks on any convenient wall—always against the English, of course. But one day he appeared at the ‘Leek and Daffodil’ looking grim and glum as well as morose and moody. ‘What is it that ails you, John Thomas?’ enquire a friend. ‘You look kind of Wilted!’

John Thomas sighed and groaned and wiggled his ears. ‘Ah, woe is me!’ he exclaimed, rolling his eyes heavenwards but keeping a tight hold of his tankard. ‘woe is me, my dole has run out and I can get no

more from the filthy English, now I shall have to work in the Land of my Fathers!’ He turned away and quickly grabbed the filled tankard of a man whose attention had been distracted. Draining the stranger's first, then his own, he hastened away.

Next day, with heart-felt lamentations, he took a job as a tourist bus driver and was henceforth known as Thomas the Bus. Sadly, sadly, he drove English tourists on their excursions, answering their questions with a pleasant smile, but holding black murder in his heart. Days wore on and Thomas the Bus wore out. More and more morose he became, look you, and no longer was his voice raised in song. No longer did he raise the tankard for even gift beer. He grew lethargic, listless, languid, and lazy. No longer did he daub graffiti on the walls at night, no longer did he object or raise a commotion when, being detected in short-changing his tourists, an Englishman sang,

‘Taffy was a Welshman  
Taffy was a thief,  
Taffy came to our house  
And stole a round of beef.’

‘It is under the weather that I am indeed’ he quoth to a crony, ‘and I feel that my shadow is more substantial than I myself am, perhaps I should hie me forth and consult Old Williams the Med.’ Off he tottered on shaking limbs and painfully hauled himself up the three steps to Williams the Med.

Dr. Williams soon disposed of the other patients and called in Thomas the Bus, exclaiming, ‘Well, what is it with you, my man?’

‘Oh, Dr. Williams,’ exclaimed Thomas the Bus, ‘I can sing no more and I cannot raise my tankard.’ He looked about furtively and then in a conspiratorial whisper mumbled, ‘That's not all I can't do either.’ His voice sank lower and lower, and at last Dr.

Williams said, 'Yes, my man, I know exactly what is wrong with you. As Thomas the Bus you are crouched over your controls and it has constricted your bowels.' His voice rose to an angry roar, 'You are constipated, my man, CONSTIPATED—full of useless rubbish. Would you have rubbish in your house? Wouldn't you take it outside for the sanitary attendant's attention?'

Thomas the Bus hung his head in shame, and he mumbled, 'Yes, my bus goes every day but I only go once a week.'

I received many many letters, thirty or forty a day as I have already stated, and a surprising number are about medical problems. Many people, women especially, do not feel very happy about going to see a doctor and discussing some of the more common and perhaps embarrassing illnesses, dysfunctions, or complaints, so they write to me. In this chapter I am going to deal with one or two health problems, but the first one of all is—constipation!

This is probably the most insidious complaint or illness ever to afflict mankind. One takes action about other types of illness. If you have bad toothache you have the wretched thing yanked out. If you have a broken leg you have the bones set. But constipation—! People seem to think it is like the poor, always with us.

Many people place great faith in the wise words of doctors, but doctors are often in the hands of the pharmaceutical manufacturers. The common cold, and even more common constipation, are what one might term the 'bread and butter' illnesses of the pharmacists. Billions of pounds or dollars have been and will be spent on 'cures' for colds and constipation. Well, the doctor abides, or should abide, by two ancient laws, the first of which states that the art of medicine consists of amusing the patient while

Nature cures the illness. The second is '*primum non nocere*' which means 'first do no harm'. Whatever a doctor does, then, should be in accordance with those two laws, the first—gain the patient's interest and hope that Nature will cure the illness, and second—do no harm. Unfortunately, in the opinion of many people the doctor is doing a great harm when he omits to warn people of the dangers of constipation.

Constipation interests us who want to do astral travel for the sole reason that if a person is habitually constipated it is not possible to do conscious astral travel while one is fully awake. So, if you want to go out on astral journeys make sure that your inside is all right first. Inner cleanliness is important, isn't it?

The very ancient Chinese medical records indicate that early Chinese leaders, emperors and empresses, and great warlords, used clysters to make sure that their interior was at least as clean as their exterior. A common name for clysters nowadays is enema, so let us use the common name because clysters rather reminds one of the cloisters in some old church and we are far removed from that when we deal with enemas 1 The very early Chinese used narrow bamboo tubes fitted into larger tubes, and that had a piston which propelled the herbal solution into the intestines.

The Egyptians as well got into the act, possibly they got the idea from the Chinese. But round about 1500 B.C. the Egyptians were using enemas as an ordinary routine method of treating ill health. The idea was, if you have a pain inside you get rid of all the waste product which probably causes it. Some of their enema solutions were distinctly messy, oil and honey blended together was quite a common matter!

In French times, in about 1400 or so, enemas were very much in use. Soon after that the enema became a fashionable method of treating illness and many very high-ranking families had at least one enema a day.

In England, also, the leading families had wonderful enema syringes manufactured so that the patient sat over a hole in a wooden box and then a very ornate enema syringe was placed in position, and the handle pumped which injected a carefully prepared liquid into the bowels of the sitting patient. After which the patient arose and departed in great haste so that the load could be discharged. But fashions change. It's not now so fashionable to use the enema. One goes instead to the local drug store and gets a packet of this or a packet of that, and either swallows, sucks, chews, or drinks some noxious concoction which all too frequently gives one a bad pain and violent expulsion, and really does nothing to cure the complaint. Does nothing to overcome that which caused the constipation. It seems now that people want to cure the symptom without curing the root cause which, of course, is too crazy for comment.

Yes, medical treatment undergoes cycles of popularity and unpopularity. It used to be that people had their tonsils removed as a fashionable thing. Then it became the fashion to have the appendix removed, and now it is the fashion for women to have hysterectomy—of which, more later.

But it was a very bad change in fashion when enemas were discontinued because a correctly applied enema can do wonders in overcoming constipation, not merely the system but the lack of health which causes the constipation in the first case. Many people are constipated because they do not drink nearly enough water. One really must drink loads and loads of water if one is to be healthy, because we eat food and it gets churned into a paste inside and then as it passes through the intestines nutritious substances are extracted from the paste and, inevitably, moisture also is extracted. So by the time all the unwanted residue from the food gets into the descending colon it becomes a hard, dry mass. It is expelled by spasmodic

screwing-like motions of the colon, and if the mass is too hard then it cannot be expelled, or if it is expelled it causes pain and irritation. The only way to make this mass easily removed is to be sure that there is adequate moisture in it so that it remains as a pliable paste. Too many of the commercial laxatives on the market today are irritants, that is the action of the chemical in the laxative irritates the bowel and makes it twitch. Sometimes it irritates the bowel so much that moisture is drawn from the blood stream through the wall of the colon and saturates the mass of residue. And that causes dehydration!

Many of you have written to me about this very problem, and so the best thing to do is to treat first the original condition by means of a self-administered enema and then, when that condition has been restored to normal, by a very carefully selected laxative when needed. Perhaps, to save another avalanche of letters about this problem, we should go into some more detail. So here it is.

People nowadays eat artificial food, manufactured food, and frequently it lacks bulk. If a person takes food and there is not enough residue to fill the intestine, the motion of the intestine cannot push forward the residue which we desire to excrete. So it is quite essential to have a suitable diet. The diet must include bulk, bulk enough to fill the intestine to its normal size so that the spasmodic twitching of the intestine can move forward that residue. Then the food should have 'roughage', which stimulates the bowel without irritating it, in much the same way as suitably applied massage can stimulate the body without irritating it.

Further, one must drink a lot of water so that there is an adequate water supply to keep the blood at its correct thickness (or density), and enough water to keep the kidneys active, and enough left over to keep the body waste in suitably moist condition. If one

follows a normal, sensible diet, plenty of fruit and plenty of vegetables, the bowels should not trouble one unduly. But too many people perch on drug-store stools like a lot of broody hens while they crouch over a plate and absolutely shovel food into their mouth, ladling it in as quickly as possible, hardly taking a bite but swallowing as fast as they can. All this mess gets inside the stomach, and the poor old stomach has to work even harder breaking up the stuff.

Then after one has had this meal one rushes out to catch a bus or do shopping during the lunch-hour break. The bowels during the day get tired of informing their owner that they want to get working, and so the impulse gets slower and slower and weaker and weaker. Many people do not devote enough time to the calls of Nature, and people like bus drivers, for example, who are crouched up in the driver's cabin, constrict their intestines and so constipation is almost an occupational hazard of bus drivers. People seem to think that bowels should only work when THEY want them to work, and they also think that there should be 'instant delivery'.

Nature doesn't work that way. You have to give Nature time to work properly and if you abuse Nature, if you abuse your natural functions, you are going to pay for it with bad health, a bad temper, and a bad bank account.

Now, you know what an enema is? You can get from a drug store a suitable rubber bag with a length of tubing that has a nozzle at the end. With any decent enema bag there will be instructions for use, and it is very very seriously suggested that you shall use an enema for a few times to get your health in good condition because when your intestines have been reconditioned, then you should not again suffer from constipation unless you have some grave disease, in which case you should be in the care of your doctor. Please remember that I am not trying to

replace your family doctor. I am not prescribing what one might term medical treatment. I am, instead, trying to save you a lot of misery by telling you some elementary facts which everyone should know, and which, if people would listen, would save them years of illness and much expense with a doctor who really has more important cases to attend to. So, will you remember that. I am not prescribing medical attention for people with serious illnesses, I am suggesting a treatment, a routine which will help you to keep good health. And that means—avoiding constipation.

It is always safe to give an enema, and the best position is when the patient lies perhaps on a towel on the bathroom floor. Lie on the left side with your knees drawn up. You can administer the enema yourself without any difficulty. If you have some really bad constipation trouble it is a very good idea to have a half ounce of tincture of myrrh and about fifteen drops of tincture of Echinacea. These should be added to a quart of water which is at approximately body temperature. Put this in your enema bag and inject it into the bowels. Keep it in as long as you can, and the mixture will saturate the hard mass within the bowels and make it soft so that it may be passed without any pain.

After you have expelled the first lot, have another enema injection, but this time with a quart of body temperature water to which only fifteen drops of Echinacea has been added. That means you do not have the tincture of myrrh with the second enema. This second injection will help you get rid of any pus or catarrh which is lodged within your lower bowel.

You may be interested to know that many patients who cannot take food through the mouth and throat can be fed 'per rectum'. A nourishing liquid food is very slowly injected and retained, and that nourishes the body. Remember, the more quickly you inject any solution into the rectum, the more quickly it is

expelled. And if you want to retain a healing liquid for some time, then the enema should be given very slowly. Naturally you will only inject liquid food under orders of your doctor.

Native tribes throughout the world have their own cures for constipation. The natives of South America, specifically in the interior of Brazil, gave us one of our most famous laxatives—cascara, or, as it is correctly termed, cascara sagrada, the sacred bark. Natives of Brazil go to their witch doctor when they are constipated and get a piece of the sacred bark which they then chew—and a ghastly taste it has, too! After they have chewed for a bit they discreetly retire into some dense bushes and are not seen again for some little time. When they do appear they are much better in health, but possibly a little pale from all the events which have happened. Sacred bark just chewed has a most devastating effect, but now it has been tamed by chemists, and it can be obtained in very suitable graded doses.

When you have got your interior freed from clogging waste you should check your diet and alter it as and when necessary, and you should then ensure regularity of bowel movements by eating properly and by making a habit of attending to the calls of Nature. Go at the same time each day, never mind if for a day you cannot get any result, still sit there and think about it. If you make an absolute habit of it and show Nature that you are there ready and willing, Nature will oblige if you are ‘there ready and willing’.

The best laxatives that you can take are the herbal ones. You can get cascara sagrada in tablets or in liquid, and you can get senna in tablets or in liquid. These will produce the desired action without pain. Some of the other chemical concoctions on the market are really dreadfully dangerous, but one could call cascara ‘faith pills’. And you will remember that

‘faith’ moves mountains.

Oh, yes, and do not forget this it is useless to take a laxative unless you drink enough water. What is the use of taking a laxative which can cause bowel movements when the stuff you want to move is too hard to be moved? It is an utter essential that when you take a laxative you drink a lot of water, otherwise the laxative will just cause pain without producing any good result. Remember, you cannot drink too much water. If you try to drink too much—well, you just find that you can't.

So, your health depends very largely upon having a clean interior. If you have a clean interior then you can get on and do astral traveling.

Another thing which I have been asked to write about by many women is the change of life, the menopause. Many women fear this worse than death, they think they will go insane or something. They have listened to truly fantastic tales and they fear the worst without knowing anything about it. The menopause is a time of change, but you had a change when you became adolescent. A woman doesn't become a child-bearer overnight; what happens is that a girl child ambles along in childish ways until she is—well, it varies with the individual, twelve, thirteen, fourteen years of age—and all the time she is aware of strange things happening inside her. Her attitude to life changes. Her body changes, too, because at a certain time of her life various new chemicals are being manufactured by the body and released into the bloodstream. The girl then finds she has her first period, and after she has had her first period she is capable of bearing a child.

But this changing from childhood to adolescent means that all sorts of chemicals are pouring into her blood, preparing her for motherhood, making her one of the possible child-bearers. But then, at a certain time in her life, the supply of chemicals gradually

dies out or dries up and the woman all too often feels that she is now useless, feels that she cannot have a child any longer so everything will be different. She feels that she won't have any sex life. It's crazy, of course. Many people have the happiest time of their life when they have entered the menopause. Many people find they become great artists or great designers or great musicians after the child-bearing age is over. Nature takes away the child-bearing potentialities, but all the energy, all the initiative, everything, can then go into other things. Art, being a good wife, etc. Because when a wife is bothered with small children then she is not necessarily a good wife to her husband. After the menopause she can be, and women can have the happiest time of their life after the menopause.

Women ask me how they should behave at the menopause. The answer is, remember you are undergoing change, you are like a car which for years has been running on petrol and suddenly it has to run on paraffin. With adjustment it can be done quite satisfactorily. Remember that the menopause is utterly natural, every woman gets it, and the only ones who are badly effected are those who worry too much. There is no need to bother about it. Realize that changes are taking place. Realize that if you keep calm about it the changes will be effected more quickly. You may have rather more headaches than average, average for you that is, when the menopause is taking place, but that will pass. Soon things will level out and you won't get any feeling of strangeness any more. You won't get any monthly disturbances any more either, you'll be happier. Many people put on a little weight after the menopause because the various chemicals which have now been stopped made a person quite attractive and burned up excess fat. With the stoppage of those chemicals a body can get a little plump, but with suitable dieting,

suitable exercise, you can control that, and look even better. Do not under any circumstances believe Old Wives' Tales, who tell you that you'll get as fat as a pig, you'll enter a mental home, you'll have a beard and a moustache, and all that rubbish.

The menopause is natural, it's quite ordinary, but if you do get too upset or disturbed your doctor can prescribe suitable hormone treatment for you. Now, you cannot prescribe hormones for yourself because there are many different types of hormones and if you take the wrong type they will not do you a bit of good. If you find life too insupportable during the menopause stage, see your doctor, tell him straight out that you want something done about it. Many doctors, sad to say, think that the menopause is so ordinary that it's just a waste of time, it's just childishness for a woman to complain, and if your doctor is like that, then you tell him straight out what you want and see you get it. And if he won't give you hormone treatment, go to some doctor who will because doctors are two a penny, you know.

While we are on the subject of women's complaints, let us refer to that operation known as hysterectomy. Now many women are having hysterectomy without knowing what it's all about. Hysterectomy is almost a status symbol with some women just the same as wearing these comic plastic helmets is a status symbol in Canada or the U.S.A. Men who want to be known as rugged he-men wear a silly little plastic helmet of varying colors to denote their grade—such as building, scaffolding, digging ditches, or gardening (yes, even gardeners wear funny little helmets over here!)

So women, then, are using hysterectomy as a status symbol. It's the newest form of thing just as people had their tonsils out, then they had their appendix out, now they are having their ovaries out. Many women, married women—yes, the unmarried ones as

well! —will not bother about birth control, instead they have hysterectomy, which is the removal of the womb and ovaries, and then they just can't have any babies any more. So they can have as much sex as they want, and everything is quite safe.

It's not as easy as all that. Hysterectomy is a very bad thing indeed unless one has a very definite disease. If your doctor tells you that you have a disease and you need hysterectomy do not just take his word for it, go and see another doctor and get his opinion. Regrettably, it's an easy matter to tell a woman to have an operation. It doesn't hurt the doctor and it brings in some money, you know, and doctors are becoming more and more businessmen. They have to live, they have to pay for expensive cars and establishments, and if a woman is willing to pay for an operation—well, it doesn't hurt the doctor. You will understand that I have no faith in these Western doctors. Having had some experience of them in Canada I think they are nothing but glorified butchers. But back to our hysterectomy.

If it is quite essential for you to have the operation, remember that it is in effect an artificial menopause, an artificial change of life. You are not a useless cabbage after it. You can lead a perfectly normal life, and the only difference in your outlook is that you cannot have babies any more. It is very very wrong, though, for a young woman of, let us say, twenty-five to thirty, to have hysterectomy as a form of birth control, because a woman of forty or fifty has lived a normal sex life and her body and Overself have become matured accordingly, But if before any maturing occurs the drastic operation of hysterectomy takes place, then the woman doesn't have any of these experiences which come with periods, etc., etc. If Nature wanted women to have a change of life at twenty-five years of age, Nature would have arranged it accordingly, and it is not right for Man to alter

Nature just for stupid, idle, whims, but only when there is gross disease which cannot be cured by other means.

So, ladies, if you have to have hysterectomy, act as if you had had a serious operation and a change of life at the same time because that's what it is. Remember that with a normal, natural change of life the cessation of flow of various chemicals has taken place over quite a length of time, but if you have had hysterectomy then you get a quite drastic cessation of flow and a difference of chemical output. That is why some women get a bit 'peculiar' when they have had hysterectomy. Because everything has been too drastic and they did not know what to expect. What to expect is this: you have to recover from the physical shock of the operation, and you have to get used to a difference in your chemical composition. You have to realize that for a time you will feel disorientated, lost, unsure of yourself. You may be trembly, you may have headaches, you may have vague pains in the lower part of your body. But, if you will let them, they will pass and you can do normal things again. You can enjoy sex, you can enjoy sports.

But it all depends upon your attitude, upon your frame of mind, because as you think so you are.

One of the big causes of hysterectomy, frigidity, etc., in women—well, a man wouldn't have hysterectomy, now, would he?!—is that parents of the 'old school' often told their children horrible things about sex. Mothers a few years ago taught their daughters that sex was terrible, horrible, despicable, disgusting, and just about everything in that line with a result that they preconditioned the daughter to abhor sex, preconditioned the daughter to be the one responsible for failure in marriage.

I know a woman who was so utterly terrified about sex by her mother that although she is now in name a married woman, she knows nothing about her hus-

band's body and he knows the same about her. He is a good natured fellow without any drive, without any ambition, as one would expect from the foregoing, and these people live a life as exciting as a lettuce and a cabbage living together in the same shelf of the freezer. I mentioned sex once to this woman, and she nearly threw a fit with embarrassment, horror, and shock, and in my considered opinion—she is just about insane because of the fear of sex. She is always afraid of being raped.

It is a tragic thing that mothers shall give daughters such a wholly false idea about sex. But not only mothers are to blame. Many people who claim to be occultists tell others that sex is unclean, sex stops one from progressing in occult studies. Nothing can be further from the truth. There are certain people who need sex, and there are others who do not. You cannot class humans all in one bunch, what suits one group does not suit the other. And I state quite definitely that there is no harm in sex, but only good, provided the practitioners of the art are in love with each other. If they are not in love then the sex act is nothing but elimination the same as other eliminations of the body.

Unfortunately certain Churches, notably the Catholic Church, teach a lot of rot about sex. So far as I have been able to determine the Catholic Church was started by a lot of old men who were scared stiff of women, but they were not so scared of other men and small boys! That may shock some, but if any of you are shocked then get down to a bit of study and find out for yourself. If you have some money go along to the Vatican, and if you can think of a good enough story you will be able to see some of the books, history books, in the Libraries. And in connection with this it amuses me immensely to know that in the Vatican there is the biggest collection of erotica, or pornographic pictures, of anywhere in the Western world.

And yet the Catholics preach against sex.

Sex is normal, sex is natural, sex is utterly necessary to some people, and anyhow what right has a Catholic priest to dictate to other people? How can a Catholic priest, an unmarried man, tell a married woman what she should or should not do? He's talking about things of which he knows nothing—or should know nothing if he truly is a Catholic priest.

Perhaps we should start a campaign against breathing, let us tell some of these Catholic priests that they commit a mortal sin every time they draw a breath, or every time they attend to the calls of Nature. By the look of some of them they don't commit many mortal sins, do they? You'll gather from this that I do not like Catholic priests, and that is perfectly correct, I think they are a bigoted lot. Instead of research to find anything out about the Bible, to find out anything about the Founder of Christianity, they just swallow the Bible lock, stock, and barrel. Take that old tale about Adam and Eve, the Serpent and the apple; well, according to Eastern Teachings the Serpent becomes the male organ, and the apple is the container which holds the seed. And if you read some of the Bible in the light of Eastern knowledge you will agree that there is quite a lot in the Eastern way of thinking.

Moses was found in the bulrushes; sure he was found in the bulrushes. But he was placed there by the Gardeners of the Earth, that is the people who are known as U.F.O. people, to be found. And later in life Moses ascended into the Mountain, Moses did a lot of strange things. But if you re-read the relevant chapters you will find that Moses stepped upon a terraced floor; did he do that on a mountain, or did he step into a flying ship, a U.F.O.? Moses had a Rod of Power; it wasn't made on Earth, you know, it was made on another world. Moses was, in fact, another spaceman specially planted on Earth.

We will deal more with that type of thing in the next chapter, but I want to put on record that for sheer bigotry and ignorance the Roman Catholic priest is hard to beat. I know, I've met loads of them. And I don't like any of them! I have tried to discuss religion with them sensibly and with an honest desire for knowledge, but the Catholic priest always loses his temper, fiddles with his collar, turns red, and bolts. So much for Catholic priests!

Now, I get frequent letters from people who are interested in drugs like LSD, marijuana, peyote, and all the rest of the junk. A surprising number of such people write to me from prisons throughout the U.S.A. They ask me what I think of LSD, what I think of marijuana, and all the rest of it, and it might be interesting to put my definite opinion down here:

LSD, marijuana, peyote, and all these drugs are terribly, terribly harmful to the Overself. If you want to injure yourself—well, that's your own choice, but it is not a good thing to injure your Overself because down here you are only one tenth conscious, so you don't know what the other nine tenths want. Drugs of this type tangle the Silver Cord, make depressions and twists in the aura, and leave harmful scars on the astral body. There is no sense whatever in injuring your body just in search of fresh sensations which are false sensations, anyhow. The only use for any of these drugs is in the hands of qualified medical researchers who can be assumed to know what they are doing or they wouldn't be qualified medical researchers. My advice is—and this advice never varies—stay away from drugs. If you have to have medical attention requiring drugs, see your doctor. But don't meddle with drugs yourself, you will be doing more harm than you can imagine possible. So—that brings us on to another subject.

Many people seem to think that they are committing a crime if they have any illness. I had a letter

from a lady who was of the opinion that she could not make any spiritual progress, any occult progress, because she had a physical infirmity. She was most distressed thinking that she had sinned greatly in having a body that was not perfect.

Do you know, the really healthy person just cannot do any occult work at all! Look at some of the football players, the baseball players, and all those people just look at a photograph of them. They might be lumps of meat, but too many of them seem to be lacking in the top storey. Just look at those photographs of popular players, and express your own opinion!

Quite seriously, though, I tell you that so far as I am aware one has to have some infirmity before one can be really psychic. The Great Oracle of Tibet was a sick man, a very sick man indeed, and a very accurate one in his prophecies. If you dig down in research you will find that all occultists who are genuine have some physical disability which increases their rate of vibration up to a point where they are able to perceive, either by clairvoyance or telepathy or some other way. That's something for you to think about. Many times a person has an infirmity or illness, not because he or she is working out karma but so that he or she can have the personal vibration increased to such an extent that higher frequencies may be received, and occult phenomena may be experienced.

People write to me and say that I must have a terrible karma to work out because I have had coronary thrombosis, T.B., and a few other complaints, and because I have truly had such a terribly hard life. But—no, no it's not working out karma at all, it is for the purpose of doing a special task. So please do not write again telling me I must have been very wicked in a past life or I would not have suffered so much in this! I know what I was in a past life, I know what I am doing, and I know where I am going.

And I would get there a lot faster if there were more people to help. I have tried to do a special research in the matter of the human aura, I have tried to produce a special device so that anyone can see the aura, but always there is the question of money. If one tries to get money for research—then one is automatically suspect. I have tried to get people to study, but there again people are scared stiff of being parted from anything between their shoes and their hat.

But I do assure you—no! I am not working out karma. Instead I am doing a special task.

It is unfortunate that so much about human bodies enters into that task because always there is the thought in peoples' minds, 'Oh! He wants money! Oh, he wants sex!' Well, in the latter they are quite wrong! But it does give me an opportunity of saying that the so-called promiscuous Norwegians, or Scandinavians, are quite right in their attitude towards sex, quite right in their attitude towards the human body. After all, Christians claim that the human body is made in the image of God, and then they go and spoil everything by being afraid to show the image of God. The Scandinavians are not like that, they are more broadminded, as are quite a number of Europeans and, of course, the Japanese. But American people, or rather North American people, are really frightfully immature when it comes to human bodies and sex. They don't know what love is, all they want to do is sit in a convertible under the light of the moon and NECK. They want to poke and prod and squeeze, and stir up all the emotions while denying Nature the last emotion of all. And in doing this 'necking' stunt, they build up frustration, misunderstanding, and unhappiness. However, North America is a young continent yet, and I look upon them as toddlers experimenting with themselves and with others, and just starting the long process of growing up.

In ordinary sex, for instance, even with a married couple who may be staying with their parents, they are afraid to make love in case the parents will hear! Well, good gracious me, if the parents hadn't done the same thing sometime before there wouldn't be this married couple now, would there? Which brings us back to what I said before. There is nothing wrong in sex, provided it is done with love. And the people who preach against sex are preaching against the strongest thing in human life, and in my opinion they are just crackpots.

I have just received a letter which asks me about people who are dying. 'Is it true,' the letter asks, 'that people often smile when they are dying?' Yes, they do. Anyone who has had much to do with the very ill and the dying can testify to this; most people when they are at the point of death smile and look happy. They look, in fact, as if they are just being met by loved ones—which is indeed the case! When your time comes to leave this Earth, then, be of good cheer, for you will be met, you will be helped, and there is nothing whatever to fear. On the Other Side of this life, at the Other Side of the curtain we call 'death', there is happiness, light, and joy. But wait for it—wait for it. You cannot die before your time, and if you try to you will get slapped back here in worse conditions. It's worth waiting for, though, it is a very pleasant experience as soon as you have left this Earth.

I have said quite a lot about doctors, said they are two a penny. Yes! The average sort of doctor nowadays is just a businessman, he is out to get a living, he is out to make as much money as he can. So if you consider you have some illness which needs treatment you should search around a bit and find a good doctor, find the best general practitioner you can. The 'general practitioner' differs from the specialist in that the former can diagnose and treat almost any

type of illness. You will hear reports of doctors if you will make enquiries, enquire of your friends, enquire about a doctor at a shop or shops, and if you find you cannot get on with the first doctor, well, good gracious me there are plenty of them. Try another!

You should be warned, though, that when you have found a good general practitioner—hang on to him, he's worth his weight in gold and platters of diamonds. When you have your good general practitioner let him tell you if you need the services of a specialist. He knows the human body, its functions, and its malfunctions better than you do. So get to know a good general practitioner, get to know him and trust him, tell him all your symptoms.

Never use your druggist as a prescribing agency. A druggist may be exceptionally good as a druggist, but he is not necessarily qualified to be a general practitioner. So your doctor should be the one to diagnose and the one to prescribe, and the druggist is the one who fills the prescription.

I am going to make myself frightfully unpopular here. I am going to advise you that if you are ill, definitely your best choice is an orthodox, common or garden general practitioner. Avoid spiritualistic healers and others who do not have scientific training. because, just for a simple example, it is utterly easy to hypnotize a person into believing that he does not have such-and-such an illness or such-and-such a symptom. You can 'cure' that illness, but unless you know enough about bodies and medicine to get down to basics you can easily start up a far worse illness. By meddling with spiritualistic stuff, or hypnotic healers who do not have medical training, you can turn an ordinary harmless lump into cancerous tissue. So be very sure that if you are ill you go to an orthodox general practitioner who has the necessary medical training.

Many people are bemused by the different medical

specialties, so for your reference let us mention just a few of the more common ones in alphabetical order.

ALLERGY is the study of altered reactions of the body to certain substances.

ANESTHESIOLOGY is the medical specialty of administering anesthetics, in other words, killing the pain.

DERMATOLOGY deals with skin diseases.

ENDOCRINOLOGY relates to the study of the glands and their internal secretions.

GASTROENTEROLOGY relates to stomach and intestines.

HEMATOLOGY is the science of the blood.

NEUROLOGY deals with the nervous system.

It's hardly worth mentioning Obstetrics and Gynecology or Ophthalmology, because everyone knows that the first is to deal with babies, etc., or rather their production, the second with female diseases in general, and Ophthalmology deals with eye troubles.

The nurse in the hospital says 'E.N.T.' meaning Ear, Nose, and Throat. If she was correct or high-brow, she would say, 'Otology, Laryngology, and Rhinology'

PEDIATRICS is the medical science of dealing with children's diseases.

Again, anyone knows what Physiatry is, which is not to be confused with Psychiatry. Physiatry is the science of physical reconditioning and rehabilitation.

The Proctologist could almost get an advanced Naval rank, because unkind people refer to the Proctologist as the 'Rear Admiral' because he inspects the rear. That is diseases of the anus and rectum.

PSYCHIATRY is the science of mental diseases.

RADIOLOGY is X-ray work.

THORACIC surgery is surgery within the chest cavity.

UROLOGY-for our last one-which deals with anything to do with the urogenital tract, that is the kidneys, the bladder, and the sex organs.

So now you have some nice big words, and you know what your general practitioner means if he should tell you or one of your friends that you should see a 'So-and-So'.

## CHAPTER FOUR

THE night was cold, bitterly cold. On the shrubs across the road a thin layer of snow glistened and sparkled, giving a Christmas cake effect to little plants and small apple trees. Further across a small garden patch, a heavy diesel locomotive chugged and roared away as it waited for a distant signal to give the 'All Clear' so that it could drag its long, long line of freight cars on to New York carrying thousands of new automobiles from Detroit, across Canada, and again into the U.S.A.

Further up the hill a horrendous clamour erupted upon the shuddering air as a recorded carillon of bells blasted from a modern church steeple with such volume that everything seemed to tremble and crouch in fright. From the nearby hotel came the sounds of late-night revelry as tipplers celebrated or bemoaned their luck that day at the local race-track. Well-known bookies were smiling with joy, for that day there had been a 'killing'. The talk came clearly, the clatter of bottles and glasses was sharp upon the night air, and the rattle and tinkle of the cash registers were a continual reminder that someone, at least, was enjoying prosperity.

Across the long bridge spanning the railroad tracks people returning from late duty in shops and factories sped homeward in gay abandon, oblivious of the risk of police speed traps. Further to the left a neon sign blinked on and off, with mindless robotic regularity,

tinging the snow, now blood red then green then red again.

In the frosty air the stars shone hard and clear, not a wisp of cloud obscured the sky, not a strand of smoke impeded the light from the now rising moon. The air was crisp, crisp, and almost tinkling with a layer of frost.

The old man, sitting motionless in the cheap and shaky wheelchair, suddenly moved and pushed the window wide open. The chilly air was like a tonic, like a breath of new life after the heat of the day, and the old man was immune to the cold but could not stand the heat. Sitting in the wheelchair in his pyjamas, for the night was advanced, he wheeled his chair to a covered object beside the window. Taking off the cloth covering, revealed a powerful telescope. Quickly pushing it in position, he prepared to focus on the little points of light such illimitable distance away.

‘Do you want to freeze us all to death?’ mildly enquired a voice from another room.

‘This is not cold,’ said the old man. ‘Tonight I think we shall be able to see the Rings of Saturn very clearly. Do you want to come and look?’

For a moment there was a rustling and a bustling, and then, first a chink, and then a growing amount of light as a door was opened in back of the old man's room. Mrs. Old Man came through and shut the door behind her. She, poor soul, was well wrapped up, and even had a blanket over an overcoat around her shoulders. The old man bent over his telescope, staring to focus in the general direction of the planet Saturn.

Suddenly his attention was distracted by something. Quickly moving the telescope he re-focused on something, and tensed with rigid concentration.

‘What is it, what is it?’ asked Mrs. Old Man. ‘Is it an aeroplane?’

The old man sat silent, his fingers moving over the focusing of the telescope. 'Quick, quick,' he said, 'be ready to put your eye here as soon as I move. This is something you've wanted to see. Ready?!'

'Yes!' said Mrs. Old Man, and got ready to look as soon as the old man himself had got his head out of the way. She peered through the telescope, up into the night sky, following the path of a long bar like a dumb-bell, sliding across the sky, a dumb-bell lit at both ends, and between the two lights a whole series of flickering, blinking, twinkling, ever-changing colours. She breathed hard, 'I've never seen anything like this!' she exclaimed. But then, as she looked, the object came close overhead, and with the telescope she was looking right up underneath. A thing like a door opened in the object, and from the door came a number of bright vehicles, glistening globes. They shot out of what was obviously a mother-ship, and then extinguished their lights and disappeared in all directions. The mother-ship then extinguished her lights, hovered for a moment or two, and then shot heavenwards and was seen in dark silhouette diminishing in size against the bright night sky.

The noise continued from the hotel. No one had been disturbed. Cars continued to speed across the railroad bridge. The returning travelers were too intent upon their driving. In the cab of the great diesel locomotive the engineer smoked his cigar and read his newspaper by the cab light, oblivious of the great ship which was there for him, and for anyone else, to see. To the left the mindless, robotic neon sign changed from green to red to green and red again. The world went about its business, looking down at the works of Man, ignoring the strange things that flew in the night skies as they had flown for centuries past, and would fly for years to come until, in the end, the people from space decide to land on this Earth once again.

They have been here before, you know. Earth is like a colony,, Earth is a testing ground, a seeding place where different types are put together so that the Gardeners of Space can see how they get on together. Don't believe all the rot about God being dead. God is very much alive, and God is using this Earth as a testing ground, and letting little humans learn upon Earth for the much greater things that will happen in the life to come.

The little town, perched sleepily on the side of the placid river, basked in the late afternoon sun. Shoppers slowly meandered along the street, window-gazing first, and then having a not too strenuous mental fight that they should decide what could be afforded and what could not.

The stores and the supermarkets were not at all crowded for this was a slack day in the shopping week, but people wandered about more as an excuse to be out in the sunshine.

Down by the coal wharf men were unenthusiastically dealing with the self-unloader of a coal ship moored alongside. There came the desultory and staccato noise of a bulldozer shoveling mounds of coal, ready to be loaded into an endless stream of trucks and taken to great factories nearby.

Just off the parking lot a mongrel dog of indefinable ancestry pawed lethargically among the refuse. A well-aimed potato caught him on the flank and he rushed off howling, showing the only turn of speed seen in the little town that day.

Down by the river's edge some boys were paddling —without taking their shoes and socks off! They had an old wrecked boat, with the timbers rotten and worm-eaten, and they were lazily engaged in play having to do with Morgan the Pirate. On the other side of the street the man in the radio shop was just changing a record, giving a welcome relief from the

blasting volume of sound which normally poured from that area.

Someone, possibly a housewife, possibly a farmer from further inland, gazed without curiosity up into the sky wondering, no doubt, if the weather would keep up so that the crops could be harvested. Gazed up-and froze into shocked immobility. Passers-by looked at him for a moment, and smiled to themselves, then turned and looked up into the sky. They too became shocked. More and more people gazed up into the hot sky, gazing, gesticulating, pointing, a babble of sound arose. Cars screeched to a halt and drivers and passengers poured out to look upwards.

From the river's bank the boys stopped their play and looked up. One tripped and fell backwards into the water filling the old wrecked boat. Yelling with alarm, he leaped to his feet and he and his companions raced for the market square with water squelching from their shoes, and with the one boy dripping water from the seat of his pants.

A man dashed into a house, and was gone but a moment before returning with a pair of binoculars. Feverishly he put them to his eyes and with trembling fingers focused. The babble of talk increased. Quickly the glasses were snatched from him and passed from one person to another as they all gazed up.

High in the sky, beyond the height at which aircraft would fly, there hovered a large silver pear-shaped object, with the larger part pointing down and the smaller part pointing up. It hovered there, huge and in some alien way, menacing. 'That's not a balloon!' said one man who had recently returned from the Air Force. 'If it was a balloon the larger part would be at the top instead of at the bottom.'

'Yes!' exclaimed another, 'And it would be drifting with the wind. Look at those high alto-stratus clouds passing by it, and yet it is stationary.'

The little town buzzed with consternation and speculation. High above, unmoving, inscrutable, hovered the enigmatic object. Never varying in position, making no motion, no movement of any kind. Slowly the day came to a close with the object there as though glued to a picture of the heavens itself, there, unmoving, unchanging. The moon came up and shone across the countryside, and above in the moonlight the object loitered. With the first early dawn it was still there. People who were preparing to go to work looked out of their windows. The object was still there as if a fixture, and then, suddenly, it moved. Faster and faster it went, straight up, straight up into space, and disappeared.

Yes, you know, there are people in space ships who are watching this world. Watching to see what happens. ‘Well, why do they not come and talk to us like sensible people would?’ you may ask, but the only reply is that they are being sensible. Humans try to shoot them, and try in any way to harm these U.F.O.s, and if the U.F.O.s, or rather the people within them, have the intelligence to cross space, then they have the intelligence to make apparatus which can listen to Earth radio and Earth television, and if they watch Earth television—well, then they will think they have come to some vast mental home, because what could be more insane than the television programmers which are foisted on a suffering public? Television programmes which glorify the unclean, which glorify the criminal, which teach sex in the wrong way, in the worst possible way, which teach people that only self-gain and sex matters.

Would you dive into a fish tank that you could discuss things with some worms at the bottom of the tank? Or would you go to a colony of ants laboring in one of these glass tanks designed to show the work of the ants? Would you go in there and talk with ants, or with any of these lesser creatures? Would you go

into some glass hothouse and talk to some experimental plants, ask them how they are doing, saying, 'Take me to your leader?' No! You would watch and if an ant bit you you'd say, 'Spiteful little things, aren't they?' And be careful that you didn't get bitten in the future.

So the people of space, whose one-year-old children would know more than the wisest man on this Earth, just watch over this colony.

A very few years ago I lived in Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, a country which in South America lies between Argentina and Brazil. Montevideo is upon the River Plate and ships of the world pass by going to Rio de Janeiro or to Buenos Aires, or come into the Port of Montevideo. From my ninth floor apartment I could look out across the River right out to the South Atlantic beyond the confines of the River. There were no obstacles, no obstructions, to the view.

Night after night my family and I used to watch U.F.O.s coming from the direction of the South Pole straight over our apartment building, and coming lower so that they could alight in the Matto Grosso of Brazil. Night after night, with unvarying regularity, these U.F.O.s came. They were seen not just by us, but by a multitude of people, and in Argentina they are officially recognized as Unknown Flying Objects. The Argentine Government are well aware that these things are not the product of hysteria or a fevered imagination, they are aware that U.F.O.s are of surpassing reality.

The day we landed in Buenos Aires a U.F.O. came in and actually alighted at the main airport. It stayed for several minutes at the end of a runway, and then took off at fantastic speed. I was about to say that all this can be read in the press reports, but that is no proof of the truth of it because too often the press

alter things to suit themselves or to get more readers, and I have no faith whatever in anything which is printed in the daily press. So, instead, I will say, that this U.F.O. landing is the subject of an Argentinean Government Report.

Having seen these U.F.O.s night after night, and seen how they can change course and maneuver, I state emphatically that these were not satellites flashing across the sky. The times that satellites can be seen varies, and is known to the minute; the times that we saw these other things were different, and in addition we have also seen the satellites. The night sky of Montevideo is remarkably clear, and I had a very high-power telescope of the type used by the Swiss Customs Officials which ranged from forty magnification up to three hundred and fifty.

This world is under observation, but we need not be upset by that. It is sad indeed that so many people always fear that those who observe wish to do harm. They do not, they wish to do good. Remember that there are ages and ages going back into history, and various civilizations and cultures have appeared and disappeared almost without trace. Remember the civilization of Lemuria, and the great civilization of Minoa. Who has been able to explain the enigmatic statues of Easter Island? Yes, someone once tried to and wrote a sort of a book about it, but it's not necessarily accurate, you know. Or, if you want to go to another stage, how about the Maya people? Can anyone say what happened to the Mayan civilization?

Each of these civilizations was a fresh culture placed upon the Earth to liven up stock which had become dull and, what I can only term, 'denatured'. There is also a very, very ancient theory, or legend, that countless years ago a space ship came to this Earth and something went wrong with the ship, it could not take off. So the people aboard, men,

women, and children, were marooned here, and they started another form of civilization.

It is extremely fortunate that the Hebrew books of the Old Testament had been translated into Greek long before Christians came upon the scene, because the early Christians, just like the present-day ones, tried to alter things to their own gain. We can, then, find out a lot about ancient history from the Hebrew Books which have not been tampered with by Christianity, but even they leave us uninformed about the Mayas, the Easter Islands, and the Etruscans. These were civilizations which flourished more than 3000 years B.C. We can know that because Egyptian hieroglyphs can be traced back to the year 3,000 B.C., and some of these, traced upon temple walls and in tombs, give information about earlier and very great civilisations. Unfortunately around about two hundred years after the start of Christianity knowledge of much of this had been lost because of the manner in which Christians altered history to suit themselves, and because, with the rise in power of Christianity, Egyptian temples were closed down and no longer were there educated priests who could understand the hieroglyphs. And so for several hundred years history remained in darkness.

Later research indicates that many thousands of years ago a great Race suddenly appeared 'in the Land of the Two Rivers'. These people, now known to us as the Sumerians, have left little of their recorded history. Actually, according to the Akashic Record, the Gardeners of the Earth decided that the 'stock' on Earth was becoming weakened by inbreeding, and so they placed upon the Earth others who also had to learn. These others are known to us as the Sumerians, and a particular branch of the Sumerians—almost like a family—became the Semites, and they in their turn became the earliest form of Hebrews. But that was about 2000 B.C.

The Kingdom of Sumeria was a truly mighty kingdom, and brought to this Earth many advancements in culture and science, and many different plants. Certain branches of the Sumerian culture left the founding city and moved to Mesopotamia in round about the year 4000 B.C. In addition they bred and gradually populated areas of high culture. It is interesting to know that when Abraham moved with his herds from the City of Ur in Mesopotamia and went to Palestine, he and those with him brought legends which had been family history for thousands of years. They brought with them stories of the Garden of Eden, a land which lay between the Tigris and the Euphrates. This had been the common ground of many, many tribes and people who had been expanding—as their populations increased—over what is known as the Middle East. ‘Eden’, by the way, actually means ‘a plain’. The Book of Genesis was merely a digest of stories which had been told by the people of Mesopotamia for several thousand years.

Eventually civilizations became absorbed. So it was that the Sumerian civilization, having leavened the stock of Earth became absorbed and lost within the great mass of Earth people. And so, in different parts of the world and in different times, other ‘leavening cultures’ had to be set down, such as the Etruscans, the Minoans, the Mayas, and the Easter Island people.

According to the old legends the Twelve Tribes of Israel do not altogether refer to the people of Earth, but instead mean one tribe which was the original people of the Earth, and the eleven ‘tribes’, or cultures, which were put down here to leaven the original which was becoming weakened by inbreeding.

Consider, for your own amusement, various tribes. the black people, the yellow people, the white people, and so on. Now which do you think is the original

Earth inhabitant and which are descended from the Mayas, the Sumerians, the Etruscans, and others? It makes interesting speculation. But there is no need to speculate because, I tell you very seriously, that if you will practice what I have tried to show you in all my books, you can do astral travel. And if you can do astral travel you can know what is happening, and what has happened, through the Akashic Record. The Akashic Record is no television show where we are interrupted by 'a few words from our sponsor'; here we have the utter truth, here we have absolute exactitude. History as it was, not as it was re-written to suit some dictator who did not like the truth of his early life, for example.

By visiting the Hall of the Akashic Record you can find the truth about the Dead Sea Scrolls, those Scrolls which were found in 1947 in certain caves by the Dead Sea in a district called Qumran. This collection of Scrolls belonged to a certain Order of Jews who, in many ways, resembled Christians. They had a man at the head who was known as the Teacher of the Rightful Way. He was known as the Suffering Son of God, who was born to suffer and did for humanity. According to the Scrolls He had been tortured and crucified, but would rise again.

Now, you might think that this refers to the Leader of Christianity, Jesus. But this Teacher of the Rightful Way lived at least a hundred and fifty years before Jesus came to the Earth. The evidence is definite, the evidence is absolutely precise. The Scrolls themselves were part of a Library of this particular Jewish sect, and the Library had been endangered by the Romans, and some of the Jewish monks had hidden certain Scrolls, probably the only ones that they had time to save.

There are various ways in which science can determine the age of any reputedly antique object, and these Scrolls have been subjected to those tests, and

the tests indicate that they are about five hundred years older than Christianity. There is no possibility that they were written after the advent of Christianity. It follows from this that it would pay to have a really sound investigation into the Bible and all religious papers, because the Bible has been translated and re-translated many, many times, and even to the experts many of the things in the Bible cannot be explained. If only one could overcome religious bias, religious prejudice, and discuss things openly, one could get down to basic facts and the history of the world could be set right. There is, I repeat, a good way, and that is to consult the Akashic Record. Now, it is possible for you to do this if you first become proficient in astral travel, but if anyone tells you that he or she will go into the astral for you and look at the Akashic Record provided you pay him or her a certain sum of money, consider him to be a fake, because these things are not done for money.

I hope I have said enough in this chapter to indicate that the U.F.O.s are real, and they are not a menace to anyone on this Earth. The U.F.O.s are merely the Gardeners of the Earth who come here from time to time to see what is happening to their stock, and they have been here so much more frequently, and in much greater numbers recently because mankind has been playing around with atomic bombs, and risking blowing up the whole dump. What a terrible commotion there has been about U.F.O.s, hasn't there? Yet, U.F.O.s are mentioned very extensively in the Greek Legends and in the Religious Books of many different forms of religious belief. In the Bible U.F.O.s are mentioned, and there are many reports in ancient monasteries, such as, 'When the monks were sat down to lunch at midday, having their first meal of meat for many weeks, a strange aerial object came over and panicked the good Brothers.'

U.F.O.s have been showing increasing activity during the past fifty or sixty years because the people of Earth have been showing increased hostility towards each other; think of the first Great War, think of the second Great War in which pilots of all nations saw what they called 'Foo Fighters', which were indisputably U.F.O.s watching the progress of battles. Then take the matter of airline pilots. It doesn't matter which airline, it doesn't matter which country, because airline pilots all over the world have seen many strange and even possibly frightening U.F.O.s. They have talked about it extensively, too, but in many Western countries there is a heavy censorship about such things. Fortunate it is, too, or the press, with their usual distortion, would twist everything up and make the harmless into something horrendous.

It has usually been said, 'Oh, well, if there are U.F.O.s why have not astronomers seen them?' The answer is that astronomers have seen them, and have photographed them, but again there is such a censorship that people in prominent positions are afraid to talk about things they have seen. They are afraid to talk for fear of getting into trouble with the authorities who do not want the truth known. They are afraid to talk because they fear that their professional integrity will seem to be in doubt, for people who have not seen U.F.O.s are extremely virulent in their hatred for those who have.

So the pilots who fly the airlines, whether in a commercial capacity or in connection with the armed forces, have seen and will continue to see U.F.O.s but until the moronic governments of the world enlarge their attitudes, not much will be heard of those sightings. The Argentine Government is surely one of the most enlightened in that they officially recognize the existence of U.F.O.s. They were, in fact, the first country in the world to recognize U.F.O.s as actualities. Other countries are afraid to permit any accurate

information for various reasons. In the first case, the Christian belief seems to be that Man is made in the image of God, and, as nothing is greater than God nothing can be greater than Man who is made in the image of God. And so if there is some sort of creature who can make a space ship which can go through space, visiting different worlds, then that must be hushed up because the creature may not be in the shape of Man. It's all distorted reasoning, but things will change in the not too distant future.

Then the military clique cannot acknowledge the existence of U.F.O.s because to do so would be to admit that there is something more powerful than the military clique. The Russian dictators, for example, could not admit the existence of these U.F.O.s because to do so would lessen their own stature in the eyes of their people. Now all the good little Commies—if there are any good Commies—think that the leaders in Moscow are omnipotent, infallible, and the most wondrous things that ever appeared on Earth. So if a little green man, three or four feet high, should be able to travel from world to world, and not all the resources of the great Moscow leaders could shoot down the little green man, then it would show that the little green man is more important than the Communist powers, and that would never do for the Communists. So, everything about U.F.O.s is banned. People also say that if there were U.F.O.s, the astronauts or cosmonauts or whatever they call themselves would have seen them. But that's not at all accurate, you know; consider this—these fellows who have been in space have just been up a bit higher than any other humans on Earth. They have not really been in space, they have just been in a rarefied atmosphere. They are not in space until they go behind the Van Allen belts of radiation, and they are not truly in space until they have gone to the Moon and come back. Further, saying that there are no

U.F.O.s because if there had been the space men would have seen them, is much the same as saying, as you gaze out on the ocean, that there are no fish in the ocean, if there were you could see them! You get chilly looking fellows who sit by the side of the sea for hours trying to catch a fish. It's a full-time job with them—trying to catch a fish. And yet there are millions of fish in the sea. They are hard to see, though, aren't they, if you just take a glimpse at the ocean? In the same way, if you are shot up into the rarefied atmosphere a hundred or so miles above the surface of the Earth, and you look out of a little hole in your tin can—well, you don't see a whole procession of U.F.O.s. For one thing you are too uncomfortable, and secondly you don't have much of a view there.

But wait a minute, though. If you have listened-in to the astronauts radioing back to Earth you will have heard, or remembered that there have been references to these U.F.O.s seen by astronauts, but in all future re-plays that reference has been carefully censored and deleted. The astronaut in the enthusiasm of the moment has mentioned U.F.O.s. And also mentioned photographing U.F.O.s, and yet in all later reports such references have been denied.

It seems, then, that we are up against quite a bad plot, a plot to conceal a knowledge of what circles the Earth. A plot to conceal the very real existence of U.F.O.s. In the press and in various pseudo-scientific journals there have been references to U.F.O.s in the most scary terms, how wicked these things are, how dangerous, and how they do this or that. And how they have got a tremendous plot to take over the Earth. Don't believe a word of it! If the U.F.O. people had wanted to take over the Earth they could have done it centuries ago. The whole point is, they are afraid that they will have to take over the Earth (and they do not want to) if the Earth goes on releas-

ing too much hard atomic radiation.

These spacemen are the Gardeners of the Earth. They are trying to save the Earth from the Earth people—and what a time they are having! There are reports of many different types of U.F.O.s. Well, of course there are! There are many different types of aircraft upon the Earth. You can, for example, have a glider without any engine. You can have a monoplane or a biplane. You can have a one-seater aircraft or a two-hundred-plus-seater aircraft, and if you don't want noisy aircraft then presumably you could get a spherical gas balloon or one of those very interesting things made by Goodyear. So, if you had a procession of these contraptions flying over darkest Africa, the people there would be most amazed at the variety, and would no doubt think that they came from different cultures. In the same way, because some space craft are round, or ellipse shaped, or cigar shaped, or dumb-bell shaped, the uninformed person thinks they must come from different planets. Possibly some of them do, but it doesn't matter in the slightest because they are not belligerent, they are not hostile. They are manned by quite benevolent people.

Most of these U.F.O.s are of the same 'polarity' as the people of the Earth, and so they can, if they wish, alight on the surface of the Earth or dive beneath the surface of the sea. But another type of U.F.O. comes from the 'negative' side and cannot come close to the Earth—perhaps I should say cannot come close to the Earth's surface—without disintegrating in a violent explosion with a tremendous clap of thunder, because these particular U.F.O.s come from the world of anti-matter. That is, the opposite type of world from this. Everything, you know, has its equal and opposite.

You can say that there is a sex thing in planets, one is male and the other is female, one is positive and the other is negative, one is matter and the other is anti-

matter. So when you get reports of a tremendous explosion or see a vast fireball plunging to Earth and excavating a huge crater, you may guess that a U.F.O. from an anti-matter world has come here and crashed.

There have been reports of so-called 'hostile' acts by U.F.O.s. People, we are told, have been kidnapped. But do we have any proof whatever that anyone has really been harmed? After all, if you have a Zoo and you want to examine a specimen, you pick up a specimen and bear it away. You examine it. You might test its blood, you may test its breath content, you could X-ray it and weigh it and measure it. No doubt all those things would appear to be very frightening and very tormenting to the ignorant animal involved. But the animal, when carefully replaced, is none the worse for this weighing and measuring, none the worse at all. In the same way, a gardener can examine a plant. He doesn't hurt the plant, he is not there to hurt plants, he is there to make them grow, make them better. So he examines the plant to see what can be done to improve it. In the same way the Gardeners of the Earth occasionally pick up a specimen, a man or a woman. Well, all right, so they measure a human, examine him or her, do a few tests, and then put the human back into the human surroundings. And he or she is none the worse off for it, it's only because they are scared silly that they think they are any the worse off. Usually. they are so frightened that they concoct the most horrible tales about what happened to them, when, actually, nothing unusual whatever happened.

This world is being watched, and it has been watched since long, long before the dinosaurs thundered across the face of this Earth. The world is being watched, and it will be watched for quite a time, and eventually the people of space will come down here. Not as tormentors, not as slave-owners, but as bene-

volent teachers or guides. Various countries now send what they call a Peace Corps to what are alleged to be under-developed countries. These Peace Corps people—who usually are in need of some form of excitement, or they can't get some other type of job—go out into jungles and teach 'backward' people the things which they really do not need to know. Things which give them false ideas and false values. They get shown a film of perhaps some film star's marvelous palace in Hollywood and then they all get the idea that if they become Christians, or Peace Corps Patrons, they also will have such a marvelous edifice in which to live, complete with swimming pool and naked dancing girls.

When the people from space come here they will not behave like that. They will show people by example how they should go on, show them that wars are not necessary, show them a true religion which can be expressed in the words, 'Do as you would be done by.'

Before much longer governments of the world will have to tell the truth about U.F.O.s, will have to tell about peoples from outer space. They know already, but they really are scared to let the public know. But the sooner they do let the public know, the sooner it will be possible to adjust, to prepare, and to avoid any untoward incidents when our Gardeners return to this world. People write to me about the so-called 'Men in Black'. Well, that is newspaper, or journalistic license. It just means that there are outer space people here upon the Earth observing, recording, and planning. They are not here to cause trouble for anyone. They are here so that they may gain information with which they can best plan how to help the people of the Earth. Unfortunately too many Earth people react like mad animals, and if they think they are being attacked they go berserk. If one of these 'Men in Black' (who may be dressed in any colour!) is

attacked, then obviously he has to defend himself. But unfortunately his defense is often distorted to appear to be an original attack when it's nothing of the sort:

There are many types of U.F.O.s. There are many shapes and sizes of people within those U.F.O.s, but these people share one thing in common; they have lived a long time, longer than the people of Earth, and they have learned much. They have learned that warfare is childishness. They have learned that it is far better for people to get on together without all the quarrelling. They have learned that Earth has apparently gone mad, and they want to do something to bring the people of Earth back to sanity, and to stop excessive atomic radiation. And if they cannot stop that peacefully, then Earth will have to be in quarantine for centuries to come, and that would hold up the spiritual development of great masses of people here.

So, in conclusion, do not fear U.F.O.s, for there is nothing to fear. Instead, open your mind to the knowledge that before too long the people of this Earth will have visitors from space who will not be belligerent but who will try to help us as we should help others.

## CHAPTER FIVE

IF you could see the letters I receive, and keep on seeing them over more than a decade, you would come to one inescapable conclusion; readers are queer people! Not you of course, but all the other readers or rather some of them, because some are very, very nice indeed.

One constant type of comment I get is that I should send more copies of my books free to Public Libraries. People write in and tell me they cannot afford the price for my paperback books, and they can only read, they tell me, if I supply them free to Libraries.

Well, I am not much in favour of that idea. An Author makes his only living from royalties on books. If I write a book I get ten per cent of the profit, ten per cent in some countries, seven per cent in others, and always on the lowest selling price. If a book is sent from England—where it is very low priced—to America, where it has to bear the cost of carriage, etc., I do not get the royalties on the higher American price. I get the royalties on the lower English price—royalties on the profit, mind you, after all expenses have been taken off by the Publisher. I also have to pay an Agent, or two Agents, and sometimes from my ten per cent I have to pay twenty per cent in Agent's fees. Then there are taxes, and an Author, all too frequently, encounters double taxation. That is, he pays full tax in one country, and then has to pay tax on the same sum in another country. And, believe

me, that knocks all the guilt off the gingerbread, and you end up with hardly any 'bread' at all.

In addition I have to pay quite a lot of other Things—stationery, envelopes, stamps. And let me remind you, also, that an Author who answers letters is the worst paid man in the world. A buck navvy who leisurely digs a hole in a road is paid for his work, he is paid for his time. A lawyer is paid for his time and his skill, so is a doctor. But people write to an Author, actually demanding this or that service, or this or that gift, and nine times out of ten they do not even enclose return postage. If they do it is all too frequently postage from another country. For example, people in America who send stamped addressed envelopes, put American stamps on which, of course, cannot be used in a Sovereign State such as Canada. So what is one to do then? Pay the cost of the stationary, the printing of the letter heading? Some letters have to be typed; that again costs money. And the postage has to be met. So, as you will agree, people write to an Author and expect all for nothing. I actually had a person write to me and tell me that he had bought one of my books; as such he was entitled to my whole services he told me. He said that he had read in the back of the book that I was asking people to write to me. It never entered his head that I was asking people NOT to write to me!

As an Author I depend upon royalties, and if people borrow books from the Public Library I do not get any payment. And yet the ones who borrow from a Public Library are the ones who are most demanding in their questions and requirements. I have had a person write to me and tell me that she had read one of my books, and 'you may now send me complimentary autographed copies of all your books, and I want an autographed photograph of you'. What would you reply to that, dear Reader?

One gets various amusing incidents also. I am

highly amused at the behavior of a little group of people in Adelaide, Australia. I call them the 'Apes of Adelaide'. These are a little gang who have been in trouble, it seems, with the police. Now I had someone write to me, telling me various things in confidence, and asking did I recommend these people. I wrote back and said, No, I did not. Since then I have had dozens of obscene letters from these people, and every so often I get, perhaps, nine or ten which say, 'I hereby disconnect from you.' It strikes me as rather amusing because we have never been connected, so how can one disconnect that which has never been connected? I am informed that this gang have a requirement now that anyone who joins them (poor unfortunate soul!) has to put a name, any name, to one of these pre-typed slips and mail it off to me. Well, it's good for the postal authorities. It's also very good for the police, because I mail the whole lot back to the police at Adelaide, complete with the envelopes, so they can keep a file of these names and the handwriting, as those police have informed me they are investigating this little gang. I await developments with the greatest of interest. So—Apes of Adelaide—I send you my greetings, and I am still puzzled how we can be disconnected when we have never been connected.

Another person in Vancouver wrote to a friend of his (who promptly informed me!) saying that 'Lobsang Rampa could not be genuine because in one of his books he says he does not like the Irish tax collector!'

Yet another from Vancouver heard that I was poor, very poor, and this good lady promptly said that I was obviously a fake if I was poor, because if I was genuine money would come to me and I would be a millionaire. It did not occur to her, apparently, that there are some things more valuable than gold or diamonds. Actually, she is barking up the wrong tree,

because a person who really can help others in the occult does not make a charge, he does not put things on a commercial basis. If people want to make a gift of money to help out—well, that is acceptable, but such people are rarer than hen's teeth.

There are compensations, though. There are very many nice people who write. I have had a letter telling me that a noted 'Seer' is of the opinion, and has so stated publicly, that 'Lobsang Rampa has done more for the occult world than any other person on or off the Earth'. Quite a nice compliment, eh? Certainly it is one which I very greatly appreciate because, whatever some people think, I am trying to do a job in helping others know what all this is about, in this life and after this life.

Yes, there are compensations, there are good people. More than a decade ago, when I first came to Canada, I had a letter from a woman and by psychometry I judged that this was a nice person and genuine. She asked if she could come and see me. Well, at that time I had a car—now I have a wheelchair, and I can't afford a car—so I decided that I would drive to her house and just give her a surprise. I did so, and I found a very nice woman indeed. Mrs. Valeria Sorock. During the past ten years the friendship and personal liking between her and my family and I has grown to its present stage that she is accepted, not just as a friend, not just as someone who writes, but as one of the family. She writes, but we have met her on very many occasions, and wherever we have lived in Canada she has visited us. She even visited us when we were in Montevideo, in the country of Uruguay.

Last night I had a really long-distance call from Mrs. Valeria Sorock, a telephone call because those unmentionable mail men are on strike here in Canada. So Mrs. Sorock made this telephone call, and she said that as I was writing another book she would

like to have a few questions answered. So I wrote down her questions and I told her that I would answer her in this book if she agreed to have her name as the one asking the questions. By the way, Mrs. Sorock is the perfectionist in English who shudders so violently when she reads my distorted form of prose, and sometimes when she peruses proofs and sees grammatical errors—well, she turns positively pale! But now, let us send a greeting to Mrs. Valeria Sorock and deal with her questions.

The first question is: ‘How can one overcome fear?’

Fear? You must know what you fear. What do you fear? Do you fear the Unknown? Until you know what it is that you fear you cannot do anything about it. Fear is a harmful thing, it is a shameful thing, it is a thing which stultifies progress. How to overcome fear; the best way is to think of that thing which you fear. Think about it from all angles. What is it? Why should it affect you? What do you think it can do to you? Is it going to injure you physically? Is it going to injure you financially? Will it matter in fifty year's time?

If you carefully analyze your feelings, if you carefully go into the subject of this ‘Why-do-I-fear?’ you will surely come to realize that there is nothing to fear. I have yet to find anything which can make one fear if one really goes into the matter.

Do you fear the police, or our old enemy the Tax Collector? Do you fear things in the astral world? Well, there's no need to because I state most definitely that if you analyze this object, or this condition, or this circumstance which causes you to experience fear, you will see that it is a harmless thing after all.

Do you fear poverty? Then what do you fear? Take it out of its dark closet. Is it your ‘skeleton in the closet’? Take it out, dust off the cobwebs, and look at

the problem from all angles. You will find that fear vanishes, and always remember that if you do not fear, then nothing in this world or off this world can harm you. And believe me when I say that people off this world are a lot kinder than the people on this world.

Now, we come to the second question, which is: 'How does one know when one is doing right?'

Every person, every entity on this world or off this world has a built-in 'censor', a part of the mind which enables a person to know if he or she is doing right. If a person gets drunk or under the influence of drugs, the censor is temporarily stunned, and the behavior of a person who is drunk or is under the influence of drugs can be very bad, and can be far worse than would be the case if the person's personal censor was in working order.

You can always tell when you are doing right. You feel right. If you are doing wrong, then you have an uneasy feeling that something is not as it should be. The best way to be sure of knowing if you are doing right or doing wrong is to practice meditation. If you wrap yourself in your meditation robe you insulate yourself from the rest of the world, and your astral form can become disengaged from outside influence and can give you enlightenment direct from the Overself. If you meditate, you see, it's not just a lump of protoplasm giving you ideas; when you meditate you actually receive confirmation of your good or bad from your Overself. And so I say to you—if you are in doubt, meditate, and then you will know the truth.

Mrs. Sorock, now you have asked me something! You ask, 'How can one develop Extra Sensory Powers?'

Well, sad to say some people never do. Just the same as some people can never paint a picture, some people cannot sing a song—or if they do they are soon told to shut up! Some people cannot do E.S.P. be-

cause they are so sure that they cannot do E.S.P. But if one is willing to try, E.S.P. is easy. You cannot normally do the whole bunch, you know; telekinesis, telepathy, clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, and the whole lot. If you've been trained in E.S.P. from your seventh year up, then you can do it.

But, assume now that you want to learn to do some form of E.S.P. We have to specify something, so let us say psychometry is your choice. You are anxious to practice psychometry. Well, you have to have exercises just as if you are learning to play the piano, you practice the scales, and you go on practicing those silly scales day after day, week after week. And even when you are an accomplished musician, you still have to practice scales.

Let us get back, though, to this psychometry. You want to learn psychometry so the best thing to do is to have a week or two just saying to yourself in a positive manner that you ARE going to be proficient at psychometry (or clairvoyance or clairaudience, or whatever it is you wish). You visualize yourself putting your hand—usually the left hand, on an object, and you visualize yourself getting a clear picture, or a clear impression about that object.

For one or two weeks, then, you fill your waking hours with thoughts that you are definitely going to do this. Then, after perhaps fourteen days, you wait until the mailman has been, and you take a letter which he has delivered, and you just gently rest your left hand upon it—before you open it, of course. Rest your left hand upon it. Close your eyes, and sit in any relaxed position. Let yourself imagine (later it will really be so) that you can feel some strange influence coming out from the envelope and tickling the palm of your hand and your fingers.

By this time you should be getting some sort of sensation in your left hand. Well, just try to let your mind go blank, and see what sort of impression you

get. First it will be crude, it will be utterly rudimentary. You can classify the letter as 'good' or 'bad'. You can classify it as 'friendly' or 'unfriendly'. Then open your letter and read it, and see if your impression was correct. If you were correct then you will succeed rapidly, because nothing succeeds like success.

First of all try with just this one letter, that is on one day. Next day try two or three letters, or, if you wish, stick to one only, but this time try to 'feel' what the letter is about. Persevere with it, and as you succeed you will go on to much better things.

When you are proficient in psychometry—and it only takes practice—you will be able to actually visualize, or even actually see the person who wrote the letter, and you will know the gist of it without opening the envelope. It is a simple matter, and it merely needs practice. If you are learning to touch-type and you peek at the keys, you are putting yourself back. You have to learn to type without looking at the keys, and as you make progress and hit the right keys in the right sequence, you get confidence and you can go faster. It's the same with psychometry; as you make correct 'guesses', which are really correct impressions, it strengthens your confidence, and with strengthened confidence you find that you are progressing faster and faster and becoming more and more accurate, and more and more detailed. It is hard work, though, you have to practice, and practice, and practice. And you have first to be alone when you are doing it, otherwise, if there are people about chattering like a load of monkeys, they will distract you and you will never do it. So, practice, and practice alone until you are proficient. And when you are proficient you can do it with your hands or your feet, or you can even sit on a letter and know what's inside!

Still dealing with Mrs. Sorock, we have her final questions, 'How can one make sure lessons are

learned well enough so we don't have to come and start all over again?'

Believe me that when you get a lesson which you FEEL has sunk in, it has indeed sunk in. You want to remember that when you leave this world you leave all your money behind you, you leave your clothes behind you, and this low-vibration physical body as well. But what actually goes with you in place of a bank account is all the good that you ever learned. So if you have had a lesson or two, that goes with you, and you have the results of that on the Other Side. Supposing you are having difficulty with some man; you decide on a certain course of action to 'bring him to heel', and then you weaken when the time comes for you to implement that course of action. Well, that sets up a negative, it sets up a black mark against you. If you have decided to do a certain thing which you believe to be right, then you must at all costs do that thing which you believe to be right. If you start to do it, and turn back, then it acts as a negative, it acts as a barrier, and as some great difficulty which later has to be overcome.

To answer your question, then—how to make sure that you learn your lessons well enough so that you do not have to come here again. Decide upon what you believe is a correct course of action, and having decided upon that correct course of action, let nothing divert you from your course. Then you will be doing right, and you will not have to come and learn it all over again.

You can also practice the old immortal law—'Do as you would be done by.' If you do that, then you have learned the great law of all, and you do not have to come back and start all over again.

So, let us say goodbye to Mrs. Valeria Sorock on these questions, and turn to something else, shall we?

Questions, questions, questions! All right—what

is the next question?

‘You write in your books about two Siamese cats one called Ku'ei and one called Fifi. What happened to them?’

The Lady Ku'ei is not upon this Earth any more. She was doing very well, but then I was the victim of a wholly unjustified, entirely unwarranted press attack and the Lady Ku'ei, who, like me, had had a very hard life, was not able to put up with any more sorrow or persecution. And so the Lady Ku'ei passed away from this Earth. I visit her in the astral and she visits me. Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers also has left this Earth, but she was old and blind. She was gravely handicapped by the beastliness of humans. She is not handicapped no longer, for she can see. And she has a very, very sweet nature; I visit her, too, in the astral and she visits me. These two have their ‘representatives’ here, one is Miss Cleopatra, a seal point Siamese, and I must say that she is the most intelligent animal I have ever met. If one were awarding I.Q.'s one would place her I.Q. rating very, very high indeed. She is brilliant. The other ‘representative’ is Miss Tadalinka, and she is a blue point Siamese. She is exceptionally kind-hearted and most maternal. She comes into my room at night and really looks after me, and they both are the finest of all companions during the long, sleepless hours of darkness.

Never let anyone say that humans are superior to animals, for these two—Cleopatra and Tadalinka—have personalities which in a human, would raise them to sainthood, and that is truly meant.

Another person writes, ‘In one of your books you imply that the Christian religion is breaking down, and there will be trouble in the Vatican in years to come. Don't you think the Christian religion will conquer all?’

Actually, it's not what I think; that doesn't matter. What DOES matter is, what is present in the

Probabilities. And according to the Akashic Record of Probabilities, the Christian religion will pass away. Already Christians (I am a Buddhist!) are saying that God is dead, or God doesn't care, or some such rot. But God is God no matter what you call Him. There is a Supreme Being no matter what you call Him. A great weakness of Christianity is that Protestant fights against Catholic, and Catholic fights against everything else, and they are all so frightfully sure that there is no way to Heaven except through the door of their own particular little Church. The Record of Probabilities says that before too long the Christian religion will end and a completely fresh religion will come into being. Many people believe that there are more Christians than any other religion upon this Earth. That is nonsense which can be shown by visiting any Public Library and consulting a map which gives comparative religious numbers.

The Christian religion will end, then, and a completely fresh religion will take its place in which some of the priests, most of the priests, will have a far greater understanding of people than do the present Christian priests, who are scared stiff to discuss anything and who can only talk in platitudes or parables. It's easy for a priest, with an absolutely assured income, to prate on to some poor impoverished sufferer about, 'God will provide.' But it's not so easy when you are the poor impoverished sufferer. With the next religion there will be many, many improvements. About time, too, isn't it?

In passing, and this is entirely my own comment, I really am highly amused about the Salvation Army; these people used to be wonderful to the poor, but my own personal experience is that they are not so wonderful now. Now you get little men and women who, to me, seem to be arrant hypocrites lording it over those who have had some misfortunes. I am not

know what it's like to be forced to live for a short time in a Salvation Army hostel and to have a little squirt of a man order me about. I know what it's like to have a little runt squeal, 'Sing, my man, you have to sing and pray before you have your soup.' Let me repeat that many years ago the Salvation Army did wonderful things for the poor, but during the last twenty-five years they seem to have changed such a lot that it's about time they were disbanded and set to digging ditches, or something, so they would know the other side of the coin. That is my personal opinion based upon more than one actual personal, painful, experience of the Salvation Army.

Reference to an army of any kind, good, bad, or very indifferent, brings our next question into its logical position. A questioner wrote, 'What is wrong with this world? Why have we failed, where have we failed? How is it that everyone's hand is against everyone else nowadays? Can you explain that?'

Yes, I think so. I think there is no problem in explaining actually. It's a breakdown in discipline. An army is only an army so long as it has discipline. When discipline fails an army becomes a rabble. But, let us look at it rather more closely.

Every person, every community, whether it be a hamlet, a village, a town, a city, or a country, and every world also, has a choice of the right Path or the wrong Path. It's like a continuous examination. Do people know the answers? Can they make the right decision, the right choice? Can they take the right Path?

Well, the poor old Earth took the wrong Path, and what could have been the negation of the Age of Kali in which all the horrors, frustrations, etc., of the Age of Kali would have been cancelled out, instead of that the Earth took the wrong Path and the Age of Kali is upon us in full force.

This is how it started. In 1914 World War 1 began.

Men were sent to the fighting forces and because of avaricious munition makers and others of that ilk, women were beguiled into cutting their hair short, putting on trousers and entering the factories, taking over the jobs formerly held by men. Women went to work, women sought what they blithely called 'equality with men'. And what utter nonsense that is! Men and women are different; no man has ever produced a baby, and no woman has ever fathered a baby. They are quite different. Each designed for their own purposes in life, in evolution. The job of the woman was probably far more important than that of men, women had equality, women have always had equality. The supreme job of women was to look after the family and to train the children to be good citizens and good people. When the woman was at home looking after the family the world was a far better place, there were less crimes, less strikes, less civic disturbances. Women stayed at home, maintained home discipline, and saw that the rising generation had the necessary training and the necessary discipline with which they, in turn, would take over.

But then women entered the factories, entered the shops, they drove buses, did everything. And what happened? Young children were shoved out into the streets to play, to look after themselves. Young children, almost as soon as they could totter, were left to fend for themselves and go to a drug store for a hurriedly snatched meal. The weaker characters among these young people, these quite young children, were soon dominated by stronger and harder and more vicious characters in the community. Soon children were racing about in gangs like pack rats. There is no longer a respect for law and order. A policeman is an object of derision. Everything is done by children to break the law, they lie, they steal, they gamble, and their sexual precociousness makes one

wonder what is to happen next.

Parents no longer have any real authority over their children. Children stay out at all hours of the day and night, they are not responsible to anyone. These children flaunt the authority of teachers, and they behave like mad things. They grow up to be gangsters and assassins, and, in my considered opinion, the whole responsibility is that of parents who are so busy amassing money that it is an economic necessity that husband and wife both work, and thus the children, the future race, are neglected. As husband and wife both work there is more money available, so manufacturers put on extra shifts of workers to make more goods, to take some of the surplus money. The goods are carefully made so that they last a certain predictable time only, or utterly lying advertisements preach that it is absolutely necessary to have this or that product to be 'in'. Cars are altered year after year in only their tinny details; they are altered to make last year's cars completely obsolete fashionwise. Yet underneath there is the same old clonker rattling along, the same old engine which really hasn't improved much over the years. All that matters to people now is—are they keeping up with the Joneses Better—can they go one step ahead of the Joneses?

The world has gone mad, and it's all because men and women want to take a country and 'squeeze it like a lemon'. Here in Canada a member of the Mail Carriers Union, or whatever they call themselves, who have gone on strike causing distress and hardship for many because they want a thirty per cent increase in their already lavish wages, has gone on the radio and actually broadcast (in by no means cultured tones!) that the country is like a lemon and the Unions are going to squeeze the last drop of juice out. Well, as long as that attitude prevails the country, and the world, has little hope.

The only thing to save the world now is a return to sanity, a return to the realization that the man should be earning the living and the woman should be the mother, the woman should stay at home doing the most noble task of all, instilling discipline and spiritual values into children who later will become adults and so in their turn will have to pass on knowledge and training. The world lacks religion. So many religions are busy fighting against each other. The Christian, for example—well, it should be that Christianity is Christianity. Instead, the Church of England and the Church of Rome hail it as a great spiritual victory when they can speak politely to each other. They are all Christians, aren't they? What is wrong with them, why do they treat members of any other sect as criminals, as people bound for Hell? What does it matter if a person is a Jew, a Christian, a Buddhist, or a Hindu? They all believe in their own form of religion, don't they? And as such their own form of religion should be respected. It seems that the Catholic world is much the same as Communism; the Communists try to inflict their belief on everyone regardless of the other person's wishes. The Catholics, also, try to force their religion down another person's throat and they utter direful threats of eternal torment, eternal damnation, and all that rot. Believe me when I say that there is no such thing as Hell, believe me when I say that all roads lead the same way Home. You have to die whatever your religion. You will die if you have no religion just the same as the Pope himself. And all that matters is, have you lived your life according to your own personal belief? You won't find a fat priest ready to answer for your sins after. He won't take the blame for anything. You are strictly on your own. What you do and what you do not is not your own responsibility entirely, and you answer to yourself only, not to an avenging judge who is going to sentence you to an eternity in Hell. No! There is nothing like that.

You criticize yourself, and, believe me, there is no harsher critic of your actions than yourself.

But everyone gets a chance, and a fresh chance and another chance after that. This is getting away from our subject, however.

We need spiritual discipline. A religion is a useful thing for inculcating spiritual discipline provided the religious leaders are not fighting among themselves. All the present day religions fall down on the job, and so all the present Earth religions shall, before too long, pass away like shadows disappearing in the night, and a fresh religion shall come to this Earth which shall help lift people out of the darkness and the misery into which they have now sunk.

But the time is not yet. The Final Battle is not yet. First there is more suffering, more disturbances in this, the Age of Kali, disturbances caused by World War 1 in which women deserted their homes and their children and left those children to run wild on the streets. If you get a wonderfully kept orchard, an orchard on which great care and endless expense has been lavished, and you suddenly withdraw all care from that orchard, everything soon becomes third-rate. The fruit no longer has the bloom and the fullness of constant care, instead that fruit becomes wrinkled and bitter. People are getting like that. People are now of inferior stock, and soon there will have to be the leaving process again so that fresh blood is brought to the Earth.

But first there will be more suffering. First the whole world will be engulfed by a form of Communism. Not the Communism of China where even clocks and cars are supposed to run by the illustrious thoughts of Chairman Mao Tse Tung, and where, apparently, if a person has some interior obstruction he just thinks of old Mao Tse Tung, and there is such a disturbance that everything is cleared away immediately!

So Earth is in for a sickener, Earth is in for a bad time, let's face it frankly. Everything is going to be engulfed in this form of Communism. Everyone will be given a number, they might even lose their names and identities. All these strikes are going to price things out of existence. The Unions are gaining more and more power, and eventually they will take over that will be a major step towards the ruination of the Earth. Eventually the press lords, like the robber barons of old, will mobilize their private armies of press workers and they will go to even lower depths in their attacks on people, attacks which are so difficult to stand against when even the meanest type of reporter can write things in the columns of his paper and the attacked person has no redress whatever. This isn't justice. This isn't fair. And it's this type of sub-human person who is ruling the Earth today and will bring the Earth down even lower and lower. Until, having unnecessarily touched rock-bottom in this, the Age of Kali, the indomitable spirit existing in some people will shudder with the shock and the shame of what has fallen upon the Earth, and the spirit will revolt and will take action which will enable Earth and the peoples of Earth to rise again. But it may be necessary for the peoples of space, the Gardeners of Earth, to come and give assistance.

This is the Age of Assassination. A great religious leader, Martin Luther King, was assassinated. He was a good man and had much to give to this Earth. As for the others, well—they were just political people and (I do not want to tread on anyone's toes!) history will prove that these were dwarfs raised to giant stature only by the appalling power of their advertising machine, an advertising machine which blew out a lot of stinking hot air and made dwarfs appear like giants, just as you can get a toy soldier and by placing a light behind him you can make his shadow giant-

size on the wall behind. But here, too, the toy soldier's shadow is a shadow only, something without substance, something that soon will be forgotten. Martin Luther King was no shadow. He was a good man, working for the good, not only of coloured people but of people of all colours throughout the world. For, in persecuting blacks, or browns, or reds, or yellows, the white people who are doing the persecuting are placing a terrible amount of Karma upon themselves individually and collectively, and whatever they are doing now to the coloured people will have to be atoned for in suffering and toil and humility.

There would still be time to save this Earth from its degradation, from its shame, if only women would return to their homes and look after the children and see that those children had proper training, because it is the lack of training which makes it possible for assassins to go about their filthy work. It is the lack of training which enables race riots to take place, and looting, and rape. These things were not common in the days when women had more than equality at home; when she occupied the supreme place of honor as Mother to her family.

It would be much, much better if the criterion of womanhood could be: How well behaved are her children? How contented is her husband? How useful is this woman to the community? Is she an example to others? If so she is a woman to be proud of. Now, sad to say, a woman is judged by her mammary development, whether they stick up or down, how accessible they are, and how many husbands she has had. Sex is a wonderful thing, but this isn't sex. The people who go in for this type of thing are immature. They don't know anything about love, but only about the most functional aspects of procreation, and then, interestingly enough, most of these sex queens are as impotent as a eunuch who has been treated twice by mistake!

If all of us could issue a prayer that a Great Leader would come to Earth and help to straighten out the mess, that Great Leader would come, not with flaming sword and embattled hosts because wars never settle anything, wars just make misery, wars make more troubles. It's not necessary to have any of those things. The way of peace is the best, and the best way to get peace is to get women back in the homes teaching decency to the male members of the family. They can do it, you know. Remember the old saying? 'A woman who is good is very good, but a woman who is bad is worse than any man could ever be no matter how bad.'

## CHAPTER SIX

A PALE sun shone wanly down through a widening gap in the slowly dispersing clouds. The mountain heads were invisible, hidden in white fleecy softness which billowed, cleared, and descended again as if reluctant to loosen its all-enshrouding grasp of the steep mountain-sides.

Below, the Valley of Lhasa was gleaming, newly-washed by the recent torrential downpour. Innumerable frogs sat on the banks of the lake, croaking away in thankfulness for the flood of insects who had been washed from the leaves of distant trees, and then fallen, willy-nilly, into the ever-waiting mouths below.

The willows sighed and rustled gently as the rain-drops trickled down from the topmost leaves, and then sank with soft musical 'plops' into the waters of the lake. The golden roofs of the Potala gleamed whitely under the subdued sunlight, and from the City of Lhasa there sprang a rainbow which began at the Jo Kang Cathedral, are arced all the way up into the clouds.

The formerly deserted Linghor Road—the Ring Road—was now filling up with people again. They had vanished into any available shelter when the rains came teeming down, almost drowning the countryside and swelling the river, making it almost burst its banks. Even now, great torrents of water were rushing down the mountain-sides and slowly the

level of the lakes and the marshes crept up. With little gurgling moans land which had been dry, and even parched, for weeks past now greedily absorbed the unexpected supply of rain water.

On the Happy River the boatman, astride his inflated skin ferry, was looking anxiously at the sky, worrying lest fresh torrents of rain should make it impossible for him to cross the river. For a skin boat leaves much to be desired in the way of safety, and it is so easy to slide off and plummet into the water. Ferryman, like sailors the world over, rarely know how to swim, and this ferryman had no conception of that art.

But the Road was filling up again. Household monks going about their task of getting supplies from the Market Place of Lhasa. Water-bearing monks scampering down the rocky path to the little well, now overflowing, and then trudging slowly, tiredly up that path again carrying the essential water, for the Potala and for Chakpori too, for Chakpori, although much smaller in population, used for its size a vast amount of water because of the preparations of herbs and other forms of medical treatment.

On the Road lamas went about their business. High Lamas with their retinue of waiting-monks, and others who disdained the trappings of rank, rode on in solitary splendor or with just one attendant following. Traders, with grunting yaks, made their slow way through the Western Gate and on the last stage of their journey to Lhasa. Traders avid for profit, but avid for talk. Avid, too, for the open-mouthed wonderment with which some of their stories would be heard!

From the other direction, from the City itself, other traders were setting out, setting out to climb the mountain passes and to make their slow way through snow-laden rock surfaces where a slip would mean death, and then, the dangers surmounted, they would

eventually, in days or weeks, reach India, reach Kalimpong, and other trade centers. About to pass each other, arriving traders and departing traders, would exchange a shouted conversation, giving the state of the market, the latest news, the disposition of the people.

By the side of the Parbo Kaling, beggars sat, moaning and calling for alms. Calling for all the blessings possible on those who gave, and all the maledictions imaginable on those who refused to give. Tourists and pilgrims thronged the road, going right round the Potala, and circling the lake and the great rock in which were carved religious figures, and which were kept gaily coloured. Pilgrims and tourists, the doves, and among them the hawks—those who preyed upon the pilgrim and the tourist, those who sold horoscopes saying that each horoscope was personally prepared under the direction of a High Lama. And all the time those horoscopes had been bought in bulk, after having been printed in India.

Here, perched upon a convenient rock, stood an old man, calling forth to the tourists, 'Look at this, look at this!' he quoth, 'Talismans and charms which have been personally seen and blessed by the Inmost One. This will save you from the Devils which afflict, this will save you from the illnesses which lay one low'

He looked about, eager to spot a gullible person who would fall for that line of talk. A little distance away a woman stood, whispering to her husband, 'Blessed by the Inmost One!' she whispered. 'That must indeed command a high price,' said the husband. 'But we must have it! I am with child and we need a good Talisman now to make sure that our child is born under happy auspices.'

Together, they moved towards the Seller of Talismans who, seeing their eagerness, moved towards them, and as they met he drew them to one side, to a

little glove of willows, so that he could discuss the price and get all that 'the market would bear'. Having made their purchase, the husband and wife walked away hand in hand, smiling contentedly, thinking that now they had protection bestowed by the blessing of the Inmost One of the very sacred Talisman. And the Seller of Talismans? He hurried away to take up his post again, and tell the old, old tale of the Talismans and the Charms that would bring good luck.

'Tell me,' said the letter, 'where can I get a really good Talisman that will bring me good fortune and protect me from ill? I have seen many advertisements in the So-and-So Magazine, but I do not know what I should buy.'

Well, the best thing is to buy none. None of these Talismans or Charms are worth anything at all.

Now, let us be reasonable about this; if things are just mass-produced, stamped out by the thousands, probably untouched by human hand, they can have no effect at all. When, in the Lamaseries, I was taught that the only way to make a good Talisman or a good Charm was to make it personally, and imbue it with a personality, or thought-entity. I state emphatically that any commercially made charm or talisman is just a waste of money.

Let me tell you a simple little story: Some time ago I received a small packet from a man in the U.S.A. He wrote to me as well, and said that he had sent me a piece of bark from a very special tree in Ireland. He said it was guaranteed to bring Good Luck and protect me from evil.

The piece of bark came to me in a special envelope, and there was a folder with it. There was also the picture of a small tree. The folder went on to say that for over three hundred years pieces of bark had been cut from this tree, and had been sold all over the

world. Wherever there were people, said the folder, these pieces of bark had been sent. Thousands of pieces, millions of pieces.

Now, I ask you, what sort of tree can supply bark for three hundred years and not die? What sort of tree can supply millions of pieces of bark, and keep on healing and growing? I turned the thing over in my hands, and by psychometry I came to the inescapable conclusion that someone was 'pulling a fast one' by buying up bark from trees which had been felled, and with a punch cutting out pieces about the size of a half dollar, and sending them all over the world. The profit must have been truly enormous. 'What a pity,' I thought, 'that I am an honest man. That's the way to raise money for research!' But, sadly enough, honesty prevails, and it always will in the end, you know!

There is no 'virtue' in charms or talismans which have been mass-produced, either by stamping out of metal, or casting in metal, or printing. They are quite useless. The only talismans or charms which have any use whatever are those which have actually been made, and a thought-form built into each individual charm. It can be done, and it is done. But it cannot be done on a commercial basis because the time alone would make a charge of a couple of hundred dollars utterly necessary.

Perhaps I should explain here that Rampa Touch-Stones are a different thing altogether. They are not charms, they are not talismans. They are special devices which are used by one owner, and which quickly generate great force, and which help that one owner. They cannot be used by two people, and, as thousands of letters testify, they really do work. But—they are not talismans, they are not charms; they are something absolutely different.

This and That Magazine have all these advertisements about the Star of This, or the Star of That, or the Circle of Something Else. Well, I suppose people

have to live, and they should remember—‘Caveat emptor’—which means, of course, ‘Let the buyer beware’. Magazines make their income from advertising, and I assume that the Advertising Editor of a magazine reads the advertisements with his eyes shut if there is any possibility that they won’t really be suitable. Remember, then, that if you go and buy a talisman or charm—well, you have done some good to someone, possibly, in turning over some good money for a bad object.

It really is a fact, however, that if one wants a talisman or charm—call it what you will—it can be made if you know how, if you have the time, the patience, and the determination. You do not get it made overnight. It takes time, the time depending upon the effect you want.

You will have heard of curses put on old Egyptian tombs, or certain artifacts of antiquity which have a spell or curse upon them. These things are real, they are not just imagination. What happened was that people who knew how to set about it made a thought-form, and ‘magnetized it’ to the object to be protected. The thought-form comes into action when certain conditions are present. That is, if a person is trying to steal the artifact, thoughts are emanated from the would-be thief, and those thoughts trigger the pre-conditioned automatic response of the thought-form. So the would-be thief drops dead of apparent heart failure, or something like that.

It is a long and complicated process, and one which cannot be duplicated by mass-production methods. From which it is very obvious that a lot of those silly little charms which are advertised are not worth buying unless you want them for a talking point.

Now there is an interesting question: ‘Since living in an apartment building I have not been so well. An old country woman told me that it was because I lived off the ground. Is that really true?’

Yes, it is! It is very, very true. Let's look at the problem, shall we?

The Earth, in one sense, is a magnet. It is a ball which contains magnetic forces of varying degrees of intensity. Anyone knows that there is a North Pole and a South Pole. People are taught that from earliest schooldays. But not so many know that continental masses and islands, and, in fact, everywhere, have their own particular amount of magnetism. It is easily measured that gravity—a form of magnetism—is different in various parts of the world, and it is constantly measured that magnetism is different everywhere. Ships' compasses, for example, can read differently in the varying parts throughout the world, and on many coastlines one can see two white cones, usually of pyramid shape, and so sited that when viewed from a certain distance and a certain position at sea they form just one apparently solid bar of white. Ships maneuver in a port to line themselves up with these two markers, and when an imaginary center line, drawn from the stern through the bows, exactly meets the two white markers, which now appear as one, then the compass aboard the ship should read a certain heading. If it does not, small adjusting magnets are put in a box beneath the compass to pull or push the compass card to the desired position.

This 'adjusting the compass' is also carried out on aircraft. Admitted, a compass may be affected by the nature of the cargo of a ship, but even when that is compensated for the magnetic variation of different land masses must also be taken into account.

The different intensities of magnetism affect people. People have a lot of iron in them, as well as other minerals and chemicals, and a person living in an area of high magnetic density will react differently in his thoughts from a person who lives in a low density magnetic area.

You can say that Germans and—who shall we say?—Argentineans are quite different in their make-ups, in their reactions, and quite a lot of that is due to the magnetic pull exerted upon the German in Germany, and the Argentinean in Argentina. The nature of the food eaten and the amount of iron intake also should be taken into account. And, whereas a German could live in apartment buildings without any really serious health effects, the average Argentinean citizen would feel crushed and depressed in similar conditions because the magnetism, or rather, the degree of magnetism, in Argentina makes for a free type of people who will not be regimented so much as the Germans in Germany. Observe that I say ‘Germans in Germany’. That is to indicate that when a German leaves Germany or an Argentinean leaves Argentina, they come more under the influence of the magnetism of the country in which they will then be residing.

Anything is affected by the basic magnetism of the country. Every creature of Earth needs to be in contact with the Earth currents. The Earth currents, of course, are the particular degree of magnetism in that area. If a person is denied access to contact with the Earth, his health deteriorates. Recent studies have proved most conclusively that people who live in apartment buildings, and who have little access to a garden or park where there is natural, unpaved ground, suffer from nerve conditions and generally poor health. Everyone knows that the people who live in the country are stronger and in better health than those who live in the city.

In the country a person can go out and walk in the fields, can get in contact with good, clean water.

Whereas, in the cities, everything is paved over with a mixture of tar and stone or artificial stone, materials which tend to insulate the human body from the Earth's currents.

In certain languages there are stories of giants who went to war and who were on the point of being defeated in battle. The giants then lay down on the ground for a few moments, and jumped to their feet as 'giants refreshed'. In other words, they picked up energy from the Earth currents and by lying down to pick up that energy they pulled a fast one over their enemies!

Everyone who desires good health should be able to get out in the country and be able to take off their shoes and stockings and walk about on the good, cool earth. If people did that there would be less illness, less frustration, less tension.

While on this subject of Earth currents, one might mention the position in which one should sleep. Now, people are not rubber stamp impressions. Not all people are alike. But all people can benefit to an astonishing degree by sleeping in such a position that they derive the maximum gain from the natural Earth currents.

The best way to do this is to set aside a month for experiment. For one week have your bed facing North, and make a careful day by day note of how you slept and how you feel with the bed facing North. For the next week have the bed facing, say, East, and again make careful notes of how you feel. With following weeks, try sleeping with your head to South and then to West. At the end of a month you will have a very good idea of which direction suits you, and if you then move your bed permanently to that position you will find that 'fortune' will smile upon you, and you will feel better in health. If you have been using a double bed—well, you will either have to be counted out of this experiment, or you will have to have a single bed.

It used to be thought that being in contact with the sea had the same type of effect upon humans, but that is not really so. People feel better when they are ill

contact with the sea because usually the air is better and more healthful. But the magnetic currents of the sea are quite different from the magnetic currents of the land, and while it does no harm to go and 'dunk' yourself in the sea, do it for pleasure only, and not with the particular intention of deriving health benefits from sea magnetic currents. You may get some benefit from getting a good salt solution around your pores, and you will get a lot of benefit from the fresher air which usually blows over the sea. But then, you might get a load of dirty oil from some filthy oil ship, or as where I live now, foul effluvia and floating debris from a pulp mill which discharges all its waste into the river, and so it flows on past my window into the sea, with a stench which is truly an abomination.

Another person writes in—'How are we only one-tenth conscious? If we are only one-tenth conscious, how do we manage to paddle around as we do?'

The answer is that we just ARE one-tenth conscious. After all, you can have a car and you can move around at ten miles an hour. You can even have a thing fitted to limit your speed to a predetermined amount, and then, although the car is capable of much more speed, you are limited to that to which the car has been preconditioned. The human limit is one-tenth conscious. If one could get one-and-one-half-tenth conscious, then one would have a genius, but all too often if a person is super-bright in one direction he glows remarkably dimly in some other direction. Such as a man who is a brilliant inventor, an absolutely superb brain in, let us say, electronics, and yet in other ways he is so stupid that he has to be led around, and dressed, and fed, etc. I know such a case.

The one-tenth consciousness is something like a telephone operator who sits at a switchboard with ten telephone lines in front of her. She can only deal with one at a time, so she is dealing with a tenth. Humans

are nine-tenths sub-conscious. 'Sub' because it is beyond our conscious reach, it is beneath our consciousness. The Overself is above our consciousness, and the consciousness can be likened to the amount of an iceberg which shows above water. Only a little of an iceberg shows above water, the great mass of it lies submerged beneath the surface, in just the same way as the great mass of human knowledge lies submerged just beneath the threshold of consciousness. Hence the name 'sub-conscious'.

Under certain conditions the sub-conscious can be tapped. It is possible by the appropriate processes to get in touch with the sub-conscious and find out what it knows, and what it knows is this; it knows everything that has ever happened to that entity. 'That entity', please, not just that particular human body! By really getting down to the sub-conscious one engages in a process like getting down into the basement of some great Library or some great Museum, and seeing the vast array of things which are stored but which are not on show. Museums, you know, have more things concealed than they have displayed.

Tap the sub-conscious of a human, and you can find out all about anything that has ever happened to that human. You can follow the life in reverse. You can take the person now aged, let us say, seventy years, and you can take them back sixty, fifty, forty, and so on right back to the moment of birth, right back to the moment when that person was born to this Earth. And if you then change technique, like a car changing gear, you can follow the sub-conscious beyond birth, you can find the moment when the entity actually entered the body of the unborn baby. You can find out what the entity did before it entered the body of the unborn baby. And if your reason is sufficiently good, you can find out what that person was in the past life, or the life before that, or the life

before that, and that, and so on.

A warning; do not believe all the advertisements which claim that Madame Dogsboddy will do all this for you for a fee of one dollar. These things cannot be done for money, they cannot be done for idle curiosity. It needs a lifetime of study and a serious purpose. It is not a circus turn. So—don't waste your money!

I am one of those who can do this. I can do it for myself, also, and I know a surprising amount about myself, going back; and back, and back.

But let me issue another warning; don't believe all these people who wear a shawl around their heads or say they will visit the Akashic Record for a few dollars, or a few hundred dollars, and come back with all the knowledge. If they could do this, they would not be doing it for money, they would know better. But if you pay your money down, they will 'come back' with suitable histrionic effects and tell you that you were Cleopatra or Napoleon or Old Kaiser Bill or Castro's grandfather, or even de Gaulle's uncle. They usually try to find out who you would like to be, and then they 'come back' with a great shaking of head, and a great pursing of lips, and all the other effects, and tell you all that you have told them—but they are careful to use different words. No, madam! The world is over-stocked with those who have been Cleopatra. No, sir! The world is over-stocked with those who have been St. Peter or St. John, or St. Somebody Else. And anyhow, what does it matter who you were? You were someone, quite definitely, but what does it matter? You now have a different name, you now have a different body, you now have a different task in life and it doesn't do to dwell on past glories. The past does not matter. The past has made the failures of the present. All you can do now is to live a decent life in the present to make a better future.

The best way is to avoid going to fortune tellers

and avoid dealing with those who advertise that they will do this, that, and something else if you pay them enough. If you want to know about yourself, and you have sufficient reason, you can always do it by astral travel. If you want to know something then try meditation. There is a chapter about it in *Chapters of Life*.

In meditation you have to insulate yourself against Earth currents, because if you have Earth currents circulating around, then you think about Earth things, you think 'Earth-wise'. And you don't want to do that, you want to be able to control the subject of your meditation. So the first requisite for meditation is that you avoid our old friend constipation (oh! it's a very important subject!), and you put on a meditation robe. This is nearly always of black material, and it must cover you from head to foot. It must actually cover your head, and cover most of your face. You don't have to suffocate yourself, of course, and if your meditation robe is properly designed you won't. But the whole point is that you have to be insulated by this black cloth from outside influences. Your body must be protected from sunlight, because sunlight will colour your thoughts, and you don't want your thoughts coloured. You want to think your own thoughts, and have your own thoughts under your own control.

If you look in *Chapters of Life* you will find a picture of a monk. Well, if you are handy with a needle and thread, make up a thing like that, but be sure it's big enough. It doesn't matter if it's like a tent, or like a sack; you are not going to be a fashion model in it, that's not its purpose. Its whole and only purpose is to cut off external influences, so the fit doesn't matter and the larger it is—within reason, of course—the more comfortable it will be. You should keep this meditation robe for meditation alone, and you should not wear it for any other purpose than

when you are meditating. You should also keep it safely away so that no one else can use it, and no one else can touch it, because if another person touches it and tries it on, you have that other person's influence in the robe—which you are trying to avoid—and so you have another obstacle.

By meditating under this insulated, isolated condition, you are immune to outside influences. Thus you can get really down to the heart of the matter in which you are interested. You can take yourself through the various stages of meditation, going deeper and deeper and deeper, so that in the end you can be meditating in such a state that you are floating. And when you have reached that stage you can know quite a lot about what goes on beyond the tenth. Beyond the tenth of consciousness, and into the nine-tenths of sub-consciousness. Remember again, though, that this 'sub-conscious' does not mean that this particular phase of consciousness is inferior. The word 'sub' usually means 'inferior', but in this sense it is taken to indicate that which is below the threshold of consciousness, whereas supra would indicate that which is beyond, or above, the threshold of consciousness.

So the sub-conscious relates to everything that a person knows or has known, or has experienced at any time since that person first became an entity. Taking the present as our datum line, we can say that all that is past, or all that is stored, is 'below'. Whereas, all that which is to come and which has yet to be experienced on this Earth or in the next world, is in the 'supra-consciousness', which is, therefore, above our datum line.

All right! So now you know a bit more about our title of *Beyond the Tenth*. We deal with, and have dealt with things which people know without knowing why, and the things which people can do although, for the present perhaps, they think they

cannot. To wit—astral travel. Anyone can do it!

Anyone can do it with a bit of patience and adherence to a few simple rules, but people say, ‘oh, I couldn’t possibly do that!’ Really, they are afraid to make the attempt, but you—dear Reader—make the attempt, because it truly is a wonderful, wonderful experience to be soaring and sailing above the surface of the Earth, playing with the wind, causing birds, who can see the astrals of people, to fairly shriek with amazement. You try it. You’ll find it’s the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to you.

Of course there is far more to this soaring above the Earth business than just play. One can go to any part of the world, as I have already told you, but that is not the extent of it; there is more—much more—than this.

If one meditates, if one becomes really proficient at meditation, and one combines that with astral travel, one is not limited to the face of the Earth. Keep this in mind; when doing astral travel we are not in a flesh body, we are in a body which can penetrate materials which, to the flesh body, would be solid. Do you understand the implications of that? It means that one can sink downwards at a controlled rate, sink down through the Earth and through solid rock. One can see with perfect clarity, although to a flesh body it would be complete and utter darkness. One can sink down and see perhaps here a giant figure which was trapped half a million years ago and became embedded in what is now solid coal. In this solid coal, then, there is a giant figure intact, perfectly preserved, as mastodons and dinosaurs have been preserved intact.

For years scientists have thought that the advent of humans, or humanoid races, on the Earth was fairly recent. But they have now come to the conclusion that humanity on Earth is much, much older than previously thought. Our travels through solid rock

can tell us that, our travels can indicate to us this; after thousands and thousands of years the Earth goes into a sort of periodic convulsion during which the whole surface of the Earth trembles, during which waters recede here and waters rise there. The surface of the Earth seems to boil and seethe, and every trace of the Works of Man upon the Earth rises up and falls down, and gets buried hundreds, or thousands, of feet below the surface of the Earth. Housewives will understand when I say it is similar to making a big cake; you have a basin full of all sorts of unmixed ingredients, and then you insert a big spoon from the bottom and raise up, gradually mixing everything so that all the components, all the constituents, are distributed throughout the cake mix.

So, every half million years, or so, the Earth gets rid of unwanted stock and prepares the surface of the Earth for the next bunch, who, it fondly hopes, might be more successful. Life on Earth is old, the Age of the dinosaur and the mastodon and all those creatures was just the start of yet one more experiment, just as in thousands of years to come, this Earth will end as we know it at present. The whole surface will seethe and bubble, and the cities and Works of Man here will tumble down, and be buried thousands of feet below the surface so that anyone coming to Earth would say it was a new world which had never been inhabited.

It takes a lot of experience to do this type of astral travel. But I can do it, and I can tell you that you can do it also if you will practice sufficiently, if you will have faith in your own ability, and if you will remember that you cannot do it to bring back messages for other people at so many dollars a visit!

I have seen deep down in the Arctic ice, hundreds of feet, or even thousands of feet below the surface, strange forms. A different form of human, a purplish type of person with different characteristics from

present-day humans. Present-day humans have—just for example—two breasts and ten fingers. But I have seen purple people entombed absolutely intact, and they have had eight breasts and nine fingers on each hand. Probably some day research will exhume some of these people, and then there will be a nine-day wonder about it all. Some day there will be an atomic digging machine which will be able to excavate the ice, and show some of the people and some of the cities buried incredibly deep in the ice, cities of a people who lived and walked the surface of this Earth hundreds of centuries before there was any recorded history whatever on this Earth.

This was a time when there was only one continent on the Earth, and all the rest was water. When South America and Africa were one, and when England was just a part of mainland Europe; when Ireland was just a mountain peak stretching miles—yes, miles—up into the very different air. At one time all the world of land was one mass extending from the North Pole to what is now the South Pole. It was like a bridge linking one side of the Earth to the other. Australia, China, and America, all were one, all joined to what is now Africa and Europe. But in the earth-shakes, in the shivering tremors which threw down civilisation and threw up fresh earth and rocks to hide that civilization, and because of centrifugal effects, that one solid mass, that one continent of Earth, broke up. And as the Earth shivered and trembled, the seabed crept along, taking bits of land with it, land which became Australia, America, Europe, Africa, and so on.

With practice in astral travel, with considerable practice in meditation, and combining the two together, you can actually see all this as if you were in that item beloved of the Science Fictioneer—a time machine. There really is a time machine, you know, a very definite, working, time machine; it is the

Akashic Record, wherein everything that has ever happened to this Earth is recorded. It's like having an endless number of cine cameras recording everything that ever happens, day or night, and blending them all together into one continuous ever-running film which you can 'tap into' by knowing how, and by knowing the age at which you desire to look.

It is truly a fascinating thing to see a civilization upon the Earth, a flourishing civilization, but one in which the people are very different from the humans whom we now are accustomed to see. In this particular civilization, for example, people moved about not in motor cars, but on what may well be the origin of the old story about the flying carpet; they moved about on platforms which looked for all the world like mats. They sat cross-legged on these things and, by manipulating a little control which looked like a woven pattern, they could rise and soar off in any direction. In the Record we can watch all this, and then as we watch we have an effect just as in some clumsy person were shaking a Chess board on which all the men were set up for a good game. As the chess-board men would tumble so did the people of the then-Earth tumble. The Earth itself yawned, great gaping chasms appeared, and buildings and people toppled in, and the Earth shuddered and closed up. And after a time the heaving and rolling of the surface ended, and the Earth was ready for the next 'crop'.

In this form of astral travel, also, one can go deep deep down into the Earth, and one can see perhaps intact artifacts of that Age, or remnants of large buildings. One can go to Arctic or Antarctic regions, and go deep down and find people and animals who have been quick-frozen to death, and because of the cold and the quickness of the onset of the cold, they have been preserved utterly intact as if they merely slept and waited a shaking hand to awaken them.

As one looks one can see different chest develop-

ments, different nostrils, because the atmosphere of the Earth a few million years ago was very different from what it is today. People of today would not be able to live in the atmosphere of those times, just as people of those times would not have been able to breathe the atmosphere which we now optimistically call 'clean air'. Then there was far more chlorine, far more sulphur, in the air. Now we get the stink of petroleum fumes.

Another thing that you can see, and which you, like I, will no doubt find fascinating, is that petroleum is unnatural to this Earth. Petroleum is not native to this Earth. By the Akashic Record, a planet collided with this Earth and caused this Earth to stop for a moment, and then spin in the opposite direction. But the collision disintegrated the other planet, and much of its seas poured down through space on to this Earth. The seas of that planet were what we call petroleum. It poured down and saturated the Earth and sank into the Earth, and went on down until it found a level and a strata which it could not penetrate, and there it lay and collected, and awaited the coming of humans who would one day pump it up and invent a perfectly horrible machine or machines, which would use this petroleum. When all the petroleum has been used up there will be no more made, because, as I have said, it is just spillage from another world.

Have I said enough to really induce you to practice astral travel? It's a wonderful thing, and what we might term mundane (because it deals with the Earth) astral travel and meditation combined can show you all you could ever want to know about this Earth. So, why not try it? Why not have faith and patience, and really get down to practicing astral travel?

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Before I started to write this book I thought I would pay heed to all the thousands of letters which I had received demanding a book about herbal treatment. How could one cure this complaint, or alleviate that disease? I spent almost eighteen months trying to find a reputable firm, one in each in the main countries, who would supply the herbal treatment which I would recommend. I wrote to Messrs. Grassroots & Rissoles in England, telling them that I was going to write a book about herbal treatment and asking them if they could or would supply the herbs which I would recommend under the correct herbal name. I received a bland reply, which gave me politely to understand that they, and they only of anyone in the world, knew anything about herbs, and they were not prepared to depart from their system of calling a rose by another name, so to speak, by giving said rose a number!

I wrote to Toadstools and Applesauce Inc., of U.S.A., and asked them the same thing. The reply was delightfully evasive, and they said they would send me their latest catalogue giving the names of the particular concoctions which they put on the market. So I tossed their 'literature' in the trash can, and decided to write something else. The result is in this book so far, a book which is based wholly on answering the questions you ask about 'Beyond the Tenth'. How can I, or anyone else, write a useful book

about herbal treatment when I cannot get a reliable supplier of those herbs? If I tell you that herb XYZ will cure you of whatever it is you are suffering from, then I am morally bound to tell you where to obtain herb XYZ. Unfortunately the herbal suppliers with whom I have been in contact merely want to say, 'Take our Pills Number 123 to cure your flatulence,' etc. That's not good enough for me. It's not good enough for you. You want to know what you are taking, you want to know what is in Pill 123. Certain herbs are very, very effective when taken in their pure or unadulterated form, but if one is going to put a cheaper type of herb in with it, then not only is the price cheaper, but the final product is unsatisfactory.

It seems the most astonishing thing—astounding would be a better word, perhaps—that suppliers of herbal treatment will not be straightforward and supply the actual herbs which one recommends, but instead want to give them some silly number or some fancy name like 'Eastern Cow's Breath'. I wrote to a small firm in England who were optimistically advertising Eastern herbs, but the good lady at the head of the firm hadn't the manners to reply to my letter. So that was another good idea lost. All I wanted was to make sure that you—my Readers—could have the assurance that if I recommended herb XYZ you could place an order and get herb XYZ. I did not want any commission or financial interest. I was thinking of my Readers only.

But, as I have said, I just cannot recommend a suitable source of supply, so for the herbs I am going to recommend in this chapter I advise you to consult your Classified Telephone Books and really shake up any herb supplier in your area. If I say a certain herb, then I mean that certain herb, I do not mean an adulterated substitute with a fragrant name or a number, and if the firm you contact first cannot supply you, try another firm perhaps in a different city.

Another difficulty is that what is a common herb in England is unknown in Canada, and what is an everyday sort of plant in Canada has never been heard of in the U.S.A. And what can you do in the Spanish world where they translate buttercup as poppy! In *Living with the Lama* I gave the name of 'Buttercup', yet in the Spanish editions the name was distorted to 'Poppy' because some of these Spanish countries are quite unaware of a buttercup.

It's all very strange, you know, that herbs have apparently fallen into disrepute. Nowadays the doctors and the chemists like to grub about with messy chemicals made of urea or some other noxious substance, whereas all they have to do is to go to the Brazilian forests where they can get just about any herb or plant in the world. Two hundred years ago a Doctor of Medicine in any European or English country had first to pass an examination in astrology, because astrology has great bearing on the effects of herbs, and then had to have a profound knowledge of the herbs themselves. He had to know how to erect a horoscope, and he had to know how and when herbs should be gathered.

One could see the Doctor of those days stealing out at night under the light of the moon, carefully consulting a chart in his hand to know exactly when a particular herb should be dug up or when certain leaves should be stripped from the branches.

In the Old School of Medicine astrology and herbs were absolutely inextricably entwined. Herbal treatment was 'sympathy and antipathy'. A disease caused by the bad effects of a particular planet could be cured by the use of herbs which were under the favorable influence of that same planet. They called that the Sympathetic Cure, and if you had ever tasted some of the herb teas they used you would agree that a great deal of sympathy was needed for the patient!

Again, a disease caused by a bad planet aspect could

be cured by a herb which was antipathetic to the planet causing the illness.

I used to be ‘the thing’ to look at the patient, to consider what his astrological influences would be, and frequently a horoscope was cast showing the malefic aspects upsetting the patient. Then the herb doctor would turn to his charts and books, and from his usually completely lavish stock he would produce herbs which would cure the illness within a matter of hours.

If one wants to do herbal treatment really effectively it has to be in conjunction with astrology, because every person—whether they believe it or not—has a make-up, which is affected by astrological influences. If you want to be modern you will forget about astrological influences and call them ‘cosmic rays’, or something like that; but they are the same things—astrological influences. People who are born in the summer have a different chemical composition to people who are born in the winter, and what would have a strong effect upon the person born in the winter might have a mild effect only on the person born in the summer, and vice versa.

If we were going to set up as practitioners in herbal medicine, seeing our patients and all that, we would have to consider the astrological signs of each patient and the signs at the time he first noticed the illness, because humans have varying amounts of metal in them and they can be referred to as particles of different grades of iron differently affected by various magnets. The planets, of course, being the magnets.

Just to give you an idea about herbal treatment as confined to astrology, let me remind you that if a herb is under ‘the domination’ of the Sun it can cure illnesses of the Martian type of person. Mars people have their own peculiar illness, or rather, illnesses peculiar to Mars, just as Jupiter people have illnesses peculiar to Jupiter.

If a herb under the domination of Venus is used for Jupiter people, it will cure the illnesses peculiar to the Jupiter people, and herbs which are 'exalted' by Jupiter will cure those illnesses which may be termed 'Moon-type illnesses'. If you were really going into the subject you would say, 'Yes, that is because Jupiter reaches its exaltation in the sign of Cancer, which is the House of the Moon.'

You may be amused or interested to know that among the herbs ruled by the Moon are cabbage, cucumbers, cress, lettuce, pumpkin, watercress, and many others. But we are not going to study astrology, instead let us consider some common or garden illnesses about which a surprising number of people write to me. I am going to make very clear to you that if your condition is serious, then you should consult your family doctor—you know, the good old G.P.—and if your illness does not rapidly respond to any herbal treatment, then see your family doctor. On the other hand, if your family doctor has had an attempt at curing you and has not made the expected improvement, then try herbs; herbs were in existence long before the family doctors of the world!

It has just occurred to me that many of you throughout the world will not be able to get in touch with a local supplier of herbs, so I am going to give you two names and addresses, one in England and one in New York. If you write to these people they will only be able to supply their own mixtures or concoctions, but both firms are extremely reliable. Here they are:

Messrs. Heath & Heather Ltd.  
St. Albans, Hertfordshire,  
England

(Special note: The person to whom you should write is Miss Joan Ryder) and a convenience to you is that

you can write in either English or Spanish, they understand both languages perfectly.

The second address is:

Kiehl's Drugstore,  
109 Third Avenue,  
New York 3, N.Y., U.S.A.

(Special note: The head man is Mr. Morse)

In both cases you should also remember to enclose ample return postage, because all these people are in business to make money, and as I very well know the cost of stationery and printing, the cost of having things typed, and then the final straw of the mail charge is just too much. You can send ample postage by International Reply Coupon; your post office will tell you about that. It is useless to write from America to England enclosing American postage, because American stamps are of no use whatever in England, just the same as English stamps cannot be used in the U.S.A. So, if you expect a reply, (and you must do or you wouldn't be writing in the first case!) remember the elementary courtesy of—(1) Providing ample return postage in the form of International Reply Coupons. (2) Put your full name and address on your letter, not merely on the back of the envelope. European customs are different, and in England it is the common practice to put the address of the sender at the top right-hand side of the letter itself, because English people toss out the envelope! (3) Do not get impatient if you do not get a reply by return because these firms are very busy firms, and, anyway, the ordinary transmission from country to country takes a certain amount of time.

When I am referring to a herb or treatment, then, I will confine myself to that which can be obtained from these two firms, and, of course, we will forget all

about the astrological part!

One of the most common queries I get is: 'My husband is alcoholic. He is the kindest man alive when he is sober, but that is becoming more and more infrequent. I shall have to divorce him. What do you advise?'

It is a very sad, sad thing indeed that this business of drink has been allowed to continue. Drink definitely harms one's Overself, and if people did not drink they would not become alcoholic! The alcoholic state is not so much a vice as an illness, or dysfunction. What happens is that the blood of the alcoholic-type of person is defective, and it becomes very, very greatly harmed by the action of alcohol. Blood cells become changed, and a chemical change takes effect. A person who is alcoholic is a very, very sick person indeed, and no matter what anyone says, it is my experience that there is no cure for the alcoholic, no cure that is feasible. If a person is alcoholic he or she would have to be confined to a desert island in the hope that the blood might possibly become more normal in time.

If it was generally recognized that the alcoholic was a sick person with a blood disease, then doctors as a whole might give them some research attention. With adequate research there is every reason to suppose that a cure could be found for this truly distressing condition. The alcoholic drinks in order to live. He has a compelling urge to drink because he senses that there is something missing—and there is. His blood is different, and his blood can only be maintained by the continued application of alcohol to the blood-cells.

There are no herbs that can help the alcoholic. The only way that one can help the alcoholic is for him to enter a hospital, or other institution, where he can receive constant supervision and constant attention.

Often a person is born alcoholic-prone. That means

that one of the parents or one of the grandparents has been alcoholic, and so the person who is now born alcoholic-prone has a blood condition which could manifest itself after the intake of a certain amount of alcohol. It might be a thimbleful of alcohol that is required to trigger the reaction, or it might be a quart, no one knows. But when the reaction has been triggered there is no way of reversing it, and the person, instead of being alcoholic-prone, is instead a full-blown alcoholic.

It should be a law that alcoholics should register with a Medical Board. And then the children or grandchildren of an alcoholic parent or grandparent should be warned never to touch alcohol. As long as they don't touch the stuff they will, obviously, not become alcoholic. So, in this case, prevention is the only cure.

Alcoholics should not get married, and, as I have just stated, they should enter a hospital or institution so that they can be treated in accordance with any new developments which have been discovered. But let me say this in defense of the alcoholic; he is a sick man. Yes, he becomes vicious at times, he becomes uncaring, but he has a deadly illness, an insidious illness, and it won't help him at all to rant on at him, it will just drive him to desperation. Instead be firm with him, and tell him that his cure lies in his own hands by giving up alcohol. If he understands the problem, and if he has any will-power left, he can do much to alleviate the condition—for example, suck boiled sweets. That will help. So, that is the best I can tell you about how to treat alcoholics.

A surprising number of people write about asthma. Asthma can take various forms, and if a person has asthma he should go and see the doctor, see the General Practitioner, who will then, if necessary, refer the patient to a specialist. There is bronchial asthma, for example, and there are other forms of

asthma, and they can be alleviated by the necessary medical or herbal treatment. I do not have Kiehl's catalogue here, but I can tell you that Heath & Heather have herbs for the relief of asthma, so there is no problem in connection with that.

For those who are interested, hyssop is a very good plant indeed for those afflicted with asthma. The best place from which to obtain the hyssop herb is Italy, because hyssop from Italy is more potent than from anywhere else. The Old People took hyssop which was boiled with a mixture of honey and rue, and then they drank the stuff. It gave instant relief from coughs and from shortness of breath and wheezing. Having taken the mixture I am not going to tell you that it is pleasant, but I will tell you that it works!

Another form of asthma is that of nervous origin. Often children will get so enraged about something that they will go purple in the face, and they will have a real attack of shortness of breath followed by wheezing. The startled parents will, of course, say, 'Oh! He has a bad attack of asthma, get the doctor quick!' The child hears that, so whenever he gets in a bad temper after he throws a fit of tantrums which comes out as a fit of asthma. He learns that if he has 'asthma' all his sins are forgotten, or forgiven, and he gets whatever he wants. Many children use 'asthma' as a weapon against parents. Often the first attack of asthma occurs in early childhood, long before the parents realize that the child can understand what they are talking about although he has not yet learned to talk himself. So, do not talk about such things in front of small babies, and find out from your doctor whether your 'asthma sufferer' really has an organic complaint or not. If he has—cure him. If he has not, then persuade him that he hasn't by absolutely ignoring these tantrums.

Many elderly people send in letters about arthritis and about rheumatism. Well, of course, you can't

cure those two complaints although you can very greatly alleviate them. To start with, no one really knows what causes arthritis. It is possible to obtain herbs which can give relief to both conditions. Herbs by the name of motherwort, bitter root, and primrose can greatly assist in overcoming rheumatisms—yes, there are different kinds of rheumatisms!—and alleviating osteo-arthritis. Probably you will not be able to obtain the herbs locally, so here you get in touch with one of the two firms mentioned.

Many cases of arthritis and rheumatism can get great alleviation by moving to a different district. It is possible that the water supply is not suitable for you. It is possible that the water has too many minerals, too many hard substances, and these are conveyed through your blood-stream to various joints where they lodge and cause pain. Many people who have not been able to move from their district have secured marked improvement by getting a water filter and filtering all water before drinking it. That takes from three to six months before you observe any really marked improvement, but it's worth it, isn't it? The cost of a little water filter really can give you great relief.

The things people ask! All about their kidneys, all about the sex life, etc., etc. But, first of all, let's deal with kidneys.

Nowadays, with the horrible artificial food and chemical preparations which are being placed upon the market in greater and greater profusion, people find that their kidneys are giving trouble. So if you have kidney trouble, the herb motherwort is of very real value. It will help by clearing out your kidneys and by making you generally much, much better.

If you have kidney stones (and you are in no doubt if you have kidney stones!) you will find that parsley piert is a truly wonderful herb. The ancient name for parsley piert was 'parsley breakstone'. This herb,

which can be obtained in different forms from the sources mentioned, has the truly invaluable property of causing kidney stones to crumble and turn into a form of gravel which can be passed without surgical intervention.

You would help your kidneys enormously—and help overcome arthritic and rheumatic conditions—if you would drink a lot of barley water. Here is the best way to make barley water:

Simmer pearl barley with plenty of water until it is quite soft, then strain off the water which will be cloudy. If you want to make it more pleasant you can mix it with lemonade or orangeade made with fresh lemons or oranges (the juice and a few slivers of rind) to which you add sugar and boiling water. When you have the barley water, then flavor it with the lemon or orangeade and you will find it is very refreshing and pleasant to drink. You cannot drink too much of it, it is most beneficial.

A special note—sometimes the barley water appears bluish-pink tinged, which causes some people to think there is a defect. That is not so; if this occurs it is quite normal. Drink as much as you conveniently can of this barley water, and in a surprisingly short time you will find that your kidneys are much better and that you really feel better. At the same time as you are having barley water treatment, avoid white of egg. The yolks can be taken, but avoid the white of the egg, you are better off without that in any case. Many people nowadays have nerve troubles. The press of civilization, the constant bustling to and fro, and all the discordant noises to which we are subjected, fray the nerves, cause headaches, cause a feeling of tension and frustration. Well, there is no need to let it go on, you know, because an exceptionally fine herb is that known as valerian. It varies a bit in name in different parts of the world, so the Latin name is *cypripedium pubescence*. It is known as ‘the

nerve medicine'. It has a most wonderful effect upon the mental and nervous system. If you are irritable and have a deep-seated restlessness, then you should combine valerian with passiflora.

These two herbs combined will help those who suffer from insomnia. Take a dose of the tincture, depending on your state, from five to sixty drops. This is a pair of herbs which will be of great assistance in calming the alcoholic. Give him a good dose of the stuff and it will calm him down quite a lot, and if you have menstrual pain, well, take a dose as well and it will ease your pain.

I am often often asked about diabetes. Well, if a person has a diabetic condition they must adhere to the treatment prescribed by their doctor, usually that messy insulin stuff. But you can get relief from the herb buchu. As it varies in different parts of the world, here is the Latin name: *barosma crenata*. Its action is to remove gravel which is caused by uric acid. Gentlemen will also be interested to know that this is a very beneficial treatment for chronic prostatic difficulties, when they are waiting to have an operation, or when they have refused to have an operation.

We have already dealt with constipation in another chapter. But there are so many ways of treating constipation, and I am going to put it to you that you should keep on herbal treatment for constipation. Herbs are natural, herbs help, whereas if you are going to use some of these fearsome chemical preparations you are going to end up with a case of severe internal inflammation. Try cascara, try syrup of figs, try senna, try anything of that type, and if you want something which works without pain but which also deserves the title of 'faith pill', then you should try the pills which Heath & Heather label '112'. They really work. But while on that subject, do not be too anxious to take some of these concentrated and powdered herbs for

constipation because they really scour one out, and if you have to take the powdered concoctions make sure you don't have to go to work the next day. You may be so 'busy' that you haven't time to!

There is little point, really, in adding to our herbal comments because some herbs are common to one part of the world and are quite unknown in another. The firms mentioned obviously are out to make money, and so that they may the more easily do that they have an advisory department to which you can write for information as to which of their preparations will best suit your needs. It is better to do that if you are in doubt, and it is better to deal with one firm rather than to 'shop around' for someone who may be slightly, slightly cheaper. The two firms mentioned, and in whom I have no interest, financial or otherwise, are reliable firms who can really be trusted. I am not advertising them for payment. I am giving you the names because I cannot give you the names of any reputable suppliers of the raw herbs.

So, I hope that these comments will be of some benefit to you.

People seem to have a surpassing interest in 'prophecy'. They want to know what is going to happen to where, when. I said that part of America would submerge. Yes, of course it will, but people want to know how and when. They seem to think I can tell them to ten seconds or so, but I cannot because so much depends upon Americans.

Deep under the Pacific Ocean, off the American coast, there is a very serious flaw, a fault in the Earth's crust. Consider two boards, one is just barely overlapping the other along one edge. They are safe enough provided no one gives them a shake, but when one does give a board a shake, displacement occurs, and down they both drop with a real 'clump'. Off the coast of America this fault in the seabed is such that one edge is just barely latching on to

another, and an earthquake could dislodge the upper edge and cause it to slide down, giving a quite unpleasant tilt to the nearby American coastline, stretching along the Pacific Coast and affecting from Florida to New York. An earthquake could do it.

Away out in the Nevada Desert, American scientists who should know better are detonating atom bombs in the earth. They are causing earth tremors. Now, I cannot forecast when some particularly moronic scientist will detonate a bigger-than-intended bomb and shake the fault loose. If he does, he might find his feet getting wet. But this will occur eventually. It may not occur for five years, or fifty years. The probabilities are that it will be some time within the two limits, that is between five and fifty, but these are things which cannot accurately be forecast because the difference between five and fifty in Earth time is so infinitesimal in greater time that one would have to have a whole string of noughts following a decimal point. The probabilities are, though, that if Americans keep on meddling with atom bombs about which they know nothing, they will do immense damage to the whole structure of the world.

If Americans want to be safe they should move to higher ground, particularly round about the Rockies. It must also be understood that the American authorities are well aware of the dangers in this fault, but America is a politically influenced country, and the California area is a very wealthy area indeed. There are some fantastically rich exploiters of land development, and if the Government should quite reasonably declare that certain areas are not fit for habitation because of the risk of earthquakes and eventual subsidence, then the real estate speculators would raise such a howl of wrath that the American Government would topple because America is ruled by the Almighty Dollar, and a few thousand cases of human misery really do not matter to the real estate

speculators or to the politicians.

Many, many geophysicists have warned the Government about the dangers in California, but they have been 'shut-up' with great effectiveness. I invite them to try to 'shut-up' me. I state emphatically that America is in grave danger on the coasts because no one is taking any thought to the future. No doubt there will be a nice Relief Fund for those still alive, but if some of these detonations in the Nevada Desert could be stopped now, then a Relief Fund later would not be required.

In the meantime I can only advise people to move to higher land when possible. Make a plan to move about five years from now, and hope that the earthquake won't occur for another fifty. In connection with this, many, many experts are stating that a great Californian earthquake is overdue. So—you have been warned.

People write to me telling me that in *Chapters of Life* I made certain prophecies, but I did not mention Australia or Africa or this or that country. No, of course I didn't! I know a lot about a lot of countries, but I did not set out to compile a guided tour of disasters or changes. I merely gave basic indications. However, let's have a look at Australia.

At present Australia is a vast continent sparsely inhabited merely on coastal regions. Australia could take a billion more people and hardly notice it, but the heart of Australia is arid. There is not much life there, there is at present no possibility of cultivating the desert areas. In many years to come the dead heart of Australia will be excavated by controlled atomic blasts. There will be a large lake made in the center of Australia, and it will fill up quickly from great masses of fresh water, deep beneath the earth, which now has no fissure through which it may reach the surface. In years to come the interior of Australia will be flourishing indeed. When that very large lake is

completed its banks will be fringed with trees and bushes imported from Brazil, and the whole climate will change as soon as the trees get rooted. For trees contribute materially to the improvement of a climate. The country will become pastoral in its interior, there will then be adequate water, and the more the trees grow, the more water there will be in the form of rains.

In the far distant future Australia, Canada, and Brazil will be the leading countries. But Australia, like Canada, has to mature first because both are immature, and even childish, and they will have much suffering because it appears that only suffering can teach. People do not learn by kindness, but only through pain and misery. Countries which have things too easy, and have too high a standard of living, just cannot, or will not, learn, and those countries have to be brought down so that by suffering and starvation, and by strikes and strife they learn the bitter lessons of life and eventually will do something to improve matters.

In the years to come Argentina will flourish. In the years to come Argentina will get back the Maldives which will later be used as a scientific research base for work in connection with U.F.O.s and the Antarctic. At present Argentina is having a very bad time indeed, but Argentinos should take heart from the fact that these are as the birth pangs of a far greater country. In years to come Argentina will be a very great, very important country indeed, with a most stable Government and a most stable economy. The Akashic Record of Probabilities indicated that Uruguay, the next door neighbor of Argentina, would have occupied that coveted position. Uruguay was going to be the Garden of South America, it, too, was going to have a lake in its interior which would vivify the arid land and make it fertile and capable of bearing lush crops. Unfortunately Uruguay is a

country which has, up to now, had no suffering, and so the people of Uruguay were not able to measure up to the standard of integrity which would have been demanded. Now they are having strike after strike, and the whole country seems to be on strike, and the course of evolution does not delay just while one country settles its internal disputes. Thus, the law of Probabilities moves on, and Argentina takes the much greater place of small Uruguay.

Argentina, then, and Brazil, will be the great, great forces in South and Central America, with perhaps a preponderance of success going to Argentina because the temperature in that country is more suitable to promote human activities. The temperatures in Brazil are too equatorial to enable anyone to display any great energy.

People write to me about Africa, what do I think of Africa. Africa is a continent of turmoil, a continent enraged internally by the onslaughts of clandestine attacks by Russian and Chinese Communism, attacks which can ruin the continent's integrity. For years there will be splits and dissensions in Africa, and the Rhodesia of today, with its hatred of everything and everybody, will be swept away. In later years the whole of Africa will revert to its original status of 'the Black Continent'. It will be ruled by colored people, it will be inhabited by colored people, and any white person there will be there on sufferance only. There will not be populated cities of white people as at present, they will all be colored.

But even later in history the whites and the blacks will get together again, but on a more amicable basis, and eventually—as I have said in other books—there will be but one color upon the Earth which will be known as the 'Race of Tan'.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

‘WELL,’ said the Old Man, attempting to straighten out some of the kinks in his back and wishing that wheelchairs weren’t so horribly uncomfortable, ‘here is another chapter finished. Are you going to read it and see what you think?’

For some time there was silence, broken only by the sound of rustling papers. Then, at last, came the noise of a bundle of papers being thumped down on a table.

‘But!’ said Mrs. Old Man, ‘you said you were going to mention a cure for toothache—you know a lot of people have asked about these things so why not tell them how to get rid of toothache?’

The Old Man sighed, and said, ‘If people have got things wrong with their teeth the only cure is to have the wretched tooth out. I never did believe in silly things like fillings.’

Mrs. Old Man sniggered to herself, and replied, ‘No, but you don’t have any teeth either, or at least, none worth mentioning!’

The Old Man looked a bit glum as he felt the few remaining teeth with his tongue. ‘Still,’ he thought, ‘there are no fillings among them, and I would have had more if I hadn’t had my jaw smashed so badly.’ Aloud he said, ‘All right Let’s tell them something about how to cure toothache’

Modern science (of course, that should be modern MEDICAL science) has not been able to improve upon

Nature's remedy for toothache. Modern medical science often prescribes an entirely artificial substance which has the most unfortunate vice of 'sensitizing' a person against it. As it seems to me to be an invention of the Devil I will not mention its name, but there is one quite infallible natural cure for toothache.

Go to your drugstore and obtain a small bottle of oil of cloves, and then, when you get home, get a little ball of cotton wool and put a drop or two of oil of cloves on it: Gently rub the gum surrounding the offending tooth with the oil of cloves, and if the tooth has a cavity put a small amount of cotton wool, soaked in oil of cloves, so that it rests in the cavity. Within seconds your toothache will stop.

You should obtain the best grade of oil of cloves that you can, because the better the grade—the more unadulterated—the quicker the relief.

Old country people often keep a few cooking cloves in a jar, and at the first sign of toothache they put a clove on the offending tooth and bite down so that the clove is crushed and the oil inside covers the tooth. This is one of the oldest, and still one of the most modern, cures for toothache.

No matter that this is very efficient, you still need to go to your dentist to find out what really caused the toothache, because you can't keep on dunking a bad tooth in oil of cloves, can you? The best thing is to have the wretched thing out! Incidentally, I always wonder why dental treatment is such a brutal affair. I have never yet had any painless dental treatment, and it does seem to be an area which could do with a lot of research. If I had a lot of money, and so could get my auric machine going, dentists would be able to see much more clearly what is wrong with teeth, and how to get them out painlessly. What I had visualized was a thing like an instant-photograph camera which would take a photograph of the aura of a person so that anyone could see the colours. It is the colours of

the aura which are important, you know. the brightness of the colours and their particular striations. If one looks at an aura, and one sees the colour of a disease, then, given suitable apparatus, it would be quite possible to cure the disease before it really got a hold. One would cure it by applying the necessary contra-colours which would change the 'degraded' colour of the illness, and so, by sympathetic reaction, the person would be cured from the aura to the physical body.

This is not a wild pipe-dream. It is a thing which really works. It is a thing which doctors should investigate. Unfortunately medical treatment is a hundred years or so behind the times, and if doctors would only get down to business and investigate new ideas instead of saying, 'That is impossible, Aristotle did not teach it,' then, no doubt people would not suffer pain so much.

For those who desire to experiment with the aura—and who have some money—let them try buying one of those reasonably cheap television cameras, and connect it to a television set. The camera should be set to receive and transmit much higher frequencies (that is, a higher part of the spectrum) than is usual for pictures. And if the adjustment is carried out correctly the onlookers can see a fuzzy reproduction of a human body with various gray streaks and lines and swirls around the body.

If people want to experiment with a camera, and they have some knowledge of chemistry, it is possible to make sensitive material which can record a much higher frequency than that normally used in orthodox photographic work. This also works because I have taken pictures of the human aura, and I have destroyed such pictures because it gets utterly monotonous when some scientist says that such things 'cannot be, therefore the pictures must be fakes'. A scientist (that should be in quotes!) will say this even

when a picture has been produced in front of him, he still thinks there is some trick somewhere, and it does appear to me that the world is not yet ready for auric photography. It needs to have the 'scientific geniuses' educated for a few years more.

Sight, and sound, and touch are very interesting subjects, you know. They are all part of the same spectrum of vibration. Do you ever stop to think when touch becomes sight or sound?

If you are touching a thing you get a very crude vibration which impresses that part of your body with which it is in contact that here is a subject of some particular composition, that is, density. You can also see such a thing. But then, do you realize that you cannot see a sound wave, nor can you hear the thing which you see. If we go from our touch point of view upwards on the scale of the spectrum, we hear a sound. That sound may be of a low note, that is almost on the touch scale, or it may be a high note which is almost into the sight scale. When your ears fail to respond to certain vibrations because they have gone too high, then your sight takes over. You may, for example, see a dull red. But, just think about sight in your next meditation.

When you see a thing you do not touch that thing. It may be in a glass bottle, it may be billions of miles away in space. But yet the thing which you see is touching you or you would not be able to perceive it. You can only see an article when that article is vibrating so much that it is continually throwing off particles of itself and generating vibrations which cross space and everything else to reach you. But these vibrations are so frail—so weak—that even a sheet of black paper can cut them out, while the coarse vibrations of sound can penetrate even a stone wall. One could say that this life and the astral life are represented in this manner. The coarse vibrations of sound would represent life on Earth, but the finer

and higher vibrations of sight would represent the astral.

There are many senses available to us in the astral which we do not even know about when in the physical. People write to me and they ask how is it possible for a fourth dimensional person to—well, as an illustration—drop a stone into one's living room. I think the person who wrote had just read an account in a newspaper about a haunted house wherein stones were thrown into locked rooms. The answer to that is that in the third dimensional world of the flesh we are only able to perceive in the dimensions of the flesh, and if there was an opening somewhere else, the flesh body's eyes would not be able to perceive it.

Let us assume that humans can only look down, or they are two dimensional. So, as they can only look down they cannot see the ceiling above. But if a person outside the room can perceive that there is no ceiling there, then that person can easily toss a brick in to the person who cannot look up. That is rather a crude way of explaining it, but what really happens is that every room, or everything on Earth, has another opening, another aperture, which humans on Earth cannot perceive because they lack the necessary organ with which to perceive that dimension. Yet a person who is in a fourth dimensional world can make use of that opening and pass things through it into what, to the third dimensional inhabitant, is a closed space.

This type of 'joke' is often played by lower entities who like to pose as poltergeists.

We must not forget the lady who wrote in and asked me if I could explain in simple terms the nature of telepathy. She had read my other books, but apparently this subject of telepathy had her completely baffled. Let's see what we can do, shall we? Even scientists now agree that the brain generates electricity. There are medical procedures in which brain-waves are charted. A special apparatus is placed

on the head, and four squiggly lines indicate four different levels of thought. For some strange reason these four squiggly lines are given Greek names, which doesn't concern us at all. But the brain generates electricity, and the electricity varies according to what one is thinking in much the same way as if when one is speaking into a microphone, the words generate a current which continuously varies in intensity according to what is being said. In a tape recorder, for example, one speaks and one's speech impresses minute magnetic currents on a specially prepared tape. Afterwards, when the tape is played back, one obtains a reproduction of the original speech. The human brain generates an electric current which other brains can pick up, in much the same way as the tape on a tape recorder picks up the minute impulses from voice vibrations which are transferred to electric impulses.

When you think, you broadcast your thoughts. Most people are immune to the noise of the thoughts of other people, and fortunately so because everyone is thinking something all the time, and unless people were immune to that continuous, non-stop, never-ending noise, one would go 'quite round the bend'. By special training, or by a fluke of Nature, one can tune-in to thoughts, because, as our brains generate electricity, so they are able to receive electric impressions. It is a form of telepathy which keeps the body in touch with the Overself, the telepathy in this instance being a very special ultra high frequency current going from the brain of the flesh body, by way of the Silver Cord, and on to the Overself.

But, to reply in the simplest possible terms to the question, 'How does telepathy work?' it is necessary only to say that every brain acts as a radio transmitter and radio receiver, and if you knew how to switch on your receiver you would be inundated with everybody else's thoughts. You can pick up the thoughts of

those with whom you are compatible far more easily than you can pick up the thoughts of those with whom you are not compatible. And a good exercise is to 'guess' what a person whom you know well is going to say next. If you 'guess' for some time, you will soon discover that your successes are far outstripping the laws of chance, and when you begin to realize that you are well on the way to telepathic communication with the person with whom you are compatible. Here again, it is a matter which needs practice and patience, and when you are telepathic you will wish you were not, because life will be a constant babble, what with humans and animals all the time talking to each other.

## CHAPTER NINE

Outside the window the noise and the clamor were continuous. High-speed pneumatic hammers were drilling holes many feet into the old rock, a rock which used to be the site of many fine old houses. In years gone by the wives of sea captains lived here, and kept their nightly vigil of the sea, waiting for their men to return home, home to the haven of the harbour with the ever-burning light beckoning from the house windows. One fine old house, towering above the others, had stood proud for years, and in its declining days the ghost of the old lady who had watched, and watched in vain, for the return of her beloved husband, had become well known. Nightly she stood at the port side window, with her hands holding aside the drapes so that she could see the more clearly. Night after night, in ghostly outline, she stood there, peering, peering, seeking the man who never came back to her, the man whose body lay beneath the surface of the ocean a thousand miles from home.

Now the house was down, demolished. The whole street of houses was down, and the voracious drills and hammers were biting at the living rock, tearing it up in great chunks to make way for the progress of civilization. Here would be a great road, an artery of the community. A road spanning the city, spanning, too, the river, linking one side to the other by a new bridge. The clamour was continuous. Immense bulldozers shoved vast piles of rock and earth, steam

shovels gouged into the soil, trucks rattled and roared at all hours of the day and night. There was the shouting of men, and the barking of dogs, and peace had fled long ago.

The Old Man bent over the letters from readers, and set aside the last one. Mrs. Old Man looked up, perhaps with a sigh of relief to see that work was coming to an end. Then she rose to feed the Little Girl Cats who had come bustling in to say that it was their teatime, and could they have their food in a hurry, please, because they had thought a lot and were very hungry. So Mrs. Old Man went off with a cat on each side.

The Old Man turned to Buttercup, Buttercup who, in Spanish, was mis-named Amapola. 'Buttercup,' said the Old Man, 'it doesn't matter that there has been a mail strike, we've done some good work in answering all these queries, haven't we?'

Buttercup looked pleased to think that work was coming to an end for another day, 'You only started this fourteen days ago,' she said, 'and now the book is finished in record time.'

'Yes,' replied the Old Man, 'but you've typed seven thousand words a day, haven't you? And now we've come to an end.'

Buttercup smiled with pleasure at the thought. 'Well, in that case I will just type

THE END'

replied Buttercup.

## ‘KINDNESS TO PUBLISHERS’ DEPARTMENT

THROUGHOUT the years since *The Third Eye* first appeared I have had a tremendous amount of mail and up to the present I have always answered that mail. Now I have to say that I am no longer able to reply to any mail at all unless adequate return postage is enclosed. So please do NOT send letters to my Publisher for forwarding to me because I have asked my Publisher not to forward any letters.

People forget that they pay for a BOOK, and NOT a lifetime of free post-paid advisory service. Publishers are PUBLISHERS—not a letter forwarding service. I have letters from all over the world, even from well behind the Iron Curtain, but not one in several thousand people encloses return postage, and the cost is so much that I can no longer undertake replies.

People ask such peculiar things, too. Here are just some:

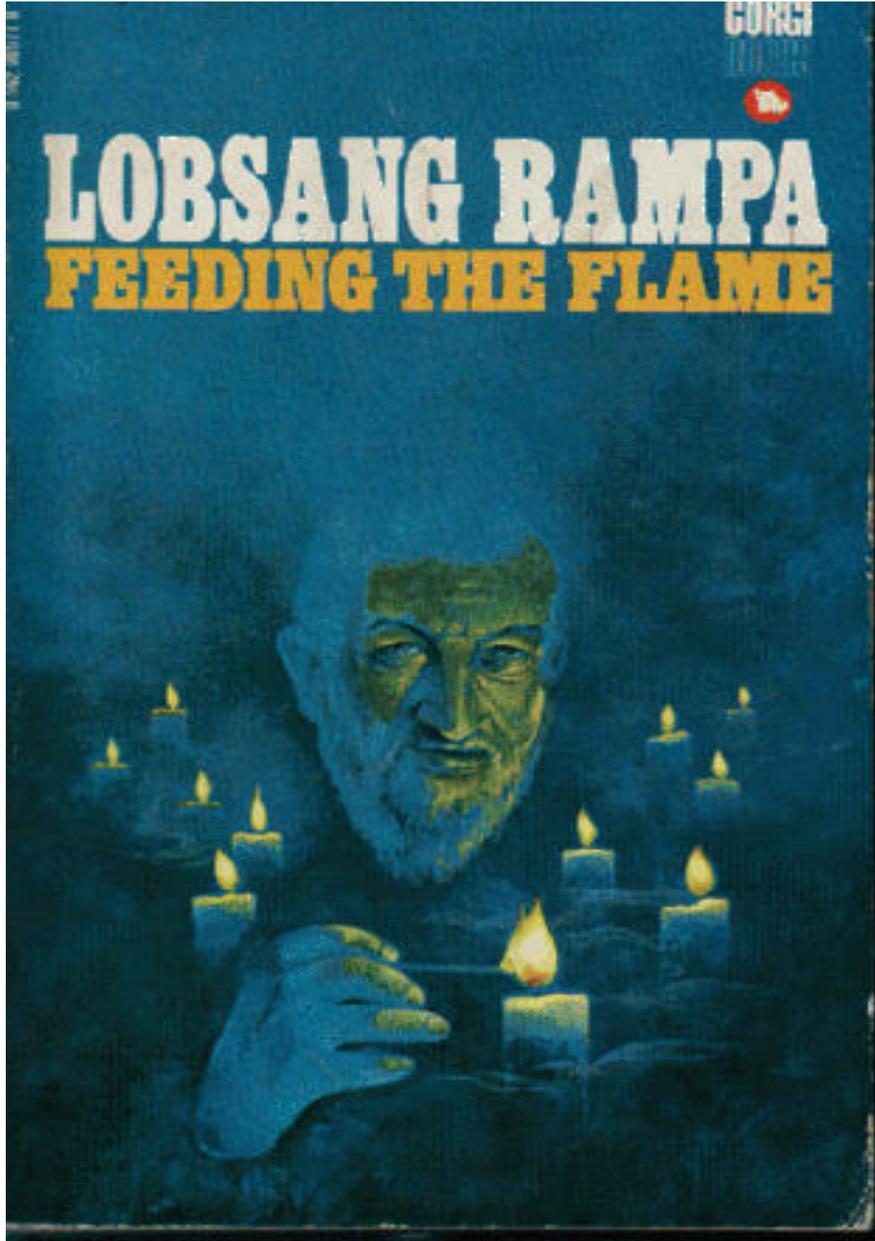
There was a very desperate letter from Australia which reached me when I was in Ireland. The matter was (apparently) truly urgent, so at my own expense I sent a cable to Australia, and I did not even receive a note of thanks.

A certain gentleman in the U.S.A. wrote me a letter DEMANDING that I should immediately write a thesis for him and send it by return airmail. He wanted to use it as his thesis to obtain a Doctorate in Oriental Philosophy. Of course he did not enclose any postage, it was merely a somewhat threatening demand!

CORGI  
BOOKS  
75

# LOBSANG RAMPA

## FEEDING THE FLAME



As Dr. Lobsang Rampa lay, desperately ill, in a Canadian hospital, he looked up with pleasure to see his old friend and mentor, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, standing by his bedside. But it was with some dismay that he listened to the message that the Golden Figure had brought.

Lobsang Rampa's work on this plane was not, as he thought, completed; he had to write another book, his eleventh, for there was still more of the mystic truth to be revealed to the world.

Here then is that eleventh book. *Feeding the Flame* is mainly concerned with answering some of the any questions which Dr. Rampa's readers have put to him over the years. It covers such subjects as Life after Death, Suicide, Meditation and Quija Boards, and includes many invaluable observations on the modern world. Dr. Rampa's many admirers will be delighted that, despite the pain and suffering of his illness, he has been spared to write this fascinating and inspiring book.

## FEEDING THE FLAME

It saves a lot of letters if I tell you why  
I have a certain title; it is said, 'It is  
better to light a candle than to curse  
the darkness.'

In my first ten books I have tried to  
light a candle, or possibly two. In this,  
the eleventh book, I am trying to Feed  
the Flame.

## RACE OF TAN

Copper is this man,  
A man of daytime white,  
Yellow is that man,  
And one of dark night. . .  
The four main colours,  
All known as Man,  
Tomorrow's unity will come  
Forming the Race of Tan.

Poem by W. A. de Munnik of  
Edmonton, Alberta.

## CHAPTER ONE

The more you know the more  
you have to learn.

The letter was short, sharp, and very much to the point. 'Sir,' it said, 'why do you waste so much paper in your books ; who likes to read these pretty-pretty descriptions of Tibet? Tell us instead how to win the Irish Sweepstake'. The second one followed the theme very well. 'Dear Dr. Rampa' wrote this brash young person, 'Why do you waste so much time writing about the NEXT life? Why not tell us how to make money in this one? I want to know how to make money now. I want to know how to make girls do what I want now. Never mind the next life, I'm still trying to live this one.'

The Old Man put down the letter and sat back shaking his head sadly. 'I can write only in my own way,' he said, 'I am writing TRUTH, not fiction, so . . .'

Fog lay heavy on the river. Trailing tendrils swirled and billowed, redolent of sewage and garlic it swept yellow feelers like a living creature seeking entry to any habitation. From the invisible water came the urgent hoot of a tug, followed by furious yells in the French-Canadian patois. Overhead a dark red sun struggled to pierce the odorous gloom. The Old Man sitting in his wheelchair peered disgustedly around at the clammy building. Water dripped mournfully from some moldering concrete wall. A vagrant breeze added a new dimension to the world of smells conjured up by the fog - decaying fish-heads. 'Pah!' muttered the Old Man, 'What a crummy dump!' With that profound thought, he propelled his chair back into the apartment and hastily closed the door.

The letter thumped through the letter-box. The Old Man opened it and snorted. 'No water tonight,' he said, 'no heat either.' Then, as an after-thought, 'and it says that for some hours there will be no electricity because some pipe or something has burst.'

'Write another book' said the People on the Other Side of Life. So the Old Man and Family Old Man went off in search of quiet. Quiet? Blaring radios, rumbling hi-fi's, and yowling children shrieking through the place. Quiet? Gaping sight-seers peering in through windows, banging on doors, demanding answers to stupid questions.

A dump where quiet is not, a pad where nothing is done without immense effort. A pipe leaks, one reports it. Much later a plumber arrives to see it himself. He reports it to his superior, the Building Superintendent. HE comes to see it before reporting it to 'the Office'. 'The Office' reports it to his Superior. He gets on the telephone, a conference is held. Much later a decision is reached. Back it comes from 'Montreal Office' to the Superior who tells the Building Superintendent who tells the plumber who tells the tenant that 'Next week, if we have time, we will do it'

'A crummy dump' is how one person described it. The Old Man had no such delicate way of describing the place. Actions speak louder than words; long before his tenancy expired the Old Man and Family left, before they died in such squalid surroundings. With joy they returned to the City of Saint John and there, because of the strains and stresses in Montreal, the Old Man's condition rapidly worsened until, very late at night, there was an urgent call for an ambulance, hospital . . .

The gentle snow came sliding down like thoughts falling from the heavens. A light dusting of white gave the illusion of frosting on a Christmas cake. Outside, the stained glass window of the cathedral gleamed through the darkness and shed vivid greens and reds and yellows on the falling snow. Faintly came the sounds of the organ and the sonorous chant of human voices. Louder, from right beneath the window,

came the music of a tomcat ardently singing of his Love.

The hiss of braking tires on the snow-clad road, the metallic clang of car doors slamming and the shuffle of over-shoe-clad feet. A fresh congregation filing in to the evening service. Muttered greetings as old friends met, and passed. The solitary tolling of a tenor bell exhorting the tardy to hurry. Silence save for the muted buzz of distant traffic in the city. Silence save for the amorous tomcat singing his song, pausing for a reply, and commencing all over again. Through a broken pane of the cathedral window, smashed by a teen-age vandal, came a glimpse of the robed priest in solemn procession, followed by swaying, jostling choir boys singing and giggling at the same time. The sound of the organ swelled and diminished. Soon came the drone of a solitary voice intoning ancient prayers, the rumble of the organ and again a glimpse of robed figures returning to the vestry.

Soon there came the sound of many footsteps and the slamming of car doors. The sharp bark as engines coughed into life, the grating of gears and the whirring of wheels as the cathedral traffic moved off for another night. In the great building lights flicked off one by one until at last there was only the pale moonlight shining down from a cloudless sky. The snow had ceased, the congregation had gone, and even the anxious tomcat had wandered off on the eternal quest.

In the Hospital facing on to the cathedral, the night staff were just coming on duty. At the Nurses' Station, just facing the elevators, a lone Intern was giving last-minute instructions about the treatment of a very sick patient. Nurses were checking their trays of drugs and pills. Sisters were writing up their Reports, and a flustered Male Orderly was explaining that he was late on duty through being stopped for speeding by a policeman.

Gradually the Hospital settled down for the night. 'No Breakfast' signs were fixed on the beds of patients due for operations the next day. Main lights were extinguished and

white-clad attendants moved to a screened bed. Silently a wheeled stretcher was moved behind the screens. Almost inaudible grunts and muttered instructions, and a still figure entirely covered by a sheet was pushed into sight. On whispering wheels the burden was carefully moved into the corridor. Silent attendants stood while the summoned elevator slid to a stop, then, as if controlled by a single thought, the two men moved in unison to propel the laden wheeled stretcher into the elevator and so down to the basement mortuary and the great refrigerator standing like an immense filing cabinet, the repository of so many bodies.

The hours dragged by as each reluctant minute seemed loathe to give up its brief tenure of life. Here a patient breathed in stertorous gasps, there another tossed and moaned in pain. From a side cubicle came the cracked voice of an aged man calling incessantly for his wife. The faint squeak of rubber soles on stone flooring, the rustle of starched cloth, the clink of metal against glass, and the moaning voice ceased and soon was replaced by snores rising and falling on the night air.

Outside the urgent siren of a fire engine caused many a sleepless patient to wonder briefly 'where it was' before lapsing again into introspection and fear for the future. Through the slightly open window came the raucous sound of a late reveller being heartily sick on the flagstones. A muttered curse as someone shouted at him, and a string of Hail Mary's as the alcohol fumes made him retch again.

The Angel of Death went about His merciful mission, bringing ease to a tortured sufferer, ending at last the useless struggle of one ravaged beyond hope by cancer. The stertorous gasps ceased, there was the quick, painless reflex twitch as a soul left a body, and the attendants with their whisper-wheeled stretcher moved forward again, and, later, yet again. He, the last one was a man noted in politics. On the morrow the yellow press would dig in their files and come up with the usual inaccuracies and downright lies—as ever.

In a room looking out over the cathedral close, and from whence a sparkling glimpse could be obtained of the sea in Courtenay Bay, the old Buddhist lay inert, awake, in pain. Thinking, thinking of many things. A faint smile flickered on his lips and was as quickly gone at the thought of an incident early in the day. A nun had entered his room, a nun more holy-looking than usual. She looked sadly at the old Buddhist and a tear glistened in the corner of each eye. Sadly she looked and turned away. 'What is the matter, Sister?' queried the old Buddhist, 'You look very sad.'

She shrugged her shoulders and exclaimed, 'Oh! It is sad, you will go straight to Hell!' The old Buddhist felt his mouth drop open in amazement. 'Go straight to Hell?' he said, wonderingly: 'Why'

'Because you are a Buddhist, only Catholics go to Heaven. Other Christians go to Purgatory, Buddhists and other heathens go straight to Hell. Oh! Such a nice old man as you going straight to Hell, it is so sad!' Hastily she fled the room, leaving an amazed old Buddhist behind to puzzle it out.

The Angel of Death moved on, moved into the room and stood looking down at the old Buddhist. The Old Man stared back. 'Release at last, eh?' he asked. 'About time too. I thought you would never come.'

Gently the Angel of Death raised His right hand and was about to lay it on the head of the Old Man. Suddenly the very air of the room crackled and a Golden Figure appeared in the blue gloom of the midnight shadows. The Angel stayed his hand at a gesture from the Visitor. 'No, no, the time is not yet!' exclaimed a well-loved voice. 'There is more to be done before you come Home.'

The Old Man sighed. Even the sight of the Lama Mingyar Dondup could not console him for a further prolongation of his stay upon Earth, an Earth which had treated him so badly through hatred fostered and encouraged by the perverted press. The Lama Mingyar Dondup turned to the Old Man and explained, 'There is yet another book to be written, more knowledge to be passed on.

And a little task connected with auras and photography:  
Just a little longer'

The Old Man groaned aloud. So much always to do, so few to do it, such a chronic shortage of money—and how could one purchase equipment without money?

The Lama Mingyar Dondup stood beside the hospital bed. He and the Angel of Death looked at each other and much telepathic information was passed. The Angel nodded his head and slowly withdrew and passed on to continue elsewhere the work of mercy, terminating suffering, setting free immortal souls imprisoned in the clay of the flesh body. For a moment in that small hospital room there was no sound. Outside there were the usual night noises, a stray dog prowling about the garbage bins, an ambulance drawing in to the Emergency Entrance of the hospital.

'Lobsang,' the Lama Mingyar Dondup looked down at the Old Man lying there in pain upon the hospital bed. 'Lobsang,' he said again, 'in your next book we want you to make it very clear that when you leave this Earth you will not be communicating with back street Mediums, nor guiding those who advertise in the cult magazines.'

'Whatever do you mean, Honorable Guide?' said the Old Man. 'I am not cooperating with any Mediums or cult magazines. I never read the things myself.'

'No, Lobsang, we know you do not, that is why I am telling you this. If you had been reading those magazines we should not have had to tell you, but there are certain unscrupulous people who advertise consultative services, etc., and pretend that they are in touch with those who have passed over. They are pretending that they are getting advice and healing and all that from beyond this Earth which, of course, is utterly ridiculous. We want to make it very clear that you are not in any way encouraging that trickery or quackery.'

The Old Man sighed with some considerable ex-  
aspiration and replied, 'No, I never read any of those

magazines, neither English nor American. I consider they do more harm than good. They accept misleading advertising, and much of it is dangerous, and they have such personal bias and such personal dislike of anyone not in their own little clique that they actually harm what they pretend they are helping. So I will do as you say, I will make clear that when I leave this Earth I shall not return.'

Reader, Oh, you most discerning of people, may I have your attention for a moment? In fulfillment of my promise I want to say this: I, Tuesday Lobsang Rampa, do hereby solemnly and irrevocably state that I shall not return to this Earth and act as a consultant for anyone who claims that I am so acting, nor shall I appear at any mediumistic group. I have other work to do, I shall not have time to play about with these things which I personally dislike. So, Reader, if you see any advertisement at any time which purports to imply that such-and-such a person is in spiritual contact with Lobsang Rampa, call the Police, call the Post Office authorities and have the person arrested for fraud, for trying to use the mails, etc., for fraudulent purposes. I, when I have finished with this Earth in this life, am moving on a long, long way. So there it is, I have delivered that special message.

Back in the green-tinted hospital room with a window looking out over the cathedral and with its glimpse of the waters in Courtenay Bay, the Lama Mingyar Dondup was stating what was required.

'This, your eleventh book,' said the Lama, 'should give answers to many of the questions you have received, questions which are just and reasonable. You have lit the flame of knowledge, and now in this book you need to feed the flame that it may get a hold on peoples' minds and spread.' He looked grave and quite a bit sorrowful as he went on, 'I know you suffer greatly. I know that you will be discharged

from this hospital as incurable, as inoperable, and with little time to live, but you still have time to do one or two tasks which have been neglected by others'

The Old Man listened carefully, thinking how unfair it was that some people should have all the health and all the money, they could do anything and get on with their own tasks in the easiest conditions possible, whereas he had suffering, continuous persecution and hatred from the press, and shortage of money. He thought how sad it was that there was no Medicare in this Province and how expensive medical bills were.

For some time the two, the Old Man and the Lama Mingyar Dondup, talked as old friends will, talked of the past, laughed over many incidents which were not funny at the time they occurred but were most amusing in retrospect.

Then at last there was a shuffling of footsteps as a night orderly went about his duties. The Lama Mingyar Dondup bade a hasty farewell and the golden light faded, and the bare hospital room was once again in the blue gloom of early morning.

The door was pushed open and a white-clad orderly just moved in with his flashlight forming a pool of light round about his feet. He listened to the sound of breathing, and then quietly withdrew and went on about his rounds. From across the corridor came the uproar and cries as the aged man incessantly called for his wife. Another voice farther down the corridor broke in with a torrent of Ave Maria's endlessly repeated, monotonously repeated, reminding the Old Man of some of the almost mindless monks who repeated Om Mani Padme Hum incessantly without a thought as to what it actually meant.

From somewhere far away a clock struck the hours, one, two, three. The Old Man tossed restlessly, the pain was acute and made more acute by the strain through which he had just gone. On the day before he had had a total collapse, and even in a hospital a total collapse is a matter of some concern. Three o'clock. The night was long. From some-

where out in the Bay of Fundy a tug boat hooted as it and some others went out to bring in an oil ship waiting to berth by the oil refinery.

A shooting star hurtled across the heavens leaving a glowing trail behind it. From the cathedral tower an owl hooted, and then, as if suddenly ashamed of the noise he was making, emitted a squawk of fright and flapped off across the city.

Four o'clock and the night was dark. There was no moon now, but suddenly the shaft of a searchlight wavered across the Bay and came to rest on a small fishing boat which probably was fishing for lobsters. The light snapped off and into sight came a tug towing a very large oil ship. Slowly they ploughed through the turgid waters of Courtenay Bay, slowly the bright red light on the port side of the oil ship came into view and moved across the field of vision, to be hidden behind the Old Peoples' Home standing close.

Outside in the corridor there was sudden hushed commotion, whispering voices, the sound of controlled hurry. Then a new voice, an Intern hurriedly roused from his bed. Yes, an emergency and the need for an immediate operation. Quickly the orderly on duty and a nurse got the patient on to the wheeled stretcher, quickly it was hustled past the doors and down in the elevator to the operating area two floors below. For some minutes there were whispering voices and the rustling of starched clothes. Then all noise stopped again.

Five o'clock. The Old Man started. Someone was standing beside him, a white-clad orderly. Brightly he said, 'I just thought I'd tell you there's no breakfast for you this morning. Nothing to drink either.' Smiling to himself he turned and walked out of the room. The Old Man lay there marvelling at the crass idiotic stupidity which made it necessary to awaken a patient who had just gone to sleep, awaken him that he could be told there was no breakfast for him!

One of the most frustrating things is lying in a hospital bed, hungry and thirsty, and having just outside one's open

door an immense contraption stuffed with food - ready prepared breakfasts for every patient who could have breakfast on that particular floor. But the Old Man glanced to his right and there it was, 'No Breakfast', plain as could be. He stretched out his hand for a drink of water, but—no, no water either. Nothing to eat, nothing to drink. Others were having their breakfast; there was a clatter of dishes and the noise of trays being dropped and slammed around. Eventually the turmoil ceased and the hospital was setting about its ordinary morning business, people to go to the Theatre, where they wouldn't see a good show either, people to go to X-ray, people to go to Pathology, and the lucky ones to go home. Perhaps the luckiest ones of all were those who had passed over to one's 'true Home.'

The Old Man lay back in his bed and thought of the pleasures of passing over. The only difficulty is that when one is dying it is usually the physical breakdown of some part - some portion of one's anatomy has been invaded by a dread disease, for instance, or something is being poisoned. Naturally, that causes pain. But dying itself is painless, there is nothing to fear in dying. As one is about to die there comes an inner peace, one gets a sense of satisfaction knowing that at last the long day has ended, work has ceased, one's task has either been done, or, for the time being it is being suspended. One has the knowledge that one is 'going Home.' Going Home to where one's capacities will be assessed and where one's spiritual health will be built up.

It's a pleasant sensation really. One is ill, one is in the last stages, pain suddenly ceases to be acute and there is a numbness followed quite speedily by a feeling of well-being, a feeling of euphoria. Then one becomes aware that the physical world is dimming and the astral world is brightening. It is like looking at a television screen in the darkness; the picture is darkening, there is nothing to distract from the picture on the television screen if everything else is in darkness. That television screen represents the life on Earth, but let the dawn come, let the rays of the sun come shining in the

window to impinge on the television screen, and the brightness of the sun will make the television picture disappear from our sight. The sunlight represents the astral day.

So the physical world which we term 'Earth' fades away. People look faint, their images look faint, they look like shadows, and the colours of the Earth disappear and the Earth becomes peopled with gray phantoms. The sky, even on the brightest day, turns purple, and as one's sight on the Earth fades one's sight in the astral brightens. About the deathbed we see helpers, kind people, those who are going to help us to be reborn into the astral world. We had attention when we were born into the world which we call Earth, perhaps a doctor, perhaps a midwife, perhaps even a taxi driver. No matter who, it was someone to help. But waiting for us to deliver us on to the Other Side are highly experienced people, highly trained people, people who are completely understanding, completely sympathetic.

On Earth we have had a hard time, a shocking time. Earth is Hell, you know. We have to go to 'Hell' for all sorts of things. A lot of children think school is Hell too. Earth is the school of wayward humans. So, we are in a shaken condition, and most people fear death, they fear the pain, they fear the mystery, they fear because they do not know what is to happen. They fear they are going to face some wrathful God who will stick a hay-fork into some part of their anatomy and toss them straight down to old Satan who will have the branding irons all ready.

But all that is rubbish. There is no such thing as a wrathful God. If we are to love God then we have to love a kind and understanding God. Talk of fearing God is nonsense, it is criminal. Why should we fear one who loves us? Do you fear a really kind and understanding father? Do you fear a really kind and understanding mother? Not if you are sane. Then why fear God? There is a God, very definitely there is a God, a kind God. But, back to our deathbed.

The body is upon the bed, the sight has just failed. Perhaps the breath is still struggling in the chest. At last that

too fades, ceases and becomes no more. There is a twitch which journalists would probably call a convulsive shudder of agony. It's nothing of the kind. It's painless, or, to be more accurate, it is a pleasurable sensation. It's like shrugging out of a cold and clammy suit of clothes and being able to get the warm air and sunlight on one's body. There is this convulsive jerk, and then the astral body soars upwards. The feeling is indescribable. Can one imagine what it is like to be swimming in champagne with all the little bubbles bounding against one's body? What is the most pleasurable holiday you have had? Have you been on the sands somewhere, just lazing away with the sunlight pouring upon you and the sounds of the waves in your ears, and a gentle scented breeze ruffling your hair? Well, that's crude, that's nothing compared to the reality. There is nothing which can describe the pure ecstasy of leaving the body and 'going Home'.

The Old Man thought of these things, delved back in his memories, and knowing what was and what was to be, the day was passed, the day was endured would perhaps be a better statement, and soon night came again. In this hospital there were no visitors, no visitors at all. An epidemic in the whole area had caused all the hospitals to be closed to visitors, so patients were on their own. Those in public wards could talk to each other. Those who were in rooms alone, stayed alone - and it was jolly good for meditation, too

At last, a day or two later - it seemed an eternity—the Old Man was sent home. Nothing could be done, no cure, no operation, no hope. And so he decided to do as requested by those knowledgeable people on the Other Side of life, write the eleventh book. And it is going to be answering people's questions.

For several months past the Old Man had been carefully combing the forty or so letters which arrived every day, and picking out those which had questions which seemed to be of most general interest. He wrote to a number of people in different countries suggesting that they should do a list of questions they wanted answered, and some very good friends

were made. We must not forget our old friend, Mrs. Valeria Sorock, but the Old Man wants to thank in particular these for providing questions which will be answered in this book:

Mrs. and Miss Newman.  
Mr. and Mrs. 'Yeti' Thompson.  
Mr. de Munnik.  
Mrs. Rodehaver.  
Mrs. Ruby Simmons.  
Miss Betty Jessee.  
Mr. Gray Bergin.  
Mr. and Mrs. Hanns Czermak.  
Mr. James Dodd.  
Mrs. Pien.  
Mrs. Van Ash.  
Mr. John Henderson.  
Mrs. Liliash Cuthbert.  
Mr. David O'Connor.  
The Worstmann Ladies.

So the Old Man was sent home. 'Sent home.' Simple little words, probably it means nothing to the average person, but to one who has never had a home until fairly recently, until fairly late in life, it means quite a thing. 'Sent home' - well, it means being with loved ones in familiar surroundings where sorrows are not so great, sorrows shared are sorrows halved or quartered. So, the Old Man was sent home. Miss Cleopatra and Miss Tadalinka were there with their most serious manners to see what sort of strange creature came back from the hospital. There was much wrinkling of noses, much hard sniffing. Hospital smells are strange smells, and how was it that the Old Man was still in one piece instead of having lumps cut off? He still had two arms and legs, of course he hadn't a tail but he didn't have one before. So Miss Cleopatra and Miss Tadalinka inspected him most gravely and then came to a decision. 'I know,' said

Miss Cleopatra, 'I know exactly what has happened. He has come back to finish the book "Feeding the Flame" before he is taken off to feed the flame at the local crematorium.

That's going to come as sure as eggs is eggs.'

Miss Tadalinka looked very grave indeed, 'Yes,' she said, 'but if he loses any more weight there won't be anything with which to feed the flames. I think they must have starved him. I wonder if we should give him some of our food.'

Miss Cleopatra jumped on the Old Man's chest and sniffed around, sniffed his beard, sniffed his ears, and had a good sniff of his mouth. 'I think he's underfed, Tad,' she said. 'I think we shall have to have a word with Ma to get him stuffed up a bit with food to fill out all those hollows.' But no matter what Miss Cleopatra said, no matter what Miss Tadalinka said, no matter how good Ma's intentions, the Old Man was on a diet for the rest of his life, a miserable, horrifying diet, hardly enough to keep body and soul together.

Miss Tadalinka rushed under the bed to Miss Cleopatra, 'Say Clee,' she yelled, 'you know something? I've just heard them talking, he's losing a pound a day, so that means that in two hundred and seventy days he won't weigh anything at all.'

Both cats sat there thinking about it, and then Miss Cleopatra nodded her head very wisely, with all the wisdom and sagacity which comes to a Little Girl Cat four years of age. 'Ah yes,' she exclaimed, 'but you've forgotten one thing, Taddy. The hungrier he is, the sicker he is, the more clairvoyant he becomes. Soon he'll be seeing things before it happens.'

'Phooey to that!' said Miss Tadalinka, 'he does already. Look at the telepathic messages he sent us from the hospital. Still, it's good preparation for the start of his book. I think we'd better help him all we can.'

The radiator was quite warm and both little cats jumped

up to the sill above the radiators. There they stretched out full length, head to tail, and went into the usual state of introspection before communicating all the thoughts of the day to the local cats. The Old Man? Well, the Old Man was glad to get in bed. He lay back for a time and thought, 'This wretched book, suppose I have to write it. I have to live and even if I don't eat much nowadays I have to pay for what I do eat. So, on the morrow, he decided, let's start this book with the hope that it would be finished, and here it is. It's started, you are reading the first chapter, aren't you?

Quite a lot of people have written asking things, asking all manner of questions. Well, it would be a good idea if this book were devoted to answering what appear to be common questions. People have a right to know, otherwise they get weird ideas such as those who think that death is a terrible thing, such as those who think there is no after-life. Well, it always amuses me when people say there is no after-life just because they don't know about it. In the same way a person living in a remote country area can say there is no London, no New York, no Buenos Aires because they haven't actually seen it. After all, pictures can be faked, I have seen a lot of faked pictures about life on the Other Side, and that is quite a pity. There is a very, very good 'Other Side', and it is the depth of absurdity when crooks and perverted 'seers' produce a lot of faked stuff. It's so easy to produce the actual reality, easier in fact.

I had hoped to get on with the aura research. Unfortunately I have had to leave it through lack of money, and now—well—there is no medical health scheme here, not like in England, and everything is frightfully expensive. So the aura work will have to be left for others.

There is another project which I wanted to develop and it is this: it is absolutely possible to make a device which will enable one to 'telephone' the astral world. It has actually been done, but the man who did it had such a barrage of doubts, suspicions, and accusations from the press that he

got tired of it, he lost heart, and driven by the insane press he smashed his apparatus and committed suicide.

It is quite possible to make a telephone with which to telephone, the astral world. Consider speech now; when we speak we cause a vibration which imparts its energy to a column of air, which in turn energizes some receiving apparatus, for example, someone's ear, and so they hear the sounds we make. It is interpreted as speech. No one has ever yet succeeded in standing atop a radio mast and shouting to the world, and being heard all over the world. For that the vibrations are transformed into a different form of energy and messages spoken and transformed into this energy can be heard, with suitable apparatus, all over the world. I listen to England, Japan, Australia, Germany—everywhere. I have even heard little America in the South Antarctic.

A device to telephone the astral is something like that. It transforms present day radio waves into something incomparably higher just as radio waves in turn are very much higher in frequency than is speech.

In days to come people will be able to telephone those who have newly passed over in much the same way as a person can now telephone a hospital and, if he is lucky and the nurse is feeling good tempered, can speak to a patient who is recovering from an operation. So it will be that those who have newly passed over and are recuperating from the strain of passing over, just as a mother and baby recuperate from birth strains, so while this recuperation process is taking place relatives can telephone a reception area and find out 'how the patient is doing'. Naturally, when 'the patient' is quite recovered and has gone to yet other dimensions he or she will be too busy to be bothered by the petty little affairs of this Earth.

This Earth is just a speck of dust existing for the twinkle of an eye in what is the real time.

For those who are interested, I have actually seen such a telephone and actually seen it in use. It's a pity that the idiot press is not subject to censorship because they should not be

permitted to take foolish actions just for the sake of sensation, and so inhibit what are real developments.

So now let us consider this as a start, and the ending of the first chapter. We will go on together and see what we can do to answer some questions in the second.

## CHAPTER TWO

Never reply to criticism;  
to do so is to weaken your case.

The Old Man was alone at home. Ma, Buttercup, Miss Cleopatra and Miss Tadalinka were out about the ordinary business which seems to surround all households, out shopping, because even in the best ordered communities there is always the inevitable shopping. Potatoes, soap flakes, various other things including—well, let us whisper it—unmentionable requisites without which in modern days we cannot easily manage. So the Old Man was lying back in his bed listening to the radio.

Reception was good. The program was coming along on the African Service of the B.B.C. very clearly and with good volume. Someone was playing the new musical hits. The Old Man smiled at one piece with the unlikely title of 'Astral Journey'. He had to stop his program because the telephone was ringing, the telephone beside his bed.

With that disposed of, he switched on again in time to hear one of the latest hits. An announcer of the B.B.C., or disc jockey, or whatever he was, announced in a decidedly Cockney voice that he was just going to put on the latest record, 'Without the Night There Would be no Sunshine'.

Without the night there would be no sunshine. Did the fellow know that he uttered a great truth there? One has to have extremes in order to have anything. Sometimes from the U.S.A., particularly on a Sunday, there comes by way of the short waves a horrible program sent out by some gang of revivalist missionaries. The uproar, the ranting, is enough to turn anyone against Christianity. And then from a Station

in South America just by the Equator there is another religious revival gang, they fairly hoot about the terrors of not being a Christian. Everyone not a Christian according to this Station, is damned and will go to Hell. Surely not the way to conduct a sane religion.

Without the night there can be no sunshine; without evil there can be no good; without Satan there can be no God; without cold there can be no heat. Without extremes, how can there be anything? If there were no extremes there would be only a static condition. Think of when you breathe, you force out your breath, that is one extreme because to all practical purposes you have no breath within you and you are in danger of suffocating. Then you take in breath and you have a lot of air in you, and if you take in too much breath too quickly you are in danger through hyperventilation. But again, if you do not breathe out and you do not breathe in, then you have nothing and you can't live.

Some remarkably foolish person in Nova Scotia sent me a silly, badly duplicated, purplish effusion about sinners and Satan. Apparently the idea was that I should send them some money as that would help wipe out Satan. Wipe out Satan? Perhaps they were going to get some of the latest detergents and spread it on a new floor cloth, or something, and try to rub out old Satan that way. Anyway all that garbage went where it should go—in the garbage.

There must be negative or there cannot be positive. There must be opposites or there is no motion. Everything that exists has motion. Night gives way to day, day gives way to night; summer gives way to winter, winter gives way to summer, and so on. There just has to be motion, there just have to be extremes. It's not bad to have extremes, it just means that two points are separated from each other as far as they can be. So, good old Satan, keep him going for a time because without Satan there could be no God, without God there could be no Satan because there wouldn't be any humans either. The worst 'Satan' is the awful driveller who

tries to ram some religion down the throat of a person of another religion. I am a Buddhist, and I definitely resent all the stupid creeps who send me Bibles, New Testaments, Old Testaments, pretty pictures, purely imaginary of course (or should it be 'impurely'?) of Crucifixions, etc., etc., *ad lib, ad nauseam*. I am a Buddhist. All right, I am an extreme from Christianity, but Christians are extreme from me as a Buddhist. I do not try to get any converts to Buddhism, in fact a vast number of people write and ask me if they can become Buddhists, and my invariable answer is that they should remain affiliated with the religion to which they were born unless there is some great, great overriding condition or circumstance.

I do not like people who change their religion just because it is 'the done thing', or the newest thing, or because they want a thrill and have people point them out saying, 'Look, he's a Buddhist!'

But without the darkness there can be no sunshine. Yes, Mr. Announcer with the Cockney voice, you certainly said a great truth there. Don't let's persecute old Satan so much, he's got to live otherwise there is no standard of comparison, is there? If there was no talk of Satan, how would you judge good? If there was no bad there could be no good. Obviously not, because there would be no standard of comparison, because one must be able to compare X with Y, then we have good and bad just as in U.S.A. and Canada, it seems, there have to be 'good guys' and 'bad guys'. The good guys are always the red-blooded he-men, all American with Ivy League suits and the Pepsodent smile, whereas the bad guy is automatically the poor Indian who was swindled out of his country with a lot of specious promises. But think of the television program, wouldn't it be dull if there were no good guys who could fight against the bad guys, or if there were no bad guys who could show how good the good guys really were? So, to all you people who write in and say don't I think Satan should be bumped off or rubbed out or excommunicated or sent to Russia, or something, let me say

now—No, I think Satan is a good guy in that he provides a fall guy for good, he provides a standard against which we can measure good. So let's drink a toast to Satan, but just for luck let's have some sulfuric acid and brimstone in a glass and tip it upside down, it's safer that way.

The Old Man groaned as he unfolded the letter, 'I wrote to England for a Touch Stone,' he read, 'four weeks it was and I sent them the money, but I haven't had an answer. I think I am being swindled.'

The Old Man groaned aloud. Then he looked at the envelope and groaned again. First of all the Old Man is not in any way connected or interested in any business concern or venture. Sometimes a firm will branch out and claim that it is associated with Lobsang Rampa, etc., etc. There is only one case, and that is with a firm in England. They have permission to use the name of The Rampa Touch Stone Company. But, again, the Old Man wants to make it very, very clear that he is not connected with nor interested in any business enterprise. There is one firm with whom the Old Man is extraordinarily displeased because they advertise a mail order company using the name of the Old Man's first book, entirely without his permission, definitely with his disapproval.

So, there it is, that's business for you.

But the Old Man groaned as he looked at the envelope, and he groaned because neither on the envelope nor on the letter was there any address. In the U.S.A. and Canada people sometimes put their name and address on the envelope but rarely on the letter where it should be. In England and Europe the letter sheet itself bears the name and address of the sender, and so one can always reply to letters from England and Europe, yet this particular person groaning so bitterly and so libelously about being swindled had no address to which one could reply. What should one do then? The signature was just 'Mabel', nothing else, no surname, no address, and the postmark - well, that could not be read even with a magnifying glass. So you people who complain

that you have had no reply who complain that you are being swindled, ask yourself—Did you really put your address on the letter or on the envelope?

A little time ago we had a letter and we couldn't read a single word of it. Probably it was in English, but we just couldn't read any part of it, so it had to go unanswered. The purpose of a letter is to make something known, and if the writing cannot be read the letter fails in its purpose, and if there is no address on it, well, it is just a waste of time.

The Old Man listening to his programme; the Overseas Programme of the B.B.C., pondered upon sounds. A few years back music was a very pleasant thing, a soothing thing or a rousing thing, but now - what has happened to the world? The stuff that is coming from England is like a horde of tomcats with their tails tied together. It isn't music, I don't know what it is. But sounds, well, different sounds are peculiar to different cultures. People have certain sounds which are alleged to do them good, such as the sound of 'OM' correctly pronounced. Yet there are other sounds which are not socially acceptable. The sounds of certain four letter words, for example, are not socially acceptable, and yet perhaps those same sounds are absolutely permissible in the language of another culture. There is a certain four letter sound which is naughty, naughty, very naughty indeed in English, and yet the sound in Russian is perfectly correct, perfectly decent, and used many many times a day.

Do not place too great a reliance on sounds. Many people get almost demented wondering if they are pronouncing 'OM' correctly. Of itself 'OM' is nothing, it doesn't mean a thing — of itself, not even if you pronounce it as it should be pronounced in Sanskrit. It is useless to pronounce a 'meta-physical word of power' correctly unless you also think correctly.

Consider this; think of your radio programme. You have certain sounds which, of themselves, cannot be transmitted. Those sounds can only be transmitted if first of all you have a carrier wave. A carrier wave is similar to the light you have

to show before you can transmit a cine picture or a television picture, or show your slides on a screen. The slides themselves, without light, are nothing. You have to have a light beam as a carrier, and in precisely the same way you have to have a carrier wave before you can transmit your radio programme.

Again, in exactly the same way the sound of 'OM', etc., or some other 'word of power' merely acts as a carrier wave to correct thoughts.

Do you want it made clearer? All right. Suppose we made a phonograph record which had nothing but 'OM' correctly pronounced, OM, OM, OM, OM, OM, you could play that record for ever and a day provided it did not wear out first, and you just wouldn't do any good because the phonograph player, or gramophone, if you happen to be in England, is an unthinking machine. OM is useful only when one is thinking correctly as well as 'sounding' correctly. The best way to improve is to get one's thoughts right and let the sound take care of itself.

Sounds! What a powerful thing a sound can be. It can add impetus to one's thoughts. Music, good music, can stir one and lift one up spiritually. It can lead one to a greater belief in the honesty of one's fellows. Surely that is a most desirable attainment in itself. But music specially designed can make a rabble into a warlike army. Marching songs can help one march correctly and with less effort: But now - what's happened to the world? What's all this stuff worse than jazz, worse than rock 'n' roll? What's happened that young people are trying to drive themselves crazier with discordant cacophony which seems to be designed to bring out all the worst in them, drive them to drug addiction, drive them to perversions, and all the rest of it. That's what happens, you know.

People subjected to the wrong sound can have a longing for drugs. Drinking songs can make people desire to drink more, some of the old German Biergarten songs were much the same as salted nuts provided, apparently, by some bars to

increase the thirst and enable one to drink more to the greater glory of the publicans' income.

Now there are wars, revolutions, and hatreds and disturbances all over the world. Man fights against Man, and things will get much worse before they get much better. Sounds, bad sounds, cause it. Screaming, ranting agitators rousing the worst thoughts in the rabble just as Hitler, a most gifted but distorted orator, was able to rouse normally staid, sensible Germans to a frenzy, to an orgy of destruction and savagery. If only we could change the world by eliminating all the discordant music, all the discordant voices who preach hate, hate, hate. If only people would think love and kindness and consideration for others. There is no need for things to go on as they are. It needs just a few determined people of pure thought to produce those necessary sounds in music and in speech as would enable our poor sorely stricken world to regain some semblance of sanity instead of all the vandalism and juvenile delinquency which assails us daily. Then, too, there should be some censorship of the press for the press always, almost without exception, strives to make things appear more sensational, more bloodthirsty, more horrendous than really is the case.

Why not all of us have a period of meditation, thinking good thoughts, thinking and also saying good thoughts? It's so easy because the power of sound controls the thoughts of many people. Sound, provided it has a thought behind it.

The Old Man lay back in his bed, the poor fellow had no choice. Miss Cleopatra was lying on his chest with her head nestling in his beard, purring contentedly she gazed up with the bluest of blue eyes. Miss Cleopatra Rampa, the most intelligent of people, the most loving and unselfish of people, just a little animal to most people, although an exceptionally beautiful animal. To the Old Man this was a definite, intelligent Person, a Person who had come to this Earth to do a specific task and who was doing it nobly and with entire success. A Person with whom the Old Man had long telepathic conversations, and he learned much from her.

In the electric wheel chair Miss Tadalinka Rampa was curled up snoring away, every so often her whiskers would twitch and her eyes would roll beneath her closed eyelids. Taddy was a most affectionate Person, and Taddy loved comfort, comfort and food were Taddy's main pre-occupations, and yet Taddy earned her food and her comfort. Taddy, the most telepathic of cats, did her share in keeping in touch with various parts of the world.

There came a light tap at the door and Friendly Neighbour came in and plonked a solid behind with a resounding 'thwack' upon a seat which seemed inadequate to contain such bulk. 'Love your cats, don't you Guv?' said Friendly Neighbor with a smile.

'Love them? Good gracious, yes! I regard them as my children, and as remarkably intelligent children at that. These cats do more for me than humans.'

By now Tadalinka was alert, sitting up ready to growl, ready to attack if necessary because both little cats can be very very fierce indeed in defense of what they regard as their responsibilities. At one apartment a man had tried to enter at night. Both cats had rushed to the door and nearly scared ten years of growth on to the poor fellow, because a Siamese cat in a fury is quite a frightening sight. They puff out, every hair of their fur stands straight out at right angles to the body, their tails fluff out, they stand on tiptoe and they look like something out of the inferno. They should not be called cats really because they are unlike cats. They roar, growl and fume, and nothing is too dangerous for a Siamese cat protecting a person or property. There are many legends about protecting by Siamese cats, many legends originating in the East about how this or that Siamese cat protected important people or sick people. But—enough. No one else tried to enter our apartment without our knowledge, the story of 'the fierce Rampa cats' went the round, and people are more frightened of wild Siamese cats than they are of mad dogs, it seems.

So it was, or, should it be, now it is, that now with the Old

Man so disabled the two little cats are ever alert to rush to his defense.

Oh yes, among our questions, here is a question from a lady who asks about animals. Where is it now? Ah, here! 'Can you tell us what happens to our pets when they leave this Earth? Are they utterly destroyed, or do they eventually reincarnate as humans? The Bible tells us that only humans go to Heaven. What have you to say about it?'

Madam, I have a lot to say about it. The Bible was written a long time after the events related happened, the Bible is not the original Writings either. It is a translation of a translation of a translation of another translation which had been re-translated to suit some king or some political power, or something else. Think of the King James Edition, or this Edition or that Edition. A lot of things written in the Bible are bunk. No doubt there was a lot of truth in the original Scriptures, but a lot of things in the Bible now are no more truth than the truth of the press, and anyone knows what a lot of bilge that is.

The Bible seems to teach humans that they are the Lords of Creation, that the whole world was made for Man. Well, Man has made an awful mess of the world, hasn't he? Where are there not wars, or rumors of wars, where is there no sadism, no terror, no persecution? You will have to move off this Earth if you want an answer to that. But we are dealing with animals and what happens to them.

In the first case there are many different species of creatures. Humans are animals, whether you like it or not humans are animals, horrid, uncouth, unfriendly animals, more savage than any of the Nature type animals.

Because humans have a thumb and fingers they have been able to develop along certain lines because they can use their hands to fabricate things, and that animals cannot do. Man lives in a very material world and only believes that which he can grasp between his fingers and his thumb. Animals, not having thumbs and not being able to grasp a thing in two hands, have had to evolve spiritually, and most animals

are spiritual, they do not kill unless for the absolute necessity of eating, and if a cat ‘terrorizes and tortures’ a mouse—well that is an illusion of the human; the mouse is quite oblivious of it because it is hypnotized and feels no pain. Do you like that?

Under stress a person's sensations are anaesthetized, so in times of war, for example, a man can have an arm shot off and apart from a very dim numbness, he will not feel it until loss of blood makes him weak. Or a person piloting a plane, for instance, can be shot through the shoulder but he will go on piloting his plane and bring it down safely and only when the excitement has ended will he feel pain. In the case of our mouse by that time the mouse doesn't feel anything any more.

Horses do not reincarnate as daffodils. Marmosets do not reincarnate as maggots or vice versa. There are different groups of Nature people, each one in a separate isolated ‘shell’ which does not impinge upon the spiritual or astral existence of others. What that really means is that a monkey never reincarnates as a man, a man never reincarnates as a mouse although, admittedly, many men are mouse-like in their lack of intestinal fortitude which is a very polite way of explaining—well, you know what.

It is a definite statement of fact that no animal reincarnates as a human. I know humans are animals as well, but I am using the accepted, the commonly accepted term. One refers to humans and one refers to animals because humans like to be buttered up a bit, and so one pretends that they are not animals but a special form of creature, one of God's chosen—humans. So—the human animal never never reincarnates as a canine animal or feline animal, or equine animal. And, again, our old friend vice versa.

The human animal has one type of evolution which he must follow, the—which shall we say?—has a different, and not necessarily parallel, form of evolution to follow. So they are not inter-changeable entities.

Many Buddhist Scriptures refer to humans coming back

as spiders or tigers or something else, but of course that is not believed by the educated Buddhist, that started as a misunderstanding many centuries ago in much the same way as there is a misunderstanding about Father Christmas, or about little girls being made of sugar and spice and all things nice. You and I know that all little girls are not nice; some of them are very nice, some of them are proper stinkers, but, of course, you and I, we only know the nice ones, don't we?

When a human dies the human goes to the astral plane about which we shall say more later, and when an animal dies it, too, goes to an astral plane where it is met by its own kind, where there is perfect understanding, where there is perfect rapport between them. As in the case of humans, animals cannot be bothered by those with whom they are incompatible, and now study this carefully; when a person who loves an animal dies and goes to the astral world, that person can be in contact with the loved animal, they can be together if there is absolute love between them. Further, if humans were more telepathic, if they were more believing, if they would open their minds and receive, then loved animals who had passed over could keep in touch with the humans even before the humans passed over.

Let me tell you something; I have a number of little people who have passed over, and I am still very definitely, very much in contact with them. There is one little Siamese cat, Cindy, with whom I am in daily contact, and Cindy has helped me enormously. On Earth she had a very bad time indeed. Now she is helping, helping, always helping. She is doing absolutely as much as anyone on the Other Side can do for anyone on this Side.

Those who truly love their so-called 'pets' can be sure that when this life has ended for both, then they can come together again, but it's not the same.

When humans are on the Earth they are a disbelieving crew, cynical, hard, blasé and all the rest. When they get to the Other Side they get a shake or two which enables them

to realize that they are not the Lords of Creation they thought they were, but just part of a Divine Plan. On the Other Side they realize that others have rights as well, when they get to the Other Side they find that they can talk with utmost clarity to animals who are also on the Other Side, and animals will answer them in any language they care to use. It is a limitation on humans that most of them while on Earth are not telepathic, most of them, while on Earth, are not aware of the character and ability and powers of so-called 'animals'. But when they pass over it all comes clear to them, and humans then are like a person born blind who suddenly can see.

Yes, animals go to Heaven, not the Christian Heaven, of course, but that is no loss. Animals have a real Heaven, no angels with goose feathers for wings, it's a real Heaven, and they have a Manu, or God, who looks after them. Whatever Man can obtain or attain on the Other Side, so can an animal—peace, learning, advancement - anything and everything.

Upon the Earth man is in the position of being the dominant species, dominant because of the fearful weapons he has. Unarmed a man would be no match for a determined dog; armed with some artificial method such as a gun, a man can dominate a whole pack of dogs, and it is only through Man's viciousness that the telepathic power of communication with animals has been lost, that is the real story of the Tower of Babel, you know. Mankind was telepathic for general use, and mankind used speech only in local dialects for communicating with members of the family when they did not want the community as a whole to know what was being said. But then Man lured animals into traps by false telepathy, by false promises. As a result mankind lost the telepathic power as a punishment, and now only a few people on this Earth are telepathic, and for those of us who are it is like being a sighted person in the country of the blind. Well, madam, to answer the question in your letter briefly—No, humans do not reincarnate as animals, animals do not

reincarnate as humans. Yes, animals go to Heaven, and if you truly love your pet then you can be together after you pass over IF your love is truly love and not just selfish, senseless desire to dominate or possess. And, finally on this subject, animals are not an inferior species. Humans can do a vast number of things that animals cannot, animals can do a vast number of things that humans cannot. They are different, and that's all there is to it— they are different, but not inferior.

Now, Miss Cleo, resting so comfortably, looked up with those limpid blue eyes and sent a telepathic message: 'To work, we have to work or we do not eat.' So saying she rose gracefully and most delicately walked off. The Old Man, with a sigh, turned to another letter and another question.

'Are there Mantras for sending dying animals to higher realms, and, if so, what are such Mantras?'

One doesn't need Mantras from humans to animals; just as humans have their own helpers waiting on the Other Side of life to help the dying human to be reborn back into the astral, so animals have their own helpers. And so there are no Mantras necessary to help dying animals enter the astral world. Anyhow animals know by instinct, or by pre-knowledge, far more about such things than do humans.

One should not wait until an animal is dying before one is ready to help. The best way to help an animal is while it is alive and well on this Earth because animals are beautiful creatures, and there are no bad or vicious animals unless they have been made bad and vicious by the ill-treatment, conscious or otherwise, of humans. I have known many cats, and I have never known a cat who was naturally vicious or bad tempered. If a cat has been tormented by humans, or by human children most likely, then of course it does adopt a protective fierceness, but soon with a little kindness all that goes, and one has a gentle, devoted animal again.

You know, a lot of people are scared stiff about Siamese cats, saying how fierce they are, how destructive, how every-

thing bad. It isn't true, there isn't a word of truth in it, not a word. Miss Cleopatra and Miss Tadalinka never, never do anything to annoy us. If something irritates us, then we just say, 'Oh, don't do that, Clee!' and she doesn't do it again. Our cats do not tear up furniture or draperies because we have a pact with them; we provide a very easily made scratching post, actually we have two. They are sturdy posts, strongly mounted on a square base, both are covered with heavy carpet, not old scruffy carpet on which one has upset the garbage pail, but new carpet, actually off-cuts. Well, this carpeting has been securely fixed to the posts and on top of the posts there is room for a cat to sit.

Several times a day Cleopatra and Tadalinka go to their scratch posts, and they have such a long beautiful stretch that it makes one feel better just to watch. Sometimes they will walk up the post instead of jumping to the top, and that is very good for their muscles and very good for their claws. So, we provide the scratch posts and they provide the tranquility because we do not have to fear for any furniture or any draperies.

Once I thought of writing a book about Cat Legends and the real story of cats. I'd love to, but increasing decrepitude makes it improbable that I ever shall. I would like to tell, for instance, how, on another world, in another system, far removed from the solar system, there was a high civilization of cats. In those days they could use their 'thumbs' as humans could, but, just as humans are doing now, they fell from grace and they had a choice of starting a Round all over again or going to another system to help a race not yet born.

Cats are kind creatures and understanding creatures, and so the whole race of cats and the Manu of cats decided to come to the planet we call Earth. They came to watch humans and report to other spheres on the behavior of humans, something like having a television camera watching all the time, but they watch and report not to harm humans, but to help them. In the better regions people do not report

things to cause harm but only so that defects may be overcome.

Cats came to be naturally independent so they would not be swayed by affection. They came as small creatures so that humans could treat them kindly or treat them harshly, according to the nature of the humans.

Cats are benign, a good influence on Earth. Cats are a direct extension of a Great Overself of this world, a source of information where much information is distorted by world conditions.

Be friendly with cats, treat them kindly, have faith in them knowing that no cat has ever willingly harmed a human, but very very many cats have died to help humans.

Well, Miss Tadalinka has just rushed in with a telepathic message, 'Hey, Guv, guess what? There's seventy-eight letters for you today!' Seventy-eight letters! It's about time I got down to answering some which are waiting.

## CHAPTER THREE

The right Path is close at hand  
yet mankind searches for it afar.

‘What is life like in Lhasa today? Are novices having their “third eye” opened? What has happened to all the people you describe in the first book?’

The Lhasa of 1970 under the terrorist rule of the Red Chinese is very, very different from the Lhasa of the era before the Chinese invasion. People are furtive, people look over their shoulders before venturing to speak to even the closest acquaintance. There are no beggars in the streets now; they have either been nailed up by their ears and are long since dead, or they have been sent to forced labor. Women are not the happy, carefree people they used to be. Now in Chinese dominated Tibet women are forcibly mated with Chinese men who have been deported from China and sent to Tibet to be the first colonists.

The Chinese are guilty of genocide, they are trying to kill the Tibetan nation. Chinese men were torn from their families in China and sent to Tibet to till the hard soil and to scrape a living somehow, sent to Tibet to mate with unwilling women and to be the fathers of a race of half-breeds, half Chinese and half Tibetan. As soon as a child is born it is taken away from the parents and placed in a communal home where it is taught as it grows up to hate all things Tibetan and to worship all things Chinese.

Tibetan men are being dealt with so that they are men no longer, so that they can no longer be fathers: Many men, and many women too, have escaped perhaps to India or perhaps to the higher mountain recesses where the Chinese

troops cannot climb. The Tibetan race will not die out, the Tibetan race will continue. It is a tragedy that the high ranking Tibetans now in India do not stir up interest in saving Tibet.

At one time I had the fond hope that some of these higher-ups would put aside their petty jealousies and petty hatreds and they would have co-operated with me. I have long had the great desire to speak as a representative of Tibet before the United Nations. I am not dumb, I am not illiterate, I know the side of the East and I know the side of the West, and it has long been my most fervent desire to serve Tibet by appealing to the Free Peoples of the world on behalf of the people now enslaved, now facing determined attempts to extinguish the whole race. But unfortunately I have been called many things, and those higher-ups, living in comfort in India, have not seen fit to do much about saving Tibet. However, that is another matter, and is 'one man's ambition', an ambition, though, which is entirely unselfish for I sought nothing for myself.

My books are true, every single one of them, they are absolutely true, but unfortunately the press saw fit to attack me, after all it's so much easier and so much more sensational for the press to try to pull down a person and try to make a blood-and-thunder tale out of something which doesn't exist than to admit the truth. It seems to me, looking back through the years, that those high ranking Tibetans in India, now living there in considerable comfort, are afraid to support me in the mistaken idea that if they did so they would lose the support of the press. Who cares about the press, anyhow? I don't!

People I have known in Tibet? The most highly placed of them have been killed, tortured to death. For example, Tibet's Prime Minister was dragged behind a speeding car through the streets of Lhasa, a rope was tied around one ankle, the other end of the rope was tied to the back of a car. The car was loaded with jeering Chinese, and off it started pulling an eminent man through the streets, turning and

twisting on the rocky road, tearing off his nose, tearing off his ears, tearing off other things, until, raw-red and soaking with blood, he was just tossed aside on a garbage heap for dogs to devour.

Women whom I knew? Well, their daughters have been publicly raped in front of their families as well. Many eminent women have been forced into brothels for Chinese troops. The list could go on long about such happenings, but there is no point in it.

Certain cowardly men of high estate capitulated to the Chinese demands and became lackeys of the Chinese, obeying their every whim, aping them, fawning upon them, and remaining in positions of 'trust' until their masters tired of them and liquidated them.

Yet others escaped into the mountains to continue the fight against the Chinese. Many, of course, went to India. Well, that's their choice, but again the thought comes - why would not the Great Ones, safely in India, do something to help those who were not safe?

In the Great Temples and at the Potala itself all the gold sheets forming the roof have been torn off and carried away to China where, presumably, the gold has been melted down and made into money or something. Sacred Figures have been melted down for their gold and silver content, precious jewels have been removed and taken to China, and other things, books, manuscripts, paintings and carvings, have been tossed upon a great bonfire and the whole lot burnt up, and with it the history of a harmless, innocent country devoted only to the good of mankind.

Lamaseries are now brothels or barracks. Nunneries—well, the Chinese regard them as ready-made brothels. Ancient monuments have been torn down to afford easier passage for armored columns.

Lhasa now is the capital city of terror, where people are tortured and killed without knowing the reason why. All that was beautiful has been destroyed. Unless alert men could save those things in time, and painfully carry them

off to mountain refuges where they would be stored for coming generations, all that was beautiful has been destroyed. Tibet will rise again, there is no final battle until the last battle, and only the last battle is decisive. Tibet will rise again. Perhaps there will be some strong man emerge who will be a great Ruler, perhaps he will re-vitalize those who now have merely sought safety and comfort in flight.

Tibet now is ringed with great roads, great barrack-like buildings housing workers who are trying to make some sort of order out of high barren land. It is not a happy task because the Chinese men, who have been forced against their own wishes to be immigrants or colonists, hate the land, hate the people, all they desire is to return to their own homes, to their own families. But the Tibetans are treated as sub-humans, the Chinese colonists are treated as prisoners and kept in Tibet against their will, and any who try to escape are tortured and publicly executed.

Meanwhile the nations of the world go about their own everyday business of having a few wars here and there - Korea, Viet Nam, Israel and the Arab countries, Africa, the Chinese/Russian border, and quite a few other places. But if there was a suitable Voice perhaps some of the more astute nations of the world would listen to a plea for help from an accredited representative of Tibet who could augment the spoken word by the written word, who could appear before the United Nations, who could appear on television, and who could write and write seeking aid for a stricken people before it is too late.

From the corridor came a roaring like a town bull on double overtime. A crash at the door and Outsize Neighbor came striding in. Face flaming like the setting sun he plonked down on a chair with a crash that seemed to shake the building. 'Know what?' he bellowed; 'those — 's in Halifax want to put up my rent!'

The Old Man, propped up in bed, tried to think of some good words to say about 'Halifax', but he had to admit that

everything was going up, milk, rent, postal charges, freight charges, the works!

Downstairs in the main lobby the Superintendent, Angus Robichaud, worked hard at cleaning the carpet. So much to do, far too much to do and far too much responsibility. Angus Robichaud is a good man, a loyal man, and one who successfully treads the narrow path between doing what his employers demand and doing as much as he can for his tenants. A rare man, of a type becoming increasingly hard to find.

In the Superintendent's Apartment his Wife, Mrs. Robichaud, was fighting to preserve patience and sanity between conflicting telephone calls. Mrs. Schnitzelheimer of 1027 was calling bad-temperedly: 'I vant ze 'eat you should turn off yes, already. My 'usband 'e say 'e got fried on 'is skin the 'eat she is too much, yes.' No sooner had she hung up with a bad-tempered bang than the phone rang again. 'Say, Ma'am, you just tell your husband to turn up that heat a lot pronto or I phone ,the Boss and make a complaint. What you think I pay for here, eh? To be refrigerated?'

Everything going up? The Old Man guessed that Mr. Robichaud's pay was not. What a pity, he thought, that some of these Apartment Building owners were so blind that they put a man in charge of a building that cost a few million to build—and probably pay him hardly enough to keep body and soul together. Yes, prices were going up to make money for those who already had plenty!

Pay? Pay? The price of everything is going up? Yes, that's a good question. I am asked why do occultists expect to be paid for giving advice, for information. It's wrong to charge for occult knowledge.

All right, Mrs. So-and-So, you go along to your lawyer or to your doctor or to your food store, go anywhere you like, and if you expect something you will have to pay for it. Your lawyer had to pay a lot of money for this training, he had many lean years as a student, and as a graduate lawyer. He

invested money and time in knowledge, specialized knowledge, and he expects, and rightly expects, to have an adequate return on his investment.

Your doctor also had many years of hardship as a medical student. He had to study, he had to walk the wards, and then he had to pass a severe medical examination to see how much he knew and how little he knew. If he is any good as a doctor he is still studying, still keeping up with current developments, still reading about the results of research. He spent a lot of money on his studies, invested in the future, and like the lawyer, like a stockbroker, like anyone, he expects to get an adequate return on his investments.

Try going to a local store and getting free groceries. Tell the storekeeper it's criminal for him to have so much food upon his shelves while you have none on yours, tell him that it's criminal — him with so much food and you with none — for him to charge you. Do that, and you'll probably find yourself hustled off to the local mental home as being *non-compos mentis*.

The genuine occultist or metaphysician - and I am one - has spent a long time learning and suffering. As such, while we gladly do anything we can to help people, we still have the right to live, the right to eat, the right to wear clothes, as such we make a charge. Ask your doctor, your grocer, or your lawyer if that is not correct.

There is another question on the same letter; perhaps we should deal with that at the same time; it is pertinent to the remarks above.

The question is—'I have been to Vancouver and I live in British Columbia. There is a man there who charges large sums of money for answering questions. He says he is a student of yours, and he works very closely with you and you advise him whenever he is in difficulties. This man has taken a lot of money from me, and he has given me information which is completely and utterly false. What have you got to say about that?'

In the first case, I am not working with anyone. I have no

students whatever. It is utterly false to say that I am working closely with any fortune-teller; I don't believe in fortune-tellers. Too often if one 'fortune tells' one induces a person to do what he or she would not normally do, but we will deal with that in a moment.

If you have reason to believe that person is posing as a student of mine and that person is obtaining money from you by falsely pretending to be a student of mine, then all you have to do is to go to the local Police Station and see someone in the local Fraud Squad. Explain things to him, and if you like you can show him this book, show him this page, where I state most definitely that I have no students whatever and that I do not work at all with fortune-tellers or anyone of that ilk.

Tell him also that I have no disciples, I do not want disciples, actually they are a darn nuisance! But, of course, that's between you and me, Disciples bumble around, 'Yes Master this, yes Master that,' they get under foot, they creep out from the woodwork like termites. So many, many years ago I decided that I would never have students and I would never have disciples, and all this makes your fortune-teller in Vancouver, British Columbia, sound a bit silly, doesn't it? No madam, don't blame me for false information. I give none, I don't even sell any. I write my books, and here again you have my positive, my definite statement, that all my books are true. I wouldn't swear it on a stack of Bibles because I am not a Christian and that would not mean any more to me than swearing on a bundle of old newspapers, but, I repeat, all my books are true.

It's unwise, you know, to bother with fortune tellers. After all, each and every one of us comes to this, Earth as students to a school. Now supposing you went to College and during a vacation or half day off you pattered over to some old biddy who probably wears great big earrings and a scarf over her head, and you said in effect, 'Hi, Biddy, what am I going to do next term? I won't tell you anything, you tell me all.' Well, the old biddy couldn't tell you much, could she? She

wouldn't know what course you were taking, she wouldn't know what your secret ambitions were, what your weaknesses were. No! And the average fortune-teller is much like that.

Now, read this carefully, get it engraved on your memory; no human can consult the Akashic Record of another human without 'Divine Permission'. And you can take it that Divine Permission is rarer than hair on an egg, so if people say they are just going to buzz off for a moment, have a look at the Akashic Record and come back with a blueprint of your past life and your future life, just tell them what you think and if you are wise just call in the Fraud Squad if any money is involved.

Every one of us is here to do something, and if we listen to fortune-tellers who do not really know what they are telling, then we might be side-tracked and instead of making a success of our life we may be heartily disillusioned, discouraged, or disenchanting. The best thing is to meditate properly, and if you do that you can know an awful lot about yourself - and usually it is quite awful. You see things where you have gone wrong through listening to others. Of course, you can listen to others, but you have to make a choice yourself and go your own way with full responsibility for yourself.

One of the most foolish statements ever made is to the effect that no man is an island unto himself. Silly, isn't it? Of course everyone has to be 'an island unto himself'.

If you join cults and groups, then you are not being an individual you are being just somebody living in a community. If you become a member of a cult or group you are not accepting your responsibility as an individual human. No doubt this will cause a considerable uproar among all those people who advertise metaphysical correspondence courses where you pay high sums for life and get little back, but the whole truth is this: no matter what your mother told you to do, no matter what your group leader told you to do, or the high mystical holder of the symbolic key of the correspon-

dence college, when you pass over from this life you, and you alone have to answer to your Overself for what you did or for what you did not do. It is utterly futile for you to think that you can say, 'Oh, you can't blame me for that, I only did what my mother told me to do. If she were here she would tell you so herself' But that is idiotic. You have to take the responsibility, and you alone. So, if you have to take the responsibility, and you most certainly have, then why allow yourself to be persuaded to do something by a gang of people who are out to get your money or out to get a bit of power through heading a group? That type of person is not going to stand by you when your Overself is judging your life. Again let me repeat, you, and you alone, have to answer to your Overself, so you, and you alone should live your life and make your decisions, and accept or reject responsibilities just as you and you alone think fit.

It is useless to listen to Mr. Dogwalloper, the President of the Hog's Tooth Metaphysical Society who will tell you this and tell you that and tell you something else, and who will tell you that if you do as his cult suggests you will get a reserved seat in Heaven with free harp playing lessons thrown in. You won't know. If Mr. Dogwalloper knew enough he wouldn't talk such a lot of bilge, he would be so busy trying to clear up his own life and preparing for his own judgment that he wouldn't meddle with your responsibilities.

In the same way it is stupid to be swayed or influenced by those old women of both sexes who prate and yowl that you should join their religious group, telling you how damned you will be if you don't, telling you how wonderful you will be if you do join them. Well, again, remember that all these people will not answer for you later.

Too many people bleat about 'God's blessing be upon you.' They come pretending that they have direct authority from God to bless one and to give one absolution for things already done. Well, God must be awfully busy! These people are just the same as you, and you, and you—no better and

perhaps no worse. They might be deluded, they might think that because they wear their collar the wrong way round, or because they read a book that they automatically have become a saint.

Having a knowledge of metaphysics does not necessarily make one spiritual, you know. According to legends old Satan himself knows quite a trick or two in the metaphysics line, but you are not going to call him spiritual, are you, not in the right way, that is. To come down to brass tacks, anyone can learn metaphysical things, it doesn't matter how bad the person, he or she can learn such things, he doesn't have to be of a certain degree of spirituality first. But a great and merciful Providence nearly always, not always but nearly always, arranges matters so that if we get a double-dyed villain studying metaphysics he changes first to a once-dyed villain and some of the dye washes out, he might even be a decent fellow beneath. But don't believe all the advertisements about the 'Saintly So-and-So who is now a Swami'. A Swami is a Mr., do you know that? It is no mystical title, that little word Swami really carries weight with a lot of people, but don't you be fooled by it.

Now, I see there is another question here which really we have just answered. The question is, 'Tell me why people shouldn't do metaphysical things in groups but should do it alone.'

I have already answered that, but perhaps I can add to it. A short time ago I was sent some 'literature' from a group who wanted me to join them. They boasted about their vast classes who were all meditating together. Did you ever read anything more stupid than that – 'who were all meditating together?' Well, if they had a scrap of metaphysical knowledge they would know that you can't meditate together. Do you know why?

Every human radiates energy, radiates waves, waves of thought, waves of prana, and everyone is to some extent telepathic, so if you get a whole group of people all meditating about their own affairs—well, they certainly do gum

up the works and it is impossible to do any worthwhile meditation for oneself when in a group.

You get the same sort of thing in big crowds. Take a football crowd, for instance; here you get a few thousand normal people, some of them fairly well balanced, some of them as crazy as coots, and they all congregate together. They are thinking about the game, and then something happens, someone thinks a certain thing and says a certain thing, and here in this crowd you get a sudden group personality, you get mass hysteria. People get trampled underfoot, immense damage is done to the football ground buildings, seats collapse, people come storming out through the gates yelling and shouting, and roughing up any one in their path, and later, when the crowd breaks up, the responsible ones feel quite dreadful and shamefacedly they wonder whatever happened to them.

The same thing happens in group meditation. Everybody thinking on a certain thing can cause the law of Reversed Effort to take place. I said, 'thinking about the same thing'. The mere fact of meditation, of meditating is enough because if one is meditating then it is a definite act, and every person meditating adds his or her own grain to the newly formed thought form or group personality, and unless there are some highly trained people—there rarely are—who can control things, you get all sorts of nervous illnesses resulting from the meeting. So, again I say, if you want this to be your last life on this Round do not join groups or cults, live your own life, accept your own responsibilities, make your own decisions. Oh yes, by all means, consider the advice of others, consider advice, weigh up the different advice you get, and then decide for yourself. Then when you have left this Earth and you are in the Hall of Memories with your knees knocking together with fright, and you get the judgment of your Overself upon your sins of omission and commission, you might get a few words of praise for yourself, and you might come out thinking, 'Yes, yes, I'm glad I followed Lobsang Rampa's advice. He was right after all.'

With the closing of the day 'the Family' were gathered about the Old Man's bed. Miss Cleopatra was looking out at the ships in the harbor, Miss Tadalinka was sitting on the Old Man's lap. Ma put down the first pages of the typescript which she had been reading and almost simultaneously Buttercup put down the copy which she had been reading. 'Well?' queried the Old Man, 'What do you think of it?'

Ma rubbed her ear and said, 'It's all right, it made me laugh so that should be test enough.'

'And how about you, Buttercup, what do you think about it?' the Old Man said.

Buttercup — well, she looked down at the typescript again and then looked up at the Old Man as she said, 'You repeat yourself, you know. That bit about Metaphysicians getting paid, well, you said something like that in "Beyond the Tenth".'

'But sure I repeated myself,' said the Old Man in some exasperation. 'How do I know if the person who is reading this book has read "Beyond the Tenth"? And these things, to my mind, are so important that surely a repetition is justified. After all, if you go to school the teacher doesn't say a thing just once and expect you to have it for ever and three days, does he? He repeats it'

Ma broke in—almost as if to prevent a fight!—'You say about no disciples, about not being interested in anything, how about John?'

The Old Man remembered his blood pressure, remembered his various complaints and sat gamely on his safety valve—if bodies have safety valves—But anyway, he suppressed, as so often of late he had had to suppress, the various comments which rose almost unbidden.

'All right, we'll make an exception about John. All right, we'll clear up one or two things which you say are not adequately covered so far.' So—here goes.

Every so often one comes across a man or a woman who has a deep urge to obey spiritual impulses and to improve

the nature and show that Karma can be overcome. Such a person is John Henderson. We are very fond of John Henderson—er, let me qualify that; his hobby is acting and he is a very good actor except when he tries to act the role of an Irish priest. His Irish accent is more like the Bronx in New York, that, though, is a digression. John Henderson is a good man who is trying and succeeding. I have suggested to him most strongly that later, when he is a bit older, he starts a Spiritual Retreat so that he can help those who need help. He won't be telling fortunes, he won't be trying to delude anyone. Instead, as a truly spiritual person he will be trying to help. So perhaps in three or four years you will be reading about John Henderson, in the best way of course, that's understood.

Buttercup said, 'But how does metaphysics help people to be more spiritual? You say that anyone can study metaphysics and usually even the bad ones turn good when they study metaphysics. How?'

Well, before the Communist take-over in Tibet there were various inscriptions carved on the lintels of lamasery entrances, such as 'A thousand monks, a thousand religions', or 'The saffron robe does not a monk make'. Unfortunately there are many arrant fakers and phonies in occultism, so much is hard to disprove and so much appeals to what people want to know. Some of the bums who study metaphysics, or pretend to study metaphysics, gather a little knowledge and then act as if they were Gods who know everything, plus. Actually most of these people really are just that—ignorant bums and nothing more. They are not truly studying with the intention of progressing, they are not truly studying with the desire to help others. They are trying to get a fast-talking smattering of occultism so they can make a fast buck. They are just pursuing a cult or even trying to start a fresh cult. They set out with a gang of so-called 'disciples' and they perpetrate all sorts of spiritual crimes, they lead people astray and they divert people from what should be their real task.

At the present time, within the past very few years, a great horde of people have come on the scene, people whom one could justifiably call 'the great unwashed'. Most of them are not merely unwashed, they stink with it physically and spiritually. They seem to take a pride in wearing tattered rags of clothing, and they take an ever greater pride in being uncouth and coarse, well, uncouth is being coarse, isn't it? But anyway, they are uncouth and they are also coarse with it. Let me tell them, as I so often tell them in letters, that there is no virtue in being dirty, in fact with many of them I would like to get busy with a pig scraper and remove the first few layers of dirt to see what really was beneath.

Now for that question from Buttercup as to why people should study metaphysics; in studying metaphysics they are just getting back what should be a birth right. Metaphysics has a scruffy name, but that is because scruffy people have abused the name. Actually, in years gone by everyone had metaphysical ability, that is, everyone was clairvoyant and telepathic, but through abusing those powers they lost the ability, the ability atrophied. You get the same sort of thing with a person who has to stay in bed a long time. If a person is confined to bed and not permitted to exercise the leg, then the person loses the power of walking, forgets how to do it, and when the illness which caused the poor wretch to stay in bed has been cured he or she has to be taught to walk all over again.

A person who has been born blind and suddenly through some advance in science has been given sight, has to be trained in the art of seeing because when you see for the first time you cannot comprehend what it is that you are seeing. One has to be taught to see things in 3D, one has to be taught to be able to judge distances. On this I have much personal experience because I have been blind, and recovering sight suddenly is quite a shock.

So people study metaphysics so that they may regain powers which their ancestors had and lost. And how does metaphysics help even bad people become less bad

and more spiritual? Easy! When one studies metaphysics it actually raises a person's vibrations, and the higher a person's vibrations are the more spiritual he becomes. So if a real thug suddenly has a change of heart and starts to study metaphysics, the mere act of studying occult knowledge makes him a better man, while reducing his value as a thug.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Success is the culmination of hard work and thorough preparation.

‘But why do crowds get out of control?’ Buttercup would not let the question drop. ‘You say that football crowds get out of control, well, we know that is so, but *why* do, *how* do they, what mechanism is employed?’

The Old Man gave a sigh because he wanted to discuss something quite different, but a question is a question, and there may be many people who are interested in *why*, *how*, etc.

Every person has a magnetic field around him—oh yes, naturally we include ‘her’ in that, and sad to relate all too frequently the magnetic field around the female of the species is stronger than that of the male. Possibly that is why the female of the species is supposed to be dangerous! Everyone, then, has a magnetic field around the body. This magnetic field is not the aura, it is the etheric, and if you find it difficult to visualize think that instead of a collection of people you have a collection of bar magnets. Naturally enough they will be standing on end the same as people do, so let us say the North points up and the South points down. Well, immediately you have a lot of magnets with their fields inter-acting, some are stronger, some are weaker, some are perhaps a bit warped, and together they build up quite a formidable force and they have a strong effect upon nearby structures.

In a very similar way humans, with their built-in magnets, interact upon each other. Some of the magnetic fields are disturbing fields rather opposed to others, and they will

create a ripple of discontent which can grow and affect people who are normally quite sensible and stable. In a football crowd everyone is thinking more or less about the same thing, that is, about the game. Yes, we know that perhaps half the crowd want one side to win, and the other half want the other side to win, but we can disregard that because they are both thinking of substantially the same thing—‘a win’. So all the time the game is in progress the magnetic field is being increased, and increased, and increased by the positive thoughts of ‘a win’. When some player does something wrong one side is overjoyed and gets a surge of power, while the other side is despondent and has a reverse of power which, again, causes a discordant note in what one might term the basic frequency of humans.

Under certain conditions mass hysteria is generated. People who are normally quite decent and well behaved lose control of themselves, and do things of which they are heartily ashamed after.

You know that everyone has a built-in censor, that ‘little inner voice which keeps us on the straight and narrow path’, and when mass hysteria occurs the Kundalini of people is affected and the reverse current (note carefully that it is a reverse current) surges along the spinal column, overpowering the good impulses of the Kundalini and overpowering and temporarily paralyzing the human built-in censor.

With the censor overpowered there is no limit to the destruction, to the vandalism, and to the outright savagery of which a human is capable. Every fresh act seems to lend power. People become oblivious to hurts they receive themselves, they get bruises, cuts and assorted gashes in the melee, and they do not notice them.

The weaker people fall to the ground and are trampled on. Panic sets in and the whole mass of people will charge the exits or barricades, and by sheer weight of numbers will crash through leaving many injured behind them.

When the crowd disperses the magnetic build-up fails and

dissipates, and so people 'come to their senses'. Those who can get away to their own homes have time to feel heartily ashamed of themselves at home, whereas those who are carted off in a Black Maria or Paddy-Wagon, cool off in what the Police inelegantly term 'the cooler'. The cooler, of course, is a cell where hot tempers soon subside.

Oh yes, of course, on a lesser degree such things can occur with groups and cult meetings. You can get much the same sort of thing when a whole horde of people get together and imagine they are meditating, but they are not, they are building up quite a reversed current which does more harm than good.

Ladies and Gentlemen, those of good intention, those who try to do good for others, your attention please for something which is of vital importance to sufferers.

Do you ever try to do so-called 'absent healing'? Do you ever dash off a bunch of prayers for those who are afflicted? Do you think you are doing a lot of good helping to cure and all that? As a victim of such very well intentioned efforts I want to utter a shriek of protest on behalf of the sufferers.

Supposing one has three, or four, or five, or six people all wanting to do absent healing on to one poor sufferer. These three, four, five or six people may have absolutely the purest intentions but they do not know the exact nature of the illness afflicting the sufferer, they try to cast a blanket cure and, believe me, I have definitely been injured by such so-called blanket coverage.

It is very, very dangerous to hypnotize a person into believing that he has no illness when, in fact, he is almost dying from some complaint. It is equally dangerous to do this absent healing stuff unless you are a qualified doctor and know the nature of the disease and what side effects there can be from that disease. Again we have our old friend, or more likely, old enemy, the Law of Reversed Effort, with which to contend.

Under certain conditions if one too ardently desires a thing and one concentrates untrained thoughts on a certain

thing, then instead of getting a positive thing, a positive result, one gets a negative result. When you get five or six people all doing the same thing the suffering of the victim—well, I've had some!

My strong recommendation based on the most unfortunate personal experience is that none of you try absent healing without knowing the precise nature of the complaint, without knowing what side effects might be expected, without knowing the severity of the complaint.

Have you ever been in a really populated area and tried to get a radio program, and there seemed to be stations coming in from everywhere, each interfering with the others so the result was nothing but jangled cacophony with nothing clear in the whole bunch? That's what you get with absent healing. I do a lot of short wave listening, it's about my only entertainment now, and sometimes a station will be jammed by Russia or China, and the whining and wailing and weirdy-woos make one have to switch off in a hurry. Unfortunately it's not so easy to switch off when a group of people are trying ill-advisedly and in conflict with each other to do absent healing. Mind you, the people concerned can have the highest motives, but unless they are trained as priests or as medical practitioners it's a thing which cannot be recommended.

The other day a taxi driver asked Buttercup a question. He said, 'Don't you agree that young people today are far more alert and far more intelligent than were their fathers?' Buttercup had her own comments about that, and probably they were the same as the comments I make:

Do I think that young people of today are more aware than were their parents at a similar age?

No, by golly, I don't, I think they are a lot dimmer. I think some of them nowadays are just a gang of exhibitionists going about with their long hair and their scruffy tattered rags of clothing, and the stench which comes from them is enough to lift one's hat off. Not only that, but so many of them appear to be downright stupid:

A few years ago, when parents, or—no, let's go farther back - when grandparents were teenagers they had to work, they had to study, they couldn't go watching television all the time or blaring hi-fi. They had to do things, they had to make their own entertainments. It taught them to think. Nowadays young people do not seem able to make themselves understood in what should be their own language, they are illiterate, downright crummy in fact. There are some children nearby of school age and their command of English is not a command at all, its a complete disorder. They seem to be as illiterate as Hottentots who don't even know what school is.

Personally I think children and teenagers are going like this because both parents go out to work and ignore the absolutely essential requirement that the rising generation shall be taught by the generation whom they are replacing.

I think, too, that television and the cinema are largely to blame for the illiteracy and the general mental sluggishness of the average teenager.

The films, the television shows, well, they show an absolutely artificial world, an absolutely artificial set of conditions. They show wonderful houses, wonderful estates and fantastically expensive furnishings. and the film stars seem to have fleets of Cadillacs and hordes of boy friends or girl friends. Immorality is not merely condoned, it is actually encouraged. Actress Dinah Dogsbody, for instance, boasts of how many men she has run through and left weak-kneed and shaking, while actor Hector Hogwash boasts of having perhaps fourteen wives, presumably divorcing them one after the other, but anyway, what is the difference between prostitution and these actors and actresses who change partners almost at the drop of a—well, drop of a hat; I was going to say something different, but perhaps there are ladies reading this.

My answer, then, is that I think the general standard of education is falling rapidly. I think the education in Europe

is far, far higher than it is in the U.S.A. and Canada, but then in Europe there is still some semblance of parental discipline.

Nowadays mere children can do a menial sort of job, work short hours and get enough money to run wild, to buy all sorts of expensive radios, to buy a car, and almost anything they set their mind to. If they do not have the cash then they soon get a credit account and they are hooked for life just as surely as if they were on drugs.

What is the point of giving people education when the major part of that education seems to be teaching them that they should have things which they have no possible chance of obtaining? I think there should be a return to religious discipline, not necessarily Christian, not necessarily Buddhist, not necessarily Jewish, but a return to some religion because until the world has some spiritual discipline, then the world will continue to turn out worse and worse specimens of humanity.

Quite a number of young people write to me and tell me I am an old fuddy-duddy because I do not approve of drugs. Now these young people, sixteen, seventeen or eighteen years of age, they think they know all, they think the whole fount of knowledge is open to them instead of realizing that they have hardly started to live, instead of realizing that they are hardly out of the egg.

I am definitely, utterly, and irrevocably opposed to drugs of any kind unless they are administered according to strict medical supervision.

If a person goes and chucks a dollop of acid in the face of another person, then the results are apparent, the flesh peels away, the eyes burn out, acid scores deep grooves in the chin and runs down to the chest, and the result is generally horrible. But that is a kindly act compared to what happens when people become drug addicts.

Drugs wrongly used, and all drugs used without medical supervision are wrongly used, can sear the astral body just as acid can sear the physical body.

A drug addict who dies and passes over to the astral world has a truly horrible time. He has to go to what is in effect an astral mental hospital because his astral body is warped and distorted, and it may take a long, long time before the most skilled attention that he can receive can restore that astral body to anything like a workable condition.

People rave about this entirely evil drug L.S.D. Think of the number of suicides there have been, the ones that are reported, and think of the ones that have not been reported, think of the harm that has been caused in terms of insanity and violence. L.S.D., marijuana, heroin, all those things, they are all devilishly evil. Unfortunately young people do not seem able to accept the advice of older people, people who have the experience.

It is true that, for example, L.S.D. will get the astral body separated from the physical body, but all too often, unfortunately, the astral body goes down to one of the lower hells, one of the weirdy astral planes, and when it comes back the subconscious itself is seared with the horrors it has undergone. So, young people who should be reading this, stay away from drugs, never mind if you do think drug X or drug Y is harmless, if they are taken without medical supervision, you might have some idiosyncrasy which will make you particularly susceptible to those drugs and very quickly you will be hooked beyond hope of recovery.

Remember, all these drugs are harmful, and although by some remote chance it might now show on your physical for the time being, yet it will show very definitely upon your astral and on your aura.

By the way, if people do take drugs and they damage their astral bodies, then they come under the same category as do suicides, and if a person commits suicide then he or she has to come back to this Earth to finish his or her sentence, which is one way of looking at it, or to complete his or her lessons, which is another way of looking at it. Whichever way you look at it there are no drop-outs from the Heavenly Fields, no drop-outs from this Earth either. If you gum up

the works this time and do not learn the things which you came here to learn, then you come back and back and back again until you do learn your lessons. So this drug business is a very serious thing indeed and no action taken by the government can be in any way too severe to deal with the drug problem. The best way to deal with it is for each and every one of us to decide that we will not take drugs. In that way we shall not be spiritual suicides, and we shall not have to come back to this Earth into steadily worsening conditions.

In the last paragraph I referred to spiritual suicides—repeating the remarks in others of my books—about suicides. I receive an amazing number of letters from people who tell me that they are going to commit suicide. Perhaps they have been crossed in love, perhaps they weren't crossed in love and lived to regret it, but whatever it is I have been appalled at the number of people who write to me saying they are going to commit suicide. Let me state once again, as I have stated constantly, suicide is never, never justified. If one commits suicide one just gets slapped back to this Earth to 'enter class' once again. So, do not think that you can escape your responsibilities by cutting your throat or slashing your wrists, or anything like that; you can't.

Some years ago a boy who was somewhat unstable apparently committed suicide and left a note to say he was going to come back in a few years' time. Well, unfortunately, a copy of one of my books (*You — Forever*) was found near him, and the press really had a Roman holiday, they went delirious with joy, they raked up everything they could think of and then they called in other people to see if they could think of anything else. And, you know, the most amazing thing of all is that it was reported in the press that I encouraged suicide. Actually, I have never encouraged suicide. I often think I would like to murder press people, but that fate would be far too good for them. Let them go on making their mistakes and let them pay for it after. I personally believe that the majority of press people are sub-

human. I personally believe that the press is the most evil force on this Earth today because the press distorts things and tries to whip up excitement or frenzy, tries to drive people to war. If Government leaders could sit down together and discuss matters without the press blaring out a collection of lies and ruining friendly relations, then we should have more peace. Yes, emphatically, based on my own experiences, I am firmly of the belief that the press is the most evil force on this world today.

I mention all this because even the press reported that the boy thought he would come back and start again. Well, that was right, the boy would have to come back again. But let me again repeat, I never, never encourage suicide. As I have stated unchangingly for the whole of my life, suicide is never justified, and while some Buddhists apparently do it in the belief that it is going to help the Buddhist cause or the cause of peace; I still maintain that suicide is never justified. So - my strong recommendation is do not even contemplate suicide, it doesn't help, you will have to come back under worse conditions. And if you stick it out here nearly always it's not so bad as one fears. The worst things of all never happen, you know, we only think they might.

Suicides, dead bodies, etc., etc. Now here is a question which came only yesterday. A lady asks, 'The cloud which stays over a body for three days—is it the soul or the astral body? Doesn't the soul leave soon for the Other Side?'

Well, yes, of course. The soul leaves the body with the cutting of the Silver Cord just the same as a child is entirely detached from its mother's body as the umbilical cord is detached. Until that umbilical cord is severed then the child is in co-existence with its mother. In the same way, until the Silver Cord is disconnected the astral body is co-existent with the physical body.

The cloud which hangs over a dead body for three days or so is just the accrued energy dissipating. Look at it in another way; suppose you have a cup of tea, the tea is poured out and before you can drink it you are called away.

The tea stays hot, but becomes cooler, and cooler, and cooler; so, in the same way, until the body has lost all the energy built up during the lifetime, a cloud hovers over the body gradually dispersing over three days. Another illustration; suppose you have a coin in your hot little hand and you suddenly put down that coin, the energy imparted in the form of heat from your hot little hand lost all the energy built up during the lifetime, a cloud hovers over the body gradually dispersing over three days. Another illustration; suppose you have a coin in your hot little hand and you suddenly put down that coin, the energy imparted in the form of heat from your hot little hand doesn't suddenly disperse, it takes a certain amount of time for the heat put in the coin by your hand to go, and for the coin to return to the ordinary temperature surrounding it. In the same way an astral body can be quite detached from the physical body, but by the principle of magnetic attraction it can still sense the charge around the physical body, and so until all that charge has gone it is said that the physical body and the astral body are connected.

One of the horrors of dying in this part of the world is the barbaric practice over here in North America of embalming people. It seems to me to be much the same as stuffing chickens, or something, so in my own case I am going to be cremated as that is far better than to be handled and messed around by the embalmer and his mate. And, as a certain lady cat said, 'The Old Man is trying to complete *Feeding the Flame* before he feeds the flame.' May I for my part say that I hope they will not put on the crematorium door (when I am inside) 'Frying tonight.'

A lady—I am sure she is a lady because she writes in such an elegant manner—takes me to task somewhat, 'Why do you occultists always say this is so, and that is so, but offer no proof? People must have proof. Why do you not give proof? Why should we believe anything? God has never said a word to me, and the astronauts have not seen any sign of heaven in space.'

Proof! That's one of the biggest things, but tell me this; if one is a sighted person in the country of the blind, how does one give proof that there is sight? Moreover, how do you give proof when so many people will not believe a thing when it's stuck slap in front of their nose?

There have been many very eminent scientists (I can only think of Sir Oliver Lodge for the moment), quite a number of famous names have been interested in proof, in science cooperating with the occult world. For example, Sir Oliver Lodge, a most spiritual man, addressed a very important Association in 1913 in England. Sir Oliver said, 'Either we are immortal beings or we are not. We may not know our destiny, but we must have a destiny of some sort. Science may not be able to reveal human destiny, but it certainly should not obscure it.' He went on to say that in his opinion the present-day methods of science would not work in securing proof. He said also that it was his belief that if reputable scientists were allowed to work free without all the scoffers and doubters, then they could reduce occult occurrences to physical laws, and that is obviously very much so. People who demand proof demand proof in the terms of bricks standing upon bricks, they want proof while all the time they are trying to prevent that proof. People who go into occult studies just trying to get a material proof are like people who go into a darkroom and turn on the lights to see if there is any image on the yet undeveloped film. Their actions definitely inhibit any manifestation of proof.

In the occult world we are dealing with intangible matters, we are dealing with matters of an extremely high vibration, and the way people go along nowadays is something like using a pneumatic road drill to excavate in order that fillings may be put in one's teeth. Before proof can be given in a materialistic sense scientists have to be trained in what can be and what cannot be, it's useless for them to charge like a bull at a gate, they are not breaking bricks, they are trying to find out something which is as basic as humanity itself. If people will be honest with themselves, if they will stay away from the television screens and the cinemas and all that stuff, and if they will meditate properly, then they will have an inner awareness that such a thing is, they will become aware of their own spiritual natures,

always assuming that their spiritual nature is not so debased as to preclude any other manifestation.

For years in addition to wanting to photograph the aura which I see around every person I have wanted to develop, as I have already stated, a telephone which would enable the ordinary people, non-clairvoyant, non-clairaudient people to telephone the Other Side. Think what fun it would be looking up a Heavenly telephone directory and having to ask for information—Did he go up or down? I suppose the nether regions would have an exchange called Brimstone, or something similar. Anyway, in years to come when scientists are less materialistic, then it will be that there will be such a telephone. Actually there has been, but that is another story.

Perhaps I should head the next bit ‘Stop press news’ because there has been a telephone call from John Henderson, some three thousand miles away. He has now had some proof of people on the Other Side of this life. A message came to him and he had the sensation that he was having his head kicked which is what I once told him I would like to do to him! But anyway, he just phoned to say that at last he has GOT THE MESSAGE. That message was directed from the Other Side and not at all impelled by me. Some day perhaps John Henderson may write a book, he should, and if he tells about this occurrence many people will probably say, ‘Well, I never! I wouldn't like such things to happen to me!’

‘Hi, Guv,’ said Miss Taddy, jerking to a full awake after being soundly and noisily asleep for some time. ‘I've got a question which any human would like answered.’

‘All right, Tadikins, what is it?’

So Miss Tadikins sat down and folded her arms and said, ‘Well, it's like this; we cats know what arrangements are made on the Other Side, but why don't you tell humans how they plan their life on Earth?’

Personally I thought I had dealt with that ad nauseam

and I don't want Buttercup to come jumping at me telling me that I am repeating myself, and after writing so much about suicide it might be something akin to suicide if I start up again writing about life after death, so perhaps I can get over it by calling this answer 'Life Before Birth'.

On the Other Side of this life an entity has decided that he or she must go to school again to take a special course. Perhaps certain lessons were learned previously and the return Home has enabled those lessons to be digested and weaknesses to be perceived. So then the entity who is he or she, sits down and thinks things over.

On Earth many students discuss their future with a counsellor, they discuss what courses are required in order that they shall obtain a certain qualification. For example, a nurse in England wants to become a surgeon; obviously she has some knowledge of anatomy, so what does she need in order to enter Medical School? She discusses what she has to do, and then goes to it. In the same way our he or she on the Other Side of life on Earth decides with considerable help what lessons have to be learned, what tasks have to be surmounted, and what difficulties have to be endured. Then the whole thing is planned very carefully.

Do you play chess? Well, if you do you will know all about those chess problems which appear in certain magazines. The chess board is all set up with pawns and knights and rooks, and all that, in certain predetermined positions. You, poor soul have to think and think until your brain nearly cracks and work out a way in which to win that game. It's something like that in planning the life to come. All the obstacles are set up, all the conditions are laid down; what do you have to learn, do you have to learn poverty and how to overcome it? It's no good going to a rich family, then, is it? Do you have to learn how to be generous to others, how to handle money? Then it's no good going to a poor family, is it? You have to decide what you want to learn, you have to decide what sort of family will best meet your requirements. Are you coming to a tradesman's family or to a professional family? Or are you coming as one of a noble family? It all

depends, you know. It's like actors on a stage, an actor may be a king in one play and a beggar in another, and it's just the same with life, it depends on what you have to learn. You come to the station, to the conditions, to the difficulties, to the problems and obstacles which you yourself have decided upon. Before you come you set up your problems in very much the same manner as a chess problem is set up and then left for someone else to solve.

So you have your problems set up in front of you, and instead of just sitting down and scratching your head, and anywhere else which is troubling you at that moment, and trying to work it out, you do something about it. You look about and find the family, the country, the locality which will best enable you to live the problems which you have set up and solve them by the mere act of your living and enduring the difficulties and tests.

After all, a student perhaps going to a post-graduate course, he knows he is going to have some hardships, he knows he has to get a certain percentage of marks otherwise he won't pass, otherwise he's got to come back again. He knows that he'll have to 'serve' a certain time in the classrooms, but he knows all these things and he wants to go through it because he wants the qualifications or the knowledge that comes after. So you planned everything, but none of your plans ever included suicide. If you commit suicide, then it means you are a drop-out, it means you failed, and if a person is a drop-out it means he can't advance through lack of qualification and through lack of intestinal fortitude. Always without any exception those who drop out of life through suicide come back and start all over again with a fresh bunch of problems just tagged on for luck.

Next time you look in some newspaper or in some magazine, and you see a chess problem all set up so nicely on the black and white squares of print, well just remember you set up problems like that for yourself before you came to this Earth.

How are you solving them? Are you making out all right? Do not be disheartened, you started it, you know!

## CHAPTER FIVE

A hundred men may make a camp;  
it takes a woman to make a home.

‘Tsk, tsk,’ said the Old Man to Miss Cleo who was sitting admiring the sunshine coming in through a parting of the curtains. She turned her head wisely and gazed through those beautiful blue eyes. ‘Tsk, tsk,’ he repeated as if enjoying the sound. ‘I wish I were a rich author,’ he said, ‘and had an extensive reference library. Do you know how many books I have, Clee?’ The Old Man turned his head and looked at the only books he possessed, a dictionary, a diabetics’ manual, a medical handbook for ships’ captains, a book about countries’ flags, a Payette catalogue about radio stuff from Montreal, a Canadian type catalogue from Toronto, and, of course, a very large atlas, so large that it just about takes two men and a dog to lift the thing, it’s certainly an atlas too large and too heavy for a poor wretch confined to bed. ‘And that’s all this author’s library, Clee,’ said the Old Man with that wry laugh. ‘Rather a pity, though, because the number of things people ask, well, it would be enough to make my hair stand on end if I weren’t bald. Still, this is wasting time; we have to get on with our book, Miss Cleo, and you and Taddy can go and enjoy the sunshine while I work for the daily bread.’

Mrs. Sorock—our old friend Valeria Sorock—asks about sleep. Good gracious me, Mrs. Sorock, don’t you know what sleep is? Anyway, quite a number of people have asked the same thing so let’s see what we can do about it.

On the physical plane a body works and builds up a lot of toxins, a lot of poisons accumulate in the muscles. When we

work too hard at a given task using the same muscles, crystals form in the muscular tissue and, being wretchedly sharp things, they dig in when we continue moving and make us feel 'stiff', so we soon stop moving.

All the organs of the body get suffused with toxins and so after a time it is necessary for Man to lie down and go to sleep so that the body mechanism slows down, becomes almost static, and during that period of sleep the toxins which cause tiredness and muscular stiffness, dissipate or disperse so that when we wake up we are as good as new. All the stiffness has gone, all the aches and pains have gone, and people feel very refreshed, at least they do if they go to bed early enough and get enough rest, otherwise if people have been out drinking they have overloaded the body mechanism badly and they suffer from a hangover. But we are not discussing drunks and their ilk, we are discussing your attitude towards sleep, you, the sensible people.

So on the ordinary physical plane, when we sleep it is with the purpose of dissipating toxins and crystals which make one sluggish, tired, and full of aches and pains.

But there is more to sleep than this. Just as school children go home at the end of the school day, so does the human psyche have to go home at frequent intervals.

If a human had to stay completely awake all the time he would find life insupportable, all manner of strange physical manifestations would occur. So he goes into a period of sleep to the astral world for recuperation. Think of school children who had to stay in class for twenty-four hours a day; well, of course, they couldn't do it, but supposing they had to, soon they would not be able to learn anything, soon they would be completely insane with fatigue. The same with adults.

During sleep the physical body is left prone upon a bed, most times it's upon a bed, anyhow, enough times in fact for us to say 'prone upon a bed'. At such times the physical body is resting there and just sleeping off the effects of existing for yet another day. The driver of the body, the psyche, is away

so the body mechanism called the sub-conscious takes over, and all sorts of reflex actions occur in the body. Often the eyes will roll behind shut eyelids, often the body will gasp and groan or snort, and there is much threshing about because the body exercises a certain amount during sleep in order that crystals and toxins may be dispersed and dissipated more rapidly. That is why people are moving quite a lot when they are asleep, and no one ever stays completely immobile during sleep. If they did they would have a fresh load of toxins at the point of contact between the body and the bed because all the time the same flesh would be compressed.

The sub-conscious during this sleep period is completely freed from the control of the psyche, and so it, in effect wanders among the memory-file cards something like an idiot boy who can grasp a file card here, or perhaps two or three file cards there.

If one card only is picked—and remember that we should have put ‘card’ in quotes to show that it's not really a card, but we are just using a symbolic item. If you like, we could, to make it clearer say that a memory cluster is tapped—if that memory cluster, then, is tapped we get a dream which can be quite clear about one specific event. But if two or three memory clusters (let's call them cards and have done with it!) are picked, then the dream becomes a fantasy because, purely as an illustration, we can have a dream or adventure in which a fish is riding down the road on horseback because the memory picked up may have been of a big fish, and then superimposed upon it will be the memory of a person on horseback. If these two memory cards are superimposed, then we get the distorted impression of a fish on horseback.

If you go in for slide projection with 35 mm transparencies you will know that you can get a very clear picture by having just one slide in your projector, but if you stick in two slides then you get something which never happened, you

get one picture superimposed on the other. And if you get three slides in, well, then you get confusion. It's the same with your dreams, the dream is a simple thing, just an ordinary straight-forward memory, but when it becomes tinged or overpowered with a different memory card, then you get fantasy or even nightmare. You dream of things which are quite impossible, things which could never happen, and then if you have retained any control of your memory when your psyche returns to the body, you will say that you had a nightmare.

During sleep when the psyche is away the built-in censor of the body also is sleeping, and so some of the memories or fantasies may be erotic or sadistic, and so we get those terrible dreams of which people sometimes write in and say, 'Chee! Whatever happened to me?'

It is impossible to confuse astral travel with dreams or nightmares because in dreams there is nearly always some inconsistency, some improbability, there is always some element which is at variance with what you know to be fact. The colors may be wrong, or you may, for example, see a person with the head of a tiger. It can be determined, with a little practice, that which is a dream and that which is astral travel.

Memories of dreams and memories of astral travel follow the same path into one's awareness when one is awake; when the psyche comes back and the body awakens it may say, 'Oh, I had a terrible dream last night.' Or if the person has training and knows how to astral travel consciously, then he comes back with a complete knowledge of all he has done. The body is still rested, the toxins are still dispersed, but the psyche has retained the information of what happened in the astral world.

Some school children have a holiday and they are so excited at coming back to school that everything that happened during the holiday completely disappears from their brains or from their memories, and in just the same way,

people coming back from astral travel may forget completely all that happened in the excitement of starting another day.

It cannot be too often repeated that if one wants to remember astral travel, then one just simply must say to oneself three times before going to sleep, 'I will sleep soundly and restfully, and in the morning I will be aware of all that I have done in the astral.' Repeat that three times before going to sleep, and if you really think what you are saying, and if you really mean what you are saying, then you will remember when you awaken. There is nothing magical about it, it's just getting through to a rather stupid sub-conscious and saying, in effect, 'Hey Bud, you've got to keep alert tonight, no playing about and gumming up the works with my memories, you keep out of the way ready for a fresh load of memories when I return.'

Of course the person who is trained in astral travel can astral travel when he is fully awake. It is quite usual for the trained person to sit down in a chair, clasp his hands and put his feet close together and then just close his eyes. He can then will himself to leave the body and go anywhere and stay fully conscious during the whole period of astral travel so that when the astral body rejoins the physical body there is brought back a completely retained memory of all that happened.

That takes practice, of course, and a bit of self-discipline, it is not difficult to train oneself to remember all that happened when the body is asleep. You just have to tell your sub-conscious to shut up exactly as you tell an unruly school-boy to shut up. The first telling is more or less a waste of time, at the second telling the sub-conscious jumps to awareness, and with the third telling it is hoped that the command sinks in and the sub-conscious will obey. But if you do this for a few nights you will find that the sub-conscious does obey.

Many people like to keep a notebook and pencil by the

bedside so that immediately upon awakening in the morning the knowledge of what happened in the night can be written down, otherwise with the press and turmoil of modern living there is a great tendency to forget what happened. A poor fellow will awaken, for example, and think he is going to be late for work, and then next he will wonder if his wife is in a good temper and will get his breakfast or if he will have to go without. So with things like that on his mind he is not much in a mood to remember what happened in the night. So make a definite practice, keep a notebook and pencil by your bedside and the very first thing you do when you awaken, write down immediately everything you remember of the night. With practice you will find it's easy and with a bit more practice you won't need your notebook and your pencil, you will carry out your days on Earth with much more contentment knowing that this is just a hard school and nothing more, knowing that at the end of the school term you will be able to return Home.

Of late there seems to have been a rash of advertisements from all sorts of firms who purport to teach one sleep learning. They want to sell one expensive gizmos and even more expensive taped courses complete with time switch, headphones, under-the-pillow speaker, and what-have-you.

Now it is quite impossible for anyone to learn anything worthwhile while asleep. To start with the driver of the body is away, and all that is left is a sort of crummy caretaker called 'Sub-conscious', and very extensive researches in the leading countries of the world have proved beyond doubt that sleep learning is not possible, it doesn't work.

If you stay awake, that is, if you are slow in going to sleep, then you may pick up a few snatches of conversation from the tapes. But there is no easy way of learning, you can't press a button and say, 'Hey presto' to a machine, because that will not make you a genius overnight. Instead it will interrupt your sleep rhythm and make you a bad tempered, unmentionable you-know-what.

Suppose you leave your car in the garage while you go in your house to have your buttered beans on toast, or whatever it is that you have before going to bed. Well, you would be quite a bit of an optimist in thinking your car was going to learn through tapes while you were away from it. The car manufacturers admittedly make several lurid and impossible claims for their mechanized tin boxes (no, I do not have a car), but even the most optimistic of car advertisers would balk at saying their cars would learn during the owner's sleep.

Your body is just a vehicle, a vehicle whereby your Overself can gain some experience on Earth and on a few other assorted planets, so don't give yourself a lot of airs about how clever you are, how important you are, and all that, because when it comes down to brass tacks or whatever standard of value you want to use, 'you' are just a lump of protoplasm which is driven around by day by an owner who happens to be your Overself. You can liken it to the Irishman and his donkey; the donkey stays in the stable by night, but no amount of tapes will enable the donkey to speak English or even American, yet during the day the owner can be taught to learn—even American. It might be worth trying to teach an Irishman Welsh one day to see if that can be done.

I think actually I deserve a medal for pointing out to you some of these things which are designed to take your hard-earned money from you. Always think, what's behind the advertisement? Well, obviously, the advertiser wants to get your money. It reminds me of the people who advertise how to make a million in, say, three easy lessons, or how to forecast the Irish Sweepstake and win the first prize. If these people who could do such things did them, then they wouldn't bother to advertise, would they? And if they can't do it, well, they have to make money in some other way, by pretending that they can make millions in a month. They can if enough people reply to their advertisements, but don't you be one of them, button up your pocket, keep your hand-

bag shut, keep your mouth shut too, and your ears wide open.

Oh Glory Be, and all the rest of it, now here's a question—you'd better get ready to read this carefully. 'You say the sub-conscious is stupid, yet in "Chapters of Life" it is said to be very, very intelligent, it seems to be more intelligent than the part of us you say is one-tenth conscious. Now, tell us straight out, is it stupid or is it super-intelligent?'

If we are going down into basics again, like this, then we have to say that the sub-conscious is neither intelligent nor unintelligent because it doesn't have intelligence, it's a different sort of thing altogether. The sub-conscious is just a repository of knowledge, good knowledge, bad knowledge. It's just a filing system. It contains all you have ever heard, all you have ever seen, all you have ever experienced. It reminds your automatic responses when to breathe in and when to breathe out. It reminds part of you to wriggle and screech if you are tickled, etc. It's just an automatic reminder.

Would you say that a librarian is intelligent? Well, that's a matter of opinion, of course. I know I tried to deal with those silly librarians at a famous Library in London, the ones who put down details, and I tried to tell these people that the details they were putting down about me were utterly and incontrovertibly incorrect, but it's such a job convincing some of them, and I am left with the indelible opinion that the Record Library librarians at that famous Library are not intelligent. Anyway, that's a matter of opinion, but let us make that query again just for the sake of answering this question:-

Would you consider that a librarian was a genius? Would you consider that a librarian could answer any question about anything and say what any person has said before? Well, of course you couldn't, not even if you were a librarian yourself could you make such claims. Instead you would say, quite correctly, that—no, there is no such knowledge in a conscious human, but a librarian knows where to find certain

information. The best librarians are those who can find the information fastest.

You and I could go to a library and fumble our way through certain filing cabinets in search of a book title containing matter on the subject of interest. Then we would find we had to refer to something else, then we would find that the book was out of print or out of circulation or out of the Library. We would waste half a day or more, yet by asking a librarian there is a second during which he has an absolutely blank expression, and then the penny seems to drop with a clank, and he or she gets into motion and produces the book with the desired information.

If he or she is good at the work, they recommend many more books.

The sub-conscious is like that. As soon as the thinking 'we' desires to know something, then the sub-conscious tries to come up with the answer: That is not intelligence, that is entirely automatic, and as it's automatic it can be trained. Trained for what? Well, the answer is simple. Your sub-conscious is your memory. If you have a poor memory it means that your conscious one-tenth is not getting through to your sub-conscious nine-tenths. If you have a poor memory it means that the sub-conscious is falling down on the job of providing you the information which you demand.

Supposing you want to know what Gladstone really said back in the year 18-something-or-other. Well, you've probably heard it, you've probably read of it, so it's in your memory and if your sub-conscious cannot bring it out it means that there is a fault in a relay somewhere.

Some people can reel off a terrible lot of stuff about football or baseball teams, and give all the winners or whatever they are called for years back, but that is because they are interested in the subject, and people cannot remember things in which they are not interested. Never having seen a football match or a baseball match, and not wanting to, I haven't the vaguest idea about it. I thought that a baseball

diamond, for instance, was a thing given to prize winners; no doubt somebody will write in to tell me differently.

If you want to cultivate a good memory, then you have to cultivate your sub-conscious. You have to be interested in a subject, until you are interested the sub-conscious cannot 'tag on.' Many of our lady readers will know all about the male film star, how many times he has been married, how many times he has been divorced, and how many times he has chased his beloved-for-the-moment around the world. That's easy, they can do that, but just ask them to go and get a standard fine thread from a local shop, perhaps a three-sixteenth standard fine thread, and they'll come back looking blanker than usual.

To train your memory, that is, to train your sub-conscious, you should think clearly about things and assume an interest in those things. If men are sent shopping for women's things, well, they come back without a single thought in their heads, but if they took an interest in things then their memory would improve. One can take an interest by asking oneself why a woman wants this, or that, or something else, and the woman can ask herself why a man should want, for instance, a three-sixteenth bolt of fine thread. If she can get a definite interest, then he or she can remember.

If you are trying to remember something specific such as a telephone number, then try to imagine the person to whom the telephone number belongs, or if you do not know the person or cannot visualize him or her, then look at the telephone number - is it a series of circles or a lot of strokes? For example, 6's, 9's, 0's become circles, as do 3's and 2's. But strokes would be 1's, 7's, etc. — and, of course, 4's. So if you can visualize a number by circles or strokes, you can remember it. The best way is to use our old system of threes.

Repeat the telephone number three times while holding the sincere conviction that you will always remember that number. You can, you know, it's quite easy, nothing difficult in it.

Another thing which can be done during the period of sleep is to approach another person whom one desires to influence. Now, sleep learning is useless, that is absolutely a waste of time because you are trying to teach the body something when the entity that controls the body is out of the body. but let us deal with something else - influencing others.

Supposing that Mr. John Brown very much desires to get an appointment with the firm of the XYZ Manufacturing Company. Mr. Brown has heard that this Company is an extremely good company and that it is definitely desirable to be employed by such a firm.

Mr. Brown has had some good fortune in getting an appointment with the personnel manager or someone else in authority for, say, the following day. Now, if Mr. Brown really wants to sell himself, this is what he will do:—

He will get hold of any information he can about the firm and especially about the person with whom he has the interview. That means that Mr. Brown must make a definite inquiry as to who will do the interviewing. Then if it is at all possible he will get a photograph of the interviewer, and before going to bed that night Mr. Brown will sit quite alone and he will visualize himself talking to the interviewer on the morrow. Mr. Brown will convincingly state (in the privacy of his bedroom) the reasons why he would be a desirable employee, the reasons why he needs that particular appointment, the reasons why he considers he is worth more than the firm normally pays. He says all this to the photograph, then he lifts up his feet and tucks them in bed, and he puts the photograph so that it is facing him as he lies on his accustomed side.

Mr. Brown goes to sleep with the firm, very definite, very emphatic intention of getting out of his body and journeying to Mr. Interviewer's house. There he will meet Mr. Interviewer out of his body, and Mr. Brown's astral will tell Mr. Interviewer's astral all that Mr. Brown has just said in the privacy of his bedroom.

Fantastic? Daft? Don't you believe it! This really works. If the Interviewee (I hope that is right; it means the one who is going to be interviewed) plays his cards properly, then the interviewer will give him the job. That is sure, that is definite, it really works.

Now, you who want a better job or more money, go through those words again and put them into practice. You can influence people in this way, but not necessarily for bad. You cannot influence a person to do that which he or she would not normally do, that is, you cannot influence a person to do an evil or wrong act, which means that some of you fellows who write in to me asking how to get power over girls—well, you can't friend, you can't, and don't try.

Yes, innocent readers, ladies of high degree and of the utmost purity, I sometimes get letters from 'gentlemen' who ask me to teach them to hypnotize girls or to put spells on girls or to produce the formula of something which will render girls helpless so that the 'gentleman'—well, what would he do under such circumstances? Anyway, I tell them the truth which is that unless they go in for poisoning they cannot influence another person to do that which the other person's conscience would not normally permit. So there you are. If your desires are pure or 'clean', then you can influence others, you can influence others to do good but not to do bad. Most people don't need influencing to do bad anyhow; it seems to come natural.

It might be as well here to introduce a question having bearing on some of the remarks made in previous chapters. The question is:—

'You say that people come to this Earth time after time until the person concerned does his specific task. You also say that at times groups of people come for the same purpose. Can you give any definite illustration on that point?'

As a matter of fact—yes, quite definitely, yes. Now, I had a cutting some time ago in the Spanish language, and this Spanish language thing gave a lot of details about a magazine called *Excalibur* which had been published some years

ago, apparently, in Durban, South Africa. I have only a very, very brief comment on the whole matter, but it seems the magazine published some remarkable proven parallels between the life and death of President Lincoln of the U.S.A. and President Kennedy of the U.S.A. This will so adequately reply to many querents that I will give all the details here. Let us do them numerically as then it will be so much easier if you want to refer to them or discuss them with your friends. So here the first one is:—

1. President Lincoln was elected to that Office in the year 1860. That, of course, can be ascertained from history books. So — Lincoln became President in 1860, and here is the first coincidence; Kennedy became President in 1960, a hundred years later.

2. It might shake you to know that President Lincoln was assassinated on a Friday. President Kennedy was assassinated on a Friday.

3. You may have read that President Lincoln was at a theatre enjoying a stage show in the presence of his wife, and he was then assassinated in the presence of his wife. President Kennedy was visiting Dallas, Texas, and he was riding in a car with his wife. He also was enjoying the show, that is, the show of public acclaim, etc.

4. President Lincoln was shot in the back while sitting in a box at the theatre. President Kennedy was shot in the back while sitting in a car.

5. President Lincoln was succeeded by a man called Johnson. Johnson became President after President Lincoln, but in Texas President Kennedy was killed and Vice-President Johnson was sworn in as President of the U.S.A. on board an aircraft bringing the body of the late President and the living new President back to the capital.

6. But we have not finished with our list of coincidences, yet, not by a long way. The Johnson who succeeded President Lincoln was a Democrat from South U.S.A., and Lyndon Johnson who succeeded President Kennedy also is a Democrat from the South - from Texas. So that is quite a

good list of 'coincidences', isn't it: Though to show that there is more than chance taking a part in things, enough to show that there must be some 'Divine Plan' making the entity who was President Lincoln perhaps come back as Kennedy so that a task could be accomplished.

All right, let's get back with—

7. Both the Johnsons had been members of the Senate before becoming President.

8. Lincoln's successor was Andrew Johnson. Now really read this . . . Andrew Johnson was born in 1808, but the Johnson who succeeded President Kennedy was born in 1908.

9. Lincoln was assassinated by a rather strange sort of a person, a thoroughly dissatisfied sort of person if we are to believe the report, which is now history, and that assassin of Lincoln was John Wilkes Booth and he was born in 1839. Lee Harvey Oswald who, it was stated, murdered President Kennedy appears also to have been a very dissatisfied sort of person, one who had been in trouble all too frequently. He was born in 1939.

10. To continue with our list of 'coincidences', Booth was assassinated before he could be brought to trial, but so was Oswald; Oswald was shot while being moved by the Police, and before he could be brought to trial.

11. These coincidences, as you have seen, extend not only to the Presidents and the assassins, but also to the wives of the Presidents because Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of President Lincoln, lost a child while in the White House, and Mrs. Kennedy, the wife of President Kennedy, lost a child while in the White House.

12. Lincoln had a Secretary and that Secretary was called Kennedy. Secretary Kennedy advised President Lincoln most strongly not to go to the theatre where he was assassinated. President Kennedy had a Secretary also and he was called Lincoln, and Secretary Lincoln strongly advised President Kennedy not to go to Dallas!

13. John Wilkes Booth shot President Lincoln in the back

while the President was watching a show and then the assassin, Booth ran to hide in a store. But Lee Harvey Oswald shot at Kennedy from a store and ran to hide in a theatre. You just read that carefully again and see how very strange it is: One assassin shot in a theatre and hid in a store, the other one shot from a store and hid in a theatre.

14. L-I-N-C-O-L-N is seven letters, and if you count up K-E-N-N-E-D-Y you will find that that also has seven letters.

15. If you count John Wilkes Booth you will find that there are fifteen letters, and if you count Lee Harvey Oswald you will find that that has fifteen letters.

16. It is believed that Oswald killed Kennedy and Oswald had accomplices. None of this has been actually, definitely, incontrovertibly proved; it is a matter of circumstantial evidence, no one can prove that Booth murdered Lincoln. In the same way Oswald, it was stated, had accomplices, but it has not been conclusively proved that Oswald did murder Kennedy, and it has not been proved that Oswald had accomplices. Let's face it quite bluntly—circumstantial evidence points clearly at Booth and at Oswald, but again how much of what we could read was actual truth and how much was the press pre-judging and pre-condemning a man? We do not know and I point out this because it is another coincidence in the case of two men.

17. You will remember that the man called Ruby, who was a bit of a fanatic, killed Oswald, he shot Oswald in front of the television cameras, he just pushed his way past the police, pointed a gun and pulled a trigger. But Boston Corbett was also a bit of a fanatic, he too believed that he was doing right when he murdered John Wilkes Booth. In both cases these two men killed the man suspected and accused of the murder of a President, and in both cases it was stated that the second assassin, that is Corbett and Ruby, did so out of excessive loyalty for the President of the time. But in neither case is the actual motive established.

In another book I wrote about the Overself managing a group of puppets. Well, you think about that in the light of this information, where two Presidents were elected a hundred years apart, they were both assassinated on a Friday, and—look through the list again and see all the different coincidences. Now, do you seriously believe that these could be just coincidences? It isn't really possible, you know. My own belief is that Lincoln did not do his job, and so he had to come back to substantially the same job to finish what he did not do before.

The only way to come back was to come back as one who would be President of the U.S.A. which is what he did. You can take it that sometimes an Overself has 'dress rehearsals' with puppets, so in the case of Lincoln the stage was set, appropriately enough at a theatre, and a President was assassinated. Nothing was proved against the assumed murderer and the assumed murderer was assassinated by another person. It was all most unsatisfactory, motives were unknown and nothing was ever proved against anyone, so perhaps the Overself got a bit fed up with such a waste of time and effort and another arrangement was made for a hundred years later because in the astral world time is different from here, you know. The Other Side of death the astral could have sat down and scratched his metaphorical head, so to speak, and wondered what to do next. Well, by the time he had fidgeted around and scratched a bit more, a hundred years by Earth time would be slipping by.

One also wonders what happens now, was that Overself satisfied with the second attempt, or will there be a third? Personally I believe that we shall yet see a President of the U.S.A. who is actually put in seclusion for being insane. Now I know all the old jokes about Presidents of the U.S.A. being mad in any case, and far be it from me to discourage them, but this time it is a serious matter, and I believe that before too long we shall see a President of the U.S.A. who has to be relieved of his duties because he is too insane to

continue. I also believe that we shall see another very difficult thing; I believe that we shall see many most important and influential members of the U.S. Government indicted for Communist activities—for giving aid and comfort to the enemy and for selling out their own country. Some of you who are fairly young will see all that because it is going to happen. There are going to be some truly horrendous things happening to the U.S.A. So keep your radios switched on in the next few years!

## CHAPTER SIX

Time is the most valuable thing a man can spend.

The Old Man was in his new bed, the new hospital bed with the motor which lifted the head-piece up and down and which, by pressing a button, adjusted the height of the bed. Up and down he went playing with the thing somewhat like a child with a new toy, perhaps, but it's not so easy when one cannot get about at all, when one has to lie in bed, a bed which is so low that one is prevented from even looking out of the window. Now the Old Man had a bed, the height of which could be adjusted by an electric motor. He thought of himself as a submarine surfacing for a look at the world.

'Hey!' yelled Miss Cleopatra, 'how the heck do you think we are going to jump on the bed if you keep altering the height like that, how do you think we can judge our distance?'

The Old Man came back to the present with quite a jerk, and hastily set the bed to go its lowest. Miss Cleopatra jumped up and stood on the Old Man's chest full of indignation. 'You trying to get rid of me?' she asked. 'Do you want to make it difficult, so I can't come and stand on your chest, hey?'

'No, of course not, Cleo,' replied the Old Man, 'but just think, if you stand up here on my chest you can look over that stupid balcony outside our window and you can see the ships in the harbor.'

Together they lay there looking out over the harbor. Closest was a ship unloading nickel ore, beyond that was a Russian ship very deep in the water astern but with the bows

well out showing that all the forepart had yet to be loaded. A little farther, two berths farther on, actually, a South Korean ship was loading wood pulp for Korea. 'Don't know why they want to come here for wood pulp,' said the Old Man, 'there's plenty of trees in South Korea.'

'Oh well,' said Buttercup, 'probably they want to do a barter or something, and they want to buy wood pulp from Canada in exchange for something else.'

Buttercup was definitely the expert when it came to ships and shipping, Buttercup was a specialist when it came to ship's flags. The unusual South Korean flag defeated her for just a few moments, but — anything else, Panama, Monrovia, even the old Red Ensign, she could distinguish it miles off!

Miss Taddy looked up, 'What are you doing, Guv?' she asked in a rather puzzled fashion. 'Have you got so sick that you are talking to yourself?'

'No, of course I'm not talking to myself, I'm just making some notes for a book. Can't I make some notes, can't I speak without you interfering, Taddykins?'

Taddykins shook her head in puzzled amazement and then curled up in a nice compact ball and dropped off to sleep again. Suddenly Miss Cleo's ears pricked up and Taddy jerked to full awareness. Outside a strident voice came, 'Well, I looked in the papers today and I saw my horoscope wasn't so good so I thought, well, I thought to myself, if you didn't have a job to do, Old Girl, you'd be better staying off and being in bed, but you can't do that when you gotter earn a living, when you gotter man to keep, can you?' The voice passed on accompanied by the mumble of some other woman, probably belching out some drivel about her own troubles.

'Ah yes,' said the Old Man, 'that reminds me; that's a question which I had here. Let's see, where is it?' He riffled through a pile of letters and triumphantly came up with the desired one.

Postmark, well somewhere in one of the far Islands; subject, what is it? 'Dear Sir, I enclose a dollar and my birth-

date. Please send me a full horoscope and life reading immediately, and send it to me by return by airmail. If there is any change keep it for someone who didn't send a postal charge.'

Now, what do you think of that? Someone thinks that horoscopes grow on trees. They are not so easy as that, it takes time. But here is another question:

'What do you really think of horoscopes? Do all these people who advertise do it for a racket? A horoscope has never been right for me. What's the truth of it all?'

Well, the truth of astrology is this; given the right conditions, astrology can be completely accurate and successful . . . given the right conditions.

Let me first of all warn you against all this run-of-the-mill advertising offering to do your horoscope for a couple of dollars or a few shillings. What you get is a few printed pieces of paper which purport to be a horoscope, but that stuff is hardly worth putting out for garbage, and in my considered opinion the same can be said for all this rot which is alleged to come from computers, it just isn't worth the money. Astrology is not just a mechanical process. Astrology is a science and an art, one cannot do it altogether by science, art is necessary, and one cannot do it altogether by art because science is necessary.

To do a horoscope properly - really accurately, that is — it is necessary to have the precise time of birth and the actual location of birth. Then it is necessary to spend many days working out various aspects, etc. It cannot be done successfully for five or ten dollars, what you get from that sort of thing is just a rough, very rough, guide, which can apply to thousands of different people. I will not do a horoscope for anyone for any price because I do not believe in people having their horoscopes done. If people have a horoscope done they feel that they just have to do everything the horoscope says, and a horoscope is not an absolutely cast iron set of conditions. A horoscope is a set of possibilities. By knowing a person's astrological make-up one can describe what

the person's appearance should be like, one can describe what the person's character should be like, and the horoscope sets the limits of what the person can be. For example, one person can have a certain horoscope which says that he cannot rise above the station to which he was born, but that he can do certain things with immense effort.

The second person could have a horoscope which says that he will rise above his station and he will progress very rapidly with hardly any effort at all. If you really want to know what the horoscope is like consider it in this light; it is a specification, an informed guess of what a person's capabilities are.

To make it clearer let us take two cars. The 'horoscope' of a Rolls-Royce car can say that the car will be very silent, very fast, very comfortable, that it will have a certain maximum speed and it will use so much petrol every few miles. The horoscope of the second car perhaps—are there still Morris Minor's in England?—will say that it is a low-powered car, very very suitable for local jaunts, that its maximum speed is such-and-such a figure, that it doesn't use much petrol, and it is a very nice little car for getting about in traffic. Well, people are like that, they have their specifications only we call them horoscopes.

A horoscope will not tell the eager young lady, you know, the one who is anxious to get a husband in a hurry, that she will go out and meet 'Mr. Right' under the third lamp-post as she turns to the left or to the right, or that she will meet a dark haired young man who is busy tying his shoe laces, and it will be love at first sight. That's not horoscopes at all, that's not real astrology, that is fake fortune-telling. There are very very few really genuine, really capable astrologers advertising. They don't have to advertise. Their fame, their accuracy, is passed by word of mouth, and if you think you can fill in a coupon and send it off with fifty cents or five shillings and get a life reading—well, think again, for you are one of the gullible ones who really deserve to be

caught in the sucker trap for thinking you can get something so cheaply. You only get what you pay for.

I will not do horoscopes for any sum of money. If I do them I do them free under very special circumstances, but in my considered opinion no horoscope which costs less than a hundred dollars is worth having because it means that the person who did the horoscope just did not spend enough time and take enough trouble, so all you have is just a few marks on a piece of paper.

In my own case my past was foretold by astrology with utterly stupendous accuracy. Everything that was foretold about me has happened, sadly enough a few things extra have happened, a few things which the astrologer didn't get around to discussing, and all the wretched 'extras' were bad things, too!

To answer a question, then, 'Is astrology genuine?' I will say, yes, astrology can be very genuine, it can suggest what a person's life will be like, it can indicate probabilities, but they are probabilities only. So do not take astrology too seriously unless you get an absolute gem of an astrologer who knows exactly what he is doing and who is completely ethical, that is, one who tells you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So many people, so many astrologers, have their 'information' and put in quite a few stock paragraphs because they know what people want to hear.

Now here is another one, 'My daughter's husband is a very strange sort of man, he doesn't believe in the same things as those in which I believe, he doesn't believe in occult things. What can I do to make him?'

The only answer that one can give here is to state most definitely that nothing can be done to help in the way in which the lady means. If a person is not yet ready to study occult subjects then it is definitely wrong to try to force occult things at him.

Everyone has a right to free choice, and whichever choice they make is entirely their own affair, and their own responsibility. If Billy Bugsbottom decides that 'occult stuff is all a

lot of hogwash', then why should one try to persuade Billy Bugsbottom anything different, it's his belief and his choice, and it is definitely wrong to influence a person.

There are so many people who write in asking how they can do a Mantra to compel some poor wretch to do something which they just would hate to do, and I repeat ad nauseum that it is wrong to influence another person.

Perhaps the person has some definite reason for not wanting to study astrology or occultism or how to play snakes and ladders. In the same way it is quite wrong to expect a person to agree with us in everything we do. You should hear how Buttercup and I agree to differ. There are many things which I know from actual experience to be fact, but Buttercup is entitled to her own opinion and if my beliefs are not always her beliefs, that is her choice and I do not influence her at all. The crummy press often print articles saying that Buttercup is a disciple of mine; they couldn't be farther from the truth! She is not a disciple of mine, nor is she a Buddhist. To start with I have no disciples and never had any, and secondly I believe it is wrong for people to switch sides and become a Buddhist when they really want to be a Christian, or a Christian when they really want to be a Buddhist. Being a bit biased on the matter, I always say that when a person is ready they will become a Buddhist automatically because the real Buddhism just means obeying the law of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you. Of course I am not meaning some of these peculiar cults in England and in the U.S.A. who now call themselves Buddhist 'temples'. That is not my idea of Buddhism at all. The real Buddhist doesn't have to go out and get converts. I am a real Buddhist.

While on the subject of astrology, because we are, more or less, let us have a look at two other systems. Now, graphology, which is the science of reading character from handwriting, is a thing which I thoroughly endorse when done by an expert. Graphology is not fortune-telling, it is instead a most accurate method of determining a person's character,

potentialities, and all the rest of it. Of course one has to be an expert at such things. Too many beginners or outright fakes base their conclusions on just one or two points in the handwriting, but one has to have about seven confirmations before one can say with absolute certainty, without any fear of contradiction at all, that this is so or that is so.

Handwriting tells character and ability and all that. It is not in any way possible to forecast the future from handwriting and no reputable graphologist ever claims that it is. The ideal use for graphology is in assessing a person's ability for a certain job.

Some years ago 'Ma', to whom we now refer as 'Ra'ab', did graphology for certain industrial firms, and she did it successfully. Firms would supply her with the handwriting of people who applied to the firm for employment, and then Ra'ab would quite accurately suggest which applicant was the most suitable and give an assessment of his character and abilities.

Oh, by the way, perhaps I should say how 'Ma' has suddenly become 'Ra'ab'; well, the cats thought that the first name (Ma) would remind people too much of Dinah Dripdry's Ma, the charlady, and so we used instead a name which she used in a previous life, Ra'ab. That is one of my infamous digressions, by the way, never mind, it's better to have a digression than no book, or don't you think so?

In this particular book there are going to be many digressions and there are going to be many repetitions; I have been looking through a whole series of questions, and I see that it is quite essential to have repetitions even if one or two of you do not like it. So you are being warned now that there will be a few repetitions. I can safely warn you now that you are so far into the book and, I hope, have bought the book instead of borrowing it from some library. A poor wretched author doesn't get any royalties on books supplied to a Library, you know, and every book read from the Library shelves is a loss of income, that is, a loss of food, to the author. People write to me and tell me that they have read

part of one of my books in a Public Library and now would I please tell them the answers to a lot of questions, or, if I will send them a complete set of my books, each autographed and with a photograph of me, they will try to find time to read the books. Hopeful little souls, aren't they? So - now that you've got so far and presumably have bought this book let me say that, yes, there are going to be a few repetitions but it's all in a good cause. I hope repetition will enable you to get all this in your sub-conscious. You had to practice repetition before you could do the multiplication tables, and I am trying to do something for you, help you by placing this knowledge into your sub-conscious.

There are many firms who choose applicants largely on the basis of the handwriting, and so it's to your own interest to brush up on your handwriting. You might get a better job or more money that way. You might also get an assessment of character from a good graphologist because that will help you to overcome any weakness in character and to strengthen those which are already strong. But never, never believe that you can have your 'fortune' told from your handwriting. You cannot.

One of the original systems for telling a person's past, present and future is by palmistry, reading all those queer marks on the palm. Again, if one really knows how to do it it is just about infallible. In brief and assuming that you are right handed, then your left hand will indicate what you planned to do in this life, and will indicate the equipment with which you came, that is, are you artistic, are you a plodder, are you quick tempered or stolid? The left hand tells what one planned, but the right hand shows what one has actually achieved up to date. The average practitioner can give quite a good assessment of character from the lines of the hands and fingers, but it needs to be a far more than average practitioner to be able to tell truthfully of the past life and the probabilities for the future. Now, let me stress that point again; the 'probabilities.' There is nothing on this Earth that can say definitely and incontrovertibly what will

happen to a person, there is no science, no art, no skill, no device which will say what is going to happen to a person beyond any shadow of doubt. Truthful practitioners will admit that they can tell only probabilities.

Take, by way of example, some poor fellow who falls out of a plane without a parachute; well, anyone would be justified in saying that he is virtually dead as soon as he starts to fall because as soon as he stops falling there is a horrid splat, and he has left his mark on the Earth. But, wait a moment - he may not fall on something hard. There are quite a few cases of people falling out of aeroplanes and surviving to tell the tale—which they do! In my own case I fell out of a plane when it was on fire, I fell about a thousand feet, and I sustained very severe spine injuries which caused a certain amount of curvature of the spine. Other people have fallen safely, there was one poor fellow who fell out of a plane and hit a haystack and his only real danger was the fear of being suffocated before watchers could take him out, dig him out from the bottom of the haystack. He got a bump or two and a king size fright, but he was no worse off.

Another well known case happened in Switzerland. The pilot had to leave his plane and he left without his parachute, it seems, and he fell through the cold Swiss air and landed in a deep snowdrift. His only danger was in freezing to death, and people had to dig frantically to dig him out, and his only trouble was feeling a bit chilly. So you see any astrologer would have said that the fellow would meet his death in an air accident because the probability would be there but the actuality wasn't.

If any soothsayer, clairvoyant, astrologer, palmist, etc., etc., ad lib, tells you such a thing will definitely be, then just grab your money and run for it. You can be told probabilities but always, always keep in mind that they are probabilities only and nothing more, nothing at all more. If you can keep your head and use a little bit of will-power and imagination, the probabilities can be overcome.

There is a classic example of that. Do you know it? Well,

Socrates, one of the very wise men, had his horoscope prepared, it seems, when he was a very young man. The horoscope indicated that he would be a most enthusiastic thug and murderer and would engage in all forms of villainy with great elan. The young Socrates exclaimed to himself the Greek equivalent of 'Bud, that's for the birds; I'm changing fast,' and decided to do something about it. So he channeled all his energies into knowledge, into philosophical works, and now he is revered as one of the great Sages, he has made his indelible mark on the pages of time whereas if he had just sat down under the weight of an unfavorable horoscope he might have just left his imprint on the Crooks' Calendar of Crime. So there it is, even if an astrologer or a palmist tells you something which frightens you enormously, remember, you can overcome it, you can always sidetrack bad things.

By letters which I receive I gather that most of you have the impression that authors such as I recline in plush splendour and have a whole gang of secretaries waiting with bated breath to hurry to do one's bidding. I gather that many of you think that an author such as I has a Rolls-Royce knocking at the door, ready to take me out. It's not so, it's not so at all. Actually I am reclining in some discomfort in a hospital type bed and, at the moment, through disabilities, etc., I am not able to type, so Buttercup the Benevolent is typing for me as she has typed most of my books - typed them well too, by the way, But do you know what sort of questions I get? Admittedly you know about some of them, but do you know about the questions which I do not normally answer? How would you, for example; answer this Question. 'Tell us about such things as casting shadow through standing in sunlight?' Question. 'Is there really such a thing as distance and is the globe really spheroid?' Question. 'What is the meaning of right this and right that? Does that mean one should eat only with the right hand?'

That last question is quite sensible, you know. You might think that some sort of nut or kook sent it in, but if you think

about it seriously there is a lot of sense to it. What is the meaning of right this and right that? Well, we know all about doing things the right way and avoiding wrong, we know it is right to do good instead of to do wrong, but do you know that our hands have polarity? One hand is positive and one hand is negative. If you read back a few paragraphs to where we dealt with palms you will see that the left hands deals with the abstract, that is, things before we came to this Earth, how we planned things, whereas the right hand is the practical hand, the hand which says how far we have achieved our objectives.

In the same way some of the Arabs of a few years ago had a very definite ruling about hands. The left hand was known as the 'dirty hand', and that hand could be used only for dirty tasks such as dealing with certain aspects of one's toilet, but the right hand was the 'clean' hand, and one could only use the right hand when dealing with food. All foodstuff was touched with the right hand although one could pick up a cup or a glass with the left hand. It would be quite interesting to investigate the matter further and see how much difference it made to one's digestion when one touched food with the right hand only, and then, perhaps a month later, touch food with the left hand only.

The right hand is the correct hand for holding a dagger or sword, or shaking hands with a person. In the old days people used to carry a knife or dagger in the right hand as a means of warding off attackers, so when they met a friend they would extend the right hand to show that they had no knife hidden, to show that they came in friendship. And so we had the start of the custom of shaking hands—shake a person's hand and you can see that he is not holding a knife against his palm with his thumb, and if he has any weapons concealed in his sleeve—well, shake them out.

From the same source there is another question. It is: 'How does the Silver Cord connect the physical, and the Overself, and the astral at the same time?'

The Silver Cord, like everything else, is a vibration, which

means that it is also a source of energy. The Cord does not necessarily have to go to just one other object, that is, it is not limited to connecting body and soul together. Extensions can be taken from it in just the same way as you can have extensions taken from your telephone. If you have a telephone in your living room, then it's no great difficulty to have an extension to your bedroom.

It is ordinary common sense to realize that the Overself is the source of each person's energy, the source of each person's being, and the Overself, you can say, has each human on a leash. So just as you can have a dog on a leash, or you can have ten dogs all on leashes, so you can have an Overself connected to an astral and to a physical body.

There is really nothing to answer in that question except to say that if you have a dog, let us say a big dog, at the end of a leash it is quite easy to connect a small dog to the leash of the big dog and that would correspond to the Overself, the astral, and the physical.

Through writing books I have come into contact with some perfectly horrible people, some real 'kooks' who might well be classed as mental home drop-outs. They are in the great minority, but I have also come into contact with some remarkably nice people. For example, there are two very nice ladies in British Columbia, Miss and Mrs. Newman; they are truly trying to make a success of life and I consider that they are achieving success. They have sent some questions and here in this chapter I am going to reply to just one of the questions for the special reason that it fits in so well. So here is an answer to a specific question from Miss and Mrs. Newman. The question is, 'Will you please explain homosexuality in much the same way as you explained alcoholics in "Beyond the Tenth"?'

Our Overself, as I have explained, is getting experience on Earth. The Overself itself is too big, too powerful and too high-vibrating to come to Earth, and so it has to employ those lumps of protoplasm which we in our ignorance think is the highest form of existence anywhere. We humans are

just hunks of meat supported on a bony framework and propelled around by grace of the Overself, but inevitably hitch-ups occur.

Sometimes a car manufacturer says to himself (in effect, of course) 'Oh, glory be, I've connected the brakes back-before-frontways on such-and-such a car. Let's call it back.' So notices go out to car owners and the cars have to be recalled to the factory for certain things to be put right.

In the hurly-burly of getting from the astral world to that world we call Earth, mix-ups occur. Being born is a traumatic experience, it's a most violent affair, and a very delicate mechanism can easily become deranged. For example, a baby is about to be born and throughout the pregnancy the mother has been rather careless about what she was eating and what she was doing, so the baby has not received what one might term a balanced chemical input. The baby may be short of a chemical and so development of certain glands may have been halted. Let us say the baby was going to come as a girl, but through lack of certain chemicals, the baby is actually born a boy, a boy with the inclinations of a girl.

The parents might realize that they've got a sissified little wretch and put it down to over-indulgence or something, they may try to beat some sense into him one end or the other to make him more manly, but it doesn't work; if the glands are wrong, never mind what sort of attachments are stuck on in front, the boy is still a girl in a boy's body.

At puberty the boy may not develop satisfactorily, or again, he may to all outward appearances. At school he may well appear to be one of the limp-wristed fraternity, but the poor fellow can't help that.

When he reaches man's estate he finds he cannot 'do the things that come naturally', instead he runs after boys—men. Of course he does because all his desires are the desires of a woman. The psyche itself is female, but through an unfortunate set of circumstances the female has been supplied with male equipment, it might not be much use but it's still there!

The male then becomes what used to be called a 'pansy' and has homosexual tendencies. The more the psyche is female, the stronger will be the homosexual tendencies.

If a woman has a male psyche, then she will not be interested in men but will be interested in women, because her psyche, which is closer to the Overself than is the physical body, is relaying confusing messages to the Overself and the Overself sends back a sort of command, 'Get busy, do your stuff.' The poor wretched male psyche is obviously repelled by the thought of 'doing his stuff' with a man, and so all the interest is centered on a female, so you get the spectacle of a female making love to a female and that's what we call a lesbian because of a certain island off Greece where that used to be 'the done thing'.

It is quite useless to condemn homosexuals, they are not villains, instead they should be classed as sick people, people who have glandular troubles, and if medicine and doctors had the brains they were born with then they would do something about that glandular defect.

After my own experiences of late I am even more convinced that Western doctors are a crummy lot of kooks just out to make a fast buck. My own experiences have been unmentionably and adjectivally deplorable, however we are not discussing me now, we are discussing homosexuals.

If a lesbian (woman) or a homosexual (male) can find a sympathetic doctor, then glandular extracts can be given which certainly improve the condition a lot and make life bearable, but unfortunately nowadays with the present breed of doctor who seems to be out to make money only, well, you have to search a long way to get a good doctor. But it is useless to condemn a homosexual, it is not his fault or her fault. They are very very unhappy people because they are confused, they don't know what has happened to them, they know that people are sneering at them, and they can't help what is, after all, the strongest impulse known to man or woman—the reproduction impulse.

Head shrinkers alias psychologists are not much help

really because they take years to do what the average person would do in a few days. If it is clearly explained to the homosexuals that they have a glandular imbalance, then they can usually adjust. Anyhow, the laws are being amended to cater for such cases instead of subjecting them to such fierce persecution and imprisonment for what is truly an illness.

There are various ways of helping such people. The first is deep sympathy with the sufferer should explain precisely what has happened. The second is the same as the first but with the addition that the victim should be given some medicament which suppresses the sexual urge, the sexual drive. The third—well, again, matters should be explained, and a qualified doctor can give hormone or testosterone injections which can definitely help the body in the matter of sexual adjustment.

The vital thing is that one should never, never condemn a homosexual, it's not his fault, he is being penalized for something he hasn't done, he is being penalized for some fault of Nature; perhaps his mother had the wrong sort of food, perhaps the mother and the child were chemically incompatible. However, whichever way you look at it, homosexuals can only be helped by true understanding and sympathy, and possibly with the judicious administration of drugs.

I see here a question which actually we have already answered. Perhaps I had better answer it again. The question is, 'How did the misconception occur that occultists cannot charge for their services?'

The answer is not far to seek. In the Far East most people are desperately poor, they do not have televisions and cars and private aircraft and split level homes. Sometimes they just have food and a few clothes, sometimes people of the Far East do not see money during the whole of their lifetime. Instead they make their purchases by barter, they exchange produce, eggs and all that, or even labor, for the things they

want. So if a peasant wants the services of an occultist the peasant will not think of giving money to the occultist because he doesn't have any, so instead he will provide the occultist with food, grain for example or fruit, and again, if he doesn't have any eggs or grain or fruit to spare, then he will do work for the occultist, mend his robes for example, carve a new bowl. If he had accommodation then the peasant will clean his accommodation. It may be a cave in the hillside and in that case the person who has used the occultist's service will clean the cave so many times, will sweep up the old grass and strew the floor with fresh grass. He will provide firewood and will do all necessary work.

It's still payment, though, isn't it? If he gives food, if he gives labor, it's still payment. But actually the warning against payment was a different matter altogether because the warning is against unscrupulous Westerners who advertise services they cannot really perform, and who are just out to make unreasonable charges. Some of the advertisements I have seen are truly too fantastic to be believed. It strikes me as most hilarious to think of a fellow packing his brief case and perhaps an overnight case and dashing off into the astral to read somebody's Akashic Record, always of course, for a high fee. Such things are impossible, they are quite impossible because there is a very strict occult law to the effect that no person can see the Akashic Record of another person who is alive. If you want to know what happened five hundred years ago, then that is a different matter, that is history and you can consult the Akashic Record in that case just as you can go to film libraries and pick out historical films. But just as many things are classified nowadays, you cannot report the speed of a certain plane or you cannot say how fast a certain shell goes, well, in much the same way you just cannot see or discuss the Akashic Record of a living person. After all, the Spirit World, you know, doesn't exist solely for some of these cranky advertisers; think of that when you read some of the advertisements, and have a laugh with me, will you?

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Injure others and you injure  
yourself.

The day had been very pleasant, a clear blue sky and a warmer temperature than had been during the past few weeks. There were signs that the winter had ended and that spring was really thinking about peeping around the corner of the calendar and bringing warmth and sunshine and new life to those jaded and defeated by the frigid winters of Canada.

In the valleys snow was still thick and would remain so for perhaps a few weeks more, but in the higher ground exposed to the warming rays of the sun the snows were fast melting and trickling riverlets came rushing down to swell the Saint John River.

The day had seen many birds flying by, signs that spring was coming, birds returning to their old haunts; a whole covey of ducks went by, soon after a huge black-back seagull had come sweeping in from the sea to land on the roof and to peer about and utter raucous cries.

The evening had turned chilly. There was a hint of snow in the air. Suddenly, unexpectedly there came the drumming of hailstones beating rapidly upon the windows, bouncing off the balconies, and, for a few moments, carpeting the road with a white icy sheen.

The Old Man thought, 'Oh, poor Mr. Robichaud, he'll have to get busy again in the morning!' During the day Mr. Robichaud had been very busy sweeping aside puddles of melting snow, brushing away gravel thrown down by city trucks in an attempt to provide traction for motor traffic.

But now the hail had come driving fresh gravel into the front of the building and adding to the work of an already much overworked man.

The evening sped by and lights in the city went out one by one. In the Hospital the lights were ever on, always ready for emergencies, always ready by day and by night.

The Old Man turned his head and looked out of the window over the balcony; down in the Harbor there was still activity. The Russian ship loading grain for Russia was still a blaze of light. There was the clank of machinery and the hissing of high pressure steam.

Closer there was the terrible blare, and blare, and blare again as one of the Canadian National infernal diesel engines clattered along the rails over the level crossing, hooting and blaring as if the world had gone mad. 'I wonder that no one has told the engineer that there are signal lights on the crossing,' thought the Old Man, because it does seem insane how in Canada locomotives go along to the constant blare of sirens and the incessant clanging of bells. It's something like a gang of very small children playing with toys in the noisiest way possible. Canada, even more than the U.S.A., should be known as the Land of Noise and Bustle.

The Old Man lifted his gaze again beyond the level crossing and the endless procession of freight cars obstructing the road. In the Harbor tugs were coming to a Liberian ship which had just recently unloaded seven thousand tons of nickel ore. Earlier the ship had been arrested for non-payment of dues in the U.S.A. It had steamed away from a Pacific coast port apparently without the little formality of paying harbor dues, but the telephone was much faster than a ship and telephone messages had raced all across from the Pacific coast of the U.S.A. to the East coast of Canada, and earlier in the day Police officials had marched aboard the ship and served an arrest order to the Captain.

Frantic work had resulted in a bond being posted and now the ship was free to move, so tugs were coming to tow her out sternwards, tow her out backwards into the deep water

channel and then, with her pointing in the right direction, off she would steam possibly for Australia.

The Pilot was already aboard, the Pilot boat was going out beyond the buoys waiting for the ship which would then slow and the Pilot boat would sidle along and take off the Pilot, and then the ship would be free to move away on her own.

The ship went out silently, no hooting, no clanking, no hissing of steam, the ship stole away as if she were ashamed of being arrested through the perfidy and bad faith of mankind, mankind as exemplified by those who should have paid the bills incurred for their service.

All over the city the sleeping people were leaving their physical bodies and going up into the astral worlds, their Silver Cords were stretched out like skins of silk, self-illuminated, shiny, twitching and jerking.

The Old Man smiled to himself because from one room came the soft snores of Buttercup. 'She'd never believe what a racket she is making!' thought the Old Man. Suddenly her astral form appeared through a wall and off she shot, straight up and then away in the direction of the U.S.A. With her astral out of her body the snores increased.

From another room Ra'ab was doing a bit of snoring too. She had gone off earlier to an astral Cat Land where she would be met by some truly beloved little people, Miss Ku'ei, Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers, Miss Cindy, Long Tom, and Lord Furhead, and others. Ra'ab had the benefit that she was aware of when she was going to the Land of the Astral Cats, but probably Ra'ab was not aware of how stertorous her snores would be!

Little Girl Cat Cleopatra was sleeping away as well beside Ra'ab. She too was off to the Land of the Astral Cats, but Fat Cat Taddykins was on duty, she would be on duty until 4 o'clock in the morning, and Fat Cat Taddykins was resting on the shelf just above the radiator where she got all the warmth, all the beautifully heated rising air. One arm was dangling over, the other was supporting her chin. Her

hind quarters were facing one way and her head quarters were facing another way, a position that only a cat could adopt.

Far out in the Bay of Fundy a fishing boat suddenly flashed its searchlight. It wavered around for a moment and then, as suddenly, was extinguished and there was no trace that a little fishing vessel was anywhere about. Yet all over the bay there were fishing vessels with their lines out and with their nets, hoping to get fish and that were not contaminated by the mercury in the water flowing from the U.S.A., from some big industrial plant in the U.S.A. which had discharged much poisonous effluvia into the streams passing by their boundaries. And yet there was a fresh source of poison because an oil tanker had broken up and sunk beneath the waves off the coast of Nova Scotia, and oil and poisoned birds and fish were being swept shorewards all the time. So the fishermen of New Brunswick were out about their business rather gloomily, knowing that their livelihood was at stake because of the criminal manner in which Man polluted the sources of Nature.

The sky had a few clouds scudding across, there seemed to be quite a wind coming up. The three flags away on the hill were flapping madly and the halyards were slapping against the masts as if in unison with the waving of the flags.

Over the hill beyond Mispic the full moon suddenly sailed with amazing rapidity straight up into a clear patch of sky, casting a pale brilliance over the whole scene, dimming the street lights, dimming the lights along the new bridge over the Saint John River, and as the moon rose the shaft of silver light sped rippling along the sea all the way from Mispic point to the Harbor, brilliant fingers touching a fishing vessel here, lighting a buoy there, silvering a strip of land and breaking up in ripples as it encountered the wake of a speeding tug.

The Old Man turned suddenly and a sharp, tearing, wrenching pain gripped him inside, a pain that left him gasping and almost retching with the sudden agony of it.

Pain, his constant companion for a long time past, pain which was becoming even more frequent and even more intense, pain which pointed with inexorable fingers at the calendar showing how the journey through life was progressing, showing how soon it must end.

On the shelf above the radiator Fat Cat Taddykins stood up, peered intently at the Old Man, muttered to herself, and went trotting into where Ra'ab was still asleep. Soon the Silver Cord attached between Ra'ab's astral and physical quivered and started to reel in, it reeled in with increasing rapidity until the astral body came as well. Seconds after Ra'ab came in to see what could be done for the Old Man, but what could be done? The Old Man had been in a state of permanent amazement since having 'medical treatment' in Canada. In his ignorance he had thought that the first duty of a doctor was the relief of suffering, that is what he had been taught. He had been taught that first of all you relieve the suffering, then you try to cure what caused it. But now—well, he saw the other side of the story, not as the doctor but as the patient.

The Old Man had had much pain and he and Ra'ab had asked the doctors for some pain relieving tablets, or anything. First they had been told, 'No, we do not want to give it yet, it might disguise the symptoms.' But in the meantime the Old Man still had his pain, still had his suffering, in the meantime the Old Man had been taken to hospital as a desperate emergency, and a compassionate nurse at the first hospital had done what the doctors did not seem able to do.

Then came the second emergency and another hospital, and the verdict that nothing could be done. So, knowing that nothing could be done to cure, the Old Man and Ra'ab and Buttercup just could not understand why it was that nothing could be done to relieve suffering, to ease the pain, to give rest for, to ask yet again, is not the doctor's first task the relief of suffering? And if he cannot cure the cause, then surely he can give relief while there is still life.

So Ra'ab looked around helplessly - what was there that she could do? There wasn't anything, she had no drugs, nothing. So once again she just had to sit and watch and give nothing else except sympathy and understanding.

Soon there came Cleopatra who did the feline equivalent of handsprings in the hope of distracting attention from pain, in the hope of providing some light relief, and Cleopatra and Taddykins both purred away to show how they understood how bad all this suffering was. Two little people who to the average man or woman in the street would appear to be just two very very beautiful little animals, but to those who know them these two little people are people apart, intelligent, highly civilized and entirely sympathetic and understanding.

And so the Old Man lying in his bed of pain still wondered why the local medical fraternity did not seem to have heard of pain relievers, or, if they had, why did they not use them, why did they not use such methods of giving relief to one who truly was in considerable distress?

Now the sky darkened, the moon was extinguished by black lowering clouds. A sudden haze came over the far sea and sped rapidly landwards, the first pattering drops of rain hit the window panes and a blast of air shook the building. Soon the storm burst in all its fury, the howling, shrieking wind and torrents of rain interspersed with hail. Down it came drowning out all memory of a pleasant day, hiding the Harbor under a veil of rain. Lights in the streets showed up as a ghostly greenish-blue as the sodium lamps vainly strove to penetrate the water fog and the beating rain.

The drumming of the rain was monotonous, the shrieking of the wind howling around the corners of the building, pushing against the windows, making the doors rattle, it reminded the Old Man of how things seemed to be inside him.

The night seemed endless, it seemed that every minute was an hour, and every hour was a day. Ra'ab, at the Old Man's request, went back to bed. Cleo stayed for a time,

when she too went back to bed. Taddykins resumed her post on the shelf until 4 o'clock in the dark and gloomy morning. At 4 o'clock Miss Cleopatra came back into the room and jumped up by Taddy. Briefly they touched noses and Taddy jumped off leaving Miss Cleopatra to settle down into almost the same position that Taddy had adopted.

Outside the first traffic was beginning to move, early workers going to the docks. Down below a man started his car, perhaps he was going to the dry dock to see what was happening. A lonely tug hooted away as if lost in the rain and darkness. There was no sign of the lighthouse, the rain completely obscured its rays, but faintly could be heard the mournful lowing of the fog horn.

The hours dragged on. At last dim gray light appeared over the Mispic hills, a dim gray light which did little to dispel the gloom for it just showed a thoroughly unpleasant day, everything saturated with water. Water teeming from the rooftops, water streaming down the roadways, and suddenly squalls obliterating the sight of the bridge and the Harbor.

More hours passed on, and more people began to stir. Ra'ab came back, shortly after Buttercup came. Another day had started.

The Harbor looked almost empty. A Blue Star freighter was just turning into the stream ready to go out. She too was anxious to leave us. The Russian ship was still there with a faint plume of steam coming from its exhaust, and down on the D.O.T. wharf men were boarding one of the red-hulled ships that went out to take supplies to the lighthouse keepers and provide service to the light buoys and the sound buoys. In the middle of the Harbor a solitary tug was motionless, a figure at the stern seemed to be hauling in on a fishing line. Perhaps the tug men were trying to catch their breakfast!

The inevitable, incessant mail came pouring in. On this day with the Old Man feeling like something the cat brought in, seventy-eight letters came, nearly all of them

from people who wanted something, nearly all of them without the elementary courtesy of a reply stamp.

One woman wrote so gushingly, 'Oh, Dr. Rampa, I have been told that you are going to die and I thought I must get your help before it was too late for me. Will you do this for me—you must do this for me before you die.'

People wrote in and wrote in, the Old Man did his best to answer reasonable questions. Buttercup worked hard and accurately typing the letters which the Old Man was now no longer able to do, but there was no let-up from people. So many of them, no sooner had they received a reply than they sent back a whole shoal of questions 'before it was too late'.

One 'lady' in Toronto sent seven letters all by one delivery. Apparently she wrote a letter of several pages and then when she'd got it all ready and posted she thought of other things she wanted to know, and so on, and so on, until seven letters had arrived.

The Old Man had many strange experiences with letters. One woman in Ontario wrote really inflammatory letters and managed to get hold of the Old Man's address. She got in touch with the Police and said it was desperately necessary to contact Dr. Rampa, it was a matter of life and death. And so our good-natured, well-intentioned local Police sent a police car to where the Old Man lived, to where the Old Man was ill, and the Policeman had a very stern order. 'You must phone this number immediately, it's a matter of life and death.' The same woman sent Special Delivery letters, telegrams — everything. And at last the Old Man couldn't stick it any longer, 'at last' was caused by a letter from the woman saying that unless the Old Man would be her 'friend' she would commit suicide and she enclosed three pages with just the same thing repeated, 'Die (name), Die (name), Die (name).' The Old Man could take no more so he got in touch with the Police in the district in which she lived, and the Police went along to see her about these letters of an 'amatory' nature. Now from that quarter at least, there has been

peace, it is understood, though, that the poor unfortunate policeman who had to call upon her returned to the Station considerably shaken by the experience.

When the Old Man was at Habitat he was in bed one night quite seriously ill. At round about midnight there came a thunderous knocking at the door. Ra'ab hurried from her room and the Old Man managed to get out of bed and into the wheel chair, and to grasp something in case it was an unwanted intruder. But at the door were two French-Canadian policemen, and in decidedly shaky English they demanded to see Dr. Rampa. One of the policemen was from the fraud squad, the other was a police driver. They wanted to know all sorts of things, all manner of questions had to be answered, and at midnight. At last the Old Man wanted to know what it was all about, why were they asking so many questions, and the two policemen looked at each other and one walked to the telephone, then in a gabble of French-Canadian spoke to his Superintendent. After replacing the telephone their manner changed completely. He said that a man in the Middle West States of the U.S.A. had telephoned the Montreal Police Headquarters saying there was a desperate emergency and would the Police please contact Dr. Rampa, address unknown, and get him to call a certain number in that Middle West American State.

In relaying the message to the police on patrol the information was somewhat garbled, and because a fraud squad man took the message he thought he was coming to see the Old Man on a matter of fraud, and so he acted accordingly. However, at last matters were straightened out and the police left. Apologies were a bit late, well after midnight, and after rousing and distressing a very sick man.

The same thing happened when the Old Man lived in Saint John previously. The Police were phoned by some old biddy in Montreal. She said it was a matter of life and death, and so the police came up like eager beavers thinking they were going to save a life. The phone call was made and the stupid clot of a woman just wanted the Old Man to tell her

husband that she shouldn't have any sex life with him! Incidentally, although considerable expense was involved, the woman and her husband have not made any attempt to repay that expense. That's what usually happens, some person just thinks that the Old Man is made of money and that he is just dying to rush to their aid and to pay them for that pleasure.

Quite recently a man wrote from Asia. He wrote to say that he wanted to do good for mankind, and he thought he would become a doctor, so he instructed the Old Man to send money immediately for this would-be doctor's first-class air fare to Canada. He told the Old Man that he (the Old Man) should have the honour of providing board and lodging and pay all expenses for this would-be doctor. He ended by writing, 'I can never repay you but at least you will know that I am doing good for others.'

Yet another case at Habitat was when a man came late at night complete with his luggage. He just came to the door and banged and banged until he got an answer. He came all the way from India, and he said, 'I have come to live with you as your son. I will cook for you.' And he tried to push his way in—complete with luggage.

The Old Man was thinking about these things, thinking about some of the humans who wrote in, thinking of the woman who wrote to say that her book was all ready, the book which the Old Man had dictated to her telepathically, and now she wanted a letter written by him saying that a Publisher was to take it and give the royalties to her.

A most entertaining book could be written about some of the remarkable letters which are sent, but really the Old Man in the short time remaining is far more interested in answering questions which it is hoped will help people. So many questions are quite sensible, questions such as this:

'Why is it that we never remember the tasks we are supposed to do when we are on this Earth? Why do we have to press forward blindly without knowing what we are doing? Can you tell me that?'

Well, yes, certainly, there is nothing very remarkable about it. If people knew beforehand what they had to do they would concentrate exclusively on that thing, and so gain a very one-sided knowledge or experience.

I am often told that I liken the Earth life to a school. But of course I do, it is a school, a school for humans. And so, going back to our school explanation, consider this; you study at school, but then you have to take an examination.

You have to take an examination. Yes, an examination to find out how much you know. You go to the examination room without knowing what the questions are going to be. If you knew the questions before you went to the examination room, then it would just not be an examination at all because you would just swot up a few sentences on a very few subjects, and obviously you would pass the examination with ease - but you wouldn't know anything.

At school one has to learn a broad field of knowledge, and to make sure that one does learn an adequately broad field of knowledge examinations are set for some future date. The students know that there is going to be an examination, but obviously they do not know the exact questions. Thus it is by the examinations, and not specialize in just one or two items.

Supposing a surgeon, or rather, surgeon-to-be, was taking his examinations and he had been slack throughout his studies, supposing that someone had told him the precise nature of the questions. If the surgeon-to-be was unscrupulous and unprincipled he would concentrate only on the answers to those questions and, of course, would pass 'cum laude'.

But you might be his first patient. Supposing you went for a kidney operation and all he could do was remove an appendix — would you feel happy?

Would you feel happy in dealing or flying with an air pilot who, by knowing the answers to the exact examination questions and knowing little else, had managed to get a job? Of course you wouldn't.

You are kept from knowing what your task is in this life so that you do your best (or at least it is hoped that you will!) in the whole field of life. You might have a task that you have to be kind to cats; well, if you knew what you had to do you might be very kind to cats, sickeningly so, in fact, but you might be so wrapped up in the cat theme that you would perhaps unwittingly cause anguish to dogs or horses by completely and utterly neglecting them. No, Mrs. Questioner, it is providential that humans do not know their task on Earth. If they did it would make them unbalanced and one-sided.

But do not get the idea that everyone who writes is a dumkopf or clutterhead, such would be absolutely incorrect. I have become acquainted with some extraordinarily nice people. Valeria Sorock, for one. She was the first to greet me when we arrived from Ireland, since that we have been firm friends and Valeria Sorock has an absolutely wonderful virtue; she is completely and utterly reliable. I am not at all mobile and if there is anything in particular that I need, of course always something which is extremely difficult to obtain, then Valeria Sorock is the one to locate it. We live quite a long way apart physically, but we are very close spiritually.

Let me salute Valeria Sorock here for her unfailing constancy, for her loyalty, and for the immense effort she puts in to do any kindness. She is not a wealthy woman by any means at all, in fact she has to work hard and travel many miles to earn what is truly a mere pittance, yet Valeria Sorock can always afford the time to do anything and to help. So—Valeria—my thanks to you and my undying friendship to you in return for the friendship you have always given me.

There are quite a number of people who are definitely above average, very definitely above average, and it's a sad thought that these people most times are not at all well endowed with this world's goods. Most times these people are so decent and so modest that they definitely underrate their

own abilities. I am thinking now of two very brilliant people, Mr. and Mrs. Czermak. They are having a difficult time because, in my opinion, they do not 'sell themselves'.

Mr. Czermak is a man whom anyone could be proud to know, a man of the better type, a man with a first-class brain, and who excels at something which always defeats me - figures! Figures that go 1- 2 - 3, etc., not the type that one looks at although I have no doubt that Mr. Czermak could possibly beat me at looking at those.

Then there is Mrs. Czermak, a truly very, very gifted person indeed. She has most extraordinary artistic ability, ceramics, photography, anything in the artistic line seems to be child's play to her. She puts the brakes on her own progress, though, by tending to be too much of a perfectionist. One cannot have perfection in this world, and if one strives too much for utter perfection then one wastes too much time on the unattainable.

Soon we shall be dealing with two questions, one from Mr. Czermak and one from Mrs. Czermak.

Yes, people write to me with all sorts of strange problems, and the longest letter I have received from any one person was written on a piece of paper 9 inches wide by 13 feet 9 inches long. It was all one continuous sheet of paper and the whole thing was closely typed. So, as I say, that is the longest letter I have had. What would you do with it? So did I!

Then, of course, there's John Henderson. I became acquainted with him following a letter or two that he wrote to me. John Henderson is a very nice fellow, very capable, and he's 'going places'. It is my hope that later he will be able to unfold his spiritual wings and write a book or two, start a Spiritual Retreat, and do whatever people on the Other Side suggest that he should do.

Yes, I make some very nice acquaintanceships. Some people who write in haven't the vaguest interest in metaphysics, but what does it matter, what does it matter if one is interested in metaphysics or not? In fact, it might be a good idea now to answer a question from Mr. Hanns Czermak. He

says, 'Yes, I do have a question, Dr. Rampa. What is the most important thing a person should or can do to develop any latent occult abilities he or she might possess? I am asking this because I seem to have trouble getting started with the things you describe so clearly in your books. Obviously I am doing something wrong and I am wondering whether there isn't a way of preparing one's mind and body.'

Actually, it doesn't really matter if you do astral travel or not, consciously, that is, because everyone does astral travel in the time of sleep. But if you find difficulty in doing something, then are you sure, really sure, that you want to do it?

Are you sure that there is not some bar imposed, let us say, by difficulties in a past life?

Supposing a person - oh, not you, of course!—had been a witch in a past life. Supposing you had been burned at the stake or bumped off in some equally interesting way, then if you came back to this life with more or less of an interest in occultism you might have some ingrained fear that if you started again you would end up at the stake or at the end of a rope, and so your sub-conscious would clap the brakes on and you would make no progress.

The only way one can proceed if one finds real difficulty in settling down to occult work is:

Meditate on the problem. Do you really, sincerely desire to astral travel or to do clairvoyance or read the cards or do anything in that field?

If you do, if you can say 'Yes', then ask yourself why you want to do it. You must clear up all these problems first.

The next thing to ask yourself is, do you fear that you will be out of the body and will not be able to get back, are you afraid that some strange entities will attack you if you get out of the body? If so, remember that no harm whatsoever, no harm of any sort can happen to you if you are not afraid.

If you are sure that you really want to do occult work, then the best thing is to devote a certain time each day, even

half an hour of an evening, to thinking about it. And the best way is to imagine as strongly as possible that you are doing what you want to do, because when you can get over to your sub-conscious that you want to get out into the astral he will metaphorically, unlock the gate and set you free. Think of the sub-conscious as a sort of idiot, a high-grade idiot, if you like, who obeys orders quite literally so that if at some time in the past you have said, 'Gee! For Pete's sake don't let me get out of the body!' then the subconscious will obey that injunction until you can overpower its one-track mind and replace the obsolete order by another.

But remember that if you think you are not making progress, you definitely are so long as you are aware of things. And my strong advice to you is that if you are experiencing obstacles or difficulties, then just do not bother, wait until things settle themselves.

When I was studying morse many years ago I was warned about 'the hump'. Well, this mysterious 'hump' bothered me until I reached a speed of twenty-three words a minute, and no matter how much I tried, no matter how many hours of practice I put in, I could not get over that 'hump'. It proved to be a mountain in the way of my progress towards a faster morse sending and receiving speed.

One day I uttered some really naughty words with fervour. I said, in effect, 'Oh well, if I can't go any faster I just can't.' Later in the day I sat down at the old morse key again and found that I could go much faster, in fact I could do nearly thirty words a minute. I had got over the 'hump'. I had been trying too hard, and I think probably you are trying too hard, Mr. Czermak, and you, and you, and you also are trying too hard. If you are meeting obstacles don't go on like a bulldozer, take it easy, think about things, and you will find that the path of least resistance has enabled you to get over the hump, and you will be surprised at the result.

Well, I think that in the interests of domestic harmony I should reply to a question from Mrs. Czermak is this same

chapter as that in which I replied to a question from her husband, otherwise I could be accused of separating husband and wife, or something like that.

Here is what Mrs. Czermak writes. 'A question; well, by the time it's too late to submit them I know I will be full of them. Right now there is only one problem that is still very much with me, and maybe other people might profit too if you would be kind enough to say a few words on the topic. It's time, or rather, shortage of time. There are only so many hours in the day and they just are not sufficient to do all the things I want to do. I surely don't shirk work but what is most frustrating is that not only is there not enough time for all the more or less mundane things that one wants to do, but there never seems enough left for the spiritual things one wants to learn. If it's meditation I don't seem to have enough energy to get up extra early either on Saturday or Sunday, instead of sleeping an hour later, and if it's astral travel I seem to fall asleep as soon as I hit the pillow.' Business firms, factories, and very large of ices have the same trouble, that is why they often call in experts who call themselves 'Time and Motion' people. Everyone has three or four times as much time as they think they have, but usually people waste time in much the same way as people waste water and so now there is a shortage of water throughout the world, drinking water, that is.

Time and motion experts study how people do things. Just as an example, if you go to the kitchen how many things do you bring back with you at one time? Do you bring back one or two things when you know perfectly well that right after you will have to go back for two or three things more? If people will only make an intelligent appraisal of things they have to do, then they will have adequate time in which to do it.

The best way to proceed is to write down on a sheet of paper all the things you want to do on any given day. Toss out the things which are not really necessary, and plan the remaining things so that you go the shortest way about them

and do not have to make two or three journeys when one will suffice. Some people have shopping to do, so they dash around to the corner store and get one thing, then they return to the kitchen and find they are short of salt or sugar or something else, so back they go again. They are running about all the time.

Others, perhaps, have letters to mail, and they make a special journey to mail those letters whereas, if they only waited a little longer, they could mail the letters when they went shopping.

One can divide up the day just the same as at school lessons were divided up — so long for Geography, so long for History, so long for Arithmetic, so long for recreation and so long for meals. If people only set about their tasks in a sensible manner they would have ample time in which to do things.

In Mrs. Czermak's case, she has a highly intelligent husband who would gladly assist her in planning her days. A task which he is well fitted to undertake very successfully. So the answer is, if people would plan their days properly and stick to the plan, there would be adequate time for everything. This is the Voice of Experience because I practise what I preach—successfully!

## CHAPTER EIGHT

If you don't scale the mountain  
you can't view the plain.

The Old Man resting in his bed was looking out across the city, looking out at some new building being built, and at a very large hotel, the leading hotel in the whole city.

Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy were busy sleeping. They had had a disturbed night because the Old Man had been very unwell and, of course, it definitely takes two Siamese cats to manage things when the Old Man is particularly unwell. So they were catching up on their sleep, moving about in their sleep as all the best people do, twitching a bit, but happy to be close to each other. The Old Man thought of them with absolute love, thought of them as he would have thought of his own children, for these were very high entities in animal form, little people who had come to do a job and who were doing that job magnificently.

In their four short years of life they had had quite a bit of moving about, quite a bit of travel, and quite a bit of hardship, hardship largely brought on by the incessant press persecution. The Old Man lay there in the gloaming thinking about it all, thinking of conditions at Montreal, and how they had left before their tenancy had ended.

They had made arrangements for accommodation in the city of Saint John but when it was too late to change anything the person still in the apartment found he was unable to leave, so The Family had no alternative to staying expensively in an hotel; the Admiral Beatty Hotel was truly as much of a home from home as any hotel could be. It was and is a happy hotel where everyone is satisfied with the General

Manager, a man with years and years of experience, a man who knows all the problems and, better still, knows the answers to them.

In the hotel one of the bell boys, Brian, was always most helpful and most courteous, and being a cat lover he really fell for Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy, and that pair, being flirts like most girls, really played him up, purred for him, rubbed against him and, like most girls, made him think that he was the only one.

Mrs. Catherine Mayes. The Old Man had a lot of difficulty with diet, and the menu of a hotel is not designed for those who are sick and limited to certain foods. Mrs. Catherine Mayes went out of her way at all times to make sure that everything was as good as could be. Now that The Family were in an apartment they still welcomed Mrs. Mayes as a visitor.

But the lights in the Harbor were becoming more and more numerous. Ships were coming in ready to discharge their cargoes at the next working day. Two Russian ships, another one from Liberia, one from India, and one from Cyprus, all moored up along the wharves, all laden down, well down to their plimsoll line, and a gently swaying at the changing of the tide.

The Pilot Boat was just coming away from a newcomer, its red signal lamp blinking and bobbing. Soon it turned right and went into its slipway so the Pilots could wait for the next ship.

Down at the level crossing the infernal trains hooted and blared away, making such a commotion as would get any other person clapped straight into prison for disturbing the peace, yet these unmentionable railway workers seemed to think it was their prerogative and sacred duty to wreck the hearing of a whole city. The Old Man wondered why the City Council didn't get off their behinds and pass that long-protected law prohibiting the blaring of sirens from trains passing through the city.

But the Old Man thought, it's useless to do idle gazing when a book has to be written, so he thought he would have to do what the City Council should do, he thought he would have to 'get off his behind' and get to work.

Going through all the questions, one of the most amazing things is the number of people who write 'tell us about life after death and about dying'. I am almost ashamed to return to that subject which I have dealt with so many times, I am almost ashamed to tell Ra'ab that I am writing about death again, and I am almost frightened to think of Buttercup's stony glare when she tells me that I am repeating myself. But then, Miss Newman, or perhaps it is Mrs. Newman, asks about life after death, and another letter here wants 'a complete but understandable knowledge of the so-called after-death state'. Riffing through these questions I find more and more people asking about life after death. Well, I seem to be ruled out, it seems that I shall have to write about life after death, and if you don't want to read it, go through these pages with your eyes shut until you come to a part you like.

Let us consider what happens at the onset of death. Usually a person is ill and as a result of that illness some part of the body, essential to the continuance of life on Earth, is losing its ability to function properly. It may be the heart, let us pretend that it is a heart case which we are discussing. So, in our heart case we can say that the heart muscle has turned into a fibroid mass, it can no longer pump blood in adequate quantities through the brain, and so the faculties become dull. As the faculties become dull the will to live diminishes and there is less stimulation for the heart to continue its labored pumping.

There comes a time when the heart can no longer continue. Before that stage is reached the person is in a state where he does not have the energy to feel pain, he is half in this world and half in the next, he is in the state of a baby who is half out of the world which is his mother and half in the world which we call Earth. On the Other Side of death

helpers are ready. As soon as the heart ceases there is a jerk; no, no, that is not a jerk of pain, there is no death agony, that is quite stupid fiction. The so-called 'death agony' is merely a reflex action of nerves and muscles which, freed from the control of the 'driver' of the body just twist and twitch and jerk—well, as the name implies—uncontrollably. Many people think that it is agony but of course it is not because the occupant of the body has left, and should there be grimaces of the face, that is merely the twitching of the muscles.

The body, bereft of its occupant, may twitch or utter gasps for a short time. There may be the rumbling of organs within the body, but all that is just like an old suit of clothes settling down after they have just been thrown on a chair or on a bed, there's nothing to it, the body is now just garbage ready to be buried or burnt, it doesn't matter which really.

The newest occupant or inhabitant of the astral world, the former driver of the body, will be met by helpers ready to do anything they can to assist in the process of acclimatization. It sometimes happens unfortunately that a truly ignorant person will not believe in life after death, so what then?

If a person definitely refuses to believe in the life after death he or she is in a state of complete hypnosis, auto-hypnosis, and even on Earth there are many cases of people being blind just because they think they are, there are many cases of people who are deaf only because they have wished themselves deaf perhaps to escape the noise of a nagging wife, and such cases are attested by the medical profession.

If a person will not believe in anything after death, then that person is enveloped in a thick, black, sticky fog, and helpers cannot help him, they can't reach him because he won't let them, he repulses everything they want to do for him because he is so convinced that there is no such thing as an after life that he believes he is having unpleasant nightmares.

In the course of time the person begins to realize that

there must be something in this life after death business after all; why does he hear voices, why does he sense people near him, why does he hear perhaps music? With dawning awareness that there might just possibly be something after death, the thick black fog lightens and becomes gray, light can filter in, he can see dim figures moving about, and he can hear more clearly. So, gradually, as his prejudices and inhibitions break down, he becomes more and more aware that something is happening around him. People constantly try to help him, they try to tell him that they want to help, they invite him to accept that help, and as soon as he does feel that he will accept help, then the fog disperses and he can see all the glory of the astral world, colors such as Earth lacks, brightness and lightness, and very very pleasant surroundings.

Our poor friend, who is only just beginning to realize that there is life after death, is taken to what we might call a hospital, or rest home, or recuperation center. There by various rays his mental inhibitions are further dispersed, his spirit body is strengthened and made healthy, and it is also nourished.

Things are explained to him, he is in much the same position as a new-born baby except that he can understand all that is said to him and he can reply whereas a baby has to learn even to speak. So the person hears an explanation of what life on the Other Side is like. If he wants to argue about it he just cannot, people will not argue with him, he is just left to think about what he has been told, and when he can freely accept that which he has been told, the explanation continues. He is never persuaded of anything, he is never forced to do anything, he has a right of choice. If he doesn't want to believe then he has to stay in a somewhat static condition until he will believe.

Many there are who pass beyond the Earth to the next life with the firm, absolutely unbreakable conviction that their own particular religion is the only one which can exist. These poor wretches are in much the same position because

the helpers on the Other Side know quite well that they cannot help the newcomer if their mere appearance shatters a lifelong belief, so, let us suppose a person is a very strong Catholic believing in angels and devils and all the rest of that pantomime. Then, when they get to the Other Side they do indeed see the Pearly Gates, they see an old fellow with a beard and a whacking great ledger in which they think all the sins are being recorded.

Everything is done to put on the sort of show that the good, ignorant Catholic wants to see. He sees angels with flapping wings, he sees people sitting on clouds playing harps, and for a time he is quite satisfied thinking he has reached Heaven. But gradually it dawns on him that all this doesn't ring true, the people do not fly in the right rhythm for beating wings, etc., etc. Gradually it dawns on the newcomer that all this is a stage show and he begins to wonder what is behind it all, what is behind the drapes and the set piece, what are things really like, and just as soon as he begins to think that way he begins to see 'cracks' in the facade of the Heavenly Crowd. Soon there comes a time when he cannot stick the pantomime any longer and he cries out for enlightenment. Quickly the angels with their flapping wings fade away, quickly the harpists sitting in their nightshirts on a cloud beat it, quickly highly trained, highly experienced helpers show the newly awakened newcomer the reality instead of the illusion, and the reality is far greater than the illusion ever could be. It is a sad fact that so many people see a few pictures in the Bible and they 'take them for gospel'. Well, book illustrators are employed to illustrate the Bible as well, remember.

No matter what religion it is, if there are adherents who believe unswervingly in the legends and, let us say, fantasies, of that religion, then that is what they see when they leave the Earth and enter the astral plane.

When the newcomer can realize the nature of the world he is in, then he can proceed further. He goes to the Hall of Memories and there, alone, he enters a room and he sees the

whole of his Life, everything he has done, everything he has tried to do, and everything he wanted to do. He sees everything that happened to him, and everything that he thought while upon the Earth, and he, and he alone, can make a judgment of whether his life was a success or a failure. He, and he alone, can decide whether he will 'go back to college' and start the Course all over again in the hope of passing successfully next time.

There is no mother or father or best friend to stand by and take the blame for anything that he has done wrongly, he is there alone, entirely alone, more alone than he has been since he stood in that place before, last time. And he judges himself.

No devils, no Satan waiting with twitching tail and fiery breath, nobody is going to jab pitchforks into him, and as for all the flames, well, they don't even use such things for central heating!

Most people emerge from the Hall of Memories considerably shaken and remarkably glad of the help and sympathy which their helpers, waiting outside, offer.

There comes a period of adjustment, a period when the newcomer can think over all that he has seen, think over all the mistakes he has made, think over what he is going to do about it. It's not a matter to be decided in a few minutes, all manner of things have to be considered. Is it worth going back and starting all over again, or would it be better to stay a few hundred years in the astral waiting perhaps for more suitable conditions to come along? But then, thinks the newcomer, he doesn't know about all the suitable conditions or when they are likely to come along. So he is invited to go to helpers who will discuss everything with him, and who will advise him without putting any pressure whatever on him. At all times he has complete freedom of choice, freedom of decision, no one is going to force him to do anything. If he wants to go back and do a bit of hell-raking on Earth, that is his choice, and his choice only.

Many newcomers are not aware that they can pick up all

the sustenance, all the nourishment they need from the air, from the vibrations around them. They think of their earthly life, they think of all the choice foods they would have liked to have had but perhaps couldn't afford, so, if they want it they can have it. No matter what type of food, it is there for the asking. If they want fat cigars or thin cigarettes or stinking pipes, yes, they can have those as well. Clothes—you'll never see such a medley of clothes and costumes as you will on the astral plane! Anyone can wear any style of clothes he desires and it's not considered at all wrong, no one cares, it's the other person's affair. So if a fellow wants to get himself done up as a hippy with a load of pot on each hand, he can do so, the pot there won't hurt him, it only hurts when he's on the earth because astral pot is entirely harmless; Earth pot is horribly dangerous.

But the newcomer soon tires of doing nothing, he soon tires of just kicking his heels and watching the astral world go by. Even if he was a lazy slob on Earth, one who just liked to hang around street corners and utter wolf whistles, well even that sort of fellow soon tires of doing nothing in the atmosphere of the astral plane. He asks for work, and he gets it. What sort of work? There are all manner of things to be done. It's impossible to say what sort of work he does just as it's impossible to say what sort of work a person would get here on Earth if they went to Timbuktu or Alsace Lorraine suddenly. They do work within their capabilities, necessary work, and in doing the work they find considerable satisfaction and stability.

But all the time they have the nagging thought, the nagging wonder of what to do. Should they stay in the astral a bit longer? What would other people do? They ask again and again, and they are told again and again, always the same thing they are told, and never is there any attempt to persuade them to do anything, the choice is entirely theirs.

At last they decide they can't hang around any longer; they decide they cannot be a drop-out from the school of

Earth, they must go back, do their lessons properly and pass the examinations.

They make their decision known and then they are taken to a special group of people who have vast experience and some very, very remarkable instruments. It is determined what the person has to learn, it is determined how best he may learn it—go to a poor family, will that help? Or should he go to a rich family? Should he be a white man or a colored man, or should he be a woman, colored or white? It depends on the sort of mess he made of his last life, it depends on how hard he is prepared to work in the coming life, it depends on what he has to learn. Anyhow, the advisers are well qualified to help him, they can suggest - and they suggest only—the type of parents, the type of country, and the conditions. Then when he has agreed to the conditions certain instruments are brought into play and the necessary parents-to-be are located. Alternative parents are located as well, and these parents are observed for a short time. Then, if everything proves satisfactory, the person who is ready to reincarnate goes to a special home in the astral world. There he goes to bed, and when he wakes up he is in the process of being born into the Earth. No wonder he makes such a commotion and lets out wails of despair!

Many people, entities, decide they do not want to return to Earth just yet, and so they stay in the astral worlds where they have much work to do. But before discussing them let us deal with a special class of people who have no choice; suicides.

If a person has willfully ended his or her life on Earth before the allotted number of years, then that person has to return to Earth as fast as possible in order to serve out the unexpired time, just as if they were a convict who had escaped and had been recaptured, and had had a bit tacked on as an extra punishment.

A suicide gets into the astral world. He is met, received, just as if he were an ordinary legitimate person coming back, no recriminations, nothing of that type at all. He is treated

precisely the same as other entrants. He is allowed a reasonable time in which to recover from the shock of leaving the physical body probably violently, and entering the astral.

When he has recovered sufficiently he has to go to the Hall of Memories, and there he sees all that has ever happened to him, he sees the flaws which really made him commit suicide. And so he is left with the awful feeling, the awful knowledge would be a better term, that he has to get back to Earth and live out the unexpired term.

Possibly the suicide is a person of poor spiritual caliber, possibly he lacks the intestinal fortitude to go back on Earth, and he thinks he is just jolly well going to stay in the astral and nobody can do anything about it. Well, he is wrong there because it is a law that a suicide has to return to Earth; and if he will not return of his own free will, then he is compelled to go.

If he is willing to return, then, at a meeting with special counselors, he is advised of how many days or years there are remaining to him on his Earth 'sentence'. He has to live out all that time on Earth, he also has to live out all the time that has elapsed since he committed suicide and before returning to Earth again. So, perhaps it took a year to straighten him out and get him to decide that he had to go back to Earth, thus he gets a year added to his life on Earth.

Conditions are found on Earth so that he can return and encounter substantially the same type of conditions which caused him to take his life before, and then at the appointed time he is put to sleep and awakens to the act of being born.

If he proves recalcitrant and just will make no move to go back to Earth, then the counselors decide for him on conditions which would meet his case. If he will not go freely then the conditions are a bit tougher than if he did go freely. Then, again at the appointed time, he is put to sleep without him having any choice whatever in the matter, he is put to sleep and when he wakes up he is back on Earth.

It is often the case that a baby who is born and dies perhaps a month or two after is the reincarnation of a person who committed suicide rather than perhaps face two or three months of agony when they were dying from incurable, inoperable cancer. The sufferer may have taken his own life two or three, or perhaps six months or a year before he would naturally have died. But he still has to come back and serve out all the time which he tried to short-circuit.

It is sometimes thought that pain is a useless thing, suffering is a useless thing. It is sometimes thought that it is good to kill off a human who is incurable, but do these people who advocate such a course really know what the sufferer is trying to learn? His very suffering, the very nature of his illness may be something about which he desired to learn.

People often write to me and say, 'Oh, Dr. Rampa, with all your knowledge how is it that you have to suffer so? Why don't you cure yourself and live for ever?' But, of course, that's nonsense. Who wants to live for ever? And people who write in with statements like that, how do they know what I am trying to do? They don't, and that's all there is to it. If a person is investigating a certain subject then often that person has to undergo a considerable amount of hardship in order to do the work properly. These people who wander off and bring aid and sustenance to lepers, for instance, well, they don't know how the leper feels or how the leper thinks. They might be helping the leper's physical being, but they still are not lepers. Its the same with T.B., or cancer, or even an ingrown toenail. Until one actually has the complaint or the condition then one quite definitely is not qualified to make any discussion on the complaint or condition. It always amuses me that Roman Catholic priests who are not married and who, presumably never have children, never become a father, that is, except in the spiritual sense, dare to advise women about having children and all that. Of course many of these Catholic priests go away for vacations and they get to know quite a lot about women. We saw that in Montreal!

It is definitely wrong, then, to commit suicide. You are just postponing the day when you can be free of Earth legitimately, you've got to come back like an escaped convict who has been recaptured, and you are hurting no one but yourself, and it's yourself you think about, isn't it? That's one of the things that has to be overcome, too.

The ordinary average person who is not too good and not too bad stays in the astral world for a varying period of time. It is not true that everyone stays there for six hundred, or a thousand, or two thousand years; it depends entirely on the conditions which prevail in the case of each and every individual. Here is an average time, but then there is an average man-in-the-street and an average woman-in-the-street, and the average time is just—well, just a figure.

There are many tasks to do in the astral world. Some people help those who are coming to join the astral world, some people act as guides to them, and this 'guide' has nothing to do with spiritualist séances or old ladies who think they have a Red Indian guide or a Chinese Mandarin guide or a Tibetan Lama guide. What these old ladies usually have is an overdose of imagination. Actually, if everything was counted up and if everyone who claimed to have an Indian guide or a Tibetan guide was listed, there just wouldn't be enough Indians or enough Tibetans to go round, and in any case these people on the Other Side have teacups so some old biddy can give a reading, it doesn't include speaking through a tin trumpet or moving a bit of cheesecloth. All that stuff, which of course is utterly useless, comes from a bit of nervous energy on the part of some usually hysterical operator. People on the Other Side have too much to do looking after their own affairs to come to Earth and poke about in dark rooms breathing down the necks of people who are there for a delicious thrill. The only ones who do go to these séances from the Other Side are the Nature Spirits of a lower type called Elementals. They are there just for some fun, to see what a lot of saps these humans are to believe anything and everything that is

told to them. Don't you, my dear friends Reader, go in for this guff, because guff it is.

The same goes for this Ouija Board stuff. People will get a Ouija Board and play about with it, and some Elemental who is always dashing about like a mischievous monkey, will see what is being done, and he will definitely influence the reading. Now you might think there is no harm in that, but there is no good in it either, and definitely there is great harm in these Ouija Board readings if an Elemental causes the message to be given to sound highly plausible but which is just something extracted from the victim's own sub-conscious. A person's whole life can be affected for the worse by believing in this Ouija Board messages.

Another great source of misinformation is when the Ouija Board is moved in accordance with the collective thought of the people who are gathered around. Often it will be impelled by wishful thinking and, again, will give a message which can be positively harmful by being misleading. The safest thing is - have nothing whatever to do with Ouija Boards and nothing whatever to do with séances. Remember, you came to this Earth deliberately not knowing the exact purpose of your visit, and if you try to find out too much without very, very exceptional cause, then you are like the student going to the examination room who manages to steal a copy of the examination papers first. That is just plain cheating, and it doesn't help at all.

One job which has to be done in the astral world is to receive those who come during the hours of sleep. People are arriving at all times because when it is daylight in one part of the world it is night in another part, so there are a constant stream of people going to the astral world during their sleep period, and they are like children returning from school. Just as children like to be greeted by their parents or friends, so do these night travelers.

Their traffic has to be directed, they have to be put in touch with those whom they desire to meet, and many of them desire information and counseling during what, upon Earth, is night. They want to know how they are doing and

what they should do on the morrow. This does occupy a lot of time for a lot of people.

Then there are other entities in the astral world who are not reincarnating to Earth again, they are going on - going up, going up to an even higher plane of existence. At the right time they will 'die' very peacefully, very painlessly to the astral world. They will, in fact, just vanish to the astral world and will appear in a higher plane.

There are more and more people coming to the Earth, more and more people being born to the Earth, and many inquirers wonder why that should be so. The answer is Earth is just one speck of dust amid billions of specks of dust, and when people ask me why the population of the Earth is increasing I tell them the truth, which is that people are coming to Earth from other more nebulous planes of existence. Perhaps a person comes from a two dimensional world and comes to Earth as his first experience in a three dimensional world, so he starts his round of existence to the three dimensional world which we call Earth. And all the time there are more and more people coming as Earth becomes more and more of a qualified school of hardship. That is the purpose of Earth, you know, to teach one hardship and how to endure it and how to overcome it. People do not come to Earth to have a very enjoyable time, they come to learn so that all the information they learn can be passed on to the Overself.

After this world there is the astral plane, and from the astral plane, in the fullness of time, one is born upwards to different planes of existence until at last the fully evolved entity merges with the Overself. That is how the Overself grows.

If, having grown quite a lot, the Overself decides that there is much more to learn, then fresh puppets are put down on some world and the whole process of cycles of life is started all over again, and each time when the puppets have completed their cycles they return purified to the Overself, which, again, grows through it.

When a person is living in the astral, that is, when a

person has 'died' to Earth, then that particular entity enters into the full life of the astral world and is not just a visitor as are those who return to the astral world during that time when their body is asleep on the Earth, and, being full-time members of the astral world, they behave as ordinary people would on the Earth. That is, at the end of an astral day they sleep. The astral body which, of course, is quite solid to people in the astral world, goes to sleep, and, again, the psyche leaves the astral body at the end of its Silver Cord and goes into a yet higher plane. There it learns things which will be of use on what we might term the lower astral when the spirit returns to the astral body. Do not think that the astral world is the highest world, do not think that it is Heaven; it is not. There are many, many different cycles or planes of existence.

While in that world which we call 'the astral world' we can have a family. We live in much the same way as people live down here except that there are not quarrels because in the astral you just cannot meet people with whom you are incompatible. So that if you get married in the astral, then you cannot have a nagging partner. This is not generally understood by people on Earth; while in the astral world you cannot meet those who were your enemies on Earth, and your family—well, your astral family are as solid to you as were people on the Earth to you.

Humans are not alone in the astral world, animals go there too. Never, never make the most tragic mistake of thinking that humans are the highest form of existence; they are not. Humans are just another form of existence. Humans think in one way, animals think in another way, but there are entities who, compared to humans, are as much above the humans as the humans are above the earthworms, and even these People know that they are not the ultimate form of evolution. So forget all about being a superior creature and concentrate on doing the best job you can.

Animals go to the astral plane, animals go higher as they merit it just as humans do. One of the big difficulties with

the Christian religion is that they think humanity is the highest form of evolution possible, they think that all creatures were made for the satisfaction of Man, and that has led to some terrible conditions. The animal world and the animal Manus have been incredibly tolerant knowing that humans have been misinstructed by their religious leaders, by their priests who really rearranged Christianity to give themselves adequate power.

Accept it as fact, then, that in the astral worlds you will not find cowering dogs or scared cats. You will instead find a partner who is in every way the equal of a human and who can communicate with a human with utter ease by telepathy.

Many people have asked about bodies, will a body appear to be just a bunch of gas, or what? And the answer is, no, a body will appear as solid to you in the astral as is that lump of me at which you now push about on two bony stems, and if two people should collide in the astral, well, they get a bump just the same as when two people collide on the Earth plane.

There is great love in the astral world, physical love as well as spiritual love but; of course, on a scale which the mind limited to Earth thoughts cannot comprehend while in the Earth body. There is no such thing as 'frustration' in the astral world because love is completely satisfactory at all times and for both partners.

Some people have written in asking for a description of God. God is not just the Head of a big Corporation, you know, He's not just an old fellow who wears a long beard and carries a lantern on the end of a staff. God is a great Force which can be comprehended and understood when one is out of the Earth body and in the astral world. At present upon the Earth one is in a three dimensional world and most people could not understand, let us say, the description of a nine dimensional object.

Each world has a Manu in charge of the world. You can say that the Manu is like one of the Gods on Olympus so

thoroughly described in Greek legends. Or if you wanted to be more up to date you can say that the Manu is like the General Manager of the branch of a big firm. Under the General Manager of that branch—because this world is only a branch, after all—we have departmental managers who, —in our terms, would be called the Manus of different continents and of different countries. These under managers are responsible for running, let us say, the U.S.A. or Germany or Argentina, and so on, and just as human managers have different temperaments so do the Manus, and so the country concerned gets a different national characteristic. The Germans, for example, are quite different from the Italians, and the Italians are quite different from the Chinese. That is because the ‘Manager’ of that department happens to be different.

The Manus, no matter how glorious they seem to be, are just puppets of the Great Entity or Overself which makes up ‘God’. That Great Overself uses Manus as puppets in much the same way as the human Overself may use a whole bunch of humans in order to gain experience.

Another question which is so frequently asked is, ‘The astral body apparently has some sort of substance to it. If it has molecules, no matter how thinly dispersed, these could be subject to destruction or injury through heat, cold, or collision. If this were so some discomfort and pain in almost a physical sense could exist. How would the astral fare in the vicinity of a physical star?’ Well, when one talks of molecules one is talking of substances which are in the Earth plane. A molecule is a physical thing, a piece of matter, but when we are talking about the astral plane we are completely away from the low grade vibration which comprises everything upon this Earth. A physical body on the Earth can receive injury from another physical body, but a physical body in the astral cannot in any way be damaged by the physical body of the Earth, the two things are completely and utterly different. One can say, just purely as an example and not a very good example at that, one can say that a rock

and a light do not interact upon each other. If we throw a rock up into the sky it doesn't hurt the sun. So in the same way anything that happens on the Earth does not hurt any astral body, but what does hurt people in the astral is the crass stupidity displayed by humans on the Earth in trying to bump each other off, liquidate each other in various painful ways, and generally behave like a lot of completely insane people instead of entities who are upon Earth to learn something. The way people of Earth as going on at the present time is much the same as the way the students who wreck million dollar computers are going on. It's time humans grew up, and it's time students learned that they go to a school or college to learn from people who know more than they do.

## CHAPTER NINE

Remember, the turtle progresses  
only when he sticks out his neck.

Glory be! I thought I had put behind me all discussion of astrals, deaths, and all that sort of thing, and now here's another load of questions all bearing on the same thing. For example, 'Does an atom explosion which incinerates thousands of human bodies simultaneously cause pandemonium on the astral plane, or how does it affect or disturb them?'

It does not do a thing to harm them physically, but it certainly causes an awful flap because thousands of people are going to come to the astral world in one awful huddle. Many of them will be scared sick, many will be insane with shock, so all available helpers are rushed to help those who are pouring in and are in a very distressed state. The scene, actually, would be very much like that when there is a truly bad calamity on Earth such as an earthquake or something at least as disastrous where helpers and volunteer helpers rush to use any means possible to lend assistance. The answer then is nobody in the astral world is harmed by the detonation of the bomb, but they are very much upset by the extra work in trying to care for so many people all at one time because, while such an event will have been foreseen, yet all these 'foreseeings' are probabilities and not necessarily actual events which are just bound to occur.

The next one asks, 'How do the Manus of nations supervise the affairs of their nation? Do they work through the United Nations Representatives, through the heads of nations their cabinets and advisers, or how?'

If the United Nations was as had been hoped, that would

have been the way for a Manu to work, but here is something that you have to consider very seriously, it may be distasteful to you, it may even be thoroughly shocking to you, but nevertheless it is actual fact.

This particular world is not a very advanced world, actually it is a penitentiary world, a hell, a hard school - call it what you will—and many of the Manus in charge of this world are themselves learning! As they gain experience and as they become successful, then, just like a departmental manager, they get promoted, and if the General Manager can make a success of things in his small branch then he might well be promoted to a much larger branch.

It really is necessary to look at things with an open mind and to remember that when on the Other Side in the astral one does not sit on a cloud and strum a banjo or pluck the strings of a harp; one has to work.

If you are in the kindergarten class at school you might think that the great big 'grown-ups' of twelve years of age in a class higher are real Gods who do nothing except tell the teachers where to go, and these twelve and fourteen year olds might think that the sixth-formers or thirteenth graders, or whatever you want to call them, are truly Gods of Creation. But these Gods of Creation still have to do homework, still have to attend classes, still have to gain experience. All right, people come to this Earth to gain experience, Manus look after this world (more or less) in order to gain experience, and if there are a few fights between countries, well, it's teaching humans and it's teaching Manus as well.

In higher states, that is, with much more advanced worlds, Manus can get together and discuss things amicably so that there are no wars and no particular crime, but that is much too advanced for the hoodlums of the Earth. The Earth people are here to learn the hard way because they won't learn in the soft way, the kind way. If a chap comes along and takes a swipe at you with a club or shows an earnest desire to bonk you on the noggin and lay you out, well, it's useless to say, 'I pray, my dear fellow, that you will

kindly desist from these unwelcome attentions.’ Instead if you are wise you will kick him where it will do most harm, and then let out a hoot for the police.

So the Manus of this world are learners. They are learning things just as you are, and when they have learnt to straighten up things a bit they will move on to something better. But, cheer up, you have to stay only about seventy years or so to a lifetime, the poor Manus have a longer sentence than that by far.

Now here is a little question tucked in, ‘It is understood that the line of the Thirteenth Dalai Lama was all the same soul. Could the Thirteenth be now in the Land of the Golden Light and still reincarnate in the Fourteenth?’

Well, that is the easiest question of all to answer because the Fourteenth Dalai Lama himself seems to have spilled the beans to the press and admitted that he is not a re-incarnation of the Great Thirteenth, which is just as well because the Great Thirteenth is a very active entity indeed in the astral world doing very much good, and, I believe, rather sad that the present ‘leaders’ in exile in India are not doing much to aid suffering Tibet. But I dealt with that at some length in an earlier chapter of this book so perhaps I should not gild the lily or repeat myself when I need not.

Another person writes in referring to ‘My Visit to Venus’, but let me state here and now that I definitely, definitely, definitely do not recommend that ‘book’. It is just a few pages containing some articles which I wrote years ago, and it contains some — well, I consider them off-beat - illustrations not done by me. This book containing parts of my work and filled out with a lot of blurb was published entirely without my permission and entirely against my wishes.

The same applies to a record, ‘The Power of Prayer.’ I definitely do not recommend it. The quality is exceedingly poor and it was never meant to be reproduced as a record. It is just something that I made many, many years ago, and when I left North America to go to South America I was

informed that this record had been made without my permission, without my desire, during my absence from the continent.

If you want a real record then purchase the Meditation record which I made specially for a record. This was made specially to help people meditate, and it may be obtained from :—

Mr. E. Z. Sowter,  
33 Ashby Road,  
Loughborough,  
Leicestershire,  
England.

I will tell you that Mr. Sowter has world rights for this record and for Touch Stones and many other things, and he is the only person who has my full permission and agreement to sell my records and Touch Stones. He also sells various other things of my design.

That is a free advertisement for Mr. Sowter who is a very decent man and who is trying to do good.

This book is not meant to be a catalogue of nice people, it is not meant to be a catalogue of crummy dopes on the outer fringe of sanity either, but I cannot let the book be completed without mentioning a very pleasant family indeed: Mrs. Worstmann and her two daughters. You may recall that one of my books was dedicated to Mrs. Worstmann, a very pleasant, very highly educated woman whom it is a pleasure to know, and I have known her for several years, known her while her husband was still alive on this Earth, and I have been in touch with him now that he is on the Other Side. Mrs. Worstmann, then, is one of the more enlightened types. Certainly she was enlightened enough to have two talented daughters, Luise who is a nurse in one of the better London hospitals; she is a good nurse, but she is good at so many things. She is artistic—well, I am not going to list all her virtues, they are too many to put down on these pages. I want to mention, also, her sister, Therese, another

talented one. She also is a nurse, and she is very anxious to train as a surgeon, she has all the capabilities for it, everything except the money in fact. I have been looking around to see if there were any Insurance Schemes which would enable a highly gifted young woman to get training as a surgeon. Unfortunately I have not yet found any such source, so if any of you, my Readers, know how to raise money whereby an entirely capable young woman can pay for her training at Medical School, then now is your chance to do good.

I make it clear, I make it absolutely clear, that this young lady has the ability to do some good for the world as a surgeon, and it seems rather dreadful that she may be deprived of the opportunity of doing that good through lack of money to finance her training.

Dealing with a surgeon-to-be, let us deal with heart transplants. I have a question here, 'What about the current rash of heart transplants and other radical surgery inserting foreign organs, plastic valves, and tubing, etc. into a body. From a purely material, physiological standpoint this seems to be considered an almost miraculous scientific breakthrough, but does it do the trick? Will the use of various chemicals counteract the normal tendency of the body to reject any foreign material introduced into it this way? Or is such rejection inevitable simply because the substituting of a healthy new organ into a body to replace a diseased member, won't result in proper meshing between the still diseased etheric of the organ in question with the artificially introduced material counterpart? And, furthermore, is there anything really gained for the individual being operated upon if he has a few months or even years of invalidism added to his present stay on Earth, unless he really uses the time gained thereby to learn some really worthwhile lessons which would otherwise have been deferred to another incarnation?'

Well, that's a mouthful, certainly! Many hundreds of centuries ago in the days of Atlantis people could do transplants. It was possible in those days to graft on an arm or a

leg, possible to replace hearts and kidneys and lungs, but it was a providential act of Nature that a civilization which did such things came to an end. They tried replacing brains, and they produced amoral monsters.

Basically there is nothing very difficult in replacing a heart. It is just a mechanical procedure. You have to cut out the heart and you have to trim the replacement heart to exactly fit the 'pipes' which are left. Any competent surgeon could do such an operation.

In the physical world one has a semi-invalid. After all, when one does such a radical operation certain small blood vessels and nerves cannot be rejoined, the whole structure becomes impaired and so a very sick man is given an added sickness - impairment of his body. But still such a person could go on for an indefinite number of years, go on living a life of semi-invalidism.

In the astral world, however, there are two people who are suffering greatly by being 'cross-mixed'. One person is half in the astral, that is, he goes to the astral world during sleep only, and the other person is right in the astral but because his heart or other organ is still living he has a sort of sympathetic attachment through the Silver Cord of the person who now has that organ.

You sometimes get two radios; you switch on two radios in the same room, perhaps on the same programme, and if you switch off one then it does make slightly more volume to the second there is some interaction between the two, and these are only radios, only things which some set of girls put together while they were talking about their latest boy friends and how mini their mini skirts would be the next season. When you get to living humans the interaction is much, much stronger, and it definitely, very definitely, impairs the efficiency of a person living in the astral world to be even 'sympathetically' connected to the body of another person.

It is my firm belief that replacing organs like this is terribly, criminally wrong, and really people should not permit

such abuses of Nature. The reflections from the donor's heart show up in the aura of the recipient, and the two people may not have been compatible. The fact that one could be colored and the other white has nothing to do with it. The basic rate of vibration, that is, the frequency of each person, has everything to do with it, and I certainly hope that such transplants can be outlawed.

It is a different matter if one is replacing an organ with a synthetic organ because that is no worse than a person wearing glasses or a hearing aid or clothing, no worse than using a crutch.

I believe that medical scientists should be encouraged to devise artificial organs which could safely be used on humans, then there would be no cross-linkage between two entities which causes a handicap to both entities until both are free of their Silver Cords and living in the astral world. So, to answer this specific question, I am definitely opposed to organ transplants.

Here is another question which should be of general interest. It is:—

‘Information or directions on how a few people working devotedly could bring about a change in the course of world affairs.’

If a few people would definitely think ‘in step’ on a specific subject, then whatever they think about could actually be so. Nowadays people cannot hold a thought for more than a second or two. If you doubt that, try it yourself, try and think about one specific subject while watching the seconds hand of your watch. You will find, if you are honest, that your attention will waver and wander far more rapidly than you would believe possible. Your attention will only stay more or less constant if you are thinking about something to do with yourself, something you want, something you want to do, something which affects you deeply. Anything else such as bringing help to another person whom you have met—well, you cannot hold the interest for very long.

Peoples' thought is not constant, and no one thinks of the

same thing at the same time with the same intensity. They are like a mass of people milling about, all walking but all out of step, whereas if people could think 'in step' then they could indeed accomplish miracles. If you want to think of this further, consider an army of men, consider a regiment of soldiers marching over a bridge. If those men marched in step across the bridge they would destroy it, and for that reason the men are instructed before going on to the bridge to 'break step'. So they go over walking just as a disorderly rabble would walk, not in step, not in rhythm, and so the building up effect of many men walking in step is destroyed, there isn't the force there any longer, and the bridge is not damaged.

If you could get a number of men marching absolutely in step they would destroy any bridge that could be made, and if one kept up the marching they could destroy a building also because the constant pounding down and lifting up would build up such a series of vibrations that the amplitude or degree of vibration would increase and increase beyond the point where the natural elasticity of the bridge or building could encompass it, and then the bridge would just shatter like a broken glass.

If one could get—oh, half a dozen people, and get them to think definitely, deliberately in waves of the correct pattern they could topple governments, or build governments, they could make one country pre-eminent over all others, and they could do things which now would be regarded as utterly impossible.

It is perhaps fortunate that it is not too easy to get people to think in unison at exactly the right frequency because, and I am telling you this quite seriously, it is not a joke, if one had a gang of crooks who were trained in thinking correctly they could think open a bank vault. Dear me, what a pity I haven't a nice little gang; it would be very pleasant to have a nice load of money, wouldn't it? Still, it is truly quite possible, and in fact in Atlantean days it was an everyday occurrence.

The Catholic chants are a relic of those bygone days, chants which some think are only two thousand years old, but they are still chants which have been built on the original songs of power of the Sumerians and the Atlanteans. Perhaps I should put it the other way round, Atlanteans and Sumerians because, of course, the Atlanteans are the oldest civilization of the two.

In those days it was possible to lift massive chunks of stone by thought, by having a trained mass of priests thinking at the same time under their conductor so that the stone would lift straight up in the air.

If you think that is too fantastic remember that you can make a sound which will break a glass. If you sustain the sound you can break a glass or break a window, and thought is just another form of sound, that is, a vibration, everything is a vibration, and if you set the right vibration in motion you can accomplish anything.

Another question; 'Readers are wondering when will be the proper time for the free world to know of the Time Capsules.'

The proper time is not yet. The proper time is not until the end of this civilization, the end of this civilization as we know it at present. Later—oh, not in your lifetime, so don't worry:— much later there will be earthquakes which will really shake the crust of the Earth and these Time Capsules will be thrown up to the surface ready to be opened. There are quite a number of them. One tremendous capsule is in Egypt; I suppose technically it is a capsule, but actually it is a vast chamber deep beneath the shifting sands of the Egyptian Desert. The Chamber is an absolute museum of artefacts which existed tens of thousands of years ago—yes, 'tens of thousands of years ago'.

There are aircraft of a very very different type than those in use now, aircraft which work by anti-gravity so that the power of the motor is not expended in supporting the weight but is used just to propel the vehicle forward. I will tell you quite truthfully that I have seen such an aircraft.

One device would be especially of interest to the housewife or to the person who has to carry weights. It is a sort of handle which attaches to whatever has to be carried, and then one just catches hold of the handle as when one is carrying a basket. If the parcel or bundle is heavy then the handle is depressed more, if the parcel is not very heavy then the handle is not very far depressed. Each of these devices was constructed so that no matter whether the parcel weighed a ton or ten pounds, the person had no more than about a pound of effort to expend.

Anti-gravity was a perfectly ordinary, perfectly common thing in centuries long past, but the priests of that day, who also were the leaders of the armies, got a bit cross with each other, and each side tried bigger and better weapons than the other, with the result that they blew their whole civilization in the air, and it came down as a radio-active dust.

Later, when these Time Capsules are opened, television in three dimensions will be seen, and not just 3-D by means of two cameras or two lens, but a thing in which there appear to be actual people, miniature size, of course, acting out plays, dances, and even debates.

Photography too was different in those days, there were no such things as the flat photographs which we now see. Everything was in the 'solid', more 3-D than 3-D itself. The nearest thing is the very, very crude holograms with which scientists are just experimenting in which you can almost look behind the object you had photographed. Well, in the days of Atlantis you could look behind!

Hundreds of centuries ago there was the mightiest civilization the world had seen up to that time, but there was such a cataclysm that people became almost demented, those that were left, and they had to start just about from the savage state and the present so-called Age of Science has barely reached what would be called the kindergarten stage when Atlantis was at its peak.

Many people disbelieve in Atlantis which, of course, is just utterly foolish. They are like the fishermen who go out

fishing and because they don't catch anything they say, 'Oh, there are no fish in the seas any more, they have all died off.'

Yes, there was an Atlantis, and there are living remnants of Atlantis still, deep underground in a certain part of the world, and let me make clear here that that part of the world is *not* Mount Shasta. Don't believe all the hoey you read or are told about Mount Shasta; this is just an ordinary area which has been over publicized by people who wanted to make not just a fast buck, but a whole sack of them.

I wish I could tell you some of the things I absolutely, definitely *know*, but there are certain things which cannot be told at present. I know the actual truth about the submarines *Thresher* and *Scorpion*, and I know what happened to them and why. The story, if it could be told, would make cold chills run up and down your spine, but the time is not yet. There are many things which could be told, but - well - these books circulate everywhere, many, many people read them, and there are many people who should not be aware that certain people know what is really going on. You can take it, though, that the mystery of the *Thresher* and the *Scorpion* is a stranger thing than you would ever believe.

'But you seem so very interested in animals,' said the letter, 'and yet you say that you do not believe in vegetarianism. Why? How do you reconcile the two, a love of animals and a dislike of vegetarianism?'

I believe most firmly that Man has a body which at this stage of existence needs meat for its sustenance. Now, let me tell you something. Countless years ago—years and years and years ago—there was a form of Man who was entirely a vegetarian. He was so busy eating that he had no time for anything else. It never occurred to him to eat meat, and so that he could deal with the tremendous bulk of vegetables, fruit and nuts necessary he had an additional organ, the last vestigial remnant of which is the appendix.

The experiment was a complete failure. The Gardeners of the Earth found that vegetarian Man was inefficient because

to take in the necessary amount of cellulose matter to enable him to do any worthwhile work was quite a prohibitive matter. He would have to be eating all the time, eating for so long that there would not be any time left for him to do any constructive work. And so the Gardeners of the Earth scrapped that type of Man, or, if you don't like the word 'scrapped,' let us say that through evolution mankind turned into a meat-eater.

We have to face basic facts, and one of the basic facts is this; all vegetable matter is cellulose supported. Now, you imagine lace curtains, a nice openwork net, and then you stuff the holes with paste stuff containing food substance. Supposing you had to eat the lace curtains in order that the food value packed in the holes could be absorbed into your body. It sounds a bit fantastic, doesn't it? But that's just what you do when you eat a lot of lettuce or cabbage or other vegetable or fruit stuff. What you are eating is a cellulose sponge, the holes of which are packed with food, but the sponge material takes up a lot of room and so to get an adequate amount of food one has to take a quite excessive bulk of cellulose, and the poor wretched body cannot digest cellulose, you know, it has to be excreted.

In all my life I have never, never met a vegetarian who could do any hard work. Of course if he was sitting on his behind all day letting other people do the work, then no doubt he could get by, but he wouldn't be very bright. If by any chance he was bright then you could take it that if he lived naturally he would be a darn sight brighter.

Quite truly have you ever seen a navvy or a person who does hard manual work who could live on vegetables and fruits only? You haven't have you, now you come to think of it?

But let us get back to our animal business. I am truly an animal lover, I love all animals, and I can assure you that animals know they have to die sometime and it helps their own Karma if they can die for a useful purpose.

Animals who are raised for food are looked after, they are

bred carefully, any sickness is treated. The herd is very carefully supervised so that there are only healthy animals.

In the wild state you get animals who are diseased or stunted, or who have been injured in some way, or even those who have some disease such as cancer or lung trouble and they just have to drag out a miserable existence. Supposing an animal breaks a leg, then it has to live out a really miserable existence until it dies in pain and starvation, yet any herd animal would be cared for immediately.

If no one killed any animals then soon the world would be overrun with animals of every type. There would be cattle in large numbers, and the greater the number of cattle then the greater the number of predator animals which Nature herself would provide to keep down the number of cattle.

If humans eat meat, then it's to their advantage to kill an animal painlessly and quickly. In killing an animal for food one is also keeping down the numbers of animals and keeping them in check so that in growing to uncontrollable numbers and in running wild the stock does not become downgraded.

Now whether we like it or not, humans also have to be kept in check so far as their numbers are concerned. If there are too many humans then inevitably there is a big war or a serious earthquake, or some sort of plague or illness which carries off large numbers of humans. That is just the Gardeners of the Earth thinning out the ranks, cutting down on surplus people; people, after all, are just animals of a different type.

And all the people who fairly yowl with anguish at the thought of a person eating a piece of beef, well, how about eating a live lettuce? If one eats a piece of beef or chicken the original owner of the flesh is no longer able to feel the bites, yet people go and eat live lettuce, eat live pears, so how do they reconcile their so-called humanitarian principles?

Science, cynical and skeptical though it be, has now discovered that plants have feelings, plants will grow better when they are tended by people who are sympathetic to

them. Plants respond to music. There are instruments which can indicate how much pain a plant is enduring. You may not hear a cabbage shriek when you tear off its outside leaves -no, because it has no vocal chords and yet there are instruments which can record that shriek of pain as a burst of static.

This is not fairy tale stuff, it's actual fact, it's stuff that has been investigated and proved and proved again. In research laboratories in Russia, England and the U.S.A. it has been proved.

When you pick some berries and stuff them in your mouth, well how about the feelings of the plant? You don't go and tear a lump off a cow and stuff it in your mouth do you? If you tried to the cow would soon object, but because a plant cannot make its pain known you think you are a jolly wonderful humanitarian when you eat plants instead of meat which cannot feel the pain of being eaten.

Quite frankly I believe that vegetarians are a lot of cranks and crackpots, and if they would only come off their stupid attitudes and remember that the Gardeners of the Earth designed their bodies for certain food, then they would be a lot better in their mental health.

If you have a car you wouldn't drain the sump and fill it up with water, would you, and say you couldn't possibly use oil because it might come from the Earth somewhere and hurt somebody underground. If you try to run your body on food for which it is not designed you are being just the same as a person who won't use oil in the sump of his car but instead uses salt water.

If we are going to be logical and if we are going to say that vegetarianism is good, then how about the practice of using cut flowers in one's rooms? Plants are living entities, and when you cut flowers you are cutting off the sex organs of the plants and sticking them in vases, and actually humans would be shockingly unhappy if their sex organs were cut off and stuck in vases for some different race to enjoy.

Let me digress here to say that when I was in hospital I

received a very pleasant surprise. A group of very kind ladies as far away as the Pacific coast of the U.S.A. had wired to a florist in the city of Saint John to have some plants delivered to me at the hospital. I appreciated it very much indeed. The ladies did not give any address but I was able to locate them!

A personal choice—I do not like cut flowers. It seems to me such a pity to cut them off. Instead I very much prefer a complete plant, here one has a living thing which is growing and not just dying. I often think people who send great bunches of cut flowers—well, why not cut off the heads of small children and impale them on sticks and put those in a room!

Have you ever thought of the state this old Earth of ours is in? It's quite a mess, you know. Compare it to a garden. Now, if the garden is properly maintained there are no weeds or anything like that, all pests are kept in check, there is no blight on the trees and the fruits are full and healthy.

Plants have to be thinned out, the sickly ones have to be removed. Every so often fruit trees have to be pruned, sometimes there are grafts taken. It is necessary to carefully supervise the garden and to prevent cross-pollination between undesirable species. If the garden is maintained as it should be it becomes a thing of beauty.

But let the gardeners go away, let the garden remain idle for a year or two. Weeds will grow and will choke and kill off the more delicate plants, unchecked pests will come, and blight will appear on the trees. No longer will there be round, firm fruits, but soon they will be shriveled, wrinkled up with all sorts of brown spots. A sadly neglected garden is a tragic sight.

Or let us go from the garden to livestock. Have you ever seen wild ponies on a moor, or wild cattle where the grazing is poor? They become stunted, some of them suffer from rickets, many suffer from skin diseases. Generally they are a pretty pathetic sight, little dwarf creatures, unkempt and very, very wild.

Look at a well maintained stock yard. Here you see pedigree animals carefully bred, faults bred out of them in fact. You get fine pedigree horses or excellent pedigree cows; they are healthy, they are large and substantial looking, they appear glad to be alive, and you can look at them with pleasure knowing that they are not going to start away from you in fright. They know they are looked after.

Now think of the Earth, think of the people here. The stock is getting poorer and poorer. People are becoming more vicious, people are listening to more depraved 'music' and watching ever more obscene pictures. Now it is no longer an age when beauty and spirituality count, no longer do people love good music, love good pictures, everything is being torn down. You cannot get a great man without some moronic clot trying to say unkind things about him. One of the greatest men of modern times, Sir Winston Churchill, probably saved the world from being under the cloud of Communism, yet even Sir Winston Churchill had his detractors just because of the spirit of evil which pervades the atmosphere nowadays.

The garden which is the Earth which is our world has gone to seed. Weeds grow apace. You can see them in the streets with their long hair and dirty complexions, and if you can't see them you can jolly well smell them yards off. The races need pruning, stock needs replenishing and soon will come the time when the Gardeners of the Earth come back for their periodical inspection and find conditions here to be quite intolerable.

Something will be done about it. Mankind will not be left to go to bad seed as it has of late. There will come a time when all the Races of Man will unite, when there will no longer be black people and white people and yellow people and red people; the whole world will be peopled by 'the Race of Tan', and that will be the predominating color—tan.

With the coming of the Race of Tan there will be much fresh life injected in the human race. People will again value the better things of life, people will again value spiritual

things and when mankind gets spiritual to a sufficient degree it will be possible for mankind once again to talk by telepathy with 'the Gods'—the Gardeners of the Earth.

At present Man has sunk in the slough of despond, sunk in his own lack of spirituality, sunk so low that his basic vibrations are reduced to such an extent that he cannot be heard telepathically by any creature higher, not even by his fellows. But the time will come when all that will be remedied.

I am not trying to sell you Buddhism, nor Christianity, nor Judaism, but I am saying quite definitely that there will have to be a return to some form of religion because only religion can give one the necessary spiritual discipline which will convert an unholy rabble of humanity to a disciplined spiritual group of people, who can carry on the race instead of having it ploughed under and a fresh set of entities placed here.

Now, in the present state of dissonance, even Christians fight against Christians. The war in Northern Ireland between Catholics and Protestants—it doesn't matter who is right or who is wrong, they are both alleged to be Christians, they are both alleged to follow the same religion. Does it matter whether one sect crosses himself with the left hand while another does it with the right hand? It's much the same as one of the stories in Gulliver's Travel's where the people of one mythical country went to war about which end of an egg should be opened first, the small end or the broad end! How can Christianity possibly try to convert other nations, other religions, when Christians fight against Christians, because both Catholics and Protestants are Christians.

## CHAPTER TEN

The gem cannot be polished  
without friction, nor Man  
perfected without trials.

Breakfast was soon over. One doesn't take long to consume a breakfast consisting solely of one fifty gram boiled egg, one piece of bread, and five grams of butter. The two cups of tea permitted did not take long 'going down the hatch' either.

The Old Man pressed the button on the left-hand side of the bed and a motor whirred, and the back section lifted up, to a forty-five degree inclination. 'Oh!' smiled Cleo, 'I do love it when that thing goes up.'

'Well, I have to work now, and you wretches mustn't disturb me again. You know what fun we had yesterday, don't you?'

The end of Miss Cleo's tail twitched with amusement, and she sauntered off to her accustomed place on the windowsill right over the radiator.

'What fun yesterday?' asked Ra'ab. 'I don't remember any fun yesterday.'

The Old Man looked up and said, 'I tried to do some of the book in the afternoon, and Fat Cat Taddy said I mustn't do it. She said I didn't look well enough and when I wouldn't stop she told me again and then she kept jumping at me and slapping me.'

'Good for her,' said Ra'ab, 'she's just looking after you.'

'Yes, sure she's looking after me, but she kept on jumping at me and trying to push things out of the way, she tried to sit on my chest so I couldn't work, and if I don't get on and do this book who is going to pay all the doctor's bills?'

The Old Man thought with considerable gloom of all the people still making money out of him; Secker & Warburg, for instance, first published *The Third Eye*—oh, about fifteen years ago, they published it in hardback form and then they sold the rights to a paperback firm, and ever since Secker & Warburg have been taking fifty per cent of the royalties on the paperback edition. And the same thing happens with Doubleday in the U.S.A. There are other publishers who are dipping their hands in and, as the Old Man said, it's no wonder he never had any money when there were so many people, including the tax collectors, who were trying to get a share of the money that he earned.

The Old Man thought always in the kindest of terms about Corgi of England because throughout a long association there has never been any disagreement, never one word of dispute between Corgi and him. He thought with considerable affection of his Agent, Mr. A. S. Knight of the firm of Stephen Aske, a painfully honest man who has always done his best and, as stated, the Old Man had a considerable affection for him. That all came about because a former Agent with whom the Old Man was dealing said, 'If you know of a better Agent, find him.' And the Old Man did just that—Mr. Knight.

But now was the time to work once again, the time to pass on a few more bits of information to people who would appreciate it. The Old Man turned over his papers and Fat Cat Taddy raised her head and glowered, and sent the strong telepathic message, 'No larks now, you cannot do too much at once or this time Cleo and I will both jump at you.' Having said that she curled up comfortably and awaited further developments.

Quite a lot of questions came to the Old Man, quite a lot of letters. People wanting things, wanting help, wanting suggestions, but most of the people wanted the Old Man to agree with them so they would be justified in their own minds. So many people wrote in about love affairs, asking the Old Man to decide between that person or some other

person, asking if they would be happily married, and all the rest of it, but most of the people did not want any advice that meant doing anything, they just wanted to be told that they were doing satisfactorily and needn't make any more effort, they wanted to be told that fate was too hard on them and that they were worthy of the deepest sympathy and just give up and don't do anything, you can't fight against fate. You can, you know, if you want to.

People come to Earth with a very carefully worked out plan of what they are going to do. They are fired with enthusiasm and determination, they know exactly how successful they are going to be in the forthcoming life. So they set out on the journey to Earth like Crusaders full of zeal. When they get down to Earth, and when they have a few years experience behind them, inertia or lethargy sets in, they get disillusioned with life which is a more polite way of saying downright lazy, which is actually the truth. People try to evade their responsibilities, try to shirk the plan which they, and they only approved because, remember, nothing is forced upon a person, a person comes to learn certain things, to experience certain things, but they are not made to. In the same way a student who goes to a University — well, he didn't have to go, he doesn't have to learn certain things unless he wants to. If he doesn't learn then he won't get the desired qualifications and that's all there is to it; it's his choice.

People ask for advice and guidance, they absolutely vow that they will follow the advice, but then they go on in their most erratic way, a way that is something like trying to drive a pig to market. Have you ever driven a pig to market? No? Well, it's like this; you have two long sticks in your hands and you get behind the pig, and then you try to drive him forward in a straight line and the stick in each hand is to give him a little tap if he doesn't keep to the prescribed course. Nowadays, of course, pigs get driven in trucks to market which is altogether too easy, but people try to do everything except the obvious. People cannot understand

that the Path is here, right beside them, right in front of them, the Path is within reach. People won't believe that, they think they have to travel to some exotic country and seek the Path there, they think they have to go to Tibet and get a Guide, or become a Buddhist. The number of people who claim they have Tibetan Lamas as Guides—well, there just isn't the population in Tibet. And the number of people who write to me and tell me that they are going to Tibet to study in a Lamasery indicates that so few people really read the Truth; they can't go to Tibet, the Communists are there, the Lamaseries are closed. It's just silly to think that because a person is all fired up with enthusiasm that he can go charging off leaping across the oceans and landing with a plonk in Darjeeling, and then making his way on an outstretched red carpet to the nearest Lamasery. What do you think the Communists are there for? They are there to stop religion, they are there to kill off lamas, they are there to enslave innocent people, and they are doing it because there doesn't seem to be anybody who is going to lead the Tibetan people out of the wilderness, out of the darkness of Communism and into the light (such as it is) of the free world.

It should be emphasized once again that if people seek advice and receive advice, and then ignore advice, then they are much worse off than if they did not seek help in the first case because when the Path is pointed out to them, when they are told what they really should do after having invited suggestions, then, well, they add a bit more to their Karma if they do not do it. So if you do not want to do anything about your state, about your dissatisfaction, do not seek advice, otherwise you are just adding on a bit to your own load.

Now here is another question; 'The idea has been gleaned that efforts to bring about healing of the sick may be ill-adjusted, interfering with the Karma the patient is working off, and such helper may be subsequently burdened with the patient's Karma. If this was true, what about the practicing physician, what a load of Karma he must get. Is one supposed to try and help and heal or not?'

Poor old Karma takes a beating once again! Not everything is due to Karma, you know. People tell me that I must have a terrible Karma to have such a difficult life, but it's not that at all. For example, if you go out and do some hard work, dig a ditch or run a mile, that may be hardship to some people but you may be doing it because you like it or because you are studying something. You may dig a ditch to see if you can discover some better way of doing it.

Many people come to this Earth with a definite plan that they will have a specific illness, it might be T.B., it might be cancer, it might even be chronic headache. No matter what it is, that person can come with a definite plan to have some definite illness. A person may come as a mentally sick person and be doing an extremely good job of studying mentally sick people. It doesn't at all mean that because a person is mentally sick that they are burdened down with Karma; on the contrary, they may be coming so that they can study at first hand mentally sick people and then when they return to the Other Side they can help through the astral world those who are sick upon the Earth.

A physician or surgeon is in a special category. He can help those who need to be helped, he can operate on those who otherwise would die, and the sufferer, if he or she came with the intention of studying illness, would be able to study how the suffering of such illness may be alleviated.

Let me make this statement; so-called 'faith healers' do tremendous harm by setting up conflicting vibrations. The faith healer may be full of good intentions, but then the road to Hell is paved with good intentions, people say, and unless the faith healer knows the exact cause of an illness it is definitely, definitely harmful to start up all this so-called healing business. It just sets up a jangle in the aura which, all too frequently, makes the condition worse.

In these 'miracle cure' cases it is sadly all too frequent that the person did not have the illness in the first case, but merely had a neurosis. Some people can delude themselves for years, they can go into a state of auto-hypnosis—yes,

they've got cancer, yes, they've got T.B., yes, they've got everything. They can go to a doctor's waiting room, hear a few other patients discussing their symptoms, and then the neurotic person copies the whole bunch and gets one 'illness' after another. Now, if a faith healer can come along and 'cure' that often there is a serious breakdown after it. Quite frankly I have no time and no patience with these faith healers.

If you are ill go to a recognized doctor. If you need other specialized attention a qualified doctor will advise it and tell you where and how to get it, but to just send a sum of money to somebody who advertises in the *Tom Cat Times* about faith healing — well, that really is insane.

A recognized doctor naturally does not add to his Karma in helping to cure the sick. This business of Karma is so dreadfully misunderstood. It doesn't at all mean that if you are going to help a person you are going to take all his hardships on to your own back. It means that if you do an ill service to a person, then you have to pay back. If, through your viciousness, or your violent temper let us say, you shoot a person and impede the accomplishment of the task which he was doing, then you have to pay by having your own path impeded. Forget about hellfire and damnation because there is no such thing, no one is ever, ever abandoned, no one is ever, ever condemned to torments. The only suffering and torment that you will experience when you leave this Earth is when you enter the Hall of Memories and see what stupid things you have done, and that is easily overcome; if you really do your best now while you are still upon Earth, you can be assured that your visit to the Hall of Memories will not be so bad after all. Of course your face will be red, but—well, no wonder, eh? Think of some of the things you have done, think of some of the things you haven't done.

Here is a question about telepathy. 'Could more detail be given regarding the means of reaching the octave for telepathy between animals and Man. How can cat wavelengths be intercepted, for instance?'

If you want to talk telepathically with animals you have

to be in complete rapport with those animals, you have to be able to think as they do, you have to love them, and you have to treat them as equals. Most people regard animals as some inferior species of life, they think of animals as dumb clucks or dumb creatures who just cannot speak and, therefore, haven't any brains. Let me tell you that many humans think that deaf humans are mentally bereft. If you had ever been deaf, or if people thought you were deaf, you would often hear them discussing you, saying, 'Oh, he's a bit weak in the head, he doesn't know what we're saying, don't bother with him.'

Animals are in every way the equal of the human animal, they are just in a different shape, they think along different lines, and because they think along different lines their basic wavelength is different.

But let me give you another cause for thought; can you telepathise with a fellow human? No? Do you know why? Throughout the years humans have distrusted humans, humans try to conceal their actions from humans. There is always more or less the intent of deceiving fellow humans, so you try sub-consciously to make the wavelength of your thought transmission at variance, with the thought transmission of other humans then they can't pick up your thoughts. If there was true 'brotherly love' on this Earth everyone would be telepathic to each other. It is only humans who are not telepathic, or rather, only humans who cannot use telepathic ability.

I speak to my cats quite as distinctly, quite as easily as I speak to any human. I speak to that Big Fat Cat Taddykins and she gets my message with absolute clarity and I receive her reply, and often the Beauty Queen Cleo will come rushing out of another room so that she can take part in any discussion. Womanlike she likes to have the last word.

If you want to talk telepathically with animals you have to love them, you have to treat them as equal, you have to realize that they think rather differently from humans but they are no less intelligent because of that.

An Englishman and a Spaniard construct their sentences

differently, but then so do a German and a Frenchman. The basic message is the same, but the actual construction is different. It is even more so between human and cat. You also have to take into consideration that the cat's viewpoint of things is different from that of a human. So unless you can think as a cat much of the messages you would receive would be somewhat incomprehensible to you. As an illustration, I was given a message about something I wanted—this was when I lived in Montreal. I got an actual picture of the shop where the article was for sale, but, of course, the picture was from a cat's-eye view of a few inches from the ground, and from that peculiar angle I just could not get the name of the shop because of the extreme elongation of the letters of the name seen from near-ground level. Only when the cat, specially to oblige me, jumped on top of a car could I actually read the name through the cat's eyes. Yes, I got the article and it was quite satisfactory.

There are many such instances. I wanted something for research and no shop could supply me, so Miss Taddy, our highly gifted telepathic cat, sent out a general call on the cats' telepathic wavelength and we received the desired information from a French-Canadian cat. So here in New Brunswick we have received a message from a cat in the Province of Quebec, and an urgent telephone call really truly did locate the thing that I wanted. I had no idea where to get it, but by contacting cats I was soon in possession of the article.

I have a friend living many thousands of miles away and through receiving telepathic messages he has been saved much trouble. Miss Taddy was in touch telepathically with a cat who lives near my friend, and this cat who was quite a good telepath himself was able to inform Taddy of certain things. Then I got in touch with my friend and gave him the information, and he confirmed that everything was actually as I said.

If people would practice telepathy they could soon put the telephone companies out of business. Perhaps you and I

should get together and set up a special telepathic telephone communications system and make ourselves rich!

Here is another question which possibly is a little belated and, like most other things in this book, will be out of place. Before I say about the question let me say something else :—

In this book I have deliberately had questions ‘higgly-piggly’, otherwise too many people would just run to that question in which they were interested, or that section in which they were interested, and ignore the rest of the book. They would then write and complain to me that I had not dealt with such-and-such a thing which they had not read because they forgot to turn the page:

Here is the question; ‘It is the spirit that survives, isn't it? Now when a person has a mental affliction does that mean that it is more than a physical impairment, something that will not be left behind when we pass into another existence, or will a person automatically be free of it as soon as the spirit gets out of the body, just as one wouldn't feel a broken leg, for instance, on the astral plane.’

Many people come down here with a deliberate mental affliction. They come down to see at firsthand what it is like to be mentally impaired. It doesn't mean that their Karma is faulty at all, that is nothing to do with it. You might say that a horse who has a handicap in a race has Karma, and that would be absurd, wouldn't it?

In some races I understand that horses who are consistent winners have a handicap in that they have to carry certain weights which are assumed to slow them up a bit and give other horses a chance. Mind you, I know very little about horses, I have never yet found the brake pedal on a horse, but I do know which is the front end and which is the rear end. The front end bites and one also has to avoid the rear end for various other reasons which we need not detail.

No horse would be accused of having Karma when it carries handicap weights. In the same way no human would be accused of having Karma when he or she comes to this

Earth with a deliberate derangement or malfunction of some organ, and if a person should come here as a raving lunatic that would have no effect whatsoever on the astral body. The insane part is shed when the astral body 'goes home'.

In addition to the class of person who comes with a deliberate affliction that he may study the matter, there are those who, through mischance, are injured perhaps through a mother having a faulty diet, or possibly through a midwife or doctor using instruments in a faulty manner. For an illustration let us say that a doctor uses instruments and damages the skull, then the person may have a definite mental impairment as a result of that damage. But it's not necessarily the person's Karma 'paying him back'. It could be an accident, a mischance, and nothing more. Nor does it mean that the poor wretched doctor has got a load of Karma added because some things are accidents, and it does not mean that if a person has a definite, unavoidable accident, he is going to be saddled with Karma. There is such a lot of misconception about Karma.

The person who comes down and is injured through a complete mischance gets 'credits' because the failure of that life was not of his making. If he is very badly impaired, that is, if he is what we term a human vegetable, then the astral itself will go and take up residence elsewhere, and the human vegetable will then continue to tick over throughout the rest of the life, getting neither better nor worse.

There is no way known on Earth whereby an action on Earth can make an astral entity insane. The nearest one can come to it is when one takes drugs excessively. If one takes drugs to excess, then the astral entity is very definitely affected, not to the extent of being violently insane of course, but it does cause a bad nervous condition, and that has to be cured by quite a long sojourn in an astral hospital.

Much the same conditions prevail when a person is a real out and out alcoholic because through his drunkenness he has loosened the bonds between the astral and the physical and has actively encouraged lower grade elementals to

attack the Silver Cord, or even to take over the physical body completely. This causes a very severe shock to the astral and, again, while it does not cause insanity it does cause shock. The shock is akin to that which you would experience if you were asleep and a whole gang of rowdy kids beating drums and sounding trumpets jumped on your bed, not just appeared in your room, but actually jumped on your bed. You would suffer a severe shock, your skin would become pallid, your heart would race and you would get palpitations, and generally you would begin to shake all over. Well, when you had beaten up the kids and tossed them out you would be perhaps an hour or two before you fully recovered. But if your astral body had got into this condition through an alcoholic state or through excessive taking of drugs, you might be several years in the astral recovering from it.

That brings me to another question which is, 'What is this about powers that live on the astral plane at times affecting the Silver Cord'?

Let us visualize the prevailing conditions. Suppose we were sitting on top of a building, perhaps in a very beautiful pent house, with a nice roof garden; we were lolling at ease but at the same time keeping contact with a person right down on the ground level, we were keeping contact through, if you like, a pair of telephone wires connected to a headset on us and a headset and mouthpiece on the person right down on the ground floor. We are picking up his impressions and listening in to all that he says and hears. Our telephone wires are such that they can pass through trees and walls without being disturbed, but they can be disturbed by a certain type of entity.

Down below, also, there is a gang of hoodlum kids, yelling whooping around. They keep on trying to catch this telephone cable, and when they do catch it they try to break it or even lay it on a stone on the ground and give some hearty bashes at it with another stone. Although they cannot break it, they can cause considerable bruising and disturbance. It

also impedes the poor wretch who is trying to talk and move about.

Now let us put it in astral terms. We are down here on the Earth—unfortunately—and our Silver Cord stretches upwards to the astral world. If we are weak or afraid, that is, if our authority is not respected, then any low grade elemental through whose territory our Silver Cord passes can take a grab at it and do to it, or try to do to it, much the same as the children on Earth tried to do to the telephone wires. Perhaps they cannot actually touch it, but they can impress signals upon it by magnetic induction in just the same way as one can speak into a microphone attached to a tape recorder and our messages spoken into the microphone are magnetically impressed on the tape which is passing through the recording head. Now supposing we are making a tape recording; we are busy doing our best diction, making our best composition, and we are quite proud of the job we are making, and then someone sneaks up behind us and shouts ‘BOO:’ into the microphone. It causes a disturbance, it shakes us considerably, and it leads to irritation on the person's part when listening to the recording.

If children respect one—and for that one has to really scare the daylights out of them—they will not do such things as to try and shout into microphones, etc. In the same way, one must absolutely and utterly show that one is not a bit afraid of the elementals. The elementals work hard at trying to make astral traveling humans afraid of them, they blow themselves out, they put on their fiercest looks and they utter the most outlandish cries one can imagine. Actually, the lower astral, the world of the elementals, is very much like the really insane ward at the local hospital. However, provided one maintains discipline, and it's easy, and provided that one is not afraid of these stupid elementals, and that is easier still, then there is never any cause to worry about interference from astral entities. Remember that nothing whatever can upset you or disturb you or hurt you

unless you are terrified. If you are terrified, then your own state of fright, and that only, will cause your chemicals to be upset. If a person receives a bad fright it upsets one's digestion in the physical, and—well, that's all there is to it you really cannot be hurt, but you cannot be even disturbed if you refuse to be frightened or intimidated.

Now here is a question which was asked by a mother. The question is, 'When children go to the Other Side do they grow up or do they stay as children? How do the parents know their child? Do they grow before their eyes?'

Mother, no, I won't mention your name because I did not, ask you in time, and I will not mention any name except with the person's actual permission. So — Mother, you've got it all wrong. Now read this carefully; people are on the Other Side, that is, in the astral. They are not children, and they are not old people, they are of just what one might term an average, indeterminate age, because on the Other Side years are different. But, anyway, this person, an adult let us say, decides to go back to Earth; he cannot go back as a fully grown adult, can he? He has to go through the usual channels, one might say, and so this person goes to sleep and when he wakes up he is in the process of being born as a baby.

Then he grows a bit and, let us for the purpose of this illustration say that, when he is—oh, what shall we say?—when he is ten years of age he dies and is buried. The astral is released from the body and goes back to the Other Side where he says, in effect, 'Well, that was a short stay, thank goodness. Now what do I do next?' On the Other Side he is not a child any longer, but supposing that for some very, very important reason he has to get in touch with those who were his parents on Earth, it would be no good giving them the impression of himself as an adult, as one perhaps older than the parents. So he impresses upon their sub-conscious sight a vision of himself as a child, and the fond parents rejoice at having seen the spirit of their ten year old boy who

came all the way from Heaven to say, 'Hi folks,' or whatever it was that he wanted to say.

There are many authentic cases where people have materialized back on Earth for some special reason, and, of course, if they want to be recognized, and that after all is the main reason for materializing, then they have to materialize in a pattern which is readily recognizable to the people who knew that person before his death. So always the person materializes as a very healthy specimen of the age group to which he belonged when he passed over. He always looks more beautiful than the Earth-child was, and that rejoices the parents' hearts.

If the parents really do love 'the child' they can meet in the astral, and first 'the child' appears as just that, as the identical child which died to Earth and was reborn to the astral. But as soon as the parents can recognize this, then the 'child' reappears as his natural self.

You must remember that although you have a mother and a father in this life they are not necessarily the same mother and father you will have in six hundred years time. You may have been the mother or the father, depending on your sex, of course, in a previous life. Actually people on Earth are just like a lot of actors coming to a stage; they take their clothes to suit the role they are going to play. So if an entity has to learn something as a woman it would be useless for that entity to come to Earth as a man, so instead she comes as a woman, and as a woman to a class which will enable her to learn those things which she came to learn.

'I wonder how it is that so many beings come to this world for the first time and encounter hunger, poverty, injustice, etc., when they don't have any previous debts and because Kharmic justice shouldn't be negative for them.'

Well, they have to come somehow, haven't they? It is impossible for a person coming to Earth for the first time to come as a king or a queen. You can say they are 'new boys'. New boys at school, you know, the newest of new boys, most

times have rather rough conditions, they are usually set upon by older boys and until they have 'worked their way in' they are not necessarily popular with the teachers either.

If one sets out as an apprentice one gets all the worst jobs to do, cleaning tools, cleaning equipment, sweeping floors and all the rest of it, and because they are only apprentices they do not have much money, they might even feel hungry on occasion. It doesn't mean that their Karma is at fault, because if they have just come to Earth for the first time, then they don't have much Karma, do they?

But we have to start somewhere. A person comes to the Earth-bound for the first time, and nearly always that person is a member of some savage race, some really savage tribe where he gets the rough corners knocked off and gets some training, no matter how rudimentary, of how humans go on.

It is unheard of for a person to come to, let us say, Europe or North America, as a first incarnation. He might come as a member of one of the savage backward tribes such as in Africa or Australia, one of those places where so-called civilization has hardly touched. Then he has to live according to the equipment he has, that is, is he a good natured person or is he nasty natured? If he is good natured then he will get on quite well. If he is unpleasant he wouldn't get on in any society at all. So, even in the very savage tribes a good natured person makes out better than a bad natured person.

Later the person incarnates into more and more advanced societies. By that time, of course, he has acquired a bit of Karma, not merely against him but also in his favor. So many have the utterly foolish notion that Karma is oppression, and it's not so at all. It's like a bank account. If you do a person good, then you have money in the bank. If you do a person some ill, then in effect you have lost money from the bank and so you are in debt. If you are in debt you have bad Karma. If you have money in the bank, then you have a credit balance and that credit is good Karma. If you have

good karma you can do things that you want to do and you can also trade on your good karma so long as you do not do so much 'horse trading' that your good karma or your credit balance disappears and you get into debt, because then you've got to work hard to get out of debt.

'It is said that we reincarnate many times but the time we stay in the astral plane varies according to the degree of evolution we have reached. The number of people will probably have to decline or be stabilized in the future, so what happens to all the souls who cannot come down to this material world to continue their reincarnation? Or will they have to remain in the astral for longer than their karma really permits?'

But there again, you see, this talk about karma. People do not have to reincarnate because of their karma, they reincarnate because they want to learn something more. You don't necessarily go to college to pay somebody else, you go to college because you want to learn something. In just the same way you come to Earth because you want to learn something. If you wanted to pay off karma, then you could pay off karma by staying in the astral. There is a lot to be done there, and in doing good for others you do pay off karma, but if you just stay in the astral—well, you remain 'as you were', and you are perhaps a drop-out from the school of Earth. If you want to progress more you come down to Earth and have some additional lessons in hardship, in tolerance, in patience and all that sort of thing. Get this quite clear, you do not come down to Earth just because someone else says you have to, you do not come down to Earth and have some suffering just because you have misbehaved yourself. You come to learn, and if conditions are a bit hard then it's no good blaming poor old karma for it, it's what you choose yourself, it's the conditions you set up for yourself. Too many people take a rather peculiar satisfaction in saying, 'Oh, I couldn't help it, my karma was against me.'

Of course there is karma, but then of course there are

bank accounts. If you have something to sell or something which other people want, then you can get in money. If other people have something that you want, then you have to pay out for it and that means that you lose money. In the same way with karma, if you do good to others then you are banking good karma, but if you do ill to others then you are losing your good and getting a debit of bad karma which has to be paid off sometime somewhere, not necessarily upon this Earth. Remember there are quite a lot of different worlds, and you will go to different worlds just as at school you had to go from class to class or grade to grade.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

A man has to hold his mouth  
open a long time before a  
roasted partridge flies into it.

The Old Man snorted in the throes of pre-occupation, all these letters, all these questions, how to put within the compass of one book answers which would really help people, because that is the purpose of a book, isn't it? To help or to amuse. And this isn't an edition of comic cuts, it's meant to help, so let's get on with the first question.

'I am not at all clear on this Karma business. So everything we do affects someone else, does it? We must get an awful lot of Karma without knowing why we've got it.'

No, that is not true at all. People have the weirdest ideas about Karma, perhaps they haven't read my books properly. I sometimes get a letter from a person who writes so happily, 'Oh, Dr. Rampa, I read "Wisdom of the Ancients" last night, tonight I am going to read "Chapter of Life". I managed to go through "You – Forever" in two hours.' Well, of course that is just a waste of time, it doesn't do anyone any good, and it doesn't do an author any good to know that his books are being skimmed like that. These books are meant to be studied. Karma is of vital importance to all of us, and in my books you have an opportunity of knowing what Karma is all about. It means, in brief, that if you do something wrong you pay for it. If you do something good, something pays you. As I have said before, it is like a bank account. You are like a storekeeper who has good and bad on the shelves. If you sell something that is good then you get paid by good, if you sell something that is bad you get paid by having an overdraft. Now get this quite clear;

whatever you do does not necessarily and automatically have an effect on any other person or creature. It depends entirely upon the circumstances. If, for example, you take a dagger and stick it into a person, then, of course, you are not doing a good deed, are you? In that case, then, you would have Karma against you. But if you do something which has an effect, a bad effect upon a person you have never heard of, an effect which you certainly did not anticipate, then you do not have to come back and pay off that person. I advise you, though, to read my books more thoroughly and then you will know a lot more about Karma.

Question: 'What are we doing down here, anyhow? When we leave here what is our objective, not just playing about in the astral, but what do we really want to do in the end?'

The Overself cannot of itself experience desire, suffering, pleasure, etc., *as we know it on Earth*, and so it is necessary for the Overself to have some other method of gaining knowledge. People upon Earth are just extensions of the Overself which can gain knowledge. For example, suppose you have a bag and you cannot get inside the bag and you cannot see inside the bag. If you can get it open enough to get your hand in, your hand, which is an extension of your other senses, can feel around inside the bag and can 'tell' the brain what there is inside. In much the same way the Overself gains information through the extensions called human beings.

When the Overself has sufficient knowledge, when the Overself is so advanced that no more knowledge on the Earth cycle is desired, then it calls home all the puppets which are humans, and they all merge again into the Overself, they become united in 'Oneness'; that is the ultimate form of existence because although it seems to be just one entity, each part of the entity lives in rapport with the other part. You have heard of twin souls—well, on the Earth plane it is impossible for twin souls to get together, but when they return to the Overself twin souls are reunited to form a

perfect whole; and they live in a state of very great bliss until it occurs to the Overself that perhaps there is yet a higher form of knowledge which could be investigated. And then the Overself sends out puppets, not on the Earth plane, but on some super super plane, and the whole cycle is repeated. The puppets gather in the knowledge throughout a period which to us is eons of time. Again, when sufficient experience or knowledge has been garnered the Overself calls in the puppets, twin souls are again united in an even greater state of bliss.

Now here is a question from Miss Newman. She says, 'How should animals be destroyed so that death is painless and their astral body is not harmed?'

The best way is to inject some drug which causes the animal to lose consciousness, and then the method of disposing of the animal is not so important because there would be no pain. If an animal is made unconscious first, then it can be killed by some very rapid death-producing drug and that does not cause pain for the astral nor for the Overself. There is only distress to the astral when the physical is tormented by a slow killing.

Now here is something, this is a question from a young man whom we call 'Argie'. He will recognize himself. He is a remarkably brilliant young man who is his own worst enemy. He is a young man with truly unusual talents, and he is not using those talents to the best advantage because he wants to rebel against all authority. Argie has had a rough time, mostly of his own making. We will give two questions from Argie. The first:

'Genius in children ; how does a child become a genius?'

In most cases the entity on the Other Side, before coming back to Earth, realizes that there is some special and specific task to do. It realizes that after a certain number of years it (the entity) may leave, and may perhaps leave a 'caretaker' in its place, so the entity makes plans whereby it comes down to Earth and is born into a body with a memory and an

ability to do that which has to be done. For example, an entity may decide that something has to be done about a certain form of music, so it comes down with a memory of that almost intact. Then, just about as soon as it can speak or move of its own volition, the entity finds it can compose or play, and then it is said, 'We have a genius, we have an infant prodigy.' Most times the poor wretched child is stuck in front of a cine camera or something, or dumped on a stage to make money for people who do not know what it's all about, and the child is so busy making money that the inherited memory peters out.

In those cases where there are no stage shows and no cine shows the child may play divinely, and may compose exquisite music, and then when he reaches a certain age, let us say twenty years of age, the entity realizes that his task is done and he lets some other entity take over while he, the original occupant, moves on. This is called transmigration of souls, and it is far far more common than is generally supposed. Argie has a second question, and here it is: 'Why do Negroes rarely need tuition to play musical instruments?'

Negroes are a special type of people. Their basic vibrations are such that they are 'in tune to the music of the spheres'. Often a Negro can hum music which he has never heard before, often he can just pick up a musical instrument and play it because that is his basic make-up.

You get certain classes of people such as North Europeans who are very cold and very analytical. They are very frigid in their attitude. That is their make-up. But if you get the Latin type of people they are warm in their make-up, quick to smile, quick to pass a joke. They can see the funny side of things - particularly if the misfortune happens to someone else. That is their make-up.

Negroes, for many years, have had a hard life, a life of persecution, and the only thing which has sustained them has been their musical make-up, their ability to derive consolation and solace from 'religious music'. As such it is part

of their birthright, part of their heritage, part of their basic make-up. Negroes are usually very, very musical because their basic frequency is such that they sub-consciously pick up music from other sources in much of a way similar to the poor wretched man wearing a hearing aid who sometimes picks up transmissions from the local radio taxi cab company!

Well, let's get on with it; here is a question, 'I am a loving mother of a five year old boy, and your books, true as they are, scare me for what my son and all the other young children will have to suffer owing to events bigger than themselves. I can see him torn into pieces by atomic bombs and all grim pictures like those. His life lines on both his hands are abruptly interrupted at an age of about thirty to forty. I can find some consolation in your books for what concerns my death, but has ever a mother of any religion rejoiced at the death of her only son?'

Now, you are pre-supposing that your son will inevitably be killed or maimed in a forthcoming war, but remember that if you give him a good education and let him specialize in something he can be one of those protected. It is a sad thought that 'cannon fodder' is usually the person who is easily replaceable, whereas if a man is a specialist of use to his country he will be protected. So give your son a really good education. And in the matter of the hand lines, please be assured that if these are the only indications of the termination of his life, then they mean nothing except possibly a change of career. You should never take it as definite that death will occur unless there are about seven confirming indications. Too often palmists are guilty of criminal negligence in saying that a person is going to die, etc., etc., when it just means that they are going to change job and change location.

'You always state that death and after death are painless apart from the suffering at our own judgment, but in the Bardo Thodol and specifically in the Chonyd state the suffering seems to be atrocious.'

The Bardo Thodol was not written in English, it was just translated into that language by some creepish Christian who altered things a bit to make it tie in with the Christian belief of hellfire and damnation. There is no hellfire and damnation, that is all a misconception fostered by priests to bolster up their own power in much the same way as some misguided parents frighten their children by threatening to call in a policeman if they don't behave. Of course we are not happy when we are judging ourselves, it really does give us a pain when we see what stupid clods we have been. The self-contempt can be quite hellish, in fact, and well justify the description of 'hellfire'. As one who has total recall I tell you most emphatically that there is no torture, no atrocious pain, no ferocious suffering.

'Spirits who haunt old houses, have they not been reborn yet?'

Spirits who haunt old houses have nothing to do with current entities. For example, a person dies in tragic circumstances, and much energy is generated, but the person can go to a completely different plane and even be reborn while the energy which was generated will be dissipated in the form of hauntings. Its much the same as heating a piece of metal; the heat remains in the metal, although gradually fading; for quite a time after the source of heating has been removed. Here is a thought for you—it is quite possible for a person who dies in extremely difficult circumstances to have his energy as a thought form which haunts a place, and even to haunt the new-born incarnation who caused all the trouble in the first case?

'Are humans ever reborn as animals? The Bardo seems to be pretty incoherent in the matter, or may be I don't understand.'

No, humans are never reborn as animals, and animals are never reborn as humans. Nothing that you can do can turn a cabbage into a cow, nor can you change a rhinoceros into a rose, but I have dealt with this enough on preceding pages.

‘What is nervous force, anyway? What's the good of telling us about nervous force if we have no idea what it is?’

Nervous force is the power which generates the etheric, and nervous force properly directed can rotate a paper cylinder, as I say in one of my books. Everybody, whether animal or human, is a generator of electricity, even the Earth has its magnetic force, its magnetic field if you prefer to call it that. And just as a radio programme has to have a carrier wave to support it, so does a human have to have an etheric consisting of nervous force or energy which propagates the aura. This in its turn originates from certain cells in the brain. The food we eat goes into the blood, and some of that food well mixed with oxygen goes to highly specialized brain cells, and provides the food for the generation of an electric current which powers the thought impulses. This is nervous force. If you find it difficult to believe, remember that you can get a device consisting of a zinc case with a few chemicals and a carbon rod inside it. If you connect that to a piece of wire inside a glass bulb from which air has been withdrawn you get a light, don't you, an electric light. So you get electricity from chemical reaction, and in the human you get electricity from chemical reaction provided by the food we eat.

I have a letter here from Mr. H. Mr. H. writes, ‘I have enclosed two questions which you may care to answer. I would be very interested in the answer to question one, and would like to expand it a little. In addition to the matter of personal responsibility, which I think very important, I am confused on the matter of personal identity. This really boils down to the definition of the word “I”. While I can see that in many ways “I” am not the same “I” that I was twenty years ago and presumably will not be the same as twenty years hence, yet I retain a sense of identity between these various I's.

‘However, if an Overself can operate ten puppets what happens to the sense of “I”, and when all puppets are dead does the Overself then continue to operate ten astral puppets, and continuing the thought into the future, what

happens if the ten puppets half succeed in liberating themselves?

‘On a more particular note I have often wondered why it was necessary for you to pick such an arduous route for your journey to the West. Would it not have been possible for you to go to a university in India or Europe, and could not funds have been deposited in the West for your use? Many of your troubles seem to have stemmed from a lack of money.’

Well, Mr. H., let's see what we can do to answer your queries. Actually I think most of them have already been answered in this book or in previous books, but let us write you an imaginary letter.

‘Dear Mr. H. You really are in a state of confusion, aren't you? Much of your confusion arises from the fact that one has to write in three dimensional terms and attempt to describe the operation of an Overself working, say, in a nine dimensional plane of existence.

‘You say that you think a puppet loses personal identity. But of course, if you think about it, that is not the case.

‘Look at that matter like this: Forget all about anything outside the body, and assume for the purpose of this explanation that the body is “compartmental”. The brain, then, represents the Overself and everyone knows that the brain directs the hands, the fingers, etc. The fingers represent puppets and the brain can suggest that the fingers do something, but the fingers are still separate entities or separate individuals, they can feel and they can become highly skilled. In fact at times they seem to work of their own volition.

‘The heart is another mechanism which cannot be controlled (except in abnormal cases) by the brain—Overself, because if the brain, representing our Overself, got in a bad temper, then conceivably it could stop the heart from beating and that would destroy the entire mechanism of brain-Overself and the organs-puppets. So, you see, the actual Overself provides the substance from which the human astrals are made, and each entity or human body has full control and full choice of action always provided that such

action will not jeopardize the Overself-human organism.

‘Take a big firm with many branches. There you have a chairman of the Board of Directors or a President. You have many departmental heads, and many general managers to staff all the district branches, and all these people work with their own responsibility while working within the framework of company policy. They do not have to tell the chairman of the Board of Directors every little thing, nor do they have to telephone him every moment about decisions which they are qualified to make.

‘The chairman of the Board of Directors or the President, call him what you wish, represents the Overself, and all the departmental heads and managers are the puppets.

‘You ask what happens when the puppets die, is the Overself, derived of its ten or so puppets, immobilized, you say. Let me ask you a question; what happens if one of the branch managers retires or is removed for some particular reason? The firm or branch does not close down. Instead a fresh manager, or puppet, is appointed. And anyhow in this chapter and possibly the chapter before I have already discussed how puppets return to the Overself.

‘Yes, I could have taken an easy way. I could have gone to a university, I could have had sacks of gold all around me, but tell me, Mr. H., what sort of knowledge would I have gained then? I would be the reflection of other peoples' knowledge, some of it which is, admittedly, faulty. I would not have gained the knowledge of life which I have at present and which is very painfully firsthand, believe me. People who go to a University and learn everything the soft way merely learn the opinion of others from printed pages which may be years out of date. In a University a student may not dare to question the precepts of another. One is taught that it is impossible to do a thing except in the way specified in the text book, but the people who have not been to a University just go ahead and do the impossible thing anyway.

‘Royce of Rolls-Royce, Edison, Ford, and thousands of

other very intelligent men did not go to a University, so they did not know that the thing which they wanted to do was “impossible”, they did not know that such a thing was “impossible” because they lacked the education (!) to read the text books which really are the opinions of other people. And so Royce, Edison, Ford and others just went ahead and invented the things which text books would say were “impossible”. So attendance at a university can be a drawback.

‘That should straighten out a few questions for you, Mr. H., and I hope that you now find your thoughts are more settled.’

Another question asks why we have illness and how would it be possible to detect illness through the aura. Well, illness and disease come either from within or without. When it comes from without a germ or virus can be caught from another person and it is not the ‘fault’ of a body that catches it.

When we have a case of illness from within, that is, when the disease comes from within, the body chemicals are affected because everything comes from thought, what the electricians call electro-motive force comes into play. Thought is electric impulses. When we think we generate electricity. The electricity is thus the electro-motive force which causes our muscles to work, or even upsets our body chemistry. If a person is frustrated, worried, sad, bad tempered, etc., or has an abnormal emotion, their thoughts generate an electric current which is defective. It may not have the necessary correct wave form, and because the electric current is defective it causes wrong messages to go to the glands and the glands' secretion change to cope with the wrong thoughts and the wrong messages caused by those wrong thoughts. After a time the most susceptible part is affected by the changed secretions, or changed chemical balance of the body. It may be the muscles that are affected, and so one gets, perhaps, muscular dystrophy, or it might be something to do with the bones, it might be arthritis, or, if some wrong message causes a disturbance in the stomach,

the gastric juices may become too acid, too strong, and then we might have an ulcer. Closer to home, if the messages are too localized and affect the brain, then there might be a brain tumor.

If the chemistry can be studied then it can be corrected by hormone treatment or some other appropriate treatment and the disease can be cured if it is caught in time. If too much damage has been done, then it can't be cured but can be alleviated. The person should remedy the thing or emotion that caused the damage in the first place by getting a more balanced outlook, by controlling the emotions, or by a changed set of circumstances such as fresh job, fresh partner, etc.

All these things can be seen in the aura. Whatever happens to a body can be seen in the aura. Looking at the aura is like looking at radar pictures. You can see land or a storm disturbance which is quite beyond ordinary sight.

Whether an illness starts from 'within' or 'without' it can be detected from the aura. If one catches an infection from some other person then it takes a certain time for that illness to manifest substantially in the physical, yet in the aura at the exact instant when the infection took place it shows quite clearly, it shows like lines of stress.

If the illness is caused from 'within' then a periodical examination of the aura will show the danger of an illness quite a long time before the body is seriously affected, and so the illness can be cured almost before it has become apparent.

In connection with this, I have been working on such a matter for a whole lifetime and the biggest difficulty has been getting people to part with their clothes. There was a certain noble lady in England with whom I was discussing the matter. We were only talking about it, and this very noble lady, who had been married and has a family of her own, said, 'Oh You want nude bodies. Most definitely I should do everything to oppose anything which required a woman to remove her clothing or to expose certain portions

of her body.' I, with great restraint, refrained from reminding the noble lady that even she had to expose a certain portion of her body so that her babies could be born.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

If you don't believe in others  
how can you expect others to  
believe in you.

The Old Man lay back on his bed. The evening sun was just setting behind the low hills sending its last rays gleaming on the placid water of the Saint John River.

Off to the left the paper factory was still belching out furious clouds of smoke and steam as it did twenty-fours a day, obscuring the sky and polluting the atmosphere. Into the river poured all the waste products making an incredible stench in the air of Saint John, a stench about which everyone complained, and about which no one did anything.

The snows were melting fast. This was spring, the start of spring, but now with the fast setting sun dipping behind the hills birds were scurrying along in droves hurrying to get home to their perches while the light yet held.

Directly below the window Sinjin, a telepathic cat, was singing a lonely song, inviting all the cat ladies of the neighbourhood to come and be welcomed by him. His voice rose and fell, quavering with the intensity of his emotion. From time to time he stopped, raised his head high, and even sat upright on his back legs like a rabbit while he listened intently for any calls that his invitation was being accepted. Disappointed that he had no such intimation, he dropped to all fours again and with his tail twitching with emotion he started all over again like an old-time London costermonger, crying his wares, but nothing of 'any old iron, any old rags'; this was a different cry: 'love for free, come quick, I'm waiting'.

Cars drove up with a roar and a clatter and store keepers and their assistants drove into the parking lot with much elan and got out of their cars with great slamming of doors and calling of 'Goodnight—goodnight', before hurrying up the steps in the constant fight to get room in the elevator.

The Old Man lay back and thought of the past, thought of the difficulties of this life, thought of the few, few pleasures and the many, many hardships. A hard life, yes, he thought. But, praise be, the last time on this round, the last time on this Earth. And now, he thought, I have just about cleared up all that has to be done, cleared up all those empty corners, turned out the attics, even tossed out the garbage.

'Not so, not so,' said a most familiar and well-loved voice. 'The task is not yet ended, you have done more than you came to do, but—the task is not yet ended.'

The Old Man turned on his side and there right close to him was the super-astral figure of the Lama Mingyar Dondup, smiling and with a brilliant gold radiance. 'You quite startled me,' said the Old Man, 'and I wish you'd turn your lights low, it reminds me of when I was in England, in London.'

'Oh, what was that?' asked the Lama Mingyar Dondup. 'Is it something which I do not know?'

'I think it must be,' said the Old Man, 'let me tell you about it. I was in a building in South Kensington late at night, and I was sitting in the dark thinking, just thinking over things, just meditating, and for some reason I had not pulled the blinds. Suddenly there came a tremendous knocking at the door down below. I started back to awareness and went down to see what was the cause of the commotion. Two big beefy London bobbies were there.' 'Sir,' said one—a sergeant I saw by his stripes—'what are you doing in this building?' 'Doing?' I replied. 'I don't think I was doing anything. I was just sitting thinking as a matter of fact.' 'Well,' replied the Sergeant, 'we were called here in a great hurry

because you were shining very bright lights out of the window.’ ‘Oh,’ I replied, ‘I most certainly was not, but if I had been is that a crime?’

‘The sergeant looked at his subordinate, and shrugging his shoulders said, “Well, it might be, you know. You might be signaling to a crime gang to show that the road is clear or something.” Then he came to a decision. “I want to search the place.” I said, “have you a search warrant?” “No,” he replied, “but if you do not give me permission to search the place I can leave the constable here to watch you while I go and get the necessary warrant.”’

‘So I just shrugged my shoulders and said, “All right, go where you like, look where you like.” So the two policemen wandered around, looked at everything, and most extraordinary of all, they pulled out the drawers of my desk and looked inside. I don’t know what they thought they would find there. But anyway, after about three quarters of an hour they appeared satisfied, and as they were leaving the sergeant said, “Don’t do it again, sir, please. It makes too much work.” And off they went.’

The Lama Mingyar Dondup laughed, ‘Whatever you do, Lobsang,’ he said, ‘you seem to attract the wrong sort of attention. I can’t think of anyone else who would be almost arrested just for showing his aura when he was thinking.’

The Old Man was looking a bit gloomy as he said, ‘So you think my task is not finished, eh? What haven’t I done now?’

The Lama Mingyar Dondup replied, ‘You’ve done everything. It’s not a question that you have left anything undone. You have done more, much more than you came here to do, but it so happens that through the failure of others there is still more to do.’

‘What?’ asked the Old Man.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup looked down his nose and tried not to smile as he said, ‘There may be another book to make the twelfth. We shall have to think about it. It would certainly be appreciated. But there is another little task

which has to be done, something in connection with an invention which may yet burst upon this startled world.'

For some time the Old Man and the Lama Mingyar Dondup discussed things, but this is not the place to disclose all that was said. The Old Man, sick almost to death, and with expenses mounting through medical bills, and other vital expenditures, wondered how he was going to stick it for even a few months longer. At last the super-astral of the Lama Mingyar Dondup faded, and the failing daylight took over once again.

Time. What a strange thing is this artificial time. One could travel from the astral world here and back in the twinkling of an eye, and yet down here on this Earth one was bound by the clock and by the motion of the sun controlling the clock. Here in New Brunswick the sun was setting. A few thousand miles away John Henderson would still be busy at his work about in the middle of the afternoon. Not so far away Valeria Sorock, that paragon of loyalty and exactitude, would probably just be leaving her office and probably thinking of her tea. Yes, most certainly, thought the Old Man, Valeria would be thinking of her tea because one weakness was that she thought too much of food! 'I shall have to talk to her about her diet,' thought the Old Man to himself.

In the other direction the WorstMann ladies would probably be at home very late in the evening, perhaps listening to the radio, perhaps studying, and perhaps one of them just about to go on night duty.

But here the ladies Taddy and Cleo were having their evening play, chasing around with a favorite toy, and the favorite toy was a nice, soft, woolly belt from a dressing gown. The Old Man thought of Taddy and Cleo, thought of how since they were born they had been treated as human children, how everything had been done to make them feel that they were entities as important as any humans, and the task had been most fruitful, the results had been most gratifying, for these two little people were indeed real people.

From midnight until midday Miss Cleo was mentioned first, but from midday until midnight Miss Taddy's name was mentioned first and so they were assured of quite equal treatment without any trace of favoritism.

Miss Taddy, ample, plump, and comfortable looking, loves to crouch down behind one of the scratch pads while the extremely beautiful, very slender, very graceful Miss Cleo bounces up and down and does wildly improbable feline gymnastics.

But the night was growing darker, the air was growing colder and there still was a nip of frost about. Outside the red of the thermometer was dropping, outside people on the road were well muffled up.

The Old Man had been looking forward to this day, the day when the eleventh book would be ended and he could push aside all thoughts of writing and say, 'Never any more, it's all over, no more writing, my time on Earth has just about finished.' But now with the visit from the super-astral of the Lama Mingyar Dondup—well, the Old Man thought, isn't one's task ever ended is one driven along like a rickety old car until it finally falls to pieces? I'm just about in pieces now, he thought. But there it is, what will be will be, and when a task has to be done, it will not be done unless there is someone there to do it. So, thought the Old Man, I must try to hang on a little longer, and as for writing another book, who knows? It might be good to make the number in English up to twelve. He thought, 'I would like to tell everyone, everyone throughout the world, that all these books are true, everything related in these books is true, and that is a definite statement.'

So we come to the end of what is not a perfect day after all because the task is not ended, the final battle is not yet won, there is more to be done, and little time and little health with which to do it. We can but try.

Here and now let me offer my most grateful thanks to Mrs. Sheelagh Rouse, alias Buttercup, for the immense care

and work she has devoted to typing my books, care and work which is appreciated perhaps more than she knows.

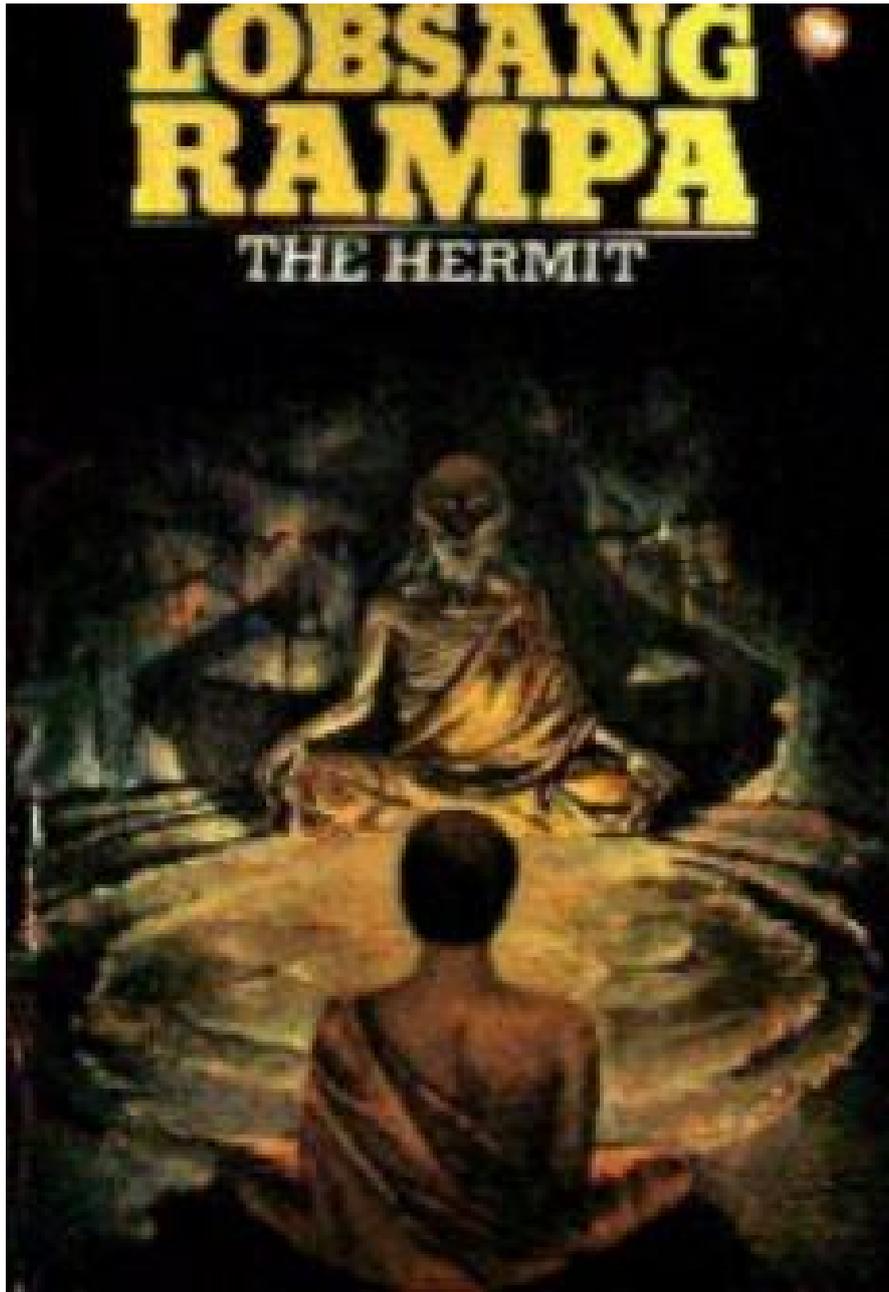
Let me offer my thanks to Ra'ab for the extreme care and accuracy with which she has checked everything and made truly worthwhile suggestions. She has aided my task.

And finally, but by no means least, let me thank Miss Tadalinka and Miss Cleopatra Rampa for the encouragement and entertainment they have given to me. These two dear little people have made it worthwhile to continue a little longer for never in the whole of their four years of life have they shown any spite, any bad temper, and not even any irritation. If humans were as equable and sweet-natured as these two there would be no trouble on the Earth, no wars. Then it would indeed be the Golden Age for which people must yet wait.

And so at last we come, in this book, to the time when we can say 'The End'.

# LOBSANG RAMPA

THE HERMIT



## CHAPTER ONE

OUTSIDE the sun was shining. Vividly it illumined the trees, threw black shadows behind the jutting rocks, and sent a myriad glinting points from the blue, blue lake. Here, though, in the cool recesses of the old hermit's cave, the light was filtered by overhanging fronds and came greenly, soothingly, to tired eyes strained by exposure to the glaring sun. The young man bowed respectfully to the thin hermit sitting erect on a time-smoothed boulder. 'I have come to you for instruction, Venerable One,' he said in a low voice.

'Be seated,' commanded the elder. The young monk in the brick-red robe bowed again and sat cross-legged on the hard-packed earth a few feet from his senior.

The old hermit kept silent, seemingly gazing into an infinity of pasts through eyeless sockets. Long long years before, as a young lama, he had been set upon by Chinese officials in Lhasa and cruelly blinded for not revealing State secrets which he did not possess. Tortured, maimed and blinded, he had wandered embittered and disillusioned away from the city. Moving by night he walked on, almost insane with pain and shock he avoided human company. Thinking, always thinking.

Climbing ever upwards, living on the sparse grass or any herbs he could find, led to water for drinking by the tinkle of mountain streams, he kept a tenuous hold on the spark of life. Slowly his worst hurts healed, his eyeless sockets no longer dripped. But ever he climbed upwards, away from mankind which tortured insanely and without reason. The air became thin. No longer were there tree branches which could be peeled and eaten for food. No longer could he just reach out and pluck grasses. Now he had to crawl on hands and knees,

reeling, stretching, hoping to get enough to stave off the worst pangs of starvation.

The air became colder, the bite of the wind keener, but still he plodded on, upwards, ever upwards as if driven by some inner compulsion. Weeks before, at the outset of his journey, he had found a stout branch which he had used as a stave with which to pick his path. Now, his questing stick struck solidly against a barrier and his probing could find no way through it.

The young monk looked intently at the old man. No sign of movement. Was he all right, the young man wondered, and then consoled himself with the thought that the 'Ancient Venerables' lived in the world of the past and never hurried for anyone. He gazed curiously around the bare cave. Bare indeed it was. At one side a yellowed pile of straw — his bed. Close to it a bowl. Over a projecting finger of rock a tattered saffron robe drooped mournfully as if conscious of its sun-bleached state. And nothing more. Nothing.

The ancient man reflected on his past, thought of the pain of being tortured, maimed, and blinded. When HE was as young as the young man sitting before him.

In a frenzy of frustration his staff struck out at the strange barrier before him. Vainly he strove to see through eyeless sockets. At last, exhausted by the intensity of his emotions, he collapsed at the foot of the mysterious barrier. The thin air seeped through his solitary garment, slowly robbing the starved body of heat and life.

Long moments passed. Then came the clatter of shod feet striding across the rocky ground. Muttered words in an incomprehensible tongue, and the limp body was lifted and carried away. There came a metallic clang! and a waiting vulture, feeling cheated of his meal, soared into clumsy flight.

The old man started; all THAT was long ago. Now he had to give instruction to the young fellow before him so like HE had been oh, how many years was it? Sixty? Seventy? Or more? No matter, that was behind, lost in the mists of time. What were the years of a man's life when he knew of the years of the world?

Time seemed to stand still. Even the faint wind which had been rustling through the leaves ceased its whisper. There was an air of almost eerie expectancy as the young monk waited for the old hermit to speak. At last, when the strain was becoming almost unbearable to the younger man, the Venerable One spoke.

‘You have been sent to me,’ he said, ‘because you have a great task in Life and I have to acquaint you with my own knowledge so that you are in some measure made aware of your destiny’ He faced in the direction of the young monk who squirmed with embarrassment. It was difficult, he thought, dealing with blind people; they ‘look’ without seeing but one had the feeling that they saw all! A most difficult state of affairs.

The dry, scarce-used voice resumed: ‘When I was young I had many experiences, painful experiences. I left our great city of Lhasa and wandered blind in the wilderness. Starving, ill, and unconscious, I was taken I know not where and instructed in preparation for this day. When my knowledge has been passed to you my life's work is ended and I can go in peace to the Heavenly Fields’ So saying, a beatific glow suffused the sunken, parchment-like cheeks and he unconsciously twirled his Prayer Wheel the faster.

Outside, the slow shadows crawled across the ground. The wind grew in strength and twisted bone-dry dust into little swirls. Somewhere a bird called an urgent warning. Almost imperceptibly the light of day waned as the shadows grew even longer. In the cave, now decidedly dark, the young monk tightly clasped his body in the hope of staving off the rumbles of increasing hunger. Hunger. Learning and hunger, he thought, they always go together. Hunger and learning. A fleeting smile crossed the hermit's face. ‘Ah!’ he exclaimed, ‘so the information is correct. The Young Man is hungry. The Young Man rattles like an empty drum. My informant told me it would be so. AND provided the cure.’ Slowly, painfully, and creaking with age, he rose to his feet and tottered to a so-far unseen part of the cave. Re-appearing, he handed the young monk a small package. ‘From your Honourable Guide’, he explained, ‘he said it would make your studies the sweeter.’

Sweetcakes, sweetcakes from India as a relief from the eternal barley or tsampa. And a little goats' milk as a change from water and more water. 'No, no!' exclaimed the old hermit as he was invited to partake of the food. 'I appreciate the needs of the young — and especially of one what will be going out into the wide world beyond the mountains. Eat, and enjoy it. I, an unworthy person, try in my humble way to follow the gracious Lord Buddha and live on the metaphorical grain of mustard seed. But you, eat and sleep, for I feel the night is upon us.' So saying he turned and moved into the well-concealed inner portion of the cave.

The young man moved to the mouth of the cave, now a greyish oval against the blackness of the interior. The high mountain peaks were hard black cut-outs against the purpling of space beyond. Suddenly there was a growing silvery effulgence of light as the full moon was displayed by the passing of a solitary black cloud, displayed as though the hand of a god had drawn back the curtains of night that laboring mankind should see the 'Queen of the Sky'. But the young monk did not stay long, his repast was meager indeed and would have been wholly unacceptable to a Western youth. Soon he returned to the cave and, scraping a depression in the soft sand for his hip, fell soundly asleep.

The first faint streaks of light found him stirring uneasily. Awakening with a rush he leaped to his feet and gazed guiltily around. At that moment the old hermit walked feebly into the main part of the cave. 'Oh, Venerable One,' exclaimed the young monk nervously, 'I overslept and did not attend the midnight service!' Then he felt foolish as he realized where he was. 'Have no fear, young man,' smiled the hermit, 'we have no services here. Man, when evolved, can have his "service" within himself, anywhere, at any time, without having to be herded and congregate like mindless yaks. But make your tsampa, have your meal, for today I have much to tell you and you must remember all.' So saying, he wandered slowly out into the lightening day.

An hour later the young man was sitting before the elder, listening to a story that was as enthralling as it was strange. A

story that was the foundation of all religions, all fairy tales, and all legends upon the World. A story that has been suppressed by power-jealous priests and 'scientists' since the first tribal days.

Probing fingers of the sun filtered gently through the foliage at the mouth of the cave and glinted brightly from the metallic ores embedded in the rock. The air warmed slightly and a faint haze appeared on the surface of the lake. A few birds chattered noisily as they set about their never-ending task of finding enough food in the sparse land. High overhead a solitary vulture soared on a rising current of air, rising and falling with outspread, motionless wings as his sharp sharp eyes stretched the barren terrain in search of the dead or dying. Satisfied that there was nothing for him here he swooped sideways with a cross squawk and set off for more profitable sites.

The old hermit sat erect and motionless, his emaciated figure barely covered by the remnants of the golden robe. 'Golden' no longer, but sunbleached to a wretched tan with yellow bands where the folds had in part diminished the fading by the sunlight. The skin was taut across his high, sharp cheekbones, and of that waxen, whitish pallor so common to the unsighted. His feet were bare and his possessions few indeed, a bowl, a Prayer Wheel, and just a spare robe as tattered as the other. Nothing more, nothing more in the whole world.

The young monk sitting before him pondered the matter. The more a man's spirituality the less his worldly possessions. The great Abbots with their Cloth of Gold, their riches and their ample food, THEY were always fighting for political power and living for the moment while giving lip-service to the Scriptures.

'Young man,' the old voice broke in, 'my time is almost at an end. I have to pass on my knowledge to you and then my spirit will be free to go to the Heavenly Fields. You are he who will pass on this knowledge to others, so listen and store the whole within your memory and FAIL NOT.'

'Learn this, study that!' thought the young monk 'life is nothing but hard work now. No kites, no stilts, no—' But the hermit went on, 'You know how I was treated by the Chinese,

you know I wandered in the wilderness and came at last to a great wonder. A miracle befell me for an inner compulsion led me until I fell unconscious at the very portals of the Shrine of Wisdom. I will tell you. My knowledge shall be yours even as it was shown to me, for, sightless, I saw all.'

The young monk nodded his head, forgetting that the old man could not see him, then, remembering, he said, 'I am listening, Venerable Master, and I have been trained to remember all.' So saying, he bowed and then sat back, waiting.

The old man smiled his satisfaction and continued, 'The first thing I remember was of lying very comfortably on a soft bed. Of course, I was young then, much like you are now, and I thought I had been transported to the Heavenly Fields. But I could not see and I knew that if this had been the other side of Life, sight would have been mine again. So I lay there and waited. Before long very quiet footsteps approached and stopped by my side. I lay still, not knowing what to expect. "Ah!" said a voice which seemed to be in some way different from our voices. "Ah! So you have regained consciousness. Do you feel well?"

'What a stupid question, I thought, how can I feel well as I am starving to death. Starving? But I no longer felt hungry. I DID feel well, VERY well. Cautiously I moved my fingers, felt my arms and they were not sticks any longer. I had filled out and was normal again except that I still had no eyes. "Yes, yes I DO feel well, thank you for asking," I replied. The Voice said "We would have restored your sight, but your eyes were removed so we could not do so. Rest awhile and we will talk with you in detail."

'I rested; I had no choice. Soon I dropped off to sleep. How long I slept I have no way of knowing, but sweet chimes eventually aroused me, chimes sweeter and more mellow than the finest gongs, better than the most ancient silver bells, more sonorous than temple trumpets. I sat up and stared round as if I could force sight into my eyeless sockets. A gentle arm slid around my shoulders and a voice said, "Rise and come with me. I will lead you." '

The young monk sat fascinated, wondering why things like

that did not happen to him, little knowing that eventually they WOULD! ‘Please continue, Venerable Master, please continue,’ he cried. The old hermit smiled his gratification at his listener’s interest and went on.

‘I was led into what was evidently a large room and in which there were a number of people — I could hear the murmur of their breath and the rustle of their garments. My Guide said, “Sit here,” and a strange device was pushed under me. Expecting to sit on the ground as all sensible persons do, I nearly knocked one end through to the other.’

The old hermit paused for a moment and a dry chuckle escaped him as he recalled that bygone scene. ‘I felt it carefully,’ he continued, ‘and it seemed soft yet firm. It was supported on four legs and at the rear there was an obstruction which held my back. At first my conclusion was that they deemed me too weak to sit up unaided, then I detected signs of suppressed amusement, so it appeared that this was the manner of seating for these people. I felt strange and most unsafe sitting up in such a fashion, and I freely confess that I hung on grimly to the padded platform.’

The young monk tried to imagine a sitting platform. Why should there be such things? Why did people have to invent useless items? No, he decided, the ground was good enough for him; safer, no risk of falling, and who was so weak that he had to have his back supported? But the old man was speaking again — his lungs were certainly working well, thought the young man!

‘“You wonder about us” the Voice said to me, you wonder who we are, why you feel so well. Sit more easily for we have much to tell you and much to show you.’

‘“Most Illustrious One,” I expostulated, “I am blind, my eyes were removed, yet you say you have much to show me, how can this be?” “Rest at peace,” said the Voice, “for all will become clear to you with time and patience” The backs of my legs were beginning to ache, dangling in such a strange position, so I drew them up and tried to sit in the Lotus position on that little wooden platform supported on the four legs and with the strange obstructing thing at

the back. So seated I felt more at ease, although there was certainly the fear that, not seeing, I might topple off to I knew not where.

‘ “We are the Gardeners of the Earth,” said the Voice. “We travel in universes putting people and animals on many different worlds. You Earthlings have your legends about us, you refer to us as the Gods of the Sky, you talk of our flaming chariots. Now we are to give you information as to the origin of Life on Earth so that you can pass on the knowledge to one who shall come after and shall go into the world and write of these things, for it is time that people knew the Truth of their Gods before we initiate the second stage.”

‘ “But there is some mistake,” I cried in great dismay, “I am but a poor monk who climbed to this high place I know not why.”

‘ “We, by our science, sent for you,” murmured the Voice, you have been chosen for this because of your exceptional memory which we shall even strengthen. We know all about you and that is why you are here.” ’

Outside the cave, in the now brilliant light of day, a bird's note rose sharply and shrilly in sudden alarm. A shriek of avian outrage, and the clucking diminished as the bird fled the spot precipitately. The ancient hermit raised his head a moment and said, ‘It is nothing, probably a high-flying bird scored a hit!’ The young monk found it painful to be distracted from this tale of a bygone age, an age which, strangely enough, he found not difficult to visualize. By the placid waters of the lake the willows nodded in somnolence disturbed only by vagrant breezes which stirred the leaves and made them mutter in protest at the invasion of their rest. By now the early shafts of sunlight had left the entrance of the cave and here it was cool, with green-tinted light. The old hermit stirred slightly, rearranged his tattered robe and continued.

‘I was frightened, very frightened. What did I know of these Gardeners of the Earth? I was not a gardener. I knew nothing of plants — or universes either. I wanted no part of it. So thinking I put my legs over the edge of the platform—seat and rose to my feet. Gentle but very firm hands pushed me back so that I

was again sitting in that foolish manner with my legs hanging straight down and my back pressed against something behind me. “The plant does not dictate to the Gardner,” murmured a voice. “Here you have been brought and here you will learn.”

‘Around me, as I sat dazed but resentful, there commenced a considerable discussion in an unknown tongue. Voices. Voices. Some high and thin as though coming from the throats of dwarfs. Some deep, resonant, sonorous, or like unto the bull of the yak at mating time bellowing forth across a landscape. Whatever they were, I thought, they boded ill for me, a reluctant subject, an unwilling captive. I listened in some awe as the incomprehensible discussion went on. Thin pipings, deep roaring like a trumpet blast in a canyon. What manner of people were these, I wondered, could human throats have such a range of tones, overtones and semitones? Where was I? Perhaps I was worse off than even in the hands of the Chinese. Oh! For sight. For eyes to see that which now was denied me. Would the mystery vanish under the light of sight? But no, as I was to find later, the mystery would deepen. So I sat reluctant and very afraid. The tortures I had undergone in Chinese hands had rather unmanned me, made me feel that I could bear no more, no more at all. Better the Nine Dragons should come and consume me now than that I should have to endure the Unknown. So — I sat, for there was naught else to do.

‘Raised voices made me fear for my safety. Had I sight I would have made a desperate effort to escape, but one without eyes is particularly helpless, one is completely at the mercy of others at the mercy of EVERYTHING. The stone that trips, the closed door, the unknown looms ever before one, menacing, oppressive and ever fearsome. The uproar rose to a crescendo. Voices shrilled in the highest registers, voices roared like the booming of fighting bulls. I feared violence, blows which would come to me through my eternal darkness. Tightly I gripped the edge of my seat, then hastily released my hold as it occurred to me that a blow could knock me off with little harm if I gave to it, yet if I held on the impact would be the greater.

‘Fear not, said the now-familiar Voice, “this is just a

Council Meeting. No harm will come to you. We are just discussing how best to indoctrinate you.”

‘ “Exalted One,” I replied in some confusion, “I am surprised indeed to find that such Great Ones bandy words even as the lowest yak herders in our hills!” An amused chuckle greeted my comment. My audience, it appeared, was not ill-pleased with my perhaps foolish forthrightness.

‘ “Always remember this,” he replied, “No matter how high one goes, there is always argument, disagreement. Always one has an opinion which differs from the one held by others. One has to discuss, to argue, and to forcefully uphold one's own opinion or one becomes a mere slave, an automaton, ever-ready to accept the dictates of another. Free discussion is always regarded by the non-comprehending onlooker as the prelude to physical violence.” He patted my shoulder reassuringly and continued, “Here we have people from not merely many races, but from many worlds. Some are from your own solar system, some are from galaxies far beyond. Some, to you, would appear as thin dwarfs while others are truly giants of more than six times the stature of the smallest.” I heard his footsteps receding as he moved to join the main group.

‘Other galaxies? What was all this? What WERE “other galaxies”?’ Giants, well, like most people I had heard of them in fairy tales. Dwarfs, now some of those had appeared in side shows from time to time. I shook my head, it was all beyond me. He had said that I would not be harmed, that it was merely a discussion. But not even the Indian traders who came to the City of Lhasa made such hootings and trumpeting and roarings. I decided to sit still and await developments. After all, there was nothing else I could do!’

In the cool dimness of the hermit's cave the young monk sat absorbed, enthralled by this tale of strange beings. But not so enthralled that internal rumblings had gone unnoticed. Food, urgent food, that was the important matter now. The old hermit suddenly ceased to speak and murmured, ‘Yes, we must have a break. Prepare your meal. I will return.’ So saying he rose to his feet and slowly moved to his inner recess.

The young monk hurried out into the open. For a moment he

stood staring out across the landscape, then made his way to the lakeside where the fine sand, as brown as earth, gleamed invitingly. From the front of his robe he took his wooden bowl and dipped it into the water. A swirl and a flick and it was washed. Taking a little bag of ground barley from his robe he poured a meager amount into the bowl and judiciously poured in lake water from his cupped hand. Gloomily he contemplated the mess. No butter here, no tea either. Ground barley mixed into a stiff paste with water. Food! Into the bowl he dipped his finger and stirred and stirred until the consistency was just right, then, with two fingers from his right hand, he spooned out the mess and slowly and unenthusiastically ate it.

Finished at last, he rinsed the bowl in the lake water and then took a handful of fine sand. Energetically he scoured the bowl inside and out before rinsing it again and returning it — still wet — to the front of his robe. Kneeling on the ground, he spread the lower half of his robe and scooped sand on to it until he could lift no more. Lurching to his feet, he staggered back to the cave. Just inside he dumped the sand and returned to the open for a fallen branch with many small twigs. In the cave he carefully swept the hard-packed sandy earth floor before sprinkling over it a thick layer of fresh sand. One load was not sufficient; seven loads it took before he was satisfied and could sit with a clear conscience on his rolled and tattered yak-wool blanket.

He was no fashion plate for any country. His red robe was his solitary garment. Threadbare and thin in places almost to transparency it was no protection against the bitter winds. No sandals, no underwear. Nothing but the solitary robe which was doffed at night when he rolled himself in his one blanket. Of equipment he had but the bowl, the minute barley bag, and an old and battered Charm Box, long since discarded by another, in which he kept a simple talisman. He did not own a Prayer Wheel. That was for the more affluent; he and others like him had to make do with the public ones in the temples. His skull was shaven and scarred by the Marks of Manhood, burn marks where he had endured the candles of incense burning down on his head to test his devotion meditation wherein he should have been immune to pain and to the smell of burning flesh.

Now, having been chosen for a special task, he had traveled far to the Cave of the Hermit. But the day was wearing on with the Lengthening shadows and the fast chilling of the air. He sat and waited for the appearance of the old hermit.

At last there came the shuffling footsteps, the tapping of the Long staff and the stertorous breathing of that ancient man. The young monk gazed at him with new respect; what experiences he had had. What suffering he had endured, How wise he seemed! The old man shuffled round and sat down. On the instant a blood-freezing shout rent the air and an immense and shaggy creature bounded into the cave entrance. The young monk leaped to his feet and prepared to meet his death in trying to protect the old hermit. Grabbing two handfuls of the sandy soil he was about to throw it in the eyes of the intruder when he was stopped and reassured by the voice of the new-comer.

‘Greetings, Greetings, Holy Hermit!’ he bellowed as if shouting to one a mile away. ‘Your blessing I ask, your blessing on the journey, your blessing for the night as we camp by the lakeside. Here,’ he bawled, ‘I have brought you tea and barley. Your blessing, Holy Hermit. Your blessing.’ Jumping into action again, much to the renewed alarm of the young monk, he rushed before the hermit and sprawled in the freshly strewn sand before him. ‘Tea, barley, here – take them.’ Thrusting out he placed two bags beside the hermit.

‘Trader, Trader,’ expostulated the hermit mildly, ‘you alarm an old and ailing man with your violence. Peace be with you. May the Blessings of Gautama be upon you and dwell within you. May your journey be safe and swift and may your business prosper.’

‘And who are you, young gamecock?’ boomed the trader. ‘Ah!’ he exclaimed suddenly, ‘my apologies, young holy father, in the gloom of this cave I did not see at first that you are one of the Cloth.’

‘And what news have you, Trader?’ asked the hermit in his dry and cracked voice.

‘What news?’ mused the trader. ‘The Indian moneylender was beaten up and robbed and when he went crying to the

proctors he got beaten up again for calling them foul names. The price of yaks has dropped, the price of butter has gone up. The priests at the Gate are increasing their toll. The Inmost One has journeyed to the Jewel Palace. Oh, Holy hermit, there is no news. Tonight we camp by the lake and tomorrow we continue on our journey to Kalimpong. The weather is good. Buddha has looked after us and the Devils have left us alone. And do you need water carried, or a supply of fresh dry sand for your floor or is this young holy father looking after you well?’

While the shadows traveled for on their journey towards the blackness of night, the hermit and the trader talked and exchanged news of Lhasa, of Tibet, and of India far beyond the Himalayas. At last the trader jumped to his feet and peered fearfully at the growing darkness. ‘Ow! Young holy father, I cannot go alone in the darkness – DEVILS will get me. Will you lead me back to my camp?’ he implored.

‘I am under the instruction of the Venerable Hermit,’ replied the young man, ‘I will go if he will permit. My priestly robe will protect me from the perils of the night.’ The old hermit chuckled as he gave the permission. The thin young monk led the way out of the cave. The towering giant of a trader followed, reeking of yak wool and worse. Just by the entrance he chance to brush against a leafy branch. There was a squawk as a frightened bird was dislodged from its perch. The trader uttered a terrified screech – and fell fainting at the feet of the young monk.

‘Ow! Young holy father,’ sobbed the trader, ‘I thought the Devils had got me at last. I almost, but not quite, decided to give back the money I took from the Indian moneylenders. You Saved me, you beat off the Devils. Get me safe to my camp and I will give you a half-brick of tea and a whole bag of tsampa.’ This was an offer too good to miss, so the young monk put on a special show by reciting the Prayers to the Dead, the Exhortation to Unrestful spirits, and a Chant to the Guardians of the Way. The resulting uproar – for the young monk was very unmusical – scared away all the creatures who roamed by night whatever it did to any chance devils.

At last they reached the camp fire where others of the

trader's party were singing and playing musical instruments while the women were grinding up tea bricks and dropping the results into a bubbling cauldron of water. A whole bag of finely ground barley was stirred in and then one old woman reached a claw-like hand into a bag and withdrew it holding a fistful of yak butter. Into the cauldron it went, another, and yet another until the fat oozed and frothed on the surface.

The glow of the firelight was inviting, the pleasure of the trading party infectious. The young monk folded his robe decorously around him and sedately sat on the ground. An aged crone, with chin almost touching nose, hospitably held out her hand, the young monk self-consciously proffered his bowl and a generous helping of tea and tsampa was ladled in. In the thin mountain air 'boiling' was not a hundred degrees centigrade, nor two hundred and twelve Fahrenheit, but bearable to the mouth. The whole party set-to with gusto and soon there was a procession to the lake waters so that the bowl could be washed and scoured afresh in the fine river sand. The river feeding the lake brought the finest sand from higher in the mountain range, sand which frequently was flecked with gold.

The party was merry. The stories of the traders many, and their music and songs brought colour to the young man's rather dull existence. But the moon climbed higher, lighting the barren landscape with her silvery glow and casting shadows with stark reality. The sparks from the fire no longer rose in clouds, the flames died low. Reluctantly the young monk rose to his feet and with many bows of thanks accepted the gifts thrust upon him by the trader, who was SURE the young man had saved him from perdition!

At last, laden with little packages, he stumbled along by the lake, to the right through the small grove of willows and on to where the mouth of the cave glowered black and forbidding. He stopped beside the entrance for a moment and looked up at the sky. Far far above, as if approaching the Door of the Gods, a bright flame sailed silently across the sky. A Chariot of the Gods, or what? The young monk wondered briefly, and entered the cave.

## CHAPTER TWO

THE lowing of yaks and excited shouts from men and women roused the young monk. Sleepily rising to his feet he drew his robe around him and made for the entrance to the cave, determined not to miss any excitement. By the lake men were milling, trying to harness yaks which stood in the water and could not be persuaded to come out. At last, losing his patience, a young trader dashed into the water and tripped over a submerged root. Arms aflail he fell face down with a resounding smack. Great gouts of water splashed up and the yaks, now frightened, lumbered ashore. The young trader, covered in slimy mud and looking extremely foolish, scrambled ashore to the hoots of laughter from his friends.

Soon the tents were rolled up, the cooking utensils, well bur-nished by sand, packed and the whole trading caravan moved slowly off to the monotonous creaking of harness and the shouts of men in vain trying to urge more speed from the ponderous animals. Sadly the young monk stood with hands shading his eyes from the rising sun's glare. Sadly he stood and stared into the distance long after the noise had ceased. Oh why, he thought, could not he have been a trader and travel to far-off places? Why did HE always have to study things which no one else seemed to have to study. HE wanted to be a trader, or a boatman on the Happy River. HE wanted to move round, go places and see things. Little did he know then that he WOULD 'go places and see things' until his body craved peace and his soul ached for rest. Little did he think then that he would wander the face of the earth and suffer unbelievable torments. Now he just wanted to be a trader, or a boatman — anything but what he was. Slowly, with downcast head, he picked up the

betwiggled branch and re-entered the cave to sweep the floor and strew fresh sand.

The old hermit slowly appeared. Even to the inexperienced gaze of the younger man he was visibly failing. With a gasp he settled himself and croaked, 'My time is approaching, but I cannot leave until I have given you all the knowledge that is mine. Here are special and very potent herbal drops given to me by your very famous Guide for just such an occasion; should I collapse, and you fear for my life, force six drops into my mouth and I shall revive. I am forbidden to leave my body until I have finished my task.' He fumbled in his robes and produced a little stone bottle which the younger monk took with the greatest care. 'Now we will continue,' said the old man. 'You can eat when I am tired and have to rest awhile. Now — LISTEN, and take the greatest care to remember. Let not your attention wander for this is worth more than my life and worth more than yours. It is knowledge to be preserved and passed on when the time is ripe.'

After resting for some moments he appeared to regain strength, and a little colour crept back to his cheeks. Settling himself rather more comfortably, he said, 'You will have remembered all I have told you so far. Let us, then, continue. The discussion was prolonged and — in my opinion — very heated, but eventually the babble of conversation ended. There was much shuffling of many feet, then footsteps, small light footsteps like that of a bird tripping along to a grub. Heavy footsteps, ponderous as the lumbering walk of a heavily-laden yak. Footsteps which puzzled me profoundly for some of them seemed to be not made by humans such as I knew. But my thoughts on the matter of footsteps were suddenly ended. A hand grasped me by the arm and a voice said, "Come with us" Another hand grasped my other arm and I was led up a path which to my bare feet felt as though it were metal. The blind develop other senses; I sensed that we were traversing some sort of metal tube, although how that could be I could not possibly imagine.'

The old man stopped as though to picture again in his mind that unforgettable experience, then he continued, 'Soon we

reached a more spacious area as I could determine by the changed echoes. There was a metallic sliding sound in front of me, and one of the men leading me spoke in a very respectful voice to someone obviously very superior to him. What was said I have no means of knowing, for it was said in a peculiar language, a language of pipings and chirps. In answer to what was evidently an order, I was pushed forward and the metallic substance slid shut with a soft thunk behind me. I stood there feeling the gaze of someone staring hard. There was a rustle of fabric and the creak of what I imagined to be a seat similar to that which had seated me. Then a thin and bony hand took my right hand and led me forward.'

The hermit paused briefly and chuckled. 'Can you imagine my feelings? I was in a living miracle, I knew not what was before me and had to trust without hesitation those who led me. This person at last spoke to me in my own language. "Sit here," he said, at the same time pushing me gently down. I gasped with horror and fright, I felt as though falling into a bed of feathers. Then the seat, or whatever it was, gripped me most intimately where I was not used to being gripped. At the sides there were struts, or arms, presumably designed to prevent one from falling off if one slept through the strange softness. The person facing me seemed most amused at my reactions; I could tell from an ill-suppressed laugh, but many people seem to derive amusement from the plight of those who cannot see.

' "You feel strange and afraid," said the voice of the person opposite me. That definitely was an understatement! "Be not alarmed," he continued, "for you will not be harmed in any way. Our tests show that you have a most eidetic memory, so you are going to have information — which you will never forget — and which you will much later pass on to another who will come your way." It all seemed mysterious and very frightening in spite of the assurances. I said nothing but sat quietly and waited for the next remarks, which were not long in coming.

"You are going to see," continued the voice, "all the past, the birth of your world, the origin of gods, and why chariots flame across the sky to your great concern." "Respected Sir!" I exclaimed, "you used the word 'see', but my eyes have been

removed, I am blind, I have no sight at all.” There was a muttered exclamation indicative of exasperation and the rejoinder with some asperity. “We know all about you, more than you will ever know. Your eyes have been removed, but the optic nerve is still there. With our science we can connect to the optic nerve and you will see what we want you to see.”

“Will that mean that I shall permanently have sight again?” I asked.

“No, it will not,” came the reply. “We are using you for a purpose. To permanently give you sight would be to let you loose upon this world with a device far in advance of this world's science and that is not permitted. Now, enough talk, I will summon my assistants.”

‘Soon there came a respectful knock followed by the metallic sliding noise. There was a conversation; evidently two people had entered. I felt my seat moving and tried to jump up. To my horror I felt that I was completely restrained. I could not move, not even so much as a finger. Fully conscious I was moved along in this strange seat which appeared to slide easily in any direction. We moved along passageways where the echoes gave me many strange impressions. Eventually there came a sharp turn to the seat and most remarkable odors assailed my twitching nostrils. We stopped at a muttered command and hands grasped me by the legs and under the shoulders. Easily I was lifted straight up, to the side, and down. I was alarmed, terrified would be a more correct word. That terror increased when a tight band was placed around my right arm just above the elbow. The pressure increased so that it felt as though my arm was swelling. Then came a prick to my left ankle and a most extraordinary sensation as if something was being slid inside me. A further command was given and at my temples I felt two ice-cold discs. There was a buzz as of a bee droning in the distance, and I felt my consciousness fading away.

‘Bright flashes of flame flickered across my vision. Streaks of green, red, purple, all colours. Then I screamed; I had no vision, I must therefore be in the Land of the Devils and they were preparing torments for me. A sharp stab of pain — just a pinprick, really — and my terror subsided. I just did not care

any more! A voice spoke to me in my own language, saying, “Be not afraid, we are not going to hurt you. We are now adjusting so that you will see. What colour do you see now?” So I forgot my fear while I said when I saw red, when I saw green, and all other colours. Then I yelled with astonishment; I could see, but that which I could see was so strange that I could scarce comprehend any of it.

‘But how does one describe the indescribable? How does one endeavor to picture a scene to another when in one's language there are no words which are appropriate, when there are no concepts which might fit the case? Here in our Tibet we are well provided with words and phrases devoted to gods and devils, but when one comes to dealing with the works of gods or devils, I don't know which, what can one do, what can one say, how can one picture? I can only say that I saw. But my sight was not in the location of my body, and with my sight I could see myself. It was a most unnerving experience, an experience which I never want to repeat: But let me start at the beginning.

‘One of the voices had asked me to say when I saw red, to say when I saw green and other colours, and then there was this terrific experience, this white, stupendous flash, and I found that I was gazing, for that is the only word which seems appropriate, at a scene entirely alien to everything I had known. I was reclining, half lying, half sitting, propped up on what seemed to be a metallic platform. It seemed to be supported on one solitary pillar, and I was for a moment very afraid that the whole device would topple over, and me with it. The general atmosphere was of such cleanliness that I had never known. The walls, of some shiny material, were spotless, they were a greenish tinge, very pleasant, very soothing. About this strange room, which was a very large room indeed according to my standards, there were massive pieces of equipment which I just cannot tell you about because there are no words which would in any way convey their strangeness to you.

‘But the people in that room — ah, that gave me a stupendous shock, that gave me a shock that almost set me off raving and screaming, and then I thought perhaps this is just a distortion

caused by some trick of this artificial vision which they had given — no, lent — to me. There was a man standing by the side of some machine. I judged that he was about twice the height of our biggest proctors. I should say he was about fourteen feet high, and he had the most extraordinary conical shaped head, a head which went up almost like the small end of an egg. He was completely hairless, and he was immense. He seemed to be clad in some kind of greenish robe — they were all covered in green cloth, by the way — which reached from his neck right down to his ankles, and, extraordinary thought, covered the arms as far as the wrists. I was horrified to look at the hands and find that there was a sort of skin over them. As I gazed from one to the other, they all had this strange coating on the hands, and I wondered what the religious significance of that could be, or did they think that I was unclean and they might catch something from me?

‘My gaze wandered from this giant; there were two whom I should judge by their contours to be female. One was very dark, and one was very light. One had a type of kinky hair, while the other had a straight sort of white hair. But I never have been experienced in the matter of females, and so that is a subject which we should not discuss, nor should it interest you.

‘The two females were gazing at me, and then one moved her hand in the direction at which I had not yet looked. There I saw a most extraordinary thing, a dwarf, a gnome, a very very small body, a body like that of a five-year-old child, I thought. But the head, ah, the head was immense, a great dome of a skull, hairless, too, not a trace of hair anywhere in sight on this one. The chin was small, very small indeed, and the mouth was not a mouth the same as we have, but seemed to be more of a triangular orifice. The nose was slight, not a protuberance so much as a ridge. This was obviously the most important person because the others looked with such deferential respect in his, direction.

‘But then this female moved her hand again, and a voice from a person whom I had not before noticed spoke in my own language saying, “Look forward, do you see yourself?” With that the speaker came into my range of vision, he seemed to be

the most normal, he seemed to be — well, I should say that dressed up he could appear as a trader, perhaps an Indian trader, so you know how normal he was. He walked forward and pointed to some very shiny substance. I gazed at it, at least I suppose I did, but my sight was outside of my body. I had no eyes, so where had they put the thing which was seeing for me? And then I saw, on a little platform attached to this strange metal bench on which I reclined, I saw a form of box. I was on the point of wondering how I could see the thing if it was that with which I was seeing, when it occurred to me that the thing in front, the shiny thing, was some form of reflector; the most normal man moved that reflector slightly, altered its angle or tilt, and then I did shout with horror and consternation because I saw myself lying upon the platform. I had seen myself before my eyes were taken from me. At times when I had gone to the water's edge and gone to drink I had seen my reflection in the placid stream, and so I could recognize myself. But here, in this reflecting surface, I saw an emaciated figure looking almost at the point of death. There was a band around an arm, and a band around an ankle. Strange tubes came from those bands to where I saw not. But a tube protruded from a nostril, and that went to some transparent bottle, tied to a metal rod beside me.

‘But the head, the head! That I can hardly recollect and stay calm. From the head just above the forehead, protruded a number of pieces of metal with what seemed to be strings coming from those protrusions. The strings led mainly to the box which I had seen on the small metal platform beside me. I imagined that it was an extension of my optic nerve going to that black box, but I looked with increasing horror, and went to tear the things from me, and found I still could not move, I could not move at all, not a finger. I could just lie there and gaze at this strange thing that was happening to me.

‘The normal looking man put his hand out towards the black box, and had I been able to move I would have flinched violently. I thought he was poking his fingers in my sight, the illusion was so complete, but instead he moved the box a little and I had a different view. I could see around the back of the

platform on which I rested, I could see two other people there. They looked fairly normal; one was white, the other was yellow, as yellow as a Mongolian. They were just standing looking at me, not winking, not taking any notice of me. They seemed rather bored with the whole affair, and I remember thinking then that if they were in my place they certainly would not have been bored. The voice spoke again, saying, "Well, this, for a short time, is your sight. These tubes will feed you, there are other tubes which will drain you and attend to other functions. For the present you will not be able to move for we fear that if we do permit you to move you may, in frenzy, injure yourself. For your own protection you are immobilized. But fear not, no ill will befall you. When we have finished you will be returned to some other part of Tibet with your health improved, and you will be normal except that still you will have no eyes. You will understand that you could not go about carrying this black box." He smiled slightly in my direction, and stepped backwards out of the range of my vision.

'People moved about, checking various things. There were a number of strange circular things like little windows covered with the finest glass. But behind the glass there seemed to be nothing of importance except a little pointer which moved or pointed at certain strange marks. It all meant nothing to me. I gave it a cursory-glance, but it was so completely beyond my comprehension that I dismissed the affair as something beyond my understanding.

'Time passed, and I lay there feeling neither refreshed nor tired, but almost in a state of stasis, rather without feeling. Certainly I was not suffering, certainly I was not so worried now. I seemed to feel a subtle change in my body chemistry, and then at the fringe of vision of this black box I saw that one person was turning various protrusions which came from a lot of glass tubings all fitted to a metal frame. As the person turned these protrusions the little things behind the small glass windows made different pointings. The smallest man, whom I had regarded as a dwarf, but who, it seemed, was the one in charge, said something. And then into my range of vision came the one who spoke to me in my own language, telling me

that now they would put me to sleep for a time so that I should be refreshed, and when I had had nourishment and sleep they would show me what it was that they had to show me.

‘Barely had he finished speaking when my consciousness went again, as though switched off. Later I was to find that that indeed was the case; they had a device whereby instant and harmless unconsciousness could be induced at the flick of a finger.

‘How long I slept, or was unconscious, I have no means of knowing, it could have been an hour, or even a day. My waking was as instantaneous as had been my sleeping; one instant I was unconscious, the next instant I was wide awake. To my profound regret my new sight was not in operation. I was as blind as before. Strange sounds assailed my ears, the clink of metal against metal, the tinkle of glass then swift footsteps receding. Came the sliding, metallic sound and all was quiet for a few moments. I lay there thinking, marveling at the strange events which had brought such turmoil to my life. Just as apprehension and anxiety were welling strongly within me, there came a distraction.

‘Clackety footsteps, short and staccato, came to my hearing. Two sets of them accompanied by the distant murmur of voices. The sound increased, and turned into my room. Again the metallic sliding, and the two females, for thus I determined them to be, came towards me still talking in their high nervous tones — both talking at the same time, or so it appeared to me. They stopped one on each side of me, then horror of horrors, they whipped away my solitary covering. There was not a thing I could do about it. Powerless, motionless I lay there at the mercy of these females. Naked, naked as the day when I was born. Naked before the gaze of these unknown women. Me, a monk who knew nothing of women, who (let me confess it freely) was terrified of women.’

The old hermit stopped. The young monk stared at him in horror thinking of the terrible indignity of such an event. Upon the hermit's forehead a film of perspiration bedewed the tight skin as he relived the ghastly time. With shaking hands he

reached out for his bowl which contained water. Taking a few sips, he set the bowl carefully back beside him.

‘But worse was to follow,’ he faltered hesitatingly, ‘the young females rolled me on my side and forced a tube into an unmentionable portion of my body. Liquid entered me and I felt I would burst. Then, without any ceremony at all I was lifted and a very cold container was placed below my nether regions. I must in modesty refrain from describing what happened next in front of those females. But that was merely a start; they washed my naked body all over and showed a most shameless familiarity with the private parts of the male body. I grew hot all over and was covered with the utmost confusion. Sharp rods of metal were pushed into me and the tube from my nostrils was snatched out and a fresh one forced roughly in. Then a cloth was drawn over me from my neck to below my feet. Still they were not finished; there came a painful tearing at my scalp and many inexplicable things happened before a very sticky, irritating substance was plastered on. All the while the young females chattered away and giggled as though devils had stolen their brains.

‘After much time there came again the metallic slither and heavier footsteps approached, whereat the chatter of the females ceased. The Voice in my own language greeted me; “And how are you now,?”

‘ “Terrible!” I replied with feeling. “Your females stripped me naked and abused my body in a manner too shocking to credit.” He appeared to derive intense amusement from my remarks. In fact, to be quite candid, he HOOTED with laughter which did nothing to soothe my feelings.

‘ “We had to have you washed,” he said, “we had to have your body cleaned of waste and we had to feed you by the same method. Then the various tubes and electric connections had to be replaced with sterilized ones. The incision in your skull had to be inspected and re-dressed. There will be only faint scars when you leave here.” ’

The old hermit bent forward towards the young monk. ‘See’ he said, ‘here upon my head there are the five scars.’ The young monk rose to his feet and gazed with profound interest at the

hermit's skull. Yes, the marks were there, each about two inches long, each still showing as a dead-white depression. How fearsome, the young man thought, to have to undergo such an experience at the hands of females. Involuntarily he shuddered, and sat down abruptly as though fearing an attack from the rear!

The hermit continued, 'I was not mollified by such an assurance, instead, I asked, "But why was I so abused by females? Are there no men if such treatment was imperative?"

'My captor, for so I regarded him, laughed anew and replied, "My dear man, do not be so stupidly prudish. Your nude body — as such — meant nothing to them. Here we all go naked most of the time when we are off duty. The body is the Temple of the Overself and so is pure. Those who are prudish have prurient thoughts. As for the women attending to you, that was their duty, they are nurses and have been trained in such work."

' "But why cannot I move?" I asked, "and why am I not permitted to see? This is TORTURE!"

' "You cannot move," he said, "because you might pull out the electrodes and injure yourself. Or you might injure our equipment. We are not permitting you to become too accustomed to sight again because when you leave here you will once more be blind and the more you use sight here the more you will forget the senses, tactile senses, which the blind develop. It would be torture if we gave you sight until you left, for then you would be helpless. You are here not for your pleasure, but to hear and see and be a repository of knowledge for another who will come along and who will take that knowledge from you. Normally this knowledge would be written, but we fear to start another of those 'Sacred Book or Writings' furors. From the knowledge you absorb, and later pass on, this WILL be written. In the meantime, remember you are here for our purpose, not yours." '

In the cave all was still; the old hermit paused before saying, 'Let me pause for the nonce. I must rest awhile. You must draw water and clean the cave. Barley has to be ground.'

‘Shall I clean your inner cave first, Venerable One?’ asked the young monk.

‘No, I will do that myself after I have rested, but do you fetch extra sand for me and leave it here.’ He rummaged idly in a small recess in one of the stone walls. ‘After eating tsampa and nothing but tsampa for more than eighty years,’ he said somewhat wistfully, ‘I feel a strange longing to taste other food even once before passing on to where I shall not need any.’ He shook his white old head and added, ‘Probably the shock of different food would kill me.’ With that he wandered into his private section of the eave, a section which the young monk had not entered.

The young monk fetched a stout splintered branch from the entrance to the cave, and vigorously set-to to loosen the impacted floor of the cave. Scraping away the hardened surface, he swept the whole mass out into the open and scattered it well away so as not to obstruct the entrance with the discarded material. Wearily he trudged and trudged again and again from lakeside to cave carrying in his upturned robe as much sand as he could lift. Carefully he strewed the floor with the fresh sand and stamped it down. Six more trips to the shore and he had enough sand for the old hermit.

At the inner end of the cave was a smooth topped rock with a water-worn depression formed aeons ago. Into the depression he ladled two handfuls of barley. The heavy, rounded stone nearby was the obvious tool kept for the purpose. Raising it with some effort the young monk wondered how so ancient a man as the hermit, blind and enfeebled by deprivation, could manage it. But the barley — already roasted — had to be ground. Bringing the stone down with a resounding THUD he gave it a half-rotation and back before raising the stone for another blow. Monotonously he went on, pounding the barley, rotating the stone to crush the grains finer, scooping the pulverized flour out and replacing it with more grain. THUD! THUD! THUD! At last, with arms and back aching, he was satisfied with the amount. Wiping the rock and stone with sand to remove clinging grain, he carefully put the ground material in the old box kept for that purpose, and moved tiredly to the entrance to the cave.

The late afternoon sun still shone warmly. The young monk lay on a rock and idly stirred his tsampa with a forefinger to mix it. On a branch a small bird perched, head to one side, watching everything with cheeky confidence. From the still waters of the lake a large fish leaped in a successful attempt to catch a low-flying insect. Nearby, at the base of a tree, some rodent was busily burrowing quite oblivious of the presence of the young monk. A cloud obscured the warmth of the sun's rays and the young man shivered at the sudden chill. Jumping to his feet he swilled his bowl clear and polished it with sand. The bird flew off chirping in alarm, and the rodent scurried around the tree trunk and watched events with a bright and beady eye. Stuffing the bowl in the front of his robe, the young monk hurried off to the cave.

In the cave the old hermit was sitting, no longer erect, but with his back against a wall. 'I would like to feel the warmth of a fire upon me once again,' he said, 'for I have not been able to prepare a fire for myself during the past sixty years and more. Will you light one for me and we will sit by the cave mouth?' 'Most certainly,' replied the young monk, 'do you have flint or tinder?'

'No, I have nothing but my bowl, my barley box and my two robes. I do not even possess a blanket.' So the young monk placed his own tattered blanket around the shoulders of the older man, and went out into the open.

A short distance from the cave an old rock fall had littered the ground with debris. Here the young monk carefully selected two round flints which fitted comfortably in his palm. Experimentally he struck them together with a scraping motion and was gratified to obtain a thin stream of sparks at the first attempt. Putting the two flints in the front of his robe he made his way to a dead and hollow tree which obviously had been struck by lightning and killed a long time ago. In the hollow interior he probed and scratched and eventually tore off handfuls of white bone-dry wood, rotten and powdery. Carefully he put it inside his robe, then picked up dry and brittle branches which were scattered all around the tree. Laden so that his strength was sorely taxed, he made his slow way back to the

cave and thankfully dumped his load by the outer side of the entrance away from the prevailing wind so that later the cave should not be filled with smoke.

In the sandy soil he scooped a shallow depression and with his two flints beside him and the dry sticks broken into lengths he first laid a criss-cross of small twigs and covered them with the rotten wood which he rolled and twisted between his hands until it was reduced almost to the consistency of flour. Grimly he bent over, and grasping the two flints, one in each hand, he struck them sideways together so that the poor little stream of sparks should land in the tinder wood. Again and again he tried until at last a minute paricle of flame appeared. Lowering himself so that his chest was on the ground, he carefully — oh so carefully — blew towards the precious spark. Slowly it grew brighter. Slowly the minute spot grew until the young man was able to stretch out his hand and place small dry twigs around the area with some bridging the space. He blew and blew and eventually had the satisfaction of seeing actual flame grow and move along the twigs.

No mother devoted more care to her firstborn than the young man devoted to the baby fire. Gradually it grew and became brighter. At last, triumphantly, he placed larger and larger sticks on the fire which began to blaze eagerly. Into the cave he went to the old hermit. ‘Venerable One,’ the young monk said, ‘your fire is ready, may I assist you?’ Into the old man's hand he placed a stout staff, and helping him slowly to his feet he put an arm around the thin body and helped him carefully to a place beside the fire and away from the smoke. ‘I will go and collect more wood for the night,’ said the young monk, ‘but first I will place these flints and the tinder in the cave so that they will remain dry.’ So saying, he readjusted the blanket around his senior's shoulders, placed water beside him, and took the flints and the tinder into the cave to a place beside the barley box.

Leaving the cave the young monk piled more wood on the fire and made sure the old man was safe from any chance flame, then setting off he headed for the camp site which the traders had used. They might have left some wood, he thought. But no, they had left no wood at all. Better than wood, though, they had

overlooked a metal container. Obviously it had fallen unnoticed when the yaks were loaded, or when they were moving off. Perhaps another yak had bumped this container free and it had fallen behind a rock. Now, to the young monk, it was treasure indeed. Now water could be heated! A stout spike lay beneath the can, what its purpose was the young monk could not even guess, but it WOULD be useful for something, he was sure.

Industriously poking around in the grove of trees, he soon had a very satisfactory pile of wood. Journey after journey he made back to the cave dragging branches, carrying sticks. Not yet did he tell the old hermit of his finds, he wanted to be able to stay then and savour the full pleasure of the old man's satisfaction at having some hot water. Tea he had, for the trader had provided some, yet there had been no means of heating water until now.

The last load of wood was too light, it would have been a wasted journey. The young monk wandered around looking for a suitable branch. By a thicket near the water's edge he suddenly saw a pile of old rags. How they got there he could not say. Astonishment gave way to desire. He moved forward to pick up the rags and jumped a foot in the air when they groaned! Bending down he saw that the 'rags' was a man, a man thin beyond belief. Around his neck he wore a cangue, a slab of wood each side of which was about two and a half feet long. It was divided into two halves held together at one side by a hinge, and at the opposite side by a hasp and padlock. The centre of the wood was shaped to fit round the neck of the wearer. The man was a living skeleton.

The young monk dropped to his knees and pushed aside fronds of the thicket, then rising to his feet he hurried to the water and filled his bowl. Quickly he returned to the fallen man and dripped water into the slightly open mouth. The man stirred and opened his eyes. He sighed with contentment at the sight of the monk bending over him. 'I tried to drink,' he mumbled, 'and fell in. With this board I floated and nearly drowned. I was in the water for days and just recently was able to climb out.' He paused, exhausted. The young monk gave him more water and then water well mixed with barley flour. 'Can

you get this thing off?’ the man asked. ‘If you hit this lock sideways between two stones it will spring open.’

The young monk rose to his feet and went to the lakeside for two substantial stones. Returning, he placed the larger stone beneath one edge of the rock and gave it a hearty THWACK with the other. ‘Try the other edge,’ said the man, ‘and hit it where that pin goes through. Then pull it down HARD.’ Carefully the young monk turned the lock edge for edge and gave it a hearty BONK where advised. Pulling it downwards after, he was rewarded by a rusty creak — and the lock came apart. Gently he opened the slab of wood and released the man's neck, which was chafed so deeply that the blood was oozing.

‘We will burn this,’ said the young monk, ‘pity to waste it.’

## CHAPTER THREE

FOR some time the young monk sat on the ground cradling the sick man's head and trying to feed him small amounts of tsampa. At last he stood up and said, 'I shall have to carry you to the cave of the hermit.' So saying, he lifted up the man and managed to get him over one shoulder, face down, and folded like a rolled-up blanket. Staggering under the weight, he made his way out of the little grove of trees and set out upon the stony path to the cave. At last, after what seemed to be an endless journey, he reached the fire side. Gently he allowed the man to slide to the ground. 'Venerable One,' he said, 'I found this man in a thicket beside the lake. He had a cangue around his neck and he is very sick. I removed the cangue and have brought him here.'

With a branch the young monk stirred the fire so that the sparks rose upwards and the air was filled with the pleasant scent of burning wood. Pausing only to pile on more wood, he turned back to the old hermit. 'The cangue, eh?' said the latter. 'That means he is a convict, but what is a convict doing here? No matter what he has done, if he is sick we must do what we can. Perhaps the man can speak?'

'Yes, Venerable One,' muttered the man in a weak voice. 'I am too far gone to be helped physically, I need help spiritually so that I may die in peace. May I talk to you?'

'Most certainly,' replied the old hermit. 'Speak, and we will listen.'

The sick man moistened his lips with water passed to him by the young monk, cleared his throat, and said, 'I was a successful silversmith in the City of Lhasa. Business was good, even from the lamaseries came work. Then, oh blights of blights,

Indian traders came and made available cheap goods from the bazaars of India. Things they called “mass-produced”. Inferior, shoddy. Stuff I would not touch. My business fell off. Money became short. My wife could not face adversity so she went to the bed of another. To the bed of a rich trader who had coveted her before I married her. A trader who as yet was not touched by the Indian competitors. I had no one to help me. No one to care. And no one for whom I could care.’

He stopped, overcome by his bitter thoughts. The old hermit and the young monk kept silent, waiting for him to recover. At last he continued: ‘Competition increased, there came a man from China bringing even cheaper goods by the yak load. My business ceased. I had nothing but my meager supplies which no one wanted. At last an Indian trader came to me and offered an insultingly low price for my home and all that was in it. I refused, and he jeered at me saying that soon he would have it for nothing. Being hungry and sick at heart, I lost my temper and threw him out of my house. He landed on his head in the roadway and cracked his temple on a chance stone.’

Again the sick man stopped, overcome by his thoughts. Again the others kept silent while they waited for him to continue. ‘I was surrounded by throngs,’ he went on, ‘some blaming me and some speaking out in favour. Soon I was dragged before a magistrate and the tale was told. Some spoke to the magistrate for me, some spoke against me. He deliberated but a short time before sentencing me to wear the cangue for a year. The device was fetched and locked around my neck. With it on I could not feed myself, nor give myself drink, but was always dependent upon the good offices of others. I could not work and had to wander begging for, not merely food, but for someone to feed me. I could not lie down, but had always to stand or sit.’

He turned even paler, and appeared to be at the point of collapse. The young monk said, ‘Venerable One, I found a container at the site of the trader camp. I will fetch it and then can make tea.’ Rising to his feet he hurried off down the path to where he had left the container, the spike and the cangue. Casting about and delving into the undergrowth springing up

around the former camp, he found a hook that evidently belonged to the container. Filling the container with water, after scrubbing it with sand, he set off back along the path, carrying the can of water, hook, spike and cangue. Soon he was back and with great glee tossed the heavy cangue straight on the fire. Sparks shot up and clouds of smoke billowed out, while from the neck-hole in the centre of the cangue a solid column of flame funneled out.

The young monk rushed into the cave and brought out the bundles given him by the trader so recently. Brick tea. A large and very solid cake of yak butter, dusty, quite a bit rancid, but still recognizable as butter. A rare treat, a small sack of brown sugar. Outside, by the fire, he carefully slid a smooth stick through the handle of the can and placed it in the centre of the bright fire. Sliding out the stick he placed it carefully to one side. The tea brick was already broken in places so he selected some of the smaller lumps and dropped them in the water which was now beginning to get hot. A quarter of the hard butter was hacked off with the aid of a sharp flat stone. Into the now-bubbling water it went, to melt and spread a thick yellow film over the surface. A small lump of borax, part of a larger lump in the tea bag, went next in order to improve the flavor, and then, oh, wonderful treat, a whole handful of brown sugar. Seizing a freshly peeled stick the young monk stirred the mess vigorously. Now the whole surface was obscured by steam so he slid the stick under the handle and lifted out the can.

The old hermit had been following the proceedings with great interest. By sounds he had been alert to each stage of the matter. Now, without being asked, he held out his bowl. The young monk took it, and skimming the scum of dirt, sticks and froth from the concoction, half filled the old man's bowl before carefully returning it to him. The convict whispered that he had a bowl in his rags. Bringing it out, he was offered a full bowl of tea in the knowledge that he, having sight, would not spill any. The young monk filled his own bowl and sank back to drink it with the sigh of satisfaction that comes to those who have worked hard for anything. For a time all was quiet as each sat engrossed with his own thoughts. From time to time the

young monk rose to fill the bowls of his companions or his own.

The evening grew dark, a chill wind sighed through the trees making leaves whisper in protest. The waters of the lake grew, rippled, and waves soughed and sighed among the pebbles of the foreshore. Gently the young monk took the old hermit by the hand and led him back into the now dark interior of the cave, then returned for the sick man. He roused from his sleep as the young monk lifted him. 'I must talk,' he said, 'for there is little life left within me.' The young monk carried him inside the cave and scooped a depression for his hip bone and made a mound for his head. A journey outside to heap sandy soil around the fire to damp it down and keep it asmooulder throughout the night. By the morrow the ashes would still be red and it would be easy to re-ignite into vigorous flame.

With the three men, one ancient, one middle aged, and one just approaching manhood, sitting or lying close together, the convict spoke again, 'My time grows short,' he said, 'I feel that my ancestors are ready to greet me and welcome me home. For a year I have suffered and starved. For a year I have wandered from Lhasa to Phari and back seeking food, seeking aid. Seeking. I have seen great lamas who spurned me and others who were kind. I have seen the lowly give to me when they had to go hungry for it. For a year I have wandered even as the most lowly nomad. I have fought with dogs for their scraps — and then found I could not reach my mouth.' He stopped and took a drink of the cold tea which stood beside him, now thick with congealed butter.

'But how did you reach us?' asked the old hermit in his quavery voice.

'I bent to the water at the very far end of the lake to drink, and the cangue overbalanced me so that I fell in. A strong wind blew me far across the water so that I saw the night and the day and the night which followed and the day after. Birds perched upon the cangue and tried to peck my eyes, but I shouted and frightened them off. Still I drifted at a fast rate until I lost consciousness and knew no more how long I drifted. Earlier today my feet touched the bottom of the lake and roused me.

Overhead a vulture was circling so I struggled and crawled ashore to fall head first into the thicket where the young father found me. I am overtaxed, my strength is gone and soon I shall be in the Heavenly Fields.'

'Rest for the night,' said the old hermit. 'The Spirits of the Night are astir. We must do our astral journeys ere it be too late.' With the aid of his stout staff he climbed to his feet and hobbled to the inner portion of the cave. The young monk gave a little tsampa to the sick man, settled him more comfortably, and then lay down to think over the events of the day and so to fall asleep. The moon rose to her full height and majestically moved to the other side of the sky. The noises of the night changed from hour to hour. Here insects droned and whirred, while from afar came the frightened shriek of a night bird. The mountain range crackled as the rocks cooled and contracted in the night air. Nearby a Rockwell lent thunder to the night as rocks and mountain debris came tumbling down to pound a tattoo on the hard-packed earth. A night rodent called urgently to its mate, and unknown things rustled and murmured in the whispering sands. Gradually the stars paled and the first shafts heralding a new day shot across the sky.

Suddenly, as though electrified, the young monk sat bolt upright. Wide awake he sat, staring vainly, trying to pierce the intense darkness of the cave. Holding his breath he concentrated on listening. No robbers would come here, he thought, everyone knew that the old hermit had nothing. The old hermit; was he ill, the young monk wondered. Rising to his feet he felt a cautious way to the end of the cave. 'Venerable One! Are you all right?' he called.

The sounds of the old man stirring, 'Yes, is it our guest, maybe?' The young monk felt foolish, having completely forgotten the convict. Turning he hurried to where the entrance of the cave showed as a dim grey blur. Yes, the well-protected fire was still alive. Grasping a stick the young monk thrust it into the heart of the red and blew steadily. Flame appeared and he piled more sticks upon the awakening blaze. By now the first stick was well alight at the end. Seizing it, he turned and hurried into the cave.

The burning brand sent weird shadows dancing crazily on the walls. The young monk jumped as a figure loomed into the feeble torchlight. It was the old hermit. At the young monk's feet the convict lay huddled, legs drawn up to his chest. The torch reflected in his wide-open eyes giving them the impression of winking. The mouth drooped open and a thin line of dried blood wandered from the corners down his cheeks and formed a turgid pool by his ears. Suddenly there came a rattling gurgle and the body twitched spasmodically, heaved up into a taut bow and relaxed with a violent and final exhalation of breath. The body creaked and there was the gurgle of fluids. The limbs became limp and the features flaccid.

The old hermit and the young monk together intoned the Service for the Release of Departing Spirits and gave telepathic directions for his passage to the Heavenly Fields. Outside the cave the light became brighter. Birds began to sing as a fresh day was born, but here there was death.

'You will have to remove the body,' said the old hermit. 'You must dismember it and remove the entrails so that the vultures can ensure a proper air burial.'

'We have no knife, Venerable One,' protested the young monk.

'I have a knife,' replied the hermit, 'I am keeping it that my own death may be properly conducted. Here it is. Do your duty and return the knife to me.'

Reluctantly the young monk picked up the dead body and carried it out of the cave. Near the rockfall there was a large flat slab of stone. With much effort he lifted the body on to the level surface and removed the soiled and tattered rags. High overhead there sounded the beating of heavy wings, the first vultures had appeared at the odour of death. Shuddering, the young monk plunged the point of the knife into the thin abdomen and drew it down. From the gaping wound the intestines came bulging out. Quickly he grasped the slimy coils and pulled them out. On the rock he spread the heart, liver, kidneys and stomach. Hacking and twisting he cut off the arms and legs. With naked body covered with blood he hurried from the dreadful scene and rushed to the lake. Into the water he rushed

and scrubbed and scrubbed himself with handfuls of fine wet sand. Carefully he washed the old hermit's knife and scoured it clean with sand.

Now he was shivering with cold and shock. The wind blew icy upon his nude body. The water trickling down felt almost as though the fingers of death were drawing lines upon his shuddering skin. Quickly he leapt out of the water and shook himself like a dog. Running, he drove a little warmth back into his body. By the cave mouth he picked up and donned his robe, previously discarded so that it would not be soiled by contact with the dismembered dead. Just as he was about to enter the cave he remembered his task was not completed; slowly he retraced his steps to the stone where vultures still fought over the choicest morsels. The young man was amazed at how little was left of the body. Some vultures sat contentedly on nearby rocks and placidly preened their feathers, others pecked hopefully among the exposed ribs of the corpse. Already they had removed all the skin from the head leaving the skull bare.

Picking up a heavy rock, the young monk brought it down with shattering force on the skeletal skull, cracking it like an eggshell and — as intended — exposing the brains for the ever hungry vultures. Then, grabbing the rags and bowl of the dead man, he rushed back to the fire and tossed rags and bowl into the blazing centre. To one side, still red hot, there lay the metal parts of the cangue, the last and only remnants of what had once been a wealthy craftsman with a wife, houses, and high skills. Pondering the matter, the young monk turned about and entered the cave.

The old hermit was sitting in meditation but roused as his junior approached. 'Man is temporary, Man is frail,' he said, 'Life on Earth is but illusion and the Greater Reality lies beyond. We will break our fast and then continue the transfer of Knowledge, for until I have told you ALL I cannot leave my body and I then want you to do for me what you have just done for our friend the convict. Now, though, let us eat, for we must maintain our strength as best we can. Do you fetch water and heat it. Now with my end so near, I can afford to indulge my body to that small extent.'

The young monk picked up the can and walked out of the cave and down to the lakeside, fastidiously avoiding the place where he had washed off the dead man's blood. Carefully he scoured the can inside and out. Carefully he scoured the old hermit's bowl as well as his own. Filling the can with water he carried it in his left hand and dragged along a very substantial branch with his right. A solitary vulture came swooping down to see what was happening. Landing heavily, it hopped a few steps then flapped into the air again with a shriek of anger at having been fooled. Further up to the left an over-gorged vulture was vainly trying to get into the air. It ran, leaped, and energetically beat the air with flailing wings, but it had eaten too much. Finally giving up, it tucked its head beneath a wing in shame and went to sleep while waiting for Nature to reduce its weight. The young monk chuckled to think that even vultures could eat too much, and he wondered wistfully what it would be like to have even the opportunity of eating too much. He had never had enough, like most monks, he always felt hungry to some degree.

But the tea had to be made, Time did not stand still. Putting the can in the fire to heat the water, he passed into the cave to get the tea, the butter, borax and sugar. The old hermit sat waiting expectantly.

But — one cannot sit drinking tea for too long when the fires of life are burning low and when an aged man's vitality slowly ebbs. Soon the old hermit settled himself anew while the young monk was tending the fire, the 'Old One's' precious fire after more than sixty years without, years of cold, years of utter self-denial, years of hunger and privation, which only Death could end. Years when the otherwise complete futility of existence as a hermit was softened by the knowledge that there was, after all, a TASK! The young monk came back into the cave smelling of fresh wood smoke. Quickly he seated himself before his senior.

'In that far-off Place so long ago, I was resting on the strange metal platform. The man, my captor was making clear to me that I was there not for my pleasure but for theirs, to be a Repository of Knowledge,' said the old man. 'I said, "but how

can I take an intelligent interest if I am merely held captive, an unwilling un-co-operative captive who has not the vaguest idea of what it is all about or where he is? How CAN I take an interest when you regard me as less than the dust? I have been handled worse than we handle a dead body which is to be fed to the vultures. We show respect to the dead and to the living; you treat me as excreta which has to be thrown on a field with as little ceremony as possible. And yet you claim to be civilized, whatever that means!”

‘The man was obviously shaken, and not a little impressed by my outburst. I heard him pacing the room. Forward, a scrape of feet as he turned around. Backwards and then forwards again. Suddenly he stopped beside me and said: “I will consult my superior.” Rapidly he moved away and obviously picked up some hard object. It went whirr whirr whirr, and then hrrr hrrr. A sharp metallic click and a staccato sound came from it. Speech, I judged. The man with me spoke at length, making the same sort of peculiar sounds. Clearly there was a discussion which went on for some few minutes. Click, clang, came from the machine, and the man came back to me.

‘“First I am going to show you this room,” he said, “I am going to tell you about us, what we are, what we are doing, and I am going to attempt to enlist your aid by understanding. First, here is sight.”

‘Light came to me, sight came to me. A most peculiar sight too; I was looking up at the underside of the man's chin, looking up his nostrils. The sight of the hairs in the nostrils amused me greatly for some reason, and I began to laugh. He bent down and one of his eyes filled the whole of my vision. “Oh!” he exclaimed, “someone has tipped up the box.” The world whirled about me, my stomach churned and I felt nausea and vertigo. “Oh! Sorry,” said the man, “I should have switched off before rotating the box. Never mind, you will feel better in a moment or so. These things happen!”

‘Now I could see myself. A horrid experience it was to see my body lying so pale and wan and with so many tubes and attachments coming from it. It was a shock indeed to see myself and see that my eyelids were tight-closed. I was lying on

what appeared to be a thin sheet of metal supported on just one pillar. Attached to the pillar foot were a number of pedals, while standing by me was a rod which held glass bottles filled with coloured fluids. These were in some way connected to me. The man said, "You are upon an operating table. With these pedals" — he touched them — "we can put you in any desired position." He stepped on one and the table swung around. He touched another and the table tilted until I feared that I might fall. Another, and the table rose until I could see right under it. A most uncanny experience which caused the strangest sensations in my stomach.

'The walls obviously were of metal of a most pleasant green colour. Never before had I seen such fine material, smooth, without blemish and clearly some special form of joining must have been employed for there was no sign even of where walls, floor and ceiling ended or commenced. The walls "flowed", as one might say, into the floor or into the ceiling. No sharp corners, not a single sharp edge. Then a section of the wall slid aside with that metallic rumble I had come to know. A strange head poked through, looked around briefly and as abruptly withdrew. The wall slid shut.

'On the wall in front of me there was an array of little windows, some of them about the size of a large man's palm. Behind them pointers stood at certain red or black marks. Some larger rectangular windows attracted my interest; an almost mystical blue glow emanated from them. Strange spots of light jiggled and danced in some incomprehensible pattern, while at yet another window a brown-red line wavered up and down in strangely rhythmical forms, almost like the dance of a serpent, I thought. The man — I will call him my Captor — smiled at my interest. "All these instruments indicate YOU," he said, "and here are indicated nine waves from your brain. Nine separate sine waves with the output from your brain electricity superimposed upon them. They show you are of superior mentality. They show you have truly remarkable ability to memorize, hence your suitability for this task."

'Very gently turning the sight-box, he pointed to some strange glassware which previously had been beyond my range

of vision. “These,” he explained, “continually feed you through your veins and drain off waste from your blood. These others drain off other waste products from your body. We are now in the process of improving your general health so that you will be fit enough to withstand the undeniable shock of all that we are going to show you. Shock there will be, because no matter that you consider yourself to be an educated priest, compared to us you are the lowest and most ignorant savage, and what to us is commonplace, to you it will be miracles beyond belief almost, and a first introduction to our science causes severe psychic shock. Yet this must be risked and there is a risk although we make every effort to minimize it.”

‘He laughed, and said, “In your temple services you make much ado about the sounds of the body — oh yes! I know all about your services — but have you REALLY heard body sounds? Listen!” Turning, he moved to the wall and pressed a shining white knob. Immediately from a lot of small holes came sounds which I recognized as the body sounds. Smiling, he twisted another knob, and the sounds increased and filled the whole room. Throb, throb, went the heart sounds in such volume that the glassware behind me rattled in sympathy. A touch of the knob again, and the heart sounds went, and there came the gurgle of fluids in the body, but as loud as a mountain stream rushing across a stony bed in its anxiety to get to the sea so very far away. There came the sigh of gases like a storm rushing through leaves and branches of mighty trees. Plops and splashes as though great boulders were being toppled into some deep deep lake. “Your body,” he said. “Your body sounds. We know EVERYTHING about your body.”

‘ “But, Unhonoured Captor,” I said, “THIS is no marvel, THIS is no miracle. We poor ignorant savages here in Tibet can do as well as that. We too can magnify sound, not so vastly, agreed, but we can still do it. We can also release the soul from the body — and bring it back.”

‘ “Can you?” He looked at me with a quizzical expression on his face, and said, “You do not scare easily, eh? You think of us as enemies, as captors, eh?”

‘ “Sir!” I replied, “you have shown me no friendship yet, you

have shown me no reason why I should trust you or co-operate with you. You keep me a paralyzed captive as some wasps keep their captives. There are those among you who appear to me to be devils; we have pictures of such and we revile them as nightmare creatures from some hellish world. Yet here they are consorts of yours “

“Appearances can be misleading,” he replied. “Some of these are the kindest of people. Others, with saintly mien, would stoop to any low act that occurred to their perverted minds. Yet you, you — like all savage people, are led astray by the outward appearances of a person.”

“Sir!” was my response, “I have yet to decide upon which side your interests lie, good or evil. If they be good, and I be convinced, then and then only will I co-operate. Otherwise I will use any means I can to circumvent your aims, no matter the cost to me “

“But surely,” was his somewhat cross rejoinder, “you will agree that we saved your life when you were starving and ill?”

‘I put on my gloomiest expression as I answered, “Saved my life — for WHAT? I was on my way to the Heavenly Fields, you dragged me back. Nothing you can do now will be so unkind. What is life to a blind man? How can one who is blind study? Food, how shall I get food now? No! There was no kindness in prolonging my life; you even stated before that I am not here for my pleasure but for YOUR purpose. Where is the kindness in that? You have me trussed up here and I have been the sport of your females. Good? And where is all this good you mention?”

‘He stood looking at me, hands on his hips. “Yes,” he said at last, “from your point we have not been kind, have we? Perhaps I can convince you, though, and then you WILL be useful Indeed.” He turned and walked to the wall. This time I saw what he did. He stood facing a square filled with small holes and then pushed a black dot. A light shone above the holed-square and grew into a luminous mist. There, to my stupefaction, a face and head formed in living colours. My captor spoke at length in that strange, outlandish tongue and then stopped.

To my petrified amazement, the head swiveled in my direction, and bushy eyebrows were raised. Then a small grim smile appeared at the corners of the mouth. There was a barked terse sentence, and the light faded. The mist swirled and seemed to be sucked into the wall. My captor turned to me with every sign of satisfaction on his face. "Right, my friend," he said, "you have proved that you are a strong character, a very tough man with whom to deal. Now I have permission to show you that which no other member of your world has seen."

'He turned to the wall again and stabbed the black spot. The mist formed again with this time the head of a young female. My captor spoke to her, obviously giving orders. She nodded her head, stared curiously in my direction, and faded away.

' "Now we will have to wait a few moments," said my captor. "I am having a special device brought in and I am going to show you places on your world. Cities of the world. Have you any choice where you would like to see?"

' "I have no knowledge of the world," I replied. "I have not traveled."

' "Yes, but surely you have heard of SOME city," he expostulated.

' "Well, yes," was my answer, "I have heard of kalimpong."

' "Kalimpong, eh? A small Indian border settlement; can't you think of some better place? How about Berlin, London, Paris, or Cairo? Surely you want to see something better than Kalimpong?"

' "But, sir," I replied, "I have no interest in those places you mentioned. The names convey nothing to me except that I have heard traders discuss such places, but it means nothing to me, nor am I interested. Nor if I saw pictures of these places could I say if it were true or not. If this wonderful contraption of yours can do what you say it can do — then show me Lhasa. Show me Phari. Show me the Western Gate, the Cathedral, the Potala. I know those and will be aware if your device is true or some clever trick "

'He looked at me with a most peculiar expression on his face; he appeared to be in a state of stupefaction. Then he pulled

himself together with a visible jerk and exclaimed: "Taught my business by an unlettered savage, eh? And the fellow is right too. There is something in this native cunning after all. Of COURSE he has to have a frame of reference otherwise he will be not at all impressed. Well! Well!"

'The sliding panel was abruptly jerked aside and four men appeared guiding a very large box which seemed to be floating on air. The box must have been of considerable weight because although it appeared to float without weight it took much effort to start it moving, or to change its direction, or to stop it. Gradually the box was edged into the room where I lay. For a time I was fearful that they were going to upset my table as they pushed and pulled. One man bumped into the eye box and the resulting gyrations left me for a time sick and dizzy. But at last, after much discussion, the box was placed against a wall directly in line with my sight. Three of the men withdrew and shut the panel behind them.

'The fourth man and my captor engaged in animated discussion with much waving of hands and gesticulations. At last my captor turned to me and said, "He says that we cannot bring in Lhasa because it is too close, we have to be further away so that we can focus."

'I said nothing, took no notice at all, and after a short wait my captor said, "Would you like to see Berlin? Bombay? Calcutta?"

'My reply was, "No, I would not, they are too far away for me!"

'He turned back to the other man and a quite acrimonious argument followed. The other man looked as if he wanted to weep; he waved his hands in utter frustration and in desperation dropped to his knees in front of the box. The front slid off and I saw what appeared to be just a large window — and nothing more. Then the man took some bits of metal from his clothing and crawled to the back of the strange box. Strange lights shone in the window, swirls of meaningless colours formed. The picture wavered, flowed, and eddied. There was an instant when shadows formed which MIGHT have been the Potala, but again, it might equally have been smoke.

‘The man crawled out from the rear of the bog, mumbled something, and hurried from the room. My captor, looking very displeased, said, “We are so close to Lhasa that we cannot focus. It is like trying to see through a telescope when one is closer than that instrument will focus. It works well at a distance, but close up No telescope will focus. We have the same trouble here. Is that clear to you?”

‘“Sir.” I replied, “you talk of things I do not understand. What is this telescope you mention? I have never seen one. You say that Lhasa is too close; I say it is a very long walk for a very long time. How can it be too close?”

‘An agonized expression shone on my captor's face; he clutched his hair and for a moment I thought he would dance on the floor. Then he calmed himself with an effort and said, "When you had your eyes, did you ever bring something so that your eyes could not focus? THAT is what I mean, WE CANNOT FOCUS AT THIS SHORT RANGE!!!"

## CHAPTER FOUR

‘I LOOKED at him, or at least felt as though I looked at him, because it is a most difficult experience that a man can undergo to have his head in one place and his sight many feet away, coming from a distant place. Anyway, I looked at him and I thought, what marvel can this be? The man says that he can show me cities on the other side of the world yet he cannot show me my own country. So I said to him, “Sir, will you put something in front of the sight box so that I may judge of this matter of focus for myself?”

‘He nodded his head in instant agreement, and cast round for a moment as though wondering what to do. Then he took from the bottom of my table a translucent sheet of something upon which there were very strange markings, markings such as I had never seen before. Obviously it was meant to be writing, but he turned over what appeared to be a few sheets and then he came to something which apparently satisfied him immensely because he gave a pleased smile. He held the thing behind his back as he approached my sight box.

‘“Well now my friend!” he exclaimed, “let us see what we can do to convince you.” He slid something in front of my sight box, very close it was and to my astonishment all I could see were blurs, nothing was clear. There was a difference, part was a white blur, part was a black blur, but it meant nothing to me, nothing at all. He smiled at my expression — I could not see him smile but I could “hear” him smile; when one is blind one has different senses. I could hear his face and muscles creak, and as he had smiled often before I knew that those creaks meant that he was smiling now.

‘“Ah, “ he said, “getting home to you at last, am I? Now,

watch carefully. Tell me when you can see what this is.” Very slowly he pulled the obscuring sheet backwards, gradually it came clear to me, and I saw with considerable astonishment that it was a picture of me. I do not profess to know how this picture was produced, but it actually showed me lying on the table looking at the men who were carrying in the black box. My jaw dropped open in profound amazement. I must have looked like a real country yokel, certainly I felt one, I felt the heat rising and my cheeks were burning with embarrassment. There I was, done up with all those things sticking out of me, there I was watching the four men maneuver that box, and the look of astonishment on my face in the picture really did get home to me.

“All right,” said, my captor, “obviously you get the point. To drive it home let us go through it again.” Slowly he held the picture so that I could see it, and moved it closer to the eye box. Slowly it got unclear until I could see a whitish blackish blur, and nothing more. He whipped it away and then I could see the rest of the room again. He stood back a few paces and said, “You cannot read this, of course, but look. Here are printed words. You can see them clearly?”

“I can see them clearly, sir,” I responded, “I can see them very clearly indeed.”

“So then he brought the thing closer to my eye box and again there was that blurring of vision. “Now,” he said, “you will appreciate our problem. We have a machine or device, call it what you will, which is a very much greater counterpart of this eye box we are using on you, but the principle would be utterly beyond you. It is such, however, that we can with it see all around this world but we cannot see anything which is fifty miles away. Fifty miles away is too close just the same as when I brought this a few inches from your eye box you could not see it. I will show you Kalimpong.” With that he turned aside and did something to some knobs which were upon the wall.

“The lights in the room dimmed, they were not extinguished, but they dimmed so that the light was akin to that which follows immediately the setting of the sun beyond the Himalayas. A cool dimness where the Moon has not yet risen, and

where the Sun has not yet withdrawn all its light. He turned to the back of the big box and his hands moved over something that I could not see. Immediately lights glowed in the box. Quite slowly scenery formed. The high peaks of the Himalayas, and upon a trail a caravan of traders. They crossed a little wooden bridge beneath which a rushing torrent threatened to engulf them should they but slip. They reached the other side and they followed a trail through rough pasture land.

‘For some minutes we watched them, and the view was that which a bird would obtain, a view as though one of the Gods of the Sky were holding the eye box and gently floating across the still barren terrain. My captor moved his hands again and there was an absolute blur of motion, something came into sight and went by. My captor moved his hands in the opposite direction, the picture steadied, but — no, it was not a picture, it was the actual thing. This was not a picture, this was reality, this was truth. This was looking down through a hole in the sky.

‘Below I saw the houses of Kalimpong, I saw the streets thronged with traders, I saw lamaseries with yellow robed lamas and red robed monks wandering about. It was all very strange. I had some difficulty in locating places because I had been to Kalimpong only once, and that was when a young boy, and I had seen Kalimpong from foot level, from the level of a small boy standing. Now I was seeing it — well, I suppose I was seeing it from the air as the birds see it.

‘My captor was watching me intently. He moved certain things and the image or landscape, or whatever one is to call such a marvelous thing, blurred into speed and steadied again. “Here,” said the man, “is the Ganges which, as you know, is the Sacred River of India.”

‘I knew a lot about the Ganges. Sometimes traders from India would bring magazines with pictures in them. We could not read a single word of writing in those magazines but the pictures — ah! That was different. Here before me, unmistakably, was the actual River Ganges. Then to my quite stupefied surprise it dawned on me that I was hearing as well as seeing. I could hear the Hindus chanting, and then I saw why. They had a body laid out on a terrace by the water's edge and

they were sprinkling the body with the Holy Water of the River Ganges before conveying it to the burning ghats.

‘The river was crowded, it seemed absolutely amazing that there could be so many people in the world, let alone in a river. Females were disrobing in a most shameless manner on the banks, but so were the men. I felt myself going hot all over at such a display. But then I thought of their Temples, the terraced Temples, the Grottos, and the Colonnades, and I looked and I was amazed. This was reality indeed, and I began to be confused.

‘My captor — for I must still remember, he was my captor — my captor, then, moved something and there was a blur of motion. He peered into that window intently, and then the blurring stopped with quite a jerk. “Berlin,” he said. Well, I knew Berlin was a city somewhere in the Western world, but all this was so strange that really it didn't convey much to me. I looked down and thought that perhaps it was the novel viewpoint which was distorting everything. Here there were tall buildings, remarkably uniform in size and shape. I had never seen so much glass in my life, there were glass windows everywhere. And then on what seemed to be a very hard roadway there were two metal rods set into the road itself. They were shiny and they were absolutely uniform in their distance apart. I just could not understand it.

‘Around a corner and into my range of vision walked two horses, one behind the other, and, I hardly expect you to believe this, but they were drawing what appeared to be a metal box on wheels. The horses walked between the metal bars and the wheels of the metal box actually rode along those bars. The box had windows, windows all the way around, and peering in I could see people, people inside the box, people being drawn along. Right in front of my sight (I almost said “right in front of my eyes” so accustomed was I now to this sight box) the device drew to a halt. People got out of the box and others got in. A man went to the front, in front of the first horse, and poked about in the ground with another rod. Then he got back into the metal box and drove off, and the box then turned to the left, off the main set of rods on to another.

‘I was so amazed at this that I couldn't look at anything else, I had no time for anything else. Just this strange metal box on wheels carrying people. But then I looked at the sides of the road where there were people. Men were there in remarkably tight clothing. They had garments on their legs which seemed very very narrow, and outlined the exact contours of the legs. And on the head of each man there appeared the most remarkable bowl shaped thing, upside down, and with a narrow rim around it. It caused me some amusement because they did look peculiar, but then I looked at the females.

‘I had never seen anything like it. Some of these females were almost uncovered at the top of their body, but the lower part of the body was absolutely wrapped in what seemed to be a black tent. They seemed to have no legs, one could not even see their feet. With one hand they clutched the side of this black tent thing, apparently in an effort to keep the bottom from dragging in the dust.

‘I looked some more, I looked at the buildings, and some of those buildings were truly noble edifices. Down the street, a very wide street, came a body of men. They had music coming from the first lot of men. There was much shiny, and I wondered if it was gold and silver instruments they had, but as they came nearer I saw that the instruments were of brass and some were just metal. These were all big men with red faces, and they were all dressed in some martial uniform. I burst out laughing at the strutting way in which they were walking. They were bringing their knees right up so the upper limb was quite horizontal.

‘My captor smiled at me and said, “Yes, it's a very strange march indeed but that is the German goosestep which the German army use on ceremonial occasions.” My captor moved his hands again, once more there was this blurring, once more the things behind the window of the box dissolved into forming mist, then stopped and solidified. “Russia,” said my captor, “the Land of the Czars. Moscow.”

‘I looked, and snow was upon the land. Here, to, they had strange vehicles, vehicles such as I had never imagined. There was a horse harnessed to what appeared to be a large platform

fitted with seats. That large platform was raised several inches from the ground by things which looked like flat metal strips. The horse drew this contraption along, and as it moved it left depressions in the snow.

‘Everyone was wearing fur and their breath was coming like frozen steam from their mouths and nostrils. They looked quite blue with the cold. But I looked about at some of the buildings, thinking how different they were from the ones I had seen before. They were strange, they were great walls standing up, and beyond the walls rooftops were bulbous, almost like onions upside down with their roots projecting up into the sky. “The Palace of the Czar,” said my captor.

‘A glint of water caught my sight, and I thought of our own Happy River which I had not seen for so long. “That is the Moscow River,” said my captor. “It is a very important river indeed.” Upon it there rode strange vessels made of wood and with great sails hanging from poles. There was little wind about so the sails were hanging flaccid, and men had other poles with flattened ends which they moved so that the flat ends dipped in the river, and so propelled the craft.

‘But all this — well, I did not see the point of it, so I said to the man, “Sir, I have seen undoubted marvels, no doubt it would interest many, but what is the point of it, what are you trying to prove to me?”

A sudden thought occurred to me. Something had been nagging at the back of my mind for the last several hours, something which now leaped into my consciousness with insistent clarity. “Sir, captor!” I exclaimed. Who are you? Are you God?”

‘He looked at me rather pensively as if he were nonplussed by what was obviously an unexpected question. He fingered his chin, ruffled his hair, and shrugged his shoulders slightly. Then he replied, “You would not understand. There are some things which cannot be comprehended unless one has reached a certain stage. Let me answer you by asking you a question. If you were in a lamasery and one of your duties was to look after a herd of yaks, would you answer a yak who asked you what you were?”

‘I thought about it, and then I said, “Well, sir, certainly I

should not expect a yak to ask me such a question, but if he did ask me such a question I should regard it as proof that he was an intelligent yak, and I should go to some trouble to try to explain to him what I was. You ask me, sir, what I would do about a yak who asked me a question, and I reply to you that I would answer that yak to the best of my ability. In the conditions which you mention I would say that I was a monk and that I had been appointed to look after those yaks, and that I was doing my best for those yaks, and I regarded them as my brothers and my sisters although we were in different forms. I would explain to the yak that we monks believed in re-incarnation, I would explain that we each came down to this Earth to do our appointed task and to learn our appointed lessons so that in the Heavenly Fields we could prepare to journey on to even higher things.”

‘ “Well spoken, monk, well spoken,” said my captor. “I regret exceedingly that it takes one of the lower orders to give me a sense of perspective. Yes, you are right, you have amazed me greatly, monk, by the perception you have shown and, I must say, by your intransigence because you have been rather firmer than I should be if I should be so unfortunate as to be placed in comparable circumstances.”

‘I felt bold now, so I said, “You refer to me as one of the lower orders. Before that you referred to me as a savage, uncivilized, uncultured, knowing nothing. You laughed at me when I admitted the truth that I knew nothing of great cities in this world. But, sir, I told you the truth, I told you the truth, I admitted my ignorance, but I am seeking to lighten that ignorance and you are not helping me. I ask you again, sir; you have made me captive entirely against my will, you have engaged in great liberties with my body, the Temple of my Soul, you have indulged in some most remarkable events, apparently designed to impress me. I might be more impressed, sir, if you answered my question, because I know what I want to know. I ask you again — who are you?’

‘For some time he just stood there, looking embarrassed. And then he said, "In your terminology there are no words, no concepts which would enable me to explain the position. Before

a subject can be discussed a first requisite is that both sides, both parties, shall understand the same terms, shall be able to agree on certain precepts. For the moment let me just tell you that I am one who can be likened to the medical lamas of your Chakpori. I am charged with the responsibility of looking after your physical body and preparing you so that you can be filled with knowledge, when I am satisfied that you are ready to receive that knowledge. Until you are filled with this knowledge, then any discussion on who I am or what I am would be pointless. Just accept for the moment that what we are doing is for the good of others, and that although you may be highly incensed at what you consider to be liberties we are taking with you, yet after, when you know our purpose, when you know what we are, and you know what you and your people are, you will change your opinion.” With that he switched off my sight and I heard him leave the room. I was again in the dark night of blindness, and again alone with my thoughts.

‘The dark night of blindness is a dark night indeed. When I had been blinded, when my eyes had been gouged out, gouged out by the filthy fingers of the Chinese, I had known agony, and even with my eyes removed I had seen, or seemed to see, bright flashes, swirling lights without shape or form. That had subsided throughout subsequent days, but now I had been told that a device had been tapped in to my optic nerve and I could indeed believe it, I had every reason to believe it. My captor had switched off my sight, but an after-memory of it remained. Again I was experiencing that peculiar contradictory sensation of numbness and tingling in the head. It might seem absurd to talk of feeling numb and tingling at the same time, but that is how I felt, and I was left with my numb-tingling, and all the swirling lights.

‘For a time I lay there considering all that had happened to me. The thought occurred to me that perhaps I was dead, or mad and all these things were but a figment of a mind leaving the conscious world. My training as a priest came to my rescue. I used age-old discipline to re-orientate my thoughts. I — STOPPED REASON and so permitted my Overself to take over. No imagination this, this was the REAL thing; I was being used

by Higher Powers for Higher Purposes. My fright and panic subsided. Composure returned to me and for some time I ticked over in my mind in rhythm to the beating of my heart. Could I have behaved differently, I wondered. Had I exercised all caution in my approach to new concepts? Would the Great Thirteenth have acted otherwise if He had been in a similar position? My conscience was clear. My duty was plain. I must continue to act as a good Tibetan Priest and all would be well. Peace suffused me, a feeling of well-being enveloped me like a warm yak-wool blanket protecting against the cold. Somehow, sometime, I drifted off into a dreamless, untroubled sleep.

‘The world was shifting. Everything seemed to be rising and falling. A strong sensation of motion and then a metallic CLANG woke me abruptly from my slumber. I was moving, my table was moving. There came the musical chink and tinkle of all the glassware being moved as well. As I remembered, all those things had been attached to the table. Now everything was on the move. Voices surrounded me. High voices, low voices. Discussing me, I feared. But what strange voices, so different from anything I had known. There was movement of my table, but silent movement. No sliding, no grating. Merely a floating. This, I thought, must be how a feather feels when it is blown upon the wind. Then the table motion changed direction. Obviously I was being guided down a corridor. Soon we entered what was clearly a large hall. The echoes gave a resonance of distance, considerable distance. A final rather sickening swaying sweep, and my table clanged down upon what my experience told me was a ROCK floor, but how could this be? How could I suddenly be in what my senses told me was a cave? My curiosity was soon set at rest, or was it whetted? I have never been sure.

‘There was a continual babble of talk, all in a language quite unknown to me. With the clanging of my metal table upon the rock floor, a hand touched my shoulder and the voice of my captor said, ‘Now we will give you sight, you should be sufficiently rested by now.’ There was a scraping and a click. Colours whirled around me, lights flashed, grew dim, and

settled down to a pattern. Not a pattern that I understood, not a pattern that conveyed anything to me. I lay there wondering what it was all about. There was an expectant silence. I could FEEL people looking at me. Then a short, sharp, barked question. My captor's footsteps coming swiftly towards me. "Can you not see?" he asked.

"I see a curious pattern," I replied, "I see that which has no meaning for me, a pattern of wavy lines, of swaying colours and flashing lights. That is all I see." He muttered something and hurried away. There was a muted talk and the sound of metallic objects being touched together. Lights flickered and colours flared. Everything whirled in a mad ecstasy of alien patterns, steadied, and I saw.

'Here was a vast cavern some two hundred or more feet high. Its length and breadth were beyond my computation for they faded into dim darkness far beyond my range of vision. The place was huge and it contained what I could only liken to an amphitheater, the seats of which were filled by — what shall I call them? — creatures which could only have come from a catalogue of gods and devils. Yet strange as these things were, an even stranger object hung poised in the centre of the arena. A globe which I perceived to be the world hung before me, slowly rotating while from afar a light shone upon it as the light from the sun shone upon this Earth.

'There was now a hushed silence. The strange creatures stared at me. I stared back at them although I felt small and wholly insignificant before this mighty throng. Here were small men and women, seemingly perfect in every detail and of god-like mien. Radiating an aura of purity and calm. Others there were who also were man-like but with a curious, quite incredible bird head complete with scales or feathers (I could not at all distinguish which) and with hands which, although human in shape, still had astounding scales and claws. Also there were giants. Immense creatures who loomed like statues and overshadowed their more diminutive companions. These were undeniably human, yet of such size as to overwhelm one's comprehension. Men and women, or male and female. And others who could have been either, or neither. They sat and

stared at me until I grew uncomfortable under their steady gaze.

‘To one side sat a god-like creature stern visaged and erect. In gorgeous, living colours he sat calmly regal like a god in his heaven. Then he spoke, again in an unknown tongue. My captor hurried forward and bent over me. “I shall put these things in your ears,” he said, “and then you will understand every word which is said here. Do not be afraid.” He grasped the upper edge of my right ear and pulled it upwards with one hand. With the other he inserted some small device into the ear orifice. Then he leaned over further and did the same to my left ear. He twisted a small knob attached to a box beside my neck and I heard sound. It dawned upon me that I could understand the strange tongue which formerly had been incomprehensible. There was no time to wonder at this marvel, I had perforce to listen to the voices around me, voices which I now understood.

‘Voices which I now understood, a language which I now understood. Yes, but the grandeur of the concepts was far above my limited imagination. I was a poor priest from what had been described as “the terrain of savages” and my comprehension was not sufficient to enable me to perceive the meaning of that which I now heard and had thought to be intelligible. My captor observed that I was having difficulties and hastened again towards me. “What is it?” he whispered.

‘“I am too ill-educated to understand the meanings of any except the simpler words,” I whispered back. “The things which I heard have no meaning at all for me; I cannot COMPREHEND such lofty thoughts.” With a very worried expression on his face, he hesitantly walked to a large official — clad in gorgeous clothes — who stood near the Throne of the Great One. There was a whispered conversation, then the two walked slowly towards me.

‘I tried to follow the talk going on about me, but succeeded not at all. My captor leaned over me and whispered; “Explain to the Adjutant your difficulty.”

‘“Adjutant?” I said to him, “I do not even know what the word means.” Never before had I felt so inadequate, so ignor-

ant, so utterly frustrated. Never before had I felt so out of my depth. The Adjutant person smiled down at me and said, "Do you understand what I am saying to you?"

“I do indeed, Sir,” was my reply, “but I am utterly ignorant of the whole matter of the Great One's talk. I cannot COMPREHEND the subject, the CONCEPTS are beyond me.” He nodded his head and replied: “Our automatic translator obviously is to blame, it is not fitted to your metabolism nor to your brain pattern. No matter, the Surgeon-General, whom we believe you refer to as your captor, will deal with the matter and will prepare you for the next session. This is a trifling delay and I will explain it to the Admiral.”

‘He nodded amiably to me and strode off to the Great One. Admiral? What was an Admiral, I wondered. What was an Adjutant? The terms had no meaning at all for me. I composed myself to await developments. The one referred to as the Adjutant reached the Great One and spoke quietly to him. It all appeared very unhurried, very tranquil. The Great One nodded his head, and the Adjutant beckoned to the one who was called Surgeon-General, or my captor. He went forward, and there was an animated discussion. At last my captor put his right hand to his head in the strange gesture which I had noticed, turned towards me, and walked briskly to me at the same time making motions apparently to someone beyond my range of vision.

‘The talk continued. There had been no interruption. A large man was on his feet and I had the impression that he was discussing something about food supplies. A strange female jumped to her feet and made some sort of answer. It appeared to be a strong protest at something which the man had said. Then with face red — with anger? — she sat down abruptly. The man continued unperturbed. My captor reached me and muttered, “You have disgraced me, I SAID you were an ignorant savage.” Crossly he wrenched the things from my ears: With a quick sweep of his hand he did something which instantly deprived me of sight again. There was the rising sensation, and I felt my table moving away from that huge cave. Not at all carefully my table and equipment was pushed along a

corridor, there came metallic squeaks and clangs, a sudden change of direction, and an unpleasant feeling of falling. With quite a bang my table hit the floor and I guessed that I was again in the metal room from whence I came. Curt voices, the rustle of cloth and the shuffle of feet. The slither of the sliding metal door, and I was left alone again with my thoughts. What was it all about.? WHO was the Admiral? WHAT was the Adjutant? And WHY was my captor called Surgeon-General? What WAS this place? The whole thing was far, far beyond me. I lay there with burning cheeks, feeling hot all over. I was mortified almost beyond endurance that I had comprehended so very very little. Quite definitely I had acted like an ignorant savage — they must have thought as I would have thought if I had regarded a yak as a sentient person and had so addressed him but without result. Perspiration broke out all over me as I contemplated how I had brought shame to my priestly caste by my sheer inability to understand; I felt TERRIBLE!

‘There I lay, enmeshed in my misery, prey to the darkest and most ignoble thoughts, full of the deep suspicion that we all were savages to these unknown people. I lay there — and sweated.

‘The door screeched open and giggling and chattering uproar filled the room. Those unmentionable females again. With great elan they ripped off my single sheet once again leaving me as naked as a new-born baby. Without ceremony I was rolled on to my side, a cold sheet of something clammy was slid under my length, and violently I was rolled back to the other side. There was a sharp YANK as the edge of the sheet was pulled further under me — for a moment I feared that I would be precipitated off the table. Female hands grasped me and urgently scoured me with sharp, stinging solutions. Roughly I was rubbed dry with what felt to be old sacking. The most intimate portions of my body were prodded and poked and strange implements were introduced.

‘Time dragged on; I was goaded almost beyond endurance but there was naught that I could do. Most thoroughly had I been immobilized against just such a contingency. But then began such an assault upon me that at first I feared I was being

tortured. Females gripped my arms and legs and twisted them and bent them at all angles. Hard hands dug into the muscles of my body and kneaded me as though I were but a mass of dough. Knuckles made depressions in my organs and I was left gasping for air. My legs were wrenched far apart and the unceasingly chattering females drew long woolen sleeves over my feet, up my legs, and near unto my thighs. I was lifted by the back of my neck so that I was bent forward from the waist, some form of garment was thrust around my upper body and appeared to be tied over my chest and abdomen.

‘A strange, evil-smelling foam impinged upon my scalp and instantly a rattling buzz sounded. The source of the buzz touched me and made even my teeth rattle — the few I had remaining after the Chinese had knocked most of them out. There was a shearing sensation that reminded me of yaks being shorn of their wool. A rough wipe, so rough that I felt the skin must surely peel, and another form of mist landed upon my defenseless head. The door slithered again, and there came the sound of male voices. One I recognized, that of my captor. He came to me, and using my own language, said, “We are going to expose your brain, there is nothing to worry about. We are going to put electrodes right into your—” The words had no meaning for me except to indicate that I was in for another bad time and that I could do nothing at all about it.

‘Strange odours pervaded the air. The chattering females fell silent. All talk ceased. Metal clanged against metal. There came the gurgle of fluids and I felt a sudden sharp prick in my upper left arm. Violently my nose was grasped and some strange tubular device was rammed up my nostrils, and down my throat. Around my skull I felt a succession of sharp pricks which instantly gave way to numbness. There came a high-pitched whine and a most horrid machine touched my skull and crawled all around it. It was sawing off the top of my head! The terrible, grinding pulsation penetrated every atom of my being; I had the impression that every bone in my whole body was vibrating in protest. At last, as I could well feel, the whole of the top of my head was cut off with the exception of a small flap of flesh which left my skull hinged at that point. By now I

was in a state of terror, a strange form of terror, because although I was terrified, yet I determined that death itself would not make me murmur.

‘Indescribable sensations now assailed me. Without any obvious reason I suddenly uttered a long-drawn out, “Ah-hhhahhhhahhhh.” Then my fingers began violently to twitch. A stinging in my nostrils made it imperative that I sneeze violently — but I could not sneeze. But worse was to follow. Suddenly there stood before me my maternal grandfather. He was clad in the dress of a government official. He was speaking to me with a kind smile on his face. I looked at him — then the impact came to me; I did NOT look at him. I had no eyes! What magic was this? At my amazed exclamation, during which the apparition of my grandfather vanished, my captor moved to my side. “What is it?” he queried. I told him. “Oh, that’s NOTHING!” he exclaimed. “We are merely stimulating certain centres of your brain that you may comprehend the more easily. We see that you have ability, but you have been sunk in the sloth and stupor of superstition and will not permit yourself to open your mind. We are doing it for you.”

‘A female screwed the small ear devices into my ear orifices and for her roughness she might well have been screwing tent pegs into hard soil. There was a click and I could understand the outlandish language. I could COMPREHEND too. Words like cortex, medulla oblongata, psychosomatic, and other terms were now clear to me in their meanings and implications. My basic intelligence quotient was being enhanced — and I knew what it all meant. But it was an ordeal. It was exhausting. Time seemed to stand still. People appeared to walk round endlessly. Their idle chatter was unceasing. The whole affair became entirely boring. I longed to be out and away, out from this place of strange odours, from this place where the top of my head had been cut off like the top of a hard boiled egg. Not that I had ever seen a hard boiled egg, that was for the traders and those who had money, not for poor priests who lived on tsampa.

‘From time to time people would address remarks to me, questions, how was I? Did I have pain? Did I think I saw something? What colour did I imagine I saw? My captor stood

beside me awhile and told me that various centres were being stimulated and that I should, during the course of the treatment, experience sensation which could frighten me. Frighten me? I had been frightened the whole time, I told him. He laughed at that and casually remarked that as a result of the treatment I was now having I should have to live as a solitary hermit the whole of a long life because of the increased perceptions I should have. Never would anyone live with me, he said, until almost at the end of my life a young man would come to take all the knowledge I had and to carry it on and eventually place it before an unbelieving world.

‘At last, after what appeared to be an eternity, my bony skull cap was replaced. Strange metal clips were pushed in to join the two halves together. A strip of cloth was wound round and round my head, and all departed save one female who sat beside me. From the rustle of paper it was evident that she was reading instead of paying attention to her duties. There came the soft plop of a book falling and then rhythmic snores from the female. I decided that I too would sleep!’

## CHAPTER FIVE

IN the cave the old hermit suddenly ceased to speak, and placed his hands with fingers outspread on the sandy earth beside him. Lightly those sensitive fingers made contact with the soil. For a moment he concentrated, then said: 'Shortly we shall receive a visitor.' The young monk looked at him in a dumbfounded manner. Visitor? What visitor would be coming here? And how was HE so sure? There had been no sound, no change in the voices of nature beyond the cave. For perhaps ten minutes they sat thus, erect, expectant.

Suddenly the bright-limned oval that was the entrance to the cave dimmed and became a black blur. 'Are you there, Hermit?' yelled a high-pitched voice. 'Faugh! Why do hermits live in such dark and inaccessible places?' Into the cave waddled a short, very fat monk with a sack over his shoulder. 'I've brought you some tea and barley,' he said. 'It was for the Hermitage of Far Beyond, but THEY won't want it anymore and I'm not carrying this lot back.' With a gasp of satisfaction he swung the sack from his shoulder and let it fall to the ground. Like a tired man he sank to the ground too and sat with his back propped up against a wall. How slovenly, thought the young monk, why does he not sit correctly as we do? Then the answer came to him; the other monk was too fat to sit crossed legged with any degree of comfort!

The old hermit spoke mildly, 'Well, what news, Messenger? Is the Great Outside this working?' The Messenger Monk groaned and wheezed; 'I wish you would give me something for this fat,' he said. 'They tell me at Chakpori that I have glandular trouble, but they do not give me anything to make it better.' His eyes, now adjusted to the deep gloom of the cave

after leaving the bright sunlight, glanced around. 'Oh! I see you have the Young Man here,' he said, 'I heard he was coming to you. How is he making out? As bright as they say?'

Without waiting for an answer he went on, 'Rockfall up higher a few days ago. Keeper of the Hermitage at Far Beyond got caught by a boulder and fell over the cliff. Vulture stuffing now, eh?' He went off into peals of laughter at the thought. 'Hermit in the cave died of thirst,' he went on, 'there was only the Keeper and the Perpetual Hermit and he was walled up. No water — no life, eh?'

The young monk sat silent, thinking of the solitary hermits. Strange men who had 'a call' to retire from all and every contact with the world of Man. With a monk volunteer such a 'solitary' would journey up the mountain side and find a hermitage which had been abandoned. Here he would enter an inner room which had no window. His volunteer 'Keeper' would build a wall so that the hermit would never again be able to leave the room. In the wall would be just one small opening large enough to take a bowl. Through this opening, once every two days, would be passed a bowl of water from a nearby mountain spring, and just a handful of grain. Not a single chink of light would ever enter the hermit's room so long as he lived. Never again would he speak or be spoken to. Here, for as long as he lived, he would remain in contemplation, freeing the astral body from the physical and journeying far in the astral planes.

No illness, no change of mind would secure his release. Only death would do that. Outside the sealed room the Keeper would live and have his own existence, always being sure that no sound reached the immured hermit. Should the Keeper fall ill and die, or should he fall over the cliff, then the hermit must die too, usually of thirst. In that very small room, unheated no matter how severe the winter, the hermit would have his being. A bowl of cold water every two days. Cold water, never warmed, no tea, just the coldest of cold water from the spring which ran direct from the icy mountain slopes. No hot food. One handful of barley every two days. At first the pangs of hunger would be terrible as the stomach shrank. The pangs of

thirst would be worse. The body would become dehydrated, almost brittle. Muscles would waste away through lack of food, water, and exercise. The normal body functions would almost cease as less water and less food were taken. But the hermit would never leave the room, all that had to be done, all that Nature COMPELLED him to do, would have to be done in one corner of the room where time and cold would reduce waste to frozen dust.

Sight would go. At first there would be vain strainings against the perpetual blackness. Imagination would in the early stages supply strange 'lights', almost authentic well-lit 'scenes.' The pupils would dilate and the eye-muscles atrophy so that should an avalanche destroy the roof, the sunlight would burn out the hermit's sight as surely as though he had been struck by lightning.

Hearing would become abnormally acute. Imaginary sounds would appear to float in to torment the hermit. Snatches of conversation would seem to originate in thin air and be cut off as soon as he attempted to listen. The balance would go next. He would find that he toppled over sideways, or frontways, or backwards. Soon he would hear his approach to a wall. The slightest disturbance of the air by raising an arm would sound as a wind storm. Before long he would hear his heart-beat like a mighty engine throbbing away. There would come the loud gurgling of fluids within the body, the exhalation of organs disgorging their secretions and, as his hearing became even more acute, the faint slithering of muscle tissue on muscle tissue.

The mind would play strange tricks on the body. Erotic pictures would plague the glands. The walls of the black room would seem to crowd in; the hermit would have the strongest sensation of being crushed. Breathing would become hard, labored, as the air became stale. Only every two days was the stone removed from the small gap in the inner wall so that a bowl of water, a handful of barley, and life-giving air could enter. Then it would be blocked up again.

When the body was mastered, when all the emotions had been conquered, the astral vehicle would float free like smoke

rising from a bonfire. The material body would lie supine on the littered floor and only the Silver Cord would unite the two. Through the stone walls would pass the astral. Down the precipitous paths it would wander while it savored the joys of being free from the chains of the flesh. Into lamaseries it would creep and telepathic and clairvoyant lamas would converse with it. Neither night nor day, or heat or cold could impede it, nor the stoutest doors provide an obstacle. The council chambers of the world were ever available and there was no sight nor experience which the astral travelers could not witness.

The young monk pondered on these things and then thought of the hermit lying dead in the old hermitage two thousand feet above. The fat monk was talking: 'We shall have to break down the wall and haul him out. I entered the hermitage and went to call at his food door. Faugh! The stench. He was VERY dead indeed. We cannot leave him there. I am away to Drepung to get help. Oh well, the vultures will be glad when we get him out, they LIKE their meat high and they are perching all over the hermitage screeching to get at him. Ah me, I must get on my old horse and chunter along back; I haven't the figure for these mountain jaunts.'

The fat monk waved a hand vaguely in the air and wandered off towards the cave entrance. The young monk rose stiffly to his feet, a leg injury causing him to mutter 'words' beneath his breath. Curiously he followed the departing monk out into the open. A horse was cropping leisurely at the sparse vegetation. The fat monk waddled over to him and with quite an effort got a leg over the horse's back. Slowly they moved off towards the lake where other men on horses were waiting. The young monk stood gazing at them until the whole party moved out of sight. Sighing wistfully he turned and looked up the sheer cliff towering toward the heavens. Far above the walls of the Hermitage Far Beyond gleamed white and red in the sunlight.

For a whole year, in the days of long ago, a hermit and his helper had labored mightily to build the hermitage from the stones scattered around. Levering them into place, cementing stone upon stone, and building an inner room so that no light at

all could ever enter the inmost space. For the entire year they labored until they were satisfied with the basic structure. Then came the making of limewash from local stones and applying it in a dazzling white coat. Next came the grinding of ochre and mixing it with water from the bounding nearby stream. Painting it on walls which projected over the two thousand foot precipice. Decorating it so that it would be a lasting monument to a man's piety. And all the time the hermit and his helper exchanged not a word. There came the day when the new hermitage was finished and consecrated. The hermit stood looking out over the plain of Lhasa, looking out for the last time over the world of Man. He turned slowly to enter the hermitage — and fell dead at the feet of his helper.

Throughout the years others had been hermit there. Lived there walled into the inner room, died there and been dug out of the stone room and fed to the ever-ready vultures. Now another had died there. Of thirst. Helpless. With helper gone there was no hope, no way to get vital water, nothing to do but to lie down and die. The young monk turned his gaze down from the hermitage, following the path made by the mountain rockfall. Bright grazes down the mountain side. A scar scraped right through the lichen and small scrub and gouged into the rock itself. Down where the mountain flank met the ground there was a fresh pile of rocks. Beneath the rocks a body.

Thoughtfully the young man entered the cave, picked up the can and strode off down to the lake to get fresh water. With the can freshly scoured, and filled with water, he was ready for another task. Peering around, he frowned with dismay. There were no fallen branches in sight. No more easy-to-reach twigs. He would have to go further afield in search of fuel. Into the copse he wandered. Small animals stopped their never-ending search for food to stand on hind legs and stare curiously at the invader of their domain, Here there was no fear, here animals did not fear Man for here Man lived in harmony, in sympathy, with the animals.

At last the young monk reached an area where a small tree had fallen. Breaking off the biggest branches that his young strength would permit, he turned again and dragged them one

by one back to the entrance of the cave. Fetching the can of water, he soon had tea and tsampa ready once again. The old man sipped gratefully at the hot tea. The young monk was fascinated at his manner of drinking. In Tibet all food containers such as cups and bowls are held with two hands in order that respect may be shown to the food that nourishes. The old hermit, through long practice, held the bowl with two hands so that a finger of each hand overlapped the inner edge. Should there be any danger of spilling, through not being able to see the angle of the liquid, a finger on one side would get wet and so would warn the old man. Now he sat there contentedly, greatly appreciating hot tea after decades of cold water.

‘It is strange,’ he said, ‘that after more than sixty years of sheer austerity, I now crave hot tea. I crave also the warm comforting glow brought by the fire — have you noticed how it warms the air of our cave?’

The young monk looked at him in compassion. Such little desires, so little comfort. ‘Do you never get out, Venerable One?’ he asked.

‘No, never,’ replied the hermit. ‘Here I know every stone. Here loss of sight does not trouble me greatly, but to venture outside where there are boulders and precipices — THAT is another matter! I could even walk off the bank and fall into the lake; I could leave this cave and be unable to retrace my steps.’

‘Venerable One,’ said the young monk diffidently, ‘how did you get to this remote, inaccessible cave, did you find it by chance?’

‘No, I did not,’ answered the old man. ‘When the Men from Another World finished with me they brought me here. They **MADE THIS CAVE SPECIALLY FOR ME!**’ He sat back with a satisfied smile, well knowing what an effect that would have on his listener. The young monk rocked and almost tipped over backwards, so great was his amazement. ‘MADE it for you?’ he stuttered, ‘but how could they cut such a hole as this in the mountain?’

The old man chuckled with glee. ‘Two men brought me here,’ he said, ‘they brought me on a platform that flew through

the air even as the birds fly. It was noiseless — more noiseless than the birds, because they creak; I can hear their pinions squeak as they beat the air. I can hear their feathers as the wind rustles through. THIS thing in which I came was as silent as a shadow. It rose in the air without effort, there was no draft, no sensation of speed. The two men made it alight here.'

'But why HERE, Venerable One?' queried the young monk.

'Why?' responded the old man. 'Why? Well think of the advantages. It is a few hundred yards off the trade route and so traders come to me for advice or blessings and they pay me by providing barley. It is near the trails leading to two small lamaseries and seven hermitages. I need not starve here. I get news. Lamas call upon me, they know my mission — and they know YOURS!'

'But, Sir,' persisted the young monk, 'surely it made an awful commotion when passers-by found a deep cave here where none had been before.'

'Young man,' chortled the hermit; 'YOU have been about here, did you notice any caves between here and By Waters? No? There are no less than nine. You were not interested in caves and so you did not notice them.'

'But how was this cave made by two men, it must have taken months!' The young man was bewildered.

'By the magic of what they called atomic science,' answered the old hermit patiently; 'One man sat on the flying platform and looked about in case there should be onlookers. The other held a small device in his hand, there was a roaring like hungry devils, and — so I was told — all the rock vaporized leaving this as two chambers. In my inner chamber there is a very small trickle of water which fills my bowl twice a day. Ample for my requirements, and it was so arranged as I could not visit the lake for water. If I have no barley — as has happened from time to time, I eat the lichen which grows in the inner cave. It is not pleasant, but it sustains life until I again have barley.'

The young monk rose to his feet and walked to the cave wall nearest the light of day. Yes, the rock DID look peculiar, akin to the tunnels of extinct volcanoes he had seen in the Chang Tang highlands. The rock looked as though it had been melted,

dripped, and cooled into a glass-hard surface without roughness or projections. The surface seemed transparent and through its clarity could be seen the striations of the natural rock with here and there gleaming veins of gold. At one point, he saw, the gold had melted and had started to flow down the wall as a thick syrup, then it had cooled and had been covered by the glass formed when the silicon dioxide layer had failed to crystallize during that cooling. So the cave had natural glass walls!

But there were household duties to be done; not all time was for talk. The floor had to be cleaned, water fetched, and firewood to be broken into suitable sizes. The young monk seized the sweeping branch and set to without marked enthusiasm. Housework was a bore! Carefully he swept over his sleeping place, carefully he moved toward the entrance, still sweeping. His sweeping branch struck a small mound in the floor, dislodged it, and there uncovered lay a brownish-green object. Crossly the young monk stooped to remove the intruding stone, wondering how THAT got there. He grasped the object and jumped back with an exclamation; this was not a stone, this was — what? Cautiously he peered at the thing and prodded it with a stick. It rolled over, chinking. He picked it up and hurried to the old hermit with it. ‘Venerable One!’ he called, ‘I have discovered a strange object beneath where the convict lay.’

The old man stumbled out from his inner chamber. ‘Describe it to me,’ he commanded.

‘Well,’ said the young monk, ‘it appears to be a bag as large as my two clenched fists. It is of leather or some kind of animal skin.’ He fumbled at it. ‘And there is a string round its neck. I will get a sharp stone.’ He hurried out of the cave and picked up a sharp-edged flint. Returning, he sawed at the thing around the neck of the bag. ‘Very tough,’ he commented. ‘The whole thing is slimy with damp and is covered with mildew, still, ah! I’ve cut it.’ Carefully he opened the bag and tumbled the contents on the skirt of his robe. ‘Gold coins,’ he said, ‘I have never seen money before, only pictures of it. Shiny bits of coloured glass. Wonder what THEY are for? And here are five gold rings with bits of glass stuck in them.’

‘Let me feel them,’ ordered the hermit. The young monk lifted his robe and guided his superior's hand to the little pile. ‘Diamonds,’ said the hermit. ‘Rubies — I can tell by the vibration — and. . . .’ the old man fell silent as he slowly fingered the stones, the rings and the coins. At last he drew a deep breath and remarked, ‘Our convict must have stolen these things, I feel that they are Indian coins. I feel EVIL in them. They are worth a very great sum of money.’ He mused in silence for a moment and then said very abruptly, ‘Take them, take them and throw them as far as you can into the deepest part of the lake. They will bring ill if we keep them here. There is lust, murder and misery in them. Take them, Quickly!’ So saying, he turned and slowly crept back into the inner chamber. The young monk piled the things back in the leather bag and walked out of the cave towards the lake. At the water's edge he spread the things on a flat rock and examined them curiously, then taking a gold coin he held it between finger and thumb and threw it forcefully so that it skipped from wavelet to wavelet until with a final plop it sank beneath the water. Coin after coin followed. Then the rings, and the stones, until none were left.

Rinsing his hands, he turned and smiled with amusement, a large fish-eating bird had flown off with the empty bag and two other birds were following in hot pursuit. Humming a verse from the Chant to the Dead, the young monk turned about and made his way back to the cave — and housework.

But housework does not last for ever. There came the time when the young monk could put aside the well-worn twiggy branch which he used as a broom. There came the time when he could look about him appreciatively and see clean sand on the floor, a pile of wood by the low fire, the can full of water and when he could rub his hands together as a sign that HOUSEWORK for the day was finished. Now came the time when young, alert memory cells were ready to receive and store information.

The old hermit came shuffling out of the inner chamber. Even to the inexperienced gaze of the young monk the old man was visibly failing. Slowly the hermit settled himself on the ground and adjusted his robe around him. The younger man

took the proffered bowl and filled it with cold water. Carefully he placed it beside the old one and guided his hand to the edge so that he would know the exact location. Then he too sat on the ground and waited for his senior to speak.

For a time there was no sound as the ancient man sat and marshaled his thoughts in an orderly manner. Then, after much hawking and clearing of his throat, he commenced. ‘The female slept, and then I slept. But I did not sleep for long. She was snoring horribly and my head was throbbing. It felt as though my brain was swelling and trying to push off the top of my skull. There came a pounding in the blood vessels of my neck and I felt upon the verge of collapse. There came a change in the tempo of snores, the sound of a foot shuffling, and abruptly, with a remarkable exclamation, the female leaped to her feet and rushed to my side. There came the sound of tinkles and clinks and a different rhythm in the rushing of the fluids circling within me. In a moment or two the pulsing in my brain ceased. The pressure in my neck ended and the cut bone edges jarred and thrummed no longer.

‘The female bustled about moving things, making glass clink against glass and metal against metal. I heard her creak as she bent to pick up the fallen book. Some article of furniture squealed as it was pushed along the floor to a new position. Then she moved to the wall and I heard the slither and slight clang as the door was slid shut behind her. There came the sound of her footsteps diminishing down the corridor. I lay there and thought of all that had happened to me. I HAD to lie there, because I could not move! Definitely something had been done to my brain; I was more alert. I could think more clearly. Previously there had been many woolly thoughts which, because I had been unable to bring them into sharp focus, I had pushed to somewhere in the obscure background of my mind. Now, ALL thoughts were as clear as the waters of a mountain stream.

‘I remembered being born. My first sight of the world into which I had then been precipitated. The face of my mother. The wizened face of the old woman helping at the birth. Later, my father handling me, the new-born baby, as though he were

afraid of me — the first new-born baby he had seen. I remembered his alarmed expression and his concern at the sight of such a red and wrinkled face. Then scenes of early childhood came to me. Always it had been my parents' desire to have a son who would become a priest and bring honour to the family. School, and a whole crowd of us sitting upon the floor practising writing upon slabs of slate. The monk-teacher going from one to another giving praise or reprimands and to me saying that as I did well I should stay longer so that I might learn more than my companions.

‘My memory was complete. I could recall with ease pictures which had appeared in magazines brought by the Indian traders, and pictures which I did not even know that I had seen. But memory is a two-edged instrument; I recalled in all detail torture at the hands of the Chinese. Because I had been seen carrying papers from the Potala the Chinese had assumed that they were State secrets and so had kidnapped me and tortured me to make me reveal them. Me, just a humble priest whose most secret knowledge was of how much the lamas ate!

‘The door slid open with metallic sibilance. Immersed in my thoughts I had not noticed approaching footsteps along the corridor. A voice asked, “How are you now?” and I felt my captor standing by my side. As he spoke he busied himself with the strange applets to which I was connected. “How are you now?” he asked again.

‘“Fair,” I replied, “but unhappy at all the strange things which have happened to me. I feel like a sick yak in the market square!” He laughed and turned away to a far side of the room. I could hear the rustle of paper, the unmistakable sound of pages being turned.

‘“Sir!” I said, ‘what is an Admiral? I am greatly puzzled. And what is an Adjutant?’

‘He set down a heavy book, or at least it sounded like a book, and came over to me. “Yes,” he replied, with compassion in his voice, “I suppose from your point of view we HAVE treated you rather badly.” He moved, and I heard him draw up one of those strange metal seats. As he sat upon it it creaked alarmingly. “An Admiral,” he said amusingly. “Well, it is quite an ex-

planation and one which you will have later, but let us assuage your immediate curiosity. You are on a vessel which travels through space, the SEA of space we call it, because at the speed at which we travel the sparse matter in space is encountered so rapidly that it feels like a sea of water. Do you follow?" he asked.

"I thought about it and — yes — I followed by thinking of our Happy River and the skin boats which traversed it. "Yes, I do," I responded. "Well then," he continued, "our ship is one of a group. This is the most important of them. Each ship — including this — has a captain, but an Admiral is, let us say, a captain of all the captains. Our term for that is 'Admiral'. Now, in addition to our space sailors, we have soldiers aboard and it is usual to have a very senior soldier-officer to act as 'assistant' to the Admiral. We call such an assistant an Adjutant. To refer it to your own terms, an abbot has a chaplain, one who does all the general work while leaving the great decisions to his senior."

"That was clear enough for me; I was just pondering the matter when my captor bent lower and WHISPERED: "And PLEASE do not refer to me so much as your CAPTOR. I am the senior surgeon of this ship. Again, in your own terms of reference — I am akin to the senior medical lama of Chakpori. You call me Doctor, not Captor!" It really amused me to know that even such great men had their foibles. A man such as he being distressed that an ignorant savage (as he had termed me) called him "Captor". I resolved to humour him, so I replied meekly, "Yes, Doctor." My reward was that of a most gratified look and a pleasant nod of his head.

"For some time he was intent upon certain instruments which appeared to be connected to my head. Many adjustments were made, fluid flows varied, and strange things which left a tingling to my scalp. After some time he said, "You will rest for three days. By that time the bones will have knit and forced-healing will be well under way. Then, provided you are as well as we hope, we shall take you back to the Council Chamber and show you many things. I do not know if the Admiral will want to speak to you, if he does, fear not. Just speak to him as you

would to me.” As an afterthought, he added, ruefully, “Or rather more politely!” He gave me a light pat on the shoulder, and left the room.

‘I lay there, immobile, thinking of my future. Future? What future was there for a blind man? What should I do if I ever left this place alive, or did I even WANT to leave alive? Should I have to beg for my living like the beggars who swarmed at the Western Gate? Most of them were fakes, anyway. I wondered where I would live, where I should obtain food. Ours was a hard climate and was no place for a man who had no home – nowhere to rest his head. I worried and exhausted by all the events and the worries, I fell into a fitful sleep. From time to time I sensed the sliding door open and the presence of people who came maybe to see that I was yet alive. Clicks and tinkles failed to more than rouse me from the threshold of sleep. There was no way in which I could compute the passage of time. In normal conditions we used our heartbeats to mark the elapsing of minutes, but this was hours, and hours during which I was not conscious.

‘After what seemed to be a long interval, during which I appeared to hover between the world of material and spirit, I was rudely roused to a state of quick awareness. Those fearful females had again descended upon me like vultures upon a corpse. Their giggling chatter offended me. Their lewd liberties with my defenseless body offended me more. Yet I could not speak their language, I could not even move. A marvel it was to me that females such as these, members of the so-called weaker sex, could have such hard hands and harder emotions. I was emaciated, frail, and in remarkably poor condition, yet these females moved me around as callously as though I were a block of stone. Lotions were daubed upon me, foul smelling unguents were rubbed into my shrinking skin, and tubes were snatched from my nostrils and other locations and were as roughly replaced. I shuddered in spirit and wondered anew what devilish stroke of fate had decreed that I should endure such humiliations. . . .

‘With the departure of the offensive females peace came upon me for but a short time. Then the door slid open again

and my captor, no, I must remember to say, “the doctor”, entered and closed the door after him. “Good morning, you are awake, I see,” he said pleasantly.

“Yes, Sir Doctor,” I replied somewhat grumpily, “there is no possibility of sleep when those chattering females descend upon me like a plague!” That seemed to amuse him greatly. By now, presumably because he was beginning to know me better, he was treating me more like a human, although a half-witted human. “We have to use those nurses,” he said, “so that you will be looked after, kept clean, and smelling sweetly beautiful. You have been powdered, perfumed, and prepared for another day of rest.”

‘Rest! REST! I wanted no rest, I wanted to get out. But where was there for me to go? As the doctor stood there examining the site of the operation on my skull, I thought anew of all that he had told me, when was it? Yesterday? Or the day before that? I did not know. I DID know that one thing puzzled me very greatly. “Sir Doctor,” I said, “you told me that I was on a vessel of space. Is my understanding correct?”

“Of course it is,” he replied. “You are aboard the flagship of this supervisory fleet. Now we are resting upon a mountainous plateau in the Highlands of Tibet. Why?”

“Sir!” I answered, “when I was in that chamber before all those astonishing people, I saw that we were in a vast STONE chamber; how can a STONE chamber be on this vessel?”

‘He laughed as though I had made the greatest joke. Recovering, he said, amid chuckles, “You are alert, very alert. And you are correct. This rocky plateau upon which this vessel rests was formerly a volcano. There are deep passages and immense chambers through which, in ages long gone, molten lava flowed and spewed forth. We use those passages, and we have increased the volume of those chambers for our own purposes. We use this site extensively — different ships use it from time to time. You were taken from the ship and into a rock chamber.”

‘Taken from the ship into a rock chamber! That accounted for the strange impression I had received, an impression of leaving a metal corridor for a rock chamber. “Sir Doctor,” I

exclaimed, "I know of tunnels and rock chambers; there is a large concealed chamber within Potala Mountain, it has a lake as well."

' "Yes," he remarked, "our geophysical photographs have shown it to us. We did not know that you Tibetans had discovered it, though!" He went on with his fiddling — I was very aware that he was making changes to the fluids coursing through the tubes and into my body. An alteration in my body temperature became apparent and without my conscious volition my breathing became slower and deeper; I was being manipulated like a puppet in the market place.

' "Sir Doctor!" I remarked eagerly, "your vessels of space are known to us, we term them The Chariots of the Gods. Why do you not make contact with our leaders? Why do you not declare your presence openly? Why do you have surreptitiously to abduct such as I?"

'There was a sharp indrawing of breath and a pause before he finally replied, "Well, ah, er, I mean to say," he stammered, "if I tell you the reason it will merely evoke in you those most caustic remarks which are good for neither of us.'

' "No, Sir Doctor," I replied, "I am your prisoner even as I was the prisoner of the Chinese, I cannot afford to provoke you. I am trying in my uncivilized way to understand things — which presumably is also your desire."

'He shuffled around with his feet and clearly was deciding what was best to do. Coming to a decision, he said, "We are the Gardeners of the Earth, and, of course, of many other inhabited worlds. A gardener does not discuss his identity or plans with his flowers. Or, to elevate matters a little, if a yak-herder finds a yak who appears brighter than average the herder still does not go up to him and command, 'take me to your Leader.' Nor does the herder discuss with the intelligent yak matters which clearly are beyond the yak's comprehension. It is not our policy to fraternize with the natives of any of the worlds we supervise. We did that in eons past and it brought disaster to all and gave rise to fantastic legends in your own world."

'I sniffed in anger and disdain; 'First you say I am an uncivilized savage, and now you call me, or liken me, to a yak.' I

expostulated. “Then if I am so low — WHY DO YOU KEEP ME PRISONER HERE?” His reply was sharp: “Because we are making use of you. Because you have a fantastic memory which we are increasing. Because you are going merely to be a repository of knowledge for one who will come to you almost at the end of your life. Now sleep!” I heard, or sensed, a click, and then a wave of black unconsciousness fell softly upon me.

## CHAPTER SIX

‘THE endless hours dragged wearily by. I lay in a stupor, a daze in which reality was not and in which the past, the present, and the future were rolled into one. My past life, my impotent state wherein I could neither move nor see, and my dreadful fear for my future after I got out of “here” — if indeed I did. From time to time females came and did quite amazing things to me. My limbs were twisted and flexed, my head was rotated and all portions of my anatomy were squeezed, pinched, pummelled and kneaded. From time to time groups of men came in and stood around me while they discussed me. I could not understand them, of course, but the inference was clear, Then too, they would stick things in me but I denied them the satisfaction of seeing me wince at the sharp prick. I drifted, drifted.

‘There came the time when I was alert once more. I had been drowsing, somnolent as for unknown hours before. Although aware of the sliding open of the door of the room, I was not disturbed by it. I was withdrawn, feeling as though embedded in layers of wool and not caring what happened to anyone, not even to myself. Suddenly there came a series of sharp tearing pains all around my skull. I was prodded and poked and a voice said in my own language, “Ah well, let us revive him!” A subdued buzz of which I was conscious only when it ceased, was terminated with a faint click. Immediately I felt alert, alive, and tried to sit up. Again I was frustrated, my most violent efforts produced no movement at all in my limbs. “He is with us again,” said a voice. “Hey! Can you hear us?” asked another.

‘ “Yes, I can,” I replied, “but how is it that you are speaking

Tibetan? I thought that only Sir Doctor could communicate with me.” There was a subdued laugh; “you are using OUR language,” was the reply. “You will now understand everything that is said to you.”

‘Another voice broke in, in an aside, “What do you call him?” One whom I recognized to be the doctor answered, “Call him? OH! We have no name for him, I just say ‘you’.”

‘ “The Admiral requires that he have a name,” asserted another, “decide how he is to be addressed.” A quite animated discussion took place during which many names were suggested. Some of them were VERY insulting and indicated that to these men I enjoyed less status than that which we afforded yaks, or the vultures which fed upon the dead. Eventually, when the comments were becoming too ribald, the doctor stated: “Let us end this, the man is a monk. Let us therefore refer to him as that and call him ‘Monk’.” There was a moment of silence, and then spontaneous noises made with the hands and which I rightly took to be applause. “Very well,” said a voice which I had not previously heard, “carried unanimously; henceforth he shall bear the cognomen of Monk. Let it be so recorded.”

‘A desultory discussion followed, one in which I had no interest as it appeared that these men were discussing the virtues and lack of virtues of various of the females and appraising the degree of ease with which they could be had. Certain of their anatomical allusions were completely beyond my comprehension, so I made no attempt to follow the trend of discussion but contented myself with visualizing in my mind their probable appearance. Some of the men were small and some of them were very large. Now that was a very strange thing and one which puzzled me exceedingly for as far as I knew there were no peoples on Earth who possessed features and size ranges such as these men possessed.

‘I was jerked back to the present by a sudden shuffling of feet and by what appeared to be the sliding back of those strange seats. The men stood up and one by one left the room. At last there was one only remaining, the doctor. “Later,” he said, “we shall take you again to the Council Chamber, the one inside the

mountain. Do not be nervous, there is nothing to fear, Monk, it will be strange to you, but you will not be harmed.” So saying, he too left the room and I was alone with my thoughts again. For some extraordinary reason one particular scene kept presenting itself to my shuddering memory. I was tied spread-eagle fashion against a wall. One of the Chinese torturers approached me with a fiendish smile and said, “One last chance to tell us what we want, or I will pluck out your eyes.”

‘I replied, “I am a poor, simple monk, and I have nothing to tell.” With that the Chinese torturer thrust a finger and thumb hard into the corners of my left eye and the eye popped out like the stone from a plum. It hung dangling on my cheek. The pain of the distorted vision was terrible; the right eye, as yet intact, looked straight ahead, the left eye, swaying and dangling on my cheek, looked straight down. The mental impressions were terrible. Then, with a quick jerk, the Chinaman tore the eye free and threw it in my face before giving the same treatment to the right.

‘I remembered how at last satiated with their orgy of torture, they had thrown me out on a garbage heap. But I was not dead, as they believed, the coolness of the night had revived me and I had wandered off, blindly, stumbling, until at last some "sense" had led me from the Chinese Mission grounds, and eventually out of the City of Lhasa. With such thoughts I lost all track of time, and it was somewhat of a relief when at last men came to my room. Now I could understand what was said. A special lifting device, something with the strange name of Antigravity, was positioned over my table and “switched on”. The table rose into the air and men guided it through the doorway and into the corridor beyond. It seemed that although the table now had no apparent weight, it still had inertia and momentum, although that meant nothing to me! Care was still needed that no damage should take place. That DID matter to me.

‘Carefully the table and associated equipment was towed or pushed down the metal corridor with its distorted echoes and out of the vessel of space. We came into the great rock chamber again and there was about me the sounds of a great concourse of people reminding me of the forecourt of the Cathedral of Lhasa

in happier days. My table was moved along and at last was swung about and lowered the few inches to the floor. To my side came a person who whispered, "The Surgeon-General will be with you in a moment."

'I spoke back: "Are you not going to give me sight?" But he had gone and my request went unheeded. I lay there trying to picture in my mind all that was happening. I had just the memory of the brief glimpse I had had previously, but I greatly desired that the artificial sight would be provided.

'Familiar footsteps echoed on the rocky floor. "Ah! They have brought you safely. Do you feel all right?" asked the doctor — the Surgeon-General.

' "Sir Doctor," I replied, "I would feel much better if you would permit me to see."

' "But you are BLIND and you must get used to being blind, you will have to live a very long life in that state."

' "But, Sir Doctor!" I said in some considerable exasperation, "HOW am I to learn and memorize all these wonders which you promised I would SEE if you will not provide me with that artificial sight?"

' "Leave it to us," he answered, "WE will ask the questions and give the orders, YOU just do as you are told."

'There now came upon the crowd around me a hush, not a silence, for there cannot be a silence where people are congregated. In the hush I could distinguish very sharp footsteps which ceased abruptly. "Be seated!" commanded a curt, military voice. There was a relaxed rustling, the rustling of stiff cloth, the creak of leather, and the shuffling of many feet. A scraping sound as though one of those strange seats had been pushed back. The sound of a man rising to his feet. A tense, expectant hush pervaded the place for a second or so and then the voice spoke.

' "Ladies and Gentlemen," carefully enunciated this deep, mature Voice, "our Surgeon-General considers that this native is now sufficiently recovered in health, and indoctrinated, so that he may without undue risk be prepared with the Knowledge of the Past. There is a risk, of course, but we must face it. If the creature dies, then we must again resume the

tedious search for another. This native is in poor condition physically; let us therefore hope that his will is strong and his hold on life firm.” I felt my flesh creep at this callous disregard of MY feelings, but the Voice went on:

‘ “There are those among us who consider that we should use only written Records revealed to some Messiah or Saint whom we have placed upon this world for that purpose, but I say that these Records have in the past been given a superstitious reverence which has nullified their benefits because they have so often been misconstrued, misinterpreted. The natives have not sought the meaning contained within the writings but have taken their face value alone, and often falsely interpreted face value at that. Frequently it has harmed their development and has set up an artificial caste system under which certain of the natives assume that THEY have been chosen by Higher Powers to teach and preach that which was NOT written.

‘ “They have no real conception of us of outer space. Our patrol ships, when sighted, are deemed to be various natural celestial objects or mere hallucination on the part of the beholders who are therefore mocked and their sanity is frequently questioned. They believe that Man is made in the image of God and therefore there cannot be life greater than Man. They have the firm conviction that this puny world is the ONLY source of life, not knowing that the inhabited worlds are greater in number than the grains of sand upon this whole world, and that their world is one of the smallest and most insignificant.

‘ “They believe that THEY are the Masters of Creation and all the animals of the world are theirs to prey upon. Yet their own life-span is but the twinkling of an eye. Compared to us, they are as the insect which lives for but a day and has to be born, grow to adulthood, mate, and mate again, and die all within hours. Our average life-span is five thousand years, theirs a few decades. And all this, ladies and gentlemen, has been brought about by their peculiar beliefs and by their tragic misconceptions. For this reason they have been ignored by us in the past, but now our Wise Ones say that in the span of half a century these natives will discover some of the secrets of the atom. They may thereby blow up their little world. Dangerous

radiations may escape into space and constitute a threat of pollution.

‘ “As most of you know, the Wise Ones have decreed that a suitable native be caught — we have caught this one — and his brain be treated whereby he may remember all we are going to teach him. He will be so conditioned that he can reveal this ONLY to one whom we shall in due time place upon this world with the task of telling all who will listen to the facts and not the fancies of others in worlds beyond this small universe. This native, a male, has been specially prepared and will be the recipient of the message which has to be transmitted later to another. The strain will be very great, he may not live through it, so let us all think strength to him for if his life ends upon this table, then we have again to commence our search for another, and that, as we have found, is tedious.

‘ “A crewmember has protested that we should take a native from a more developed country, one who enjoys high standing among his fellows, but we believe that that would be a false move; to indoctrinate such a native and let him loose among his fellows would be to ensure his immediate discreditment among others of his kind, and would seriously delay our programme. You, all of you who are here, are going to be permitted to witness this recall of the Past. It is rare indeed, so remember you are being favoured above others.”

‘No sooner had this Great One ceased to speak before there came a strange strange rustling and creaking. And then a Voice but WHAT a Voice! It sounded unhuman, it sounded neither male nor female. Hearing it I felt my hair rise and little pimples form on my flesh. “As Senior Biologist, responsible neither to the navy nor the army,” rasped this most unpleasant Voice, “I desire to put on record my disapproval of these proceedings. My full report will be forwarded to Headquarters in due course. I now demand to be heard here.” There seemed to be a sort of resigned gasp from all those assembled. There was for a moment much fidgeting and then the first speaker rose to his feet. “As Admiral of this fleet,” he remarked drily, “I am in charge of this supervisory expedition no matter what specious arguments emanate from our disgruntled senior biologist.

However, let us hear once again the arguments of the opposition. You may continue, Biologist!"

'Without a word of thanks, without the usual formal salutation, the drawling rasping voice continued: "I protest at the waste of time. I protest that we should use any more endeavours on these faulty creatures. In the past, when a race of them were unsatisfactory — they were exterminated and the planet re-seeded. Let us save time and work and exterminate them now before they pollute space."

'The Admiral broke in, "And have you any specific suggestion as to WHY they are faulty, Biologist?"

' "Yes, I have," the Biologist remarked angrily. "The females of the species are faulty. Their fertility mechanism is at fault, their auras do not conform to that which was planned. We caught one recently from what is referred to as one of the better areas of this world. She screeched and fought when we removed the clothing with which she was swathed. And when we inserted a probe into her body to analyze her secretions — she became first hysterical and then unconscious. Later, conscious again, she saw some of my assistants and the sight deprived her of her sanity, or such of it as she possessed. We had to destroy her and all our days of work were lost." '

The old hermit ceased to speak and took a sip of water. The young monk sat almost stupefied with horror at the strange things he had heard, at the strange things which had happened to his superior. Some of the descriptions were in a strange way FAMILIAR. He could not say how, but the hermit's remarks evoked strange stirrings, stirrings as though suppressed memories were being revived. As though the hermit's remarks were indeed a catalyst. Carefully, without spilling a drop, the ancient man set his bowl of water by his side, folded his hands together, and resumed . . .

'I was upon that table, I heard and understood every word. All fear, all uncertainty left me. I would show these people how a priest of Tibet could live, or die. My natural rashness constrained me to utter, loudly, "See, Sir Admiral, your Biologist is less civilized than we, for WE do not kill even those who might be termed inferior animals. WE are the civilized ones!" For a moment the whole of Time stood still. Even the breath-

ing of those about me seemed to stop. Then, to my profound amazement and indeed shock, there came spontaneous applause and not a few laughs. People smacked their hands together which I understood was a sign of approval among them. People uttered cries of delight, and some technician near me bent and muttered, “Good for you, Monk, good for you. Now say no more, do not chance your luck!”

‘The Admiral spoke, saying, “The native Monk has spoken. He has demonstrated to my satisfaction that he is indeed a sentient creature and fully capable of completing the task allotted to him. And, er, I fully endorse his remarks and will embody them in my own report to the Wise Ones.” The Biologist snapped out sharply: “I will withdraw from the experiment.” With that, the creature — he, she, or it — made a very noisy withdrawal from the rock chamber. There was a collective sigh of relief; obviously the Senior Biologist was not a person in great favour. The murmur died down in response to some manual admonition which I could not see. There came a slight shuffling of feet and the rustling of paper. The air of expectancy was almost tangible.

‘“Ladies and gentlemen,” came the voice of the Admiral, “now that we have disposed of objections and interruptions I propose to say a few words for the benefit of those of you who are fresh to this Supervisory Station. Some of you have heard rumours, but rumours are never reliable. I am going to tell you what will happen, what it is all about, that you may the better appreciate the events in which you will soon participate.

‘“The people of this world are developing a technology which, unless checked, may well destroy them. In the process they will so contaminate space that other infant worlds in this group could adversely be affected. We must prevent that. As you well know, this world and others in this group are our testing grounds for different types of creatures. As with plants, that which is not cultivated is a weed; in the animal world one can have thoroughbreds or scrubs. The humans of this world are becoming of the latter category. We, who seeded this world with humanoid stock, must now ensure that our other stock on other worlds is not endangered.

‘“We have before us here a native of this world. He is from a

sub-division of a country which is named Tibet. It is a theocracy, that is, it is ruled by a leader who places greater importance in the adherence to a religion than he does to politics. In this country there is no aggression. No one fights for the lands of another. Animal life is not taken except by the lower orders who almost always without exception are native of other countries. Although their religion appears fantastic to us, yet they live it completely and do not molest others, nor do they force their beliefs on others. They are most peaceful and require a very great amount of provocation before they will resort to violence. It was therefore thought that here we could find a native with a phenomenal memory which we could even increase. A native in whom we could implant knowledge which has to be passed on to another whom we shall later place upon this world.

‘ “Some of you may wonder why we cannot tell our representative direct. We cannot do it with complete satisfaction as it leads to omissions and aberrations. It has been tried on a number of occasions but never has it been as we wished it to be. As you will later see, we tried it with fair success with a man whom the earthlings named Moses. But even with him it was not COMPLETE and errors and misunderstandings were prevalent. Now, in spite of our respected Senior Biologist, we are going to try this system which has been worked out by the Wise Ones.

‘ “Just as their superb scientific skill millions of earth-years ago perfected the faster than light drive, so have they also perfected a method whereby the Akashic Record itself can be tapped. In this system the person who is within the special apparatus will see all that happened in the past. So far as his impressions will tell him, he will actually LIVE all those experiences; he will SEE and HEAR precisely as though he were living in those long bygone days. To him HE WILL BE THERE! A special extension direct from his brain will enable each one of us vicariously to participate. He — you — or should I say ‘we’ — shall to all intents and purposes cease to exist in this time and will, so far as our feelings, sight, hearing and emotions are concerned, be transferred to those ages past whose actual life

and happenings we shall be experiencing just as here, now, we have been experiencing ship-board life, or life aboard small patrol ships, or working in this world far below the surface in our subterranean laboratories.

‘I do not pretend to understand fully the principles involved. Some of you here know far more of the subject than I, that is why you are here. Others, with different duties will know less than I and it is to them to whom I have been addressing these remarks. Let us remember that we too have some regard for the sanctity of life. Some of you may regard this native of Earth as just another laboratory animal, but as he has demonstrated, he has his feelings. He has intelligence and — remember this well — to us at present, he is the most valuable creature upon this world. That is why he is here. Some have queried, ‘But how will stuffing this creature with knowledge save the world?’ The answer is that it will not.”

‘The Admiral made a dramatic pause. I could not see him, naturally, but I assumed that others also experienced the tension which was overwhelming me. Then he continued, “This world is very sick. WE know it is sick. We do not know why. We are trying to find out why. Our task is first to recognize that a state of sickness exists. Second, we must convince the humans here that they are sick. Third, we must induce in them a desire to be cured. Fourth, we must discover precisely what is the nature of the illness. Fifth, we must evolve a curative agent, and six, we must persuade the humans to do that which will effect the cure. The sickness is connected with the aura. Yet we cannot discover why. Another must come, must be not of this world — for can a blind man see the ailment of his fellows when he too is blind?”

‘That remark gave me quite a jolt. It seemed to me to be contradictory; I was blind, yet I was being chosen for this work. But no, no, I was not; I was merely to be the repository of certain knowledge. Knowledge which would enable another to function according to pre-arranged plan. But the Admiral was again speaking.

‘ “Our native, when he is prepared by us, when we have finished with him, will be taken to a place where he can live out

the days of a (to him) very long life. He will not be able to die until he has passed on his knowledge. For his years of blindness and solitude he will have inner peace and the knowledge that he will be doing much for his world. But now we will have a final check on the native's condition and then we will commence."

'Now there was considerable, but ordered, bustle. I sensed people moving swiftly about. My table was grasped, raised, and moved forward. There came the by now familiar tinkle and chink as glassware and metal came into contact. The Surgeon-General came to me and whispered: "How are you now?"

'I hardly knew HOW I was or WHERE I was, so I merely responded by saying, "That which I have heard has not made me feel any better. But do I still have no sight? How am I to experience these wonders if you will not give me sight once again?"

' "Just relax," he whispered soothingly, "everything will be all right. You will see in the best possible way at the right moment."

'He paused a moment while some other person came and addressed a remark to him, then continued, "This is what will happen. We shall draw upon your head that which to you will appear to be a hat made of wire mesh. It will appear cold until you become accustomed to it. Then we shall put upon your feet articles which you may interpret as wire sandals. We already have wires going to your arms. You will first experience some strange and quite possibly uncomfortable tingling, but that will soon pass and you will have no further physical discomfort. Rest assured that we will take every possible care of you. This means a very great deal to all of us. We all want it to be a great success; there is too much to lose for it to be a failure."

' "Yes," I muttered, "I stand to lose more than any, I stand to lose my life!"

'The Surgeon-General stood up and turned away from me. "Sir!" he said in a very official tone of voice, "the native has been examined and is now ready. Permission requested to proceed."

' "Permission granted," replied the grave voice of the

Admiral. "Proceed!" There came a sharp click and a muttered exclamation. Hands grasped me behind the neck and raised my head. Other hands pulled what seemed to be a metal bag of soft wire over my head, over my face and then they fumbled beneath my chin. There were three strange pops and the metal bag was tightly over me and fastened around my neck. The hands moved away. Other hands meanwhile were at my feet. Some strange, greasy evil-smelling lotion was rubbed in and then two metal bags were pulled around my feet. I was not at all used to having my feet thus constrained and it was truly most unpleasant. Yet there was nothing I could do. The air of expectancy, of tenseness, was growing.'

In the cave the old hermit suddenly toppled over backwards. For a long moment the young monk sat in petrified horror, then galvanized into action by the emergency, he jumped to his feet and scabbled beneath a rock for the special medicine placed there in preparation for just such an occurrence. Wrenching out the stopper with hands which shook somewhat, he dropped to his knees beside the old man and forced a few drops of the liquid between his slack lips. Very carefully, so as not to spill a single drop, he replaced the stopper and laid aside the container. Cradling the hermit's head on his lap he gently stroked the old man's temples.

Gradually a faint trace of colour returned. Gradually there came signs that he was recovering. At last, quaveringly, the old hermit put out his hand and said, 'Ah! You are doing very well, my boy, you are doing very well. I must rest awhile.'

'Venerable One,' said the young monk, 'just rest here, I will make you some hot tea, we have a little sugar and butter left.' Tenderly he placed his folded blanket under the old man's head and rose to his feet. 'I will put the water on to boil,' he said, reaching for the can which was yet half full of water.

It was strange, out in the cold air, to reflect upon the marvellous things he had heard. Strange, because so much of it was . . . FAMILIAR. Familiar, but forgotten. It was like waking from a dream, he thought, only this time memories were flooding back instead of fading away as does a dream. The fire was aglow. Quickly he tossed on handfuls of small twigs. Dense

blue clouds rose and billowed in the air. A vagrant breeze swirling around the mountainside twisted a tendril of smoke over the young monk and sent him back reeling and coughing and with eyes streaming. Recovered, he carefully placed the can in the heart of the now bright fire. Turning, he re-entered the cave to make sure that the hermit was recovering.

The old man was lying on his side, obviously very much better in health. 'We will have some tea and a little barley,' he said, 'and then we shall rest until the morrow, for I must conserve my waning strength lest I fail and leave my task uncompleted.' The young monk dropped to his knees beside his elder and looked down at the thin, wasted form.

'It shall be as you say, Venerable One,' he remarked, 'I came in to make sure that you were all right, now I will fetch the barley and see about making the tea.' He rose swiftly and moved to the end of the cave to get the sparse supplies. Gloomily he looked at the small amount of sugar left in the bottom of the bag. Even more gloomily he examined the remnants of the butter block. Of tea there was an adequate supply, it had merely to be knocked off the brick and the worst of the twigs and leaves picked out. The barley, too, was in sufficient supply. The young monk resolved to do without sugar and without butter so that the Old One should have enough.

Outside the cave the water was bubbling merrily in the can. The young monk dropped in the tea and stirred it vigorously and then added a small lump of borax to make it taste better. By now the light of day was fading, the sun was setting fast. There was much work to be done yet, though. More firewood had to be fetched, more water, and he had not been out all day for any exercise. Turning, he hastened back into the dimming cave. The old hermit was sitting up and waiting for his tea. Sparingly he sprinkled a little barley in his bowl, dropped in a small pat of butter, and then held out the bowl for the young monk to fill it up with tea. 'This is more luxury than I have had in more than sixty years,' he exclaimed. 'I think I can be forgiven for having something hot after all these years. I could never manage a fire alone, tried it just once and set my robe on fire. Yes, I have a few scars on my body from those flames, but

they healed. Took many weeks, but they healed. Oh well, that comes of trying to pamper oneself!' He sighed heavily, and sipped the tea.

'You have one advantage, Venerable One,' laughed the young monk. 'Light and dark mean nothing to you. In this darkness I have just upset my tea through not being able to see it.'

'Oh !' exclaimed the old man, 'here — have mine.'

'No, no, Venerable One,' replied the young man affectionately, 'we have plenty. I will just pour myself some more.' For a time they sat in companionable silence until the tea was all gone, then the young monk rose to his feet and said 'I will now go and get more water and firewood, may I take your bowl that I may clean it?' Into the now empty water-can went the two bowls as the younger man made his way out of the cave. The old hermit sat erect, waiting, just waiting as he had waited for many decades past.

The sun had now set. Only the upper peaks of the mountains were still bathed in golden light, light which turned to purple even as the young monk watched. Deep in the shadowed flanks of the mountain range small specks of light appeared one by one. The butter lamps of far distant lamaseries gleaming through the cold clear air of the Plain of Lhasa. The shadowed outline of Drepung Lamasery loomed like a walled city lower down the valley. Here, on the mountain side itself the young man could look out over the City, the lamaseries, and watch the gleaming Happy River. Far away on the other side the Potala and Iron Mountain were still imposing in spite of the apparent diminution of size through the great distance.

But there was no time to waste! The young monk scolded himself in shocked surprise at his dilatoriness and hastened off along the darkening path to the edge of the lake. Quickly he washed and scoured the two bowls and the water-can. Hastily he scooped the can full of clean water and set off along the path back, dragging with him the large branch which previously he had been too laden to handle. Stopping for a moment to regain his breath, for the branch was very large and heavy, he looked back towards the mountain pass leading to India. There glowed

afar the flickering light which must denote a caravan of traders encamped for the night. No trader ever traveled by night. The young man's heart leaped, tomorrow the traders would wend their slow way along the mountain trail and would no doubt make their camp at the lakeside before going on to Lhasa the day after. Tea! Butter! The young man grinned to himself and took up his burden renewed.

'Venerable One!' he called as he entered the cave with the water. 'There are traders on the pass. Tomorrow we may have butter, sugar. I will keep close watch for them.'

The old man chuckled as he remarked, 'Yes, but for now – we sleep.' The young man helped him to his feet and placed his hand on the wall. Shakily he went off to the inner compartment.

The young monk lay down and scooped the depression for his hip bone. For some time he lay there thinking of all that he had heard. Was it TRUE that humans were weeds? Just experimental animals? No, he thought, some of us are doing our best in very difficult circumstances and our hardships were to encourage us—to do better and climb upwards, for there is always room at the top! So thinking, he fell into a sound sleep.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

THE young monk turned over and shivered. Sleepily he rubbed his eyes and sat up. The entrance to the cave was a dim grey blur against the blackness of the interior. There was a sharp sting to the air. Quickly the young man put his robe about him and hastened to the entrance. Here the air was cold indeed, with the wind moaning through the trees and making the leaves rustle. Small birds nestled close to the trunks on the lee side. The surface of the lake was roiled and turbulent, with wind-driven waves pounding against the banks and making the reeds bow down in protest against the force.

The new-born day was grey and troubled. Sweeping black clouds billowed over the mountain ridge and swept down the slopes like sheep being hounded along by the dogs of heaven. The mountain passes became hidden in clouds as black as the rock itself. Still the clouds came swooping down, obliterating the countryside, drowning the Plain of Lhasa in a sea of rolling fog. A sudden gust of wind, and the cloud formation swept over the young monk. So thick it was that he could no longer see the cave entrance. Nor could he see his hand placed before his face. Slightly to the left of where he stood the fire hissed and sattered as the moisture drops fell upon it.

Hastily he broke sticks and piled them upon the still-glowing fire and blew that the sticks would the more easily ignite. The damp wood spat and smoked and was long in waking to flame. The moaning of the wind rose to a shriek. The cloud became thicker and the violent pounding of hailstones drove the young monk to cover. The fire hissed and slowly died. Before it was quite extinguished, the young man dashed out and seized a branch which was still aflame. Quickly he dragged it to the

mouth of the cave where it was sheltered from the worst of the storm. Unhappily he dashed out again to rescue as much of the firewood as possible, firewood that now was streaming with water.

For a time he stood panting after his efforts, then removing his robe he wrung it out, expelling most of the water. Now the fog was invading the cave and the young man had to feel his way in by holding on to the rock wall. Cautiously he made his way further in until at last he collided with the great rock beneath which he was wont to sleep.

‘What is it?’ queried the voice of the old hermit.

‘Do not worry, Venerable One,’ replied the young man soothingly, ‘the clouds have descended and our fire is all but extinguished.’

‘Never mind,’ said the old man philosophically, ‘there was water before there was tea, let us therefore drink water and postpone tea and tsampa until the fire permits.’

‘Yes, Venerable One,’ responded the younger man, ‘I will see if I can rekindle a fire beneath the overhanging rock, I saved a burning branch for that purpose.’

He made his way out to the entrance. Hailstones were falling in torrents, the whole ground was covered with ice pebbles and the gloom was even more intense. There came a whip-like crack followed by the deep rumble of thunder, a rumble which echoed and re-echoed around the wide valley. From nearby came the slithering of falling rocks and the ground shook as they made their impact upon the mountain base. One of the frequent rockfalls started by the vibration of the thunder or perhaps a great rock had been split by the lightning. The young man wondered if any other hermitage had been swept aside like a feather in a gale. For a time he stood there listening, wondering if he would hear a call for help. At last he turned away and stooped over the glowing branch. Carefully he broke small pieces of twig and fed the flames anew. Dense clouds of smoke arose and were blown valley-wards by the storm, but the flames, sheltered by the rocky outcrop, grew apace.

In the cave the old hermit was shivering as the chill, wet air seeped through his thin and tattered robe. The young monk felt

his blanket, and that too was saturated. Taking the old man by the hand he led him slowly to the cave entrance and bade him sit. The younger man carefully pulled the flaming branches closer so that the Old One could feel the heat and be cheered. 'I will make some tea,' he said, 'we now have enough fire.' So saying, he hurried back into the cave for the water-can, and soon returned with it and the barley. 'I will tip out half the water,' he said, 'then we shall not have so long to wait and anyway the fire is a little small for a full can.' Side by side they sat, protected from the worst onslaughts of the elements by the rocky overhang and by the side outcropping. The cloud was thick and no bird sang nor moved.

'There will be a very hard winter,' exclaimed the old hermit.

'I am fortunate that I shall not have to endure it. When I have given all my knowledge to you I can lay down my life and shall be free to depart to the Heavenly Fields where once again I shall be able to see' He mused in silence for a moment while the young monk watched the slow steam form on the surface of the water, then he continued, 'It is hard indeed to wait all these years in total blackness, with no man to call "friend", to live alone in such poverty that even warm water seems a luxury. The ages have dragged by and I have spent a long life here in this cave, journeying no further from it than I have now journeyed to this fire. For so long have I been silent that even my voice comes forth in a veritable croak. Until you came I have had no fire, no warmth, no companionship during the storms when the thunder shook the mountains and the rocks came tumbling down, threatening to wall me in.'

The young man rose and wrapped the fire-dried blanket around his elder's thin shoulders and then turned back to the water-can, the contents of which were now bubbling merrily. Into the can went a generous lump of tea-brick. The bubbling ceased as the cold particles brought the water below the boiling point. Soon the steam rose again and into the water went the borax and the last of the sugar. The newly peeled stick was brought into energetic use, and a flat piece served as a scoop to remove the worst of the twigs and debris from the surface. Tibetan tea — China Tea — is the very cheapest form of tea

consisting of FLOOR SWEEPINGS from the better grades. It is the residue left after the women have picked the plants of all the choice leaves and thrown aside the dust. The whole is compressed into blocks, or bricks, and carried over the mountain passes to Tibet where Tibetans, who can afford nothing better, obtain the bricks by barter and use it as one of the staples of their hard existence. Borax is a necessary additive as the raw tea is so crude and rough that stomach cramps are frequent. A definite part of the ritual of tea making consists of scraping the surface clear of debris!

‘Venerable One,’ asked the young monk, ‘have you never been to the lake? Never wandered up to that large stone slab to the right of this cave?’

‘No,’ replied the hermit, ‘since I was brought into this cave by the Men from Space I have never been further away from it than this point where we now sit. Why should I? I cannot see what there is about me, I cannot travel with safety to the lake, for I might fall in. After the long years in the cave, in darkness, I find that the rays of the sun are troublesome to my flesh. When first I came here I used to feel my way to this point and be warmed by the sunlight, but now for many a long year I have remained inside. What is the weather like now?’

‘Bad, Venerable One,’ replied the young monk. ‘I can see our fire, I can see the faintest outline of a rock beyond. All else is blanketed by this greasy grey fog. The storm clouds from the mountain, a storm from India.’

Idly he examined his nails, very long they were. Uncomfortably so. Casting about he found a strip of rotten stone, burned rock flung out of the mountain by some volcanic upheaval ages ago. Energetically he rubbed the slip of rock against the nail of each finger until it was worn down to a suitable length. Toenails too, they were thick and hard. But far too long. Resignedly he hoisted up one foot and then the other until at last he had all his nails trimmed to his satisfaction.

‘You cannot see any pass?’ queried the old man. ‘Are the traders fogbound in the mountains?’

‘They most certainly are!’ exclaimed the young man. ‘They will be telling their beads. in the hope of keeping the devils

away. We shall not see the traders this day — or night — until the fog lifts. And even then the ground is covered with frozen hail. It's THICK here.'

'Well, then,' answered the Old One, 'we should get on with our talk. Is there any more tea?'

'Yes, there is,' replied the young monk. 'I will fill your bowl but you must drink it quickly, for it is cooling rapidly. Here it is. I will put on some more wood.' He paused to place the bowl in the old man's outstretched hands, and rose to throw more wood on the cheering fire. 'I will fetch some more of the wood from out of the rain,' he called moving into the thick fog. Soon he returned dragging branches and twigs which he placed around the perimeter of the fire. Proximity to that heat would soon cause the steam to rise and the wood to dry. 'Well, Venerable One,' he said, seating himself near the old man, 'I'm ready to listen when you are ready to speak.'

For some minutes the old man remained silent, probably re-living in his mind those long-past days. 'It is strange,' he remarked eventually, 'to sit here as the poorest of the poor, as one poor even among the poor, and to contemplate the wonders which I have witnessed. I have experienced much, seen much, and been promised much. The Keeper of the Heavenly Fields is almost ready to welcome me in. One thing I HAVE learned — and you will do well to remember it in the years ahead, is this — THIS life is the shadow life. If we do our tasks in THIS life we shall go to the REAL life hereafter. I know that for I have seen it. But now let us continue with that which I am charged to tell you. Where was I?'

He hesitated and stopped for a moment. The young monk took the opportunity to throw more wood on the fire, Then the hermit spoke again; 'Yes, the air of tension in that rock chamber grew and grew and I was the most tense of all. Reasonably so, for all the risk was to ME! At last, when the tension had reached an almost unbearable point, the Admiral uttered a cult command. There was a movement of some technician near my head and a sudden click. Immediately I felt all the pains of Hell surge through my body; it seemed that I was swelling and was about to burst. Jagged lightning flashed across my brain, and

my empty eye-sockets felt as though filled with glowing coals. There was an intolerable wrenching, a sharp, painful snap, and I went spinning and whirling through (I felt) all eternity. Crashes, bangs, and horrendous noises accompanied me.

‘Down and down I fell, spinning and tumbling head over heels. Then I felt as though I were in a long black tube of woolly, clinging material and at the top of the tube there appeared a blood-red glow. Now the spinning ceased, and I began a slow slow ascent towards the glow. Sometimes I slid back, sometimes I halted, but always a terrible, inexorable pressure drove me on again, painfully, hesitantly, but always upward. At last I reached the source of the blood-red glow and could go no further. A skin, or membrane, or SOMETHING obstructed my passage forward. Again and again I was forced against the obstacle. Again and again I was prevented from proceeding. The pain and the terror increased. A violent surge of pain and a terrific force behind me slammed me again and again against the barrier; there was a screaming, ripping sound, and I was propelled at vast velocity through the crumbling barrier.

‘Upwards I sped until my consciousness dimmed and was extinguished by the appalling shock. There was a fading impression of falling, falling. In my brain a Voice was dinning, “Get up, get up!” Wave after wave of nausea engulfed me. Ever that forceful Voice exhorted “get up, get up!” At last, in sheer desperation, I forced open my eyes and stumbled to my feet. But no, no, I HAD no body; I was a disembodied spirit free to roam anywhere on this world. This world? What was this world? I looked about me and the strangeness of the scene grew upon me. The colours were all wrong. The grass was red and the rocks were yellow. The sky was of a greenish cast and – there were two suns! One was blue-white and the other orange. The shadows! There is no way in which to describe the shadows cast by two suns. But worse, stars were showing in the sky. In daylight. There were stars of all colours. Reds, blues, greens, amber, and even white. Nor were they scattered as were the stars to which I was accustomed; here the sky was covered with these stars as the ground is covered with stones.

‘From afar Came — NOISE, SOUNDS. By no stretch of im-

agination could I call those sounds music, yet I had no doubt that it was music. The Voice came again, cold and implacable, "MOVE, WILL yourself where you want to go." So I thought of floating to the spot from whence there came the sounds — and I was there. On a level patch of red grass, with the purple and orange trees fringing the edge, there danced a group of young people. Some were clad in garments of startling hues, others were not clad at all. Yet these latter excited no comment. Off to one side others sat on seats on legs and played instruments which it is quite beyond my ability to describe. The noise they made is even more impossible of description! All the tones seemed to be wrong, and the beat had no meaning to me. "Go among them" commanded the Voice.

'It suddenly occurred to me that I was floating above them, so I willed myself to a clear patch of grass and thought myself upon it. It was hot to the touch and I feared that my feet would scorch, until I remembered that I had none and was but a disembodied spirit. The latter was soon made apparent to me; a naked young female chasing a garishly-clad young man ran right through me and neither of us felt a thing. The young female caught her man and linking her arms with his, led him off behind the purple trees from the locality of which there came many screams and shouts of joy. The users of musical instruments went on misusing them, and everyone seemed to be remarkably content.

'I rose upon the air quite without my own volition. I was directed as is a kite directed by the boy who holds the string. Higher and higher I rose until afar I could discern the glint of water — or was it water? The colour was a pale lavender which gave off flashes of gold from wave crests. The experiment had killed me, I decided, I am in Limbo, in the Land of the Forgotten People. No world could have such colours, such strange strange things. "No!" muttered that inexorable Voice in my brain, "the experiment was a success. You will have a commentary now on all that happens that you may be the better informed. It is VITAL. that you comprehend all that is shown you. Pay great attention." Pay great attention Could I do aught else? I wondered ruefully.

‘I rose higher and higher. From afar came the glitter of burning gleams upon the skyline. Strange and fearsome Shapes stood there, like Devils at the Portals of Hell. Faintly I could discern bright spots which dipped and rose and shot from Shape to Shape. And all around there were vast roadways which radiated away from those Shapes as the petals of a flower radiate away from its centre. All this was a mystery to me; I could not imagine the nature of that which I saw and could but float there amazed.

‘Abruptly I found myself jerked into motion again and with increasing speed. My altitude lessened. I descended, quite involuntarily, to a point where I could discern individual homes dotted along each of the radiating roadways. Each home seemed to me to be at least the size of those of the highest nobles of Lhasa, each contained within a quite sizeable plot of ground. Strange metal things lumbered across the fields doing those things which only a farmer could describe. But then, as I was brought much lower, I discovered a very large estate which consisted mainly of shallow water in which there were perforated benches. Wondrous plants were resting upon the benches, and their roots trailed in the water. The beauty and size of these plants were immeasurably greater than those growing in the soil. I gazed, and wondered at these marvels.

‘Again I was lofted to whence I could see far ahead. The Shapes which had so intrigued me from afar were now much closer but my bemused brain was not able to comprehend that which I saw, it was too stupendous, too utterly incredible. I was a poor native of Tibet, just a humble priest who had never been further abroad than one short visit to Kalimpong. Yet here before my astonished eyes — DID I have eyes? — loomed a great city, a fabulous city. Immense spires soared perhaps eighteen hundred feet into the air. Each spire, or tower, was beringed with a spiral balcony from each of which radiated slender, unsupported roadways joining the whole into a web more intricate than that spun by spiders. The roadways were thronged with speeding traffic. Above and below fluttered mechanical birds laden with people, each avoiding all others with a skill which filled me with the utmost admiration. A speeding mechanical

bird came upon me. I saw a man in the front staring but seeing me not. My whole body contracted and writhed with fear at thought of the impending collision, yet the contraption sped on, through me, and I felt it not. What was I? Yes, I remembered, I was now a disembodied spirit, but I wished someone would tell my brain that for I experienced every emotion, and principally fear, that a normal complete body would have experienced.

‘I loitered among those spires and dangled over the roadway. And I discovered new marvels; certain high levels had stupendous hanging gardens. Incredible playgrounds for what were obviously nobles. But the colours were all wrong. The people were all wrong. Some were vast giants and others were dwarfs. Some were definitely human and others very definitely were not. Some, indeed, were a strange mixture of humanoid and avian, with the body seemingly of human construction, yet possessing a definitely birdlike head. Some were white, some were black. Some were red, while other were green. There were all colours, not merely hues and tints, but definite, primary colours. Some had four fingers and a thumb on each hand, yet others had nine fingers and two thumbs on each hand. And one group had three fingers, horns extending from the temples and — tail! My nerve broke at the latter sight and I willed myself UP — fast.

‘From my new altitude the city clearly covered an immense area, it extended as far as I could see, but at one distant side there appeared a clearing which was free of tall buildings. Here the air traffic was intense. Shining dots, for so they appeared from this distance, soared with eye-baffling velocity in a horizontal plane. I found myself drifting towards that district. As I approached, I discovered that the whole area seemed to be made of glass, and upon its surface there were strange metal craft. Some were spherical in form and seemed from their direction of travel to journey beyond the confines of this world. Others, like two metal bowls stuck rim to rim also appeared to be for out of world travel. Yet others were like the spear that is thrown, and I observed that these, after rising to a predetermined height, then became horizontal and journeyed to an unknown place upon the surface. There was stupendous

movement and I could scarce believe that all these people could be contained within one city. All the inhabitants of a world were congregated here, I thought. BUT WHERE WAS I? I felt panic rise.

‘The Voice answered me saying, “You must understand that the Earth is a small place, the Earth is as one of the smallest grains of sand upon the banks of the Happy River. The other worlds of this Universe in which your Earth is located are as numerous and as diverse as the sand, the stones, and the rocks which line the banks of the Happy River. But this is just one Universe. There are universes beyond number just as there are blades of grass beyond number. Time upon Earth is just a flickering in the consciousness of cosmic time. Distances upon Earth are of no moment, they are insignificant and do not exist compared to the greater distances in Space. Now you are upon a world in a far, far different Universe, a Universe so remote from the Earth which you know that it would be beyond your comprehension. The time will come when the greatest scientists of your world will have to admit that there are other worlds inhabited, and that Earth is not, as they now believe, the centre of creation. You are now upon the chief world of a group numbering more than a thousand. Each of those worlds is inhabited, each of those worlds owe allegiance to the Master of the world where you now are. Each world is entirely self-governing although they all follow a common policy, a policy aimed at removing the worst injustices under which people live. A policy devoted to improving conditions of all who have life.

‘ “Each world has a different sort of person upon it. Some are small as you have seen, some are large as you have also seen. Some, by your standards, are grotesque and fantastic, others are beautiful, angelic you might say. One should never be deceived by outward appearances, for the intention of all is good. These people owe allegiance to the Master of the world upon which you now are. It would be useless and a strain to your intelligence to try to give to you names because the names would have no meaning in your own tongue, in your own comprehension, and would merely serve to confuse you. These people owe allegiance, as I have said, to the Great Master of that world, One

who has no territorial desires whatever, One whose main interest is in the preservation of peace, peace so that all Man no matter his shape, his size or his colour may live out the days allotted to him and devote himself to good instead of the destruction which will ensue whenever a person has to defend himself. Here there are no great armies, there are no battling hordes. There are scientists, traders, and of course priests, and there are also explorers, those who go out to remote worlds ever increasing the number of those who join this mighty fellowship. But none are invited to join. Those who join this federation do so at their own request and only when they have destroyed weapons.

‘ “The world upon which you now are is the centre of this particular Universe. It is the centre of culture, the centre of knowledge and there is none greater. A special form of travel has been discovered and developed. Here again to explain such methods would be to overtax the brains of the greatest scientists of the Earth, they have not yet reached the stage of thinking in four and five dimensional concepts, and such a discussion would be gibberish to them until they can rid their minds of all those beliefs which have so long held them captive.

‘ “The scenes you now see are the leading world as it is today. We want you to travel its surface to see its mighty civilization, a civilization so advanced, so glorious that you may not be able to comprehend. The colours you see here are different to those to which you are accustomed on Earth, but Earth is not the centre of civilization. Colours are different on each world and depend upon the circumstances and requirements of each of those worlds. You will look about this world, and my voice will accompany you, and when you have seen enough of this world to make its greatness apparent you will travel into the past and then you shall see how worlds are discovered, how worlds are born, and how we try to help those who are willing to help themselves. Remember this always; we of space are not perfect for perfection cannot exist when one is in the material state of being in any portion of any universe, but we try, we do the best we can. There are some in the past, as you will agree, who have been very good, and some who to our

sorrow have been very bad. But we do not desire your world, the Earth, we desire instead that you should develop it, that you should live there, but we must ensure that the works of Man do not pollute Space and endanger the people of other worlds. But now you will see more of this, the leading world.”

‘I mused upon all these worlds,’ said the old hermit, ‘I pondered deeply on the portent behind the remarks because it seemed to me that all this talk of brotherly love was but a sham. My own case, I thought, is one which shows up the fallacy of this argument. Here am I, admittedly a poor and ignorant native of a very poor, arid, underdeveloped country, and absolutely against my wishes I was captured, operated upon, and so far as I knew forced out of my body. Here I was — where? The talk of doing so much for the good of humanity seemed rather hollow to me.

‘The Voice broke in upon my disturbed thoughts saying, “Monk, your thoughts are vocalized to us by our instruments, and your thoughts are not correct thoughts, your thoughts, indeed, are the fallacies. We are the Gardeners and a gardener has to remove dead wood, he has to pluck unwanted weeds. But when there is a better shoot then sometimes the gardener has to take away the shoot from the parent plant and even graft elsewhere, that it may develop as a new species, or even develop more greatly as its own species. According to your own beliefs you have been rather roughly treated. According to our beliefs you are being given a signal honour, an honour reserved for very very few people of the world species, an honour reserved.” The Voice hesitated and then went on, “Our history goes back billions of years of Earth time, billions and billions of years, but let us suppose that the whole life of your planet which you call Earth was represented by the height of the Potala, then the lifetime of Man upon the Earth could be likened to the thickness of one coat of paint upon the ceiling of one room. Thus it is, you see, Man is so new upon the Earth that no human has the right to even attempt to judge what we do.

‘ “Later your own scientists will discover that their own laws of mathematical probabilities will indicate clearly that there is evidence of the existence of extra-terrestrials. It will also indi-

cate that for real evidence of extra-terrestrials they must look beyond the far reaches of their own island universe and out into other universes beyond that which contains your world. But this is neither the time nor the place to indulge in a discussion of this nature. Accept the assurance that you are doing good work and that we know best in this. You wonder where you are, and I will tell you that your disembodied spirit, only temporarily detached from your body, has journeyed beyond the furthest reaches of your own universe and has gone right to the centre of another universe, to the centre city of the chief planet. We have much to show you and your journey, your experiences, are just beginning. Be assured, however, that what you are seeing is that world as it is now, as it is at this moment, because in the spirit time and distance mean nothing.

‘“Now we want you to look about to familiarize yourself with that world upon which you now dwell so that you may the more easily credit the evidence of your senses when we come to much more important things because soon we shall send you into the past, into the past through the Akashic Record where you will see the birth of your own planet, Earth.”

‘The Voice ceased,’ said the old hermit, and he stopped for a few moments while he took a sip of his tea which was now quite cold. Reflectively he set aside his bowl and clasped his hands together, after rearranging his robe. The young monk rose and put more wood upon the fire and pulled the blanket more tightly round the old hermit's shoulders.

‘Now,’ continued the old man, ‘I was telling you that I was in a state of panic; yes indeed I was in a state of panic, and then as I dangled there over this immensity I found myself dropping, I found myself passing various levels or bridges between great towers, I found myself dropping down to what appeared to be a very pleasant park raised on a platform, or so it seemed so supported to me. There was the red grass, and then to my astonishment at one side I found green grass. There was a pond in the red grass which had blue water and another pond in the patch of green grass which had heliotrope water. About the two were congregated an amazing assortment of peoples. By now I was beginning to distinguish somewhat which were

natives of this world and which were visitors from afar. There was something subtle in the bearing and comportment of those who were native here. They appeared the superior species, and fully aware of that status.

‘About the pools there were those who appeared possessed of great masculine virility and those who were extremely feminine. A third group of people who were obviously epicene. I was interested to observe that all the people here were quite naked except that the females wore things in their hair. I could not distinguish what they were but they seemed to be some type of metal ornament. I willed myself away from that spot because some of the sport of these naked people was not at all to my liking having been brought up from my very earliest days in a lamasery, and so in an entirely male environment. I but dimly understood the purport of some of the gestures which the females were indulging in. I willed myself up and away.

‘I sped across the remainder of the city and came to the outskirts where the habitation was sparse. But all the fields and plantations were marvelously cultivated and many large estates were, I perceived, devoted to hydroponic farming. But that would be of little interest other than to those studying agronomy.

‘I rose higher and cast about for some objective to which I might direct myself, and I saw a marvelous saffron sea. There were vast rocks fringing the coastline, rocks of yellow, rocks of purple, rocks of all hues and tints, but the sea itself was saffron. This I could not understand. Previously the water looked a different colour. Gazing upwards I perceived the reason. One sun had set, and another was rising which made three suns! And with the increasing ascension of the third sun and the descent of one other the colours were changing, even the air appeared of a different tint. My bemused gaze beheld the grass land blurred by, land, a broad river, a spit of land, and again changing its colour, from red it turned to purple, from purple it turned to a yellow, and then the sea itself gradually changed colour too. It reminded me of the manner in which at eventide when the sun was setting low over the high ranging mountains of the Himalayas colours would sometimes change, and how instead of the bright shining of day in the valleys a purple

twilight would form and even the high snows would lose their pure white and appear to be blue or crimson. And so, as I contemplated the matter, this was no great strain upon my comprehension. I surmised that the colours were always changing on this planet.

‘But I did not want to go over water never having seen much before. I had an instinctive dread of it and a fear that some mishap might occur, that I might fall in. So I directed my thoughts inwards, inland; at this my disembodied spirit wheeled around and I sped for a few miles over rocky coastline and small farm areas. And then to my ineffable delight I found that I was over terrain which was somewhat familiar, it reminded me of moorlands. I swooped low and saw the little plants nestling together on the face of that world. Now with the difference in sunlight they appeared to be little violet coloured flowers with brown stems, akin to heather. Further along there was a bank of that which, under this lighting, resembled gorse, yellow gorse, but here the plant had no thorns to it.

‘I rose a few hundred feet and gently drifted along over this the most pleasant sight which I had seen on this strange world. To these people, no doubt this would be a very desolate area. There was no sign of habitation, no sign of roads. In a pleasantly wooded dell I found a small lake and a little stream trickling over a high cliff tumbled into it and fed it. I lingered awhile, watching the changing shadows, and their vari-hued fingers of light permeating through the branches above my head. But there was this continuous urging that I should keep on the move. I had the impression that I was not here for my own amusement, my own pleasure, my recreation; I was here that others could see through me. I was lifted again and flung high in the air, and prodded into extreme speed. Beneath me the sea. Against my will I was propelled over that sea until I came to what was no doubt another land, another country. Here the cities were smaller but entirely vast. Accustomed, as I was now, to size they were small but much, much larger than anything I would ever hope to see upon the Earth which I had now left.

‘My motion was checked rather abruptly and I went into a steep spiral swirling around. And then I looked down. Below me was a most wonderful estate, it appeared to be an ancient castle set in the midst of woods. The castle was absolutely immaculate and I marveled at the turrets and battlements which surely had no place in a civilization such as this. As I was pondering upon the matter, the Voice broke in, “This is the home of the Master. This is a very ancient place indeed, the most ancient building in this ancient world. This is a shrine to which all peacelovers come that they may stand outside the walls and give their thanks in thought for peace, for the peace that encompasses all who live under the light of this empire. A light where there is never darkness, for here there are five suns and there is no dark. Our metabolism is different from that of your world. We do not need the hours of darkness to enjoy our sleep. We are arranged differently.” ’

## CHAPTER EIGHT

THE old hermit stirred restlessly and shivered beneath the thin blanket. 'I will enter the cave again,' he said, 'I am not used to being out in the open so much.'

The young monk, contemplating that amazing tale of a bygone age, came to alertness with a jerk. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'the clouds are rising. Soon we shall be able to see.' Carefully he took the old man by the hand and led him clear of the fire and into the cave which now was clear of fog. 'I must fetch fresh water and wood,' said the young man. 'When I return we will have some tea, but I may be rather longer than usual as I have to wander further abroad in search of wood. We have used up all that which was near,' he said ruefully. Leaving the cave he piled the rest of the wood on the fire and scooped up the water-can before setting off down the path.

The clouds were lifting rapidly. A fresh wind was blowing and even as the young monk looked the clouds rose high and revealed the mountain pass. So far he could not see the small black dots which would be the traders. Nor could he distinguish fire smoke from drifting clouds. The traders were still resting, he thought, taking advantage of the enforced stop in order to catch up on sleep. No man could traverse the mountain passes during cloud falls, the dangers were too great. A false step would send man or beast thousands of feet down to rocky pinnacles far below. The young man thought of a quite recent accident when he was visiting a small lamasery at the foot of a cliff. The clouds were low, just above the lamasery roof. Suddenly there had come a slither of falling stones and a hoarse scream. There had come a shriek and a squishy thud — like a bag of wet barley being tossed on the ground. The young man

had looked up to see a man's intestines looped over a rock some twelve feet above and still connected to the man lying dying on the ground. Another poor trader, or traveler, who was journeying when journeying should not be, he thought.

The lake was still covered in fog and the tops of the trees loomed ghostly and silver as the young man made his way forward. Ah! A GREAT find, a whole tree branch had been ripped from the trunk by the storm. He peered through the thinning haze and decided that the tree had been struck by lightning during the storm. Branches were all around, and the tree trunk itself was split wide open. So near to the cave, too, he thought. Gleefully he grasped the largest branch he could manage and slowly dragged it back to the cave mouth. Journey after journey he made until he was so exhausted that he could manage no more. Warily filling the can with water, he made his way back to the cave. Stopping only to put the water on to boil, he went in and spoke to the hermit.

‘A whole tree, Venerable One! I have put the water on to boil and after we have had tea and tsampa I will fetch much more wood before the traders come and burn the lot.’

The old hermit sadly replied, ‘There will be no tsampa, being unable to see, and trying to help, I slipped and spilled all the barley. It now rests among the earth of our floor.’ With a gasp of dismay the young monk leaped to his feet and hurried to where he had left the barley. None was left. Falling to his hands and knees he scabbled around at the base of the flat rock. Earth, sand and barley were inextricably mixed. Nothing could be salvaged. Here was disaster. Slowly he rose to his feet and moved towards the hermit. A sudden thought sent him scurrying back; the tea brick — was THAT safe? Scattered lumps lay on the ground on the far side. The old man had knocked the brick over and then trodden it into the ground except for these few lumps.

Sadly the young monk walked across to the older man. ‘There is no more food, Venerable One, and we have tea for this time only. We must hope that the traders come today or we shall hunger.’

‘Hunger?’ replied the Old One. ‘Often I am without food for

a week or more. We can still drink hot water; to one who has had nothing to drink but cold water during more than sixty years, hot water is a luxury.’ He was silent for a few moments, and then added, ‘Learn to endure hunger now. Learn fortitude now. Learn always to have a positive approach NOW, for during your life you will know hunger and suffering; they will be your constant companions. There are many who will harm you, many who will attempt to drag you down to their level. Only by a positive mind — always positive — will you survive and surmount all those trials and tribulations which inexorably will be yours. NOW is the time to learn. ALWAYS is the time to practice what you learn NOW. So long as you have faith, so long as you are POSITIVE, then you can endure anything, and can emerge triumphant over the worst assaults of the enemy.’

The young monk almost fainted with fright; all these illusions of impending calamity. All these forecasts of near-doom to come. All these warnings and exhortations. Was NOTHING happy and bright in the life he had to live? But then he remembered his Teachings; This is the World of Illusion. All life on this world is illusion. Here our Great Overself sends its puppets that Knowledge may be gained, that imagined difficulties may be overcome. The more precious the material the more stringent the tests and only faulty material fails. This is the World of Illusion where Man himself is but a shadow, an extension in thought of the Great Overself which dwells elsewhere. Still, he thought glumly, they could be a bit more cheerful. But then, it is said that no man is given more than he can bear, and Man himself chooses what tasks he shall perform, what tests he shall undergo. ‘I must be mad,’ he said to himself, ‘if I arranged THIS load of trouble for myself!’

The old hermit said, ‘You have fresh bark on the branches you brought?’

‘Yes, Venerable One, the tree was struck by lightning. Yesterday it was intact,’ replied the younger man.

‘Then peel off the bark, strip the white lining from the dark outer skin, discard the latter, and place the white fibres in the boiling water. It makes a most nourishing food although the

taste is not ideal. Do we have any salt, or borax, or sugar left?’

‘No, Sir, we have nothing except sufficient tea for this one drink.’

‘Then throw the tea in the can as well. But cheer up, we shall not starve. Three or four days without food will merely increase your mental clarity. If things should become bad you can easily go to the nearest hermitage for food.’

Glumly the young monk set about the task of separating the layers of bark. The dark outer skin, coarse and rugged helped to feed the flames. The smooth, greenish-white under layer to be torn into shreds and stuffed into the now-boiling water. Gloomily he tossed in the last lump of tea and jumped high as a splash of boiling water scalded his wrist. Grasping a newly peeled stick he prodded and stirred the mess in the can. With considerable apprehension he withdrew the stick and tasted the end to which a few drops of the concoction adhered; his worst fears were speedily realized. The stuff tasted like hot nothingness. Flavored with weak tea!

The old hermit held out his bowl. ‘I can eat this, when I first came here there was nothing else for me to eat. In those days there were small trees right up to the entrance. I ate them! Eventually people became aware of my presence, and most times since I have had a supply of food. But I never worry if I have to remain without for a week or ten days. There is always water. What more can a man want?’

Sitting in the gloom of the cave at the feet of the Venerable One, with the daylight growing stronger and stronger outside, the young monk thought that he had been sitting thus for a whole eternity. Learning, always learning. Fondly his thoughts turned to the flickering butter-lamps of Lhasa, now in his mind almost a thing of the past. How long he had to remain was a matter of conjecture — until the old man had nothing more to tell him, he supposed. Until the old man had died and HE had to dispose of the body. The thought sent a shiver of apprehension through him. How macabre, he thought, to be talking to a man and then, just an hour or so after, to be unraveling his intestines for the vultures, or pounding up his bones that no

fragment should be left unreturned to the earth. But the old man was ready. He cleared his throat, took a sip of water and composed his limbs.

‘I was as a disembodied spirit spiraling down to the great castle which housed the Master of this Supreme World,’ commenced the old hermit. ‘I was longing to see what manner of man commanded the respect and love of some of the most powerful worlds in existence. I was avid to determine what manner of man — and woman — could endure throughout the centuries. The Master and his Wife. But it was not to be. I was jerked as a small boy might jerk the cord of his kite. I was jerked away backwards. “This is sacred ground,” said the Voice very dourly, “this is not for ignorant natives, you are to see other things.” And so it came about that I was towed many miles and then turned about and set upon a different path.

‘Beneath me the features of that world diminished and the cities became even as the grains of sand upon a river bank. I rose into the air and out of the air; I traveled where air was not. Eventually there came in range of my vision a strange structure the like of which I had never seen. The purpose of which I could not comprehend. Here, in the airless void, where I could not exist save as a disembodied spirit, there floated a city of metal kept aloft by some mysterious method quite beyond my power to discern. As I approached, the details became clearer and I perceived that the city rested upon a land of metal and covering its upper portions there was a material which was clearer than glass yet was not glass. Beneath that transparent sheen I could observe people in the streets of the city, a city larger than the city of Lhasa.

‘There were strange protuberances on some of the buildings and it was to one of the larger of the edifices that I found myself directed. “Here is a great observatory,” said the Voice within my brain. “An observatory from whence the birth of your world was witnessed. Not by optical means, but by special rays which are beyond your comprehension. Within a few years the people of your world will discover the science of Radio. Radio, in its highest development, will be as the brain power of a lowly worm compared to the brain power of the most intelligent

human. What we use here is far far beyond even this. Here the secrets of universes are probed, the surface of distant worlds watched even as you now watch the surface of this Satellite. And no distance, no matter how great, is a bar. We can look into temples, into places of play, and into homes.”

‘I approached yet more closely and feared for my safety as that clear barrier loomed large before me. I feared to crash into it and suffer lacerations, but then, before panic set in, I recollected that I was now as one of the spirits to whom even the most substantial walls were as shadows to be crossed at will. Slowly I sank through this glass-like substance and came upon the surface of that world which the Voice had termed “Satellite”. For a time I drifted hither and thither, trying to settle the turbulent thoughts within me. It was a shocking experience for “an ignorant native of an undeveloped country in a backward world” to endure — and remain fairly sane.

‘Softly, like a cloud drifting over a mountain range, or a moonbeam flitting silently over a lake, I began to drift sideways, away from the idle movements in which I had previously indulged. I moved sideways and filtered through strange walls of a material quite unknown to me. Even though I was even then as a spirit, yet there was some slight opposition to my passage for I endured a tingling of my whole being and — for a time — a sensation that I was stuck in a tenacious bog. With a curious wrenching which seemed to shred my whole being, I left the constraining wall. As I did so I had the strong impression of the Voice saying, “He's got through! I thought for a time he wouldn't make it.”

‘But now I was through the wall and into an immense covered space, it was too large to be demeaned by the term “room”. Quite fantastic machines and apparatus stood about. Things completely beyond my understanding. Yet the strangest things by far were the inhabitants of the enclosure. Very very small humanoids busied themselves with things which I dimly understood to be instruments, while giants moved heavy packages from place to place and did the hard work for those who were too weak. “Here,” said the Voice in my brain, “we have a very great system. Small people make delicate adjustments and build small items. Large people do things more in keeping with

their size and strength. Now, move on.” That imponderable force propelled me once again so that I encountered, and overcame, yet another barrier to my progress. This was even harder to enter and leave.

‘“That wall,” murmured the Voice, “is a Death Barrier. No one can enter or leave while in the flesh. Here is a very secret place. Here we look at all the worlds and we detect immediately any warlike preparations. Look!” I looked around me. For moments that which was before me had no meaning. Then I got a grip on my reeling senses and concentrated. The walls around me were divided into rectangles about six feet long by about five feet high. Each was a living picture beneath which were strange symbols which I took to be writing. The pictures were amazing. Here was one in which a world was depicted as though seen from space. It was blue-green, with strange white patches. With a great shock I perceived that this was my own world, the world of my birth. A change in an adjacent picture drew my immediate attention. There was a deplorable sensation of falling as I gazed and I saw that I was watching a picture of MY world as though I were falling on to it.

‘The clouds cleared, and I saw the whole outline of India and Tibet. No one told me that this was so, yet I knew it by instinct. The picture grew larger and larger. I saw Lhasa. I saw the Highlands, and then I saw the volcanic crater— “But you are not here to see that!” exclaimed the Voice. “Look elsewhere!” I looked about me and marveled anew at that which I saw. Here, on this picture, was the interior of a council chamber. Very important-looking individuals were in animated discussion. Voices were raised, and hands too. Papers were thrown about with a shocking disregard for decorum. On a raised dais a man with a purple face was speaking frantically. Applause and condemnation in about equal measure greeted his remarks. It all reminded me of a meeting of Lord Abbots!

‘I turned about. Everywhere were these living pictures. Everywhere these strange scenes, some in the most improbable colours. My body moved on, on into yet another room. Here were pictures of strange metal objects moving across the blackness of space. “Blackness” is not the word to use, for space here was speckled with points of light of many colours, many of

those colours previously quite unknown to me. "Space ships in transit," said the Voice. "We keep careful track of our traffic." Amazingly a man's face leaped into life on a portion of the wall. He spoke, but I did not understand his words. He nodded his head and gestured as though he were talking face to face with a person. With a smile and gesture of farewell the face vanished and the wall frame was again a smooth grey sheet.

'Immediately it was replaced by a view as seen by a high-flying bird. A view of the World I had just left, the World which was the centre of this vast empire. I looked down upon the great city, seeing it in utter realism, seeing the whole immense spread of it. The picture moved rapidly so that I was again looking down on that district wherein was the residence of the Master of this great civilization. I saw the great walls, and the strange, exotic gardens in which the building was set. Saw too a beautiful lake with an island at its centre. But the picture moved, cast hither and thither, sweeping the landscape as does a bird in search of prey. The picture halted. Grew larger and focussed on a metal object which was describing lazy circles and sinking towards the ground. The picture swelled so that only the metal object was shown. A man's face appeared and he was speaking, replying to unknown questions. A wave of greeting, and the picture went blank.

'I moved not of my own volition. My directed mind left that strange room and entered another. Stranger! Here, at nine of these picture screens sat nine old men. For a moment I stared in stupefied amazement, then I began to chuckle almost with hysteria. Here were nine old men, all bearded, all very similar in appearance, all of the gravest mien. In my poor brain the angry Voice thundered: "SILENCE, sacrilegious one. Here are the Wise Ones who control your destiny. Silence, I say, and show respect." But the old wise men took no notice — yet they were aware of my presence, for upon one screen there was a picture of me on Earth, a picture of me surrounded by wires and tubes. Yet another picture showed me HERE! A most unnerving experience indeed.

' "Here," continued the Voice in a most equable tone, "are the Wise Ones who have called for your presence. They are our

wisest men who for centuries have devoted themselves to the good of others. They work under the direction of the Master Himself, who has lived even longer. Our purpose is to save your world: To save it from what threatens to be suicide. To save it from the utter pollution which follows a nuc— but no matter, these are terms which have no meaning for you; terms which as yet have not been invented on your world. Your world is about to have a fairly intense change. New things will be discovered, new weapons will be invented. Man will enter space within the next hundred years. Thus it is that we are interested.”

‘One of the Wise Ones did things with his hands, and the pictures changed, world after world flitted across the screens. People after people made their brief debut and vanished to be replaced by others. Strange glass bottles became luminous and wriggling lines undulated across their exposed bottoms. Machines clattered and ejected long paper tapes which curled into baskets placed near. Paper tapes covered with remarkable symbols. The whole affair was so far beyond my understanding that even now, after all these years of thinking about it, I still cannot discern the meaning of all I saw. And ever the Old Wise Ones made notes on strips of paper or spoke into discs held near their mouths. And in response there would come a disembodied voice which spoke even as a man speaks, but the source of which I could not detect.

‘At last, when my senses were reeling under the impact of such strange events, the Voice in my brain said, “Of this you have seen sufficient. Now we will show you the past. To prepare you, I will tell you what you will experience, then you will not be frightened.” FRIGHTENED? I thought to myself; if he but knew I AM ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIED “First,” resumed the Voice, “you will experience blackness and some spinning. Then you will see what you think is this room. Actually it will be as this room was millions of years ago by YOUR time, but which is not so long by ours. Then you will see how, first, your universe was created, and then, later, how your world was born, how it was stocked with creatures among them those we call Man.” The Voice faded, and my consciousness with it.

‘It is a disturbing sensation to be so summarily deprived of

one's consciousness, to be robbed of a portion of one's life-span and not even know for how long one has been unconscious. I became aware of swirling grey fog which sent tendrils right into my brain. Intermittent glimpses Of SOMETHING tantalized me and added to my general frustration. Gradually, like a morning mist dissipating before the rays of the rising sun, my awareness, my lucidity, returned. Before me the world became light, no, it was not the world, but the room in which I floated between floor and ceiling like a lazy puff-ball rising and falling in tranquil air. Like the incense clouds billowing in a temple I lingered aloft and contemplated that which was before me.

‘Nine old men. Bearded. Grave. Intent upon their tasks. WERE they the same? No, they were not, the room was different. The screens and instruments were different. And the pictures were different. For a time there was no word spoken, no explanation of what all this portended. At last one old man reached out and turned a knob. A screen lit up and showed stars the pattern of which I had not seen before. The screen expanded until it filled the whole of my vision, until it appeared that I had a window on space. The illusion was so great that I had the feeling that I was in space without even a window. I stared at the cold, motionless stars shining with such an unfriendly, hard glare.

‘“We will speed it up a millionfold,” said the Voice, “or you will not perceive anything in your lifetime.” The stars began a rhythmic swinging, about each other, about some unseen centre. From an outer edge of the picture there came speeding a vast comet with its flaming tail pointing toward that unseen, dark centre. Across the picture the comet flew, drawing together behind it other worlds. At last the comet collided with the cold, dead world which had been the centre of that galaxy. Other worlds, drawn out of their predestined orbits by the increased gravity, laced on a collision course. On the instant when comet and dead world collided the whole universe seemed to burst into flame. Whirling vortices of incandescent matter were flung across space. Flaming gases engulfed nearby worlds. The whole universe, as seen in the screen before me, became a mass of brilliant, violent flaming gas.

‘Slowly the intense brightness pervading the whole of space subsided. At last there was a central flaming mass surrounded by smaller flaming masses. Gobbets of incandescent material were flung out as the great central mass vibrated and convulsed in the agony of the new conflagration. The Voice broke into my chaotic thought, “You are seeing in minutes that which took millions of years to evolve. We will change the picture.” My whole vision was limited to the extent of the screen and that which I now perceived was of the star system receding so that I appeared to gaze from afar. The brightness of the central sun dimmed, yet it was still exceedingly bright. Worlds nearby still glowed red as they twisted and spun on their new orbits. At the speeded-up rate at which I was being shown, the whole universe seemed to be in whirling motion so that my very senses became bedazzled.

‘Now the picture changed. Before me lay a great plain speckled with immense buildings some of which had strange projections spouting forth from their tops. Projections which seemed to me to be made of metal bent into curious shapes — the reason for this was quite beyond my intellect to understand. Swarms of people of widely diverging shapes and sizes converged upon a truly remarkable object located at the centre of the plain. It appeared to be a metallic tube of unimaginable size. The ends of the tube were less than the main girth and tapered rather to a point at one end and terminated in a rounded blob at the other. Protuberances extended at intervals from the main body and as I stared intently I could discern that these were transparent. Moving dots were inside and my observation led me to believe that they were people. I judged that the whole building was about a mile in length, or rather more. Its purpose was quite unknown to me. I could not understand why a building should have such a remarkable shape.

‘As I watched intent on missing nothing, there swam into the picture a most remarkable vehicle drawing behind it many platforms laden with boxes and bales sufficient, was my idle thought, to stock all the market places of India. Yet — how could this be? — all were floating in the air as fish float and propel themselves in water. The strange device drew alongside

the great tube which was a building and one after another all the bales and boxes were drawn inside so that the strange machine pulled away again with empty platforms following. The stream of people entering the tube diminished to a trickle and then ceased. Sliding doors slid, and the tube was closed. Ah! I thought, it is a temple, they are showing me that they have a religion and temples. Satisfied with my own explanation I let my attention flag.

‘No words could describe my emotion as my gaze was jerked back to the picture. This great tubular building, about a mile long and about a sixth of a mile thick, suddenly ROSE INTO THE AIR! It rose to about the height of our highest mountain, lingered there for a few seconds and then - vanished! One instant it was there, a sliver of silver hanging in the sky with coloured lights of two or three suns playing upon it. Then, without even a flash it was not there. I looked about me, looked at adjacent screens and then I saw it. Here, upon a very long screen perhaps twenty five feet long, stars were whirling by so that they appeared merely as streaks of coloured light. Apparently stationary in the centre of the screen was the building which had just left this strange world. The speed of the passing stars increased until they formed an almost hypnotic blur. I turned away.

‘A glare of light attracted my attention and I looked again at the long screen. At the far edge a light was appearing forecasting the advent of a greater light just as the sun sent rays over the mountain edge to foretell its approach. Quickly the light grew until it was intolerably bright. A hand stretched out and twisted a knob. The light was reduced while leaving the picture clear. The great tube, a mere insignificant speck in the immensity of space, drew near the bright orb. It circled round and then I was moved to another screen. For a moment I lost my orientation. I stared blankly at the picture before me. A picture of a large room wherein men and women dressed in what I now knew to be uniforms had their being. Some were sitting with hands on levers and knobs, others were watching screens even as I watched.

‘One who was more gorgeously attired than the others paced

around with his hands clasped behind his back. Frequently he would stop his pacing and peer over another person's shoulder while he looked at some written notes, or studied the wriggling lines which were manifested behind circles of glass. Then, with a nod, he would resume his pacing. At last I chanced to do likewise. I glanced at a screen as the Gorgeous One did. Here were flaming worlds, how many I could not count because the light dazzled me and the unaccustomed motion bewildered me. So far as I could guess, and guess alone, it was, there were about fifteen flaming gobbets encircling the great central mass which had given them birth.

'The tube-building, which I now knew to be a spaceship, stopped, and much activity took place. Then from the bottom of the ship there appeared a great number of small ships circular in shape. They scattered hither and thither, and with their departure life aboard the great vessel resumed the even tenor of a well-ordered existence. Time passed, and eventually all the small discs returned to their parent ship and were taken aboard. Slowly the massive tube turned and sped like an affrighted animal through the reeling heavens.

'In the fullness of time, how long I could not say as all the travel was speeded up, the metal tube returned to its base. Men and women left it and entered buildings on the perimeter. Before me the screen went grey.

'The shadowed room with the ever-moving screens upon the wall fascinated me beyond measure. Previously I had been too intent upon one or two screens, now, with those lying dead, inert before me I had time to look about. Here were men of approximately my own size, the size that I should imply when I used the word "human". They were of all colours, white, black, green, red, and yellow and brown. Perhaps a hundred sat in strange form-fitting seats which swayed and tipped with every movement. In rows they sat at instruments ranged along the far wall. The Nine Wise Ones sat at a special table in the centre of the room. Curiously I looked about me, but the instruments and other appliances were so far removed from anything previous in my experience that I have no way in which they could be described. Flickering tubes containing a ghastly green light,

pulsing tubes of amber light, walls which WERE walls, although they radiated the same colour light as that out in the open. Glass circles behind which points fluttered wildly or held rock-steady at one point — would THAT convey anything to you?

‘One section of wall swung out suddenly to reveal a stupendous mass of wires and tubes. Climbing up and down those wires were small people about eighteen inches high, small people festooned with belts containing shining implements which were tools of some kind. A giant came in carrying a large heavy box. He held it in place for moments while the small ones fastened the box at the back of the wall. Then the wall was swung shut and the small ones went out with the giant. Here there was silence. Silence save for a routine clicking and the shushsh-shushsh as the tape moved endlessly from a machine orifice to a special receptacle.

‘Here, upon this screen, a strange strange thing was depicted. At first I thought to gaze upon a rock rough-hewed into human shape. Then, to my intense horror, I saw the Thing move. A crude arm-shape lifted and I saw that it held a large sheet of some unknown material upon which was inscribed writing-shapes. One could not say “writing” and let it go at that. It was so obviously alien that a special form of speech would have to be invented that it could be described. My gaze passed on; this was so far above me that it held no appeal or interest for me. I experienced only horror as I looked upon this travesty of humanity.

‘But my wandering gaze stopped abruptly. HERE were Spirits, winged Spirits! I became so fascinated that almost I crashed into the screen as I moved closer with the hope of seeing more. It was a picture of a wonderful garden in which winged creatures disported. Human in shape, both male and female, they wove an intricate aerial pattern in the golden sky above their garden. The Voice broke in on my thoughts. “Ah! So you are fascinated, eh? These are the — (an unwriteable name) and they are able to fly only because they live in a world where the pull of gravity is very very low. They cannot leave their own planet for they are too fragile. Yet they have mighty and un-

surpassed intelligence. But look about you at other screens. Soon you will see more of your own world's history.”

‘The scene changed before me. Changed deliberately I suspected so that I should see that which it was desired for me to see. First there was the deep purple of space and then an entirely blue world moved across from one edge until it occupied the centre of the screen. The image grew larger until it filled the view completely. It grew larger still and again I had the horrid impression of falling head-first out of space. A most distressing experience. Beneath me blue waves leaped and rolled. The world turned. Water, water, everywhere water. But one speck projected above the eternal waves. On the whole world there was a plateau about the size of the Valley of Lhasa. On it strange buildings loomed on the shore. Human figures flopped on the shore with their legs in the water. Other figures sat on rocks nearby. It was all mysterious and none of it made sense to me. “Our forcing shed,” said the Voice, “where we raise the seed of a new race.” ’

## CHAPTER NINE

THE day was wearing on dragging weary hour after weary hour. The young monk gazed — as he had gazed most of the day up to the notch in the mountain range wherein was sheltered the Pass between India and Tibet. Suddenly he uttered a whoop of joy and turned on his heel before dashing into the cave. ‘Venerable One!’ he cried, ‘they are starting down the path. Soon we shall have food.’ Not waiting for an answer, he spun round and rushed out into the open. In the clear, cold air of Tibet minute details can be seen over long distances, there is no air pollution to mask one’s sight. Over the rocky ridge came pouring black dots: The young man smiled with satisfaction. Food! Soon there would be barley, and tea.

Quickly he dashed down to the edge of the lake and filled the water-can so that it was even slopping over. Carefully and slowly he carried it back to the cave so that water would be available when the food was. Down the slope he hurried again that he might gather the last of the branches from the storm-blasted tree. A considerable pile of firewood was now stacked beside the glowing fire. Impatiently the young man climbed up the rock face above the cave. Shielding his eyes from the glare he stared out and upwards. A long line of animals moved away from the lake. Horses, not yaks. Indians, not Tibetans. Numbly the young monk stood there dwelling upon that awful thing.

Slowly, heavily, he descended to ground level and re-entered the cave. ‘Venerable One,’ he said sadly, ‘the men are Indians, they are not coming our way and we have no food.’

‘Worry not,’ said the old hermit soothingly, ‘for an empty stomach makes a clear blain. We shall manage, we must have patience.’

A sudden thought struck the younger man. Grasping the water-can he hurried to the rock where all the barley had been spilled: Carefully he sank to his knees and scabbled in the sandy soil. Here was barley — and sand. Sand will sink in water, he thought, while barley will float. Carefully he dropped handful after handful of soil in the water-can and tapped the side. The sand sank and the barley floated. Little lumps of tea brick floated too.

Time after time he scooped the barley and tea lumps from the surface of the water and placed them in his bowl. Soon he had to obtain the old hermit's bowl and at last, when the evening shadows were again creeping across the countryside, both bowls were full. Tiredly the young monk rose to his feet, hefted the sand-filled water-can and left the cave. Outside he lost no time in tipping out the useless contents of the can then, gloomily, he made his way down the path to the lake.

Night birds were coming awake, and the full moon was peeping over the mountain edge as he scoured the can and filled it with water. Wearily he washed his knees free of embedded sand and barley grains before lifting the can again and wending his way back to the cave. With a thump of resignation he dropped the can into the heart of the fire and sat by the flames while impatiently waiting for the water to boil. At last the first wisps of steam arose and mingled with the smoke of the fire. The young monk rose too and fetched the two bowls with the barley and tea — and quite a bit of earth! — mixture. Carefully he dumped the whole lot into the water.

Soon the steam was rising again. Soon after the water was bubbling energetically, stirring up the brown mess. With a flat piece of bark the young monk scooped off the worst of the floating debris. Unable to wait longer, he hooked a stick under the handle of the can and lifted it from the fire. First he dipped the old hermit's bowl in the can and scooped out a generous helping of the porridge contents. Wiping his fingers on his already grubby robe, he hurried in to the old man with the unexpected and rather unsavory supper. Then he returned for his own food. It was eatable — just!

With the pangs of hunger but barely assuaged they lay down

upon the hard and cheerless sandy soil for yet another night of sleep. Beyond the cave the moon rose high, and sailed in majestic decline beyond the far mountain range. Creatures of the night went about their lawful occasion, and the night wind rustled gently through the gaunt branches of the stunted trees. In far lamaseries the night proctors pursued their ceaseless vigil while in the back streets of the city those of ill-repute sat and plotted how they might secure the advantage over their more trusting fellows.

The morning was cheerless. The remnants of the sodden barley and tea leaves made but poor fare, but as the sole means of sustenance available it just had to be forced down. With the morning light growing and the newly fed fire sending out sputtering showers of sparks from surface-dried wood, the old hermit said, 'Let us continue the passing of knowledge. It may help us to forget our hunger.' Together the old man and the young entered the cave and sat in their accustomed positions.

'I drifted awhile,' said the hermit, 'like the thoughts of an idle man, without direction, without purpose. Vacillating, flitting from screen to screen as the fancy took me. Then the Voice intruded upon me, saying, "We must tell you more." As the Voice spoke I found that I was being turned and directed to the screens which I had first studied. Now again they were active. Upon one screen was depicted the universe containing what we now know to be the Solar System.

'The Voice resumed, "For centuries most careful watch was kept in case there should be any radiation hazard from the new System now in formation. Millions of years went by, but in the life of a universe a million years is as minutes in the lifetime of a human. At last another expedition set out from this, the heart of our empire. An expedition equipped with the most modern apparatus with which to determine the planning of new worlds which we should seed." The Voice ceased, and I looked again at the screens.

'The stars glittered cold and remote in the stupendous distances of space. Hard and brittle they shone with more colours than that of the rainbow. The picture grew larger and larger until a world was shown which seemed to be just a ball of cloud.

Turbulent clouds slashed through and through with the most fearsome lightning. “It is not possible,” said the Voice, “to make a TRUE analysis of a distant world by remote probes. At one time we believed otherwise, but experience has taught us our error. Now, for millions of years, we have sent expeditions. Look!”

‘The universe was swept aside as one draws aside a curtain. Again I saw a plain stretching out to what seemed to be infinity. The buildings were different, now they were long and low. The great vessel which stood there ready was different too. Something like two platters was this vessel, the lower half a platter standing as a platter should stand, while the upper rested upon the lower but inverted. It shone bright even as the full moon. Hundreds of round holes with glass behind them encircled the circumference. Upon the utmost elevation there rested a dome-shaped transparent room possibly some fifty feet across. The gigantic girth of the vessel entirely dwarfed the toiling machines which labored at its base to supply it.

‘In groups there loitered men and women, all in strange uniform dress, all with a number of boxes reposing at their feet upon the ground. The talk seemed to be merry, the humour good. More ornately attired individuals strutted unapproachably backwards and forwards as though deliberating upon the fate of a world — as indeed they may have been. A sudden signal made them all bend quickly, seize their packages, and scurry to the waiting vessel. Metallic doors like the iris of an eye closed tightly behind them.

‘Slowly the immense metal creation rose some hundred feet in the air. It hovered for a moment of time — and then just vanished leaving no trail of any kind to mark that it had ever existed. The Voice said, “It travels at a speed unthinkably faster than the speed of light. It is a self-contained world and when one is in these ships one is QUITE unaffected by any outside influences. There is no sensation of speed, no feeling of falling, not even on the sharpest turns. Space,” continued the Voice, “is NOT the empty void that your own worldians believe. Space is an area of reduced density. There is an atmosphere of hydrogen molecules. The separate molecules may be hundreds

of miles apart admittedly, but at the speed generated by our vessels that atmosphere seems almost as dense as the sea. One hears the molecules rushing against the side of the ship and we had to take special measures to overcome the problem of heating through molecular friction. But look —!”

‘On an adjacent screen the disc-shaped vessel was tearing along leaving an almost intangible trail of faint blue light behind it. The speed was so great that as the picture moved to keep the ship centered, the stars appeared as solid lines of light. The Voice murmured, “We will omit the needless travel sequences and keep to the items which matter. Look at the other screen.” I did so, and witnessed the vessel, now travelling very much more slowly, circling around the sun, OUR sun. But a sun very very different from what it is now. It was larger, brighter, and vast streamers of flame reached out far beyond its girth. The ship circled round, orbiting first one world and then another.

‘At last it drew close to the world which somehow I knew to be the Earth. Completely enshrouded in clouds it rolled beneath the ship. Several orbits were made and then the vessel slowed even more. The picture changed and I was shown inside. A small group of men and women were walking down a long metal corridor. At the end they debouched into an enclosure wherein there were small replicas of the large vessel. Men and women walked up a ramp and entered one of these smaller ships. All other people left that area. Behind a transparent wall a man watched, his hands upon strange coloured buttons, with flashing lights before him. A light glowed green, and the man pressed several buttons simultaneously.

‘A section of the floor retreated equally from the small ship, and opened as the iris of an eye opens. The ship fell through and entered into space. Lower and lower it glided until it was lost to our view in the clouds which encompassed the Earth. Then the picture before me changed again and I saw as from the small craft itself. Here were the swirling, billowing clouds, appearing first as impenetrable barriers, but melting away at the touch of the spaceship. Down down we went through miles of the cloud until at last we merged in to a dull, sullen day.

Grey sea rolled and surged and in the distance seemed to merge with the grey clouds, clouds upon which were reflected ruddy glares from some unknown source.

‘The spaceship leveled off and flew between cloud and sea. The miles passed, miles of endless, surging sea. Upon the skyline a dark mass appeared, a dark mass shot through by intermittent gouts of flame. The ship moved on. Soon below us there loomed a great mass of mountainous land. Vast volcanoes reared their ugly heads high towards the clouds. Tremendous flames shot forth and molten lava came tumbling down the mountain sides to plunge into the sea with a hissing roar. Although it had been a grey blur in the distance, close to the land appeared as a very dull red.

‘The ship moved on and circumnavigated the world for a number of times. There was but one immense land mass surrounded by the tossing sea which, from the lower altitude, seemed to be steaming. At last it rose, entered space, and returned to the parent ship. The screen faded as that vessel sped again back to the Empire world.

‘The Voice, now so accustomed to speaking in my brain, commented, “No! I am not merely speaking to you, I am also addressing those who are participating in this experience. Because you are so receptive you are aware of all my remarks by what we term acoustic feed-back. But pay attention. This applies to you also.

‘ “The Second Expedition returned to — ” (here there was a name, but it is beyond my power to pronounce it so I will transpose and say “our empire”). “Scientists studied the reports submitted by the crews. Assessments were made of the probable number of centuries before the world was fit for stocking with living creatures. Biologists and geneticists worked together to formulate plans for the best types of creatures to be made. When a new world is to be stocked, and when that world is the offspring of a nova, ponderous animals and heavy foliage is first required. All soil consists of powdered rock, with lava dust and certain trace elements. Such soil will support only coarse-feeding plants. Then those plants decay, and the animals die and decay and mix with the rock dust. In the course

of millenniums 'soil' is formed. As the soil becomes more and more remote from the original rock, finer types of plants can be grown. In time, on any planet, the soil is really the cells of decayed animals and plants and the excreta of the former for aeons past."

'I had the impression that the Owner of the Voice paused while he surveyed his audience. Then he continued, "The atmosphere of a new planet is not at all breathable by humans. The effluvia from the belching volcanoes contains sulfur and many noxious and lethal gases. Suitable vegetation will overcome this by absorbing the toxins and returning them as harmless minerals to the soil. The vegetation will take the poisonous fumes and convert them to the oxygen and nitrogen which humanoids require. So, the scientists of many branches worked together for centuries preparing the basic stock. These were then placed upon a nearby world of similar conditions so that they could mature, so that we could ensure that they were entirely satisfactory. If necessary they could then be modified.

' "So, for ages the new planetary system was left to its own devices. Left while wind and waves eroded the sharp rock pinnacles. For millions of years tempests beat upon that rocky land. Powdered rock spilled forth from high peaks, heavy stones fell and rolled under the storms, grinding the rock-powder ever finer. The giant waves beat in fury on the land, breaking off spurs, bumping them together, reducing them to smaller and smaller particles. The lava that flowed white-hot into the waters fumed and foamed and split into millions of particles to become the sand of the sea. The waves flung the sand back on the land, and the continual scouring wore down the mountains from their miles-high altitude to merely tens of thousands of feet.

' "Endless centuries of Earth-time passed. The blazing sun blazed not so fiercely. No longer did flaming gobbets become spewed out to engulf and incinerate adjacent objects. Now the sun burned fairly regularly. The nearby worlds too cooled. Their orbits steadied. Every so often little lumps of rock collided with other masses and the whole plunged into the sun, making a temporary increase in its flaming intensity. But the

System was steadying down. The world called Earth was becoming ready to receive its first life.

“At the Empire base a vast ship was being prepared to travel to the Earth and the members of what would be the Third Expedition were being trained in all matters relating to their coming task. Men and women were being selected for compatibility and for the absence of neurosis. Each space ship is a self-contained world in which the air is manufactured by plants and water is obtained from excess air and hydrogen — the cheapest thing in the whole universe. Instruments were loaded, general supplies, the new stock were carefully frozen ready to be re-animated at the appointed time. At long last, for there was no hurry, the Third Expedition was ready.”

‘I watched the vessel slide through the Empire universe, cross yet another, and enter that which contained at its distant edge the new Earth. There were many worlds circling around the bright sun. These were ignored; all attention was given to the one planet. The great vessel decelerated and swung in an orbit such that it was stationary relative to one point on the Earth. Aboard the ship a small craft was made ready. Six men and women entered and again an opening appeared in the floor of the parent ship through which the survey vessel dropped. Again on the screen I watched as it fell through the thick cloud and emerged a few thousand feet above the water. Moving in a horizontal plane it soon came to where the rock land projected above the water.

‘The volcanic eruptions, although most violent, were yet less intense than previously. The shower of rock debris was less profuse. Carefully, very very carefully, the small ship sank lower and lower. Keen eyes searched the surface for the most suitable landing place and at last, with that location decided upon, it made landfall. Here, resting upon the hard surface, the crew made what appeared to be routine tests. Satisfied, four members of the crew donned strange garments which covered them from neck to feet. Upon their head each person placed a round transparent globe which connected in some way with the neck-piece of the garment already donned.

‘Each picked up a case and entered a small room the door of

which was carefully closed and fastened behind them. A light opposite another door glowed red. The black pointer on a circular dial commenced to move, and as it came to rest over an "O" the red light turned to green and the outer door swung open. A strange metal ladder, as though imbued with life of its own, rattled across the floor and extended down to the ground some fifteen feet below. One man carefully descended the ladder and stamped about as he reached the surface. From the case he drew a long rod which he thrust into the ground. Bending, he minutely examined the markings upon the surface of that rod and — rising to his feet — beckoned to the others that they should join him.

'The little party moved around seemingly at random, doing things which had no meaning for me. Save that I knew these to be intelligent adults I would have put down their antics to that of children playing games. Some picked up little stones and put them in a bag. Some hit the ground with hammers, or stuck in what appeared to be metal rods. Yet another, a female, I observed, wandered around waving little strips of sticky glass and then hastily inserted them in bottles. All these things were quite incomprehensible to me. At last they returned to their vessel and entered the first compartment. They stood still like cattle in a market place while remarkable coloured lights shone and moved over the entire surface of each. A light glowed green, and the other coloured lights were extinguished. The party removed their protective garments and entered the main body of the ship.

'Soon there was a great to-do. The female with the sticky glass strips rushed to put each one in a metallic device. Putting her face to it so that she looked through two tubes, she turned knobs, making comment to others the while. The man with the little pebbles tipped them into a machine which emitted a great whirr and suddenly ejected the pebbles which were now reduced to a very fine powder. Many tests were made. Many conversations were held with the great parent ship.

'Other of these vessels appeared, while the first one withdrew and returned to the greater vessel. Those which remained circled the whole of the world and from them there dropped

articles which fell on to the land and others of a different type fell into the sea. Satisfied with their work, all the small craft drew close and formed a line after which they rose up and left the atmosphere of the Earth. One by one each re-entered the mother ship, and when the last had so done the great vessel sped from that orbit and traveled to other worlds in that system. Thus it was that many, many years of Earth time was occupied.

‘Many centuries passed on the Earth. In the time of a ship travelling through space it was but weeks, for the two times are different in some manner difficult to comprehend, but it IS so. Many centuries passed, and rough, coarse vegetation flourished on the land and under the waters. Vast ferns towered skywards, with immense, thick leaves absorbing the poisonous gases and breathing out oxygen by day and nitrogen by night. At long last an Ark of Space descended through the clouds and landed upon a sandy shore. Great hatches were opened and from out of the mile-long vessel lumbering, nightmare creatures came, so ponderous that the Earth shook to their tread. Horrendous creatures flapped heavily into the air on creaking leathern wings.

‘The great Ark — the first of many to come throughout the ages — rose into the air and glided gently over the seas. At predetermined areas the Ark rested upon the surface of the water and strange creatures flopped into the ocean depths. The immense vessel rose and vanished into the remotest recesses of space. Upon the Earth incredible creatures lived and fought, bred and died. The atmosphere changed. The foliage changed, and the creatures evolved. The eons passed and from the Observatory of the Wise Ones, universes distant, watch was kept.

‘The Earth was wobbling in its orbit; a dangerous degree of eccentricity was developing. From the heart of the Empire there came a special ship. The scientists decided that one land mass was insufficient to prevent the seas from surging and unbalancing the world. From the great vessel hovering miles above the surface a thin beam of light shot out. The exposed continent of the Earth shivered and cracked apart into smaller masses. Violent earthquakes took place. And in the fullness of

time the land masses drifted apart forming ramparts against which the sea, now divided into SEAS, beat in vain. The Earth settled into stable orbit.

‘Millions of years crawled on. Millions of years of EARTH time. Again an expedition approached from the Empire. This time it brought the first humanoids to the world. Strange purple creatures were unloaded, the women having eight breasts, and men and women having a head set square on the shoulders so that to see at the side the whole body had to be turned. The legs were short and the arms were long, descending to below the knees. They knew naught of fire or weapons and yet they were ever aquarrel. They lived in caves and in the branches of mighty trees. For food they had berries and grasses and the insects which crawled the earth. But the Watchers were not satisfied, for these were but mindless creatures who could not fend for themselves and who showed no signs of evolving.

‘By now vessels of that Empire were on constant patrol through the universe which held the solar system. Other worlds here too were being developed. That of another planet was proceeding much more quickly than the Earth. A ship of the patrol was detached to go to the Earth where it landed. A few of the purple natives were captured and examined and it was decided that the whole race should be exterminated just as a gardener exterminates weeds. A pestilence fell upon the Earth, and all the humanoids were killed. The Voice broke in, saying, “In years to come your own Earth people will use this system to kill off a plague of rabbits, but your people will use a pestilence which will kill the rabbits in agony; WE do it painlessly.”

‘From the skies there came another Ark bringing different animals and very different humanoids. Throughout the lands they were distributed, a different type and perhaps a different colour chosen to suit the conditions of that area. The Earth still roared and rumbled. Volcanoes belched forth flames and fumes and the molten lava came pouring down the mountain sides. The seas were cooling and the life therein was changing to meet the altering conditions. At the two poles the waters were cold and the first ice on Earth was beginning to form.

‘The Ages went by. The atmosphere of Earth changed. Giant fern-like growths gave way to orthodox trees. Life-forms became stabilized. A mighty civilization flourished. Around the world flew the Gardeners of the Earth visiting city after city. But some of them became too familiar with their human charges, or the women thereof. An evil priest of the human race persuaded a beautiful woman to seduce one of the Gardeners and to inveigle him so that he betrayed forbidden secrets. Soon the woman was in possession of certain weapons formerly in the man's care. Within the hour the priest had them.

‘By treachery certain of the priestly caste manufactured atomic weapons, using the stolen one as pattern. A plot was hatched whereby certain of the Gardeners were invited to a temple for celebrations and thanksgiving. Here, in the sacred grounds, the Gardeners were poisoned. Their equipment was stolen. A great assault was made on the other Gardeners. In the battle the atomic pile of a grounded spacecraft was exploded by a priest. The whole world shook. The great continent of Atlantis sank beneath the waves. In far-off lands tornadoes rent the mountains and tore humans apart. Great waves stormed in from the seas, and the world became almost barren of human life. Barren save for a few who cowered whimpering with terror in remote caves.

‘For years the Earth shook and shivered with the effects of the atomic blast. For years no Gardener came to inspect the world. Radiation was strong, and the scared remnants of humanity brought forth mutated progeny. Plant life was affected, and the atmosphere became debased. The sun was obscured by lowering red clouds. At long last the Wise Ones decreed that yet another expedition should travel to Earth and to take new stock to their desecrated “garden”. The great Ark of humans, animals and plants set forth through the far reaches of space.’

The old hermit fell over with a gasp. The young monk leaped in the air with the shock and then hurried over to the fallen ancient. The little bottle of precious drops was at hand, and soon the old man was lying on his side breathing normally. ‘You need food, Venerable One,’ exclaimed the younger man. ‘I

will place water beside you and then I will climb to the Solemn Contemplation Hermitage to obtain tea and barley. I will hurry.' The hermit nodded weakly and relaxed as the young monk placed a bowl of water beside him, and put the full water-can within easy reach. 'I will go by way of the cliff side,' he said as he hurried out of the cave.

Along the mountain foot he ran, gazing upwards for signs of the faint trail which led to the wider path far above. Here, two thousand feet higher, and six miles away, there was the hermitage wherein many dwelt. Food would be available for the asking, but the way was hard and the daylight even now was beginning to fail. Grimly the young monk lengthened his stride. Acutely he stared at the rock face until at last he discerned the faint marks where once before he had climbed the mountain face. By the twisted, scrubby bush he turned sharp right and immediately encountered the cruel, knife-like stones which discouraged so many others and led them to take a path which increased the six miles to more than twenty, so devious was the way.

Slowly he struggled upwards, seeking handholds where none seemed possible. Foot by foot he ascended. The sun sank below the far mountain range and he rested awhile sitting astride a boulder. Soon the first silver rays of the rising moon peeped over the mountain range. Soon the cliff face above was illumined sufficiently to make further travel possible. Clawing and digging in fingers and toes he inched his way perilously upwards. Below him the valley was in deep shadow. With a gasp of relief he reached up and tumbled on to the narrow track leading to the hermitage. Half running, breath coming in sobs, and aching in every limb, he made his way the remaining miles.

Feebly gleaming in the distance, the flickering butter lamp shone as a beacon of hope to the benighted traveler. Gasping for breath, and faint with the need for food, the young man stumbled the last few yards to the hermitage door. From inside came the mumbling chant of an aged man clearly praying entirely by rote. Here is no religious devotee whom I might disturb, thought the young monk as he called out loudly,

‘Caretaker of hermits, I am in need!’ The low, reiterated mumbling ceased. There was the creak of aged bones moving more quickly, and then the door slowly opened. Blackly outlined against a solitary butter lamp which flared and sputtered in the sudden draft, the old priest-caretaker with high-raised voice demanded, ‘Who is there? Who are you that calls at this hour of the night?’ Slowly the young monk moved so that he could be seen. The caretaker relaxed at the sight of the red robe. ‘Come, enter,’ he bade.

The young man stepped hesitantly forward. Reaction set in and he was tired. ‘Fellow priest,’ he said, ‘the Venerable Hermit with whom I am staying is ill and we have no food. We had none today, nor yesterday. No trader has come to us. We have only the lake water. Can you give us food?’

The priest-caretaker clucked with sympathy. ‘Food? Yes, of a surety I can give you food. Barley — already well ground. A brick of tea. Butter and sugar, yes, but you must rest tonight, you CANNOT traverse the mountain path tonight.’

‘I must, fellow priest,’ exclaimed the young monk. ‘The Venerable One starves. The Buddha will protect me.’

‘Then stay awhile and eat a little and drink tea — it is all ready. Eat and drink, and I will pack a shoulder bag for you. I have plenty.’

So it was that the young man sat in the lotus position and gave prostrations in thanks for the welcome so sincerely given. He sat and ate tsampa and drank strong tea, while the old caretaker babbled all the gossip and news which the well-served hermitage had heard. The Inmost One was a travel. The great Lord Abbot of Drepung had made disparaging remarks about another. The College of Proctors were giving thanks to a Guardian Cat who had located a persistent thief among certain traders. A Chinese had been waylaid on a mountain pass and in trying to escape — so it was said — had slipped over the edge to fall some two thousand feet (the body was all broken up and ready for the vultures without any further human aid).

But time was not standing still. At last, reluctantly, the young monk stood and took the proffered bag. With words of thanks and farewell he strode out of the hermitage and made

his cautious way down the path. The moon was now high. The light was silvery and brilliant. The path was clear, but the shadows were of the intense blackness known only to those who dwell in high places. Soon he came to the edge where he must leave the more secure way and clamber down the precipice. Cautiously, slowly, he lowered himself over the edge. With infinite care, somewhat handicapped by the weight on his shoulders, he crept downwards, inch by inch, foot by foot. Carefully holding with his hands while he felt for a secure hold with his feet. Transferring his weight from his hands to his feet—from his feet to his hands. At last, with the moon declining overhead, he reached the darkened floor of the valley. Feeling his way from rock to rock he progressed slowly until before him he saw the red glow of the fire before the cave entrance. Stopping only to put on a few more branches, he tottered inside and sank down at the feet of the old hermit whom he could just see by the light of the fire reflecting into the cave entrance.

## CHAPTER TEN

THE old hermit improved visibly under the influence of hot tea, with a pat of butter and a good helping of sugar. The barley was finely ground, and well roasted. The flames from the fire shone cheeringly through the entrance to the cave. But the hour was still that between dusk and dawn, with the birds asleep in the branches and naught but the night creatures astir. The moon had sailed across the sky and was now lowering herself beyond the farthest range. From time to time the chill wind of the night came rustling through the leaves to send the sparks a-flying from the brightened fire.

The ancient man rose warily on stiffened limbs and tottered off into the inner chamber. The young monk rolled over and fell into a sound sleep before his head touched the hard-packed sand. The world about was silent. The night became darker with the darkness that foretells of the dawn soon to come. From above a solitary stone came rattling down to shatter on the boulders beneath, then all was silent again.

The sun was well advanced when the young monk awakened to a world of aches. Stiff limbs, tired muscles, and HUNGER! Muttering forbidden words under his breath he clambered to his feet, grabbed the empty water-can and lurched out of the cave. The fire was a pleasant glow of red ashes. Hastily he tossed on small twigs and laid larger branches on top. Ruefully he surveyed the fast-diminishing supply of wood. Gloomily he contemplated the difficulty of obtaining fresh supplies from ever and ever further afield. Glancing up at the rock face he shuddered involuntarily, as he contemplated his climb of the night. Then — off to the lake for water.

‘We must talk long today,’ said the old hermit as they

finished their meager breakfast, 'for I feel the Heavenly Fields calling upon me to hurry. There is a limit to what flesh can endure and I have far outlived man's allotted span.'

The young man looked sad, he had developed a deep affection and respect for the old one and considered that his suffering had been far too great. 'I am ready when you are, Venerable One,' he said, 'let me just fill your bowl with water first.' Rising, he swilled out the bowl and refilled it with fresh water.

The old hermit commenced, 'The Ark appeared in the screen before me vast and cumbersome. A vessel which would have engulfed the Potala and the whole of the City of Lhasa complete with Sera and Drepung Lamaseries. It bulked so huge that the humans streaming from it were by comparison as small as the ants which work in the sand. Vast animals were unloaded, and crowds of new humans. All appeared dazed, doped, presumably so that they should not fight. Men with strange things on their shoulders flew about as the birds fly, herding the animals and men, prodding them with rods made of metal.

'Around the world the ship flew, landing at many points to leave behind animals of different types. Humans who were white, those who were black, and some were yellow. Short humans, tall humans. Humans with black hair and those whose hair was white. Animals with stripes, animals with long necks, some with no necks, never had I known there could be such a range of colours, sizes, and different types of living creatures. Some of the sea creatures were so utterly immense that I could not for a time comprehend how they could move, yet in the sea they appeared as agile as the fishes in our lakes.

'Constantly through the air there flew small vessels which had in them people who were keeping check on the new inhabitants of Earth. On their forays they dispersed large herds and made sure that animals and humans were spread over the globe. The centuries passed and Man still was not able to light a fire nor even to shape crude implements of stone. The Wise Ones held conferences and decided that the "stock" must be improved by introducing some humanoids who were more intelligent, who knew how to light fires and work flint. So the centuries

went on with the Gardeners of the Earth introducing fresh, viril specimens to improve the human stock. Gradually mankind progressed from the flint-chipping stage to the fire-light-in level. Gradually houses were built and towns formed. Always the Gardeners moved among the human creatures and the humans looked upon them as gods upon the Earth.

‘The Voice broke in, saying “No useful purpose would be served in merely following the endless troubles which beset this new colony of Earth. I will tell you of the salient features for the sake of your own instruction. While I speak we will have before us suitably phased pictures so that you may also see any point of note.

‘ “The Empire was great, but there came from another universe violent people who tried to wrest our possessions from us. These people were humanoid and upon their head they had horny growths projecting from the area of the temples. They also had a tail. These people were of a surpassingly warlike nature, it was their sport as well as their work. In black ships they poured into this universe and laid waste to worlds which we had so recently seeded. In space cataclysmic battles took place. Worlds were laid desolate, worlds erupted into gouts of smoke and flame and their debris clutters the spaceways as the Asteroid Belt even to this day. Previously fertile worlds had their atmosphere blasted away and all that lived there perished: A world struck another world a glancing blow and threw it against the Earth. The Earth juddered and shook and was pushed into another orbit which made the Earth-day longer.

‘ “During the near-collision giant electric discharges leaped from the two worlds. The skies flamed anew. Many of the Earth-humans perished. Great floods swept the surface of the world and compassionate Gardeners hurried around in their Arks trying to load aboard humans and animals that they should be safely conveyed to higher ground and safety. In later years,” said the Voice, “this would give rise to incorrect legends throughout all Earth lands. But in space the battle was won. The forces of the Empire defeated the evil invaders and made many of them captive.

‘ “The Prince of the Invaders, Prince Satan, pled for his life,

saying that he had much to teach the peoples of the Empire. Saying that He would at all times work for the good of others. His life and that of some of his leading men was spared. After a period of captivity he expressed himself as anxious to co-operate in the rebuilding of the solar system which he had so desecrated. Being men of good will, the Empire admirals and generals could not imagine treachery and evil intent in others. They accepted the offer and set the Prince Satan and his officers tasks under the supervision of Empire men.

‘ “On the Earth the natives were crazed by the experiences they had undergone. They had been decimated by the inundation and by the flames from the clouds. Fresh stock was brought from outlying planets where some humans had survived. The lands were now different, the seas were different. Through the complete change in orbit the climate had altered. Now there was a hot equatorial belt and ice formed very heavily on the polar areas. Icebergs broke away from the main masses and floated in the seas. Huge animals died in the sudden cold. Forests collapsed when their living conditions changed so drastically.

‘ “Very slowly conditions became stabilized. Once again Man started to build a form of civilization. But Man was now excessively warlike and persecuted all those who were weaker. Routinely the Gardeners introduced fresh specimens that the basic stock should be improved. The evolution of Man progressed and a better type of creature slowly emerged. But the Gardeners were not satisfied. It was decided that more Gardeners should live upon the Earth. Gardeners, and their families. For convenience mountain tops or high places were used as bases. Over an eastern land a man and a woman descended in their space ship and made their base on a pleasant mountain rise. Izanagi and Izanami became the protectors and founders of the Japanese race and” — the Voice sounded both rueful and cross at the same time — “once again false legends were woven; because these two, Izanagi and Izanami, appeared from the direction of the sun, the natives believed they were the sun god and goddess come to live among them.”

‘On the screen before me I saw the blood red sun shining full

in the sky. As from it there descended a shining vessel colored red by the reflected rays of the setting sun. The ship descended further, hovered and then lazily circled around. At last, as red rays from the evening sun were reflected on the snow-covered mountain top the ship descended on to a level slope high on the mountain side. The last beams of sunlight lit up the man and woman who descended from the ship to look about them, and then to re-enter. The yellow skinned natives lying prostrate before the ship, overawed by the glory of the sight, waited in respectful silence and then melted away in the darkness of the night.

‘The picture changed and I saw another mountain in a far-off land. Where, I knew not, but that information was soon to be given to me. From the sky there came spaceships which circled about and then slowly descended in a regular formation until they too occupied a mountain slope. “The Gods of Olympus!” said the Voice in a sarcastic tone. “The so-called Gods who brought much trial and tribulation to this young world. These people, with the former Prince Satan among them, came to settle upon the Earth, but the Centre of the Empire was far away. Ennui and the promptings of Satan led astray these young men and women who had been given this Earth assignment that they could gain experience.

‘ “Zeus, Apollo, Theseus, Aphrodite, the daughters of Cadmus, and many others, formed these crews. The messenger Mercury sped from ship to ship throughout the world carrying messages — and scandals. Men became overwhelmed with desire for the wives of others. Women set themselves to trap men they desired. Across the skies of the world there were mad chases in speeding craft as woman chased man or husband chased eloping wives. And the ignorant natives of the world, watching the sex antics of those whom they deemed to be gods, thought that THIS was the way in which THEY should live. So there began an era of debauchery in which all the laws of decency were flouted.

‘ “Various wily natives, more alert than the average, set themselves up as priests and pretended to be the Voice of the Gods. The ‘Gods’ were too busy with their orgies to even know.

But these orgies led to other excesses, led to murders so numerous that at long last news of them filtered back to the Empire. But the native-priests, those who pretended to be the representatives of the Gods, wrote down all that happened and altered sayings that their own powers might be increased. Ever it has been thus in the history of the world, that some of the natives wrote down not what happened, but that which would enhance their own power and prestige. Most of the legends are not even an approximation of that which really took place.”

‘I was moved to another screen. Here were another group of Gardeners, or “Gods”. Horus, Osirus, Annubis, Isis, and many others. Here too orgies were occurring. Here too a former lieutenant of Prince Satan was at work trying to sabotage all efforts to produce good for this little world. Here too were the inevitable priests writing their endless and inaccurate legends: Some there were who had wormed their way into the confidence of the Gods and had so obtained knowledge normally forbidden to the natives for their own good. These natives formed a secret society designed to steal more forbidden knowledge and to usurp the power of the Gardeners. But the Voice continued to speak. “We had much trouble with certain of the natives and had to introduce measures which were repressive. Certain of the native priests, having stolen equipment from the Gardeners, could not control them; they loosed plagues upon the Earth. Vast numbers of the people died. Crops were affected.

‘ “But certain of the Gardeners, under the control of Prince Satan, had established a Capital of Sin in the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Cities in which any form of vice or perversion or depravity was considered as virtue. The Master of the Empire solemnly warned Satan to desist and leave, but he scoffed. Certain of the better inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah were advised to leave, and then, at the appointed time, a solitary craft sped through the air and dropped a small package: The cities were erased in flame and smoke. Great mushroom-shaped clouds ascended into the quaking sky, and upon the ground there was naught but devastation, rubble of stones, melted rocks, and the incredible debris of human habitation in

decay. By night the area shone with a sickly purple radiance  
Very few escaped the holocaust.

‘ “Following this salutary warning, it was decided to withdraw all the Gardeners from the face of the Earth and to have no more contact with the natives but to treat them as specimens from afar. Patrols would still enter the atmosphere. The world and its natives still would be supervised. But no official contact. Instead it was decided to have upon the Earth natives who had been specially trained and who could be ‘planted’ where suitable people could find them. The man who later became known as Moses was an example. A suitable native woman was removed from the Earth and impregnated with the seed having the necessary characteristics. The unborn child was telepathically trained and given great — for a native — knowledge. He was hypnotically conditioned not to reveal the knowledge until an appointed time.

‘ “In due course the baby was born and further training and conditioning was given. Later the baby was placed in a suitable container and under cover of darkness was deposited securely in a bed of reeds where he would speedily be found. As he grew to manhood he was in frequent touch with us. When necessary a small ship would come to a mountain and be concealed by the natural clouds or even by those which we made ourselves. The man Moses would then ascend the mountain and come aboard, leaving after with a Wand of Power or specially compiled Tablets of the Commandments which we had prepared for him.

‘ “But this still was not enough. We had to go through a similar procedure in other countries. In that land which now is known as India we specially controlled and trained the male child of a most powerful Prince. We considered that his power and prestige would induce the natives to follow him and adhere to a special form of discipline which we had formulated that there should be an improvement in the spiritual state of the natives. Gautama had his own ideas, however, and rather than discard him we allowed him to produce his own form of spiritual discipline. Once again we found that the disciples, or priests — usually for their own gain — distorted the teachings in

their writings. Thus it ever was upon the Earth; a coterie of men, self-styled priests, would edit or re-write scriptures that their own powers and wealth should be enhanced.

‘ “There were others who founded new branches of religion, such as Mohammed, Confucius — the names are too many to mention. But each of these men was under our control, or trained by us with the basic intention that a world belief should be established, the leaders of that religion would then lead their followers into GOOD ways of life. We intended that each human should behave to others as he himself would wish others to behave towards him. We tried to establish a state of universal harmony such as existed in our own Empire, but this new humanity was not yet sufficiently advanced to put aside Self and to work for the good of others.

‘ “The Wise Ones were very dissatisfied with progress. As a result of their cerebration a new scheme was propounded. One of the Wise Ones had remarked that all those sent to Earth so far had been introduced to the wealthier type of family. As he correctly stated, many of the lower classes would reject automatically the words of such a higher-class person. Thus it was that search was made, first using the Akashic Record, for a suitable woman to bear a son. A suitable woman from a suitable lower-class family and in a country wherein it was considered that a new religion or doctrine might be expected to flourish. Researchers assiduously devoted themselves to the task. A fair number of possibilities were presented. Three men and three women were secretly landed upon the Earth in order that they could pursue their investigations so that the most suitable family should be selected.

‘ “The consensus of opinion favoured a young woman who was childless and married to a practitioner of the oldest trade on Earth, the trade of carpenter. The Wise Ones reasoned that the majority of people were of this class and they may be more willing to follow the words of one of their own. So, the woman was visited by one of us whom she took to be an angel and told that she was to have a great honour. That she was to bear a male child who was to found a new religion. In the fullness of time the woman became pregnant but then occurred one of

those events so common in that part of the world; the woman and her husband had to flee their home because of the persecution of a local king.

‘ “They made their slow way to a middle eastern city and there the woman found that her time was full upon her. There was no place to go except in a stable of a hostelry. There the baby was born. We had followed the flight, prepared to take all necessary action. Three members of the crew of the vigilant vessel descended to the surface of the Earth and made their way to the stable. To their dismay they learned that their ship had been seen and was described as a Star in the East.

‘ “The baby grew into boyhood, and through the special indoctrination he constantly received by telepathy, he showed great promise. As a youth he would dispute with his elders and regrettably he antagonized the local priesthood. In early manhood he withdrew from those he knew and traveled to many other lands in the middle and far east. We directed him to travel to Tibet, and he crossed the mountain range and sojourned for a time in the Cathedral of Lhasa, where even now prints of his hands are preserved. Here he received advice and assistance in the formulation of a religion suitable for western peoples.

‘ “During his stay in Lhasa he underwent special treatment in which the astral body of the Earth-human was freed and taken away to another existence. In its place was inserted the astral body of one of our choosing. This was a person with very great experience in spiritual matters — far greater experience than could be obtained under any Earth conditions. This system of transmigration is one we frequently employ when dealing with backward races. At last everything was ready, and he made the long journey back to his homeland. Arrived there, he was successful in recruiting certain acquaintances who would assist with the dissemination of the new religion.

‘ “Unfortunately, the first occupant of the body had antagonized the priests. Now they remembered the fact and carefully arranged an incident under which the man could be arrested. Having control of the judge who tried the matter the result was a foregone conclusion. We considered effecting a rescue, but

came to the conclusion that the overall result would be bad for the general population and for the new religion.

‘ “The new form of spiritual discipline spread. But once again there were those who subverted it to their own ends. About sixty years after its inception a large convention was held in the middle east city of Constantinople. Here many priests foregathered. Many of them perverted men who had depraved sexual desires and who looked upon heterosexuality as unclean. Under their majority vote the real Teachings were altered and made women appear unclean. They now taught – quite erroneously — that all children are born in sin. They decided to publish a book about the events of sixty years before.

‘ “Writers were hired to compile books on the same lines using as far as possible the tales and legends which had been passed down (with all their inaccuracies) from person to person. For year after year various committees sat to edit, delete and alter passages which did not please them. Eventually a book was written which did NOT teach the real Belief, but which was in effect advertising material to enhance the power of the priesthood. Throughout the centuries which followed, the priests — who SHOULD have been assisting the development of Mankind — actively hindered it. False legends have been propagated, facts have been distorted. Unless the people of the Earth, and particularly the evil priests, change their ways, we, the People of the Empire, will have to take over the Earth world. Meantime, except in such extreme cases as this, we have orders not to converse with Man, and to make no overtures to any government on Earth.”

‘The Voice ceased to speak. I floated numbly before those ever-changing screens watching the pictures as they brought to my vision all that had happened in those days of long ago. I saw, too, much of the probable future, for the future CAN be predicted fairly accurately for a world or even for a country. I saw my own dear land being invaded by the hated Chinese. I saw the rise — and fall — of an evil political regime which seemed to have a name like communism, but this meant nothing to me. At last I felt extreme exhaustion. I felt that even

my astral body was wilting under the strain which had been placed upon it. The screens, hitherto so full of living color, turned grey. My vision blurred and I fell into a state of unconsciousness.

‘A horrid rocking motion awakened me from my sleep, or from the state of unconsciousness. I opened my eyes — but I HAD no eyes! Although I still could not move I was in some way aware that I was again in my physical body. The rocking was the table which bore me being carried back along the space vessel corridor. An unemotional voice flatly stated “he is conscious”. A grunt of acknowledgement followed and there was silence again except for the shuffling of feet and the faint scraping of metal as at times my table was bumped against a wall.

‘I lay alone in that metal room. The men had deposited my table and silently withdrawn. I lay pondering the marvels that had befallen me yet feeling a little resentful. The constant tirade about priests; I was a priest and they were glad enough to make use of my unwilling services. As I rested broodingly I heard the metal panel slide aside. A man entered and slid shut the door behind him.

‘“Well, Monk,” exclaimed the voice of the doctor, “you have done well. We are very proud of you. While you lay unconscious we examined again your brain and our instruments tell us that you have all the knowledge locked inside your brain cells. You have taught our young men and women much. Soon you will be released. Does that make you happy?”

‘“Happy, Sir Doctor?” I queried. “What have I to be happy about? You capture me, you cut off the top of my head, you force my spirit out of my body, you insult me as a member of the priesthood, and now — having used me — you are going to discard me like a man casting off his tattered body at death. Happy? What have I to be happy about? Are you going to restore my eyes? Are you going to provide a living for me? How am I going to exist otherwise?” I almost SNARLED the latter!

‘“One of the main troubles of the world, Monk,” mused the doctor, “is that most of your people are negative. No one could

say that you are negative. You positively say what you mean. If people would always think POSITIVELY there would be no trouble with the world, for the negative condition comes naturally to people here, although it actually takes more effort to be negative.”

‘ “But Sir Doctor!” I exclaimed, “I asked what you were going to DO for me. How shall I live? What shall I DO? Do I just have to retain this knowledge until someone comes along who says HE is the man, and then babble everything like an old woman in the market place? And WHY do you think I will do my alleged tasks, thinking as you do about priests?”

‘ “Monk!” said the doctor, “we shall place you in a comfortable cave, with a nice stone floor. It will have a very small trickle of water which will supply your needs in that direction. As for food, your priestly state will ensure that people BRING you food. Again, there are priests AND priests; your priests of Tibet are mainly good and we have no quarrel with them. Did you not observe that we have previously used the priests of Tibet? And you ask about him to whom you shall give your knowledge; remember this — you will KNOW when the person comes. Give your knowledge to him and to none other.”

‘So I lay there entirely at their mercy. But after many hours the doctor came in to my room again, saying, “Now you shall be restored to movement. First — we have a new robe for you and also a new bowl.” Hands were busy by me. Strange things were plucked out of me. My sheet was removed and the new robe — a NEW one, the first NEW robe I had ever had — was placed about me. Then movement returned to me. Some male attendant placed an arm around my shoulders and eased me over the edge of the table. For the first time in an unknown number of days I again stood upon my feet.

‘That night I rested more content, wrapped in a blanket which also had been given to me. And on the morrow I was taken, as I have already told you, and deposited in the cave where I have lived alone for more than sixty years. But now, before we rest for the night, let us have a little tea, for my task is at an end.’

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE young monk sat up abruptly, the nape of his neck bristling with fright. SOMETHING had brushed by him. SOMETHING had trailed icy fingers across his forehead. For long moments, he sat bolt upright straining his ears for even the slightest sign of a sound. Wide eyed and staring he strove in vain to pierce the utter blackness around him. Nothing moved. No vestige of noise made the slightest ripple on his consciousness. The entrance to the cave was a mere lighter-blackness vaguely etched on the entire lack of light engulfing the cave.

He held his breath, listening until he could hear the pounding of his own heart, and the faint creakings and wheezes from his own organs. No rustle of sound from wind-disturbed leaves cheered him. No creature of the night called. Silence. The absolute lack of noise which is known to but few, and to none in populated communities. Again light tendrils wandered across his head. With a squeak of fright, he leaped high into the air, his legs running even before he hit the ground.

Dashing out of the cave, perspiring with fright, he stooped hastily over the well-banked fire. Throwing aside the enclosing earth and sand he uncovered the red glow. Quickly he thrust in a well-dried branch and blew on the embers until it seemed his blood-vessels must burst under the strain. At last the wood burst into flame. Grasping it in one hand he hastily inserted another stick and waited for it too to flare into light. At last, with a burning brand in each hand he slowly re-entered the cave. The flickering flames leaped and danced to his movements. His shadows were thrown grotesque and huge on either side of him.

Nervously he peered about. Anxiously he searched in the

hope that it had been a spider's web trailing across him, but of that there was no sign. Then he thought of the old hermit and he berated himself for not thinking of him before. 'Venerable One!' he called tremulously, 'are you all right?' With straining ears he listened, but there was no reply, not even an echo. Dubiously he made his slow, frightened way forward, with the two flaring branches thrust well before him. At the end of the cave he turned right, where he had not before entered, and uttered a pent-up gasp of relief as he saw the old man sitting in the lotus position at the far end of a smaller cave.

A strange flash — flash — flash caught his attention as he was about to silently withdraw. Staring hard he saw that water was emerging from a rocky protrusion as drop — drop — drop. Now the young monk was calmer. 'I am sorry I intruded, Venerable One,' he said, 'I feared you were ill. I will leave you.' But there was no reply. No movement. The old man sat as still as a stone statue. Apprehensively the young man advanced and then stood for a moment studying the motionless figure. At last, fearfully, he extended his arm and touched the old one on the shoulder. The spirit had withdrawn. Previously bedazzled by the flickering flames he had not thought about the aura. Now he perceived that that too had faded, gone out.

Sadly the young man sat cross-legged in front of the corpse and recited the age-old ritual for the dead. Giving instructions for the journeyings of the Spirit on the way to the Heavenly Fields. Warning of possible dangers laid before him in his confused state of mind by mischievous entities. At last, his religious obligations fulfilled, he slowly rose to his feet, bowed to the dead figure, and — the torches having long burned out — felt his way out of the cave.

The pre-dawn wind was just rising and began moaning eerily through the trees. A wild keening came from a rocky fissure across which the wind was blowing and making a high organ note of dismal sound. Slowly the first faint streaks of light appeared in the morning sky and the far edge of the mountain range could now be distinguished. The young monk crouched miserably beside the fire, wondering what to do next, thinking of the grisly task before him. Time seemed to stand still. But at

last, after what seemed to be an infinity of ages, the sun advanced and there was daylight. The young monk thrust a branch into the fire and waited patiently until the end burst into flames then, reluctantly he grasped the flaming brand and advanced with trembling legs into the cave and into the inner chamber.

The body of the old hermit was sitting as though he were still alive. Apprehensively the young monk bent and lifted the old body. Without much effort he raised it and draped it across his shoulders. Staggering a little he made his way out of the cave and along the side of the mountain where the big flat stone was waiting. The vultures were waiting too. Slowly the young man removed the robe from the wasted body and felt instant compassion at the sight of the skeleton-thin frame with the skin so tightly stretched. Shuddering with revulsion he jabbed the sharp-edged flint into the lower abdomen and pulled up hard. The tearing gristle and fibrous muscle made a dreadful sound which alerted the vultures and brought them hopping nearer.

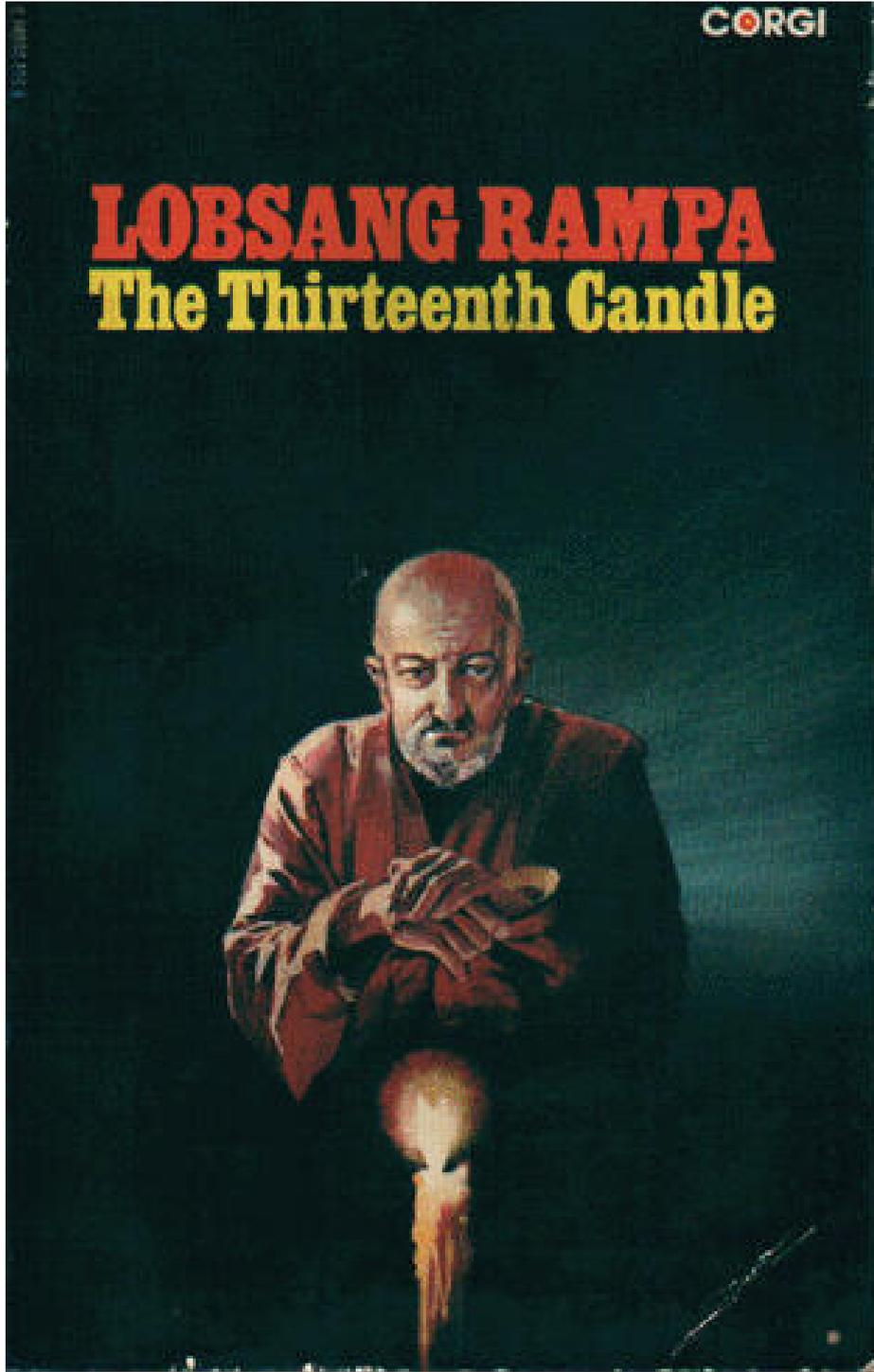
With the body exposed and the body cavity gaping open the young man raised a heavy rock and brought it down upon the skull so that the brains came tumbling out. Then, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, he picked up the old hermit's robe and bowl and trudged back to the cave, leaving the vultures quarrelling and fighting behind him. Into the fire he tossed the robe and bowl, watching as the flames so quickly consumed them.

Sadly, with tears plopping down to the thirsty earth, he turned away and trudged slowly down the path towards another phase of life.

CORGI

# LOBSANG RAMPA

## The Thirteenth Candle



## EXPLANATION

‘The Thirteenth Candle?’ Well, it is meant to be a logical title derived from what I am trying to do. I am trying to ‘light a candle’ which is far better than ‘cursing the darkness’. This is my thirteenth book which, I hope, will be my Thirteenth Candle.

You may think it is a very little candle, perhaps one of those birthday-cake candles. But I have never had a cake of any kind with candles—never even had a birthday cake!—and now with my restricted sugar-free, low-residue diet of not more than a thousand calories is too late to bother.

So indulge me; let's pretend that this Is ‘The Thirteenth Candle’ even though it be as small as the candle on a doll's birthday cake.

## CHAPTER ONE

Mrs. Martha MacGoohoogly strode purposefully to her kitchen door, a tattered scrap of newspaper clutched in a ham-like hand. Outside, in the parched patch of weed-covered ground which served as 'back garden' she stopped and glared around like a cross bull in the mating season awaiting the advent of rivals. Satisfied—or disappointed—that there were no rivals for attention in the offing, she hurried to the broken-down fence defining the garden limits.

Gratefully propping her more than ample bosom on a worm-eaten post, she shut her eyes and opened her mouth. 'Hey, Maud!' she roared across the adjoining gardens, her voice echoing and reverberating from the nearby factory wall. 'Hey, Maud, where are ya ?' Closing her mouth and opening her eyes she stood awaiting the results.

From the direction of the next-house-but-one came the sound of a plate dropping and smashing, and then the kitchen door of THAT house opened and a small, scraggy woman came hopping out, agitatedly wiping her hands on her ragged apron. 'Well?' she growled dourly. 'What d'ya want?'

'Hey, Maud, you seen this?' yelled back Martha as she waved the tattered piece of newsprint over her head.

'How do I know if I seen it if I haven't seen it first?' snorted Maud. 'I might a done, then, on the other hand, I might not. What is it, anyhow another sex scandal?'

Mrs. Martha MacGoohoogly fumbled in the pocket of her apron and withdrew large horn-rimmed spectacles lavishly besprinkled with small stones. Carefully she wiped the glasses on the bottom of her skirt before putting them on and patting her hair in place over her ears. Then noisily wiping her nose on the back of her sleeve, she yelled out,

‘It's from the Dominion, my nephew sent it to me.’

‘Dominion? What shop is that? Have they got a sale on?’ called Maud with the first show of interest.

Martha snorted in rage and disgust, ‘Naw!’ she shouted in exasperation. ‘Don't you know NUTHINK? Dominion, you know Canada. Dominion of Canada. My nephew sent it to me. Wait a mo, I'll be right over.’ Hoisting her bosom off the fence, and tucking her glasses into her apron pocket, she sped down the rough garden and into the lane at the bottom. Maud sighed with resignation and slowly went to meet her.

‘Look at this!’ yelled Martha as they met in the lane at the garden gate of the empty lot between their two houses. ‘Look at the rot they write now. Soul? There ain't no such thing. When you're dead you're DEAD, just like that—POOF!’ Her face flushed, she brandished the paper under poor Maud's long thin nose, and said angrily, ‘How they get away with it I don't never know. You die, it's like blowing out a candle and with nothing after. My poor husband, God rest his soul, always said, before he died, that it would be such a relief to know that he wouldn't meet his past associates again.’ She sniffed to herself at the mere thought.

Maud O'Haggis looked down the sides of her nose and waited patiently for her crony to run down. At last she seized her opportunity and asked, ‘But what is this article which has so upset you?’

Speechlessly Martha MacGoohoogly passed over the tattered fragment of paper that had caused all the commotion. ‘No, dear ’ she suddenly said, having found her voice again. ‘That's the wrong side you are reading.’ Maud turned over the paper and started all over again her lips silently forming the words as she read them. ‘Well!’ she exclaimed. ‘Well I never!’

Martha smiled with triumphant satisfaction. ‘Well,’ she said. ‘It's a rum do eh, when such stuff can get into print. What d'ya make of it?’

Maud turned over the page a few times, started to read the wrong side again, and then said, ‘Oh! I know, Helen Hensbaum will tell us, she knows all about these things. She reads BOOKS.’

‘Aw! I can't BEAR that woman,’ retorted Martha. ‘Say, d'ye know what she said to me the other day? She said,

“May beets grow in your belly—God forbid, Mrs. Mac-Goohoogly.” That's what she said to me, can you imagine it? The CHEEK Of the woman. Pfah!

‘But she got the gen, she knows her stuff about these things. and if we want to get to the bottom of THIS’—she violently fluttered the poor unfortunate sheet of paper— ‘we shall have to play her game and butter her up. Come on, let's go see her.’

Martha pointed down the lane and said, ‘THERE She is, hanging out her smalls, fancy hussy she is, I must say. Get a load of them new pantie hose, must be on a special somewhere. Me, good old-fashioned knickers is good enough for me.’ She raised her skirt to show. ‘Keeps yer warmer when there is no man about, eh?’ She laughed coarsely and the two women sauntered down the lane towards Helen Hensbaum and her washing.

Just as they were about to turn into the Hensbaum garden the sound of a slamming door halted them. From the adjacent garden a Pair of the Hottest Hot Pants appeared. Fascinated, the two women stared. Slowly their gaze traveled upwards to take in the see-three blouse and vapid, painted face. ‘Strewth!’ muttered Maud O'Haggis. ‘There's life in the old town yet!’ Silently they stood and goggled as the young girl in the Hot Pants teetered by on heels as high as her morals were low.

‘Makes yer feel old, like, don't it?’ said Martha Mac-Goohoogly. Without another word they turned into the Hensbaum place to find Mrs. Hensbaum watching the girl going on the beat.

‘The top of the morning to you, Mrs. Hensbaum,’ called Martha. ‘I see you have Sights at your end of the lane, eh?’ She gave a throaty chuckle. Helen Hensbaum scowled even more ferociously as she looked down the lane. ‘Ach! HER!’ she exclaimed. ‘Dead in her mother's womb she should be, already!’ She sighed and stretched up to her high clothes-line, demonstrating that she DID wear pantie hose.

‘Mrs. Hensbaum,’ began Maud, ‘we know as how you are well read and know all about such things, so we have come to you for advice.’ She stopped, and Helen Hensbaum smiled as she said, ‘Well now, ladies, come in, and I will make a cup of tea for you this cold morning. It'll do us all good to rest a while.’ She turned and led the way into her

well-kept home which had the local name of 'Little Germany' because it was so neat and tidy.

The kettle was boiling, the tea was steaming. Mrs. Hensbaum passed round sweet biscuits and then said, 'Now, what can I do for you?'

Maud gestured to Martha and said, 'She has got a queer sort of tale from Canada or some such outlandish place. Don't know what to make of it, meself. SHE'LL tell you.'

Martha sat up straighter and said, 'Here—look at this, I got it sent from my nephew. Got himself in trouble over a married woman, he did, and he scarpered off to a place called Montreal, in the Dominion. Writes sometimes. Just sent this in his letter. Don't believe in such stuff.' She passed over the tattered scrap of paper, now much the worse for rough handling.

Mrs. Helen Hensbaum gingerly took the remnant and spread it out on a clean sheet of paper. 'Ach, so!' she yelped in her excitement, quite forgetting her normally excellent English. '*Ist gut*, no?'

'Will ye read it out to us, clear like, and tell us what you think?' asked Maud.

So Mrs. Hensbaum cleared her throat, sipped her tea, and started: 'From the Montreal Star, I see. Monday, May 31st, 1971. Hmmm. INTERESTING. Yes, I to that city have been.' A short pause, and she read out:

*'Saw himself leave his body. Heart Victim Describes Dying Feeling* Canadian Press—Toronto. A Toronto man who suffered a heart attack last year, says he saw himself leave his body and had strange, tranquil sensations during a critical period when his heart stopped.

'B. Leslie Sharpe, 68, says during the period his heart was not beating he was able to observe himself "face to face".'

'Mr. Sharpe describes his experience in the current issue of the Canadian Medical Association Journal in part of a report by Dr. R. L. MacMillan and Dr. K. W. G. Brown, co-directors of the coronary care unit of Toronto General Hospital.

'In the report, the doctors said, "This could be the concept of the soul leaving the body."

Mr. Sharpe was taken to hospital after his family doctor diagnosed a pain in his left arm as a heart attack.

'The following morning, Mr. Sharpe says, he remembers

glancing at his watch while lying in bed hooked to the wires of a cardiograph machine and intravenous tubes.

‘ “Just then I gave a very, very deep sigh and my head flopped over to the right. I thought, ‘Why did my head flop over?—I didn’t move it—I must be going to sleep.’

‘ “Then I am looking at my own body from the waist up, face to face as though from a mirror in which I appear to be in the lower left corner. Almost immediately I saw myself leaving my body, coming out through my head and shoulders. I did not see my lower limbs.

‘ “The body leaving me was not exactly in vapor form yet it seemed to expand very slightly once it was clear of me,” says Mr. Sharpe.

‘ “Suddenly I am sitting on a very small object traveling at great speed, out and up into a dull, blue-gray sky at a 45-degree angle.

‘ “Down below me to my left I saw a pure white cloud-like substance also moving up on a line that would intersect my course.

‘ “It was perfectly rectangular in shape but full of holes like a sponge.

‘ “My next sensation was of floating in a bright pale yellow light—a very delightful feeling.

‘ “I continued to float, enjoying the most beautiful, tranquil sensation.

‘ “Then there were sledge-hammer blows to my left side. They created no actual pain, but jarred me so much that I had difficulty in retaining my balance. I began to count them and when I got to six I said aloud, ‘What the . . . are you doing to me?’ and opened my eyes.”

‘He said he recognized doctors and nurses around his bed who told him he had suffered a cardiac arrest and he had been defibrillated—shocked by electrical pulses to start his heart beating normally.

‘The doctors said it was unusual for a heart-attack patient to remember events surrounding the attack and that usually there was a period of amnesia for several hours before and after an attack.’

‘Well !!!’ exclaimed Helen Hensbaum as she concluded her reading and sat back to gaze at the two women before her. ‘How VERY interesting!’ she reiterated.

Martha MacGoohoogly smirked with self-satisfied plea-

sure that she had shown ‘the foreign woman’ something she had not known before. ‘Good, eh?’ she smiled. ‘The real Original McCoy of bunk, eh?’

Helen Hensbaum smiled in a quizzical sort of way as she asked, ‘So you think this is strange, no? .You think it is the—what you call it?—the bunk? No, ladies, this is ordinary. Look here, I show!’ She jumped to her feet and led the way into another room. There, in a very smart book-case reposed books. More books than Martha had ever seen in a house before.

Helen Hensbaum moved forward and picked out certain books. ‘Look,’ she exclaimed, rifling the pages as one handling old and beloved friends. ‘Look—here is all this and more in print. The Truth. The Truth brought to us by one man who has been penalized and persecuted for telling the Truth. And now, just because some silly pressman writes an article people can believe it Is true.’

Mrs. Martha MacGoohoogly looked curiously at the titles, ‘The Third Eye,’ ‘Doctor from Lhasa’. ‘Wheresat?’ she muttered before scanning the rest of the titles. Then, turning round, she exclaimed, ‘You don't believe THAT stuff, do you? Cor, flip me bloomin' eyelids, that's FICTION!’

Helen Hensbaum laughed out loud. ‘Fiction?’ she gasped at last. ‘FICTION? I have studied these books and I know they are true. Since reading “You-Forever” I too can astral travel.’

Martha looked blank. ‘Poor doll is mixing German with her English,’ she thought. ‘Astral travel? What's that ? A new airline or something?’ Maud just stood there with her mouth hanging open; all this was MUCH beyond her. All SHE wanted to read was the ‘Sunday Supplement’ with all the latest sex crimes.

‘This ustral, astril travel or whatever it is, whatever is it?’ asked Martha. ‘Is there REALLY anything in it? Could my Old Man, who is dead and gone, God Rest His Soul, come to me and tell me where he stashed his money before he croaked?’

‘Yes, I tell you. YES, it COULD be done if there was a real reason for it. If it were for the good of others—yes.’

‘Heepers jeepers, cats in creepers,’ ejaculated a flustered Martha. ‘Now I shall be afraid to sleep tonight in case my

Old Man comes back to haunt me—and gets up to his old capers again.’ She shook her head sadly as she muttered, ‘He always was a great one in the bedroom!’

Helen Hensbaum poured out more tea. Martha MacGoo-hoogly fingered the books. ‘Say, Mrs. H., would you lend me one of these?’ she asked.

Mrs. Hensbaum smiled. ‘No,’ she replied. ‘I never lend my book because an author has to live on the pitiful sum which is called a “royalty”, seven per cent, it is, I believe. If I LEND books, then I am depriving an author of his living.’ She lapsed into silent thought and then exclaimed, ‘I’ll tell you what,’ she offered, ‘I will BUY you a set as a gift, then you can read the Truth for yourself. Fair enough?’

Martha shook her head dubiously. ‘Well, I dunno,’ she said. ‘I just DUNNO. I don’t like the thought that when we have put away a body all tidy like, and screwed him down in his box and then shoveled him into the earth that he is going to come back all spooky like and scare the living daylights out of us.’

Maud felt rather out of things, she thought it was time for her to put in her ‘two-bits worth’. ‘Yes,’ she said hesitantly. ‘When we send him up the crematorium chimney in a cloud of greasy smoke, well, that should be the end of THAT!’

‘But look,’ interrupted Martha, with a cross glance at Maud. ‘If, as you say, there is life after death, WHY IS THERE NO PROOF? They are gone, that is the last we hear of them. Gone—if they DID live on they would get in touch with us—God forbid!’

Mrs. Hensbaum sat silently for a moment, then rose and moved to a small writing-desk. ‘Look,’ she said as she returned with a photograph in her hands. ‘Look at this. This is a photograph of my twin brother. He is a prisoner of the Russians, held in Siberia. We know he is alive because the Swiss Red Cross have told us so. Yet we cannot get a message from him. I am his twin and I know he is alive.’ Martha sat and stared at the photograph, and turned the frame over and over in her hands.

‘My mother is in Germany, East Germany. She too is alive but we cannot communicate. Yet these two people are still on this Earth, still with us! And supposing you have a friend in, say, Australia whom you desire to telephone.

Even if you have his number you still have to take account of the difference in time, you have to use some mechanical and electrical contrivances. And even then you may not be able to speak to your friend. He may be at work, he may be at play. And this is just to the other side of this world. Think of the difficulties of phoning to the other side of THIS life!’

Martha started to laugh. ‘Oh dear, oh dear! Mrs. Hensbaum, you are a card!’ she chortled. ‘A telephone, she says, to the other side of life.’

‘Hey! Wait a minute, though!’ suddenly exclaimed Maud in high excitement. ‘Yes, sure, you have something there! My son is in electronics with the B.B.C. and he was telling us—you know how boys talk—about some old geezer who did invent such a telephone and it worked. Micro-frequencies or something it was, then it was all hushed up. The Church got in the act, I guess.’

Mrs. Hensbaum smiled her approval to Maud and added, ‘Yes, it is perfectly true, this author I have been telling you about knows a lot about the matter. The device is stopped for lack of money to develop it, I believe. But anyhow, messages DO come through. There is no death.’

‘Well, you prove it,’ exclaimed Martha rudely.

‘I can’t prove it to you just like that,’ mildly replied Mrs. Hensbaum, ‘but look at it like this; take a block of ice and let it represent the body. The ice melts, which is the body decaying, and then we have water, which is the soul leaving.’

‘Nonsense!’ exclaimed Martha. ‘We can see the water, but show me the soul!’

‘You interrupted me, Mrs. MacGoohogly,’ responded Mrs. Hensbaum. ‘The water will evaporate into invisible vapor and THAT represents the stage of life after death.’

Maud had been fretting because the conversation was leaving her behind. After several moments of hesitation, she said ‘I suppose Mrs. Hensbaum, if we want to get in touch with the Dear Departed we go to a séance who then put us in touch with the spirits?’

‘Oh dear no!’ laughed Martha, jealously guarding her position. ‘If you want spirits you go to the pub and get a drop of Scotch. Old Mrs. Knickerwhacker is supposed to be a good medium, and she DOES like the other kind of spirits

too. Have you ever been to a séance, Mrs. Hensbaum?' Helen Hansbaum shook her head sadly, 'No, ladies,' she replied. 'I do not go to séances. I do not believe in them. Many of those who do go are sincere believers, but—Oh!—they are so greatly misled.' She looked at the clock and jumped to her feet in agitated alarm. '*Mein lieber Gott!*' she exclaimed. 'The lunch of my husband I should be getting already.' Recovering her composure, she continued more calmly, 'If you are interested, come along here at three this afternoon and we will talk some more, but now to my household duties I must attend.'

Martha and Maud rose to their feet and made for the door. 'Yes,' said Martha, speaking for both of them, unasked, 'we will come again at three as you suggest.'

Together they walked down the back garden, and out into the back lane. Only once did Martha speak, when they were parting. 'Well, I dunno,' she remarked. 'I really dunno. But let's meet here at ten to three. See ya!' and she turned into her door while Maud walked farther up the lane to her own abode.

In the Hensbaum house Mrs. H. swept around in a fury of controlled Germanic efficiency, muttering strange words to herself, dishes and cutlery spewing from her hands to find their unerring places on the table as if she were a highly-paid juggler in a Berlin music hall. By the time the front gate clicked and the measured tread of her husband's footsteps reached the door all was ready—lunch was served. The sun had passed its high and was angling down to the western sky when Maud emerged from her door and sauntered jauntily down towards her friend's house. A stunning apparition she was, in a flowered print dress which smacked strongly of a bargain store near Wapping Steps. 'Yoo hoo, Martha!' she called as she reached the garden door.

Martha opened the door and blinked dazedly at Maud. 'Blimey!' she said in an awed voice. 'Scrambled eggs and sunset, eh?'

Maud bristled. 'Yer skirt's too tight, Martha,' she said. 'Yer showing the lines of yer girdle and yer knickers. Who are YOU to talk, anyhow?'

And of a truth, Martha DID look a bit of a sight! Her two-piece pearl-gray skirt and jacket were almost indecently

tight; a student of anatomy would have had no difficulty in locating the various 'landmarks' even including the *linea alba*. Her high heels were so high that she had to strut and the quite unnatural height gave her a tendency to tail-wag or behind-bounce. With her considerable endowments in the 'dairy bar' department she had to adopt a remarkable posture—like an American soldier on parade.

Together they paraded up the lane and entered the Hensbaum back garden. Mrs. Hensbaum opened the door at the first knock and ushered them in. 'My! Mrs. Hensbaum,' said Maud in some surprise as they entered the 'parlor'. 'Have you gone into the book-selling business?'

'Oh no, Mrs. O'Haggis,' smiled the German woman. 'I thought you were very interested in the psychic sciences and so I bought a set of these Rampa books for each of you as a gift from me.'

'Gee!' muttered Martha, fingering one of the books. 'Strange-looking old fellow, isn't he? Does he REALLY have a cat growing out of his head like this?'

Mrs. Hensbaum laughed outright, her face purpling in the process. '*Ach* no,' she exclaimed, 'publishers take great liberties with the covers of books; the author has no say at all in the matter. Wait—I show you—' and she dashed away up the stairs to return somewhat breathless carrying a small photograph. 'THIS is what the author looks like. I wrote to him and he replied and sent me this, which I treasure.'

'But, Mrs. Hensbaum,' said Martha in some exasperation as they sat discussing things. 'Mrs. Hensbaum, you have no PROOF of anything. It is all FICTION.'

'Mrs. MacGoohoogly,' replied Mrs. Hensbaum, 'you are quite wrong. There is proof, but proof which has to be experienced, to be lived. My brother is in the hands of the Russians. I told a friend of mine, Miss Rhoda Carr, that he had visited me in the astral and told me that he was at a prison named Dnepropetrovsk. He said it was a very large prison complex in Siberia. I had never heard of it. Miss Rhoda Carr said nothing then, but some weeks later she wrote to me and confirmed it. She is connected with some sort of organization and she was in a position to make enquiries through undercover friends in Russia. But, very interestingly, she told me that many people had been able

to tell her such things about their relatives in Russia and all, she said, by occult means.'

Maud was sitting with her mouth open, then she sat up straight and said, 'My mother told me that once she went to a séance and she was told some very true things. Everything she was told came true. But why do you say that these séances are no good, Mrs. Hensbaum?'

'No, I did not say that ALL of them were no good, I said I did not believe in them. On the other side of Death there are mischievous entities who can read one's thoughts and who play games with people. They read the thoughts and then give messages, pretending that it is from some Indian Guide or from some Dear Departed. Most of the messages are silly, meaningless, but sometimes, by accident, SOMETHING comes through which is fairly accurate.'

'They must blush a bit when they read MY thoughts,' sniggered Martha. 'I never was a Sunday-school girl.' Mrs. Hensbaum smiled and continued, 'People are very misled about those who have Passed Over. There, they have work to do, they are NOT hanging round waiting—panting—to answer silly questions. THEY HAVE THEIR WORK TO DO. Would you, Mrs. O'Haggis, welcome some silly telephone call when you were extremely busy and pressed for time? Would you, Mrs. MacGoohoogly, welcome a nuisance at the door when you were already late for Bingo?'

'Aw, she is right, you know,' muttered Martha. 'But you said about Indian Guides. I've heard about them. Why do they have to be Indian?'

'Mrs. MacGoohoogly, pay no attention to such tales,' answered Mrs. Hensbaum. 'People imagine Indian guides, imagine Tibetan guides, etc., etc., etc. Just think of it, here, in this life, one may regard the Indian, the Tibetan, or the Chinese as poor underprivileged colored natives not worthy of a second thought. How, then, can we suddenly regard them as psychic geniuses as soon as they get to the Other Side? No, many most uninformed people "adopt" an Indian Guide because it is more mysterious. Actually one's ONLY guide is . . . one's Overself.'

'Ah! 'Tis beyond us yer talkin', Mrs. Hensbaum. You have us lost amid the words.'

Mrs. Hensbaum laughed and replied, 'It is so, the books

you should read first maybe, starting with “The Third Eye”.’

‘And if I may be so bold, may we come and talk to you again?’ asked Maud O’Haggis.

‘Yes indeed you may, for it will be my pleasure,’ replied Mrs. Hensbaum hospitably. ‘Why do we not arrange to meet here at this time one week from today?’

And so a few minutes later, the two ladies were ambling along the lane again, each carrying a load of books which were the gifts of Mrs. Helen Hensbaum. ‘I wish she had said a bit more about what happens when we die, though,’ said Maud wistfully.

‘Aw, you’ll know soon enough by the look of ye,’ responded Martha.

The lights burned long at the MacGoohoogly and O’Haggis residences; deep into the night a glimmer of light shone through the red blind of Martha’s bedroom. At times a vagrant wind would edge aside the heavy green drapes of Maud’s sitting-room to reveal her hunched up in a high chair, a book clasped tightly in her hands.

A late bus roared past, carrying night-time office cleaners back to their homes. In the distance a train clanked majestically by, the heavy load of freight cars swaying and rattling over the rails of a shunting yard. There came the wail of a siren. Police or ambulance, neither mattered to Maud deeply immersed in her book. From the Town Hall clock came the chimes and the hour-strike indicating that the morning was progressing. At last the light faded from Martha’s bedroom. Soon, too, the downstairs light was extinguished from Maud’s sitting-room, and for a few brief moments a glimmer of brightness appeared in her bedroom.

The clatter of the early morning milkman disturbed the peaceful scene. Soon there came the street cleaners with their trundling carts and metallic clangor. Buses swung into the street for early morning workers to board and be carried yawning to their jobs. Smoke appeared from a myriad chimneys. Doors opened briefly and slammed hurriedly as people sped forth in the daily race with time and trains.

At last the red blind of Martha’s bedroom shot up with such violence that the pull-tassle was set a-dancing. The startled, sleep-bleared face of Martha stared blankly upon

an uncaring world. Her hair, set in tight curlers, gave her a wild, unkempt appearance, while a vast flannel nightdress accentuated her large size and more than ample endowments.

Later, at the O'Haggis house, the door slowly opened, and an arm stretched out to reach the milk bottle on the step. After a long interval, the door opened again, and Maud appeared clad in a striped housecoat. Tiredly she shook two mats, yawned violently, and withdrew again into the seclusion of her home.

A solitary cat emerged from some dark passage, peered cautiously around before venturing to walk sedately to the roadway. Right in the center of the street he stopped, sat down and did his toilet, face, ears, paws, and tail, before ambling off into some other dark corner in search of breakfast.

## CHAPTER TWO

‘Timon! TIMON!’ The voice was shrill, fear-laden, with that rasping intonation which jars one and sets the nerves on edge. ‘Timon, WAKE UP your father is dying.’ Slowly the young boy swam back from the deeps of utter unconsciousness. Slowly he struggled through the fogs of sleep, trying to open leaden eyelids. ‘Timon, you MUST wake up. YOUR FATHER IS DYING!’ A hand grasped his hair and shook him violently. Timon opened his eyes. Suddenly he became aware of a strange, rasping noise, ‘like a strangling yak’, he thought. Curiously he sat up and swiveled his head around striving to see through the gloom of the small room.

On a small ledge stood a stone dish in which a lump of butter floated in its own turgid, melted oil. Roughly thrust into the unmelted butter a strip of coarse cloth acted as a crude wick. Now it sputtered, flared, and dimmed throwing flickering shadows on the walls behind it. A vagrant draught caused the wick to dip momentarily; it spluttered and spat, and the feeble flame became even dimmer. Then, saturated afresh by its partial immersion it flared anew, sending smoky fingers of soot across the room.

‘TIMON! Your father is dying, you must hurry for the Lama!’ cried his mother in desperation. Slowly, still drugged with sleep, Timon rose to his reluctant feet, and drew his solitary garment around him. The rasping noise quickened, slowed and resumed its monotonous, chilling rhythm.

Timon drew near the huddled bundle at the side of which crouched his mother. Staring down with fear-filled eyes he felt numb horror at the sight of his father’s face, made even more ghastly by the flickering butter lamp. Blue, he was, blue with a hard, cold look about him. Blue with the onset of cardiac failure. Tense with the signs of rigor mortis even while he yet lived.

‘Timon!’ said his mother. ‘You must go for the Lama or your father will die with no one to guide him. Hurry, HURRY!’ Whirling about, Timon dashed for the door. Outside the stars gleamed hard and cold in the darkness which comes before the dawn, the hour when Man is most prone to fail and falter. The bitter wind, chilled by the fog-banks as he strove to peer through the darkness, a darkness but poorly relieved by the faint star-glow. No moon here, this was the wrong time of the month. The mountains stood hard and black, with only the faintest of purpling to show where they ended and the sky began. From the point where a vague purple smudge swept down to the faintly glowing river, a minute speck of wavering yellow light shone the brighter because of the all-pervading darkness. Quickly the boy jumped into motion, running, jumping hurdling fallen rocks in his overpowering anxiety to reach the sanctuary of that light.

Cruel flints slithered and stung beneath his unshod feet. Round pebbles, remnants perhaps from some ancient seabed, moved treacherously at his footsteps. Boulders loomed alarmingly through the blackness of the pre-dawn morning and bruised him as he grazed against them in his fear-inspired flight.

The feeble light in the distance beckoned. Behind him his father lay dying with no Lama to guide his soul's faltering steps. He sped on. Soon his breath was coming in rasping gasps in the thin mountain air. Soon his side ached with the agony of the ‘stitch’ which afflicts those who strive too much in running. The pain became a searing overtone to his life. Retching and sobbing as he strove to get more air, he was compelled to slow his race to a fast trot and then, for a few steps to a limping walk.

The light beckoned a beacon of hope in an ocean of hopelessness. What would become of them now, he wondered. How would they live? How would they eat? Who would look after them, protect them? His heart throbbed violently until he feared that it might burst forth from his heaving chest. Perspiration poured down him, to quickly turn chill in the frigid air. His solitary garment was tattered, faded,

and scant protection against the elements. They were poor, desperately poor, and likely to become even more so with the loss of the father, the wage-earner.

The light beckoned on, a refuge in an ocean of fear. Beckoned on, flickered, burned low and rose again as if to remind the lonely boy that his father's life was flickering low,, but would become bright again beyond the confines of this hard world. He burst into frenzied motion again, tucking his elbows into his sides, running with his mouth wide open, exerting every muscle to save the fleeting seconds. The light became larger, like a star welcoming him home. By his side the Happy River flowed chuckling as it made sport with the small stones it had pushed from the mountainous heights which gave it birth. The river glowed dull silver in the faint starlight. Ahead of him the boy could now faintly discern the blacker bulk of a small lamasery perched between the river and the mountainside.

Looking at the light and the river, his attention was distracted and an ankle gave beneath him, throwing him violently to the ground, skinning hands, knees, and face. Sobbing with pain and frustration he climbed painfully to his feet and hobbled on.

Suddenly, just in front of him, a figure appeared. 'Who is abroad around our walls?' asked a deep old voice. 'Ah! And what brings you to our door at this hour of the morning?' the voice continued. Timon peering through tear-swollen eyelids saw a bent old monk before him. 'Oh! You are hurt—come inside and I will see to you,' the voice went on. Slowly the old man turned and led the way back into the small lamasery. Timon stood blinking in the sudden light of some small butter lamp—bright indeed after the darkness outside.

The air was heavy with the scent of incense. Timon stood tongue-tied for a moment and then poured out his message. 'My father, he is DYING, and my mother sent me fast to bring aid that he may be guided on his journey. He is DYING!' The poor boy sank to the floor, covering his weeping eyes with his hands. The old monk shuffled out and soon might have been heard in whispered conversation in another room. Timon sat upon the floor weeping in an ecstasy of self-pity and fright.

Soon he was roused by a fresh voice saying, 'My son! My

son! Ah, it is young Timon, yes, I know you, my boy.’ Timon respectfully bowed and then slowly climbed to his feet, wiping his eyes with the corner of his robe and so smearing moist road-side dust all over his tear-wet face. ‘Tell me, my boy,’ said the Lama, for that was whom Timon recognized him to be. Once again Timon told his tale and at its completion the Lama said, ‘Come, we will go together—I will lend you a pony. First drink this tea and eat this tsampa, for you must be famished and the day will be long and tiring.’

The old monk came forward with the food, and Timon sat upon the floor to consume it while the Lama went away to make his preparations. There came the sound of horses and the Lama entered the room again. ‘Ah, so you have finished. Good, then let us away,’ and he turned, leaving Timon to follow him.

Now over the far edge of the mountain girding the Plain of Lhasa the first faint golden streaks of light were approaching, heralding the birth of a new day. Suddenly a glint of light shone through a high mountain pass and for a moment touched the house of Timon's parents at the far end of the road. ‘Even the day dies, my boy,’ said the Lama, ‘but in a few hours it is reborn as a new day. So it is with all living things.’

Three ponies stood restlessly at the door in the very insecure care of an acolyte scarce older than Timon. ‘We have to ride these things,’ the young acolyte whispered to Timon, ‘put your hands over his eyes if he won't stop. And’—he added gloomily—‘if THAT doesn't stop him, JUMP for it.’

Quickly the Lama mounted. The young acolyte gave Timon a hand, and then, with the leap of desperation, jumped on his own horse and rode off after the other two now fading into the darkness that yet covered the land. Golden shafts of light spread across the mountain-tops as the sun showed his topmost edge over the eastern rise. Frozen moisture in the frigid air reflected a myriad of colors and shades of colors from the prisms of ice. Giant shadows raced across the land as the shades of night were pushed aside by the relentlessly approaching day. The three lonely travelers, mere specks of dirt in the immensity of the barren land, rode on through the boulder-strewn

countryside, evading the rockfalls and pits the more easily for the increasing light.

Soon there could be seen a lonely figure standing at the side of the desolate house, a woman, shading her eyes, peering in anguish along the path. Hoping for the help that seemed so long in coming. The three rode on, picking a careful way amid the rock debris. 'I do not know how you managed so well, boy,' said the Lama to Timon, 'it must have been a frightening journey.'" But poor Timon was too frightened and too tired to answer. Even now he swayed and drowsed on the back of the pony. The three rode on in silence.

At the door the woman stood wringing her hands and bobbing her head in a half-abashed gesture of respect. The Lama swung off his horse and went to the sorrowing woman. The young acolyte slithered off his pony and went to the aid of Timon, but too late; that young man had just toppled off as soon as the pony stopped.

'Holy Lama,' quavered the woman, 'my husband is almost gone, I have kept him conscious but I feared you would be too late. Oh! What SHALL we do?'

'Come show me the way,' commanded the Lama, following the woman as she turned and led the way in. The house was dark. Oiled cloth covered the holes in the walls, for there was no glass here and well-oiled cloth brought from distant India served in its place, admitting a strange kind of light and a peculiar fragrance all of its own. A fragrance composed of drying-out oil well mixed with soot from the ever-smoldering butter lamp.

The floor was of well-pounded earth, and the walls were composed of heavy stones compacted together, with gaps stopped by yak dung. A small fire, the fuel of which was also yak dung, smoldered in the center of the room and the smoke drifted up and some of it eventually escaped through a hole in the roof constructed for that purpose.

By the side of the far wall opposite the entrance there lay a bundle which at first glance might have been taken for a bundle of rags tossed aside, but the illusion was dispelled by the sounds which came from the bundle. The rasping, croaking sounds of a man struggling to keep the breath within his body, the sounds of a man in extremis. The Lama moved towards him and peered through the all-pervading

gloom at the one who was lying on the floor, an elderly, thin man stamped with the hardship of life, a man who had lived according to all the beliefs of his ancestors without having a thought of things for himself.

Now he lay there gasping, blue faced through lack of oxygen. He lay there sobbing out his life, striving to retain some tenuous consciousness, for his belief and traditional belief was that his journey to the other world would be the easier for the guidance of a trained Lama.

He looked up and some semblance-some fleeting look-of pleasure flitted across his ghastly features at the realization that now the Lama was here.

The Lama sank down beside the dying man and placed his hands upon his temples, uttering soothing sounds to him. Behind him the young acolyte hurriedly set out incense burners and took some incense from a package. Then, taking from his pouch tinder, flint, and iron, he industriously set spark to tinder and blew it into flame so that the incense could be lighted when required.

Not for him the easier disrespectful system of touching the incense to the now-guttering butter lamp, that would have shown lack of thought for the incense, lack of respect for the ritual. He was going to light the incense in the traditional way, for he, that eager young man, had great ambitions of being a Lama himself.

The Lama sitting in the lotus position beside the almost moribund man on the floor, nodded to the acolyte who then lit the first stick of incense, lit it so that flame just touched the tip of the first stick and then, as it glowed red, blew it out, leaving the stick to smolder. The Lama moved his hands slightly to a different position on the man's head and said, 'Oh Spirit about to depart from this its case of flesh, we light the first stick of incense that your attention may be attracted, that you may be guided, that you may take an easy path through the perils which your undirected imagination will place before you.'

There was a strange peace apparent on the dying man's face. Now it was bedewed with perspiration, a thin sheen of moisture, the perspiration of approaching death. The Lama gripped his head firmly and nodded slightly to the acolyte. That young man bent forward again and lit the second stick of incense, and blew out the flame, leaving the second stick

of incense to smolder.

‘Oh Spirit about to depart for the Greater Reality, the True Life beyond this, your time of release has come. Be prepared to keep your consciousness fixed firmly upon me even when you leave this, your present body, for I have much to tell you. Pay attention.’ The Lama moved forward again and placed his interlocked fingers on the very top of the man's head. The dying man's stertorous breathing sounded rattly, raggedy. His chest heaved and fell. Suddenly he gave a short, sharp gasp, almost a cough, and his body arched upwards until it was supported by the back of his head and his heels. For what seemed to be an interminable time he stayed thus, a rigid bow of flesh and bone. Then all of a sudden the body jerked, jerked upwards so that it was perhaps an inch, perhaps two inches, from the ground. Then it collapsed, sagged like a half-empty sack of wheat thrown carelessly aside. A last despairing wheeze of air escaped from the lungs, the body twitched and was still, but from within there came the gurgle of fluids, the rumbling of organs, and the settling of joints.

The Lama nodded again to the acolyte, who, waiting, immediately touched flame to the third stick of incense and set it to smolder with flame extinguished in the third incense holder. ‘Spirit now released from the suffering body, pay attention before setting out on your journey, pay attention for by your faulty knowledge, your faulty imaginings, you have set snares which can impede the comfort of this, your journey. Pay attention, for I shall detail to you the steps you must take and the Path you must follow. Pay attention.’

Outside the small room the morning wind was rising as the poor heat of the sun's rays, tipping over the mountain edge started to disturb the cold of the long night, and with the first rays of even that faint warmth air currents rose up from the cold ground and disturbed little eddies of dust which now swirled and rattled against the oiled cloth openings of the room until it sounded to the frightened woman watching from the doorway almost as if Devils were rattling and trying to get at her husband, now lying dead before her.

She thought of the enormity of it. One moment she was married to a living man, a man who for years had provided

for her, a man who had assured such security as there ever could be in her life, but at the next moment he was dead, dead, lying dead before her on the earth floor of their room. She wondered what would become of her now. Now she had nothing but a son who was too young to work, too young to earn, and she suffering from a sickness which sometimes came upon women who were denied assistance at the time of their child's birth. She had dragged herself around for the whole number of years of her son's age.

The Lama kneeling beside the body on the floor, closed the eyes of the corpse and placed little pebbles on the shut lids to keep them closed. He put a band under the chin and tied it at the top of the head to keep the sagging jaw tight so that the mouth should be shut. Then, at a signal from him, the fourth stick of incense was lit and placed carefully in its holder. Now there were four sticks of incense and the smoke from them trailed upwards almost as if they had been drawn in blue-gray chalk, so straight were the pillars of smoke in the almost airless room without draught.

The Lama spoke again, 'Oh departed Spirit of the body before us, the fourth stick of incense has been lit to draw your attention and to hold you here while I talk, while I tell you of that which you will find. Oh Spirit about to wander, heed my words that your wanderings may be directed.'

The Lama looked sadly at the corpse, thinking of the training that he had had. He was telepathic, clairaudient, he could see the aura of the human body, that strange, colored—multi-colored—flame which swirled and wove about a living body. Now, as he looked at the dead body, he could see that the flame was almost extinguished. There was, instead of the colors of the rainbow and many more besides, just an eddying gray-blue turning darker. But streaming from the body, the gray-blue moved upwards to about two feet above the corpse. There, there was active motion, violent motion, it looked like many fire-flies darting about, fire-flies who had been trained as soldiers and who were endeavoring to find their preordained places. The little particles of light moved, swirled, and interwove, and before the Lama's eyes, before his third eye, there appeared soon a replica of the corpse, but as a living man, a young man. It was tenuous as yet, floating naked about two feet above the body. It rose and fell slightly, perhaps two or three inches

at a time. It rose and fell, regained its position, fell and rose, and all the time the details were becoming more clear, the filmy body was filling out and becoming more substantial. The Lama sat and waited while the grayish-blue light of the dead body became dimmer, but while the multi-colored light composing the body above became stronger, more substantial, more vivid. At last there was a sudden swelling and a jerk and the 'ghost' body tipped with its head up and its feet down. The very slight joining between the dead flesh and the living spirit parted and the spirit was now complete and living independent of its former host-body. Immediately there came into that little room the odor of death, the strange, spicy odor of a body starting to decay, an unpleasant odor which rather stung the nostrils high up between the eyes.

The young acolyte, sitting behind the smoldering sticks of incense, carefully rose to his feet and went to the open door. Bowing ceremoniously to the new widow and her son, Timon, he gently ushered them out of the room and shut the door firmly. Standing with his back to the door, he paused a moment to utter, whispering to himself, 'Phew! What a fug!!' Softly he moved to the oil-cloth covering the window opening and eased away one corner to let in fresh air. A whole torrent of wind-blown sand poured in and left him sputtering and coughing.

'SHUT THAT WINDOW!' said the Lama in subdued but still ferocious tones. Peering through almost closed eyes the acolyte fumbled blindly at the now-flapping cloth and managed to wedge it over the frame again. 'Well, at least I got a breath of fresh air, better than THIS stink!' he thought to himself before returning to his place and resuming his seat again behind the four sticks of smoking incense.

The body lay inert upon the floor. From it there came the gurgling of fluids ceasing their flow and finding their own levels. There came too the rumbling and groaning of organs giving up life, for a body does not die on the instant, but in stages, organ by organ. First is the death of the higher centers of the brain and then, in orderly procession, other organs, finally deprived of the direction of the brain, cease to function, cease to produce those secretions or pass on the substance which is necessary for the continuation of that complex mechanism referred to as a body.

As the life force withdraws it leaves the confines of the body and assembles outside, congregating in an amorphous mass just above the body. It hovers by magnetic attraction while there is yet some life, while there is yet some flow of life particles departing their former host. In time, as more and more organs give up their life force, the tenuous form floating above the flesh-body comes more and more to resemble it. At last, when the resemblance was complete, the magnetic attraction would have ceased and the 'spirit body' would float off on its next journey.

Now the spirit was complete and held to the dead body by only the most fragile of threads. It floated, and the spirit itself was confused and terrified. Being born to life on the Earth was a traumatic experience. That meant dying to another form of existence. Dying on Earth meant that the spirit body was being born again on another world, on the spirit world, or one of them. Now the form hovered, floated higher and sank lower, floated, and awaited the instruction of the telepathic Lama, one whose whole life was devoted to helping those who were leaving Earth.

The Lama watched carefully, using his telepathic senses to assess the capacity of the newly released spirit and his third eye to actually view its form. At last he broke the silence with telepathic instruction. 'Oh newly released spirit,' said the Lama, 'pay attention to my thoughts that your passage may be eased thereby. Heed the instructions which I shall give that your path may be smoothed, for millions have trod this path before you and millions more will follow.'

The floating entity, so recently a fairly alert man of the Earth, stirred slightly. A dim greenish hue suffused its being. A faint ripple ran its whole length and then it subsided again into inertia. But there was an awareness, although ill-defined, that this entity was now on the brink of awakening from the coma of translation from death on Earth to birth in the spirit plane.

The Lama watched, studying, assessing, estimating. At last he spoke, telepathically, again, saying, 'Oh Spirit newly liberated from the bonds of the flesh, hear me. A fifth stick of incense is lit to attract your wandering attention that you may be guided.' The young acolyte had been brooding on the problem of how to get out and play. THIS was ideal

kite-flying weather. Others were out—why not he? Why had he to . . . but now he jumped to attention and hastily lit the fifth stick of incense, blowing out the flame with such energy that the red-glowing stick promptly burst into flame again.

The smoke wafted upwards and wove tenuous fingers around the gently undulating spirit figure floating above the dead body. The young acolyte resumed his consideration on the problems of kite-flying. A cord attached a little further back, he pondered, would give a greater angle of attack to the air and would give a faster climb. But if he did that . . . his deliberations were again interrupted by the words of the Lama.

‘Oh liberated Spirit,’ intoned the Lama, ‘your soul must become alert. Too long have you wilted under the superstitions of the ignorant. I bring you knowledge. The sixth stick of incense is lit to bring you knowledge for you must know yourself ere starting on your journey.’ The acolyte scabbled frantically on the dim, earth floor for the stick which he had just dropped, and muttered an exclamation NOT taught in the lamasery as his probing fingers encountered the smoldering tinder, and just beyond it, the unlit stick. Hastily he ignited it and thrust it in the incense holder.

The Lama glanced disapprovingly at him and continued his instruction to the Departing Spirit. ‘Your life from the cradle to the grave has been enmeshed in superstition and false fears. Know that many of your beliefs are without foundation. Know that many of the devils you fear will haunt you are of your own making. The seventh stick of incense is lit to bind you here that you may be adequately instructed and prepared for the journey ahead.’ The acolyte was ready, the incense was lit and left a-smolder, and the Lama continued his exhortation and instruction.

‘We are but puppets of the One who is Higher, put down on Earth that He may experience the things of Earth. We sense but dimly our immortal birthright, our eternal associations, and sensing so dimly we imagine, we fear, and we rationalize.’ He ceased and watched the silent cloud-figure before him. Watched, and saw the gradual awakening, the quickening into awareness. Sensed the panic, the uncertainty, felt a measure of the dreadful shock from one

torn from his familiar places and things. Sensed, and understood.

The spirit-form dipped and swayed. The Lama spoke to it; 'Speak with your thoughts. I shall receive those thoughts if you emerge from the stupor of shock. THINK that you are able to talk to me.' The spirit-form pulsed and wavered; ripples undulated throughout its length, then, like the first faint cheep of a bird newly hatched from the egg, came the wail of a frightened soul.

'I am lost in the wilderness,' it said, 'I am afraid of all the devils who beset me. I fear those who would hale me to the nether regions and burn me or freeze me throughout eternity.' The Lama clucked in sympathy, and then said, 'Spirit affrighted for naught. Listen to me. Put aside your needless fears and listen to me. Give me your attention that I may guide you and bring you solace.'

'I hear you, Holy Lama,' the spirit-form made rejoinder, 'and I will attend upon your words.'

The Lama nodded to the young acolyte who thereupon seized a stick of incense. 'Oh affrighted Spirit,' intoned the Lama 'the eighth stick of incense is lit that you may be guided.' The acolyte hastily thrust the smoldering tinder at the incense and satisfied with the result, placed it firmly in the holder, leaving one vacancy yet to fill.

'Man upon the Earth,' said the Lama, 'is an irrational figure given to believing that which is not so in preference to that which is. Man is greatly given to superstition and to false beliefs. You, Spirit, fear that devils surround you. Yet there are no devils save those which your thoughts have constructed and which will vanish as a puff of smoke in a high wind if you recognize the truth. About you there are elementals, mindless forms which but reflect your thoughts of terror as a still pool will reflect your features as you bend over it. These elementals are mindless, they are but creatures of the moment like the thoughts of a drunken man. Have no fear, there is naught to harm you.'

The spirit-form whimpered with terror and said, telepathically, 'But I SEE devils, I SEE gibbering monsters who poke their taloned hands in my direction. They will devour me. I see the features of those whom I wronged in life and who now come to exact retribution.'

But the Lama raised his hands in benediction and said,

‘Spirit, pay attention to me. Gaze firmly at .the worst of your imagined tormentors. Gaze at him sternly, and make the strong thought that he be gone. Visualize him vanishing in a puff of smoke and he will so vanish, for he exists only in your fevered imagination. Think, NOW, I command you!’

The spirit-form heaved and wavered. Its colors flared through the whole gamut of the spectrum and then there came the triumphant telepathic shout, ‘IT WENT—THEY HAVE GONE!’ The spirit-form wavered, expanded and contracted, expanded and contracted, just like a man of the Earth panting after great exertion.

‘There is naught to fear save fear,’ said the Lama. ‘If you fear not, then NOTHING can harm you. Now I will tell you what comes next and then you must go on the continuing stage of your journey towards the Light.’ The spirit-form was now glowing with new colors, now it was showing confidence and the cessation of fear. Now it waited to know what lay before it.

‘Now is the time,’ the Lama said, ‘for you to continue with your journey. When I release you you will feel a strong urge to drift. Resist it not. The currents of Life will carry you along through swirling clouds of fog. Horrid faces will peer at you through the murk, but fear them not—at your bidding they will go away. Keep your thoughts pure, your mien calm. Soon you will come to a pleasant green sward where you will feel the joy of living. Friendly helpers will come to you and make you welcome. Fear not. Respond to them, for here you CANNOT meet those who would harm you.’

The spirit-form swayed gently as it considered all these remarks. The Lama continued, ‘Soon they will escort you as friends to the Hall of Memories, that place which is the repository of all knowledge where every act, either good or bad, ever done by any person, is recorded. At the Hall of Memories you will enter and you alone will see your life as it was and as it should have been. You and you alone will judge of the success or otherwise of your endeavors. There is no other judgment, there is no hell save that which your guilty conscience will impose upon you. There is no eternal damnation, nor torments. If you have failed in your life, then you and you alone may decide to return later to the Earth life and make another attempt.’

The Lama stopped and motioned to the acolyte who thereupon took up the last stick of incense. 'Oh Spirit now instructed,' said the Lama, 'go forth upon your journey. Travel in peace. Travel knowing that you have naught to fear but fear itself. GO FORTH!' Slowly the spirit-form rose, paused a moment while the figure took a last look around the room, then it penetrated the ceiling of the room and vanished from human sight. The Lama and the acolyte rose to their feet, picked up their equipment, and left the room.

Later, as the sun was reaching its zenith, a ragged figure approached the little house and entered. Soon he emerged again carrying upon his back the swathed figure which was the mortal remains of the father of Timon. Along the stony path he trudged, bearing the body to the place whence it would be dismembered and broken so that the birds of the air, the vultures, could feed upon the remains, and in the fullness of time return the changed remnants of the body to Mother Earth.

## CHAPTER THREE

‘Haw! Haw! HAW!’ The room rattled to the gusty guffaw. The thin young man sitting hunched up, with his back to the laughter, jerked as though he had been shot. ‘Hey, Juss’ snorted the voice. ‘Have you read THIS?’ Mr. Justin Towne carefully covered the portable organ which he had been so lovingly fondling, and stood up.

‘Read what?’ he enquired crossly.

Mr. Dennis Dollywogga smiled broadly as he waved a book above his head. ‘Oh boy!’ he exclaimed. ‘This guy thinks that all us homos are sick! He thinks we have glandular troubles he thinks we are all mixed up between men and women. Haw ! Haw ! Haw!’

Justin strolled across the room and took the book from his friend. It came open at page 99 where overfolding in an ecstasy of hilarity, had cracked the spine binding. Dennis peered over his friend's shoulder and extended a long pointed finger to indicate a certain passage. ‘There!’ he said. ‘It starts THERE. Read it out, Juss, the guy must be a real square john.’ He moved to a low settee and reclined limply upon it, with one arm thrown carelessly across the back. Justin polished the lens of his spectacles, replaced them upon his nose, and tucking his handkerchief back in his sleeve, picked up the book and read:

‘In the hurly-burly of getting from the astral world to that world we call Earth, mix-ups occur. Being born is a traumatic experience, it's a most violent affair, and a very delicate mechanism can easily become deranged. For example, a baby is about to be born and throughout the pregnancy the mother has been rather careless about what she was eating and what she was doing, so the baby has not received what one might term a balanced chemical input.

The baby may be short of a chemical and so development of certain glands may have been halted. Let us say the baby was going to come as a girl, but through lack of certain chemicals the baby is actually born a boy, a boy with the inclinations of a girl.

‘The parents might realize that they've got a sissyfied little wretch and put it down to over-indulgence or something, they may try to beat some sense into him one end or the other to make him more manly, but it doesn't work; if the glands are wrong, never mind what sort of attachments are stuck on in front, the boy is still a girl in a boy's body.

‘At puberty the boy may not develop satisfactorily, or again, he may to all outward appearances. At school he may well appear to be one of the limp-wristed fraternity, but the poor fellow can't help that.

‘When he reaches man's estate he finds he cannot “do the things that come naturally”, instead he runs after boys—men. Of course he does because all his desires are the desires of a woman. The psyche itself is female, but through an unfortunate set of circumstances the female has been supplied with male equipment, it might not be much use but it is still there!

‘The male then becomes what used to be called a “pansy” and has homosexual tendencies. The more the psyche is female, the stronger will be the homosexual tendencies.

‘If a woman has a male psyche, then she will not be interested in men but will be interested in women, because her psyche, which is closer to the Overself than is the physical body, is relaying confusing messages to the Overself and the Overself sends back a sort of command, “Get busy, do your stuff.” The poor wretched male psyche is a man, and so all the interest is centered on a female, so you get the spectacle of a female making love to a female, and that is what we call a lesbian because of a certain island off Greece where that used to be “The done thing”.

‘It is quite useless to condemn homosexuals, they are not villains, instead they should be classed as sick people, people who have glandular troubles, and if medicine and doctors had the brains they were born with then they would do something about that glandular defect.

‘After my own experiences of late I am even more con-

vinced that Western doctors are a crummy lot of kooks just out to make a fast buck. My own experiences have been unmentionably and adjectivally deplorable, however we are not discussing me now, we are discussing homosexuals.

‘If a lesbian (woman) or a homosexual (male) can find a sympathetic doctor then glandular extracts can be given which certainly improve the condition a lot and make life bearable, but unfortunately nowadays with the present breed of doctors who seem to be out to make money only, well, you have to search a long way to get a good doctor. But it is useless to condemn a homosexual, it is not his fault or her fault. They are very very unhappy people because they are confused, they don't know what has happened to them and they can't help what is, after all, the strongest impulse known to man or woman—the reproduction impulse.

‘Head shrinkers, alias psychologists, are not much help really because they take years to do what the average person would do in a few days. If it is clearly explained to the homosexuals that they have a glandular imbalance, then they can usually adjust. Anyhow, the laws are being amended to cater for such cases instead of subjecting them to such fierce persecution and imprisonment for what is truly an illness.

‘There are various ways of helping such people. The first is that a very understanding and much older person who has deep sympathy with the sufferer should explain precisely what has happened. The second is the same as the first but with the addition that the victim should be given some medicament which suppresses the sexual urge. the sexual drive. The third—well, again, matters should be explained, and a qualified doctor can give hormone or testosterone injections which can definitely help the body in the matter of sexual adjustment.

‘The vital thing is that one should never, never condemn a homosexual, it's not his fault, he is being penalized for something he hasn't done, he is being penalized for some fault of Nature; perhaps his mother had the wrong sort of food, perhaps the mother and the child were chemically incompatible. However, whichever way you look at it, homosexuals can only be helped by true understanding and

sympathy, and possibly with the judicious administration of drugs.'

'What is the book?' asked Justin as he finished reading, flipping shut the cover he read out, 'Lobsang Rampa, "Feeding the Flame"'. He should feed the flame if he attacks us,' he commented sourly.

'What do you think of it, eh, Juss?' asked Dennis hesitantly. 'Do you think there is anything in it or is he just a guy drumming up hatred against us? What do you think, eh, Juss?'

Justin carefully smoothed his top lip where the moustache would not grow, and replied in a somewhat high voice, 'Well, isn't this fellow an ex-monk or something? He probably does not know the difference between a man and a woman, anyhow.'

They sat together upon the settee flicking through the pages of the book. 'Lot of other things he writes here make good sense, though,' mused Justin Towne. 'How come then that he is so wrong about us?' interposed Dennis Dollywogga. Then a positively brilliant thought struck him; he beamed like the newly risen sun and smiled, 'Why don't you write to him, Juss, and tell him he's all wet? Wait a minute, does he give an address in this book? No? Then I guess he will get it care of the publisher. Let's do it, Juss, eh?'

So it came to pass that in the fullness of time, as they say in the best circles, Author Rampa received a letter from a gentleman who insisted that Author Rampa did not know the first thing about homosexuals. Author Rampa duly considered the dire warnings about his sanity, perceptions, etc., and wrote an invitation to his correspondent. 'Admittedly I know little of ANY sexual activities,' indited the Author, 'but I still maintain the accuracy of my remarks. However,' the letter continued, 'you write me your opinion of homosexuality and if my publisher has strong nerves and a good heart he will permit me to print your letter or article in my thirteenth book.'

Two heads came together. Four eyes scanned the letter which had just been. 'GEE!' breathed Dennis Dollywagga in astonishment. 'The old guy has passed the ball back to us. Now what'll we do?'

Justin Towne sucked in his breath and his stomach. 'Do?' he queried in a quavery voice. 'Why, You will write a reply that's What YOU'LL do. You started this.' For some time there was silence between them. Then both went off to what should have been their work but really was a session of cerebation on the boss's time.

The hands of the clock crawled slowly around the dial. At last it was time to leave work and return to 'the pad'. Dennis was first home, soon followed by Justin. 'Juss,' muttered Dennis as he chewed the last of the hamburger. 'Juss, you are the brains of this outfit, I am the brawn. Howsabout You writing some stuff. Gee, I've been thinking about it all day and I haven't scratched out a thing.'

So Justin sat down with a typewriter and knocked out a reply. Dennis read it through carefully. 'Wond-er-ful!' he gusted. 'Howsabout that!' Carefully they folded the several pages and Dennis strolled out to the mail-box.

Canada's postal services would never set a record for speed, what with strikes, sit-ins, slow-downs, and work-to-rules, but before mildew actually formed on the paper Author Rampa had the package dropped through his letter-box along with sixty-nine other letters that day. At last he came to that particular package. Slitting open the envelope he drew out the pages and read. 'Hmmm,' he said at last (if 'Hmmm' can be construed as saying). 'Well, I'll print the whole lot, letter and article because then people will have the whole thing straight from the horse's mouth.'

Later, Author Rampa returned to a re-reading of the letter and article. Turning to Miss Cleopatra the Siamese, he remarked, 'Well, Clee, in my opinion this ABSOLUTELY justifies what I wrote before. What do You think?' But Miss Cleopatra had other things, such as food, on her mind, so the Author just put the letter and article ready for the Publisher and here it is for you to read:

'Dear Dr. Rampa,

'I have broken a rule of mine, so to speak, by enclosing an unfinished piece of work. By that I mean that it is the First writing, off the top of my head. It is not what I wanted to say exactly, but for some reason it seems important that I get it off to you. When you see that I cannot spell and know little of English grammar you may just

throw it away in disgust (I wouldn't blame you and I would not be angry).

'It does not always say well what I was trying to get across, and if I thought I would have time I would edit and rewrite it over and over until it was as good as I could make it, but perhaps it will be of some use even the way it is.

'Some of the things I wanted very much to say were: Most homos are not the little pansies you see on the street, they are not the ones the psychiatrists and doctors write about because those are the emotionally disturbed ones.

'Being an adventurer I have worked in cities, farms, some radio work, etc., etc., and I know homos in all fields who are as normal as "blue-berry pie" so to speak. So, they can be very masculine, they can think and act like men and do NOT think and act like women or have any of the feminine characteristics which so many heterosexuals seem to think they do.

'I wanted to stress TO the homo, what an important part he could play in this world, if he'd get off his behind and quit feeling sorry for himself. I don't believe in things like this "Gay Liberation" thing where like all youngsters today they think they have to make a big issue of it, but merely go along and do one's own job well, with the tools they have (Being their own talents etc.).

'I tried to point out too that in my own case I came from a very good normal home, no hang-ups to make me emotionally disturbed, and that really no one knows or suspects me of being "Gay" unless I want to tell them . . . I am NOT ashamed of it in the least, I just don't feel that it's their business any more than if I'm a Democrat or a Republican, a Christian or a hot-in-tot . . . I know too that I'm luckier than many because all people immediately want to pour out their hearts to me and I have thus learned so much, so very much about peoples feelings.

'But anyway, just for the record . . . You may use any or all of this article that you might want to, you may edit or change or correct or delete it to your hearts content, or you can junk it if its not worth using and I will not be hurt. If you want a name, you can use "Justin" and if by some SLIM chance (Because I'm disappointed in it) you should want to use ANY OR PART OF IT, AND IF YOU SHOULD (sorry about the

caps) need to refer me to anyone with an honest enquiry either for or opposed, I wouldn't mind writing them, but I do not have a private box number so I'd rather have an opportunity to write them first. It always seems that through no fault of my own, that through pre-destination people would suddenly meet me and it was like I was meant to be there to help . . . But now, I am helping a lot of people but not my own kind so to speak.

'Well, I guess that's about it . . . I would like some day to write a book of my life (as would thousands of others) because it seems to stimulate many people to try harder but perhaps when I'm older. Right now I'm very busy building a business, a home, and doing lots of fun things (Gardening, for example, is fun for me) we have a little place in the country with lots of wildlife and much work, I wish you were able to visit, you'd like it I think.

'I hope all is going better for you and your projects.

Sincerely, JUSTIN.

'Everyone will agree that the characteristics of each individual from every other individual are as varied as the stars in the sky or the pebbles on a beach. It is agreed, I think, that this is what makes the world what it is, what makes great men and small men causes nations to rise and fall, and what attracts or repels one person to another. For the sake of clarity, let us agree that the word "Characteristics" implies all individual traits, moods strengths and weaknesses, faults, gifts, and generally the sum total of what makes each individual different from all other individuals. Some of these characteristics come with us at birth either because we have developed them in previous lives or because we have chosen them as needs to help us in this life to become a more complete person. So also some of these characteristics have been developed during this lifetime.

'Societies at various times and in various places consider different characteristics to be good or bad, an asset or a detriment or just too common to be considered depending upon the particular views and needs of that particular society. But let us not deal with particular societies, but work on the teachings of all great religions, that being, that each man comes to earth expressly to learn and experience specific things, that he comes to earth deliberately choosing

those characteristics which he alone needs to develop himself. This then causes us to look at all men with greater understanding, more tolerance and makes the statement "Judge not, lest ye be judged" far more significant. This is not to say that man's life is entirely pre-destined, for his free will exceeds the power of his birthright "Individual-Characteristics", and thus he may choose to use or misuse this Birthright at will.

'Of the many Characteristics possessed by man, those of an emotional nature usually seem to be the strongest. They include in part his likes and dislikes, his wants, and his loves, etc. Of these his loves or that emotional involvement which is brought on by his loves or hates and those around him play an extremely important part in his development in all other phases of his growth. For example, a man may love his chosen work to such an extent that all other experiences in life are put aside. He may love his family to such an extent that he will sacrifice his own development to assure them of their wants and needs. By the same token a man might hate to such an extent as to expend all his energies to eliminating that which he hates, forgetting entirely all that he was meant to do. Now this is particularly true in his loves and hates of another individual and when these emotional characteristics are joined by the most damaging of all, that of fear, all havoc can take place, reasoning can be lost and a complete breakdown can occur. For example, a suitor suddenly discovers his lady fair has another suitor who seems to be winning the battle, his love for her suddenly becomes even more intense, his fear of losing her magnifies his dislike for his competitor and if he allows himself, he might even forget his battle to win his love and concentrate solely on eliminating his foe by slander, trickery, and many other more drastic methods. Or he may brood and expend all his energies in feeling sorry for himself but not without turning his fears and hates secretly against his foe, but this again takes all his energies so that quite often his work will suffer, his health, his happiness, and generally all his growth will suffer.

'These then, Love and Fear and their counterparts hate and understanding (For no man can fear that which he entirely understands) are the strongest of all characteristics in man. Never are these stronger than in religious beliefs,

political beliefs, and in one's personal loves. Cultures governments cities towns and small groups are all swayed and governed by their attitudes towards these predominant characteristics.

‘Let us consider that which is very close and important to almost every human being. His individual love for another individual and its effect on others. “Love is blind” : “There's no accounting for taste in love” and “Love conquers all” : are all very valid statements . . . John and Mary fall in love and marry against their families' wishes and a life time of misery and antagonism can be created for every member of both families. But let us not be concerned with individuals but with a universal and more dramatic difference. Let us take the difference between the Heterosexual and the Homosexual. The Heterosexual (male or female) is born into a world which seems to operate out of sheer need in a Heterosexual manner . . . It's quite obvious that this is the normal pattern for procreation, etc. Thus the Heterosexual cannot fathom the reasoning of a Homosexual. Some feel the Homosexual is a degenerate a lustful person who cannot control his or her desires; others think they are sick, etc. . . . There have been hundreds of books written on the subject and most by Psychiatrists who think they (the homosexual) should have their heads shrunk or by medical doctors who feel their plumbing should be changed or medical aids should be applied to CHANGE THEM and a few books have been written by Homosexuals who are trying desperately to defend themselves and make something out of their sometimes unhappy lives. Unfortunately, because feelings run high among the majority of uninformed Heterosexuals, there can be no list of who's who in the Homosexual world . . . But for anyone informed it's a very long list. Like all groups of people we can subdivide them and categorize the homosexuals into three main groups, one group are those as described in “Feeding the Flame” that being those who by accident in birth became as they are. The second are those who because after birth have strong emotional problems and turn to homosexuality to solve or ease those problems. It is these groups that the doctors and psychiatrists write about. Those two groups are very small in proportion to the Third and most important group. This group are those individuals who could not possibly learn all

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that they must learn without being Homosexuals. In other words, they chose to come to this Earth in this life as Homosexual.

‘Before we go into that, let us first be aware of the fact that there are millions of Homosexuals in the world . . . Men and Women . . . Some of the world's finest have been homosexuals . . . But the average person has no idea that so many of their friends and heroes and leaders are not of the

same thinking that they are. In certain cities in the West the percentage is as high as ten per cent. Some surveys report even higher. In rural areas the percentage seems smaller, usually because the young homosexual girl or boy must find their own kind and since everyone knows all about everyone in a small community, it takes a lot for a person to remain in hostile country. The average person feels they can spot a homosexual any time or any place, but this is not true, even among homosexuals this is not true. There are thousands of happily married men and women with very fine children who are homosexuals and who may or may not actively “act out” as the psychiatrists like to say. It is also false that a homosexual cannot make love to the opposite sex. (There are always a few exceptions to every rule.) But the homosexual does not have sex with the opposite sex usually because there is no attraction, no interest, they feel more like brothers and sisters towards the opposite sex . . . or just as friends. You will find few homosexuals who have not had sex with the opposite sex because in growing up they go through great hell, accepting the fact that they chose to be what they are . . . so they feel it necessary to at least prove to themselves that they could if they wanted to . . . and also to prove that they are right . . . in that, physically it might be fun, but without that emotional “Rightness” it is a wrong and a waste of time, just as it's a waste of time to play football if you don't like football. Many homosexuals are very sensitive people, they **USUALLY HAVE A STRONG SENSE** of morality and will not hop from bed to bed (except when young—and that applies to the heterosexual world also) . . . They have an eternal search for a permanent lover . . . once found, their lives are no different from the heterosexual.

‘Why would anyone choose to be born a homosexual?  
Because unlike any other group, certain things can be

learned. If one chose to be born black in an all-white country, or white in an all-black community one could learn how it feels to be in a minority group and learn things and feel things etc. that he could not as one of the masses in that group. So also the Homosexuals, except that the homosexual has a whole different set of problems to solve . . . For example, he can be put in jail just for being himself (in some places) he can lose his job, he can be run out of town and can be subjected to a whole lot of very uncomfortable scenes by a very unenlightened heterosexual world. The unenlightened heterosexual world feels they are just, because to them this person is going against the laws of man and God . . . But let me state here very definitely that (1) if it were God's will that he be such how can it be against His will? (2) Contrary to the belief of most NO man can be made a homosexual if he isn't one, any more than any man can be made a heterosexual if he isn't one. True, any man or woman can try anything . . . they might even participate for a short period of time witness the hustler and the prostitutes who will do anything for money but these are not what we are talking about . . . No mother or father need ever fear that their son or daughter is suddenly going to be made into something else . . . I have lived a long time and my life is that of a homosexual and I have spent a large part of that life working with the young on this very problem. But more of that later . . . But never have I seen a happy conversion or a permanent one from one to the other. If the "Magic" which attracts one human being to another isn't there no one can make it appear. If you could, there would be almost no homosexuals in this world, because the hell they go through in growing up is so intense that they would offer anything to make that magic appear. But there is a much happier side to all this. For the homosexual can learn and develop and accomplish things he could not possibly learn otherwise.

'For the average homosexual who once accepts himself in the right light, the greatest gift he receives is Understanding . . . He has developed through his own life-experiences a strong sensitivity to the feelings of others he or she usually has a very strong moral sense because of the monumental soul searching needed to accept oneself under these conditions. He is able to do a great deal of good in this world

because he has learned the need for discretion, the need for truth the need for an alert mind, the ability to “phyc” out people quickly and accurately and to be able to assess a situation immediately. After all, his whole life has depended on this ability. Thus great leaders, warriors, businessmen, doctors. and every field on this earth has been aided by gifts of the homosexual. The Homosexual is usually given a great artistic and aesthetic gift or ability in which case they become writers, musicians, artists, they usually are sympathetic people, with a strong love of people as a whole thus they are great comforters.

‘Consequently with all these assets plus the fact that they are (if they wish to be) undetectable, they can travel through this world as can everyone else, doing much, much good, unimpeded as would perhaps a man born with a physical defect or a mental defect be, which might cause people to shun him. Thus if the homosexual will, he can make many many points for himself in his development.

‘For the record also, the crime rate among homosexuals is very very low. They are tolerant and not prone to physical violence, it is extremely rare to hear of rapes in the homosexual world . . . seduction perhaps, but even then it is rare in relation to the heterosexual world, primarily because the homosexual has a great need to love and be loved and this cannot be found in rape or unwilling seduction. All in all the homosexual is not that villainous lecher that so many uninformed heterosexuals believe him to be. So often it's just that they cannot fathom why anyone could love someone of their own sex. But look at it this way; in some incarnations it is necessary to be born a woman to learn certain things, the next time one might be born a male. Thus it is the person that counts, not the physical body that they occupy. Granted all the physical senses may ordinarily attract opposite sexes in this world so that the population doesn't come to a screeching halt, but by the same token we are usually attracted to people who are a compliment to our personality and whom we feel are going to help us along the path of life and someone whom we can help along that path . . . So does the homosexual.

‘Perhaps if I briefly tell you a little about myself you can more readily appreciate this view.

‘Born in a small California town of ideal parents. We

were quite poor, it is true, but an amazing mother and staunch Christian never allowed us to think or feel “Poor”. We were rich and very lucky, after all who else when it rained could sail sailboats down their living-room floor while their mother read them exciting sea stories? Who else had parents who could go out of an evening with their rifles and in the matter of an hour bring home fresh rabbit instead of having to eat ordinary store-bought meat? We were lucky children, the three of us, and happy. Raised in a mission school (co-educational) my mother's fondest wish was for one of us to join a religious Order: By the time I was five I knew that my brother and I had different ideas on the value of girls. Within the next couple of years I knew that nothing was more attractive and pleasurable than being in the company of boys or men, I would marvel at the physical beauty of the male and I made it a point even at that age to boy-watch, and that meant being one of them (I mean to participate in their activities and join them), but always I knew that my reason for liking them was different than their reason for liking me, to them I was just one of the guys, to me they were something very special, but I wasn't quite sure why . . . I could understand the girls drooling over them, but I felt sorry for the girls because they could never be a boy like me and be one of them at the same time. I never ever wanted to be a girl. Naturally as youngsters we experimented with our toys, once we learned there was more to them than originally met the eye. Again I knew I was different because of how I “felt” about it. And even then I was always shocked to learn that to the other boy the experiment meant nothing . . . because to me it was as spiritual as church. This bothered me because the dear holy Nuns and the church taught that all this was very bad indeed and I offered up Masses, Prayers, Candy, Work, and all sorts of things begging to make me like everyone else. Not because I wanted to, but so many people told me I was wrong . . . Not in so many words, mind you, because I KNEW I couldn't dare tell them really how I felt. I had always been a listener so I could understand them better, and I knew . . .

‘At thirteen I was accepted into a monastery where I hoped to please my mother by being a monk, however I knew it wasn't right and left after a year and a half. I was

then on my own, because my family let me know they could not support me. This was the Depression. This meant I did not have to go to school unless I wanted to because I had to work, and of course being a normal healthy boy I didn't want to go to school (I'd never been too good at it anyway). Off to the big city to make my fortune, for a while I was going to be a sailor and sail the seven seas, I even stowed away on a tanker, but common sense (or fear) made me get off before the ship sailed, then for a while I was going to Arizona to fight Indians and bad men, I loved horses and had a way with them so I'd be good in a posse, but the thought of chasing men whom I might like put me off that venture. Being venturesome I was constantly on the move, looking for a special friend and new discoveries. By the time I was sixteen I had learned three very important things. First, everyone, men, women, and children were attracted to me in every way. In addition, everyone trusted me and confided in me, and I was a listening post and a comforter for almost everyone I met. This led me into almost every walk of life my friends (some of them still), were wealthy, poor, crooks, and priests.

‘Secondly, I learned I was Homosexual, I tried to force myself into a heterosexual life (sexually) but it always seemed unclean, whereas with my own kind it was something just as spiritual and good as could be asked for.

‘Thirdly, I learned how fortunate and what a great obligation to others I had because I was strong, sure, normal, adventuresome, and I was needed. But this posed a serious problem. It posed obligations which I was not ready for, obligations to peoples' feelings. I learned that I, like everyone, could hurt people very much if I wasn't careful. I found too that many boys my own age more or less, were fighting being homosexual so hard they were getting all mixed up, some turning to crime to prove themselves men, some giving up and acting like girls, others sinking into their own black pits. I knew that somehow I could help them. The only way I knew was to make friends with as many people as I could find, and let them ask for help; having an affinity for slums I spent a great deal of time in the pool halls and hang-outs. But I needed too the stability of the more affluent and also spent time “up-town”. My work went towards photography and the arts for a living,

although whatever job came along was exciting, particularly if I'd never tried it before. The war came and I joined the Navy, after my discharge I worked for youth camps and reform schools, but this did not have the same effect as when by accident I would meet someone who really needed me . . . Let me also say, that there were more heterosexuals than homosexuals in my life and I never let them know my feelings, not because I was ashamed of them, but many would lose their confidence in me because they wouldn't understand.

'By the early fifties I was thirty and for a long time had thought it was time to do my own thing . . . this meant going to school and as I had no high school I decided to go to Europe where I could learn what I wanted without going to high school first and then being obliged to take all the other courses our colleges make one take which are alien to their chosen profession. I saved up four hundred dollars and headed for Europe, spending almost ten years there I found there were many people there needed me as a friend even though I was not a good linguist. Arriving back home in the early sixties I found myself living in the midst of the notorious haight ashbury district, I think it was here where I learned the most and the fastest . . . For within a few years it turned from a place where searching young people came to find truth to a place where they came to hide from life . . . But in the first years I learned a great deal and my age and experience help a lot of others. I had a large apartment and made it a home for those who had none. Thus I met all sorts during that three years period. Now I am fifty and am working in an entirely different world of people, but I think the end results are much the same.

JUSTIN'

## CHAPTER FOUR

The Author sat in his office and grinned a grin of great appreciation. It was not an 'office', really, but a most uncomfortable metal bed with no springs. One of those things that went up or down at the touch of a button and then when the bed was at its highest—the electricity would be cut somewhere. But it was the only office the Author possessed. Now he sat in his office—such as it was—and grinned with sheer pleasure.

Mr. Harold Wilson, the former Prime Minister of England, was reported on the Canadian radio as having 'said his piece' about the Press. His remarks were to the effect that if the Press could get hold of a story, they distorted it. If they could not get hold of the story, they imagined it.

EXACTLY!

That is what the Author had been saying for YEARS—a lone voice crying out in the wilderness. The Press, in the Author's opinion, is FOUL! He always wondered how they got the idea that they were 'special'. A few years ago gossiping people were dunked in the village duck-pond. Now, if a person has a yen for garbage he joins the Press as a reporter. The Author, having bitter experience of the Press, very firmly believed that that gang is the most evil force on the Earth today, responsible for wars and strikes. However, the truth about the Press is not popular with Publishers, so as there is no opposition, that evil weed flourishes unchecked.

The Author sat in his office—the aforementioned bed—and contemplated his surroundings. A scruffy bed-table bought about a hundredth-hand from some local hospital, a beat-up old Japanese typewriter, and an even more beat-up old Author, the latter falling apart at the seams.

About seventy letters littered the bed. Fat Taddy the Siamese, wallowed among them, every so often rolling on

her back and kicking her legs in the air. ‘Shrimps shrimps,’ she muttered, ‘why don't we have shrimps eh? That's what I want to know!’ Beautiful Cleopatra, her sister, sat beside the Author, her arms folded, an enigmatic smile on her face. ‘Boss!’ she said suddenly, rising and flicking an imagined speck of dust from her tail. ‘Boss why don't you get in the wheelchair and we will go out, and watch the ships. Dull in here, eh?’

Just outside the window the Polish liner, the ‘Stefan Batory’ was getting ready to sail. The Blue Peter, the blue flag with the white square in the center, had just been hoisted and crowds were gathering as is ever the case when a liner is about to sail. For several moments the Author was tempted. ‘Aw, why not?’ he thought, then Virtue triumphed again—besides he had an extra twinge of pain just then—so he remarked, ‘No, Clee, we have to work, we have to put some words on paper to pay for those shrimps that Taddy is still groaning about.’ Miss Cleo yawned and leaped lightly to the floor and sauntered off. Miss Taddy gave a final roll and kick and followed.

The Author gave a sigh that almost blew all the letters off his bed and reached for a handful. One letter fell open. ‘How is it,’ the writer thundered, ‘that you DARE to say that you will not answer letters unless money for postage is enclosed? Don't you know that people do you an honor when they spend their money and time in writing to you? You have a DUTY to reply to all letters and give all information asked for!’

‘Tut, tut!’ thought the Author. ‘There is one biddy who is going to get a surprise.’ The typewriter was a heavy old thing, knee-cracking when endured for too long but the Author had no sylph-like figure and although he had slimmed from a modest two hundred and eighty-something pounds, two hundred and fifteen was the rock-bottom limit even on a thousand-calorie a day diet. The problem was, was his bay-window too ‘bay’ or were his arms too short. Secretary? No sir, no ma'am. No secretary, and only authors who write pornographic stuff make enough to pay a secretary.

So, our Author glumly grabbed the old typewriter and dragged the wretched thing on to his knees. ‘Dear Miss Buggsbottom,’ the keys clattered, ‘your kind letter has been

received but not WELL received. May I take the opportunity to “put you straight”, or “wise you up”, as the Americans say? My mail is going up, Miss Buggsbottom, and so are mail charges. Now, the cost in time and material is now calculated as being MORE than three dollars to send out one single-page letter. Contrary to your assumption, I do NOT get a dollar on each book sold. I receive from seven to ten percent of the lowest price in the country in which the book is printed.’

The Author snorted and fumed with indignation : ‘From this I may have to pay the first publishers fifty per cent—don't ask me why! Then there are other commissions to pay, losses on currency conversion, and TAX. So, Miss Buggsbottom, you really do not know what you are writing about. Ah yes, an author has to EAT as well, you know!’

Ra'ab came in: ‘Mail has come,’ she said, ‘only sixty-three today. Must be held up somewhere.’ Reminded the tattered Author of another letter he had tucked away. He fished in the first pile and came up with a gaudy orange sheet with some quite improbable flowers printed all around the edges. ‘Ah!’ he said ‘Here it is.’ Unfolding it, he read: ‘You say you are a monk. How is it, then, that there is a “Mrs.”? Some monk, eh? How are you going to explain that?’

The poor Author sighed anew in his exasperation. ‘What queer things people are!’ he thought, but the answer, typed, might help someone. Ladies and gentlemen: have you ever heard of a nunnery where there has been a priest? Have you ever heard of a community where a man can live with a woman with women? They are not always doing the things which the prurient think they will be doing. Have you ever heard of a prison (for example) which has a female nurse? Come to that, have you ever heard of a solitary night nurse on a mens' ward? Come! Come! In the better communities men and women are not ALWAYS jumping into bed together. Oh, naughty, naughty. What thoughts people have!

The same Esteemed Correspondent (Esteemed should be reversed!) also went on to write, ‘and why do you wear a beard, to hide a funny mouth or something?’ But the Great Public would be amazed if they knew the rot which the component parts making up the Great Public wrote. Here is

an actual extract—no, the whole letter which was received from one peculiar person. It is absolutely true and unaltered : ‘Dear Sir, I must be FREE, free to live my own life without being ordered about by others. I must be FREE or my soul will die. Send me one million dollars by return. (signed . . .) P.S. Thanks in advance.’

The Author, having typed it from the original, turned it over and over in his hands. Some of the letters were . . . FUNNY. He sighed again, probably lack of oxygen from the stale, polluted air of the city, and tossed the letter into the garbage bin. Pfah! ‘You can say that again,’ muttered Fat Taddy as she sauntered in. But Life and Letters move on. More about homosexuals? What a furor. Some people opposed to them would completely spoil their fun with their sharp knives. But here is something about the distaff side of it.

The underground Bar in the wilder reaches of Soho, London, where ANYTHING goes, was almost empty. A thug-ish-looking bar-tender was leaning up against the far wall of his domain, idly picking his teeth and thinking of nothing in particular. At the distal end of the bar two people sat on high stools and muttered low in conversation about low subjects—waist-high subjects.

Lotta Bull was the epitome of the masculine woman, lacking only certain essential attachments to make her a complete man. Her hair was clipped short in almost military fashion, her hard face would have been an asset to a sergeant-major in a tantrum. Her dress was the most unisex of unisex, and her voice was as deep as the voices of the ships in the Pool of London. She cast a proprietorial eye on the girl before her.

Rosie Hipps was all feminine, fluff, and froth with hardly a thought in her vapid blonde head. With the blue eyes and curls of a china doll she gave an impression of demure innocence. Rosie Hipps was curved, as curved as Lotta Bull was straight. Rosie delicately dangled a cigarette in a very long holder; Lotta chewed on the end of one of those small cheroots.

A customer entered the bar and stood for a moment gazing around. Spotting Rosie Hipps he started in her direction, but changed course abruptly in midstream at the sight of Lotta Bull’s fierce glare. Discreetly he moved off in the

direction of the barkeep now straightened up and polishing glasses. 'Let that doll alone,' whispered the barkeep, 'or her butch will DO ya. She's a WILD one, that Lotta Bull. What'll ya have?'

'Men! That's all they think about' snorted Lotta. 'I'd kill the man who approached ME the wrong way. Women is MY meat, cleaner. Cleaner. Have you ever had a man, Rosie?'

Rosie smiled, then laughed outright at her private thoughts. 'Let's go somewhere' she said, 'this is no place to talk.' Quickly they emptied their glasses and sauntered out into the street. 'Let's get a taxi,' she said.

A quick flick of her hand, and Lotta Bull had a London taxi turn in its own length in the street and come to a halt beside them. The driver watched them get in, pushed down his fare flag and nodded knowingly as Lotta gave the address in an obscure street in Paddington, just by the back-side of the Hospital. Traffic was light—for London—at this time of the evening. Office workers had gone home, shops were closed, and it was yet too early for the cinema and theatre crowds. The taxi sped along, avoiding the lumbering red buses, passing the familiar Green Line vehicles also on their hurried journeys from and to the country beyond the city.

The taxi swung around a corner and came to a gentle halt. Lotta Bull peered at the fare meter and fumbled in her purse before paying. 'Thanks a lot, sir,' said the taxi-driver, 'have a good trip.' With the familiarity of long practice he meshed gears and sped off down the road in search of the next fare.

Lotta Bull stomped stolidly across the sidewalk. Rosie Higgs teetered along after her on heels so high that everything shook and bounced in the right places. Sundry men, of all ages, abroad in the street, did a swivel-head turn and whistled appreciatively, drawing frosty stares from Lotta. The key grated in the lock and with an almost inaudible 'snick' the door swung open. Lotta fumbled for the light switch and the entrance room was flooded with light. They entered and the door swung shut behind them. 'Ah!' breathed Rosie Higgs as she sank gratefully into a low chair and pulled off her shoes, 'My feet are killing me!' Lotta swung into the kitchen and plugged in the electric kettle.

‘Cuppa char, that's what I want,’ she said, ‘I'm dry as a bone.’

The tea was hot, the cakes pleasant. Together they sat on the ‘Antique from Liberty's’ love-seat and with a low table before them. ‘You were going to tell me, Rosie, about this first man of yours,’ said Lotta, reaching out a foot and pushing away the table. She swung her shoeless feet on to the love-seat and pulled Rosie down beside her.

Rosie laughed and said, ‘Quite the damndest thing really. That was a few years ago. I didn't know the difference between a boy and a girl then. Didn't know there was a difference, Mum was VERY strict. So I was going to Sunday School in those days—I was about sixteen I guess. The teacher was a young fellow maybe twenty years of age. He seemed friendly and I was flattered. Got a nice little Vauxhall car, too, so he must have been well off I thought.’ She stopped to light a cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke into the air.

‘Many times after Sunday School he wanted to drive me home, but I always said no as Mum was so strict. So he suggested driving me and dropping me off at the end of our street. I said yes and got in the car. All green it was, very nice car too. Well, he took me home several times and once we stopped in the Park—we lived in Wandsworth then. He seemed to have difficulty with his breathing or something, and I did not know a thing he was talking about and as his hands were so busy I thought he was wanting a fight or something—poor fool that I was. But then a policeman on a horse came round the corner and the fellow just jammed in the gears and we took off like scared rabbits.’

She fiddled with her cigarette and mashed it in the ashtray. For a few moments there was silence, broken at last by Lotta Bull saying, ‘Well? What then?’

Rosie Hipps heaved such a sigh that she almost popped over the top and then continued, ‘Mum was such a prude. There was no man ever in the house. Dad had been killed in an accident soon after I was born. I had no male relatives at all no pets-nothing. The “Birds and the Bees” lark was lost on me. Oh sure at school we girls fooled round together, as girls will. We explored every avenue as the politicians say, but boys—no. There was a bit of talk about them, but the remarks were quite beyond my understand-

ing. I knew there were Christians and I knew there were Jews, and I thought the difference between boys and girls was much about the same, one went to a different church or a different school or something.'

She paused to light a fresh cigarette, coughing quite a bit as she drew breath at the wrong moment. Lotta Bull sat up to pour herself a fresh cup of tea and downed the tepid stuff in one mighty swallow. She lay back and put her arms around Rosie, 'Yes?' she enquired, running her hands up and down as if she was practicing the violin.

'Well, how can you expect me to talk when you are doing THAT?' asked Rosie. 'Wait until I've told you, if you want to hear, you want your cake set to music or something?'

Lotta put her arms around Rosie's waist again and said, 'Aw, shucks, you got a dose of the innocents again? Talk!'

'Well,' said Rosie, 'I didn't see him at all until the next Sunday School. He looked a bit scared at me and whispered, "Did you tell your mother?"' So of course I told him no, I didn't tell HER everything. He looked relieved and then went on teaching us the Good Word. Then he said that a man from the Band of Hope wanted to talk to us because we should sign the Pledge to be good little teetotalers or something. Didn't mean a thing to me as I had never tasted the stuff.'

Outside there was an almighty crash as two cars collided with a tinny jangle. Lotta Bull jumped up so violently that poor Rosie was tipped over onto the floor. Lotta rushed to the window and peered out at the scene below, pedestrians standing gaping, two drivers shouting indecent imprecations at each other, and then—the Police. 'Fuzz!' gloomed Lotta. 'Never could stand the fuzz, they always spoil everything. Come on, Rosie, get with it again.' They resumed their places on the love-seat—so aptly named—and Rosie continued.

'After Sunday School I was going home when HE drove up beside me and opened the car door. I got in and he drove off, we went along to Putney and sat in the car by the side of the river. Of course, there were a lot of people about, so we just sat and talked. He said a lot of things which I just did not understand . . . THEN! He said how silly I was to always go by what my mother told me. "Come up to

Maidenhead with me next Saturday;” he said “tell your mother you are going out with a girl-friend. I know a nice little place, we will have FUN.” So I said I would think about it and then he drove me home after arranging to meet me after school on Friday.

‘Mother was a perfect beast all that week. “What is the matter with you, Rosie?” she kept on. At school everything went wrong. My girl-friend, Milly Coddle took a sudden hate to me—you know one of those things that girls get—and life was perfectly miserable. I was one of the prefects, and the Head bawled me out for not reporting various things which I had not even seen. Then when I said I had not seen them, she told me I wasn't fit to be a Prefect; oh, it was a BEASTLY week!’

Poor Rosie stopped and gasped with indignation as all the memories came flooding back. ‘Then the Headmistress asked me if I were in trouble or something. I said no, only the trouble she was giving me, and then she turned red and said she would speak to my mother about my saucy manner. Oh Lord! I thought, now I've had EVERYTHING. But the week crawled, I mean CRAWLED.’

Lotta Bull nodded her head in sympathy. ‘Let's have a drink, eh Rosie?’ she asked, rising and going to the Fitted Bar in the corner of the room. ‘What'll you have? Scotch? Gin and Tonic? Vodka?’

‘No, I'm common today, give me a Watneys,’ said Rosie, ‘all my hopes are on the bier now, so give me a beer.’

Together they sat on the love-seat, Lotta with Scotch on the Rocks, and Rosie with her Watneys. ‘Gee! You are interesting me,’ exclaimed Lotta, ‘care to tell me the rest?’

‘So, on Friday morning before school,’ resumed Rosie, ‘Mum got a letter from the Head—the old beast—and as Mum read she turned a horrid purple. “Rosie,” Mum yelled as she finished the letter (it must have been a corker!) “Rosie, you just wait until you come back from school. I'll lambast you, I'll take the hide off your back you . . . you . . . !” she gasped and spluttered and words failed her. I fled. At school that day I was in trouble from start to finish: everyone was LIVID at me.’ She paused to take a drink and to recollect her thoughts.

‘HE was waiting just beyond the school gates. BOY! Was I ever glad to see him! I ran to the car and jumped in. He

drove away fast and we parked farther on—you know that little square—and I told him all my troubles. I told him I was afraid to go home. “Tell you what,” he said at last, “you write a note to your mother and I will get a boy to deliver it. Say you’re spending the night with your girlfriend Molly Coddle.” So I tore a page out of my exercise book and scribbled a note.’ Lotta nodded her head avidly.

‘Soon after HE had got a boy on a bicycle to deliver the note, we were speeding up the road towards Maidenhead. On the outskirts there was a nice little place, you know, cabins. Bit of a restaurant there, too. He booked a room for us and then we went in and had a meal. It was about time, too, for I was absolutely STARVED. Mum had been going on so at me that I, well, I just had to miss my breakfast in order to get away from the racket. I mean, one just can’t eat when another person is screaming at one. Then you know what school meals are! School dinners are something to be forgotten if at all possible.’ She tossed her head and winkled her nose at the mere thought.

‘Yes,’ muttered Lotta Bull sourly, ‘but you should see what they gave us in the Reformatory! But go on.’

‘So I was truly famished.’ resumed Rosie Hipps. ‘I ate everything I could but HE kept on talking, not that I listened, I was too busy eating. Seemed he wanted to play around. Oh! What’s it matter? I thought, only the same thing as Molly Coddle and I do together. What if he is different from me in some strange way? Can’t a Christian worship with a Jew? Oh! What an ignorant fool I was!’

She sat back and laughed ruefully at the memory, took a sip of her drink, and resumed her narrative. ‘Well, I’d had a lot to eat and a lot to drink—tea, you know, and I looked around for the “Ladies” and could not see it so I said for us to go across to the room. We went across the car-park and into the room we had booked. The bathroom door was standing open so I said I had to go in. Well, I was rather a long time, what with one thing and another, but at last I was finished in there so I switched off the light and went into the bedroom.’ She stopped with a short, hard laugh. Lotta Bull was sitting there with her mouth slightly open. Taking a drink, she resumed:

‘I turned round, and there HE was. My God, I never had such a shock before—there he was naked as the day he was

born. But, ‘oh my God! He was all hairy and he had a terrible growth-thing sticking out. “He’s got a cancerous growth” I thought to myself then he moved towards me and I slid to the floor in a dead faint. Must have caught my head against the edge of a chair or something, because I REALLY was knocked out.’ Lotta Bull was panting with emotion and her eyes were beginning to look wild.

Rosie Hipps continued, ‘After what seemed to be a very long time I was aware of things again. There seemed to be a terrible weight thumping about on me. “Oh my God! I thought drowsily. “An elephant is sitting on me.” I opened my eyes and let out a screech of terror. HE was lying on me, and I was bath-naked too. Gee, he was hurting me. Then you know, the damndest thing he jumped free of me and flapped down on his knees and started praying hard. Then there was the sound of running feet, a key was jammed in the door and two men burst in. And all I was covered with was a blush of shame!’

Lotta Bull sat back with her eyes half closed probably visualizing the scene. But Rosie went on ‘One of the men stared at me,—everywhere, and said, ‘Heard ye screech, Miss, was he raping you?’ Without another word they both rushed at the Sunday School teacher and kicked him hard in all sorts of places. He just bellowed out prayers. “Better get yer clothes on, Miss,” said one of the men, “we will call the cops.” “Oh my God.” I thought. “What will happen now?” I dashed into my clothes and was frightened to see that I had a lot of blood on my legs, but I had to dress.’

‘What happened then, did they get the police?’ asked Lotta Bull.

‘They sure did!’ answered Rosie. ‘Better than anything on the telly. A police car rushed up, and then right behind there was some jerk from the Press. He leered at me and licked his chops as he opened his notebook. A policeman stopped him. “Let her go,” he said, “she may be under age.” So the jerk from the Press did the eyeball ogle at the Sunday School teacher who was standing there like a peeled banana. The men would not let him dress until the police came. By now I understood the difference between a man and a woman!’

Outside a newsboy was crying, “Speshul! Crime of the

Century! Speshul.'

'That's what they do,' said Lotta Bull, 'the Press get hold of some little incident and make a big thing out of it. But what happened then?'

'Well ' said Rosie Hipps, 'the police asked a lot of questions. My! What a brou-ha-ha there was! They asked me a lot of questions, did I go into the room with him willingly. I said yes, but I did not then know what he wanted. I said I did not know the difference between a man and a woman. They laughed like DRAINS at that and the pressman scribbled feverishly. "I do now," I added, and he scribbled again. Suddenly the Sunday School teacher broke free and dropped to his knees where he babbled out prayers by the bucketful. Then, good heavens, he rose to his feet and accused ME of leading him on! I never felt so humiliated in my life.'

'Did they take you to the police station?' asked Lotta.

'Yes, they did. I was put in the police car beside the driver and the other policeman and the Sunday School teacher got in the back and we drove off to the Maidenhead Police Station. The Press tagged on behind. By now there were seven of them. At the police station I was rushed into a room and a doctor and a woman police officer made me take off all my clothes. They spread my legs apart—my! was I ever embarrassed?—and examined me. The doctor called out about marks, bruises, and all that, and the woman officer wrote it all down. Then the doctor stuck a tube thing up me and told me he was just drawing off a specimen to see if I had been raped. God! What else did he think had happened to me.'

She stopped and picked up the glass which Lotta had just refilled. After a good drink, as if to wash away bad memories, she continued, 'After what seemed to be hours and hours a man and woman police took me home to Mum. Mum was white and stuttering with rage. She waved a paper with great big headlines which said that "Schoolgirl ruins prominent Sunday School teacher." Mum was LIVID and I mean LIVID. She told the police to take me off anywhere, but she had finished with me—and the door slammed with a crash. The cop and copess looked at each other. The woman took me back to the police car and the man stayed knocking at the door'

She stopped to light a cigarette and then went on, 'At last

the policeman came back and said that Mum had shut the door on me for ever. He looked at me with some sympathy and said they would have to take me to a Salvation Army Home for Wayward Girls—me! So to cut a long story short, I was lodged for the night in the awful old building that you know so well.’

Lotta Bull sniffed. ‘Sure do!’ she remarked acidly. ‘That’s where I learned about the Birds and Bees and discovered that Pot was not to sit on, but tell me the rest about you.’

Rosie Hipps looked rather pleased at Lotta’s sustained interest, and went on with her story. ‘That night I learned all about Life. Learned all about sex. Boy-o-boy! Some of those girls were crazy, I mean CRAZY! The things they did to each other. But anyhow even that endless night of Hell passed and in the morning I was given breakfast—which I couldn’t eat—and then I was taken off to Court and I DON’T mean Buckingham Palace!’ She sat silent for a few moments, collecting her bitter thoughts, then, lighting a fresh cigarette, she resumed her tale.

‘The policewoman who came for me treated me as if I were a dangerous criminal. She sure was rough with me. I told her I was the injured one. “Sez you!” she replied. Well, after a very long wait I was pushed into the courtroom—oh! it was awful! The Press were there Mum sat glowering at me, and they brought the Sunday School teacher and put him in the dock. I had to tell all. Some of the men were panting, when I was asked did I go willingly with him. I said I did but I did not know what he wanted. Everybody guffawed. Oh! I can hardly bear to think about it even now.’ She stopped and dabbed at her eyes with a minute scrap of lace.

‘But anyway,’ she continued, ‘they said that I was of the Age of Consent, just over sixteen, and a pressman who had been doing a feature story of our school rushed to babble that he had seen me run to the car and jump in. There was no force used, he said. So they let off the Sunday School teacher with a warning to be a good boy in the future. My! He sure did beat it out of that Court!’ She stopped and stubbed out her cigarette and took a drink.

‘Then they started on me,’ she said. ‘I was a bad, ungrateful wicked girl. Even my poor long-suffering widowed mother who had been working her fingers to the bone for

me for sixteen years had got sickened by me and had turned me out, rejected me, and wanted nothing more to do with me. So the Court had to do something about it to save my soul. Then a Probation Officer or something clattered to her hind legs and said her piece. The old boy trying the cases fiddled with his glasses, consulted a book or two and then said I would have to go to a School for Wayward Girls for two years.'

Lotta Bull nodded in mute sympathy. Rosie continued, 'We'll, that just broke me up. I mean, I hadn't done ANYTHING. So I told them what happened just as calmly as I could as I wanted to make the record clear. The old boy said I was a very rude girl and most ungrateful. "Next case," he called. and I was hustled away to a cell. Some old geezer thrust a sandwich in my shaking hand and someone else pushed a great thick mug of cold tea at me. Of course I couldn't touch the stuff.'

'Just like when they got me,' said Lotta Bull, 'but go on.'

Rosie drew a deep breath and said, 'Then some woman came in and told me that I could not go to the school today and I should have to spend the night in Holloway Prison. Just imagine me in Holloway, and I really hadn't done a thing. But they took me there in a Black Maria. It was AWFUL. I've never felt so alone in my life.' She stopped and shuddered, and then said, simply, 'And that's how it was with me.'

Lotta Bull moved a cushion and a book fell to the floor with a soft plop. She moved a long arm and picked it up. Rosie looked at the cover and smiled with interest, 'Quite a good book,' said Lotta, 'wait a moment,' she fumbled at the pages, 'read this, he writes quite a bit about homos and lesbians. You should read it. I agree with every word of it.'

Rosie Hipps laughed with considerable affection. 'Read it?' she said. 'I have all the books he has written and I know every one to be true. I write to him, you know.'

Lotta Bull laughed. 'Aw, go on!' she said. 'He's the hermitest hermit of them all. How could you know him?'

Rosie smiled a secret smile and said, 'He helped me a lot. He helped me when I thought I was going mad. That's how I know him!' She fished in her handbag and eventually

produced a letter. 'This is from him,' she said as she passed it to Lotta.

Lotta read and nodded her approval. 'What is he really like?' she asked.

'Oh, a bit of a square,' answered Rosie. 'Like, he doesn't drink or smoke. Women are just abstract concepts to him. Just as well too,' she added, 'because he has the sex appeal of last week's cold rice pudding. No, he thinks that if women stayed at home and looked after the kids the world would be a better place. You know, no junkies, no punks.'

Lotta Bull frowned in concentration. 'No women, eh? Is he . . . ONE OF US—homo?'

Rosie Hipps sat back and laughed until the tears came to her eyes. 'Good gracious, NO!' she exclaimed. 'You've got him all wrong. Anyhow,' she said sadly 'the poor guy is stuck now between his bed and his wheelchair.'

'Gee, I'd like to meet him!' breathed Lotta.

'Not a hope!' replied Rosie. 'He doesn't meet people any more. He has had some foul Press creeps cook up an absolute swatch of lies about him and misrepresent everything he has said or done. Now he thinks the Press is the most evil force on this world. I know the Press was the cause of ME going to the Corrective School,' she added reflectively.

'Aw well,' said Lotta Bull, rising to her feet, 'guess we should be going down to the Expresso.'

## CHAPTER FIVE

The gentle rain came drifting down as though wafted earthwards by a compassionate Goddess of Mercy bringing renascent life to an arid area. The softly falling water, as tenuous as a mist, hesitated and wavered as though uncertain of its destination, then, touching the dry soil, there was a faint hiss and the moisture vanished into the depths. In the soil little rootlets stirred to a dim awareness at the liquid touch, stirred to awareness, and avidly absorbed the life-giving water. As though by the waving of a miracle wand, the first tiny specks of green appeared on the surface of the land. A faint dusting of green which grew and thickened as the rain increased.

Now the rain had increased to a torrential downpour. Huge drops fell and raised small gouts of earth, besmirching the newly-green plants with sodden mud. Here and there the first tiny buds appeared. In this desolate region Nature was prepared to move fast, to put forth vegetation at the first sign of moisture. Small insects scurried busily from plant to plant and leaped from pebble to pebble.

From a nearby depression in the ground there came a faint, strange hiss, followed by gurgling and the tinkle of rolling stones. Soon there came the first swelling waters of a rivulet, carrying a scum of un-wetted soil, drowned insects, and the dry debris of an area a long time without water.

The clouds lowered even more. The monsoon weather of India butted against the Himalayas and spilled torrents of water from upset, heavily-laden clouds. Lightning flashed and the thunder roared and re-echoed against the mountain sides. Here and there lightning struck viciously against a towering pinnacle, shattering it. exploding it into a cloud of dust and stones which came tumbling down the steep mountainsides to thud heavily against the sodden earth below. A boulder toppled and fell with a soggy splash into a

pool of water, crushing plants, spewing mud all over the rocks.

The river, in full spate, overflowed its banks and the tributaries found their flow reversed. The willows found the waters climbing higher up their trunks. Birds cowered forlornly in the topmost branches, too wet to fly and fearing the end of the world. The rain fell. The marshes became lakes. The lakes became inland seas. Thunder boomed and roared around the valleys, with the endless, senseless echoes a thousand times repeated, making a mind-stunning medley of sound.

The day darkened and became as the dark of a moonless night. The rain fell as though in solid sheets. No longer was there a discernible river-course, now the whole land seemed covered with turbulent water. A howling gale sprang up and lashed the surface of the flood into white froth. The shriek of the wind rose higher and became a shrill keening which tore at the nerves and gave one thoughts of souls in torment. There came a vivid flash as though the sun were exploding, and a shattering crash of thunder, and the rain stopped as though upon the turning off of a tap. A shaft of sunlight pierced through the darkness, was momentarily obscured, and then the clouds were overcome and rolled back to let the light of day shine again upon the flooded world.

Dotted around, on the higher ground where there was yet some semblance of firmness, dark gray masses of boulder-like proportions suddenly hove to sturdy feet and became monolithic yaks with sodden hair streaming rivulets of water from broad backs. Lethargically they shook themselves, sending sprays of water all around them. Satisfied that they were rid of all running water they nuzzled the drier ground in the endless quest for food.

Beneath the precarious shelter of a mighty rock outcrop came excited chattering. Gradually figures emerged muttering imprecations against the inclement weather. Groaning, they stripped off their sopping clothing and wrung it dry and donned it again. Soon, from humans and animals, a faint haze of steam rose as they dried out in the increasing heat of the day.

A young man detached himself from the group and went running across the land, skipping from dry patch to dry

patch as best he could. At his heels a huge mastiff barked and gamboled. With shouts and barks the pair set the yaks moving in the direction of the others and then, that accomplished, man and mastiff set out to round up the ponies clustered against a distant rock wall.

A rough path led between fallen rocks to a space which had been cleared at the foot of the mountain, from thence the path deviated and wound upwards for some three hundred feet, terminating in a rock shelf upon which grew a straggly bush some six feet high. Beyond the bush the rock face gave way to an opening, the entrance to a rather large cave eventually leading to tunnels from a long-extinct volcano.

A speck of color, no, two specks of color, showed to the careful observer. At the mouth of the cave sat a Lama and his acolyte, both dry and at ease, both looking out over the vast Plain of Lhasa, observing the rapid run-off of the waters hitherto flooding the land. The unexpected cloud-burst had left the air even clearer than usual and the pair gazed out over the familiar landscape.

From far away the golden roof-tops of the Potala shot out blinding gleams of light as the sun was reflected from the many facets and angles. The newly-painted front of the building gleamed with ochre and Prayer Flags whipped and weaved in the stiff breeze. The buildings of the Medical School on Iron Mountain looked strangely fresh and clean, and the buildings of the village of Sho glittered brightly.

The Serpent Temple and Lake were clearly to be seen, and the willows in the water were nodding their heads as if in some unspoken agreement. Faint dots of color showed that monks and Lamas were going about their everyday business. A thin thread of pilgrims could be discerned making their way along the Inner Road of the Pilgrims' Circuit on their Act of Faith journey from the Cathedral of Lhasa to the Potala and back. The Western Gate was shining in the sunlight, and a straggle of traders could be seen passing between the Pargo Kaling and the small nunnery opposite.

Below, at the foot of the mountain, the traders had succeeded in loading their yaks and mounting their ponies. Now, with many a shout and jest, they were making their slow way along to the pass leading down, down, into the lowlands of Tibet and China.

Slowly the lowing of the yaks, the barking of the dogs and the shouts of the humans, passed out of hearing, and peace and silence descended once again.

The Lama and the acolyte surveyed the scene before them. In the distance, to the left of Chakpori, the ferryman could be seen in his inflated hide boat. Frantically he stabbed downwards with his long pole, trying to reach river bottom and stop from being washed away on the swollen crest of the overflowing river. Desperately he reached out and probed deeply down. His boat tipped beneath him, gave a sideways shimmy and slid away leaving the boatman struggling and drowning in the flood waters. The boat sped on, lighter now, and borne by the swift waters and sped faster by the breeze. The long pole drifted idly in the shallows which had ironically been so near, while the boatman floated face-down after them.

High overhead the vultures swooped and wheeled in their search for food, staring with keen eyes towards any human or creature in distress. One tentatively dived on the drowned boatman and swerved away at the last moment, observing closely. Seeing no motion the bird swooped again and landed on the dead man's back. Preening itself a moment, the bird looked round defiantly, and then went to work on the back of the man's head.

'Tomorrow,' said the Lama to the acolyte, 'we will travel down to the lower reaches and call upon our friends. For this day we will rest and relax, and it will be an opportunity for us to conserve our energies. The journey will be long and arduous. I see there are a few sticks washed by the base of those rocks.' He rose to his feet and pointed. 'So you go and collect them and we will prepare tea and tsampa.' He smiled slightly, and remarked, 'And after that I will give you some basic instruction in relaxation and in breathing. Both matters in which you are notoriously deficient. For the nonce, collect the wood.' He turned and entered the cave.

The small acolyte scrambled to his feet and reached for a length of rope set to one side. Coiling it around his waist and over his shoulder and so placing himself in grave jeopardy of hanging, he shuffled off down the path to the floor of the valley. About to round a large boulder, he checked himself suddenly. THERE was a large bird sitting preening

itself and drying out feathers be-sodden by the recent downpour.

The small acolyte stopped and pondered upon his course of action; IF he waited until the bird buried its head beneath a wing he could steal forward and give it a bump up the behind—to its great amazement! But if he wriggled forward on his stomach, he could grab the bird by the foot. The first idea was obviously the best. He edged forward, holding his breath— inching forward until he was pressed flat against the side of the boulder.

The bird scratched, preened its feathers and flapped its wings. Then, satisfied that it could be no cleaner, it settled comfortably on the rock and buried its head beneath a wing. Entranced, the small boy hurried forward, stumbled over a fallen stone and fell headlong. The bird, roused so suddenly by the fright, reacted as birds will; it ejected a noxious ‘gift’ over the small acolyte’s face and then lumbered heavily into the air. The small boy fumbled desperately at eyes which were suddenly glued shut. From the cave-mouth above there came a soft chuckle.

At last the acolyte clawed the sticky, smelly mass from his face and eyes and made for a small pool of water set in a hollow of the rocks. There, very reluctantly, he dipped his face in the ice-cold water and scrubbed himself fairly clean. From above came the exhortation: ‘Don’t forget the wood!’ The boy jumped, he had forgotten all about it. Turning, he made off down the rock-strewn path, but temptation was ever in lurk for small boys.

On a great flat rock there swayed an immense boulder. By some freak of nature it had fallen in such a position that it balanced exactly. Now it was teetering forwards and backwards. The young acolyte beamed and moved forward. Placing his hands against one surface he pushed hard, relaxed as the rock swung back, pushed hard again, and gradually built up a greater and greater swing. At last the rock swung far beyond its center of gravity and toppled with an earth-shaking crash. The boy grinned with satisfaction and turned back towards the cave.

Half-way there he jumped with fright as he received a stern telepathic message which almost cracked his skull. ‘Wood,’ commanded the message, ‘WOOD! WOOD!’ Turning on his heel, he went running down the path again with

‘WOOD-WOOD!’ drumming through his mind.

At last a large amount of wood was gathered. The young acolyte bundled it together and then passed the end of the rope around the whole pile. The other end of the rope he put around his waist and, dragging and straining, he managed to convey the whole bundle to the mouth of the cave. There the Lama was waiting somewhat impatiently, and he helped break up the wood into suitable sticks for the fire which was speedily kindled.

‘Your posture is deplorable,’ said the Lama, ‘and we shall have to do something about it or you will end up like these Western people whom I have seen when visiting India. Before we start our breathing exercises let me instruct you on an exercise which is most applicable to the present occasion.’ He smiled as he told the young boy to rise to his feet.

‘This is an exercise which is wonderfully invigorating for those who sit a lot—and you are sitting most of the time,’ he said. ‘This exercise is very good for reducing abdominal fat. It has the interesting name of “the wood-chopping exercise” because its action simulates the benefit to be obtained when chopping wood. Now, stand up!’ He made sure the boy was standing erect. ‘Imagine you are chopping wood, imagine you have a very heavy axe in your hands, one of those very, very good axes which have just been brought by traders from Darjeeling. Now, stand firmly, stand very firmly, and have your feet wide apart. Then you must clasp your hands together just as if you were holding the shaft of a heavy axe. Imagine that the head of the axe is on the ground, so take a deep breath and raise your hands and the imaginary axe high above your head until your body has gone to the other extreme and no longer is bending forward but is bending backwards.

‘You have to bear in mind that you are lifting a very heavy axe, so let your muscles simulate that—you are lifting a very heavy axe. Then with this heavy axe high above your head hold your breath a moment, then vigorously breathe through the mouth and swing down with the imaginary axe in a very strong motion as if you were cutting a big, big tree trunk. You will not, of course, come to a stop with the impact of the wood and the axe, so instead let your arms swing right down between your legs, let your

arms swing down so that your hands are in a line with your feet. You must keep your arms straight, and you must keep your spine straight. You should repeat this exercise several times—now go to it, my boy, and do it with vigor, with at least as much vigor as you used to topple that rock.’

The young boy went through the exercise until at last he stood panting and grunting with the effort. ‘Oh, Holy Lama!’ he said breathlessly. ‘Surely exercises like this could kill a person unless they were in good health. I feel almost faint myself!’

‘My dear boy!’ said the Lama in some exasperation. ‘An exercise like this can do only good except in the case of a person who has a weak heart or except for women who have some feminine ailment. I doubt if your heart is at all defective but from the way in which you grunt and groan you might well be an old woman and so will have outgrown the female disorders to which I refer. So—try your exercises again.’

The young boy slumped down, sitting hunched up on the ground, fingering his feet. The Lama, who had been standing on the edge of the rock wall looking out across the Valley of Lhasa, turned suddenly and said, ‘Why are you so hunched up? Are you ill? Are you suffering pain?’

The young acolyte looked blank for a moment and then replied, ‘Ill? Who? Me ill? Me?’

The Lama snorted and went towards the boy replying, ‘Yes ill! You! You are sitting there like an old crone suffering from bunions or corns. You are sitting there like an old crone by the side of the market-place listening to the gossiping of the traders. Are your feet troubling you?’ He dropped to his knees and looked at the boy's feet and then, satisfied that there was nothing wrong, he rose to his feet again. ‘Boy, on your feet!’ he commanded. ‘Here is how to relax your feet. I suppose you got them tired by frightening that poor bird, and then by upsetting a rock which was certainly causing no harm to you. So now you have tired your feet I will show you how they may be relaxed.’

He took the boy by the shoulders and saw that he was standing upright. ‘Now,’ he said, ‘this will give you better circulation of blood. You must stand on one foot, stand on your left foot first. Then lift your right foot off the ground and shake it from the ankle down, not the whole of the leg,

remember, we are dealing with your feet. Shake it. Keep your leg still and violently shake your foot from the ankle down. Shake it for three minutes until it begins to tingle. Then put that foot back on the ground and raise the other leg, and shake that foot for three minutes. Do this three times. It will help you when you have cold feet. It will help you after you have had a long march or when you have been standing too long. It will help you when you have been toppling teetering rocks.' He smiled for a moment, and then said, 'Always do exercises barefooted. Never wear your sandals when doing exercises. There is much benefit to be gained by having one's feet actually in contact with the ground.'

The poor boy groaned and exclaimed 'Oh, Holy Lama, I feel much more tired now standing up like this, and doing all these exercises has caused my body to ache with tiredness. Can I not rest a while?'

The Lama gave a secret smile, and said, 'You really step into little traps, do you not? You have got yourself tired by doing the things which you should not do, so if I show you the things which you should do, you can avoid getting tired when doing the things you should not do. So let us remove the tiredness from the upper part of your body by the very elementary exercise which our Chinese friends call "Relaxing the Trunk".'

'But, Holy Lama,' said the young acolyte in some dismay, 'I thought we were going to do breathing exercises, not this awful stuff.'

The Lama shook his head reprovingly, and said, 'Boy, these exercises are just the prelude to breathing exercises. Now, pay great attention to me because this particular exercise would better be known as a series of four exercises. It is designed to help your neck, then your shoulders, then the center of your back, and finally the whole of your body from where your legs join your body to where your head joins your neck.'

'First you will stand like this—' He bent down and pushed the boy's feet apart about twenty-four inches. 'Always stand with your feet slightly apart and let your head drop forward as if you have lost the power of the muscles. With your head drooping loosely, let it slowly circle clockwise just once. Your arms will be hanging loose.'

After this you will let your head hang lifelessly forward again but this time you will let your shoulders droop as if you have no muscles. Your head is hanging loose, your shoulders are drooping, and your arms are hanging loosely as well. Then, let your shoulders make a clockwise movement, but the head and the arms will remain limp without moving. After you have done this, do it anti-clockwise.'

The poor wretched boy, looking a picture of woebegone misery went through the exercises. By the time he had finished he did indeed feel lifeless, but the Lama soon snapped him to attention saying, 'Now drop your chest forward and let the whole of the top part of your body make this circular movement. You have to rotate the whole of the top of your body, everything above the waist. After you have done it in one direction, do it in the opposite direction.'

The boy stood there with his feet slightly apart and looking so limp that he appeared in danger of falling over on his face. First his head and shoulders rotated in one direction, then slowly in the other.

'Now,' said the Lama, 'you will have to put your feet slightly farther apart so that you have a very firm stance, then you make everything above the waist absolutely limp and then, bending from the waist, you make a wide circle, as wide as you can possibly manage it without falling over. You make a wide circle clockwise so that you are in some danger of being over-balanced. Continue making these circles, getting smaller and smaller circles until for a moment you are motionless. Then start moving again in the opposite direction making the circles larger and larger until once again you are in danger of overbalancing. Then, when you have done that do it once more, and after that let just your shoulders rotate and counter-rotate. When you have done that once, let your head rotate and counter-rotate. Now!' he said. 'Do you not truthfully feel a lot better?'

The young acolyte looked cautiously at the Lama and said, 'Holy Lama, yes. I must admit I do feel a lot better for that, but I am sure that I would feel even better if I could have a rest after it because, as you said, we have a long and hard journey before us tomorrow, and I fear that these exercises might tire me unduly.'

The Lama laughed and said, 'Well, on this occasion we

will do no more, but throughout our journey down into the lowlands you will have to learn other exercises, you will have to learn about breathing, for our journeys are more than just covering land; we have to cover knowledge as well. The more you learn now the less you have to learn later, until you get to the point of knowing that the more you know the more there is to know. But—be off with you for now.’

So the young acolyte suddenly recovered all his energy and sped down the path in search of any adventure which might present itself. The Lama resumed his seat at the edge of the cliff, and remained gazing out across the beloved Valley of Lhasa where even now the sun was beginning to set, and the lengthening shadows crept across the rock encompassed land.

The shadows turned deeper purple and sped ever faster across the dark floor of the Valley. The western wall of the mountain range already was black with here and there a vague pin-point of light showing as the faintest of flickers. Light shot in golden shards from the Potala, Home of the Inmost One. Behind Iron Mountain the Happy River glinted as a lighter path in a dark abyss.

But swiftly the sun withdrew behind the mountains and the dark of the night seemed to rise up as the waters rise up in times of flood. The eastern wall of the mountain sank deeper and deeper into the approaching night. Soon there was naught but the purple night with the gentle breeze wafting to even this distance a suspicion of incense and rancid butter.

Thousands of feet above the topmost ranges caught a last glimpse of the sun. A golden line like a flaming banner ran along the topmost edge, lingering longer at the highest points, until even they were extinguished in the universal darkness. Time wore on. The people of the night set about their business. A night-bird called and at long last was answered from afar. A lonely mouse squeaked, followed by a scuffle and a shriek abruptly ended.

The night wore on. The stars shone forth in all their hard brilliance in the cold clear air. Bright in the colors never seen from lower lands, they seemed to wink and twinkle as though engaged in some mysterious business far beyond the ken of mortals. Slowly a ghostly silver radiance misted the

far horizon, and majestically there loomed into view the gibbous moon with mountains and craters plain for even the unaided eye to see.

Softly the luminescence spilled over into the Valley, shining on frost-whitened peaks; sending brilliant showers of incandescence from the Potala roof-tops. The Happy River turned to molten silver and the waters of the willow lake became as a perfect mirror. The moonlight grew, casting in stark relief the shadow of the Lama sitting motionless by the bush at the edge of the cliff. A probing finger of light wandered into the mouth of the cave to reveal the prone body of the young acolyte sleeping the sleep enjoyed only by small boys.

From a great distance came the rushing rumble of a sudden rock fall, followed after an interval by the crumpling thud as mighty boulders struck the earth after tens of thousands of years in one spot. Came too the frightened squawking of some bird which suddenly found cause for alarm in the earth-shake.

The night wore on. Majestically the moon sailed across the sky and withdrew demurely behind the sheltering mountain range. Timidly the stars faded in the approaching light of a new day. The sky became suffused with color. Bands of light raced from horizon to horizon, growing ever brighter. Night birds croaked sleepily and sought their daytime haunts in secure crevices in the mountainside. The creatures of the night prepared to sleep through another day.

The night wind slowed; for an appreciable space of time there was dead calm, then a slight breeze sprang up in the opposite direction and the creatures of the day bestirred themselves. The small acolyte sat up suddenly, rubbed his eyes, and rushed outside. A fresh day had begun.

It was a simple matter to break the fast of the night. Breakfast lunch, tea, dinner, call the meals what you will, among the priests of Tibet they were all the same. Tea and tsampa. The roughest, crudest tea of all made specially into bricks, from China. And tsampa—well, there was no other food. These foods, tea and tsampa, provide all that is necessary for the maintenance of health and life.

Breakfast was soon over. The Lama turned to the acolyte and said, 'And what is our next task?'

The acolyte looked hopefully down the sides of his nose and said, 'Should we not have a rest, Honorable Lama? I know where there is a vulture's nest with eggs in. Shall we watch them?'

The Lama sighed and replied, 'No, we have to think of those who will come after us. We must clean the cave, we must see that it is strewn with fresh sand, we must see that it is well stocked with wood, for the next travelers here may be in dire need of fire, of warmth. We have to remember, we should have welcomed wood, so let us do what we would have welcomed.'

The boy went out and moved again down the steeply inclined path kicking idly at stones as he jogged along—until he kicked at one stone which was not loose but which was bedded deep in the earth. For some minutes he hopped round on one leg uttering strange cries and holding the injured foot between his two hands. But something attracted his attention, a feather came fluttering down from the sky. In the excitement of seeing this large vulture's feather he forgot all about his foot and chased after the falling fragment. It was just a dirty old thing blown along by the wind, so he threw it away and continued his interrupted journey in search of wood.

At last the cave was swept clean with dry sticks, and the inner wall was stacked with wood ready for the next traveler. Then, sitting together on the edge of the rock the Lama said, 'You will have to learn about breathing. Your breath is noisy like the creaking of a vulture's wings in a breeze. Now, how are you going to sit for your breathing exercises?'

The young acolyte immediately jerked to attention and quickly sat in a most exaggerated Lotus Position. He put his hands palms up in his lap, and on his face appeared an absolutely wooden, frozen expression, while he did some peculiar thing with his eyes as if he was trying to gaze at some imaginary spot a few inches above and in front of him.

The Lama laughed outright, and said, 'No no, you do not sit like that at all. Breathing is a natural thing. You sit or stand in any way convenient and comfortable. Too many people suffer from a form of dementia when they think of breathing exercises. They think they have to adopt the most

extraordinary and unnatural poses, they think that breathing cannot be beneficial unless it is also a considerable hardship. My boy ' he said, 'sit or stand in any way comfortable for you. You can sit straight up, but you must—and this is the only important matter—you must keep your spine as erect as is comfortably possible. The easiest way is to imagine that your spine is a post stuck in the ground and the rest of you is just draped loosely around it. Keep your spine straight then you will not be tired.'

The Lama was already sitting erect with his hands clasped in his lap. He looked at the young acolyte, saying, 'Relax, relax, you must relax. You are not undergoing torture, you are not being a model for one of our butter figures. You are learning to breathe. Just relax, let yourself sit naturally with your spine erect.'

He nodded his approval as the boy sat in an easier manner. Then he said, 'Ah, that's better, that's much better. Now you must breathe in slowly. Let the air fill the lower part of your lungs just as the darkness of the approaching night first fills the lower part of our Valley. Then, let the air rise to fill the middle and the upper part of your lungs. You can actually feel it. But do it without a jerk.' He paused and smiled, and then continued:

'When the shadows of the night herald the passing of the day first the shadows creep across the ground, then the darkness rises, constantly, smoothly, evenly, without change of speed, without jerk. So it is that you must breathe. As the shadows rise up and darkness fills our Valley at night, so must the air within you rise up and fill your lungs. But as the air enters your lungs, force out your ribs, pretend that the day is hot and your robes are sticking to you. Pull out your robes from your sides. Well, make your ribs come out like that, and you will find that you can take in more and more air.'

He watched to see that the boy was following instructions exactly, and then satisfied that this was so, he continued, 'You can feel your heart thumping, so in this first case let the air flow within you for four good heart beats. You will find that your body expands during the in-breathing period, and shrinks when you breathe out. You should exaggerate slightly the natural expansion and contraction.'

The Lama suddenly spoke sharply 'No, no boy! Definitely no! You must keep your mouth shut while you are doing this breathing. Are you trying to catch a fly or something?'

The boy shut his mouth with an audible snap, and the Lama continued, 'The whole purpose of this exercise is to draw air in through your nostrils and to circulate in the air spaces of your body and then you breathe out again through your nostrils. When I want you to breathe through your mouth, then I will tell you so. But first of all, until you are more proficient at this, you must practice for about fifteen minutes, rising later to about thirty minutes.'

The boy sat and breathed, and the Lama gently raised a hand to serve as an indicator of the correct rate of breathing for the young acolyte.

At last he said, 'Well, that is enough for now. We must set about our business.'

He rose to his feet and dusted the grains of sand from his robe. The boy rose to his feet and copied the Lama's action. Together they looked in the cave to make sure that nothing had been forgotten. Together they went down the path to the floor of the Valley. At the bottom the Lama arranged certain stones to show the way to the cave above. Then turning to the boy he said, 'Go and collect the ponies.'

Gloomily the acolyte moved away looking for any sign of the small horses. At last, climbing on a big rock he saw them about a quarter of a mile distant. Carefully he manoeuvred from rock to rock until he was within feet of the horses.

The horses looked at each other, and then they looked at the young acolyte. As he walked towards them they walked away at exactly the same speed. The boy changed direction and tried to run ahead. The two horses imper- turbably moved a little faster and maintained the exact distance. By now the boy was getting rather hot and was panting. The horses—the boy was sure of this—each had a cynical sneer on their face.

At last the young acolyte had had enough. He went back to where the Lama was still standing, 'Oh, Honorable Lama,' he said in some frustrated irritation 'these horses will not let me catch them. They are making fun of me.'

The Lama looked at the poor boy and an amused smile

hovered at the corners of his mouth. 'Is that so?' he enquired mildly. 'Then let us see if they will come for me.'

He moved into the open and clapped his hands together. The two ponies had resumed their grazing, but they raised their heads with ears very erect. The Lama clapped his hands again and called for the horses to come. They looked at each other, they looked back at the Lama. They looked at each other again, and both began to trot towards the Lama. He moved to them and patted them, and put his own pack on the back of the larger of the two ponies.

The smaller pony looked at the small acolyte and moved away as the boy approached. At last the boy was running to catch the horse, and the horse was just moving in a circle. The Lama, tiring of the sport, spoke sharply to the pony which immediately stopped and became docile. The boy moved forward, being very very careful to stay clear of the hoof-end, and placed his bundle on the horse's neck.

The Lama nodded and mounted the horse, and sat quiet. The boy took a fantastically big leap to catch the horse unawares, but the horse moved slightly and the boy sailed straight over its back to land with a crash in the sand.

The Lama moved forward with a sigh of resignation saying, 'Oh dear, oh dear. Our daily entertainment—but we are in a hurry' He leaned down, picked up the small boy, and dumped him unceremoniously on the back of the small pony. 'Come along' he commanded. 'We have wasted enough time. We have to move or we shall have lost another day.'

Together the horses stepped out across the earth floor, avoiding rocks. The Lama was slightly in the lead. The boy strove to keep up behind. He never was proficient at horse riding, and never would be, but he did his best.

On they rode, the Lama sitting comfortably erect, untired, untroubled. The boy on the smaller pony was sagging like a sack of barley, but, unlike the sack of barley, the boy was getting sorer by the minute. At last, after some three or four hours of travel, the Lama stopped and said, 'We will rest here a while. You may dismount.'

The small acolyte simply ceased to cling to the horse's mane, and slid to the ground in an undignified heap. The horse moved sideways several feet.

## CHAPTER SIX

At the edge of the Valley of Lhasa, where the beaten track dips deeply downwards on the way to the sweltering lowlands, and eventually to China, the Lama and the small acolyte rested upon the hard-packed earth. A few yards away the hobbled horses wandered in search of sparse grass. High overhead a large bird wheeled in lazy circles. The small boy watched it half-interestedly; his REAL interest was in the aches and pains which he endured whenever he sat upon a horse. Now he was reclining face down, turning his head sideways from time to time to watch the soaring bird. Soon he drowsed and then slept.

People were resting in other parts of the world too. In a radio factory in the western part of the world workers were having one of their innumerable 'breaks' from the monotony of factory existence. Rusty Nales, the shop carpenter suddenly hooted with laughter and flung a blue-covered paper-back contemptuously to the floor. 'The guy must be NUTS!' he shouted. 'Gawd! What a lot of rubbish people get away with in books.'

'What's with you, Man?' mildly enquired the dark little Jew, Isadore Shutt, as he stooped and picked up the offending book. Rusty Nales spat his contempt and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. 'Ahhh!' he exclaimed. 'The whole thing is just plain silly.'

Ivan Austin, the truck driver, grabbed the book from Isadore Shutt and looked at it. '“Feeding the Flame” by Lobsang Rampa, Oh—HIM!' he exclaimed in disgust. 'Don't believe HIM, do you?' he enquired of no one in particular, continuing. 'The fellow is a NUT, that's what he is—a NUT!'

Shirley May, the telephone girl, bristled with anger. 'That's what you think!' she said angrily. 'You haven't the brains to know any better, Bigmouth!' She shrugged her

shoulders and glared angrily at poor Ivan Austin.

‘Aw, gee you dumb broad,’ he shouted in exasperation, ‘even you don’t believe that, that’—he fumbled for a word—‘that CRAP, do you, why the fellow is a—!’

The door opened and one of the typists, Candy Hayter, wiggled in. ‘You folks sure are shouting,’ she remarked, ‘but I know the truth of these books. That author was accused, tried, and condemned by the putrid Press without having been given ANY chance to defend himself. That’s the Press for you, and saps like you’—she glared at poor Rusty Nales and Ivan Austin ‘are so stupid that you believe the newspapers hook, line, and sinker. Pah!’

‘Yeah, ma’am, that’s O.K.,’ interjected Bill Collector from the Accounts Department, ‘but just you listen to what this crazy guy writes.’ He fumbled at the book, polished his glasses and glanced round at his audience before reading: ‘“Feeding the Flame” by Lobsang Rampa, page 23. Last paragraph. “It is absolutely possible to make a device which will enable one to telephone the astral world. It has actually been done . . . ’ His voice trailed off and there was a moment’s silence, broken by Ivan Austin saying, ‘See what I mean? It’s CRAZY—the guy must have been high on drugs when he wrote that.’

Ernest Truman Chief of the Research Department, pursed his lips. Then he rose to his feet and went into his office, returning seconds later with a magazine opened at a certain page. ‘Now I will enter the discussion,’ he said. ‘Listen to me while I read extracts from a most influential British magazine.’ He stopped, and scanned the page before him. The door opened again and the Works Manager, R. U. Crisp, walked in.

‘What gives?’ he asked brusquely. ‘You people think I’m paying for a Mothers’ Meeting? Get moving, get cracking, get back to work! Quick—vamoose—FAST!’

‘Mr. Crisp, sir!’ said Ernest Truman. ‘A minute, sir, in the interest of the advancement of technical knowledge with which we may later be involved, I would like to read these people AND you a few paragraphs.’

R. U. Crisp pondered a second and then came to a crisp decision. ‘O.K.,’ he said. ‘I know how earnest is your desire to educate us all, so call in my secretary, Alice May Cling, and she will take a verbatim report on it.’ Secretary Cling

hurried in together with the canteen girl, Sherry Wines. There was rapt attention as Ernest Truman began to speak. After all, they were getting PAID to listen to this and it was much easier than assembling radios.

‘There has been denigration and doubt against the Author Rampa for daring to suggest what is in fact a scientific possibility,’ pontificated Ernest Truman. ‘He has been the subject of much scoffing for his suggestions and definite statements. Now’—he rustled the magazine—‘now, the pre-eminent British Radio magazine the “Wireless World” dated June 1971 has an article on page 312 of that issue under the title of “Electronic Communication with the Dead?” I will read you extracts but you may refer to the publication itself if you wish to read the extensive article concerned.’ He stopped, peered over his glasses, wiped his nose, and cleared his throat. Then he read on:

‘Free Grid’s comments on metamorphosed  $\psi$  waves (see page 212, April issue) reminded me of a curious incident which happened to me some years ago and for which I have never been able to find a rational explanation. When I was about fourteen years old I discovered, lying in a loft, an ancient radio of the type which I believe was known in the 1920’s as a “det-2 l.f.”

‘I refurbished this museum piece and, being curious as to its DX capabilities, it became my practice during school holidays to set the alarm for 2 a.m. and to search, using headphones, for American stations.

‘But now we come to the curious bit. On two or three occasions over several weeks, at times when I had removed the aerial plug-in coil to change wavelength (which meant that the aerial was virtually open-circuited) a raucous voice burst the silence with a few words; it was clearly speech but so distorted as to be unidentifiable as to content. Only a few words occurred at a time, although I remember waiting for about an hour hoping to hear more, but without success. Most of the European stations had long since closed down and I was remote from any high-power commercial transmitters, neither were any amateurs operating in the area.

‘I’d all but forgotten about it until reminded by Free Grid’s hypothesis. Then, in the curious way things happen, I

came across a newly-published book called “Breakthrough” which I strongly commend to your attention. The author claims that an ordinary common-or-garden tape recorder, if switched on and left to its own devices can, on playback, be found to reproduce voices originating from the dead.

‘Now there are few words which are more emotive than “spiritualism”, with vehement pro— and anti-camps arising at the mere mention of it. So if you are anti- and find yourself muttering, “More mumbo-jumbo about vibrations and ectoplasm!” just hold your horses and bear with me for a few minutes more.

‘Personally, at the moment, I stand uncommitted. I only know what I have read. The author, Dr. Raudive, is not an electronics man, but he has apparently recorded some 72,000 of these voices and a selection of these has been put on to a gramophone record which is on general sale. What is even more important from our standpoint is that he has called in a host of independent opinions, including those from highly qualified physicists and electronics engineers, all of whom verify the claim that voices do appear on the tape, although not all are convinced that they originate from the dead. No one can offer any theory which reconciles known natural laws with the phenomena. The electronics engineers have experienced this mysterious voice production using their own equipment and have experimented with various circuits of their own devising (this book gives diagrams) which offer improvements on the original Raudive apparatus. Incidentally, it is suggested that videotape might provide a medium for further development work.

‘. . .As for the end products, these are described as “voices which identify themselves, call our names tell us things that make sense (or sometimes puzzle us); these voices do not originate acoustically and the names they give belong to people we know to have left this earth. The voices are on a tape which can be listened to and heard by everybody. The physicists cannot explain the phenomenon and the psychologists cannot offer an explanation either. Scientific tests have shown (in a Faraday cage, for example) that these voices originate outside the experimenter and are not subject to auto-suggestion or telepathy. Philologists have examined the phenomenon and testified that, although

audible and understandable, *the voices are not formed by acoustic means; they are twice the speed of human speech and of a peculiar rhythm which is identical in the 72,000 examples so far examined.*" (My italics.)

'It seems also that the sentences are telegraphese in character and, when the experimenter is multilingual the language may be polyglot—one word perhaps in Swedish, the next in German, the next in English, and so on. Like the messages purporting to emanate from conventional psychic sources, the accent seems to be on identification of friends and relatives who have passed over.

'The sincerity of the book seems beyond question and the near one hundred pages of appendices give much technical detail of the apparatus used, as well as hypotheses regarding the cause of the phenomenon.

' . . . The theories involving relativity and anti-matter are among those present.

' . . . One thing is sure, and that is that the problem of the origin of these "voices" cries out for investigation. I know, as well as you that the whole thing sounds impossible. How can words be derived from a silent microphone? But don't forget that in 1901 it was theoretically impossible for radio waves to cross the Atlantic because no one knew of the existence of the ionosphere. By the same token there are no doubt a lot of things about electronics of which so far we know nothing.'

Ernest Truman came to the end of his reading. Slowly he closed the magazine, removed his spectacles, and wiped his brow with a large white handkerchief. That done, and the spectacles again on his nose, he looked round to see what effect his reading had had.

For moments there were stunned faces around him. Ivan Austin stood with his mouth open. Alice May Cling was clinging to the arm of her girl-friend. Rusty Nales released a deep breath and the profound expression 'Chee! Whaddyaknow?' Eva Brick, the girl who packed up the glass tubes, smiled knowingly as she turned to her friend Ivy Covrd, and said, 'Well, well! So Lobsang Rampa has been proved right again. Am I ever glad!'

R. U. Crisp had the last word, though. 'Back to work, folks, you have had your fun. Back to work. This is COST-

ING!’ So in ones and twos the staff went back to work as slowly as they could while discussing the matter as fast as they could.

Rest was ended, too, on the edge of the Valley of Lhasa where the trail swept down to the lowlands, and where Lama and acolyte were getting to their feet preparatory to continuing their journey on the reluctant ponies.

Once again the ponies shied away from the boy and, indeed made fun of him, keeping just, and only just, beyond reach, evading even his most energetic darts in an attempt to grab them. At last the Lama again stepped forward and the ponies came towards him as docile as could be. Once again the Lama and acolyte mounted, and clutching their bundles rode off down the trail.

The Lama rode ahead. Perhaps fifty yards behind him came the acolyte, being favored by fortune in that his pony wanted to follow his friend because the acolyte had little control over his steed. But the journey continued between towering rocks, beneath the lips of immense precipices. Gradually they approached the Happy River. Here it was called the River Yallzangbujiang, but upon leaving Tibet and making a sharp hairpin bend through the mountains it would become the mighty Brahmaputra which, growing in volume and strength would sweep down to the Bay of Bengal and become one of the most important rivers in India. Now it was a happy river, having some three sources in Tibet, all coming together in Lhasa in the Valley of Lhasa and being fed by many, many tributaries in the Valley of Lhasa. Innumerable springs welled up at the foot of Iron Mountain and at the foot of the Potala and formed the Serpent Temple Lake and the Willow Pond and the marshes, and then slowly drained out into the Happy River. Now on the downward slopes beyond the Valley of Lhasa the river was becoming broader, stronger.

The Lama and the acolyte continued their journey, three days, perhaps four days, one loses count of days in a land where time matters not, where there are no clocks, no watches, nothing but the passing of the sun and the phases of the moon to mark the days and the months.

They passed down from the higher mountainous plateaus to the lowlands where the rhododendron trees grew to immense size and the blooms were a mass of flaming

color, each bloom the size of a good cabbage, and the trees of the rhododendron plant itself reaching perhaps twenty-five to thirty feet in height. Here, too, there were many many different plants and trees. The air was steaming, foggy, hot because here the air was trapped in a rocky defile, in a deep rift. On one side was the rockface, and on the other, on the right-hand side, was the rushing river, roaring and screaming as it screeched over gorges and fell a hundred feet at a time over rock lips to go plopping into deep pools below.

Time and again the Lama and the acolyte had to cross and recross and cross again the river on precariously placed bridges made of poles suspended on lian or long strips of creeper plant, strips of creeper as pliant as rope and with the strength of the parent wood. Each time the two ponies had to be blindfolded and led carefully across the bridge, for no pony or horse would cross such a dangerous structure as these temporary bridges.

The young acolyte waddled across one bridge rubbing his rearmost portion ruefully. 'Oh Honorable Lama,' he exclaimed, 'having now ridden these days I quite understand why the traders who go to India and return have such a peculiar walk.'

At last, three or four days later, with their barley exhausted and suffering the pangs of hunger, they came in sight of a little lamasery nestling down deep in a valley. At the back a waterfall came tumbling over a cliff edge and passed to the side of the little lamasery, rushing down on the endless journey to the Bay of Bengal.

In front of the lamasery some fifty or sixty monks were gathered looking upwards, shading their eyes against the sun. At last, as the tall Lama rode into their range of vision, they broke into smiles of welcome and the Abbot of the lamasery moved forward with cries of pleasure. Monks seized the ponies and helped Lama and acolyte dismount.

The young acolyte was preening himself here for was he not one of the acolytes from the Potala in Holy Lhasa? Was he not of the elite of the elite? Was he not accompanying the Great Venerable Lama to give instructions to this lamasery? Then OF COURSE he was worthy of the greatest respect, he was worthy of the respect due to a junior lama at least. So he preened himself and strutted around, then sud-

denly he remembered he was hungry.

The Abbot was talking animatedly to the Lama, the Lama from the highest center of lamastic learning. Then all of a sudden the party moved on an impulse into the lamasery where there was hot tea and tsampa. The young acolyte took a hearty swig of tea, and thought the world had come to an end. He coughed and spluttered, and blew tea all over the place. 'Oh, Holy Lama!' he exclaimed in terror. 'Help me, quick!'

The Lama moved to him swiftly and said, 'Do not fear, nothing has happened to you. Remember, we are much lower here and so hot tea is hotter. As I have been trying to tell you, the boiling point of water in Lhasa is quite cool compared to what it is here. Here you will have to wait a little and not drink so quickly. Now, drink again for the temperature will be less by now.' So saying, and smiling, he went back to his discussion with the Abbot and some of the local lamas. The acolyte, feeling rather foolish, very gingerly picked up his drinking bowl and this time cautiously sipped the tea. Yes, it certainly was hot, hotter than anything he had ever tasted before, but it was very pleasant so. And then he turned his attention to the tsampa which also was hot, the first hot tsampa he had tasted in his life.

But already the trumpets were blaring, already there was the sound of the conches. Clouds of incense came wafting out of the temple door, and from nearby came the deep sound of lamastic voices as monks and lamas started their evening service to which the High Lama and the acolyte were now about to go.

That night there was much talk, talk of the doings in Lhasa, talk brought from India by the traders and relayed to the monks, who told the lamas, and then there was the counterpoint of conversation with the lamas and acolytes at this small lamasery. There were tales of the tea planters at Assam, tales of traders from Bhutan, and of course the inevitable stories about the Chinese, about their villainy, about their treachery, about how in the years to come they would invade all this land. The talk went on endlessly. The sun set early here, and the deep gloom pervaded this dark cleft of the valley.

Here in the night there was much more noise. There were many more birds, many more animals than in the vicinity

of Lhasa. This was the lowland and the young acolyte found great difficulty in breathing, he found the air too moist, too thick. He found that he was drowning in air and restlessly he prowled about, finding it quite impossible to sleep in the confines of a communal monks' dormitory.

Out in the open there was the pleasant scent of flowers wafted on the cool night breeze. Animals called and night birds went flapping off darker shadows against a dark sky. At his left the Happy River plunged over a rock edge and went rushing down in a splather of white froth and foam, dislodging rocks and pebbles in its hurry to get down to the sea. The young boy sat on a rock by the side of the waterfall and thought of all the things that had happened to him, he thought of his life at Chakpori, he thought of his life in the Potala, and now, on the morrow, he thought he was going to have to attend lectures by his beloved Lama on breathing.

Suddenly the night became darker still, the wind turned chill and, being moist, seemed to strike through to the bones. Shivering, the young boy rose to his feet and hastened into the lamasery to sleep.

The light of the new day was much slower in reaching this little lamasery hidden in the sheltered valley, encompassed on every side by towering rocks heavily clothed with sub-tropical vegetation—for in this valley with its closed-in atmosphere the temperatures rose rapidly—the rays of light from the sun were cut off until almost mid-morning, and here there was a gloominess, a steamy gloominess

High overhead the sky was of pellucid luminescence the light of the newborn day. No longer did the stars shine brightly, no longer were there rays of the setting moon. All was bright, and yet in this valley the young acolyte found it oppressive, stifling, he felt drowning in air, as it were. He rose and made his way from the dormitory out into the open, out into what to him was the gray light of day. Grey-ness filtering down through mist or fog. Grayness accentuated by the leaping spray which, because of the dullness, showed no scintillating rainbows.

The young acolyte felt he was alone in a sleeping world. He thought how lazy they were down in this quiet back-water of religion. So he wandered to sit by the side of the

waterfall. There he reflected upon some of the things he had learned at the Potala and at Chakpori, he thought of some of the things he had learned about breathing. He thought, too, that this day there would be more to be learned about breathing and now he decided he would do some breathing exercises.

He sat bolt upright with his spine erect, and he breathed deeply and he exhaled deeply. He breathed deeply and exhaled deeply. He worked hard at it, really hard at it. Of a sudden he found he was out of his body, he found a most peculiar sensation. The next thing he knew was that he was lying on the ground with the High Lama bending over him.

‘Boy’ said the voice of the Lama, ‘have you forgotten all that I have told you? Here, remember, the air is thicker than that to which you are accustomed. Do you not know that you were working at this and you have made yourself drunk with too much oxygen?’

He sprinkled cold water on the young acolyte's face and shaven head, causing him to shudder with horror. Now he would have to dry himself! ‘I warned you,’ said the Lama, ‘that one should not overdo deep breathing at the start. Even if it does appear to be beneficial, do not overdo it. Certainly you have been doing it in thicker air and really working at it—I saw you from the window! Your lungs were going in and out like bellows—well, I came just in time or you would have toppled into the gorge and then I should have had no one with me to make the ponies amused. But come, rise to your feet, we will return to the lamasery.’ The Lama reached down and helped the boy arise. Together they walked into the lamasery. The boy felt immensely better at the sight of tea and tsampa already prepared. He was even more cheered at the sight of some other things, some sort of fruits which were strange to him.

‘Oh!’ he said to another boy near him. ‘We do not have anything like those in Lhasa. We have nothing but tea and tsampa, nothing more at all.’

The boy smiled at him and replied, ‘Oh, we don't do so badly here.’ Smugly—‘the peasants bring here for our services, you know. We go and toss out a blessing or two and we get some fruits or some vegetables. It eases the eternal

tsampa. Personally I would rather be here than at Lhasa, conditions are much more relaxed.'

They sat down cross-legged on the floor in front of the small tables, and then taking their bowls they put in tea and tsampa. For some time all was silent except for the voice of the Reader who, from a high position looking out across the dining hall, read from the Sacred Works during mealtimes because it was not considered fit that monks should pay too much attention to their food.

'Be careful how you eat those fruits,' muttered the boy to whom the young acolyte had spoken before. 'If you eat too many of those you'll wonder what happened to you inside. It's not the going down which causes the trouble, it's the after-effects.'

'Oh!' exclaimed the young acolyte in very considerable dismay. 'Oh indeed! I have had five of them already. Come to think of it I do feel a bit peculiar inside.'

The boy who gave him the warning laughed and reached for another of the fruits himself.

At last all had finished eating and the Reader had finished his Lesson. The Abbot rose to his feet and said that on this occasion the Great Honorable Lama from Lhasa, from the Holy of Holies, the Potala, had come especially to lecture on breathing and on health, and after any who had any problems with health were invited to discuss the matter with the Lama from Lhasa. They all filed out of the place of the dining and moved instead into the Temple proper where there was more room.

The Lama bade them all be seated in comfort. The small boys were in the front, the young monks were next and in the rear were the lamas, all sitting in orderly rows.

For some time the Lama gave basic instructions and then he said, 'I must emphasize again that it is not at all necessary for you to sit in the Lotus Position or to sit in any position which is uncomfortable. You must at all times sit in a position which is comfortable, a position wherein your spine is erect, because only then can you derive the maximum benefit. Remember, also, that by day you sit with your palms upwards so that you may absorb the good influences of the sun throughout the day, but when you do these exercises after sunset you will have your palms facing downwards because then you come under the influence of the moon.'

‘But now let us repeat that you have to find your pulse. You place your fingers on your left wrist so that you determine your pulse count, so that you may know for how long you can breathe in or breathe out. The average will be one, two, three, four (in), one, two, three, four (out). Say this to yourself out loud six or seven times, and then get the actual beat fixed firmly in your mind so that when you are not feeling your pulse you are still quite able to sense what your pulse beat is. This will take a few days of practice and after you have practiced it for a few days you will find that you can tell your pulse count by a vibration within your body, you will not have to feel your pulse any more.

‘First of all you must inhale, always, of course, with the mouth closed. You inhale deeply to the count of four. It is vital that you breathe in absolutely smoothly without any jerks whatever. Beginners tend to draw in breaths to the count of four and that is harmful; they must breathe in smoothly at the count, the mental count, of four. Then when you have counted four you should have a complete lungful of breath, so then you breathe out to a count of four pulses. Do this for a time, and after several days you will be able to take in air for more than four pulses, you may be able to do six or eight. But you should never force yourself, always do it so that it is well within your capabilities.’

The Lama looked around and studied the small boys, the monks, and the Lamas all sitting there, all with their palms facing upwards, all breathing in their own particular rhythm. The Lama nodded his satisfaction and raised his hand for them to cease the exercise.

‘Now,’ he said, ‘we will do the next stage of this because we do precisely as you have been doing but now after inhaling you will retain your breath. First of all, then, let us inhale for four heartbeats. Then you will retain that breath for two heartbeats, and you will then exhale over another four heartbeats. The purpose of this particular matter, of this particular breathing pattern, is to purify the blood. It also helps increase the good condition of the stomach and the liver. It strengthens the nervous system when carried out properly. Remember, too, that our basic is four, two, four. That is merely an average, you must not be a slave to these. Your average could easily be six, three, six, or five,

three, five. It is exactly that which is most suitable and most strain-free for you.'

He stood watching while the assembly breathed in, retained their breath, and breathed out. He watched them do it ten, twenty, twenty-five times. Then, again nodding his satisfaction, he held up his hand.

'Now we will go a step farther. I have seen particularly among the younger men examples of poor posture. You men and boys just slouching around. Now, that makes for bad health. When you are walking you should walk to your heartbeat and to your breath. Let us practice it this way; first you must stand erect, not bending over forwards, not tottering over backwards—erect, with your feet together and with your spine straight. First exhale as much as you can, squeeze every bit of air out of your lungs. Then start to walk and at the same instant take a really deep breath. It doesn't matter if you use the left foot or the right foot, but make sure it is a really deep breath. At the same time take a slow rhythmic step. You will walk in time to your heartbeat. You are going to inhale over four heartbeats. During that time you will take four steps. But then you have to take four more steps over the four heartbeats which it takes to exhale. Do this for six consecutive sets of four, but remember with particular care that your breathing must be absolutely smooth, it must not be done in pattern with your steps; that is, you do not pump breath in in four steps as you walk, you should inhale as smoothly as you can.'

The High Lama from Lhasa suppressed a secret smile of amusement as he watched boys, monks, and lamas strutting around trying to carry out the breathing exercises. But satisfied that they were doing it correctly he said, 'Now let us remember that there are many systems of breathing and we have to breathe in a manner which will enable us to fulfill a certain task because breathing is more than stuffing our lungs with air. Correct breathing can refresh us and can actually tone up our organs. The breathing-system I have been showing you is known as the complete breathing system. It is a breathing system which purifies the blood, it helps the stomach and other organs. It also helps to overcome colds.' He stopped and looked around at certain sniffers, and resumed, 'Here in this, the lowland of Tibet, colds are rife, and nothing much seems to have been done

about it. By using that correct breathing system which I have been teaching you, you can overcome colds. Now here is another system in which you will retain your breath for longer than normal. Sit down, please, with your spine erect, but the rest of you relaxed.'

He stood waiting while the men settled themselves again, arranged their robes around them, and sat with their palms facing upwards. Then he resumed:

'First of all you will do your complete breath, that is, that which we have been doing so far. Then you will retain the air as long as you can without any strain. After that you will exhale through the open mouth rather vigorously as if the air is distasteful, as if you are trying to shoot it away from you as violently as you can. So, let us have it again; first you inhale for four heartbeats. Then you retain the air which you have just inhaled for as long as you can without suffering discomfort. Next you expel the air as vigorously as you can through the open mouth. You will find if you do this a few times that your health will definitely improve.'

The Lama stood watching his pupils making sure that they were doing it correctly: Then spotting one elderly man turning a bluish color he hastened to him and said, 'Now, my brother you have been trying too hard. All these exercises must be done in a natural manner, in an easy manner. There must be no strain, there must be no effort in it. To breathe is natural and if there is effort or strain then you are not getting good effects from that breathing. You, my brother, are using the wrong rhythm. You are trying to force yourself to take in more air than elderly lungs can take in. Be careful, do all this easily, without strain, and you will feel better.'

So for the morning the boys, the monks, and the Lamas did their breathing exercises. At last, to the delight of the young acolyte, the lessons were ended and he and the others were free to go out again into the open where the noontime sun was now striking down into the valley, lighting up the gloom and, unfortunately, increasing the heat. Insects buzzed vigorously around, and the poor young acolyte jumped and jumped again as insects to which he was not accustomed attacked him in the most vulnerable portions of his anatomy.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Lady St. John de Tawfe-Nause, of Hellzapoppin Hall, sat in solitary grandeur at the head of the immense table in her breakfast-room. Fastidiously she toyed with the thin slice of rye-bread toast before her. Delicately she raised a tea-cup to her well-shaped lips, then on an impulse put it down in the saucer and hurried off to her ornate writing-desk. Selecting a sheet of writing paper bearing the crest of a famous Norman (really he was named Guillaume!) ancestor, and consisting of a bald-headed cuckoo rampant (given because he was a bit ‘cuckoo’ and always went at a thing bald-headed), she started to write with a pen which had been pinched from one of the Duke of Wellington's footmen who had pinched it from a tavern off Fleet Street.

‘So you are the author of “The Third Eye”’, she wrote. ‘I wish to see you. Meet me at my Club and be sure to wear civilized Western dress. I have my position to consider . . .’

Bertie E. Cutzem, one of the leading surgeons of England, member of most of the Learned Societies, Fellow of THIS and THAT, *bon vivant*, clubman, and advocate of Privileges for the Privileged Classes, sat in his office, chin in hand. At last, after profound cogitation, he seized a sheet of discreetly-monogrammed paper and started:

‘I have just read “The Third Eye”’, he wrote, ‘and I know that all you write is true. My son has marked occult powers and he knows from other sources that you write the truth. I should like to meet you, but PLEASE return this letter as my colleagues would laugh at me . . .’

The wealthy Californian film-maker sat in his palatial office surrounded by his almost naked harem. Sylva Skreen was now a household word. Years before he had come to the States from Greece, and like hot grease he ran away from the hot time if he stayed in Greece. The police

wanted to put him in the 'cooler'. So, off to America he dashed and landed in 'Frisco with a hole in his pants and holes in his soles. His soul was not in too good a condition either.

Now the Great Man, Sylva Skreen, sat in his office and tried to write a letter without his secretary typing it. Idly he sat and twirled his solid gold pen—the one studded with diamonds and with the whacking great ruby at the end opposite the nib. His face contorted, he fumbled with his fractured, nay, SHATTERED English. At last, when the suspense was becoming painful, he reached out and seized a gaudy sheet of paper and started to write.

In effect, the letter demanded the presence of the Author of 'The Third Eye' so that the Great Greek God of the Silver Screen could have his fortune told and perhaps increased. He enclosed the money for return air fare. With extreme pain he wrote a cheque and enclosed it in the envelope. A minion rushed to mail the missive.

Sylva Skreen sat mulling in his office. Pain assailed him in his pocket-book. 'What have I done?' he cried. 'My money she is spent. I go foolish. No matter, I now go wise.' He heaved his swelly belly up so that it was supported by the expensive desk quickly he called his secretary. 'To the Author of "The Third Eye" ', he dictated. 'You have my money. You I don't want. My money I do want. And if you don't return my money fast I tell the Press you took my money, so you send my money fast, eh?'

A functionary functioned at top speed to hasten the despatch of the Missive to the Author. At last, in the fullness of time—for the mails are very slow—Sylva Skreen, the Greek, could rub his greasy hands on his returned money.

In far away Uruguay the Author of many books received a letter from Seattle, U.S.A. 'I am told you want to return to North America,' stated this letter from a very wealthy man. 'But you do not have the money for your fare. Now, I will make a very good proposition to you. I will pay your fare to Seattle and I will keep you for the rest of your life. You will have one room and your food. You should not want many clothes. In return you must turn over everything you have to me and you must legally sign over all book rights to me. Then I will market your books and keep your royalties in return for keeping you.' The Author uttered an unmen-

tionable word in an unmentionable manner about that unmentionable person.

The door resounded to a thunderous knocking. A knocking repeated as it was not instantly opened. Hurrying footsteps, the sound of the door opening. ‘Choust a peek I take, no?’ said a thick guttural voice. ‘Von Lama I gom to see in you shute led me gom, yes?’ The sound of voices and the volume of one increasing: ‘Mine freund, she say you go she say. You say you vant for the Lama to see she say. Upon your doorstep I vill live mitt mineself and vill stay yet already. You—tell him Vilhemina Cherman she is here, no?’

Midnight in Montreal. Across the water the lights of the skyscrapers of Drapeau's Dream were reflecting in the unruffled waters of the Port. Motionless at anchor the ships rested placidly the advent of another day. To the left, where Windmill Basin afforded moorings for the tugs the water was suddenly roiled as a small boat got under way to meet a late-coming freighter. Atop the tallest building a rotating beacon sent probing fingers into the night sky. A jet plane whistled across the city as it escaped from the confines of the International Airport.

Midnight in Montreal. The household was wrapped in sleep. Sleep which suddenly was shattered by the insistent ringing of the door bell. Clothes were quickly donned and the door was opened. Only dire emergency would prompt such a long ring at such an hour, surely? ‘Rampa?’ asked a gruff French-Canadian voice. ‘Dr. Rampa live here?’ Two big men pushed their way in and stood looking around. ‘Police. Fraud Squad,’ said one at length.

‘Who is this Dr. Rampa? What does he do? Where is he?’ asked the other. Questions-questions-questions. But then a counter-question. ‘What do you want? Why have you come here?’ The two policemen looked at each other blankly. The senior of the two, without even asking permission, strode to the telephone and dialed a number. There followed a rapid-fire exchange of the French-Canadian version of the French language. At last the phone was put down and the senior policeman said, ‘Uh, we were told to come here, called in our police car. We were not told why. Now the Superintendent says a man called him from Alabama and said to tell Dr. Rampa to call him FAST. It is

urgent. Do it Now!

Uneasily the two policemen stood and looked at each other. They shifted their weight from one leg to the other. At last the senior said, 'We go, you telephone immediately, yes?' They turned and stumped out of the room. Soon there came the sound of their car starting and zooming along the road far in excess of the legal speed limit. Then came the ringing of the telephone. 'Superintendent of Police here. HAVE YOU TELEPHONED YET???' The man said it was urgent, a matter of life and death.' There was a click and the call was ended.

The letter plopped in together with about seventy others. The envelope was of a violent mauve hue with improbable flowers fore and aft. The paper, when unfolded, was of the same horrendous color, worsened by hanging wreaths of flowers entwined all around the edge. 'God is Love!' proclaimed a banner across the top. The Author wrinkled his nose at the stink coming from it. The 'scent' used must have, come from a diseased skunk who had died after eating, he thought.

The letter said: 'I am Auntie Macassar, and I tell fortunes and Do Much Good. (Five bucks a question or a bigger Love Offering.) Now I have read your books and I want you to be my Guide. It will do me a POWER of good in my advertising. Send me your letter agreeing, fast, because I want to advertise it.'

'Rampa has gone commercial!' shrieked the letter. 'I know you are a fake because you run businesses and make money.' The poor wretched Author lay back in his bed and tried to work THAT one out; did it mean that all people engaged in business were fakes? Or what? 'Oh well,' he thought, 'I will make it clear in my next book.'

Ladies and gentlemen, children, cats of all description. Listen to this statement, proclamation, and declaration. I, Tuesday Lobsang Rampa using my own and legal name and my only name, depose thus: — I have No business interests. I am not engaged in business of any kind except that of Author. I do NOT endorse any incense, mail-order firm, or what-nots. Certain people are using names such as 'The Third Eye', but I wrote a BOOK by that name, not started a mail order company. A mail order company which I do NOT endorse.

Ladies and gentlemen, children, cats of all description. I have no disciples, students, representatives, followers, pupils, business interests, or any agents other than my LITERARY agents. Nor have I written any books 'refused by publishers because of their forbidden knowledge': Someone may be trying to part you from your hard-earned money; (I wish I COULD do it!) so you have been warned . . . by me.

The Author lay back and dwelt upon the difficulties of being an author. 'You must not use the word "crummy",' wrote one. 'It is Bad Language.' 'You must not use "I",' wrote another. 'It makes your readers identify themselves too closely with you. That's BAD!' 'You must not say you are the "Old Man",' complains yet another. 'I don't like to read it.' And so the letters go on. So the Author (who else?) lay back and pondered upon the past and worried unduly perhaps about the future. Failing health, failing this and failing that . . .

The door was pushed open and a beautiful furry form jumped lightly on the bed where the Author was lying thinking of the past. 'Hey, Guv!' she said in her best Siamese Cat Telepathic Voice. 'And how about the book you are supposed to be writing? My! You will never get it finished if you think of those silly ninnies, the Fairweather Friends. Forget 'em!' she commanded sternly.

Fat Taddy strolled in and sat in a vagrant patch of sunlight. 'Food?' she enquired. 'Did someone mention Food?' The Author smiled at them and said, 'Well, cats, we have to finish this book and we have to answer some of those questions which come pouring in. Questions, questions, QUESTIONS! SO let us start.' He reached out for the typewriter with the sticking 'i' and dragged it towards him. Now, where is that first question?

The difficulty is that just as people beget people so do answers beget questions. The more question is answered the more questions seem to arise. Now here is a question which seems to have troubled a lot of people. The question is- What is this Overself? Why does the Overself make me suffer so much? How CAN it be just that I have to suffer so when I do not know why I have to suffer? It doesn't make sense, it destroys my faith in religion. It destroys my faith in a God. Can you explain this to me?

The Author lay back and contemplated a passing ship.

Once again a ship was coming bringing all manner of goods from Japan but that was not getting on with the book, was it? The Author reluctantly turned back and started to work again.

Yes, of course such a question can be answered, but first of all we have to agree to certain terms of reference because think of trying to discuss with a fish in the depths of the ocean the thoughts and reactions of space men in orbit around the moon. How could we get it over to a fish which always lived on the bottom of the ocean what life was like on the surface of the ocean? How would we explain life in London, Montreal, Tokyo, or even New York where there are many queer fish already? But, beyond this, how would we explain to our seabed-dwelling fish what happens to a space ship going around the moon? It would be just about impossible, wouldn't it? So let us make an assumption, let us imagine something different.

Let us imagine that the Overself is not the Overself any more, it is just a brain. So, we get a lot of brains floating about somewhere, and then the brain decides it wants to know something it wants to experience something other than pure thought. By 'pure' thought it is meant that the thought is an insubstantial thing and does not concern itself with pure or impure in the moral sense of the meaning.

This particular brain, then, has the stirrings of ambition. It wants to know things it wants to know what things are like on Earth, is the thirteenth candle hotter than the twelfth candle? And what is 'hot', anyway, and then, what is a candle? The brain decides to find out, so the brain finds a body. Forget for the moment that the brain has to be born first, but this brain gets itself fixed inside a skull, a thick bony box in which it floats in a special liquid which prevents it from experiencing mechanical shocks, which keeps it moist, and which helps to feed it. Here we have this brain in its bony box. Now, a brain is quite without feeling, that is, if a surgeon wants to operate on a brain he just gives a local anesthetic to the skin and flesh outside the skull; and then he makes an incision nearly all the way around the head. Then a saw is used to saw through the top of the skull which can then be peeled back like taking the top off a hard-boiled egg. It is important to remember that one experiences pain only in the skin, the flesh, and the bone. The

brain is not sensitive to pain. So when the surgeon has got the lid off, so to speak, he can poke and probe and cut into the brain without any anesthetic being used.

Our brain is like the Overself. It has no sensation of its own. So let us go back to the brain in the skull which is wanting experience. We must keep in mind, though, that we are using the simile of the brain to stand in place of the Overself which, being a many-dimensional object, is harder to comprehend.

The brain wants to know about sensations. The brain is blind, it is deaf, it cannot detect a scent, it has no feeling. So we make a lot of puppets. One pair of puppets are extended in the form of eyes, the eyes come open and the brain receives impressions from the eyes. As we all know, a newborn baby cannot understand what the impressions mean. A newborn baby fumbles and obviously does not comprehend what he is seeing, but with experience the impressions received from the eyes mean something to the brain.

But that could be improved upon. We want more than a picture. We can see a thing, but what does it feel like? Does it have a scent, does it have a sound? Other puppets are put out and they call themselves ears. They catch vibrations of a lower frequency than the eyes can receive. They are still vibrations just as sight is receiving, vibrations. But the ears pick up vibrations and with practice the brain can understand that these vibrations mean something, they may mean pleasant music, they may mean unpleasant music, they may mean speech, a form of communication.

Well, having seen and heard a thing, does it smell? The best way is to move puppets to form an olfactory organ. Then the poor wretched Overself, which here we are calling the brain, may sometimes wish that there was no sense of smell, it depends on what kind of scent the woman is wearing!

To go farther—what does a thing feel like? We do not know the meaning of terms such as ‘hard’ and ‘soft’ unless we have feeling, so the Overself or in this case the brain puts out more puppets. arms, hands, fingers. We have a finger and a thumb so that we can pick up a small article. We have fingers which we may move over an object to know whether it is easily compressed or not compressible,

to know whether it is soft or if it is hard. We know if it is blunt or if it is sharp through our fingers.

Sometimes a thing will hurt. We touch an article and it gives us a most unpleasant sensation. It might be hot, it might be cold, it might be sharp or rough. Those sensations create pain and the pain warns us to be careful of such things in the future. But why should the fingers revile themselves or revile a God because they are merely carrying out their allotted purpose, the purpose of feeling?

A bricklayer may get hard fingers through handling bricks. A surgeon may get very sensitive fingers because of the necessary delicacy of touch required in his job. To do bricklaying would harm the surgeon's fingers, but surgery would be difficult for the bricklayer because his fingers would be coarsened by bricklaying.

Every organ has to experiment, has to endure. Ears may be shocked by a very loud noise, a nose may be offended by a particularly unpleasant odor, but these organs are designed to withstand such shocks. You burn a finger—well, the finger heals and we know better next time.

Our brains file away all information. It is locked in the nine-tenths of the sub-conscious. Our involuntary nervous system will react on information supplied by the sub-conscious to prevent us from coming to any great harm. For instance if you try to walk on the top of a high building you will experience fear which is the way the sub-conscious communicates to the involuntary nervous system that it should pour secretion into the blood and make one jump back.

This is in the ordinary physical sense, but just think in a much higher dimension how the Overself is unable to receive any knowledge of the Earth without putting puppets on the Earth. These puppets are humans, humans who can get burns, cuts, stunned, all manner of things can happen to the human, and all the sensations and impressions are returned to the Overself by way of the Silver Cord in much the same way as impressions received by finger and thumb of the human body are relayed by way of the nerves to the brain, the sensory nerves.

We, then, are justified in calling ourselves extensions of an Overself which is so very highly rarefied, so very highly insulated, so very highly evolved that it has to depend on us

to pick up impressions of what happens on this Earth. If we do something wrong, then we get a metaphorical kick in the pants. It is not a devilish God which is afflicting us, persecuting us and tempting us. It is our own crass stupidity. Or maybe some people touch a thing and find it hurts, so they touch it again to find out why it hurts, and then they touch it again to find out how the hurt may be cured or overcome. And then they may touch it yet again to see if the matter has been finally overcome.

You may get a very good person who gets a lot of pain and you—the onlooker—may think it is unfair that such a person should have such suffering, or you may think that the person concerned is paying back an exceedingly hard Kharma, he must have been a fiend in a previous life, you may consider. But you would be wrong. How do you not know that the person is not enduring the pain and suffering in order to see how pain and suffering can be eliminated for those who come after? Do not think that it is always paying back Kharma. It may possibly be accumulating good Kharma.

There is a God, a good God, a fair God. But of course God is not the same as a human and it is useless to attempt to comprehend what is God when most people cannot even comprehend their own Overself. Just as you cannot comprehend your Overself, nor can you comprehend the God of your Overself.

Here is a question which already has been answered in previous books, but still comes up regularly, with monotonous regularity, in fact:

People want to know about their Guide, their Master their Keeper, their Guardian Angel, etc. A person writes and says, 'Oh, I have an old Red Indian as my Guide. I wish I could see him. I know he is a Red Indian because he is so wise. How can I see him?'

Now, let us get this straight once and for all people do not have Red Indians, Black Indians, White Indians, or Tibetans dead or alive as Guides. Actually there would not be enough Tibetans, for instance, to go round. It's like everyone saying, 'Oh, I was Cleopatra in my last life!' There is no word of truth in it. Actually the alleged Guide is just the Overself who really is our Guide. It is like sitting in a car; you are the car's Overself. You stamp on the pedal

and, if you are lucky and don't have a new American car, the car will go. You stamp on another pedal and the car stops and if you pull a certain thing and if you are watching what you are doing you won't run into anything. But no one else but you is driving that car. In the same way you control yourself, you and your Overself.

Many people have the idea that those who have passed from the Earth are just bubbling over with enthusiasm to just sit at somebody's shoulder and guide them throughout the days of their life, prevent them from falling by the roadside, telling them what to do, and all the rest of it. But just think for yourself; you have neighbors, possibly you get on with those neighbors, possibly you don't, but anyway the time has come, you are going to move to the other side of the world. If you are in England you are going to move to Australia. If you are in North America you are going to move to, let us say, Siberia. Well, you move, you are busy with your moving, you are busy settling in to your new address, you are busy with your work at your new location, you are busy making fresh contacts. Do you really stop to telephone Tom, Dick, and Harry, and Mary, Martha, and Matilda, or whatever their names may be? You don't, you know. You have forgotten all about them. And so do people on the Other Side.

People who have left this Earth are not just sitting on clouds playing their harps and plucking feathers out of wings etc., etc. They have a job to do; they leave this Earth, they have a period of recuperation and then they get busy on something else. Quite frankly they do not have time to be Spirit Guides and all that rubbish.

Many, many times entities who are not human will be able to intercept the thoughts of a human and, under certain conditions, will give the impression of being a Spirit Guide.

Let us consider the case of these séances; here we have a group of people who are hoping for communication with those who have passed over. They are a group of people who are all thinking along the same lines. It is not just one place for a special purpose, and they are all sub-consciously willing that a message shall be given. So in the astral world there are drifting forms who may be thought forms, or they

may be just entities who have not been humans and never will be humans. They are just masses of energy responding to certain stimuli.

These entities, whatever their origin—but certainly they are not human—drift around and soon gravitate to any source which attracts them. If people are thinking strongly about a message from the dead, then these entities will quite automatically be attracted to such a group, and there they will hover around and stretch out pseudopods which, of course are hands and fingers made of energy, and they will touch a brain or part of a brain, or touch a cheek, and the person receiving such a touch will be sure that he or she is being touched by a spirit because the pseudopods they put out are similar to the pseudopods put out of ectoplasm.

These entities are often mischievous, and they are very, very alert in the same way that monkeys are alert. The entities float around, sort of bouncing from brain to brain, and when they get to some nice juicy item of information which is being radiated from a brain they can cause a sensitive, that is a genuine Medium, to speak. They give a message which at least one person knows to be true because it is in that person's consciousness, but none of them seem to think of the thought form just picking brains. It must be made very, very clear indeed that not all these manifestations are genuine.

We all know what it is like on Halloween when children go about with masks and costumes, and pretend to be something. That is how these thought forms, these entities, behave. They are really things of limited intelligence and they are, quite genuinely, parasites. They will feed upon anything that believes in them.

Under certain conditions a person can have what they believe to be manifestations. They can be sure that they have the spirit of old Aunt Fanny who fell down three flights of stairs and broke her leg and died after it, hanging around advising them because she is so conscience-stricken because of the way she ignored them when she was on the Earth. Well, actually, this is nothing of the sort. The person at the séance might unconsciously have been sending out pictures of Aunt Fanny and her broken leg, thinking what a bad-tempered old biddy she was, and so the mischievous entity will tune-in on that and will alter things around a bit,

making sure that they are entirely plausible, and then Aunt Fanny comes through as a person who is sorry she was so obnoxious to her brilliant niece or nephew and now she wants to stay with them for ever or longer, and protect them from everything.

It is really amazing that humans on Earth rather scorn the Red man, rather sneer at the 'Indian' Indians and sometimes tend to disbelieve the authenticity of Tibetan Lamas, yet as soon as these people die the scoffer immediately reverses and thinks that the ones who have been so abused are going to rush back and sit on their shoulders and guide them through life, protect them from all the troubles of life. Well they've got another think coming. All they have, as already stated, is some incubi hanging around pretending to be something quite different.

Your friends on the other side of the world, how often do you get in touch with them? How often do you help THEM? How often did you help them when they were your neighbors? Now, think—a person passes over from this life, and you didn't even know of their existence when they were on this Earth, so, quite frankly, why do you think they are suddenly going to take such a vast interest in you? Why do you think that some Tibetan Lama or Red Indian Chief is going to drop everything he is doing on the Other Side and rush to be with you for the rest of your life? Somebody at whom you probably scoffed when he was on Earth, or more probably did not even know that he existed.

We must be logical about it. Many people believe they have a Spirit Guide because they feel insecure; because they feel lonely because they are sure they cannot manage without help. And so, partly, they invent a father figure or a mother figure who is always with them protecting them from their own folly and from the ill-will of others.

Another reason for this belief in Spirit Guides is that sometimes people hear or think they hear a mysterious voice talking to them. What they actually hear is a form of telephone conversation with their own Overself. This is relayed by way of the Silver Cord. It is amplified by the etheric and sometimes reproduced as vibrations by the aura. Sometimes, too, a person will feel a throbbing on the forehead just between the eyes but slightly above the eyes. That is caused when a conversation is going on between the sub-

conscious of the human on Earth and the Overself, and the one-tenth conscious is trying to listen in but not being able to do so, and instead getting a throbbing which is the same as the telephone girl saying that the number is engaged.

We have to manage on our own, every one of us. It is wrong to join cults and groups and gaggles. When we leave this Earth we have to go to the Hall of Memories alone. It is useless for us to go to where we judge ourselves and say to our Overselves, 'Oh, the secretary of the Society for Hotter Hot Dogs told me that I should do this or I should not do that.' We have to stand alone, and if Man is to evolve Man must be alone. If we are going to settle in groups and gangs and cults—well, that is several steps backwards because when we join a group or a cult or a society, then we are limited to progress at the rate of the slowest person there. The individualist, the one who wants to get on, the one who is evolved goes alone—always.

In passing, an interesting letter was received two days ago. It said, 'I have been a Member of the . . . for forty-four years, and I must confess that I did not learn so much in all that time as I have learned from one of your books.'

## CHAPTER EIGHT

The Old Author lay on his bed by the side of the window looking out across the almost deserted Port of Montreal. Ships were not coming so frequently now. There had been so many strikes, thefts, and other unpleasant happenings that many shipping lines were by-passing the Port of Montreal.

The Old Author lay there watching very sparse river traffic, but watching very busy traffic on the road going over to Man and His World, a place which he had no desire to visit. The sun was shining in and the young Girl Cat, Miss Cleopatra, was resting with arms folded on his legs. She turned to face him and grinning like the proverbial Cheshire cat she said, 'Guv, why is it that humans will not believe that animals can talk?'

'Well, Clee,' responded the Author, 'humans have to have everything proved, they have to hold things in their hot little hands and pull it to pieces so that they can say, "Well, it might have worked once but it certainly doesn't now." But you and I know that cats talk, so what does it matter what anyone else thinks?'

Miss Cleopatra turned the matter over in her mind for a little, her ears twitched and she delicately washed a paw. 'Guv,' she said, 'why do humans not realize that THEY are the ones who are dumb? All animals talk by telepathy. Why not humans?'

Well the answer to that is rather difficult and the Author was rather reticent about giving it. But—'Now look, Clee,' he replied, 'humans are different in that they never take a thing on trust. You know there is telepathy and I know there is telepathy, but if other people don't know it for some strange reason, then there is nothing that we can do to convince them. Now is there?'

The Author leaned back and smiled his love upon the

Little Girl Cat, his so constant companion.

Miss Cleopatra looked straight at him and thought back, 'Oh, but there is a way. there is a way, you have just been reading about it!'

The Author's eyebrows went up so high that he almost had some hair on the top of his head after all, which was quite a change after so many years of being bald. But then he thought of a book he had been reading about some experiments .

It seems that there were two researchers called R. Allen and Beatrice Gardner, and they were working at the University of Nevada. These two, a husband and wife team, were considering all the problems in teaching animals to speak and wondering why it was apparently impossible to teach animals to speak. The more they thought about it the more puzzling it seemed to them.

Of course apparently they overlooked the most obvious reason which is that animals do not have the necessary mechanism for speaking English or Spanish or French. Possibly they can grunt like some bad-tempered Germans do, but anyway, we are not dealing with Germans, bad-tempered or good.

The Gardners—they are husband and wife—made a different approach to the problem. They realized that chimpanzees managed to convey meaning to each other, and so they studied chimpanzees for a time. They came to the conclusion that many chimpanzees conversed by means of signs in a manner similar to that employed by those who are born deaf.

These people secured a chimpanzee and the animal was given the freedom of the house, and was treated much the same as a human would be treated, or perhaps possibly a little better because many humans do not treat other humans too well, do they? But that is beside the point. These people treated their chimpanzee as a complete member of the family, it had toys, love, and one important thing extra .

The humans in front of the chimpanzee conversed only by sign language. After many months she was able to convey her meanings (yes, it was a female chimpanzee) without particular difficulty.

They taught this chimpanzee for some two years, and she

learned signs for hats, shoes, and all sorts of other articles of clothing, together with many, many other words. She was also able to convey when she wanted something sweet or when she wanted something to drink. The experiment seems to have been quite a success. It is not over yet, by any means, but animals lack the necessary vocal chord equipment to speak in the manner of humans. Possibly they would have difficulty in parsing and deciding on the correct tenses, but when humans are too stupid to be able to converse by telepathy then no doubt the animal will have to converse by means of signs. It is a fact, a demonstrable fact, that Miss Cleopatra and Miss Tadalinka can make their wants and wishes known even to people who are not telepathic. With the Author, of course, there was complete rapport, and Author and Siamese cats are able to converse with possibly greater facility than between two non-telepathic humans. Miss Tadalinka sauntered in and said, 'You two talking about food?'

'No, Tads,' replied Miss Cleopatra, 'we are talking about conversing with humans and we think we are very fortunate in having the Guv tell our wants and save us the trouble of having to use sign language.'

Miss Cleo looked up at the Author and said, 'You should be out, you know, you haven't been out for weeks. Why don't you get in your chair and go down into the grounds? It's a quiet day, there aren't many people about.'

The Author looked out of the window. The sun was shining, there wasn't much wind, but then he looked at the typewriter and the blank sheets of paper. He muttered an appropriate imprecation about the paper and the typewriter and struggled off the bed and into the electrically-propelled wheelchair.

It is rather difficult getting along a corridor, getting out of a door and into an elevator when one needs hands to use an electric wheelchair, but it can be done. The Author went down from the ninth floor to ground level. On ground level he decided to travel through the grounds and sit for a while by the side of the river.

Along the concrete street he went, and down the ramp at the end leading to the car-park. Crossing the car-park, he went up another little ramp to the sidewalk, a sidewalk which was quite, quite deserted. Gently he pushed the lever

forward and the chair moved ahead at walking speed.

Suddenly there was a roar of a racing car engine and a swoosh as a big car came on the wrong side of the road and a harsh voice said, 'Stop!'

The Author looked around in some surprise, and as he did so a police sergeant and a police detective jumped out of a police car while the police driver was half hanging out of the driver's window.

'Oh, good gracious!' thought the Author. 'Whatever is wrong now?'

The police sergeant and the detective hurried forward and stood in front of the now stationary wheelchair. The sergeant glowered down with his hands on his hips and demanded, 'You that author fellow?'

'Yes,' was the reply.

The sergeant looked at the detective and the detective said abruptly, 'You should not be out alone. You look as if you're going to die at any minute.'

The Author was understandably somewhat surprised at such a remark, such a greeting, and he replied mildly 'Die? We're all going to die some time. I'm getting along all right. I'm on private grounds, I'm not upsetting anyone!'

The police sergeant looked even more threatening as he replied angrily, 'I don't care how you're getting on. I say you're not going to drive alone. You're not safe to go out alone. They've told me up there'—pointing to the building—'that you were given just a short time to live. I don't want you dying on the road here when I'm on duty!'

The Author was really astounded at such treatment and simply could not understand it. Admittedly he was ill, otherwise he would not have been in the wheelchair, but to expect people to accompany him every time he went out—well, that was bordering on the fantastic. There was housework to be done, all manner of things to be done, and the Author wanted to be independent. He said, 'But I am on private property.'

The detective broke in this time, saying, 'We don't care if you are on private property or not. You look as if you are going to die at any moment. We are not thinking about you, we are thinking about other people. Now you get back there and I'll follow you.' He seized the handles of the wheelchair and with extreme roughness turned the thing

round with such violence that the poor wretched Author was almost tipped out. Then, with an angry shove, he commanded, 'Get going!'

Passers-by on the roadway leaned out of their cars, grinning at the sight of a man having trouble with the police—a man in a wheelchair—but, of course, these were sightseers and when people are out sightseeing ANYTHING is a sensation. But it was always a source of astonishment to the Author that whenever he was out in an electrically-propelled chair there was always a horde of grinning apes in big American cars hooting as if it was the funniest sight imaginable. He wondered what there was so amusing in seeing an old disabled man trying to live a life without being too much trouble to other people.

But the chair was given another violent shake and the harsh command 'Get going!' made him switch on the motor again, and go back through the car-park and up the ramp and on to the private street, the scowling detective following. At the entrance to the elevator the detective stopped and said, 'Now if you come out alone again we shall take action against you.' He started moving off to the police car which had followed, and as he did so he muttered, 'Silly old fellow, he's eighty if he's a day!'

So the Old Author got in the elevator again went up to the ninth floor and trundled the wheelchair back into his apartment. Another door had been closed. Now apparently it was forbidden to go out alone. He would have to be like a monkey on a chain or a dog on a lead or something. Miss Cleopatra came forward and jumping on his lap said, 'Silly Unmentionables, these humans, aren't they?'

But there was work to do, there was a book to write and there were letters to answer so the Author mentally tossed up a coin to see which he should do first. The letters won, and the first letter on top of the bunch was from a young man in Brazil, a young man of rare good sense, a young man with very, very balanced questions.

Here is the letter he wrote, and after it the letter which was a reply to him:

'Rio de Janeiro,

'Dear Dr. T. Lobsang Rampa,

'I've already read all of your books and I'm very in-

terested to study hard everything you told us. But, like every student has some questions, I'd like you answer me the questions that I'll ask you.

'I'm sorry because I don't write (and speak) English well as I'm still learning it in the school and many of the words I saw in the dictionary. So, there are questions:

'1. If I die, I'll find many people who I've known. I'll see them like I saw them in the Earth. But, what is my real aspect whether I've already been many persons in my existence circle? How a person who I had known in a before circle, would she see me?

'2. Why just now, an ancient from Tibete like you, came to tell us all of (everything) of the Oriental wisdom? Why just now?

'3. How could I see the Akashico Registry in the astral?

'4. What is the better position to meditate? I can't sit in the Lotus Position and I can't sit with the spine erect.

'If you think some questions shouldn't be answered, don't answer them as I'll find them in the meditation (I hope so) as I've already found most of them just thinking myself.

'You are really a candle in the darkness and I thank you for everything.

'Thanks very much, Dr. Rampa.

'FABIO SERRA.'

'Dear Fabio Serra,

'Oh lovely! You have sent me some questions which are worthy of answering in a book I am now writing and which will have the title of "The Thirteenth Candle".

'As I propose to use your questions in this book I am going to repeat your questions and then give the answer. So, here they are:

'1. "If I die I will find many people who I have known. I will see them like I saw them on the Earth. But what is my real aspect, and not just how I look on the Earth? How would a person who knew me before recognize me?"

'Well, the answer to that is when you die you first of all leave this Earth and you go into what many religions term "Purgatory". "Purgatory" is just a place where you purge away certain things. Suppose you have been out working in the garden and have possibly got some mud on your face or on your hair (if you have any hair!). Then you decide you

want to come in and have dinner and perhaps listen to the radio. So—what do you do first of all?—you visit “Purgatory”. In other words you visit a place where you can wash your hands, wash your face, and—well—purge yourself of dirt or things which should not be on you.

‘Many religions make fearful pictures of “Purgatory”. I prefer to regard it as a celestial bathroom where you wash your astral, so to speak, so that you may appear in front of your fellows with your territorial integrity intact. You see, when you are in the astral then you will be showing your aura, and if you have too many “dirty marks” on your aura then it will show to those who look. Purgatory, then, is a place in the astral where you are greeted by your friends and never by your enemies, because when you get to the Other Side you can only meet those with whom you are compatible. When you leave this Earth then obviously you think of yourself you think of your appearance, as you were on this Earth, and that is how you manifest in the astral—precisely as you were on this Earth. Because the people who meet you there want to be recognized, they also will appear to you just as you knew them on Earth.

‘Many times one has the same sensation on Earth. You see a person and you are sure that that person has a mole on the left side of the cheek, but another person might tell you, “Oh no, that mole was removed about a year ago.” You only see, in other words, what you want to see, what you expect to see, so when you get to the Other Side you will see the people you want to see, and you will see them in the form and color that you expect to see them in. A simple illustration—suppose you had a Negro friend, that is, the person was a Negro on Earth when you knew him. But supposing on the Other Side he was a white man; if he approached you, you wouldn't recognize him, would you? So he appears as a Negro.

‘As you progress upwards then your appearance changes. In the same way you can have an illiterate savage with hair all over the place and teeth stained with various berries, etc. But if you took that illiterate savage and scrubbed him several shades lighter and gave him a shave and a haircut and fixed him up in a modern civilized suit of clothes he would look different, wouldn't he? Well, when you get to the Other Side and you progress, then you will find your

appearance changing—for the better.

‘The second part of that question? Well, of course, this lady whom you ask about will see you when you get to the Other Side as you are imagining yourself to be. She will see you as you were on Earth, and you will see her as she was on Earth. Otherwise (to repeat myself) you would not recognize her.

‘2. “How did an ancient from Tibet, like me, come to tell Western people all about this sort of thing? Why should I come just at this time?”

‘That is a fair enough question, and I will give you the answer.

‘In the past there have been many people visiting Eastern areas of the world, and people from the West are material-minded. They dwell in the present, they dwell amid thoughts of money, material possessions, power and domination over others. It is part of the Western culture. Now, when they go to the East and find that many of the finest minds of the East are housed in bodies which are sick or poor or clad in rags, they cannot understand it, and so they take the ancient Teachings and, not having been born to the language, not having been born to the culture, they distort the ancient Teachings to that which they (the Westerners) think should be meant. So it is that many translators, etc., do a definite disservice to humanity in propounding fallacious statements by distorting one's true religious beliefs.

‘I was prepared for a very long time. I was given the ability to understand the West while still being of the East. I was given the ability to write and to get my points clearly over to a person who is worthy of knowing the answers. I have suffered more than any person should have to suffer, but that has given me a greater insight, that has given me a greater range of expressions, of understandings, and has made me sympathetic to the Western outlook, and able to tailor my words to convey the true esoteric meaning to the Western reader.

‘This is the Age of Kali, the Age of Disruption, the Age of Change when mankind truly stands at the crossroads deciding to evolve or devolve, deciding whether to go upwards or whether to sink down to the level of the chimpanzee. And in this, the Age of Kali, I have come in an attempt to give some knowledge and perhaps to weigh a

decision to Western man and woman that it is best to study and climb upwards than to sit still and sink down into the slough of despond.

‘In your third question you ask how you can see the Akashic Record when in the astral. To answer:

‘When you enter the astral plane after having left this life you will, of course, go to the Hall of Memories and you will see everything that has happened to you, not just in the life you have just left, but in other lives that you lived before. Then you will decide, possibly with the assistance of counselors, what you want to do to advance your evolution. You may decide that you, too, would like to help others coming from Earth. In that case, if it is definitely to your advantage to see the Akashic Record so that you may help others more genuinely, then you will be given the power to see the Akashic Record. But I must tell you that no one can see it just as a matter of curiosity.

‘There are people nowadays in the West who advertise that for a fee they will travel into the astral (complete with briefcase, I suppose!) and consult the Akashic Record and come back with all the information desired. Well, of course, this is entirely untrue. They do not consult the Akashic Record, and I doubt if they ever get into the astral consciously. The only spirits they consult are the ones that come in bottles. So, I repeat, you cannot see the Akashic Record of another person unless there is some definite gain to be derived therefrom **FOR THE OTHER PERSON**.

‘Your fourth question is, once again, a very sensible question, one which I am pleased to answer because so many people ask it, so many people are troubled. Your question is, “What is the best position to adopt for meditation? I cannot sit in the Lotus Position and I cannot sit with the spine erect?”

‘Precisely! Let me tell you this; if you breathe you do not have to adopt a special position, do you? If you want to read a newspaper or a book you do not have to adopt a special position. If you want to read you take a position which is comfortable for you. Perhaps you sit in an arm-chair, perhaps you lie down. It doesn't matter. The more comfortable you are, the more you enjoy, the more you can absorb that which you are going to read. The same applies to meditation. Now, read this carefully . . . It does

not matter in the slightest degree how you sit. Sit in any way you wish. Lie down if you prefer. And if you want to lie down in a curled position, then do so. The whole purpose of resting is so that you can be free from strain. You must be free from strain and distraction if you are going to meditate successfully. So—any position that suits you suits meditation.

‘There it is. You've got your answers. I hope you will find these answers of benefit to you.’

The Old Author leaned back with the satisfaction of a job well done. ‘What a tremendous amount of misconception and misunderstanding there is,’ he thought. Then he reached out and picked up another letter, this time all the way from Iran. One question in particular is applicable here, and that question is—What is the point of sleeping in the Lotus posture? Apart from mortifying the flesh what good does it do?

This really is a most vexed subject. It really does not matter in the slightest degree whether one sits in the Lotus Position or lies flat on one's back. The only matter is that one shall be comfortable because if one is not comfortable then there will be all manner of strains and stresses which will distract one from rest and distract one from meditation. Let us look at this a bit closer, shall we?

In the West people sit on chairs. When they go to bed they rest on a soft contraption which has springs or some device which lets portions of the anatomy sag so that if (to be unkind!) one's behind sticks out a bit too much the soft mattress or soft springs will permit one's behind to sink down in the mattress, and then the weight is more evenly distributed. The point is that in the Western world people have a system which suits them, it is THEIR system, the system to which they are born, and if a Westerner wants to sit he usually sits on some sort of platform supported on four legs and with a prop at the back to prevent him from tipping over. Almost from birth, then, he is conditioned to believe that he has to have his spine supported by something else, and so the muscles which normally would keep his spine erect become undeveloped or atrophied.

The same conditions apply in the matter of legs, their joints, etc. The Westerner is conditioned to have his legs

stick out at a certain angle and bend down from the knees at a certain angle, and in any other position he is, naturally; uncomfortable.

Now let us consider the East Japan first. In Japan, before entering a house, one discards one's footwear and then enters the house, walks into a room, and sits on the floor. The only way you can sit comfortably on the floor is cross-legged, and one variation of that cross-legged position is called the Lotus Position.

Throughout many years of development the Japanese has found that if he grabs his ankles and nearly ties his legs in a knot he is very comfortable. He is propped up on a good solid foundation, and because he has been conditioned to it from birth he finds no strain, no discomfort, no unpleasantness. He finds, too, that his spine is naturally erect. It just has to be because of that posture.

Take a Japanese who has never seen Western appliances before and drop the poor wretch on to a Western chair, and he will be acutely uncomfortable. It will give him aches and pains in all the best places, and as soon as he can decently do so he will slide off the chair and flop on the floor in the accustomed position.

If one takes a Westerner and puts him in a Japanese community so that he has to sit on the floor cross-legged he suffers agony. His joints have not been conditioned to that particular position, so, to start with, he thinks he is going to split and then when the time comes to get up he usually finds he cannot. It is a delightful sight to see a fat old German who has been sitting cross-legged trying to get up. Usually he falls forward on his face and just saves himself with his hands. Then with many a hearty groan he gets his knees tucked under him somehow, and with painful creaks and gasps and guttural exclamations he gets to his feet at the same time clutching his back and wearing upon his face the most anguished of expressions.

In the Far East sitting cross-legged is an ordinary matter of everyday existence. In the West the culture developed of making money and of having material possessions. The Westerner thinks more of 'today'—thinks more of having possessions upon this Earth—and so whatever is a status symbol becomes desirable. In the days of long ago kings and emperors and pharaohs and all that type of person sat

on thrones, so the ordinary person got a few lumps of wood, knocked them into shape and used them as miniature thrones or chairs. Mrs. Smith wanted a better chair than Mrs. Brown so she put some pretty cloth over it, but Mrs. Jones wanted something better; she was so bony that she was sitting on bones all the time, so she stuffed the cloth with wool and then she had the first upholstered chair.

In the Far East people were not so money-conscious, they were not so possession-conscious. They tried, instead, to store up treasure in heaven or the local equivalent of that state, and people were quite content to sit on the ground. Thus from birth they had become accustomed to sitting on the ground. Their joints are more flexible, their muscles are designed for it.

In India the Wise Man sits under the trees in Lotus Position. He has to, poor fellow. he doesn't have a chair with him and he's probably never even heard of a shooting stick!

Westerners go along and see some old fellow sitting under a tree, and they think that that is a wise man and so they confuse his posture with the acquisition of wisdom. Then you get some stupid fellow, perhaps he has seen a photograph of India or something, and he goes and writes a book all about Yoga because he has heard a friend talk about it or because he has seen something on TV (the Author has no TV; he never did subscribe to the belief in the Idiot Box).

Authors have done immeasurable harm to the real metaphysical teachings. Authors, without the actual knowledge of things, have copied the works of others and altered it a bit so that they should not actually infringe a copyright. And then again, many authors resent what appears to be a newcomer who really does know his job from first-hand experience. So authors—the ones who copy without knowing what they are doing—must take the blame for putting a completely false interpretation upon the terms 'Yoga' and similar. Many of these authors think they have to be clever and put Sri in front of their names. It is just the same as a fellow putting Mr. while living in an Eastern community. If these authors and poseurs knew anything about it they would not be so utterly stupid as to copy terms which they do not at all understand.

Many interpreters and translators have tried to take Far Eastern books and put them into English or French or German, but that is absolutely dangerous unless the translator has a remarkably sound knowledge of both languages and of the metaphysical concepts. For example, many Eastern concepts are just that—concepts. They are abstract things and they cannot be translated into concrete terms unless a person has lived in both cultures.

So we come back to the Lotus Position. The Lotus Position is just a seating posture which an Indian or a Japanese, or a Tibetan finds convenient and comfortable. He would not feel so comfortable in a chair so he doesn't use a chair. In the same way, a Westerner cannot do so well in the Lotus Position because it is not a natural position for him.

It is well known to circus people that if one is going to have good acrobats then they must be trained actually from birth. The limbs must be trained to bend more than normal because the average Westerner has a very limited range of bone movements. The Easterner, it is usually said, is 'double-jointed'; to be more exact, the Easterner has more training in bone movement. It is highly dangerous for a Westerner of perhaps middle age to try any of the exercises which are utterly commonplace to the Easterner. It is utterly dangerous for the Westerner to try sitting in the Lotus Position after joints, etc., have become stiff.

The person who made that question all the way from Iran has another question about Ho Tai being a symbol of Good Living.

Well, of course, the Ho Tai is just one example of the Thousand Buddhas. In the Far East there are concepts instead of concrete terms. People do not worship idols, they do not worship a figure of the Buddha. The figures just act as a stimulus to certain lines of thought. For instance, a Ho Tai is a pleasant-looking old man with a fat tummy sitting in the Lotus Position. Now, that does not mean that you also have to sit in the Lotus Position. It just means that this pleasant old man with the fat tummy didn't have a chair, and if a chair had been provided he would not have used it because a chair to him would have been uncomfortable. So he sat in the position most suitable for the training which his anatomy had had—cross-legged or Lotus Position.

The Ho Tai, then, is just one of a group of figures, statues,

pictures, or representations of the different phases of mankind. You can say that reaching Buddhahood is available to all, it does not matter if you are a king or a commoner, it does not matter your station in life, it does not matter if you are rich or if you are poor. You can be reaching for Buddhahood whatever your station in life. The only thing to go on is—how do you live? Do you live according to the Middle Way, do you live according to the rule that you should do as you would have others do unto you? If so, then you are on the road to Buddhahood.

This Buddha business is so often misunderstood, just as is Yoga, Yogin, Lotus, etc. THE Buddha was Gautama. Gautama was his name. Perhaps it would help a bit if one refers to Christian terms; Jesus was the man. Jesus was, in another conception, 'THE Christ.' One can be Christlike but you would not be Jesuslike, would you? In the same way Buddha is a state, a rank, a status, the final result. That to which Gautama aspired and to which Gautama evolved. It is, in fact, a state of evolution, and all these different figures which many uninformed people call 'idols' are not that at all. They are merely representations, merely reminders that it doesn't matter if you are austere (the Serene Buddha) or a jovial person (the Ho Tai) one can still attain to Buddhahood provided that one does live according to the true belief which is the Middle Way, and Do to Others as You Would have Them Do to You.

The Old Author leaned back exhausted with the effort of doing work. His health had been getting steadily worse, as witness the incident with the police when yet one further door to freedom on Earth had been closed. And now he was tired of writing.

For a time he switched on the good old Eddystone short-wave receiver and listened to news around the world, from India, from China, from Japan, and from Russia. It seemed that everyone in the world was saying unkind things about everyone else. 'Ah!' he said to Miss Cleopatra. 'At least we do not have television to look at all the horrors of Western gun-shooting scenes and all that rot. I don't know why we can't have good news information on the television instead of sex, sadism, and assorted sin.'

Miss Cleopatra looked wise. She looked down and then delicately started to clean herself again although she was

cleaner than almost any human would be. 'Guv,' she said rather diffidently. 'Guv, haven't you forgotten something?'

The Old Author started and went into a considerable confusion of cogitation wondering what it was that he had forgotten. Why was Miss Cleopatra being so diffident? 'Well no,' he said, at last, 'no, I don't think I have forgotten anything, but if you think I have—well, just tell me and we'll see what we can do about it.'

Miss Cleopatra stood up and walked the length of the Author and then sat down on his chest in her favorite position so that she could whisper in his ear. 'Guv,' she said, 'you said earlier in this chapter about animals talking, you said about the chimpanzees. But you told me before that one should never quote from anybody else's book without giving the complete title and author. Didn't you forget that?'

The poor wretched Author almost blushed except that blushing was a virtue quite beyond him. Then he bowed to the Little Cat and said, 'Yes, Cleo, you are perfectly correct. I will rectify my omission now.'

Reference was made to the husband and wife team of researchers by the name of Gardner who taught a chimpanzee sign language. The information was obtained from pages 170 and 171 of the book entitled 'Body Language by Julius Fast, published by M. Evans & Co. Inc., New York.

Miss Cleo slowly rose to her feet, yawned, turned about, and gently flicked the tip of her tail as she walked down the length of the Author again and lay across his ankles. Obviously she was highly satisfied that she had played her part in seeing that acknowledgement was given where acknowledgement was due. Having played her part she curled up comfortably and went to sleep. Every so often her whiskers flicked and twitched with the pleasantness of her pure and innocent dreams.

## CHAPTER NINE

Beneath the shadowed rocks the old woman sat and sobbed her misery. Ceaselessly she rocked herself and flung herself to the unyielding ground. Her eyes were red and swollen and her furrowed cheeks were streaked with dirt which the tears had water-marked. The sunlight, as from another world, threw down strong black shadows across the entrance to her cave, shadowed bars that seemed to imprison her soul.

Beyond the mouth of the cave the Yalu River streamed endlessly on its way down from the highlands of Tibet, through India to form the sacred Ganges, and then on to the mighty seas, each drop of water like a soul going on to eternity. The waters roared and surged through close rock walls and tumbled over gorges into deep, deep pools before spilling over and rushing tumultuously on.

The path between the mountain wall and the turbulent stream was smooth, beaten hard, and level by the passage of many feet over hundreds of years. The red-brown soil would, to a Western observer, have reminded him of a chocolate bar, so brown and smooth it was. The great rocks strewn carelessly at the sides of the trail were red-brown too, with the color which comes to rocks richly laden with ores. In a tranquil pool fed by a feeble trickle from the mountainside, there came the glitter of specks of gold. Gold from the heart of the mountains.

The tall man and the small boy rode sedately along the winding path, the path which wound so constantly close to the rock wall. The small ponies were weary, for long this day they had plodded from the small lamasery from which the sun's rays even now were glinting in the far distance towards the West. The man, in the saffron robe of a Lama, looked about him, searching for a suitable spot at which to

camp.

The mouth of a cave loomed indistinctly through the screening blooms of a rhododendron tree. The Lama gestured and slid off the pony. The following pony stopped behind his fellow, and the young acolyte, unprepared, slid over the animal's head. Unhooking his pack, the Lama strode to the mouth of the cave.

The old woman was moaning in an ecstasy of misery rocking backwards and forwards. 'What ails you, Old Mother?' asked the Lama gently. With a screech of terror the old woman jumped to her feet, then fell on her face at the sight of the Lama. Carefully he stooped and helped her to her feet. 'Old Mother,' he said, 'sit beside me and tell me what afflicts you so. Perhaps I may be able to help you.'

The young acolyte came blundering in, carrying his pack before him. Not seeing a rock ridge, he tripped over it and fell flat on his face. The old woman looked up and cackled with sudden laughter. The Lama motioned the boy away; saying, 'We will camp elsewhere, look after the ponies.' Turning again to the old woman, he said, 'Now tell me what it is that afflicts you so.'

The old woman clasped her hands together and said, 'Oh, Holy Lama, hear my tale and help me. Only you can tell me what to do.'

The Lama sat down beside her and nodded encouragingly saying, 'Yes, Old Mother perhaps I can help but you will have to tell me of your difficulties first. But—you are not of our country are you? Did you not come from the tea country?'

The old woman nodded and replied, 'Yes, we crossed over into Tibet. We used to be on one of the tea plantations but we did not like it there, some of the Western people treated us so badly. We had to pick so much tea and always they were saying that it had too many stalks in it, so we came here and made a living by the roadside.'

The Lama looked thoughtful and said, 'But tell me, what ails you now.'

The old woman clasped and unclasped her hands, and appeared to be in an agony of indecision. Then she said, 'My husband and my two sons were living here with me. We managed quite well in helping traders to ford the river a little farther down because we know just where the

crossing stones are, and we had arranged them so that we knew exactly how best the traders could cross without falling in and being swept over the gorge. But yesterday my two sons and my husband climbed up the side of the cliff. We wanted eggs and the birds were laying well.' She stopped and broke into a bout of weeping again. The Lama put an arm around her shoulder to calm her. He pressed a hand gently at the base of her neck. Immediately her sobbing ceased and she sat up resuming her tale.

'They had a good number of eggs, they had them in a little leather bag, and then—I don't know what happened exactly—my husband seemed to lose his footing, a rock rolled beneath him and he fell over. He toppled down the rockside.' She stopped to sob again, and then shaking her head as if to clear away bad memories, she resumed.

'My husband turned over as he fell and struck his head on the rocks down here. Poor fellow,' she said, 'that was always his weakest point. There was a horrible crunching and splat just like that—splat! And then a sound as if an old bundle of sticks were being stepped on.'

The Lama nodded his sympathy, and with a gesture encouraged the woman to continue.

'But up on the cliffside my sons were in great difficulty. One tried to snatch the bag of eggs from his father's hand, and as he did so he stumbled also. The second son tried to grab either the eggs or his brother—I do not know which—and he fell as well, and then there was a small rocks slide. Both boys fell, and they hit the rocks down here, splat splat, just like that!' She cackled with an almost hysterical laugh and the Lama was some time before he could get her composed again. At last she was able to continue with her story.

'The way they hit! I shall never get it out of my mind. First there was this soggy splat, and then there was a crunching, splintering sound, so I have lost my husband and my two sons, and even the eggs were all broken up. Now I do not know what to do. Things are so difficult here.'

She stopped and sniffed and did a hoot or two full of anguish. Then she said, 'A passing trader helped me straighten them out a bit, although it was rather difficult, they were all pulpy masses, they could have been rolled up like an old garment. Probably there wasn't a bone left in

their body unbroken. Then, as the trader and I stood there, a horde of vultures descended and we were horrified at how they went to work. Soon, more quickly than seemed possible, there was nothing left but the bones of my husband and my two sons, and they were shattered beyond belief.'

The Lama gently stroked the back of her neck because she was giving way again to hysteria. He gently held the back of her neck and applied a slight pressure. The woman sat upright and the color returned to her cheeks. 'You have told me enough,' said the Lama, 'do not distress yourself.'

'No, Holy Lama, I would rather get it all off my mind if you will hear me out'

'Very well then. Tell me whatever you wish to tell me and I will listen,' responded the Lama.

'The trader and I stood there, I do not know how long we stood there watching in horror and fright as the birds cleaned up the fragmented bones. Then—well, we couldn't leave the bones there strewn about the path, could we? We gathered up all those bones in a basket and we tipped them all in the river. They all went tumbling down over the gorge. Now I have no husband, now I have no sons, now I have nothing. You Tibetans believe in the Holy Fields; we believe in Nirvana, but I am sore distressed, I am frightened. I too would like to leave this world, I am frightened.'

The Lama sighed, and then murmured half to himself, 'Yes, everyone wants to get to the Heavenly Fields but no one wants to die. If only people could remember that although they walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death they will experience no evil if they fear no evil.' Then he turned to the old woman and said, 'But, Old Mother, you are not going to leave this Earth yet. What is it that you fear so?'

'Living!' she answered abruptly. 'Living. What have I to live for? No man to look after me. How am I going to live, how am I going to eat, what can a woman alone do in this country, an old woman at that, an old woman who is no longer desirable to men? What can I do? I hope for death but I fear death. I have no one, I have nothing. And when I die—what then? My own religion, which is different from yours, teaches me that when I live in another life, if indeed there be another life, that I shall be reunited with my family, we shall all be together again. But how can that be,

for if I live on for several years surely my family will have grown away from me, they will have grown older. I am sore distressed, I fear, and I know not what I fear. I fear to live and I fear to die, I fear what I will meet on the other side of death. It is not knowing, that is what I fear.' Impulsively she put out a hand and clasped the hand of the tall Lama. 'Can you tell me what I shall encounter beyond death?' she asked in a tremulous voice. 'Can you tell me why I should not throw myself over the gorge and die as my husband died, as my sons died? Can you tell me why I should not do this and be reunited with them? We were poor, we were humble people, but we were happy together in our own way. We never had enough to eat but we managed. And now I am an old woman alone—with nothing. Why, oh Holy Lama, should I not end my misery? Why should I not go to my family? Can you tell me that, oh Holy Lama?' She turned a beseeching look upon the Lama.

He looked at her, full of compassion, and said, 'Yes, Old Mother, it is very possible that I can bring you help by way of information. But first I doubt that you have had food or drink this day. Have you?'

She shook her head dumbly. Her eyes were brimming bloodshot tears, and her lips were trembling under the intensity of her suppressed emotion. 'We will have some tea and tsampa,' said the Lama, 'and then you will feel rather stronger so that we can talk together, and I can tell you of the things which I know to be true.' He rose to his feet and going to the mouth of the little cave called the acolyte. 'Pick up some wood and light a fire,' he said. 'First we will have tea and tsampa, and then you and I will have to talk to the Old Mother within. We will have to do our duty and try to bring her the solace of the true Religion.'

The young boy wandered off among the great rocks. There was no shortage of wood here and he wished that conditions were more like it up in the Valley of Lhasa, thousands of feet above. He wandered around picking the driest wood he could find, and collecting the most satisfactory pile.

Just a little way up on the edge of a very sharp rock he saw something which excited his avid interest. Carefully he climbed up perhaps fifty feet, and reached out a hand for

the strange object which was there, a shining thing with black strands attached to it. Grasping it he recoiled in such horror that he slid down the rockface. In his hand he found he grasped the top of the skull of one of the victims. He slid down the rockface landing in a rhododendron tree which broke his fall. It also broke off many branches for which he was grateful; it saved him much work. He turned over the object in his hand, and to which he had clung despite the fall. Black hair, a bit of skin, and then the bony top of a skull. Dropping his wood he really galloped off to the side of the river and flung the thing well out towards the lip of the gorge. Perfunctorily he dipped his hands in the water to rinse them and then flicked them dry as he ran back to pick up his wood.

With an ample load he returned to a spot near the cave mouth and there he arranged a neat pile of small sticks and a little heap of tinder. Striking sparks with flint and steel, he tried to ignite the tinder which had become damp from his still wet hands.

At the cave mouth the Lama and the old woman looked out. The Lama smiled at the performance of the small acolyte, but the old woman, her stomach rumbling with hunger, said, 'Tchek, tchek, tchek,' and rushed out to the little pile of wood, her sorrows forgotten. Now she was the complete housewife about to show this young man how a fire should be lit. Quickly from her own scant supply she took dry tinder and struck a whole stream of bright sparks. Kneeling down she blew hard, and hard, and hard, and the glowing tinder suddenly burst into flames hungrily reaching out to ignite the small twigs grouped above. Beaming her satisfaction she hurried back to the cave to get a can which was already filled with water.

The young acolyte stared moodily after her, thinking why was it that women always interfered when men were doing a first-class job? Why did women always meddle and, reaping the fruits of a man's hard work, collect all the credit, all the good Karma? Irritably he kicked out at a stone and then trudged upwards between the rocks again to bring back a further load of sticks. 'No knowing how careless this old woman will be with the firewood,' he thought to himself, 'I'd better really stock up this time.'

Up near the base of the great overhanging rock he found

a bowl and a small charm box. He found a tattered scrap of rag. Looking at it he recognized it as one of the sacred devil traps. Thinking more carefully about it he remembered that some had been stolen, and then the tale came to him. 'Oh yes,' he thought, 'one of the ways they have been making money is by stealing stuff and getting it smuggled into India to be sold as souvenirs to Westerners.' He stuffed the bowl, the charm box, and the tattered scrap of cloth into the front of his robe, and spreading his arms wide he picked up the big bundle of wood and tottered precariously down the path, not being able to see where he was walking.

The old woman was busy again with the fire, and, as the poor boy had surmised, she was piling it on as if she had a whole regiment of monks to collect it for her instead of just one small boy. He dumped the pile of wood beside her, rather hoping that she would trip over it and fall into the fire and then he wouldn't have to work so hard. Then turning aside he moved towards the Lama, producing the bowl, the charm box, and the scrap of cloth. 'It is mine, it is mine, it belonged to my husband!' shrieked the old woman, jumping to her feet as quickly as if she were levitating. Rushing forward she grabbed them from the young man, and stared at them greedily. 'The only thing I have in the world now to remind me of him.' So saying she pushed the things into the bosom of her dress and turned back to the fire, tears streaming from her eyes.

The young acolyte looked gloomily at the Lama and muttered, 'Hope she doesn't get all that mess into the tsampa. I never did like messed-up tsampa.' The Lama turned away and re-entered the cave in order to conceal the mirth which was threatening to destroy his gravity.

Soon the Lama, the small acolyte, and the old woman were sitting in separate places eating the tsampa and drinking the tea, for those in Holy Orders in Tibet prefer as a rule to eat alone or only in the company of their close associates. The very sparse meal soon was finished, and the Lama, the acolyte, and the old woman cleaned their bowls with fine sand, rinsed them in the river, and put them back inside their clothes. The Lama then said, 'Come, Old Mother, let us sit by the fire and let us see what we can do to discuss and solve your problems.' He led the way back and threw a handful of sticks on the spluttering little blaze.

The young acolyte looked gloomily on, appalled at how quickly the wood was being consumed. The Lama looked up with a smile and said, 'Yes, you'd better get another load or two, we shall need some fire here. Be off with you!'

The boy turned again and wandered off in search of wood and whatever else should offer itself. The Lama and the old woman started to talk.

'Old Mother ' said the Lama, 'your religion and my religion take different forms, but all religions lead the same way Home. It does not matter what we believe, nor how we believe so long as we do believe, for a true religion with the mental, and spiritual discipline which it enjoins upon its adherents is the only salvation for our people and for yours.' He stopped and looked at her, and then resumed, 'So you had thought of killing yourself, eh? Well, that's no answer, you know. If you kill yourself, if you commit suicide you merely add to your problems, you do not end them.' The old woman looked up at him, for he was a large tall man and she very small. She looked up at him with her hands clasped. Wringing her hands, she said, 'Oh yes, do tell me. I am ignorant, I do not understand anything, I have no knowledge at all. But yes, I had thought of killing myself by throwing myself against the gorge and becoming dashed against the rocks below even as my husband and my sons were dashed against the rocks.'

'Suicide is no answer,' said the Lama. 'We came to this Earth for the purpose of learning, for the purpose of developing our immortal soul. We came to this Earth to face certain conditions, perhaps the hardships of poverty, perhaps the great temptations which assail the rich, for let us not think that money and possessions give one ease from worries. The rich also die, the rich also become ill, the rich also suffer from worries and persecutions and from a multitude of afflictions and problems unknown to the poor. We come to this Earth and we choose our station according to the task we have to accomplish, and if we commit suicide, if we kill ourselves, we are like a shattered bowl, and if you shatter your bowl, Old Mother, how are you going to eat? If you break your flint and your steel there is no spark left with which to ignite the tinder; how then will you survive?'

The old woman nodded dumbly as if in complete agree-

ment, and so the Lama continued:

‘We come to this Earth knowing before we come what our problems will be, knowing what hardships we shall have to undergo, and if we commit suicide then we are running out on arrangements which we ourselves made for our own advancement.’

‘But, Lama,’ said the old woman in an agony of exasperation, ‘we may know on the Other Side what we arrange, but why is it that we do not know while we are here on this Earth, and if we do not know why we are here how can we be blamed for not doing that which we say we should have to do?’

The Lama smiled down at her, and said, ‘Oh what a common question that is! Everyone asks the same. We do not know usually what task we have to do upon this Earth because if we did know we should devote our whole energy to accomplishing that task no matter how much it inconvenienced others. We have to do our task and at the same time help others. We have at all times to live according to the rule, “Do as you would have others do unto you” and if in a selfish hurry to complete a given task we tread upon the rights of others, then we just make extra tasks which we have to accomplish. So it is that it is better for the majority of people not to know the task which they have to accomplish, not to know so long as they are upon the Earth.’

The discussion was interrupted by a shout from the young acolyte. ‘Look! Look!’ he shouted. ‘Look what I have found!’ He hurried into sight carrying in his hands a small golden image. The weight was considerable and he had to carry it carefully, afraid that it might drop and fall upon his feet.

The Lama rose to his feet and as he did so he happened to glance towards the old woman. Her face was a pale greenish color, her mouth was open, and her eyes were staring wide. She looked the absolute picture of complete terror. The Lama took the figure from the boy. Turning over the image he saw on the base a mark. ‘Ah!’ he said. ‘This is one of the figures which was taken from the small lamasery up there. Robbers broke in and this is one of the things they took.’ He turned and looked at the old woman who was gibbering with fright. ‘I see, Old Mother, that you knew

nothing about this. I see that you had suspicions that your husband and two sons were doing something which they should not have been doing. I see that in spite of your suspicions that you were not sure and that you had no part in this. So, fear not. You will not be punished in any way for what is the sin of another.'

He turned back to the small boy, and said, 'There should be more gold, there should be precious stones also. We will go back to where you found this, and we will cast around to see if we can find the remainder of the articles which are missing.'

The old woman stuttered and stammered and at last got out some words. 'Oh, Great and Holy Lama, I know that my husband and my two sons were doing something over at the foot of that rock.' she pointed. 'I did not know what they were doing, I did not enquire, but I saw them over there, and that is near where they fell.'

The Lama nodded, and he and the young boy walked over there together. The young acolyte said, 'But that is where I discovered this thing. It was just sticking out of the sand so I picked it up.' Together Lama and acolyte dropped to their knees and with flat stones dug down into the sandy soil. Soon they struck something hard, and gentle rifling through the soil with their fingers dislodged a substantial leather bag in which, to their delight, were precious stones and small nuggets of gold. They dug together and ran their hands through the soil to see if anything had been missed. At last the Lama was satisfied that they had completely recovered the stolen articles. They rose to their feet and went back to the fireside where the old woman was still sitting.

'Tomorrow,' he said, 'you shall take these articles back to the lamasery. I shall give you a written message to present to the Abbot and he will give you a sum of money as a reward for the return of these articles. I shall make it clear to him in my note that you are not the guilty one. So, with the sum of money, you should be able to travel the path to your former home in Assam where possibly you have relatives or friends with whom you can live. But now let us discuss your other problems, for the things of the spirit should take precedence over the things of the flesh.'

'Holy Lama,' said the young acolyte, 'could we not have

more tea while you talk? I am very thirsty with all the hard work and all the excitement. I should like to have more tea.'

The Lama laughed, and bade the boy go to the river and get more water, and yes—they would have fresh tea.

'Old Mother,' enquired the Lama, 'what is this other matter which troubles you so? You said something about being united with your family.'

The old woman sniffed a bit in her sorrow and fright, and then said, 'Holy Lama, I have lost my husband and my sons, and even if they did steal from the temple they are still my husband and my sons, and I would like to know if I shall meet them again in another life.'

'But of course,' said the Lama. 'Much misunderstanding is caused, however, by the manner in which people on this Earth will think that things are always the same. People do not like change. They do not like anything to be different. It is different on the Other Side. Here on this Earth you had your husband and then you had your son, a baby. Later you had another baby. The babies grew up, they became small boys, they grew older and became young men, they were not the same, they grew up. It is thus on the Earth because you came to the Earth and they came to the Earth for you all to be together. But your son on this Earth may not be your son in the next life. One comes to the Earth to live a part, to carry out a certain role, to accomplish a certain task. Here you come as a woman, but on the Other Side of life you may be a man and your husband may be the female one.'

The old woman looked dazedly at the Lama. Obviously she was not taking it in at all. Obviously it was a matter beyond her comprehension. The Lama saw it, so he continued:

'In Assam when you were a girl you probably saw some of those plays about the fertility of the soil, about Mother Nature. The actors were people whom you knew, and yet when they came out to play their parts they resembled other people, they were made-up, dressed up to resemble other people, to resemble Gods and Goddesses, and you could not recognize them for whom they really were. Upon the little stage they carried out their acting and their posturing and their miming, and then they disappeared from

the stage, soon after to re-appear among you as the people you well knew. They were no longer the Gods and Goddesses and the Demons of the play, they were instead men and women well known to you your friends, your neighbours and your relatives. So it is down here upon this Earth. You are living a part, you are an actress. The ones who came as your husband and sons were actors. At the end of the play, at the end of your life, you will go back and be what you were before you came down to this stage which is the Earth, and the people you will meet on the Other Side are the people you love for you can only meet those who want to meet you and whom you want to meet. You can only meet those whom you love. You will not see your sons as small babies; you will see them as they really are. But yet you will be as a family for people come in groups, and what is a group but a family?'

## CHAPTER TEN

So the end of the week came around as the end of the week always does. The Old Author heaved a sigh of relief to think there would be no mail on this day, for on a Saturday in Montreal there is no mail delivery. So while the highly paid mailmen were resting in their country cottages or going out fishing in their boats, the Old Author lay back in his bed and grumpily considered all the questions which still had to be answered. Here is a question which comes up time after time. It is:

‘To me it is most important to know where I am going. Once a man is born you state that it is somewhat like a mother giving birth to a child but with the Silver Cord still remaining attached. You state that the Overself is the nine-tenths of the sub-conscious of Man or, so to speak, the man behind the scenes. All right, if this be so then let us get to the man. He starts out limited to his one-tenth, and thus runs round in the dark most of his life. The man dies (he has done his job for the Overself), the Silver-Cord is severed and he is on his own. **WHAT DOES THE OVERSELF GIVE HIM FOR HIS EFFORTS?**’

Well, all right, let us get down to it. Yes, that is a question which can be answered. But you must remember that the Overself is the real you, and it is—as far as Earth terms are concerned—blind, deaf, and static, but of course only as far as this low Earth is concerned. The Overself wants to know what things are like on this Earth, it wants sensation fast because in the realm in which the Overself normally lives things move at the rate of a thousand years, or so, instead of a day. That is why in one of the Christian hymns there is that piece about a thousand years being the twinkling of an eye. But anyway, the Overself can be likened to the brain of a human. The Overself causes a human, or more than one human, to do certain things and to experi-

ence certain things, and all the sensations are relayed back to the 'brain' Overself, who then vicariously enjoys or suffers from those sensations.

We have difficulties, you know, because upon this Earth we are dealing with only three dimensions and only three dimensional terms so how are we to get over concepts which demand perhaps nine dimensions?

You ask what sort of reward does the Overself give to the human for all the experiences which have been undergone, but there is a good question to ask in return; it is this— What reward do you give your fingers for turning a door-knob and opening a door for you? What payment do you give to your feet for conveying you along to another room in the house or to your car or for pushing you upstairs? How do you pay your eyes for sending your brain those beautiful pictures? Remember—if 'you' are the brain and you are dependent upon hands and feet and nose and eyes, all those organs are dependent upon you for their existence. If you did not exist those hands, feet, nose, and eyes would not exist either. It is completely a co-operative effort. If your fingers light a cigarette your fingers do not enjoy the smoke; possibly another part of 'you' does, but anyhow when your fingers light a cigarette other organs do not reward those fingers with kind words or expensive gifts by way of thanks. But even if 'you' wanted to reward those fingers, how would you do it? What could you give to fingers that would please them and reward them adequately? And if the real 'you' is the brain, then how can the brain, which is dependent upon those fingers, operate to reward those fingers? Do you make the left hand give a gift to the right hand and then the right hand give a reciprocal gift to the left hand, or what? Keep in mind always that the fingers are dependent on the brain for direction, the fingers are dependent upon 'you'. So there is no reward because just as the fingers and the toes are part of the whole body, so you are just part of the whole organism which constitutes extensions of the Overself. Here on this Earth you are just an extension in the same way as you can thrust an arm through a window and feel things in a room beyond a room beyond the range of your sight. So there you are. You are working for yourself. Anything you do here benefits your Overself and so benefits you because you are the same

thing, or a part of it.

The same querist has another question which is applicable, and it is:

‘If the said man must be reincarnated does he go back to the same Overself or does he get a new one? Is he sort of a permanent part of the Overself? Is man suddenly endowed with the other nine-tenths of the consciousness, or what happens?’

The answer to this—Well, your question really is, does the same body or spirit come down from the Overself? Let us suppose you get a cut on your hand. You don't get a fresh hand, do you? The hand, or rather, the cut heals because it is part of you, because it is directed by your brain to heal, it goes through the process of joining together. People are entities complete so that your Overself can direct extensions to itself to come down to Earth, and those extensions—humans—are something like the tentacles of an octopus; cut off a tentacle and it will re-grow.

My oh my! What a lot of confusion there is about this Overself business! But in an earlier part of this book the matter should have been clarified somewhat. To add possibly a little more light let us suppose that we have a big entity which has powers which we do not at present understand. This entity has the ability to think and thereby to cause extensions of itself to shoot out wherever desired—pseudopods, they are called. So our Overself, remaining in one place, has the ability to cause extensions to be sent away from the main body but still attached to it, and at the end of the extensions there is a node of consciousness which can be aware of things through touch or through sight or through sound, nodes of consciousness which merely receive on different frequencies.

Everything is vibration. There is nothing but vibration. If we think that an article is stationary, then it is merely vibrating at one particular rate. If a thing is moving, then it is vibrating at a faster rate. And even if a thing is dead it is still vibrating and actually breaking up as the body decomposes into different vibrations.

We feel a thing, no matter whether it is stationary or moving. We touch it and we feel it because it has a certain vibration which can be received and interpreted by one of our nodes attuned to that type of frequency, in other

words, we are sensitive in the sense of touch.

Another article is vibrating much more rapidly. We cannot feel it with our fingers, but our ears pick up that vibration and we call it sound. It is vibrating in that range of frequencies which a higher-receiving node can receive as a high sound, an intermediate sound, or a low sound. Beyond that there is a range of frequencies which are much higher, we cannot touch them, we cannot hear them, but even more sensitive nodes termed eyes can receive those frequencies or vibrations and resolve them inside our brain into a definite pattern and so we get a picture of what the thing is.

We get much the same thing in radio. We can listen-in to the AM band which is a fairly coarse vibration or frequency, or we can go to the short-wave bands which are much faster frequencies which an AM receiver will not receive. And we can also go down (or should it be up?) to the FM frequencies, or the UHF frequencies where we can pick up television-pictures. The radio receiver for television will not pick up AM or shortwaves, just as the AM or shortwave receiver will not pick up television pictures. So there we have an everyday illustration of how we can put out extensions to receive vibrations of a special frequency. In just the same way the Overself puts out nodes—pseudopods—humans—to pick up something which the Overself wants to know about.

Horrid thought for you. Something to make your flesh creep before you go to bed; we have seen how humans make things to pick up AM radio or FM or shortwaves. Supposing your Overself regards this Earth as just AM, then the Overself can have pseudopods out in higher frequencies, eh? So sometimes you get a nightmare where the poor old Overself has got his lines crossed and you pick up impressions of bug-eyed monsters, etc. Well, there are such things, you know.

The Author picked up another letter and shuddered. He had no mirrors about, but had there been a mirror available it would have been observed that the Author turned very pale, shockingly pale. And why? How about this for a question?

‘I have a question and it is this; if a puppet can enter either a male or a female body depending on what it wants

to learn, why is it always taken for granted that the entity which was the Dalai Lama will always incarnate as a man? Surely even this entity needs a change if it is to learn things generally rather than purely from the male viewpoint, and why can a woman never aspire to the highest level of Lamahood? In Tibet where I understand men and women are equal (or were before the Chinese arrived), why this discrimination?’

Once again a question can be partly answered by a question. Here is a question which may help; where in all history has there been a woman as a Supreme God? Can you readers tell of any single instance where a woman has been THE Supreme God? Yes, there have been Goddesses, but they have been ‘inferior’ to the Gods. The Dalai Lama was a God on Earth according to Tibetan belief, and so, as a God on Earth being a Goddess on Earth would not suffice. He came in male form because the things he had to do necessitated that he came in male form. But how do you know that the Overself of the Dalai Lama does not have female puppets elsewhere learning other things? As a matter of fact he did. As a matter of fact much was being learned on the female side also.

This particular Author has a screw loose about certain things. One is about the moronic press, and another is about the so-called Women's Liberation Movement. This particular Author firmly believes that women have a very important job in life, raising the future population. If women would only stop aping men—and they do definitely try to ape men and try to wear the pants, forgetting that they don't have the figure for it—then the world would be a better place. This Author believes that women are responsible for most of the troubles of the world through wanting to get out and be ‘free’, as they wrongly term it, instead of accepting their responsibilities as mothers. Women say they want to be equal, but are they not equal? Which is most important, a dog or a horse? They are different creatures. Men and women are different creatures, a man has never given birth without the assistance of a female, let us say, but a female can give birth without the assistance of a male by parthenogenesis. So if the Women's Lib Movement wants a boost, why not boast about that?

What greater proof of equality or even superiority can

there be than that women have the task of providing and bringing up the future race? The male co-operation in the matter only takes a few minutes, but a woman—well, she should bring up children until they are able to get on by themselves, and how she brings them up, the example that she sets them, that is how the future race will be. But now women want to beetle off to the factory where they can talk scandal, they want to be a hash-slinger, or anything except to accept the responsibility for which she is so well qualified by Nature. Women's Liberation? I think the sponsors of the Women's Liberation Movement should be slapped across the backside—hard!

The question goes on to ask why women never aspire to the highest Lamahood. Because women are irrational, that is why, because women cannot think clearly, that is why. Because women let their emotions run away with reason, that is why. If women would only stop being such asses and face up to their responsibilities, then the whole world, the whole Universe, would be a better place.

Women have the biggest task of all; women have the task of staying at home, making a home, and setting an example which future generations can follow. Are women not big enough to do their task?

Another question, 'What is the best incense to use?'

That is something which cannot be answered because it is much the same as saying, what is the best dress to wear? What is the best food to eat? One cannot say what is the best of anything until one knows for what purpose it is required. Briefly, so that this shall not be entirely negative, here are some comments; You should try different types, different brands of incense, and you should decide which is the best type FOR YOU when you are peaceful or when you are irritated or when you want to meditate. Decide which is the best for you on those occasions, and lay in a good supply of those types.

Incense should always be thick sticks. The thin stuff is practically useless. It is like having a musical note; if you get a thin, reedy note it merely irritates, it merely aggravates one, but if you have a good, full-bodied note, then that can be peaceful, soothing, or stimulating. So—never be fobbed off with a thin stick of incense. If you use that you are wasting your money. Sticks are to be preferred

rather than powders and cones. As to where to get the stuff—well, that is another matter. But please be very sure that there is no such thing as ‘Rampa Incense’. Lobsang Rampa does not endorse any particular supplier, he does not endorse any particular incense. Many people have come out with blatant advertisements about ‘Rampa This’ and ‘Rampa That’, but Lobsang Rampa has no business interests of any kind whatsoever. Sometimes there is a request for where to obtain a certain book or other items, and then a name and address is given, but these are ordinary suppliers and are entirely and absolutely unconnected with Lobsang Rampa. Other firms advertise that they are ‘The Third Eye This’ or ‘Something That’, but again it must be emphasized because of these advertisements that Lobsang Rampa does not endorse any of them, he does not favor any of them, and he does not necessarily deal with any of them.

‘Oh, oh!’ said the Old Author.

Miss Cleo sat up with her ears erect and her whiskers sticking straight out, looking the absolute epitome of alertness and interrogation. The Old Author smiled at her and said, ‘Hi Clee, listen to this. We’ve got a letter here from a pressman. He is a Press reporter with the So-and-So So-and-So newspaper in the City of So-and-So and Something-Else. He is very cross, Clee, because he’s read one of the Rampa books referring to the cowardly men of the Press. He thinks the Press are God-inspired, the Press have a right to write anything they want about people because they are doing holy work. Holy work, do you hear that, Clee?’ asked the Old Author. ‘This pressman asks for a definite statement from Lobsang Rampa of how the Press do any harm. The Press, he says, do only good’

The Press could be an instrument of tremendous good, but so could television. But both pander to the lowest emotions of mankind—sadism, sensuality, superstition, and assorted sinfulness. The big complaint against the Press is that they burst into print without being sure of their facts. The Press get hold of some rumor and immediately they print it as absolute fact, and if the rumor is good then the Press distort it because sensationalism and sadism seem to sell more successfully than anything good.

The Press talk about their freedom—the freedom of the Press—but how about freedom for individuals? If the Press

are to have freedom to write whatever they want to write, then the people about whom they write should also be afforded equal space in the columns of the papers to refute the lies which the Press have written. Instead of that, if any attempt at refutation is made, the Press take sentences out of context and write up a thing which becomes perfectly damning as it appears to emanate from the person concerned but is actually just a mish-mash of statements taken haphazardly, or perhaps not haphazardly; perhaps with that devilish cunning which only Press reporters seem to possess.

Many people who are not in a position to defend themselves are attacked by the Press. Charlie Chaplin, for example, has been attacked and attacked and attacked most unfairly by the Press. Prince Philip is another; he also has been attacked and has no means of defending himself. What about the freedom of the Press? How about the freedom of the people who are attacked?

The Press cause wars and race hatred. The Press print only that which is sensational and which is calculated to stir up trouble. Without the Press there would probably have been no war in Viet Nam. There would have been no war in Korea. Without the Press causing race hatred there would not be so much trouble between different colors of humans, and now—the Government of the United States is having grave trouble because the Press, against the wishes of the Government, have burst into print with matters which should be kept quiet.

Every person has something which he wants to keep private. Every person has something which, while perfectly all right within the family, might look a bit 'off' to an outsider who did not know the exact facts and circumstances. The same appears to be the case with these Pentagon papers which the Press are now purveying as sensational things. It is causing trouble in Canada, England, France, and many other countries—just because the Press people want a few extra cents for their newspapers. In this Author's opinion the Press is the most evil force which has ever existed upon this world; in this Author's opinion unless the Press be checked and controlled and censored the Press will eventually control the world and lead to Communism.

The Old Author lay back and smiled at Miss Cleopatra as he said, ‘Well, Clee, I wonder if that awful fellow, that Press reporter with the . . . newspaper in the city of . . . will take this to heart. I hope so. It could be one step towards salvation for him to leave his job with the Press and take something decent elsewhere.’

But let us turn aside from the Press and deal with some more questions. They are never-ending, aren't they? But it shows that there is a great need for some source whereby the questions may be answered, even partially.

Here, from England, are some questions and the answers:

1. ‘Is it wrong to have an animal “put to sleep” when it is suffering and is perhaps incurably ill?’

As a Buddhist one should not take life, but there are certain things which are greater than any of the established religions, whether it be Buddhism, Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, or anything else, and this is what one might term a duty to the Overself. In this Author's opinion it is definitely kinder to the animal to have it painlessly killed if according to the present state of veterinary knowledge it is incurable.

If an animal is suffering from such an illness that veterinary science cannot alleviate its suffering, then it is better to get a Veterinarian to destroy it as painlessly and as quickly as can be. That is kind. This particular Author is very, very experienced in the matter of pain having had more than his fair share, and as such he would have welcomed another stronger force which could put him out of his pain permanently.

Suicide is something quite different. Suicide is wrong. Suicide is very, very wrong indeed and those who are contemplating suicide truly have the balance of their mind disturbed by sorrow, pain, or by other circumstances which affect their judgment. Euthanasia would not be suicide because euthanasia would use the judgment of mature minds who were not directly involved and as such were not swayed by distressing emotions, who were not swayed by self-pity or by pain. Suicide, according to this Author's belief, is irrevocably wrong and should never be resorted to.

If an animal is ill it should be put out of its misery. If a

human is ill, incurably so, and of an advanced age where he is a burden to others, then there should be a form of euthanasia in which the matter could be discussed with those who have no personal interest.

This next question has bearing on the one above because the question is, 'Would it be possible to have the animal sent back during a human's life?'

The answer is; of course, 'Yes,' if it were to the animal's benefit. So that if—this, of course, is just by way of a purely hypothetical example and must not be taken too seriously—an animal is put out of his misery without having done his job, then it is possible that that same animal could elect to come back to the same family as a young kitten or a young puppy, and live out that period of time of which it had been deprived by being 'put to sleep' as an alleviant of suffering. It does happen. But, of course, if an animal is on the Other Side of life and if the 'owner' can do astral travel, then they can meet IF THEY BOTH DESIRE IT.

The next question—'Does the astral form have an aura, or only the physical?'

The physical form, the basic form down here on Earth, has an etheric and an aura. Both are just reflections of the life form within. Many people cannot see the aura—most people cannot see the aura—because they are so used to it in the same way that most people cannot see the air in which they live; all they can see is the smog, and there is plenty of that to see nowadays.

In the astral world the aura is much brighter around astral figures, and the greater the degree of evolution of an astral figure the more brightly the aura flashes, scintillates, and undulates. So the answer is—Yes, very definitely there is an aura around astral figures. But just as on the Earth some people cannot see the aura, so there are those in the lower astral who cannot see the astral aura. That is a matter which improves as the 'nonseers' evolution increases.

This person in England asks some sensible questions! It is from a very intelligent English woman (do you get that, Reader? I am praising a woman!). 'Would it be permissible' asks the question, 'to use information gained from the Akashic record to write true histories of ancient civil-

izations and true biographies of famous people?’

No, because you would not be believed. Ancient history resembles printed history only by accident. History is written, or re-written, or erased according to the whim of dictators, etc. A fairly modern-day example is the history of Nazi Germany. It is fairly common knowledge that history was altered a bit so that Hitler appeared to be something different from what he really was. It is fairly common knowledge also that Russian history has been altered to suit the Communist dictators. So the whole point is, if you wrote the truth from the Akashic Record you would find that it was not believed because it diverged so greatly from the official history of the country concerned.

In the matter of biographies, etc.— well if one writes the truth one cannot often get it published, and if it is published there is usually an awful commotion after because some pressman turns up a faint rumor and he breathes heavily on the flame until he makes a roaring furnace which consumes the truth. If you want the real truth you will have to wait until you go into the astral to live!

I say, Miss C., you've got some good questions! I am going to use another of yours. You say, ‘Is abortion always wrong?’

I say, no, it is often very much better to have an abortion rather than to bring into an already over-populated world some poor little wretch who will not be wanted and who may have an extremely difficult time through no fault of his own. After all, why should he be penalized for a few moments of carelessness on the part of the parents? If there is an early abortion, then an entity has not yet taken possession of the body.

By the way, Reader who complained of too many ‘I's’ surely by the time I have reached this stage of the book I can cease to be an Old Author and can be an Old Man instead, because I assure you I am not an ‘Old Woman’. Anyway, in my books I try to keep the personal touch because we are all friends together, aren't we? We are not stuffed ducks standing on pedestals. Get yourself on a pedestal and you can soon get knocked off.

Here is another of our soul questions. It is, ‘If the soul leaves a person who has become like a cabbage should the medical profession keep all the cabbages alive by purely

mechanical means?’

A personal opinion is—No. When a person gets to such a stage that the entity is no longer there and life is being sustained entirely by mechanical means, then it is wrong and foolish to sustain that life. Under such conditions mechanical means should be stopped and the body should be allowed to die. This is the kindest method. One hears so much nowadays of absolutely incurable people who are longing to die, who are being kept alive with whacking great tubes stuck in them and all sorts of devilish electronic devices—well, that is not life; that is living death. Why not let them ‘go home’?

‘With the population explosion there is increased pressure on the wild-life and wild places of the world—will these survive or will Man ruin his environment forever?’

Many animals, birds, and fish, will die and their species will be eliminated for all time from this Earth. Mankind is insatiable and voracious. Mankind has no thought for the people of the wilds, but only for putting a few more bucks in his pocket. As this is being written there is a scheme here in the Province of Quebec whereby millions of acres of land is going to be denuded of its trees to go into the papermaking industry because from some of these paper products newspapers are printed, artificial leather is made, and many other products which Man now finds indispensable to his existence for some reason.

With the felling of the trees there will be no insects, no birds; no places for the birds to nest, no food for them, and so they will starve. Animals without shelter and without food will starve also.

Man is committing suicide and ruining his world fast. With the removal of the trees there will be different thermo currents. The temperature of the trees caused air to rise and rain to fall, so without the trees there will be a climatic change. It could become a desert area in Quebec where the trees are being felled by the millions.

The roots of trees reach out into the soil and keep it together in a solid mass. When the trees are felled and the roots pulled up there will be nothing holding the soil together, so the winds will come and blow the light soil into the air leaving desert areas reminiscent of the Dust Bowl of America.

Mankind is ruining his world because of his quite insatiable money-grabbing. If people would only live more naturally without some of these synthetic compounds then they would be happier. As things are now, with all the developments of mankind, there is more and more pollution of the air and of the water and the soul, and soon there will come the point of no return when the earth will become barren and uninhabitable. Many people in high places out of this Earth, out of this world, are working hard to influence mankind so that this insensate destruction of the wild places of life shall be stopped, and so that Nature shall be afforded an opportunity of restoring the ecology to that which is most suitable for Man's continuance and for Man's evolution.

But—what is this? A large brown envelope inside of which there was a folded newspaper and a letter. The Old Author looked at the paper and put it aside quickly as it was a French language newspaper and he did not read French. The letter was in English. It said that the newspaper had an article by a man who was saying that Lobsang Rampa was ill and had retired and that he (the subject of the article) had now taken over as Lobsang Rampa's successor. The writer of the letter wanted to know who was this successor to Lobsang Rampa? Was it true?

There have been many people who claim to be Lobsang Rampa. But about this newspaper article first, No, I have no successors. No, I have no disciples, no students. I have no one who is my 'heir'. When I die and leave this Earth I shall have done all that I have tried to do, and if anyone sets up as my successor, my heir, my representative, then he is indeed definitely a fake. Let me repeat once again in capital letters—I HAVE NO SUCCESSORS. THERE IS NO ONE TO WHOM I HAVE DELEGATED ANY 'AUTHORITY'.

One of the awful things about being an author who is fairly well known is the number of people who go about and claim that they are that author. For instance not long ago I had a letter from an air hostess who said how glad she was to meet me on a recent air flight, but where was the set of autographed books which I had promised her? I am confined to a wheelchair or to a bed. All my flights are made in the astral without air hostesses. There have been quite a number of instances when people have passed

themselves off as me. Sometimes they have been offensive to other people, and other people have written to me complaining of my attitude. Sad, eh? Possibly this sort of thing could be stopped if everyone had identity cards because I have had bills charged to me and all sorts of things without, even knowing the first thing about it. So you have been warned. You should know what I look like by now, although I think sometimes the pictures on the covers of my books are painted by a blind man in complete darkness.

‘Now, Lobsang Rampa, I would like your opinion in general about healing. Is it wise of a person living in the twentieth century to get herself involved in this? I mean, doctors are so clever nowadays, they can do almost anything, so are we needed? Then take the ordinary man today, he does not know what you are talking about if you tell him you can cure a headache quickly instead of him taking a lot of pills. He will tell you that you are just right for a mental home. So, I would like to hear from you. Is it wise to use this healing ability?’

No, it is definitely unwise to use any so-called healing ability unless one has definite medical knowledge. It is possible to have a person suffering from a very dread disease, and it is perfectly possible by hypnotism to disguise the symptoms. But although one can disguise them, one is not curing the illness, and if the person feels ill or becomes even more ill and then goes to a doctor, well—the symptoms have been disguised so what can the poor unfortunate doctor do? Had it not been for the disguised symptoms, the doctor possibly could have located the precise disease and cured it.

Unless one has definite medical knowledge and is working with the co-operation of a registered medical practitioner one should never, never go in for these healing things because they can be lethal. The same goes for this prayer stunt. When a whole bunch of people get together to pray about a certain thing, unless they know the precise condition and circumstances they may invoke the law of reversed effort and make things a whole lot worse than they were before. So, the best motto to adopt is, ‘Leave well alone.’

Dear, dear, a whole bunch about the same sort of thing! All right, let's have a second on this, shall we? This next

question is, ‘Why is it that, say you have two people who suffer from the same type of illness, that one can be cured instantly and the other does not respond at all?’

The answer is as stated above, that one person is so hypnotized that the symptoms have been disguised and you think the person is cured instantly, while the second person is not so susceptible to hypnotic suggestions and so there is no change. Note, ‘hypnotic suggestions’ because healing, faith healing, etc., is basically of a hypnotic nature.

Question—‘Why is it that when I heal other people my hands become hot, but when I give myself healing they become ice cold?’

Answer—When you are healing, or trying to heal, another person you are giving a hypnotic suggestion that he gets better, but you are also giving excess prana which you have available, so the passage of this prana makes your hands become hot. Naturally you cannot give your own prana to yourself because you already have it, and so you are, in effect, invoking the law of reversed effort and merely depleting your own energy and so your hands become cold.

This healing power, so-called, is basically hypnotic and being able to put over an acceptable suggestion to a susceptible person. But healing power is also possessing a large amount of etheric energy which we will call prana, and if you have this energy you may, if you are versed in such things, be able to convey it to another person. It is like having a car which is stuck on a cold morning because the battery is low. The car won't run because the battery is too low to turn over the starting motor, so then another car comes along and the driver gets out and he connects his battery to the discharged battery of the stalled car. Then there is a large flow of energy and the stalled car starts right away. That should give you an idea of how this transference of energy takes place.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

We seem to be quite international. We have had questions so far from Africa, India, Iran, England, so let's get one from nearer home, one from Quebec. The question is about retarded children. 'What purpose does a child have who is born retarded, or even crippled or blind? I know that nothing is ever in vain, but I do not see the reason for all the retarded children we have in our society. I might sound cruel, but how can these poor souls learn anything? Are they not better off dead?'

Answer—Some of these retarded children are born in their retarded condition because before coming to the Earth they definitely chose that sort of life to gain that sort of experience. After all, how can you be acquainted with the sensations of a retarded child if you have never been one? And if you have never been a retarded child and recovered, how can you help retarded children?

Other retarded children are cases which could be greatly improved; they may be caused by carelessness at birth or simply by bad training, often by elderly parents. But invariably most of the latter class have a 'poor connection' with the Overself, and thus the messages are not properly relayed. Of course there are in the world many people who should be sent 'Home' just as one sends an animal 'Home' when it is obviously incurable, but it is one of those things which we just cannot do because public opinion is not yet in favor of it. In theory it is the best thing to kill a person who is mentally retarded—in theory. In actuality it would be impossible to distinguish between those who were incurable for the purpose of learning, and those who actually are learning nothing but bitterness. There is a further point, and it is this; the person who is incurable today and so a candidate for euthanasia might be cured tomorrow or next

week by the advancing sciences.

A nice question, this, one which I am sure you will like. It is—‘To what extent should one be forgiving? The Bible says “An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,” but this is inhuman. The man Jesus said to forgive seventy times seven, yet this is impossible in today's life. How much tolerance should one give?’

Well, this is an answer which might make certain old ladies of either sex blush, but I have a rough rule for how much one should take. I know all about ‘turning the other cheek’, but really, you know, we have only four cheeks, two in front and two behind. When all four have been slapped then it is time to slap back—much harder—and stop the nonsense once and for all, because to continually sit back meek and mild and take all the abuse which is hurled at one is just to prove oneself a ninny and a weakling and not worthy of any consideration at all. We should consider, are we man or mouse? If we are mouse, then squeak to your heart's delight but run back into the woodwork out of the way. If you are a man—or mankind—then if people go beyond certain limits it is foolish to tolerate any more.

‘Dr. Rampa,’ the letter started, ‘you can look into the Akashic Record, you know what is going on. Tell me, what was the truth about the Shakespeare affair? Did Shakespeare write his books, or what?’

Yes, for those who know how and who know how not to abuse it, the Akashic Record is available—for special purposes. But it doesn't really matter who Shakespeare was or why there is all the mystery, but here are some absolute facts.

The poor farmer's boy who was later to be known as Shakespeare, had a very great attribute. He had a ‘frequency’ which was entirely compatible with an entity who needed to come to the Earth to do a special task. so the boy who was to be known as Shakespeare was watched very carefully, watched as the careful gardener watches the blooming of a rare and precious plant. At the appropriate moment arrangements were made whereby the entity then inhabiting the body of the person who was to be known as Shakespeare, the author, was released from what to him had become tiresome bondage. He didn't like a life of

poverty, a life of hardship, and so it was easy to arrange that the entity controlling Shakespeare left—relinquished his control—and passed on elsewhere.

The entity who had this special task to do and who for some considerable time had been seeking a suitable vehicle because it is so wasteful for such high entities to have to come down and be reborn and risk losing much knowledge through the traumatic experience of birth the entity looked for a suitable grown host, and when the time was ripe the body was vacated by one and instantaneously re-occupied by the other.

Now there was a giant intellect in the body of the poor peasant, a giant intellect which had some considerable difficulty in adjusting to the confined space, in adjusting to the limited convolutions of the brain. And so for a little time there was a period of stasis during which no creative work was done. Then the giant entity controlling the peasant body set forth to London, set forth to explore, to become accustomed to the new body, and to overcome its gaucheries.

With the passage of time, and as increasing familiarity had been acquired over the body and over the brain, the entity began its task, writing immortal classics. But the writings were obviously impossible to an author of that body's apparent upbringing. So it is throughout the years there have been doubts, skepticisms, and wild surmises about who was Shakespeare, who wrote the works of Shakespeare.

The answer? The entity who took over the body of Shakespeare wrote those works because that was his task, and having accomplished his task he departed leaving behind him what to many is an enigma, a problem without solution. Yet if mankind would only listen to others who have had similar experiences, they too would be able to consult the Akashic Record and know something of the true marvels amid which we live.

Here is another question which may be of some interest. It is, 'When you say patience is needed to achieve astral travel do you mean, weeks, months, or years? Or does the period vary widely according to the person concerned, the amount of time they have been practicing, and the individual latent ability?'

Actually astral travel is done by all of us. Most people are unconscious of it, and when they have an experience which they dimly remember in the morning they put it down as a dream or imagination.

Astral traveling, or rather, learning to astral travel, is much the same as learning to ride a bicycle. Really it sounds quite impossible that anyone should ever learn to ride on two wheels, and as for those unicycle things——! Well people can learn to ride a bicycle or a unicycle. People can learn to walk a tightrope, and there is no set time for how long it will take one to become proficient. It is only a knack. If you believe you can ride a cycle, then you can ride a cycle. If you believe you can walk a tightrope or a slack rope either, then you can do so. It is the same with astral travel. It is not possible to set out a list of exercises on how you start to astral travel. How would you tell a person the manner in which he should learn to ride a bicycle? How would you tell a person how he would learn to use roller skates? Besides the obvious one of tying a cushion to his posterior, that is. And again, how would you teach a person how to breathe so that he could live? Breathing is a natural thing, we just do it. We are not always conscious of doing it, are we? We are only conscious of breathing when there is some difficulty. We are not conscious of astral traveling, either, most of us, but it is just as easy as breathing, just as easy as riding a bicycle.

The main thing is that you should decide that you are going to astral travel consciously. The emphasis is on the word 'consciously'. Unfortunately the word 'imagination' has a bad name. People think that to imagine a thing is to pretend something which does not exist. Perhaps we should say 'visualize' instead. So to start astral travel you should go to bed—alone, of course, and in a room alone also. You should rest in any position whatever so long as it is comfortable. If you could stand on your head that would be quite all right if you found it comfortable. But if you want to lie on your back, on your side, on your front, so long as it is comfortable, that is all you need do. If you find it comfortable then it is all you need.

So—lying down comfortably, make sure that your breathing is complete, that is, slow, and deep, and even, naturally, comfortably, not forced. Lie like that for a few

moments, collecting your thoughts. Then with the light out visualize yourself as a body within a body, visualize you are in a body withdrawing from your outer body in much the same way as you would withdraw your hand from the glove which encompassed it.

Form a mental picture of your body just as you are lying on the bed. Do you have pajamas on? Then visualize them, even to the stripes or patterns or flowers. Do you have a nightdress? Visualize that precisely as it is. Do you have pretty little bows and laces round the neck? Well be sure you visualize them. Or are you one of those hardy souls who sleeps like a peeled banana? Well, visualize yourself just as you are. And then go on with your visualization to imagine (sorry! VISUALIZE) your astral form to be absolutely identical with the outer form. Visualize this body sliding out of the flesh body and rising up so that it is about an inch or two above the flesh body. Hold it there, just concentrate on visualizing what it is like. If you are a girl you will have long hair, but that is a mistake because boys, too, seem to have long hair nowadays. But, anyway, if you have long hair visualize it hanging down. Is it touching the face of the flesh body? Then push it up a few inches. Visualize that body as a solid creation. Look at it from the top, from the ends, and from underneath so that you get a complete picture, a solid picture of it. Then let yourself feel satisfaction. You are out of the body. Do you feel the astral body swaying up and down slightly? Be careful, if it sways too much you will have a dreadful feeling of falling, and then you will slam back into your flesh body again with a horrid 'bonk' which will jerk you back to being just in bed.

Be satisfied for the moment thinking of your body, your astral body, floating a little way just above your fresh body. Then gradually visualize the astral body sinking back inside the flesh body just as you would slide your hand into a glove.

Try that for a night or two until you can hold the visualization strongly, and when you can do that go further.

You have got out of your body. You are floating just above your flesh body. Think—where do you want to go? Do you want to go and see Dr. Armand Legge, the doctor who gave you such a bad medical report, or something? All

right, you know what he is like. Think of him, think of yourself traveling, think of yourself arriving. If you can do it like this you can just tickle him on the back of his neck. He will become frightfully uncomfortable! But perhaps it's a little unkind to tell you of a trick like that.

Do you want to think of your girl friend? Well, you can go and see your girl friend, too, if you want to. But remember if you have the wrong thoughts in your mind about what you are going to see you will find that until you've got an awful lot of practice you'll end up back in your body with a hearty slap. What happens is this; you get out of your body, you think you will go and see some girl friend or someone whom you would like to have as a girl friend. You know it's her bath time and you want to see if she has any moles on her birthday suit. You get there, but her aura detects your presence and alerts her subconscious. Her consciousness may feel uneasy, she may keep looking over her shoulder or something, she may wonder if the landlord is peeping through the keyhole. She won't see you, but her aura will sense you and the subconscious will rise and give you such a bonk that you will forget all that you have seen and you will be chased back to your body with more of a shock than you thought possible. Only when your thoughts are pure can you intrude on a person's privacy like this, and to those people who write in and ask how they can peep at their girl-friends at the wrong time—well, the answer is, for your own sake don't. You will get pretty rough treatment.

Practice this visualization. It is an easy thing indeed. When you can visualize it, then you can do it, so how long it is going to take depends upon you, upon how quickly you can realize the truth. The truth is that you do astral travel, but because of civilized conditioning, etc., you do not always realize it, you do not always remember it, and when you do remember it most times you pass it off as imagination, a dream, or as wishful thinking. As soon as you accept the reality of astral travel then you can sincerely visualize astral travel. And when you can sincerely visualize astral travel, then, believe me, you can do it because it is far more simple than getting up off a chair, it is far more simple than picking up a book. Astral travel is basic, it is part of a living person's birthright, no matter whether it be a horse, a

monkey, a human, or a cat—every one does astral travel; But how quickly you do it consciously—that depends, on you .

Curiouser and curiouser; the very next question is: ‘You say that in the astral everything shimmers, but to me everything shimmers always. Is it because I wear glasses?’

When you are in the astral everything shimmers because it is full of life, full of vitality. If you are doing it properly you can see little speckles of light around you. You see as if everything was in a shaft of sunlight. No doubt you have been on some grimy railroad station and had a shaft of sunlight peer in through a murky window. In the shaft of sunlight you have seen little specks floating about. Well, in the astral everything is like that, you are in perpetual sunlight, and everything shimmers with the vitality of life. It is the opposite of being in smog. In the astral, by the way, bad sight does not matter. It does not matter if you are blind. In the astral you have all your senses. You can hear and see, you can smell, and you can feel. A hundred per cent efficiency every time. So why not try astral travel? It is easy and it is natural. And, finally, astral travel is utterly, utterly safe. You cannot get hurt, and so long as you are not afraid no harm of any kind can happen to you. if you are afraid, well you are just wasting energy. There is nothing to it except that. The only thing is, if you are afraid you are dissipating your energy needlessly, and—you are slowing down your vibrations so much that you are making it difficult to stay in the astral in the same way that an aeroplane that loses its forward speed sinks. You don't want to sink, do you? All right then, don't be afraid. There is nothing of which to be afraid!

So the questions come rolling in ad infinitum, add two and two together. The old typewriter goes clacking away and the pages come churning out—not churning out really because everything is thought out, but with a bit of practice typing comes fast. So the pages come out anyway, which means as there are more and more pages there is less and less room for further questions. So let us answer just one more question in this chapter. Here is a good one:

‘You tell us that when we are on Earth we are only one-tenth conscious, but from what we read in your books it does appear that we are less conscious than are beings who

inhabit other planets; the Gardeners of the Earth, as one example, either are in possession of one hundred per cent awareness or they must have greater power than Earth people or is it that in their third dimensional state they could be more than one-tenth conscious? Their intellect and technical knowledge seem to be so far beyond ours not only their intellect but their compassion and understanding. Can you explain this please?’

Yes, sure, nothing to it. On this Earth we are upon one of the most measly of little dust spots in the Universe. You see, there are more planets, more worlds, than there are grains of sand upon all the sea-shores of the Earth and you can throw in for good measure all the sand on the seabed too, because the number of universes is beyond human comprehension. If you get a bit of dirt beneath your nail and you look at it all beneath a microscope you find there are thousands of bits of dirt. But then think of all the stuff on the surface of your body, think also that no matter how this ‘dirt’ appears to you, yet still it is formed of the basic carbon molecule. So, piece of dirt beneath a nail, how are you going to imagine how many molecules—how many worlds—there are in one human body? And having decided upon that, how about all the other human bodies, the animal bodies, the bodies on other worlds, etc.

Upon this world we are one-tenth conscious, but upon other worlds people may be several more tenths conscious. But if they were even one-twentieth conscious they could still be far more intelligent than the people of Earth.

The Gardeners of the Earth are not just three-dimensional people living somewhere out there in space ready to slap down an intruding astronaut or cosmonaut. They are in a different dimension also, and of course their technical abilities are so far above that of humans that humans to them would be like a particularly scruffy microbe sitting on a particularly scruffy piece of dirt.

The big difficulty is that upon this Earth we have to live and deal with three dimensional terms, so how is one to describe things which happen perhaps in nine or more dimensions?

So, to answer the question—yes, upon this Earth we are only one-tenth conscious. And, yes, we are less conscious than are beings who inhabit superior planets, even if, by

chance, they also should be only one-tenth conscious.

Yes, the Gardeners of the Earth are much more conscious, and they are also much more conscious in many more dimensions. They have worked their way up from what we are now, and yet above them there are higher beings and to them the Gardeners of the Earth are just as we appear to the Gardeners of the Earth. But if we adopt the correct law, and that law is that we should do that which we would have others do unto us, then we too can climb our way up to the state of the Gardeners of the Earth and from thence onwards. The best way to explain it is to take the R.A.F. motto, 'Through Hardship to the Stars'

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Henrietta Bunn glowered gloomily as she looked at her friend. ‘Can't understand this author,’ she complained, ‘here am I trying to study his books and there is no Index. How does he expect one to find a thing again—read all the books?’ Her breath trailed off into a series of muttered fulminations as she flipped the pages as well as her lid.

Her friend, Freda Prizner, smiled indulgently, ‘Well, you know, Hen,’ she replied, ‘I read his books for pleasure. The thought of STUDY turns me off and I want someone to Turn me On!’ She sighed and added, ‘But you got something there, girl, all books should have indexes so you can look up what you want to avoid.’

The poor wretched Author groaned as he wriggled in discomfort on his hard steel bed. What DO people want? he wondered. First, it is a ‘sin’ to use too many I's—and after all, am I not entitled to an I or two more than average? There is “The Third Eye”, you know! But now Readers (bless their hearts—one to each Reader!) want an Index!!! The Old Author felt his pangs and pains increase at the mere thought.

Deep in the Heart of the United States where the Buffaloes no longer roam (the Elks having taken over instead) a most brilliant and talented woman was hard at work. With one husband—she says it is enough!—and two children—she says it is too many as they are boys!—to look after, she STILL found time to compile An Index. Out of the blue it came, well no, this is a TRUE book. Out of a mailman's mail sack it came. A package. The Old Author's fumbling fingers easily unwrapped the parcel because it had already been opened by Canada Customs (a very BAD custom they have). Inside—INSIDE—yes, you guessed it. THERE was An Index.

Mrs. Maria Pien is a brilliant woman, talented and capable. Yet no one is perfect; even she has a fault. Her writing is minute, and the Old Author has rapidly failing sight. So to read Mrs. Pien's writing a STRONG magnifying glass is used. She missed her vocation; her natural work should be to write books on the head of a pin.

Thank you, Mrs. Pien, for your greatly-appreciated work. Thank you, Miss Sekeeta Siamese Pien, for keeping her up to it.

In the interest of space, the initials of the title are used, thus:

The Third Eye	= TE
Doctor from Lhasa	= DFL
The Rampa Story	= RS
Cave of the Ancients	= CA
Living with the Lama	= LWL
You-Forever	= YF
Wisdom of the Ancients	= WA
The Saffron Robe	= SR
Chapters of Life	= ChL
Beyond the Tenth	= BT
Feeding the Flame	= FTF
The Hermit	= TH
The Thirteenth Candle	= TC

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Wheel of Life : TE 101; YF I83  
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Zagreb Letter: YF 133  
Zodiac Signs : ChL 185

More yet—now you get the ‘Wise Sayings’  
as a bonus, too!

## WISE SAYINGS

It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.	FTF 6
The more you know the more you have to learn.	FTF 9
Never reply to criticism; to do so is to weaken your case.	FTF 26
Everything that exists has motion.	FTF 27
Without extremes how can there be anything?	FTF 27
It is not bad to have extremes, it just means that two points are separated from each other as far as they can be.	FTF 27
The right path is close at hand yet mankind searches for it afar.	FTF 41
Success is the culmination of hard work and thorough preparation.	FTF 56
A hundred men may make a camp; it takes a woman to make a home.	FTF 70
Time is the most valuable thing a man can spend.	FTF 87
Injure others and you injure yourself.	FTF I07
If people would plan their days properly and stick to the plan, there would be adequate time for everything. This is the Voice of Experience because I practise what I teach—successfully!	FTF 119
If you don't scale the mountain you can't view the plain.	FTF I 20
Remember, the turtle progresses only when he sticks out his neck.	FIF 138
The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials.	FTF 155
A man has to hold his mouth open a long time before a roasted partridge flies into it.	FTF 172
If you don't believe in others how can you expect other to believe in you?	FTF 184
Divide the enemy and you can rule the enemy, stay united yourself and you can defeat a divided enemy, The enemy can well be indecision, fear, and uncertainty.	SR 87

Humans—man and woman—must try to live with each other exercising tolerance, patience, and selflessness.	ChL 187
By keeping pure thoughts, we keep out unpure thoughts, we strengthen that to which we return when we leave the body.	SR 194
One can ask in prayer that one shall be able to assist others because through assisting others one learns oneself, in teaching others one learns oneself, in saving others one saves oneself. One has to give before one can receive, one has to give of oneself, give of one's compassion, of one's mercy. Until one is able to give of oneself, one is not able to receive from others. One cannot obtain mercy without first showing mercy. One cannot obtain understanding without first having given understanding to the problems of others.	SR 196
Return good for evil and fear no man, and fear no man's deed, for in returning good for evil and giving good at all times, we progress upwards and never downwards.	YF 22
To the pure, all things are pure.	YF 55
Whatever you believe you are, that you are. Whatever you believe you can do, that you can do.	YF 77
Be still and know that I am within.	YF 90
Give that you may receive.	YF 102
What a person fears, that he persecutes.	YF 109
We fear that which we do not understand.	YF 112
When we are on the other side of death we are living in harmony.	YF 117
'Unless you be as little children you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven' should read: 'If you have the belief of a child uncontaminated by adult disbelief you can go anywhere at any time.'	YF 120
Dreams are windows into another world.	YF 128
If you keep on telling yourself that you are going to succeed, you will succeed, but you will only succeed if you keep on with your affirmation of success and not let doubt (the negative faith) intrude.	YF 144
We must at all times cultivate inner composure, cultivate tranquil manner.	YF 150
The distilled essence of all that we learn upon Earth is that which makes us what we are going to be in the next life.	YF 150
Ask yourself: will any of these matters, any of these	

worries, be important in fifty or a hundred years time?	YF 153
The more good you can do to others, the more you gain yourself.	YF 154
If you think peace, you will have peace.	YF 155
We must be at peace within ourselves if we are going to progress.	YF 156
With inner composure and faith you can do ANY-THING.	YF 164
As we think today so we are tomorrow.	YF 166
If you are showing the effects of strain it means that you do not have the correct perspective.	YF 169
If you work too hard you are so busy thinking about the hard work you are putting in that you have no time to think about the results you hope to obtain.	YF 169
It is well to remember that in any battle between the imagination and the will power, the imagination always wins.	YF 175
The only thing to be afraid of is of being afraid.	YF 180
If you control your imagination by building up faith in your own abilities, you can do anything.	YF 180
There is no such thing as 'impossible'.	YF 180
As you think, so you are.	YF 184
We should forgive those that trespass against us, and we should seek the forgiveness of those against whom we trespass. We should always remember that the surest way to a good Karma is to do to others as we would have them do to us.	YF 185
In the eye of God all men are equal, and in the eye of God all creatures are equal whether they be horses or cats, etc.	YF 185
We should at all times show great care, great concern, great understanding for those who are ill or sorrowing or are afflicted, for it may be that our task is to show such care and understanding.	YF 185
The sick person may well be far more evolved than are you who are healthy, and in helping that sick person you could indeed help yourself immensely.	YF 186
Sorrowing unduly for those who have 'passed over' causes them pain, causes them to be dragged down to Earth.	YF 190
Just as we should do as we would be done by we should give full tolerance, full freedom to another	

person to believe and worship as he or she thinks fit.	YF 195
Failure means that you were not really strong in your resolution to do this or not do that!	YF 213
The beggar of today might be the prince of tomorrow, and the prince of today might be the beggar of tomorrow.	YF 216
Do not at any time inflict your own opinion on others.	YF 217
Those who talk least hear most.	WA 120
The mind is like a sponge which soaks up knowledge.	WA 81
Peace is the absence of conflict internally and externally.	WA 99
This world, this life is the testing place wherein our spirit is purified by the suffering of learning to control our gross flesh body.	CA 33
There can be an evil man in a Lamasery just as there can be a saint in prison.	CA 47
We came to this world to suffer that our Spirit may evolve. Hardship teaches, pain teaches, kindness and consideration do not.	CA 62
Fear corrodes the Soul.	CA 141
Life follows a hard and stony path, with many traps and pitfalls, yet if one perseveres the top is attained.	CA 145
The greatest force in the world is imagination.	CA 181
Let your conscience be your guide.	CA 188
Never despair, never give up, for right will prevail.	CA 188
You cannot have a cultured man unless that man has been disciplined.	CA 196
It is a sad fact that we learn only with pain and suffering.	CA 197
There must be love between the parents if the best type of child is to be born.	CA 203
Almost any couple could live together successfully provided they learn this matter of give and take.	CA 203
Do not quarrel or be at variance with each other, for the child absorbs the attitude of the parents. The child of unkind parents becomes unkind.	CA 210
The master always comes when the student is ready.	CA 223
Iron ore may think itself senselessly tortured in the furnace, but when the tempered blade of finest steel looks back it knows better.	RS 14
He who listens most learns most.	RS 96
Race, creed, and colour do not matter, all men bleed red.	RS 138

Imagination is the greatest force on Earth.	RS 149
It is not good to dwell too much upon the past when the whole future is before one.	DFL 43
It is better to rest with a peaceful mind than to sit like a Buddha and pray when angry.	TE 58
It is a sad thing that people condemn that which they do not understand.	ChL 137
There is a definite occult law which says that you cannot receive unless you are first ready to give.	ChL 200
‘Let there be light’ means ‘lift the Soul of man out of darkness that he may perceive the Greatness of God’.	ChL 209
Death to Earth is birth into the Astral World.	BT 20
All depends upon your attitude, upon your frame of mind because as we think so we are.	BT 64
This Earth is just a speck of dust existing for the twinkle of an eye in what is real time.	FTF 24
Everyone has to be an island unto himself.	FTF 48
Suicide is never justified.	FTF 64
Your body is just a vehicle, a vehicle whereby your Overself can gain some experience on Earth.	FTF 76
Man, when evolved, can have his ‘service’ within himself, anywhere, at any time, without having to be herded and congregated like mindless yaks.	TH 10
The more a man's spirituality the less his worldly possessions.	TH 11
One without eyes is particularly helpless, completely at the mercy of others, at the mercy of EVERYTHING.	TH 15
Man is temporary, man is frail, life on Earth is but illusion and the Greater Reality lies beyond.	TH 43
Appearances can be misleading.	TH 48
Rumours are never reliable.	TH 91
Some of us are doing our best in very difficult circumstances and our hardships were to encourage us to do better and climb upwards, for there is always room at the top!	TH 98
This is the shadow life. If we do our task in THIS life we shall go to the REAL life hereafter. I know that for I have seen it.	TH 103
Time upon Earth is just a flickering in the consci- ousness of cosmic time.	TH 108
Learn to endure hunger now. Learn fortitude now. Learn always to have a positive approach NOW, for during your life you will know hunger and suffering; they will be your constant companions. There are	

many who will harm you, many who will attempt to drag you down to their level. Only by a positive mind—always positive—will you survive and surmount all these trials and tribulations which inexorably will be yours. Now is the time to learn. ALWAYS is the time to practice what you learn now. So long as you have faith, so long as you are Pos TivE, then you can endure the worst assaults of the enemy.	TH 117
No man is given more than he can bear, and man himself chooses what tasks he shall perform, what tasks he shall undergo.	TH 117
One of the main troubles of this world is that most people are negative.	TH I55
If people would always think POSITIVELY there would be no trouble with the world, for the negative condition comes naturally to people here, although it actually takes more effort to be negative.	TH156
Man upon Earth is an irrational figure given to believing that which is not so in preference to that which is.	TC 33
You may get a very good person who gets a lot of pain and you-the onlooker-may think it is unfair that such a person should have such suffering, or you may think that the person concerned is paying back an exceedingly hard Karma. But you could be wrong. How do you know that the person is not enduring the pain and suffering in order to see how pain and suffering can be eliminated for those who come after? Do not think that it is always paying back Karma. It may possibly be accumulating good Karma.	TC 104
We have to manage on our own, everyone of us. It is wrong to join cults and groups. We have to stand alone, and if Man is to evolve Man must be alone.	TC 108
This is the Age of Kali, the Age of Disruption, the Age of Change when mankind stands at the crossroads deciding to evolve or devolve, deciding whether to go upwards or whether to sink down to the level of the chimpanzee. And in this, the Age of Kali, I have come in an attempt to give some knowledge and perhaps to weigh a decision to Western man and woman that it is better to study and climb upwards than to sit still and sink down into the slough of despond.	TC 112
You can be reaching for Buddhahood whatever your station in life. The only thing to go on is-how	

do you live? Do you live according to the Middle Way, do you live according to the rule that you should do as you would have others do unto you? If so, then you are on the road to Buddhahood.	TC 118
We came to this Earth for the purpose of developing our Immortal Soul.	TC 127
We come to this Earth knowing before we come what our problem will be, knowing what hardships we shall have to undergo, and if we commit suicide our selves made for our own advancement.	TC 128
Anything you do here benefits your Overself and so benefits you because you are the same thing.	TC 133
Without the Press causing race hatred there would not be so much trouble between the different colours of humans.	TC 139
If you are afraid you are dissipating your energy needlessly.	TC 153

**DO AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHERS DO  
UNTO YOU**

**THE END**

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CORGI

# T. LOBSANG RAMPA CANDLELIGHT



## CANDLELIGHT

The faint flickering gleam of fourteen little Candles shines forth into the world, bringing to a vast number of people some of the Light of astral knowledge.

The Sunlight is waning. Coming fast is the end of Day.

The Darkness of communism; is by stealth and treachery engulfing the world faster and faster.

Soon the Light of Freedom will be extinguished for a time while Mankind ponders opportunities lost, and regrets warnings unheeded.

But even in the darkest hour there shall be the gleams of little Candles, bringing hope to a stricken world. The darkest hour is before the dawn, and that hour is not yet.

The gloom and despondency of evil men usurping power shall be lessened by the knowledge that all suffering shall eventually pass, and the Sunlight shall shine again.

Candlelight may bring illumination to some, hope to others. Sunlight gives way to darkness, darkness gives way to Sun—light, but even in the deepest dark a Candle may show the Way.

## FROM AN ADMIRER

'You are old, Father Rampa,' the Young Man exclaimed,  
'And the Press for too long have you defamed.  
The Candles you lit gleam both near and afar  
Sending out light like a welcoming Star.  
'You are old, Father Rampa,' the Young Man said.  
'Put aside your typing, it's time that you died.  
Your life has been hard and your experiences grim,  
But the Candles you lit will never grow dim!'  
'You are old, Father Rampa,' the Young Man said.  
'Your Candles will flame long after you're dead.  
The Truths you have taught will enrich our way,  
The hardships you suffered; was it too much m pay?'  
Freed from suffering, freed from sorrow,  
Freed from worries about 'tomorrow',  
Freed from the toils of this bad Earth,  
Freed from the circle of 'endless' re-birth,  
Your life-flame flickers and ends one day,  
But the Candles you lit will show us the Way!  
(with apologies to all and everyone who merits an apology!)

## CHAPTER ONE

The sullen clouds came lowering out of the steel sky and began to weep. A thin veil of pattering raindrops scudded across the dirty roofs of Montreal and ended up as rivulets of sooty-black; in the garbage-cluttered gutters. The tempo of the downpour increased; the swirling rainstorm blotted out the bridges, the tall, ugly buildings, and then even the Port itself. Suddenly the trees leaned over, water pouring from depressed leaves, forming scummy puddles over the sparse grass. In the distance a ship hooted forlornly as though in despair at having again to enter Montreal, the City of Two Tongues.

Glumly the cats sat before the fogged-up window and wondered if the sun would ever shine again. Outside on the flooded roadway, a tattered copy of a French-language newspaper blew to its rightful home in a sewer where it momentarily blocked the water flow and then vanished in a scurry of gurgling sound.

The old blue bus went chuntering along, engine roaring, wheels flinging plumes of water from the flooded road. Came a CRASH as it dropped into the hollow by the office. Lurching and reeling, it pushed its cumbersome way through the murk and turned right, out of sound. There came the ponderous roar of the garbage truck pounding its way along the road. A behemoth shape glimpsed dimly through the unlighted gloom and then—Peace, save for the drumming of the rain.

The old man in the wheelchair groped for the light switch as he turned away from the steamed window. With the light on he turned sadly to the pile of letters yet to be answered. ‘Questions—questions—questions,’ he mumbled, ‘do they think I

am a free advisory bureau on everything from conception death—with a good dose of the hereafter thrown in?’

The letter from the ‘lady’ in a large U.S.A. city was interesting: ‘I have read all thirteen of your books,’ she wrote. ‘A good author would have told all that and more in one-half chapter.’ Gee, Ma’am, well—*thanks!* But—here they come: a very very cross Women’s Lib gangster from Winnipeg. Doesn’t like me a bit—thinks I *hate* women. Well, *she* is not a woman, anyhow, more like a drunken buck navy from her language. Women? I *love* ‘em. Men, and women, just the opposite sides of ‘the coin’. Why *should* I hate them? What a *touchy* lot some women are, though, phooey!

But the minute minority do not matter. Most—about ninety nine per cent (true) are sincerely interested in what I write and just ‘love’ my Candles. They want to know more about all aspects of metaphysics. How to levitate, how to teleport, how to do *this* and how to do *that*.

Quite a number of people have become increasingly interested in dowsing and pendulums. There is a letter here from a person who saw a man talking across a field, and suddenly the forked stick which the man was holding twitched violently. The correspondent tells me that this person was a water diviner, and please would I say if there is anything in this business of dowsing and using a pendulum.

Yes, most definitely dowsing is a genuine thing—if one knows how to use the hazel or other forked twig. Most definitely there is something in pendulums provided the person knows what he is or she is doing and is not just putting on a stage turn to impress the unwary.

First, we have to know what causes these things to work. At the present time with radio commonplace it is not at all difficult to get over the idea that there are certain currents, or certain waves, which a person cannot detect without some intermediary. For example, about us all the time is a horrible commotion which, fortunately, we cannot hear, but radio waves are coming in from everywhere—AM, FM, Long Waves, Short Waves, High Frequency, and Ultra-High Frequency. To the average human they might just as well not be there because without special apparatus or special conditions

one just cannot perceive them. But—let us get a mysterious piece of equipment between the incoming waves and the loud-speaker or the television tube, and then we get noise or we get pictures. The mysterious piece of apparatus is connected usually to some substance (the aerial) which receives the incoming waves and then takes them to the interior of the mysterious box where all sorts of wires, bits of copper and mica or paper, etc., sort out the jumble and ‘detect’ a coherent signal. Then it passes on to another section of the box where it is amplified and its speed of frequency is reduced to that which can be dealt with. From the amplifier it goes to the output stage, and thence on to the speaker or to a television tube and speaker, and then we get something which approximates more or less to the original noise which was broadcast, or to the original picture which was broadcast. Of course, that is over-simplifying rather dreadfully because in addition to having the incoming signals we have to have a method of collecting the signals, detecting the signals, amplifying them, and putting them to ‘output’. But—and we must not forget this—we have to have a method of tuning to the frequency or wavelength to which we desire to listen or watch.

Radio and dowsing are very much the same.

The signals we receive in dowsing—let’s forget all about dowsing, shall we? Actually, unless a person is going to dowse for water only out in the ‘blue yonder’ there is no point in having hazel twigs, aluminium ‘twigs’, or all sorts of wonderful glorified versions of hazel twigs. It is much better and much more convenient to use a pendulum which does everything a dowsing rod can do, and much more. So let us just refer to pendulums because, unless you are a farmer in the wildest part of Australia where you can perhaps cut a suitable twig at any moment, there is no point in cluttering yourself with a lot of lumber.

A pendulum is a lump of material attached to something which will not constrict its movements. A little later we will discuss different types of pendulums, but basically the radiations which can be indicated by a pendulum are radiations in some way similar to radio. They are radiations transmitted by all and every material as it decomposes, or gets ready to change

state. We know, for example, that throughout countless years radium decays into lead. We know that all matter is a whole horde of molecules hopping about like fleas on a hot plate, the smaller the fleas the faster they can jump, the bigger the fleas the slower and more cumbersome. So it is with material. Everything has its atomic number, number of atoms indicating how slowly it is going to vibrate, or how fast it is going to vibrate. So all we do in pendulum work is to tune in to some atomic vibrations, and, if we know how, we can tell which one it is and where it is.

When we are dealing with radio we have an aerial system which absorbs or attracts or intercepts (call it what you like) the waves coming through the atmosphere. Perhaps they are bounced back by the Heaviside layer or the Appleton layer. But in addition there is a ground wire which makes contact with the ground wave because you must have two—positive and negative—in everything. You can take the ground wave as negative and the air wave as positive. So in the matter of pendulums the human body collects the air wave, acting as the antenna or aerial, and the feet in contact with the ground act as the earth connection, or 'ground'. And for correct pendulum work it is necessary to keep the balls of the feet on the ground unless one uses another method of tapping the earth current. Of course, using a pendulum is simplicity itself. It is even simpler than simplicity if we know why a thing works. That is why you are getting this long collection of words which might at first strike you as rigmarole; it's not. Until you know what you are doing you can't tell when you are doing it!

Pendulums really work! Many Japanese tell the sex of unborn babies by the use of a pendulum. They use a gold ring suspended on a piece of string or thread, and it is held above the stomach of the pregnant woman. The direction or type of movement indicates the sex of the child yet to be born. Incidentally, many Chinese and Japanese use a pendulum for sexing eggs!

A radio set uses electric current for reproducing sound which was broadcast from some distant station. Television sets use current also for reproducing a rough simulacrum of the picture transmitted from a distant station. So in the same way

if we are going to dowse or use a pendulum or anything else we have first of all to have a source of current, and the best source of current we can use is the human body. After all, our brains are really storage batteries, telephone exchanges, and all that sort of thing, but the main thing is, it is a source of electric current sufficient for all our needs and sufficient to enable us to detect impulses and thereby cause a pendulum to twitch, swirl, gyrate, or oscillate, or all the other queer thing which a pendulum does. So, to work a pendulum, we must have a human body, an alive human body at that. You cannot tie a pendulum to a hook and expect it to work because there would be no source of current.

Nor would it be of much use if we could tie our pendulum to a hook and supply it with current because the current has to be in pulses varying according to the type of action desired. Just as in radio we have high notes, low notes, loud notes, and soft notes, so with a pendulum we must have the necessary current variation to do 'the necessary'.

Who is going to vary the current? Well, the Overself, of course. That is the brightest citizen we have around us, you know. After all, you who read this are just one-tenth conscious, so, knowing yourself, just think how brilliant you would be if you could call in the other nine-tenths of consciousness. You can certainly enlist its aid, the aid of the sub-conscious. The sub-conscious is brilliant; it knows everything that you have ever known, can do everything that you could ever do, and can remember every single incident since long before you were born. So if you could touch your sub-conscious you would get to know a very considerable amount of things, wouldn't you? You can touch your sub-conscious—with practice and with confidence.

The sub-conscious can also contact other sub-conscious minds. There are truthfully no limits to the powers of the sub-conscious mind and when the sub-conscious mind is allied to other sub-conscious minds, then indeed results may be achieved.

We cannot just ring up a telephone number and ask to speak to our sub-conscious because we have to look upon that Mind as being something like a very absent-minded professor who is

constantly sorting knowledge, storing knowledge, and acquiring knowledge. He is so busy that he can't bother with other people. If you pester him enough in the politest way, then he may answer your summons. So first of all you have to become familiar with your sub-conscious. You see, the whole thing is that the sub-conscious is the greater part of you, the much greater part of you, and I suggest that you give your sub-conscious a name. Call him or her whatever you like so long as it is a name agreeable to you. Supposing it is a male, then you could (purely as an illustration) use the name 'George'. Or if it is the sub-conscious of a female, then you could say 'Georgina'. But the whole point is that you must have some definite name which you link inseparably with your sub-conscious. So when you want to get in touch with your sub-conscious you could say for example, 'George, George, I want your help very much, I want you to work with me, I want you to- (here you specify what you want), and remember, George, that really we are all one and what you do for me you are also doing for yourself.' You need to repeat that slowly and carefully, and with very great thought. Repeat it three times. The first time 'George' will probably shrug his mental shoulders and say, 'Oh that pestiferous fellow, bothering me again when I've got so much work to do,' and 'he' will turn back to his work. Next time you repeat it he will pay more attention because he is being bothered, but still he won't take any action. But if you repeat it a third time, 'George' or 'Peter' or 'Dave' or 'Bill' or whoever it is will get the idea that you are going to keep on until you get some action, so he will give a metaphorical sigh and help.

This is not fantasy, it's fact. I claim to know quite a lot about it because for more years than I care to remember I have done just this. My own sub-conscious is not called 'George', by the way, but a name which I do not reveal to anyone else just as you should not reveal to anyone else the name of your sub-conscious. I never laugh or joke about it because this is deadly serious. You are only one-tenth of a person, your sub-conscious is nine-tenths, so you have to show respect, you have to show affection, you have to show that you can be trusted because if you do not gain the co-operation of your sub-conscious then

you won't do any of the things that I write about. But if you practice what you are reading, you can do the whole lot. So make friends with your sub-conscious. Give him or her a name, and be sure that you keep that name very, very private indeed.

You can talk to your sub-conscious. It is better if you talk slowly and repeat things. Imagine that you are telephoning someone on the other side of the world and the telephone line is a bit poor, you have to repeat yourself, you have quite a difficult time making yourself understood. Your listener at the other end of the telephone line is not an idiot for having difficulty in understanding your message, but general communications are bad, and if you overcome the difficulties of communications you can then find that you have a very intelligent conversationalist, one who is far more intelligent than you are! When you are using the pendulum (we will go into that in more detail in a moment or so) you have to keep your feet flat on the ground so that the balls of your feet are in contact with the floor, and then you have to say something like, 'Sub-conscious (or the name you have chosen), I want to know what I must do to get success at such-and-such a thing. If you are going to make the pendulum work, will you make it swing backwards and forwards to indicate "yes", and from side to side to indicate "no" just as a human does when he nods for "yes" and shakes his head for "no". You have to get over a message like that about three times, you have to explain very slowly, very clearly, and very carefully indeed what you want your sub-conscious to do and what you expect of the test because if you don't know what you want, then how can the sub-conscious give you any information? The sub-conscious won't know either. If you don't know what you want, you don't know when you've found it!

We started with dowsing, so let us deal first with what we call the dowsing pendulum. By the way, a little digression. Shall we refer to all sub-consciousness as 'George' for the purpose of this instruction? It's such a chore typing out 'sub-conscious' time after time, so we will just use the generic name of George in the same way as pilots call their automatic pilot 'Mike'. So George it is for our collective sub-conscious.

The dowsing pendulum should be a ball possibly an inch or an inch and a quarter in diameter. If you can get a very good wooden pendulum so much the better, or you may be able to obtain a neutral metal one. But for the moment any pendulum will do as long as it is about an inch or an inch and a quarter in diameter. You should get a piece of thread such as boot-makers use for stitching on soles. I believe it's called cobblers' thread. You will need about five feet of it. Tie one end to your pendulum which should have a little eyelet on the top for that purpose, and tie the other end to a rod or even to an empty cotton reel. Then wind all the thread on to the cotton reel so that when you hold the small cotton reel in the palm of your hand the thread holding the pendulum is between the finger and thumb of your right hand—your right hand if you write with that one, but if you use your left hand instead, then, of course, the pendulum will be in the left hand. But first we have to sensitize or tune our pendulum for the particular type of material we wish to locate. Supposing we are going to look for a gold mine; first of all you get a little piece of sticky tape, about an inch long is sufficient, and then you put just a very small piece of gold (scraped from inside a ring, for instance) on to the sticky tape and then just lightly push it on to the pendulum. Then your pendulum has a piece of gold which will sensitize it to that metal, and when I say 'scrape' I mean that even if you get a grain, that will be adequate.

When you have that, put your ring, or another piece of gold, between your feet as you stand up. Stand with this gold, such as a gold ring or a gold watch, between your feet and slowly unwind the thread so that your pendulum lowers to perhaps a foot and a half from your fingers. At this point the pendulum should swing in a circular direction, that is, making a complete circle. If it does not do so, lower the thread a little or pull it up a little, the point being you have to ascertain the length of thread at which the pendulum swings most freely for gold. When you have determined that—it may be eighteen or twenty or twenty-two inches or similar—you make a knot in the thread and you write down the exact length, such as 'Knot One—Gold', and then you pull off your gold specimen with the Sellotape and pick up your watch or ring, and put a silver

article on the floor; it may be a coin or a piece of silver you have pinched from somebody else, but it must be silver. You also put a very fine scraping of silver on another piece of Sello-tape and put that on to your pendulum. Then you try again to find what is the correct length for silver. When you have done that you make another note such as 'Knot Two—Silver'. You can go on doing it for different metals, and not only different metals but different substances. If you make a proper table, then you should have great fun 'prospecting'. Generally you will find that in terms of length the first thing to respond (at about twelve inches in length) is stonework. A bit longer thread, and you will get glass or chinaware. Longer still and you will get vegetable stuff. Go on increasing the length and you will get silver and lead, and then a bit further on you will find water. Longer still, you will find gold. Still longer, copper and brass. And the longest will be iron, and iron will be roughly just under thirty inches. So if you want to know what is beneath you, you just stand there and first of all think of whatever metal you are looking for. You adjust the length of your thread to the appropriate distance, and you very slowly walk forward.

Again—again—it is emphasized and re-emphasized that you *must* tell 'George' precisely what you are doing. You have to tell him that you want to prospect for gold, iron, silver, or whatever it is, and when he senses the radiations will he please swing the pendulum. At all times you must definitely keep thinking very strongly of that which you hope to find; otherwise, if you change over and think of something else, then you won't get it.

Apropos of this let me say that if you are looking for antique porcelain, for instance, and you suddenly think of women, then you will get the reaction for gold because the length of thread for gold and for women is precisely the same, and if a woman thinks about men she will get the reaction as if there was a diamond under the ground! That, of course, means that you will be completely misled. It would never do if you got the reaction for a diamond so you grabbed a shovel and pick and dug, but found instead a dead man. It could happen! Now, it is advisable to use a shorter-cord pendulum for

everyday indoor use. After all, you don't want three, four, or five feet of thread getting tangled up every day. So when you are indoors use a separate pendulum. The pendulums which can be obtained commercially already have a thread or a chain attached to them, and frequently the chain is possibly six inches long, although the exact length varies, but that is of no moment.

Suppose you want to find something—suppose you want to find out if a person is living in a certain area; then you sit down at a desk or table, but it must be an ordinary desk or table with no drawers or anything beneath because if you have anything beneath in, for example, a drawer, then the pendulum will be influenced by whatever is in the drawer. You may have a kitchen knife in the drawer. You may have a gold ring or something like that, and the pendulum, no matter how hard you think, will be influenced by the 'wrong' subject. So—sit at a plain table and have within arm's reach some sheets of ordinary plain white paper. Then you tell your pendulum, or rather you tell George exactly what you want. You say, for example, Look, George, I want to find if Maria Bugsbottom lives in this area. If she does will you please nod by giving the pendulum a backwards and forwards movement, and if she does not will you please shake the pendulum from side to side. Then on the right-hand side of the table you have your piece of white paper, and on the top which is far away from you you put 'Yes', and on the bottom which is close to you you put 'Yes'. On the far left side of the paper you put 'No' and on the far right side you put 'No', and in the centre you put a little X to show that is the spot over which you are going to hold the pendulum. The pendulum, by the way, should be held about two inches above that X.

Sit comfortably. It doesn't matter if you have your shoes on or your shoes off, but you must have your feet on the floor, not on the bars of a chair—have them flat on the floor so that the balls of your feet are in contact with the floor. Then you get a map of the area desired and spread it to your left so that you have a white sheet of paper to the right and your map on the left. First you gently take the pendulum all over the area of the map, saying, 'Look, George, this is the area of my map. Is

Maria Bugsbottom anywhere within this area?’ The pendulum is being taken over the map about two inches above the surface. When you have covered the whole area, you say, ‘George. I am now going to start this investigation. Will you help me, George? Will you indicate “Yes” or “No” as the case may be?’ Then (if you are right-handed) put your right elbow comfortably on the table and suspend your pendulum by its thread or chain, hold the thread or chain between your thumb and forefinger (the finger with which you point). See that the pendulum is about two inches above the X. Special note here if you are left-handed everything will have to be reversed, but for the right-handed people in the majority—well, go by the instructions conveyed above.

Having got ready, and making sure that you are not likely to be disturbed, tell George that you are now ready to start work. Look at the map and put your left forefinger along the road on the map where you think Maria Bugsbottom may be living. Give an occasional glance at the pendulum. It may swing idly without any apparent sense, but if you get to where you believe your friend or enemy is living, then the pendulum will definitely indicate yea or nay.

It is a good idea to use a small-scale map first so that you can cover the biggest area, but when you get some sort of indication as if George was saying, ‘Gee! This is a big area, I need to get closer than this,’ then you get a large scale map so that you can with practice locate any individual house.

After each test you definitely must replace your sheet of white paper by another—oh, you can use it for writing on; write letters on it or anything else, but only one sheet of white paper to one reading because you have impregnated that sheet with the impressions of whatever you are trying to find out so that if you try to repeat a reading, then the second reading will be influenced by the first and—well, that’s all there is to it.

But no, perhaps that’s not all there is to it after all because you’ve got to really frame your questions properly. George, you see, is a single-minded individual who can’t take a joke and is extremely and exceptionally literal. So it’s no good you saying, ‘George, can you tell me if Maria Bugsbottom lives there?’ If you ask a question like that the answer will be ‘Yes’,

because George can tell you if Maria Bugsbottom lives there, he *can*. And that is what you are asking. You are asking with a question in that form if the pendulum can tell you. You are not asking if she is actually living there at the moment. So whatever question you ask must be framed in such a way that George is not in a state of confusion.

The biggest difficulty about the whole affair is framing the questions so that they are fool proof, so that there are no double-meanings to them. In any question if you say, ‘Can you tell me—?’, then the answer will be Yes or No to the question of ‘Can you tell me?’ The other part of the question, ‘if Maria Bugsbottom lives there?’ will be unanswered because the first question will have swamped George’s interest. So until you are more practiced at this how about writing out your questions first and looking at your words to see if there is any way at all in which the question can be regarded as ambiguous or as having a double-meaning or is unclear. Let me repeat in big, bold, black capitals—YOU MUST BE SURE OF WHAT YOU ARE ASKING BEFORE YOU CAN POSE THE QUESTION.

Of course, when you have some practice it’s quite easy to trace missing people. You have to have a small-scale and a large-scale map of the area in which the person is supposed to be missing. Then you have to be able to form some sort of mental picture of the person who is missing. Is it a big boy or a small girl? Is he or she ginger, blonde, or black-haired? What do you know about the person? You have to brief yourself as fully as possible, because, again, unless you know what you are seeking, then you don’t know when you’ve found it. It may happen at times when, for example, you are confined to bed, that you cannot stick your feet plunk on the ground. That is my trouble, so I have a metal wand about two and a half feet long, and I hold that in my left hand just like an antennae system to a portable radio, in fact that’s what it is; it is an antenna rod from a portable radio. I pick up the wave from that in precisely the same manner as a more mobile person would with two flat feet.

When I am picking up impressions from a map or a letter, then I use a little propelling pencil, a metal one, and I touch

the letter or the map and then the old pendulum starts to wobble and gives me an answer.

Never, never, never let anyone else touch your pendulum. It's got to be saturated with your own impressions. You should have several pendulums, one of wood, one of neutral metal, that is something like type-metal, and—well, you may want a glass one or you may want a plastic one, you may even have one which is hollow so you can put a specimen inside instead of sticking it up with Sellotape. But you will find one pendulum is more responsive than all the others for personal things, and you can make it even more responsive by carrying it on your person, getting it saturated with your own impressions. If you do that and never let another person use it or even touch it, then you will find you have something as potent and as useful as radar is to aircraft on a foggy night.

The pendulum cannot be wrong. George cannot be wrong. You can. You can go wrong with the form your questions take and your interpretations of the answers. Now, with computers one has to use a special language, otherwise the computer cannot make sense of what one is trying to get at, so pretend that your pendulum is a computer and frame your questions in such a clear one-way form that no possibility of error can occur because the pendulum can only indicate Yes or No. It can indicate uncertainty by doing a figure of eight. It can also indicate what sex a thing or a person is because most times for a man it can rotate in a right hand circle, clockwise that is, but for a woman it will rotate in a left-hand, anti-clockwise, circle. But if the man is very feminine then the poor old pendulum may go the wrong way, but it's not actually the wrong way, it is just indicating that the man isn't—he's more female and just has the necessary attachments, as one would say in the best circles, which would enable him to pass physiologically as a male specimen. All his thoughts may be female, so in that way the pendulum is far better as a judge than the best doctors! Oh yes, I must be sure to tell you this; make sure your hands are clean before using the pendulum, otherwise, if, for instance, you have been gardening or stubbing out a cigarette butt in some poor plant's plant pot home, then you will get a reading for the soil content of the pores of your fingers. So be

sure that your fingers and hands are clean. Be sure that your table is clean. It is no good, for instance, turning around and finding that a big fat cat is sitting on a sheet of white paper, and if it is then you have to use a different sheet of white paper! With a pendulum and practice you can know how to dowse for minerals from a map. You go along looking for gold, if you like by having a little particle of gold attached to the pendulum. Then you let your finger go along the map to the location where you think there may be gold, and you think strongly of gold to the exclusion of all else. Or, if you are looking for silver, think strongly of silver to the exclusion of all else. All these things are very, very simple; until you get used to them you will be sure they are utterly impossible—they are not for you. But they are. It is only practice that makes a pilot able to take off in his aircraft and bring it down in one piece. It is only practice and faith in yourself that will enable you to go to your table, produce a map and a pendulum, and say, 'There—there is water, floods of it,' and then go to the actual site and find upon digging that the water is at a certain depth.

You can get a good idea of the depth of a thing by the strength of the oscillation or movement of the pendulum. This is not a book on pendulums or dowsing, but practice will soon teach you how to shorten or lengthen the chain or string, and how to gauge depth. But remember again that you must very definitely and strongly concentrate on that which you want to find or know.

You can also find out a lot about a person by using a pendulum over the signature on the letter. It is quite a useful exercise. But, remember, you must be sure of what you want to know, you must be sure of what you are asking, because if you are asking a thing in two parts then George is sure to answer the wrong one! And be very certain that you tell your subconscious—George or whatever you call him or her—precisely what you are trying to find out and what you expect the pendulum to do to indicate the information you desire.

Since writing the above I have 'tried it on the dog' because it seemed clear enough to me, but then I know it all, so I got someone who did not know it all to read it and now I am going to give some supplementary information.

‘Well, how does one hold this pendulum?’

One rests one’s elbow on the table, as already stated, and it should be the right elbow for a right-handed person and the left elbow for a left-handed person. Then you bend your arm so that your hand is at such a height from the table that your pendulum, which is suspended at the end of its chain, rests about two inches above the surface of the table. You actually hold the chain, string, cord, or whatever it is between your thumb and forefinger, and if you want to shorten the chain an inch or so in order to get a better swing—well, do so. Always adjust the length of the chain or thread between your finger and thumb so as to get the best swing or indication. Now, that should be clear enough—you just hold your forearm at such an angle that you are comfortable. You must be comfortable or you will not be able to do pendulum work. Similarly, if you have just had a heavy meal you will not be able to do pendulum work, or if you have something bothering you greatly unconnected with this pendulum, it will distract your attention. You must be in a fairly quiet state of mind, and you must be willing to work with the sub-conscious.

Now, I am also told, ‘You’ve got me all confused; you say the Overself is going to vary the current—well, what is the connection between the Overself and the sub-conscious?’

Let us try to get this clear for ever and a day or a bit longer; there is you who is just one-tenth conscious. You are bottom man on the ladder, or you might even be bottom woman on the ladder. Above you you have your sub-conscious, and your sub-conscious is like the operator who controls the switchboard, etc., which is your brain. The sub-conscious is in touch with you through your brain—through your joint brain would perhaps be a better term—and the sub-conscious is also in touch with your Overself. So it’s like you, the ordinary poor worker, who cannot get a word with the manager, you have to go through the shop steward or the foreman first. So you sort of hang around, try to make yourself obtrusive in the hope that the shop steward or the one above you will notice you, and wondering why the (you-know-what! ) you are not at work will come and see what it’s all about. Then you have to get your point of view over to the shop steward or foreman, and per-

suade him to take up your case with the manager or whoever is above him. This is similar to conditions with the Overself and you. Before you can get through to your Overself you have to enlist the aid of your sub-conscious, and once you can convince your sub-conscious that it's really necessary for your joint good, then the sub-conscious will contact the Overself and the pendulum will be varied according to the indications which you are 'perceiving'.

Incidentally, if you can get through to your Overself by way of the sub-conscious you can cure a lot of illnesses which you may have. The Overself is like the president of a company and he doesn't always know what minor ailments affect the lower departments. He knows it in times when conditions are very, very serious, but often he is in complete ignorance of some grievance which the lower order of workers have. But if you can get your shop steward to take up the matter with the Overself, or president, or general manager, then a grievance can be settled before it becomes serious. So if you have a persistent ache here, there, or somewhere else, then keep on at George or Georgina, say clearly what the trouble is, what is this pain, what does it feel like, why do you have it, and will the sub-conscious please see that you are cured. The Overself is the unapproachable. The sub-conscious is the link between you, the one-tenth conscious, and the Overself which is all conscious.

Oh sure, of course the pendulum can help you pick the winner of a race if you phrase your question sensibly, but look at, this—'Can you tell me who will win the two-thirty race?' Now what sort of a question is that? Look at it seriously and you will see that you are asking your sub-conscious to tell you this; can you, sub-conscious, tell me who will win the race? The answer, of course, would be 'Yes', and if you get a yes in answer to your question, you would think you were being fooled, wouldn't you? You can't do it that way at all.

Read back a bit to where I tell you how to locate things on a map. Now, in this case if you want to know who is going to win a certain race you will have to get a list of horses, the horses who are going to run in that specific race, and you will

have to think definitely, 'Will this horse win?' And you will have to bring the pencil in your left hand slowly down to each name in turn, leaving it there about thirty seconds and thinking about that horse for about thirty seconds, asking if this horse will win the race. If the answer is 'No', then go on to the next horse until you've got to the one that is going to win. You can do it with practice. It's not very moral, you know, because betting and gambling are bad things, but anyway that is your own responsibility. I am just trying to make absolutely clear to you that you won't get any satisfactory result unless you quite definitely phrase your question in such a manner that there is only one question involved, a question which can be answered by a plain 'Yes' or a plain 'No'. I suggest you read that bit again because otherwise you are going to be really cross when you get a mixed up answer which really will be a mixed up questioner.

The last question here is, 'Yes, but where do I buy these pendulums?'

Actually they are fairly difficult to obtain because so many quick-money operators are out to make a fast buck and they are selling absolute junk, little things like key chain ornaments which they swear is a pendulum with your birthstone attached or something. But that is utterly useless. I am going to persuade Mr. Sowter to stock really reputable pendulums of a special type. There will be wooden ones and there will be neutral metal ones, and the metal ones will also have a recess or opening so one can place a specimen inside (such as a piece of hair picked up from a missing person's hairbrush or something like that). In that way the missing person can be missing no longer. Mr. Sowter of Touchstones of England will also be able to supply you with books. I will give you his address later, at the end of this chapter. But I do repeat again that it is utterly useless to buy a cheap little junk affair which is just a gimmick to get money out of your reluctant pocket. If you want a thing you have to pay for it, and a worthwhile pendulum will cost anything from \$15 to \$30, let's say in English terms from five to ten pounds. But you would pay that willingly for a small transistor radio, and a good pendulum is by

far more useful to you than the aforementioned transistor radio. With a pendulum you can find a fortune—if you read this chapter properly and if you do really seriously practice. Practice is the key to everything. You cannot be a great pianist unless you practice. The more important the pianist the more he or she practices—hours a day of those silly scales going ‘bonk, bonk, bonk’. It is the same with a pendulum; you have to practice and practice and practice so you can do it by instinct, and you can practice with people’s letters, with metals and all the rest of it, and that’s the way you will make a success—practice.

Oh yes! There is one other little point which I should mention. I will mention it but, literally, I would expect that the ordinary rules of politeness would apply; it is very, very important indeed that after you have used your pendulum you clasp it in your two hands to your forehead and then you solemnly thank George or Georgina for assisting you in this reading. ‘Thank you’ three times, do not forget that because if you do not thank ‘him or ‘her’ according to the elementary rules of politeness you may not get a response in two or three times hence, and—remember, your thanks must be repeated thrice just as your requests have been.

I am informed that there is some slight ambiguity in one part of this chapter (probably the whole thing is ambiguous but let’s not dig up that problem). I am told that I do not make it clear how some poor wretch should stand when he or she is tuning the pendulum with a lump of gold or a crummy bit of silver between the feet. Okay, here it is again—you get your gold, silver, tin, lead or copper and you put it on the ground between your feet. Then you stand upright with your spine straight and your left arm down by your side. Then you elevate your right hand so that your forearm is parallel to the ground and you see if that is a convenient method of doing it because if you brace your right elbow against your side you will not get undesired wobbles or squiggles in your pendulum but only what George dictates. But the main thing, of course, is hold your arm at any distance convenient for you and convenient for the pendulum. And that’s all there is to it!

You may obtain pendulums, books and other supplies from:

Mr. E. Z. Sowter,  
Touchstones Ltd.,  
33 Ashby Road,  
Loughborough,  
LEICESTERSHIRE, England.

## CHAPTER TWO

Chill blew the wind. Icicles formed and hardened on projecting stonework. A skirl of dust around the concrete pillars, and the wind moaned off along the covered ways, keening a dirge to the departed summer.

In the waterway named Bikersdike roaring ice-breakers heaved and groaned as they charged into the thickening ice. Charged and charged again; backing off cautiously along the just cleared channel, stopping, and rushing forward with great gouts of diesel fumes spraying from exhausts until the reluctant ice gave, protesting with sighs and a last long CRACK, followed by the grumbling crumble of fractured edges.

Shrouded figures bent listlessly over snow shovels, trying to spin out the time and still work hard enough to generate some heat. The wind freshened and wailed more sharply. As one the hooded men shouldered their shovels and shuffled off through the snow. A green shape momentarily hid the window and then blew away on the increasing gale; a garbage bag lifted bodily by the storm and strewn across the gardens.

The gloom deepened. Snow swirled more thickly around the hard-seen skyscrapers, blotting out the lights and turning the vista into a mysterious scene of shifting shadows and vague, ill-defined, pin-points of flickering lights. Motor traffic skidded from side to side and finally ground to a complete halt as the visibility lowered and lowered.

Snow fell, and fell, and fell. Throughout the night the mindless flakes came teeming down, twisting and eddying as though imbued with a crazy half-life. By morning, when the first faint glimmers of light struggled feebly through the opacity, the 'world' was at a standstill. Not a human, not a

vehicle, not a bird broke the even shroud of freshly fallen snow.

*Crack!* A sharp, pistol-shot of sound rang out. The old man in the bed jumped and painfully turned round. A great split was growing across the floor-to-ceiling window pane. Warm in the room, and far, far colder than normal outside, and the glass had not been able to stand the temperature differential. Through the spreading crack the freezing air spewed into the room. Colder and colder dropped the temperature. The crack spread and spread, and widened. Soon the room was unusable. The old man sat shivering in his wheelchair on the small gallery outside his door. All over the building-complex windows were shattering in the record cold.

The day seemed endless; the bitter cold seeped through the whole apartment. At the cracked window, where the freezing air streamed in, mounds of frost formed and fell as a white dusting on the floor.

The following day, after much persuasion, men came to replace the broken pane. The work of half a day, and the new glass was fitted. The men went to other apartments, where the windows had cracked. Slowly warmth returned to the rooms. Slowly the cats emerged from piled blankets which had been warmed by hot-water bottles.

Lower and lower dipped the temperature during the night. Suddenly, in the very early hours of the morning, a loud report awoke the old man. Horrified he watched, in the moon's pale glow, as the crack again spread all the way across the six-foot pane of glass. Again the cold with frost forming in the room. And later in the day—the workmen found that the window frame was distorted, so there was nothing for it but to move to another apartment.

The days passed, and the weeks too, and at last the old man was again able to get on with his work. Answering questions, questions and more questions. As one lady wrote: It is so nice that I can write to you to get my questions answered. You charge nothing at all. But I don't ask Mr. XYZ any more as he charges fifty dollars a question! Lucky Mr. XYZ, the old man thought, people don't even send me return postage! But if some questions are answered in this book, then people

will not have to write to me on the same things, right? So here are the questions *and* the answers.

Now here is a question from a woman who writes: ‘What sort of adventure are you going to have when you have finished on this earth? Are you coming back to this world, or are you going to move to a different planet? I should be so interested to hear of your forthcoming adventures.’

Well, madam, my life is not an ‘adventure’—it is hard work. Hard work fighting against bias, prejudice, and the hatred of people such as pressmen. You will find, if you study, that everyone without exception who has come to this Earth to do something special has been persecuted unmercifully by those who have no understanding. It reminds me that dogs bark at the heels of anyone who is strange. It reminds me that fleas can bite anyone irrespective of the status or stature of a person.

I do not live ‘adventure’. I have been living, instead, in considerable hardship trying to do a specific task, and encountering all manner of quite unnecessary hindrances. So please do not write to me about ‘adventures’. None of these have been such to me. They have been unnecessary suffering such as a well-intentioned teacher might suffer at the hands of unheeding, demented children.

When I leave this Earth I shall never at any time return to it, nor to this system. No doubt when I have passed on some stupid person will delude the credulous with advertisements in the occult papers claiming ‘In direct touch with Lobsang Rampa—your questions answered from the Heavenly Fields’. Well, don’t believe a word of that. I shall not be in this zone at all, and I tell you quite definitely that people who advertise saying they get direct information and answers from those who have passed over are not really doing themselves or the deceased a service. People who have passed over have another life to live, another task to do. If you, for instance, emigrated to a far distant country where communications were poor with the area you had just left, could you stop doing your new work just because some stupid dope in the ‘old country’ was saying, ‘Oh, you must help me, I have advertised saying I am in direct touch with you—you must help me.’ No, of course you

wouldn't! You have your own work to do and you would not be interested in these advertisers who are just out to make money fast on the credulity of the average person.

When I have gone from this Earth, then, I shall have gone to a completely different zone. I know where I am going, I know what I am going to do. So when I have gone do not be deluded by stupid advertisements from stupid people in the press.

Here is a question: 'You say that there cannot be a positive without a negative, a good without an evil. Does this assertion hold true in some or all dimensions for some or all of time? Will not God eventually illuminate the darkness everywhere by the sheer power of His love? Or will there always, somewhere on the outside, be an unending blackness or vacuum for God to light up and fill with His positive embrace?'

The Christian 'belief' as taught nowadays is not at all as Christ Himself taught. Various priests throughout the ages have messed about with the teachings and the translations to get a bit more power for themselves.

Of course there cannot be a positive without a negative. It is absolutely clear. All life consists of impulses, vibrations, electric currents if you like, and you try to get your radio to work when you only have one wire connected to the plug. It cannot be done. Or if you prefer a non-electrical system you try to get a bath tap to run when there is nothing else coming into the system—you will soon find there is no water left. A positive and a negative are utterly essential, otherwise there cannot be any 'flow' and it is so stupid to think that God is some old geezer who goes about with a flashlight in His hand lighting up dark places. It isn't God who does it, it is the people who live in the places, light or dark. On Earth, for instance, the majority of people are busily engaged in cutting each other's throats behind their backs or doing whatever harm they can. This is the Age of 'pulling down'. You get cheap morons pulling down people like Churchill and other great men because it makes the cheap punks feel great; it makes them think, 'Oh, he's only human like us, he can fall down too.'

Christians always imagine that there is no other form of religion except Christianity, they always imagine that the

Christian God goes about with a flashlight in each hand and perhaps a few candles in His mouth trying to illuminate the ways of the heathen who were managing quite well before Christianity started. Furthermore, Christianity is merely a hotch-potch of Hinduism, Buddhism, the Jewish faith, etc., all cooked up to suit a different time and age. So please do not write such a lot of rot about God lighting up and embracing everyone everywhere. It just doesn't happen that way.

The questioner goes on: 'As soon as Prince Satan is banished by the bright glare of His love will he then just retreat, bringing his darkness with him into the unending space and time? Will he, at some time find it to his advantage to unite with the Creator in perfect balance and harmony, or is he forever committed to defying the will of God?'

You must have a positive and a negative, you cannot have just one, and there is no possibility of 'Satan' running hell for leather, or should it be 'leather for hell?' to get out of the way of some imaginary God who is hot in pursuit. If such a thing could happen there would be stasis—a state where everything was stationary, where nothing could move. I repeat again that you have to have a positive and a negative, and one is as important as the other. If you do not have a negative then you can't have a positive, and that's all there is to it.

This person says: 'There was a war in the heavens, thereby leaving open the possibility that there was once a complete unity of all and everything with no conflict between positive and negative. If so is this conflict now irrevocable?'

But, my dear madam, it is not a conflict in the connotation of a good guy and a bad guy knocking lumps off each other. It is not like that at all. You take a battery and a bulb. You've got your battery—flashlight, if you like—and when you switch on (read this carefully) you just complete the circuit so that positive and negative are connected to the bulb and so you get a light. So if you go and bump off old Satan, or negative, whichever way you like to call it, then the light stops, everything stops, and before too long, with nothing to do, the poor old battery decays and goes dead. Try it yourself and see. Go out to a store somewhere, buy a battery—perhaps a 4.1/2-volt battery—and buy two lumps of wire, perhaps two feet long

each, and then get a bulb. Connect up the battery and the bulb, and you will have light. Disconnect the negative and you won't have any light, and that is all there is to it. This 'never-ending struggle' is the struggle of life itself. A baby struggles to get out of its mother, it struggles against illness, it struggles against cramps as it is growing, it struggles when the teeth are coming through—and makes a horrible noise in the process of struggling!—and all through the life there is struggle. Struggle to get a partner, struggle to get divorced from the partner, struggle to get a job, struggle to knock out the boss above so that promotion may be gained. Oh no, there must be struggle! It doesn't matter what you do, you still have to struggle, you even have to struggle out of bed in the mornings!

When struggle ends life ends. When life ends on this Earth, then you go to another existence and you start struggling all over again. You might struggle in a more gentlemanly or lady-like manner on another world, but it is still struggle, get that clear.

Our enquirer goes on: 'Initially I am distressed at the prospect of a never-ending struggle between an ecstatic happiness and an empty despair, with no anticipation of its resolve into a final happy ending even though it be trillions of eons in the future. But as in the case of exploring into and analyzing other truths which at first alarmed me, I am of the firm conviction that the truth shall make one free in the final outcome, no matter what it is.'

Well, there it is, I am telling you the truth. I tell you the truth in all my books so if you believe me you would have known the truth before this. The truth is this; we are all struggling upwards to a final goal. That final goal is not sitting around like a crowd of hippies with some larger-than life God decorated in gold and poster colours parading before one. God is quite a different thing from that. God is utterly different from the average Christian conception. As the Christians visualize 'God' it's just a parody of what the ancient 'heathens' visualized as the Gods on Olympus. They thought of Jupiter and a bunch of other Gods and Goddesses, all making merry on the top of some mythical mountain. They must have been mighty cold up there, that's all I can say, because the imagin-

ary pictures of them show them as being remarkably poorly clad and if they had ever cavorted on the top of a mountain in that lack of clothing then they would need to keep cavorting to keep warm. But, anyway, this is the way it is:

Let us get rid of bias first, and let us look at the real problem, let us look at Communism; a certain little gang of people at the start thought ‘Oh! why should this group of people have everything? We are the workers we want everything too.’ And so they ganged up and they formulated some sort of a policy. The Communist thought that all men and women should be equal and everyone should have the same amount of money, forgetting that if all the world had the same amount of money today they would all have different amounts tomorrow. But the Communists didn’t like the way the ‘Capitalists’ were going on so they formulated some kind of policy—if it can be termed policy—in which all the values of the Capitalist were completely reversed, and then they went out to get converts, even if it made them out of work, even if they starved to death from hunger, and even if it brought misery to the world.

In the early days of the Romans and the Greeks and a few other assorted people there was a very good religion, a very good code of living, and people were happy, much more so than they are now. For example, there was much more freedom, cleaner freedom, in sex. There was much greater companionship, comradeship, between men and women, but then a little gang of people were jealous of the way the Greeks, the Romans and assorted other races were going on; they were too happy to be natural, they thought. So they took the Teachings of a great man and altered them, bent them around, twisted them in a circle, and reversed everything that the Romans, the Greeks, etc., had been doing. Sex became something despicably filthy, and sex was awarded only to men as an inducement to do certain things which the priests wanted them to do. Women, instead of being the equal of men as they had been in the days of the Romans and the Greeks, women were now slaves, chattels, baggage’s for men to do with as they wished. But you often get situations like that when these little groups, possibly homosexuals at that, took a dislike to anyone. And so throughout the years Christians have worked hard to get con-

verts, and they were going to make converts even if it killed the human concerned. If you think that is strange, then remember the Crusades; armed bands of brigands invading other peoples who were peacefully inclined. If you want further food for thought think about the Spanish Inquisition where they 'tortured a man to save his soul'. What a stupid lot of rot! If I see one side of a coin that is what I see, but a person looking at the obverse of the coin would see a different picture altogether. It is the same coin but we have different viewpoints.

And all this talk about exploring; other 'truths'. The truth is that humans are upon this Earth to grow, to develop into more spiritual creatures, and if they do not do it they will be removed and other creatures will be put here. It is like plants in a garden; a gardener plants a whole bunch of plants and watches them carefully, and if they do not develop as they should then they are pulled out and fresh plants of a different type are put in. That is all humans are, that is all horses are, pigs are the same; different plants, different growths, different things which are being observed upon this Earth.

Our querist goes on: 'If such a thing as a perfect, final peace were to come about in the worlds of rational beings would the opposite worlds then be doomed to an opposite fate, to so-called hell for ever, or would their outcome, more hopefully, be also one of a kind of peace that manifests itself somehow in an opposite manner, whatever that might be? Will not all Gods, intelligent, rational beings some day learn all their necessary lessons once and for all and return to a complete awareness of and oneness with the Creator? Or would it always be in His scheme of infinite love to be continually creating new beings who can choose to give themselves to Him, after first undergoing great struggle between positive (good) and negative (evil) forces? Then, after they have passed all their tests and returned to God will they be followed by other new created beings in a never-ending creation?'

If 'peace' comes to this world, perfect peace, that is, then it would mean that people here would not have to come back again, they would have learned a lesson, the lesson of keeping the peace, and then they would move on to some higher state

of evolution where they could go to school again and learn something else. But all this about 'returning to God' is nonsense. You don't return to God at the end of this life on Earth just as a small child returns to Daddy or Mummy, it is not like that at all. There are many, many things to be learned. There are billions, trillions of years to live in different states and I must tell you in this connection that I had a most offensive letter from two people in Australia. A man and a woman claimed that they were 'in touch with the Gardeners of the Earth', and the Gardeners of the Earth were such wonderfully good people, and all I write in 'The Hermit' must obviously be imagination because the Gardeners of the Earth would never do anything to harm a human. My goodness me! These people in Australia—they must have a hole in the head or something! Humanity is not the highest form of creation, it is just another specimen the same as an ant is a specimen, the same as a tapeworm is a specimen. A tapeworm is learning one thing, a human is learning another or rather—correction—they should be learning, which is a different matter altogether.

But again, let me state definitely that we are here to learn certain things and to do certain things, and life goes on and on in cycles. I prefer to regard it as the swing of the pendulum; we have a pendulum swinging, now it is at the top of its stroke and we are at a Golden Age where everything is wonderful everything is peaceful—but where nobody learns. And then the pendulum falls and things become worse and worse, lower and lower. When we reach the lowest point of the pendulum swing there are wars and rumors of wars, murders, everything, the whole crime calendar rolled into one. But after that the heedless pendulum continues upwards and so we get a Golden Age again wherein no one learns for it is a fact, a sad fact but still a fact, that people only learn by hardship and by suffering, and when a person has all that he wants he sits back and enjoys comfort and does not do anything to try to help others or even himself.

Another person writes to ask: 'Can we ever meet our individual opposites?' By that, presumably, is meant the twinsoul and if that should be so then the answer is no, you do not meet your twinsoul on this world because if you did you would be

complete and thus could not stay here. You can only stay here if you have an 'anchor' which moors you here, some defect, or some artificially induced fault which enables one to stay here. People who come from beyond the spheres are like divers, they have to wear the equivalent of a lead belt, lead boots, etc., in order to keep submerged in this dreary world. So if a person met his or her twinsoul there would be the nearest approach there can be to perfection, and you cannot have perfection in a world such as this. So you will have to wait for your twinsoul until you leave this world.

Now another person says: 'You emphatically declare that each one of us finds God alone through individual effort, and that we should not depend upon others for assistance. Do you mean that the ultimate responsibility for use of one's freewill in committing oneself to God rests squarely upon each individual's shoulders, no matter what kind or unkind things have been done to us by others one consciously chooses the direction of his vision. Of course truth and justice or deceit and injustice can affect the course of our lives either way towards or away from the light, but isn't the application of the Golden Rule vitally important for each of us to practice, thereby helping others?'

I say quite definitely that every person must stand alone. It is silly to join cults, gangs, associations, institutes, etc., etc., and to expect 'salvation' thereby because you won't find salvation in these money-making cults which are merely out to—get your money! Look at it like this; a person dies—leaves this Earth for the astral realms—and that person is going to go to the Hall of Memories and answer to himself or herself for things which have been done or have not been done. There is no one else there except the newly arrived soul or entity or whatever you like to call it and the connection with the Overself. Now, I tell you quite definitely—quite, quite definitely—you answer alone. You won't get the secretary or chief tutor of the Hot Dog Society, or whatever you like to call all these cult things, to come and answer for you. You won't find the President of the Rednose Association coming and saying, 'Oh yes, Overself, you don't know anything; I told this person to do such a thing because the rules of our Association say that that

is so, so he should take your place.’

You have to stand alone, then, naked and probably ashamed with it. And if you toss out all thoughts of these associations and cults on this Earth, then you will be in training to answer alone when you reach the Other Side.

Of course, if you are going to answer to your Overself then you need to have some good answers, and the best way is to obey the Golden Rule which is, Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. This person who writes this question seems to be wriggling and writhing and doing anything to evade the simple truth, the truth which is—you have to learn to stand on your own two feet, no matter whether they are flat or not. You have to stand on them, you have to be responsible for yourself, and if you help others by adherence to and obedience of the Golden Rule, then you will have much good in your astral bank account

Let me again state that God is not standing there with a whacking great cane, and the devil is not standing there with branding irons either. God is a positive force, the devil is a negative force, they are not people who praise or torture. While down here on this Earth you cannot understand things which happen in many more dimensions. In the same way a sea slug sitting on a bit of slime in the bottom of the ocean could not possibly understand what people on the Moon are experiencing, it could not even understand what people in high-rise buildings are thinking or doing, nor could it understand the commotion which is caused when people turn their television sets full on. All that would be completely beyond the comprehension of people here in the third dimension to try to understand what people in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, or twentieth dimension are doing. So everything is relative. We might understand more or less what other people on Earth are doing, we might have a greater feeling that they are doing right or they are doing wrong, but how could we possibly attempt to understand what twentieth-dimension people are doing? You cannot comprehend the concepts of another dimension unless you have had some experience of that dimension.

Actually you can get an idea, a rough idea, from thinking that everything is vibration. One end we call ‘feel’, a bit

further we say 'sound', higher up still it is 'sight'. Everything is vibration, on any planet, on any system, or any universe, so that gives us some faint illustration of other dimensions. It is rare indeed for a person to feel a sound or see a sound, yet they are all vibrations, all part of the same scale. There are entities who can see sound. there are animals who can hear different sounds, those which are beyond human range. Dogs, for instance, will respond to a whistle which is completely silent to humans. Cats see colors on a different spectrum; cats, for example, see red as silver. But to give another slight illustration which might help, try to work out this for yourself:

We have a person who was born blind. Now, you have the task of explaining to that person who was born blind the difference between red and pink, or between yellow and orange. How are you going to do that? You can't. There is no way in which you can explain to a blind person the difference between yellow and orange, or amber and brown. You could possibly explain the difference between red and green if the person was extremely sensitive and could feel the difference. But you work that out—you want to know what other dimensions are like, so cut off a dimension that you know, cut off sight. Then how are you going to explain to a person who has never known sight the difference between pink and red?

Supposing you have a person who is completely deaf; how are you going to get that person to appreciate the difference between two fairly similar musical notes? Not so easy, eh? So unless you can give me answers to my questions I cannot tell you of the experiences of the ninth dimension.

Here is a question which will make your hair stand on end, so ladies, put on your bath hats; gentlemen, if you are bald, your hair will be standing up on your bald skulls! Here is the question: 'According to the Zen philosophers there really is no right or wrong thereby eliminating the need for judgment.'

Can you answer that? Well, I see the point behind it, and the answer is this: on the Greater scale of things 'right' and 'wrong' are completely different from what they are on Earth. Here there are certain rules or laws which have to be obeyed for what is commonly thought of as the common good. For example, it is not right to steal, so a man, in theory at least,

should starve to death rather than steal money to buy food. If a man is smoking and for some reason he puts his still alight pipe in his trousers pocket and sets his trousers on fire then in theory he shouldn't pull them off because then he would be naked and he would offend public decency, and he could in fact be charged with 'indecent exposure'. So, according to law, a man should be definitely hotted up in all the best places rather than expose himself to the lewd gaze when his trousers were on fire. Which do you consider right?

While on the subject of indecencies, in some places the lady must keep her face covered from the gaze of all mankind. She can leave the lower part of her body quite uncovered and still be decent. Yet in other parts of the world she can have her face bare but the lower part of her body must be covered, otherwise she is very much in disgrace. So what is right in one part of the world is wrong in another. Right and wrong are man-made precepts, and these have no basis of stability beyond the Earth. At the same time, if one is judging oneself in the Hall of Memories one has had to go according to the rules in force during ones lifetime. It would not matter in the least if you had transgressed against the purely artificial laws, for instance, if you had removed your clothes in public—that would not be an offence in the Greater Reality of the astral world. Anyway, Christians believe that man is made in the image of God and yet they make an awful hullabaloo if a person appears naked, but why? Are they saying that God is indecent? But anyway, that is just a personal thought of mine.

What does matter in one's 'judgment' is that you have to answer—Have you harmed another person? Have you helped another person? As examples of this, a person had a job which you coveted. You very much wanted that job, you could see yourself exactly fitting into that position, and so you made a little plot against the incumbent of that position so that he was discharged from his employment and you took it in his place. Now that, of course, is a sin, because that is going against a law of the Universe which is 'Do no harm unto others'. But if you told a little white lie in order to help a person get a job which he really could do, then that lie would not be an offence it would be good!

Far away, above all the trumpety laws and regulations of mankind, there are basic truths, basic rules which we transgress only at our peril. The laws of Man on Earth are not made for the individual but for the majority, and so that the best interests of a majority can be served often a law will appear to inflict hardship upon the individual. Never mind, that is one of the things we have to put up with if we are crazy enough to live in communities because liberty is a relative term. If we were free to do anything at all then we could go into anyone's house, take anything we wanted, do anything we wanted, and then we would be entirely 'free'. Actually, that would not be to the benefit of the community as a whole and so there are laws to protect the majority against the minority, and we break those laws at our peril, peril on Earth, that is; most of them don't matter the slightest beyond this Earth. What does it matter, for instance, if a person buys a packet of cigarettes in England after eight o'clock in the evening? What does it matter if, in Canada, a person buys a newspaper on a Sunday? All these are childish stupid things, but somebody Had an idea somewhere even if nobody knows what the sense of the said law now is!

Here is another question: 'I understand that entities of the fourth and other dimensions are all very busily occupied in helping souls in this, the third dimension, and they stay exclusively helping us upon this world. What do they get out of it?'

No, of course that is not true! Let us consider life, all life, as a school—of course somebody will write to me and say, 'Oh, you are repeating yourself, you've told us all this before.' But obviously I couldn't have told it very clearly or people wouldn't still be asking me about it, so you people who want to write and complain, just be quiet for a bit, will you?

All life is a school, then. Different classes, different grades. We on this Earth happen to be in Grade Three (third dimension). People in the fourth dimension are in Grade Four. People in the fifth dimension are in Grade Five. Now tell me seriously, thinking back to your own school days, can you truthfully say that the students in Grade Five at your school were very interested in staying on and helping the students in

Grade Three? More likely the Grade Five students thought the Grade Three students were crummy little punks who were beneath even a contemptuous notice. That is so, isn't it? So let me tell you this: there are certain people who are teachers who are unfortunate enough to be persuaded to 'volunteer' to come to Grade Three to teach the crummy little punks in this class, and when they get down to Grade Three they find that the students are not at all anxious to learn (were you anxious to learn when you were at school?), so the teacher gets all sorts of nasty things said about him and eventually he gets really fed up with the whole procedure and he says to the Headmaster 'Well Boss, I can't stick all these punks, I have to go to a different class or I shall go even crazier. Where can you move me?'

So take it from me, the teachers on the Earth—teachers from other dimensions—are trying hard to do something to help the people in Grade Three, help the people in the third dimension. And if the people in the third dimension would be a bit more appreciative they would get on much faster because there comes a time when even the best of teachers get sick and tired of continual persecution and wants to move on. Now I have been taken to task, not for the first time and not for the last but I have had a comment. 'Oh, but you can't leave it like *that*!! People will not at all understand what you mean by 'God'. In some places you say that God is a concept and in other places you say that God is a person. How are you going to account for that?'

Oh dear, oh dear, troubles never come simply, do they? Well there are Gods and Gods. The average person prays to his or her 'God'. Actually the prayers are going on the first-class route to the Overself, but if you want to get a bit higher up then you can pray to the Manu of the planet. Or, if you have 'connections' up there, you can pray to the Manu of this whole Universe. As I have tried to make clear in my books (apparently without any success!) the God-system is very much like a multiple store or a chain of stores where you have each branch manager as 'God' to his cohorts or hirelings. But all the departmental managers or branch managers look upon the President or Chairman of the Company as 'God'. So let's

try to get this clear; one can pray to a person whom one regards as 'God'. He may be the Overself, he may be a Manu, or he may be a Chief Manu, or he may even be the God of the Universe. But he is not the 'top God' by any means. The 'top God' is something completely different, something which one can only regard as a concept at the present time because, as I have already been telling you, you cannot discuss, nine or ten or twenty dimensional things in three-dimensional concepts. So go on regarding your God as a person or entity, but keeping clear in your mind that there is something very, very much higher than all this.

## CHAPTER THREE

The Most Honest Man in Montreal stood square behind his shuttered door and peered through a crack at the scene outside. The street was like a battlefield; police cars and motor-cycles roared around. Bottles and rocks flew through the air landing with a satisfying ‘crunch’. Across the road from the store where Hy Mendelson stood on guard over Simons Cameras the great embattled promises of La Presse loomed as a symbol of might of the Press.

Yes—the striking pressmen had brought the great roaring machines to a halt. No longer did the ticker-tape spew out miles of messages. No longer did yammering reporters hound those who were deemed ‘newsworthy’. The press strike was a time when, for some, the ‘air was cleaner—may the strike long continue!’

But for people like Hy Mendelson, boss of Simons Cameras, the loss of business was great and serious. Behind his store a new through-way road was being cut. In front of him—the La Presse strikers, police, barricades, all the impediments to honest trade. (Now, of course, the strike is over and Hy Mendelson is prospering again!)

*Why* do we have to have strikes when so many people are out of work? If people aren’t satisfied, then let them give up their jobs to those who will do the work. Why blackmail a whole country, a whole *continent* just at the whim of a few money-hungry leaders of Communist-inspired unions? The Press—and the unions—the curses of modern day life!

Hy Mendelson, a good man, an honest man. Why should he and others like him be almost ruined by fighting strikers? If it is not embattled pressmen stopping trade on the street, then it

is striking mailmen preventing him from running his very efficient mail-order business. I have known him for years; he is a good friend of mine, and I feel strongly that all these vicious strikes should so harm the innocent and just.

Montreal was like a beleaguered city. Roaming strikers, very efficient police, and gangs of would-be revolutionaries lounging insolently on street corners. Long-haired men reveling in their dirt and deliberately torn rags swaggered along the streets muttering outlandish and uncouth greetings to others of their ilk whom they met briefly and passed on. Montreal, where French-Canadians did not like French-Canadians! Where it was frequently very difficult (as I found) to get any attention in a French-Canadian store unless one spoke French. The City of Two Tongues, a city which I found it delightful to leave when the time came for that action as you will read later.

The old man often watched from his home in the river. Watched the flash of explosions by night. Watched the flashing light of police cars in pursuit of arsonists, revolutionaries, watched the F.L.Q. crisis where a good and just man was murdered at the behest of some illiterate punk.

Watched too, when Mayor Drapeau came by. Mayor Drapeau, one of the finest, if not the finest, man French-Canada has produced. Mayor Drapeau, who is so hounded by a Press with no understanding nor conception of Greatness. For it is truly a fact that Mayor Drapeau has made Montreal into a city, instead of the collection of hovels it was before his advent. Yes, His Worship is one of the truly Great in this age of very very little men.

The old man in the wheelchair watched when the F.L.Q. hoodlums went rushing by his window, escorted by grim police, when they were taking Diplomat Cross to the 'foreign territory' of the Cuban Pavilion on the site of Man and His World. The helicopter that took these gangsters off to the airport flew over the old man's head.

But now, in the gathering dusk, the old man lay upon his bed watching the lights of Montreal come on. The first dull glow of the newly switched-on street lamps as they burned dull first, then quickened into yellow-green light. The multi-

colored neons on the advertising signs and the tall skyscrapers as they suddenly blazed into the light of night life. Way up on Mount Royal the great metal Cross stood limned in light against the darkened sky as somewhere a robot sensor responded to the stimulus of darkness and turned on a switch.

Downriver, beneath the fairy tracery of the Jaques Cartier Bridge, a liner came steaming along all aglow with strings of lights twinkling from forepeak to mastheads to sternposts and jackstaff. Little tugs, with sides beribboned with lights, fussed around the ocean giant while from them came shouts in the peculiar *patois* which the French-Canadian believe is French. Gliding lights in the night sky and the muted roar of jets showed the arrival of aircraft from the capitols of the world. Sabena from the Belgian cities, Lufthansa, K.L.M., and the streaming crowds from Britain. There came too a plane from Russia, a rarity which now is a rarity no longer. The aircraft of the nations of the world flew overhead. Now, though, an increasing number flew non-stop to Toronto to avoid the inconvenience and rudeness of the airport of the City of Two Tongues!

But the hours crept slowly by. Lights changed. Fresh ones were lit. Others were extinguished. Traffic on the roads slowed but never stopped, for this city never slept. The old man turned, glanced without affection at the pile of letters yet to be answered, and mentally consigned them to a warmer place. Tomorrow, he thought, he would start early and clear up the lot before the next day's bunch arrived.

So thinking, he turned over and went to sleep. Others in the house may say that he snores like a grunting pig with the overtones of a rusty gate, but when one is astral traveling—well, one is entitled to snore!

Morning came as morning will in even the best regulated of households. Morning came, and with it came the time, once again, for work, the never-ending drudgery of letters, letters, letters.

Here is a question which is very topical because acupuncture is very very much in the news at present. The questioner writes: 'I have read so much about the wonders of acupuncture, no one seems to be able to explain exactly why it

works. Could the twelve major areas of insertion of the needle correspond to twelve psychic centers of the body, thus explaining the 'mystery' and perhaps providing a link between the third and fourth dimension of existence?'

Yes, there is so much mystery about acupuncture. Unfortunately the Press have over-dramatized things. Acupuncture is far more effective in the Far East than it is in the Western world. Now, the reason for that is not difficult to seek.

I repeatedly state the truth that humans are just puppets of the Overself. All right, when was the last time you went to a puppet show? Have you ever had a puppet in your hands? Even the simplest of puppets have a string which controls the head, other strings control the arms and legs, so even the simplest of puppets have five controlling strings. How many more strings then, can a human, which is quite a complicated sort of puppet after all, have?

Acupuncture works by intercepting a nerve stream, by shorting out a nerve stream which has some defect. For example, you might have a car and you find that you cannot use it because every time you switch on the ignition and associated circuits the fuse blows, and you cannot exactly find out what is wrong with the car. So, if you do not have all the time in the world to spare, you locate the area in which the trouble occurs. It might be (purely for example) the horn which has a defect, so if you cut out the horn for the time being you can drive your car and go to a garage where the car can be repaired.

The acupuncture process temporarily shorts out a defective part of the nervous system and causes a stimulation to go in a reverse direction which causes very considerable alleviation of the condition giving distress.

We have our puppet; the puppet strings go to the hand of the operator, but the hand of the operator is controlled by the brain of the operator, and so if the puppet does not manage too well it may be that the hand of the operator cannot manage to carry out the commands of the brain. Now, let us replace that; let us say the puppet is a human, the hand is the brain of the human, and then we can see that if the brain cannot give the right messages to any limb or portion of the body then a dysfunction occurs, and if it is in an ordinary puppet then possibly

a string could be lengthened or shortened to carry out a temporary repair. We do the same type of thing, in principle at least, with acupuncture.

But why does it work better with the Easterner? Well, the Easterner has a different set of vibrations from the Westerner. The Easterner is more concerned about the things of the spirit, more concerned about the life after death, more concerned about moral values, ethics, and all that. So the Easterner is more able to accept the reality that sticking a needle or two into one's shuddering anatomy can cause a dramatic decrease in the physical symptoms.

The Western world is more concerned about the things of this life, more concerned about getting power over others, more concerned about making money in a hurry and not parting with it except for one's own creature comforts.

The Western world is not able to believe anything unless they can get hold of it and tear it to pieces, and when they have utterly destroyed it say: 'Well, fancy that! It did work after all. Too bad it was destroyed in proving it was right!'

I believe even the Christian Bible has something to the effect that unless one be as a little child one cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. All right: Unless one can have a childlike simplicity and a true faith that there are things which humans on Earth cannot explain, then one will not be benefited by acupuncture!

Acupuncture is not a faith healing thing at all, there is no faith in it because acupuncture really does cure. But first you have to have the metabolism of a sensitive person who can accept the reality that a cure is going to be effected. Now, that is different from faith healing. Some people say: 'Well, you prove that to me and I still won't believe it.' (Like the old woman who went to the Zoo and saw a giraffe and exclaimed 'Gee, there ain't no such animile!') So—no matter how good the acupuncturist, no matter how brilliant his needles, unless the person who is to be treated has the necessary spiritual apperception a cure will not occur, and the Press hearing of such a case will eagerly rush into print and thoroughly discourage and lower the perception point of others who could, without Press intervention, have been cured.

Now, here is a nice little question which also, undoubtedly, is in the minds of many people. The question is: 'Does one ever have to return to, say, the fourth or third, or even the second or first dimensions after having existed somewhere in the fifth through the ninth dimensions for reasons of having led a wantonly evil life in one of these higher planes?'

The answer to that is a very definite no! If a person is a Naughty Boy in the third dimension he comes back to the third dimension, he does not go to the second. I believe you get the same sort of system in schools; if a student doesn't do his work very well while he is in Grade Three then at the end of term he goes on vacation and has an unpleasant interview with his parents, at the end of the vacation he goes back to school in Grade Three; he doesn't get shoved down to Grade One.

In the same way a person struggling along through the School of Evolution does not come back to a lower Grade but only to the same Grade. So if you misbehave or do not learn your lessons properly, then you will be coming back to this poor sorry old Earth again where conditions are going to be a bit worse for quite a long time.

People come down to lower dimensions for special purposes; they are volunteers (do you remember the old army story of volunteers—the Sergeant says : 'Hey you, I want ten volunteers—you, you, and you!') Well, perhaps people in much higher dimensions take a look at the Earth and shudder at what they see. Then they go back and come to the conclusion that someone—some specialist—will have to return to the Earth as a volunteer and find out what is wrong, and then help the people of the Earth get on the right path.

There are a few snags attached to that because one of the greatest laws is that you cannot use for your own gain knowledge which you have acquired in a different dimension, you have to live as a denizen of the third dimension, or whatever it is, and make do with the facilities inherent to the third dimension.

Another usual reaction is that the volunteer is 'different' so he or she is persecuted and, all too frequently, disliked because the person is, in effect, a foreign body, a splinter in the body of the Earth. You, for instance, if you get a splinter stuck in any

part of your anatomy—well, you make quite a commotion until the splinter is dug out. The volunteers have also the painful experience of finding that they are not popular. It doesn't matter who they are. Even Christ was persecuted. Even Gautama was persecuted. Even Moses had more than he could deal with. And during their lifetime they were not popular, they were regarded as nosey-parkers, as do-gooders, etc., etc. Only after such a volunteer has been gone from the Earth plane for many years does it dawn on the Earth people that—oh well, the person must have been some good after all, and then they write a Bible or two about him. But that doesn't help the volunteer very much, does it?

At the present stage the poor wretched volunteers have a further hazard to the success of their work; the pressmen are always looking out for anyone who is 'different', and if a person is 'different' he doesn't 'play ball' with the Press and so he gets persecuted and he is called a fake, and that further inhibits the success of what he is trying to do. He may, for instance, be doing very well indeed at his voluntary task, but then some crummy pressman cooks up an entirely imaginary story together with 'documentary proofs' and that really does cause a very considerable obstacle to a good task.

There is another question which fits in well here. The question is: 'Having achieved the ninth dimension, is one crystallized to become one for ever with the Creator irrevocably and for ever and ever?'

Well no, one is never 'crystallized', there is always some thing higher to reach for. Do you know the old statement—'there is always room at the top of a ladder!' I have often referred to the ninth dimension—okay, let me give you a new target, the nine hundredth dimension. Now, there is no point at all in trying to explain to you what the nine-hundredth dimension is, but there is a nine-hundredth dimension, and there are some higher. But if you cannot even understand the fourth or the fifth dimension, how can you even begin to understand the nine hundredth?

One rises and rises and rises. Of course, if one fights every inch of the way one is slower to rise, but people always have their opportunities, and I state definitely, definitely that no

one is ever destroyed, not even the press people. Hey—you think I am going on about the press people? I have reason to, you know. I have had a lot of trouble with the press people in England and in Germany, in France and, as you will read later, in French-Canada too. But no, I am not bitter against the Press, I am not bitter against anyone. But it is stupid to sit down like Ferdinand the Bull and just smell the flowers while some ill-disposed people are trying to cut off one's tail for oxtail soup. Oh no, do not think that I am bitter, because I am not. Do not think that I am attacking the Press unfairly. I am not. I am telling the truth, *they* are the ones who cook up the tales!

But back to our dimensions; old Hitler, or Stalin, or a few others of that type, well they will not be bumped back to the first dimension, you know. They won't even get bumped back to the second dimension. They will come back to the third. And let me whisper something. Is your ear ready for a nice juicy whisper? Here it is then.

It is a fact that the real villain and tyrant of *this* life comes back to a new life as a ranting preacher. For instance, a man who has been a real sex pervert in one life may come ranting and preaching against sex in any shape or form, without having any regard as to how the race is to be continued. In the same way a fellow who was the chief torturer of a very fierce country will come back as a very, very sympathetic doctor, maybe. Things have to be equalized, you see. It is a case of lose one, gain one. You have to balance things out. So if you are a real thug in one life you come back as an imitation saint in the next because when you go to the Hall of Memories you see what a mess you made of things, so you return full of bitter remorse thinking what a scoundrel you were, and you go overboard rather, you overdo things, you become extreme, and so you get a real hearty old sinner coming back as one of these galloping priests who roar around the world teaching people to do nothing except squat on their haunches and bellow out a hymn or two. So—if you get any really good preacher in the next few years—well, it might just be old Hitler come back!

Now, how did I get into a bunch of questions like this? What am I having to work out by having myself saddled with

such queries? Look at this one:

‘Is all Creation composed of the vibrations of the musical octave with most of these octaves higher, or perhaps even lower, than human ears can detect?’

Everything is vibration, every single thing, even so-called dead matter vibrates, otherwise it could not exist. You get a lump of rock and you can't hear the noise it makes, but some creatures somewhere could, and they perhaps call the rock the singing stones or something, which would be a change from the Rolling Stones, wouldn't it? But all vibration is life, all life is vibration, and humans can perceive only the very minutest spectrum of vibrations. There are some places where rocks sing, and there are some places where rocks are, in fact, creatures. They may take a hundred years or so to make any movement which would be perceptible to humans, but these creatures, having a few millions of years of life according to Earth standards, are quite satisfied with their rate of movement. In any case they all go at the same rate so they don't know what slow pokes they are!

This next question logically, I suppose, should have been placed two questions higher. The question is: ‘Is the Earth itself designed to evolve to a higher plane? Is the Moon on a plane below that of the Earth, and is this too destined to evolve to a higher plane and be replaced by another creation on the original level of the Moon's lower plane?’

Now my head is in a whirl with all that. How many questions is that in a bunch? I'd better stop for a moment until my head stops whirling!

Seriously though, the Earth is like a classroom. You wouldn't say that a classroom evolved, you wouldn't say the classroom of the Grade Three student suddenly evolves and becomes a Grade Four classroom or a Grade Five classroom. A classroom is a classroom and that's all there is to it. Of course many different collections of students pass through the classroom just as many different collections of civilizations pass through the Earth, and every so often there are tremendous cataclysms upon the Earth which plough up the surface of the planet so that all trace of life is lost and buried a few miles below the surface. That is why there is no trace of Mu or

Lemuria or Atlantis. That is why there are no traces of civilizations aeons before Atlantis itself.

Think of the farmer; he goes along with some horrible looking implement and all the surface of the field is churned up and turned over and ploughed deep so that there is a new surface ready for the fresh seeding. That is how the Earth is, that is how the Gardeners of the Earth go on. When a race gets too bad, along comes Something to turn over the surface of the earth and to bury all that which appertained to a previous decadent civilization, and then there is fresh earth upon which to plant fresh specimens.

The Moon, or the Moons, as the case may be, are not in any way inferior to the so-called parent planet. The Moon, in fact, may just be a large asteroid which has been caught by the gravitational field of that world which is about to become the predominant body, such as the Earth has the Moon as its satellite. And then you must also remember that people are used to life on Earth, they consider that all life must be that which is acceptable to them. It doesn't mean at all that life on the Moon (for example) must be identical to that upon the Earth. The people could, for instance, live inside the Moon.

To reply to this question, then, one can only say, No, the Earth does not evolve to a higher plane. It is just a classroom for people who are evolving.

A sudden commotion. The old man looked up from his work in some exasperation. Letters were bad enough to answer without unwelcome interruption, but the Visitor came in sight. 'Hi,' he said exuberantly, then sobered up a bit. 'Say, you never read the French language papers, do you?' 'No,' said the old man, 'I never read them at all, never even glance at them.'

'Well, you should, you know,' said the Visitor, 'they've been running quite a lot about you lately. Dunno what's bothering them, I'm sure, but they seem to regard you as a personal enemy. What's the matter, wouldn't you give 'em an interview, or something?'

'No,' said the old man, 'I do not propose to give interviews to the Press because on every single occasion when I have given an interview my remarks have been grossly distorted in their reports. So it's better not to see any pressman and then

we know that any "interview" is entirely imaginary.'

The Visitor plucked at the lobe of his ear. 'Well, I dunno about that, because how are you going to tell people that you didn't give an interview after all? And even if you tell 'em, knowing how people are nowadays, they probably wouldn't believe it.'

'No,' replied the old man, 'this is one of the cases when you can't be right whatever you do.'

'Tell you something,' said the Visitor, 'I used to think you were a bit paranoid about the Press but some of the things I've seen lately and some of the things I've read lately lead me to believe that you're not such a nut after all. Seems everyone's had trouble with the Press. Listen to this.'

He ruffled about in his pockets turning out bales of paper and sorting through the tattered mass he came to a sheet which seemed to satisfy his search, so carefully he unfolded it and read: 'Now here's something for you. It's something that Thomas Jefferson said some years ago. He said—"Even the least informed of the people have learned that nothing in a newspaper is to be believed"—Now, what do you think of that? Now here's one, a real gem; Winston Churchill once wrote, "The essence of American journalism is vulgarity divested of truth. Their best papers write for a class of snotty housemaids and footmen, and even the nicest people have so much vitiated their taste as to appreciate this style." '

The old man smiled and said, 'Oh, I can do better than that or if not better—as well. You know General William Sherman, a big American general, well, he once wrote, "I would rather be governed by Jefferson Davis than be abused by a set of dirty newspaper scribblers who have the impudence of Satan. They come into camp, poke about among the lazy shirks, and pick up camp rumors and publish them as facts, and the avidity with which these rumors are swallowed by the public makes even some of our officers bow to them as spies which, in truth, they are." '

But there was no point in going on on such lines so the old man said, 'Well, I've got work to do. You'll have to make tracks elsewhere for the time. I must get on with this or people will think I am a very bad author, that I can't reply to letters.'

Beat it will you?’

With a sigh and a hunch of the shoulders the old man turned back to his work again.

Now here is a question which should be of interest to many. It is: ‘When I go to the Hall of Memories, if I decide I have learned what I set out to learn on this Earth do I move on to a plane of existence an a spirit world or do I take the human form again but live on a different planet in a different Universe?’

Well, if when you get to the Hall of Memories you decide that you have accomplished that which you set out to do, then you will not return to the Earth. There would be no point in so doing because you will have ‘passed’. Think of school life again. Think if you go to a University or to a school, then there is no point in returning to cover a Course for which you already have a diploma. If you succeeded, and if you are satisfied that you have succeeded, then you can remain in the astral plane for an indefinite time or you can go on to another form of world where possibly the carbon molecule is not the basic brick of life, but maybe there is a silicone molecule or some other type of material. And there you could learn by kindness instead of by the hardship you endure on this Earth. There is hardship on this Earth because this is one of the hells. Cheer up, this hell will not endure for ever.

The same person asks: ‘On the next plane of existence is the routine similar to that of the Earth, suffering, pain, and hardship until we have learned more lessons so that we may progress to the next plane of existence?’

Actually I have answered this quite a number of times, but let's go back to it again; Basically no, as you evolve higher and higher you have less and less to endure. Take as an example conditions on this Earth where the laborer gets the hard work, the bruises, and the bad language, etc., whereas the president or general manager of the company seems to make most of the profit, or at least that was so before the labor movement got under way and sort of reversed things—to the detriment of the world. But anyway, the point is that the higher you go the more rapidly you will progress and the easier are the conditions.

Mind you, I am actually referring to the basic physical things. No one will disagree that the laborer, digging holes in the ground, has quite a lot of physical hard work, he gets messy conditions, he gets the 'rough side of the tongue' from his foreman if he doesn't do his work properly. So he gets hard physical work.

But—the president of a company or the general manager may sit in comfort in a padded chair, but he does have a lot of 'non-physical' work to do. His is the responsibility for seeing that the less evolved (the laborers) are doing their work. So I do want to make it absolutely clear that the higher one goes the greater are one's moral responsibilities.

Look at it this way; the lowest laborers can go out and get drunk and have a fight and no one thinks anything about it, but if you got the higher people—a duke or a prince—if they went out on a pub-crawl and got involved in a fight, well, that just wouldn't do. And anyway, it wouldn't happen because as they progress upwards they get increased moral responsibility, increased moral and ethical discipline. They get greater respect in themselves and in their abilities, but the physical work is for the lower people, so that, when you are on this Earth, if you are in the lower stages, you have the hard work. When you progress upwards to other dimensions you do not have such hard and unpleasant conditions but, of course, you have greater responsibilities for which your hard work will have trained you.

Well, this person seems to be getting his money's worth; he's got a whole list of questions, but they are questions which seem to puzzle a lot of people. So here is his next question: 'What is the end going to be of all these planets that people live on, all these planes of existence? When the time comes that everybody has been through all the planes of existence and gained all the knowledge from these numerous lives, what do we do then?'

You cannot discuss this at present because of the limitations of the human three-dimensional comprehension. If you go into the astral world consciously you will know precisely what happens, and in terms of Earth or even human comprehension there is no end to it, it is like left-over meals; you start off with

a good meal one day, the next day you get the thing hotted up, the day after that they make it into rissoles or something, and eventually it returns to the Earth, makes fresh plants which feed fresh humans, and so it goes on. It is an endless cycle of existence.

‘You've told us in your books,’ the questioner continues, ‘that there are many Universes. Does our Universe overlap with any other or are there just voids of darkness between?’

There are billions and trillions of Universes. Now how can I make that clear to you? Well, let us imagine that you are on a seashore. At your feet there are all the grains of sand and these are in touch with each other, but you would not say that they overlapped, would you? Some are so small that they are dust, and some are great rocks, or even mountains, and, in fact, there are mountains beneath the sea just as there is sand beneath the sea. Think of all the grains of sand and all the rocks upon the Earth, but all the grains of sand upon the Earth, and all the rocks and all the stones upon the Earth do not in any way equal the number of Universes there are in the whole general system. And beyond this system there are others, on and on and on, *ad infinitum*, until we reach numbers far beyond human comprehension.

Still with the same gentleman. I have to answer this gentleman because up to the present I have done so many questions for the ladies that I do really welcome a gentleman with some sensible questions. But, anyway, he goes on: ‘In one of your books you describe how you went astral travelling with your Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup and someone called Jigme to a Red Planet. When you were there you talked to some other people there who told you it was a dying planet. Were those other people in the astral form or in the human form, or did you materialize in front of them?’

You mustn't become confused between what is astral travel and what is physical travel. I didn't take a Greyhound bus to the Red Planet, that's for sure. But when one goes astral travelling one can still be completely visible to a *clairvoyant*, or completely audible to a *telepath*. So the Red Planet to which I went was populated, although extremely sparsely, and the population consisted of very highly evolved people who

were clairvoyant and telepathic just as on this Earth people hear things and they see things. So they could actually see us just as if we were solid lumps of flesh and bones. They could talk to us and we could talk to them. We could see everything on their planet and they could see us. Actually, it was astral travel, conscious astral travel, astral travel under full control, but that made no difference at all to them and it made no difference at all to us. We were 'there'.

Now, here is something for you to think about. You read this a few times, then scratch your head and think about it some more:

You may be out in the street and you may see in front of you a person walking about in a perfectly ordinary and natural manner but—are you sure he really is there? Are you sure he is not an astral traveler who is stimulating your sensory perceptions to an extent that you believe he is a solid figure, whereas actually he may be in the astral vibrating on a frequency which is compatible to you and so you are sure that you actually see him with your physical eyes. You can't go up and take a poke at a perfect stranger and say, 'Hey, you, are you there or is it something else I see?' But if you could, and if your poking finger went right through him, you would probably drop from the shock, wouldn't you?

Another little thought, oh a nice little thought, this; you know all that talk about people who come out of Flying Saucers, or, to be more respectful, U.F.O.'s? Have you ever thought that if these people who came out of such things were so frightfully alien that we couldn't believe them, then we wouldn't see them, would we? Think that over. If a thing is too different from what humans can believe, they won't believe it, and, not believing it, they won't see it.

Yet another simple little thought; these people may be of a different vibration, a vibration which is in the band of invisibility so far as humans are concerned. They can see humans, but humans can't see them. You think that sounds crazy? All right, how about this; dogs can hear sounds which humans cannot, so are you going to say that the sounds which dogs can hear and humans cannot are not there? The dog can hear the sounds and also hear the sounds which humans hear. The dog

can hear both, so why should we not have people from another world on such a different range of vibrations that humans cannot perceive them? You think about that and then see if you don't feel somebody looking over your shoulder!

He has two other questions here which have already been answered in a previous book of mine. He asks: 'Did Man evolve from the sea—into apes—into Man? And where do the different races come from, out of space? The Gardeners of the Universe?'

That's easy! All you have to do to get those answers is read *The Hermit*; the how's and why's and wherefore's are given clearly in that book.

## CHAPTER FOUR

One-Who-Could-Have-Been-A-Friend chuntered along the concrete-carpeted corridor. Breath coming in short, sharp gasps, he propelled his rotund body around the stone pillars, to come to a stop before a door hidden in a dusky alcove. Panting, he stood a moment to regain his breath, then with a stubby finger, he stabbed at the bell push. Inside the apartment behind the door a bell clanged noisily.

Inside the apartment the old man rested upon his bed. Sunlight streamed down upon the harbor waters. Down by the children's wading pool fond mammas gazed protectively at the end product of their amatory efforts. On the branch of a nearby tree a bird stood and sang of the joys of nesting time. The day was warm, cheerful, without a cloud in the sky.

The bell clanged. The sound of the door being opened. Mutter of voices: 'Can I see him a moment. It is urgent?' The clatter of footsteps and One-Who bustled beamingly into sight around the corner. 'Have you read this?' he squeaked, brandishing a copy of a very sensational French-language weekly. 'All about you. Libellous. Scandalous. They are going to write a book about you. Why don't you do something about it?'

The light of the sun gave no more warmth. A chill came to the air and a darkness crept over all. No more was the day gladsome. From the crumpled paper came the sinister emanations of *hate*, the hate of jealous men. A hate that had continued throughout many years. The hatred from authors whose books were not selling so well. Hatred, jealousy, concentrated venom against one who spoke and wrote the *truth!*

One-Who fidgeted with his hat and looked as though he

were having second-thoughts about imparting his information. ‘You don’t like the Press at all, do you?’ he queried. ‘The French-language lot seems to be writing quite a bit about you. And on TV too. Last night a Book Critic held up your latest book and said that he could not even read the first page of the first chapter, then he launched into a bitter attack on you personally. I wondered how he could attack so much if he had not read the book.’

The old man sighed. ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘there is a certain very noisy minority who are trying to harm not merely me, but the special work which I am trying to do. But never mind what a critic says, he is just a person who lacks the brains to write his own book—and is jealous of anyone who does. They confuse vicious sarcasm for wit. Don’t bother about *them!*’

‘But there must be *something* in it,’ said One-Who, ‘or the Press would not keep on so. There is no smoke without fire!’

The old man snorted with indignation. ‘Shows how little *you* know,’ he said, ‘or you would not make such stupid statements.’

For a time he lay upon his bed just thinking of the past, thinking of the events of a decade and a half ago. In those days he had been living in London, England, and since the publication of the first book there had been difficulties. An Agency in Switzerland had put a wholly misleading advertisement in *The Times* reading, ‘If Lobsang Rampa will communicate with—he will hear something to his advantage.’ So Lobsang Rampa, scenting a trap by intuition, got an Agent who was then Mr. Brooks of A. M. Heath & Company, to get in touch with the advertiser to see what it was all about. It was very informative. The Agency admitted they were doing wrong but said they had instructions from an author in Germany to find out all.

During those days the old man had been followed about, spied upon, and his life had been made a misery. During those days Buttercup came to live with him and Mrs. Rampa, came to live as an adopted daughter. Later she was to come to Canada as an adopted daughter. But prurient-minded people immediately saw sexual perversions in such an arrangement, perversions which in actuality did not exist. The young lady was

accepted as a full member of the family, as an adopted daughter, but of course people with filthy minds could not accept such a statement.

The family left England, the land of persecution, and went to Ireland to the beautiful little village of Howth, near Dublin. There they made some very good friends indeed and still have those very good friends. But spurred on by a lot of lies the Press mounted a campaign of hatred and incorrect statements against Lobsang Rampa, saying all sorts of things, all sorts of untrue things. The stories they invented were far more miraculous than the absolute truth which Lobsang Rampa told.

One day a whole horde of beastly-minded British reporters descended upon the formerly peaceful village of Howth. They shattered the peace, they upset everyone, and one reporter in particular stole a garbage bin outside the Rampa house, ransacking it for anything he could find, and then threw it in someone else's garden, complete with all the garbage.

Fantastic, ferocious articles appeared in the English Press and in the German Press which was acting in close collusion with the English reporters. Lobsang Rampa was not able to do anything about the matter because he was ill in bed with severe coronary thrombosis. It was thought he would not live, but the Press seemed to hope that he would not live because that would have added to the sensation.

Pressmen came to the house. They yammered at the door like mindless creatures seeking only that which was evil, and not finding it, invented it. Mrs. Rampa was told they didn't want the truth. She was told that they wanted only sensation. The reporter-in-chief swore that he would stop the publication of any other book by Lobsang Rampa—this is the fourteenth!—and he seemed to be beside himself with insensate fury. The whole point of the matter was, though, that because of illness, because of extreme illness almost to the point of death, Lobsang Rampa could not bring a law case for libel. And because that opportunity has been lost the Press of the world now seem able to quote whatever they like from the original articles published in England and in Germany. Apparently, because no case was made within a certain time, it cannot be made now.

The British Press were filthy. The German Press were full

of outraged indignation. But why? They worked themselves into insane fury without cause because The Rampa Story is perfectly true, and the whole family has without any exception whatever affirmed that the whole thing is true. Lobsang Rampa is who he claims to be. One particular reporter printed a report saying that Mrs. Rampa had 'confessed'. It is not so. She had nothing to confess!

The story is true. Lobsang Rampa is all that he has claimed to be. He can do all the things he writes about. But because through illness he could not go to Court and defend his reputation, now the Press, like insensate morons, copy the original false articles and add to them out of a perfervid imagination. The French-language newspapers seem to derive a high delight out of what they imagine was the sexual aspect of it, quite oblivious of the fact that there was no sex connected with the affair. It was all a completely innocent, completely 'pure' association between two women and one man who lived as a hermit.

The old man thought of all these things. He thought of the difficulties which had been made not merely for him but for those who would come after, those who also would try to help this troubled world. He thought of the time of another press attack—

Lobsang Rampa was living in Windsor, Ontario, Canada. Unknown to him, in California, U.S.A., a man was claiming to be T. Lobsang Rampa, he was trying to collect 'disciples' and he was encouraging them to take mescaline and payote, saying it was good for their psychic development, etc., etc., and that Lobsang Rampa, without any exception whatever, has said that drug taking is absolutely harmless.

But Lobsang Rampa was in Windsor, Ontario, and the false Rampa was in Los Angeles. Inevitably the Los Angeles fraud was reported in the Press, and there was a great commotion about it. Eventually it was proved that Lobsang Rampa was not in California and the uproar died down, but the Press did not at any time publish an apology or state that a mistake had occurred.

The old man turned over on his bed and rustled some papers. Quite by chance he came up with three or four letters.

Glancing at them his thoughts ran on —

Two or three months ago letters began to come in, ‘Where are my books? Where are the books you promised me?’ A mystified Lobsang Rampa couldn't make head or tail of it until eventually there came a letter from Colorado saying that in the high part of Colorado there was a man living in a cave announcing publicly that he was T. Lobsang Rampa. He was telling people to drink intoxicating liquors and take whatever drugs they fancied. It was good, he said. He also advised people to write to ‘Headquarters’ and they would be sent a free set of the Rampa books. Hence the mail which descended on Lobsang Rampa, then living in Montreal.

An aroused Lobsang Rampa got in touch with the police in Colorado and applied quite a bit of pressure to the Chief of Police, pointing out what a bad advertisement it was for American justice if frauds could continue like this. So again another impostor was stopped.

There have been many such cases. The old man thought of the time when he had had letters from airline hostesses thanking him for the promise of the books, and asking where they were. Further letters produced the information that an impostor had been aboard the plane on their flight and had made quite a lot of ostentatious publicity. The fellow had said that he was Lobsang Rampa. He was going about with a lot of flair, a lot of bounce, saying how wonderful he was, promising free books for all. But not coming up with the books. And then hostesses and others writing in revealed the whole trickery. The Press never take such things into consideration. They never consider that people, like a horde of midges, persecute those of whom they are jealous. And so it is that the Press actually help those who are evil. The Press, it seems, will only give publicity to bad and never to good. They do nothing to correct a wrong. It seems—the old man thought—that in my case they have really gone overboard with their hatred, with their bias, they have quoted from my books, they have quoted from articles attacking me, and when complaint has been made they said, ‘Oh, it's in the public domain, there is nothing you can do about it. We are within our rights.’

The television stations have been just as bad. There was, for

example, a call some time ago from a television station. They issued an invitation. 'Come on television,' they said, 'tell us the story. Tell us the truth behind the Rampa Story.' So I was going to, I was going to say, Yes, the story is true, the Rampa Story itself is true; it tells the whole story, nothing more and nothing less. But they would not let me give my story. They insisted that instead I should read a prepared script, and that I refused because they wanted me to say I was a fake. But I am not. I am genuine. And that is why I could not appear on television.

There have been other cases like it. I have been given absolutely wonderful guarantees that I could write or say whatever I liked—'Put your own story over,' they said. 'Come on TV and say what you like. We won't stop you.' But as soon as an offer is taken up—no, they don't want the truth, they want only that which is sensational, only that which is untrue, only that which panders to the worst emotions of mankind. Hence, throughout these books, I have attempted to get at least one message over, and one message in particular is—All that I have written is true. My books are true, they contain my own experiences.

But One-Who was puttering around, fiddling with his feet, twiddling with his fingers. 'You ought to do an article yourself, you know,' he said. 'Why not tell the Press your side of the story? You know a man who is connected with the Press, why don't you call in Mr. Telly? He'd be glad to publish just as you tell your story. Sure, I can make the arrangement for you! I know him well. He'll come along, you'll find he is easy to get along with. Will you do that?'

The old man thought about it. He thought about the article in the crummy French-language newspaper, and then, reaching a sudden decision, he said, 'Yes! Tell the fellow to trot out his questions. Bring him along here, I'll give him an earful!!'

So One-Who smiled benignly, turned on his heel, and trotted out. The family came in, took one look at the old man's glum face, and said, 'Oh dear. More trouble? Is there never any end to it?'

But what is truth? What is your conception of truth? Do you know truth when you see it? How would you assess the

truth of a statement? Would you prefer to accept the word of a person who can demonstrate truth, or would you prefer to accept the word of people like press reporters who just want something which is sensational? But, of course, not only the press people are at fault. The public are at fault also because just within the past few weeks I have heard of an absolutely authentic case of a man in the U.S.A. This man had what he believed to be the right idea. He wanted to bring good to the people so he started a newspaper devoted to good, devoted to the better aspects of the daily news, and now the paper has closed down. People do not want to hear good news, they only want to hear bad news. People do not want to hear how well a person has done, but they are interested only in the bad things.

Many people are now trying to 'pull down' Churchill and others of that immense stature because it makes them feel 'great' to find out something about Churchill—it doesn't matter if it is something true or false, if it is repeated enough people will believe it. But let me tell you what I think about truth.

In this day and age when fourteen-year-olds complain that they cannot 'communicate' with even sixteen-year-olds, we must define our terms so that the reader can understand what the writer is trying to say. *What-is-truth?* Truth, as I see it, is a statement of *facts*, things which have occurred, things which are, things which are not the figments of an imagination but the quality or state of being in accordance with experience, in accordance with that which actually occurred. *That* is truth.

Precisely! That describes my books exactly; 'The quality of being in accordance with experience.' I—experienced—*all*—that—which—is—written—in—my—books, wherefore it is that I write *truth*.

Imagination, conversely, is the act or power of creating mental images of that which has never been actually experienced. *My* powers of cerebration are not those which would enable me to write fiction; my astrological make-up absolutely inhibits such a display of cerebral virtuosity—wherefore it is that I am *compelled* to write only the truth.

Let me repeat myself a little, even at the risk of some ill-natured person writing to say, 'You told us all that before.'

People do write in such a manner, you know. So many people are wholly unable to understand the viewpoint of others. They have never had any experience themselves and so they just like to be vicious and—as I said before—pull everyone down to their own miserable level.

Every so often there is a silly season in the Press; there is not much news about, a war has ended, or the latest sex symbol has got married or has died or something else, and so bored reporters react to bored editors made irate by idleness by hatching up some ‘scandal’ which really does not exist in fact. Sometimes some poor wretched schoolteacher is accused of a heinous crime and is pilloried on hearsay evidence for something of which he is quite innocent.

Having been framed, accused, judged, and condemned by the vicious Press of England and Germany with papers in other countries copying, I am going to give some details about it because, as you will have read in the foregoing pages, the Press is *still* attempting to ‘execute’ me as they have attempted unceasingly during the past fifteen years.

In my innocence I thought that every person accused of something had the right to be confronted by his accuser, I thought that every person had the right to defend himself, but—and I say this to you very seriously—the Press have without exception refused to allow me to give my side of the story. They have refused to allow me any opportunity of defending myself. It is like some big bully with a high-powered public address system trying to shout down a person who can only whisper. Okay, I am whispering to you. Will you listen?

I am an author who really had no intention of becoming one. In England many years ago I tried without any success at all to obtain employment. I was too old or too ‘different’, or too this or too that. I went (as you can read in my books) to Employment Agencies and to all manner of strange places, all without success. Then I was given a personal introduction to see an Authors' Agent who, it was said, might have ‘something useful’. Well, the Agent, no doubt with an eye to profitable business, refused to give me a job, saying, ‘I've heard about you; write a book about your own life.’

I left his office in disgust and, I admit, with considerable

anger because once again I had been brought on a fool's errand. Nothing was further from my mind than book writing. I thought that it was such a silly sort of thing. Unemployment and the hunger which it caused prevailed, and eventually with extreme reluctance I wrote a *true* book about my life, a *true* book ! I bared a past which I very much wanted to conceal, I bared it and wrote about it so that I could eat.

But there was jealousy; the fact that I was a success aroused the ire of certain people with much money and—to put it bluntly—I was ‘framed’ and attacked when through serious illness I was quite unable to defend myself.

No one has ever been able to *prove* me a fraud; for every ‘expert’ who claimed that I was such—three or more attested to my complete genuineness. I was never accused before a Court of Law, instead there have been only the sickening innuendoes of the Press and others, innuendoes which I could not refute at the time because of coronary thrombosis.

The Press, the television stations, and the radio have consistently refused to give my side of the story. They have refused to print or transmit my statement that all my books are absolutely true. Instead they keep on hatching up a rehash of the whole affair, adding lies to lies until in the end one just does not know what is what.

I am reminded of the person of whom I have just told you, the man who started a good newspaper and whose venture failed because people like scandal, people like doing harm to others. The Press know that if I should prove myself absolutely true then it would not help their circulation. Only scandal, murder, rape, etc., is a useful commodity to the Press.

People *like* to say, ‘Oh yes, I know it's true, I read it in the Press.’ It's a case of give a dog a bad name and hang him before he can say anything in his defense. In my case this attitude really has caused much harm. I had hopes of being able to help Tibet by speaking before the United Nations, and, in fact, I claim that my books have helped Tibet and the cause of Tibet enormously because my remarks have made the country known, my remarks have made the ‘strange’ people ‘human’. Yet, in spite of the help I could give, some of the exiled ‘high officials’ in India have said unkind things about me be-

cause, I understand from a reputable source, they have been told to discredit me or lose the help given by certain religious organizations. It may be asked how can these spiritual Leaders (so-called) discard one of their own? But Chairman Mao and General Chiang Kai Shek are both Chinese, both try to discredit the other. Even here in Canada where I now live, Mr. Stanfield tries his utmost to discredit Mr. Trudeau, or old Tommy Douglas chips in and tries to discredit everyone. It seems to be an occupational hazard.

But let us look at another case; in Northern Ireland Christians kill each other because two sorts of Christians each think that only they are right, both sides are Irish, both sides are Christians, both sides appear to believe in the same things, yet they fight and kill each other, and the Press by inflammatory reporting add fuel to the flames. If 'good Christians' behave like this is it not understandable that Tibetans in India, under considerable political and religious pressure, may 'under orders' repudiate one of their own elsewhere 'for the great good of the majority?'

My books are true. Yes, but people lose the whole point of the matter. It does not matter if I was born in Lhasa or Londonderry; the author does not matter, what the author writes, does. Have these books helped you? Have they helped anyone? Has anything been learned from them? Yes? Then they are worth while. You, the reader, pay a few cents or a few pence for a paperback book. That minute sum does not automatically entitle you to set up as a prosecutor, jury, judge, and executioner, yet that is what some of you are trying to do and actually loving it.

But there it is. It is your choice what you believe. I say my books are true. Now I do not claim that idly, I claim it because thousands of people have written to me and told me that my books have helped them, have stopped them from committing suicide, have helped relatives who were dying, have removed fear of death, etc., etc. Do you not think that in view of all this I am entitled to a little consideration, to a little politeness instead of the ranting Press always hanging around my doors? As you will read later they eventually drove me away from Montreal.

I am going to quote from *The Gazette of Montreal* for Thursday, June 15, 1972. The headline is ‘Tibetans in Quebec are Trying Hard to Keep Tradition Alive. Strangers in a Promised Land.’

‘“We are going to be strangers for a long time,” Lynne Borjee murmured softly over the top of her teacup.

‘She glanced quickly at her friend, Kesang Ichhemorito, and smiled wistfully as she hunted for the right English expression.

‘—Kesang at 22 is a shy, reticent girl with high cheekbones and an infectious grin, but she admits to a distrust of Montreal newspapers.

‘“When we first came here a French paper wrote a story about us which said that we didn't even know what a swimming suit was and that we went swimming in our raincoats. We may be from another country but we are not stupid.” The story did not please Lynne much either, “WE NEVER EVEN SAW THE REPORTER WHO WROTE THE STORY,” she said.’

Where is the truth in that? The Press reporter or the Tibetan refugees?

Yes, I certainly get to know all manner of strange things. For example, our old friend Mr. John Henderson, of whom you have heard in the past, sent me a cutting and apparently I cannot quote much from it because—well, because my publisher thinks I should possibly be infringing someone's copyright, and one has to please a publisher, hasn't one? Anyway, Mr. Henderson sent me a cutting from the *Charlotte Observer* dated August 26, 1971, and the headlines are startling enough: ‘Japanese Say Jesus Died, Buried There At Age 112.’ The headlines go on: ‘Jesus Not Crucified—Documents. Japanese Claim Christ Sacrificed Brother On The Cross Then Fled.’ The article is by John Justin Smith. Apparently the fellow is a reporter on the *Charlotte Observer* staff, but it would be quite interesting for some of you who live in the U.S.A. to get hold of that paper and read all the details which are given there. They are very circumstantial details—very authentic reading.

I have a very close friend in Japan and this young lady to whom this book is dedicated made some inquiries for me, and—well, I strongly advise you to get hold of that newspaper

because some of you will find it really interesting. But I have to remember the exhortation and injunctions of Mr. Publisher (bless his soul! ), and so the best thing we can do now is to answer some more questions. I have some very good ones here.

Yes, that's right too, some of these questions are quite good. For example, 'Please can you explain how Art or other creative activities increase one's vibrations? And how beneficial are such vibrations?'

Actually everyone and everything, as I have told you before, consists of vibrations. There are negative vibrations and there are positive vibrations, and I do not know how many of you have ever played with tuning forks. But if you have two tuning forks you can hold one with its end on a table, and then you could bang on the other tuning fork to set it humming, and place that with its end on the table quite a distance away from the first tuning fork—and the first tuning fork would start humming in sympathy with the other. Get hold of a pair of tuning forks from your music store, they are cheap enough, try it and you'll find it is really quite interesting.

When we get vibrations which are pleasant it makes us vibrate more pleasantly, that is, it increases our rate of vibration and thus makes us happier, more spiritual, more perceptive. But if we get a thing which depresses our vibrations then we get nasty-minded, lower spiritually, and it definitely stops spiritual progress.

Painting, after all, is just a set of materials arranged in such a fashion that the entire vibration is such that it pleases us and increases our rate of vibration. So Art, whether it be a picture or music, can increase our spirituality by raising our vibration. Remember, high vibrations are good and positive, low vibrations are negative and not always so good.

The next question is a good one, and it really does fit in with the question above. A lady writes: 'This is a question so many people would, I believe, like some information on—fear. You have described how fear is nothing more than uncontrolled imagination struggling with will-power and that will-power will always fail in the struggle. What is the cause of fear?'

Let's go back to Art; if we see something beautiful we ap-

preciate it, we like it, we get pleasure from it. But if we see something terrible—what shall I say? A picture of devilish tortures?—whatever it may be, if it is a terrible, beastly, horrible thing it depresses our vibrations and we get to thinking, ‘Oh, suppose that should happen to me!’ Then immediately it sets up a chain reaction in our vibratory make-up and the unpleasant vibration which we call fear feeds upon itself and produces more fear.

You get the same thing sometimes when people pass a graveyard at midnight and something stirs. The hair on the back of their necks sticks up and there is a great temptation to start off at a run because the imagination lowers the vibrations so that one is susceptible to impressions from the lower astral of disembodied spirits, bodies in coffins and all the rest of it, and we think that such things could happen to us, we think that a ghost is going to come out and bite us behind, or something. Well, we think about that and we fail to be rational about it, and so the fear grows and grows. In other words, the vibrations become lower and lower and we become gloomier and gloomier.

Fear is nothing but uncontrolled imagination. If you want to overcome fear just be certain that nothing is going to hurt you. Nothing can hurt you. Tell yourself that you are an immortal soul and although it is possible for someone to temporarily damage your clothes or your body that will not hurt the essential you. The less you fear the less you will have fear, so that in the end you can discipline yourself so much that fear does not exist, cannot exist, in your make-up. Then you will know contentment and satisfaction, then you will walk with your head up and your shoulders back (unless you live in a wheelchair!).

Now, listen to this— ‘You have described how drugs can do great harm to one's spirituality. Can such damage be repaired within a lifetime? You say, also, that one should never take drugs, but surely you will agree that many people have secured out-of-the-body experiences by the use of drugs, have secured spiritual enlightenment through the use of drugs. I believe you are wrong when you say that drugs are harmful. What do you say about that?’

Yes, ma'am, I do say that drugs are wrong. I do say that drugs are the work of the devil himself because if you take drugs then you are altering your vibrations artificially and you are making it almost impossible (I said 'almost') to develop spiritually without the aid of such props.

Drugs are terrible things indeed and they definitely stain your astral body and impair your physical body.

Do you believe that athletes should be given drugs to make them run faster or jump higher? Do you believe that people should take Benzedrine tablets to keep them going longer? If you do you should read some of the police reports. For an illustration I will tell you about long-distance truck drivers; these men drive vast distances every day and, naturally, they get tired. So many of them have been in the habit of taking drugs or, as they term them, 'goof-balls', and police records and insurance statistics quite irrefutably prove that the use of these drugs causes accidents, death, and mental impairment. Now if drug firms could do so with safety they would sell all manner of drugs, they are in the business to make money, but it is stupid to go on selling stuff like LSD, goof-balls, and the like, and then find that they are injuring the health of so many people. I say that drugs should be quite definitely banned.

But those who have taken drugs, what hope have they? They have every hope provided they most rigidly abstain from taking drugs any more, provided they eat sensibly and drink sensibly, and provided they do not go in for too many forms of abuse—self-abuse, that is. No one is 'beyond the pale'. Everyone can be helped if they want to be helped. So if any of you who are drug addicts really want to 'kick the habit', then you can 'kick the habit' and by the time you get to the Other Side you will find that your astral form has recovered from the psychic shock of your physical drug addiction.

I do want to say something here about suicide because of late I have been shocked at the number of people who have written to me saying that they have been on drugs and they see no way out except to commit suicide. Well, my goodness me! Suicide is very very wrong indeed. You harm yourself, and you have to come back to much worse conditions if you commit suicide. If you have difficulties which make you think

about suicide, then talk over the matter with a priest, or even with the Salvation Army, or look in the telephone directory and find some Association or Society connected with Welfare with whom you can discuss your problems. So let me emphasize as I have emphasized so often in the past—never contemplate suicide. Never commit suicide. You are hurting yourself if you do. If you commit suicide, well, you have abandoned help. If you stay alive there is always some way out of your problem. Suicide is not a way out because—I repeat—you come back to harder conditions.

Now another question: ‘How is it that some people come to one sign of the Zodiac and some to another sign? If we come as a Taurus person how can we appreciate the problems of a Cancer person or a Leo person or a Scorpio person, or something else? I don't understand this problem about how we come under different signs of the Zodiac. Will you tell us?’

Yes, I can tell you. Every person goes through every sign of the Zodiac, and there are twelve signs. And every person has to live through each quadrant of the Zodiac. So you can be just entering the sign of Libra in one life, then in another life (not necessarily the next) you can be right midway in the sign of Libra, and in yet another life you can be just leaving the sign of Libra, or, of course, all the other signs of the Zodiac. So you have to live through every sign and every part of the sign so that you get full experience of each of the signs.

Question: ‘Tell us about the future. Are we in the West all going to be “in for it”, or will things suddenly brighten for us? Tell us, will you? I've just bought a place up in the Rockies in Washington State, I am having a house built there, and I am hoping to be free of all troubles. Will I be?’

Well, we have to remember that everything comes in cycles. Imagine that you are watching a great big pendulum. The pendulum is at the top of its stroke. Let us say you are facing this pendulum and it is up at the top of its stroke on the right-hand side. Then you release it, and it moves down and eventually it reaches its lowest point, and then it rises to go up to its highest point. Then it reverses and comes down to the lowest point, and up again. Life—existence—is like that. You get a Golden Age and then people are too self-satisfied so things get

worse and worse, things get lower and lower just like the pendulum on its downward swing. And then, when it is nearly at the bottom of its swing, you get the negation of all liberties, you get Communism when people get horribly sick of being dictated to. After that they strive again for freedom and so, just as the pendulum moved to the upward stroke, people strive for more spirituality and they work hard at it, they put aside their petty bickering, they put aside their fighting, conditions improve. Eventually life becomes quite pleasant, then it becomes exceedingly good, better and better. And so we come again to a Golden Age, an Age in which people get complacent, too self-satisfied, too content. So they sit back, they've got everything, there is nothing more to work for. And then the pendulum starts on its downward swing again, and so people find hardship coming, they find Communism comes again, and so we get the same thing cycle after cycle.

Now upon this Earth we are having a hard time. The pendulum is still going down, and it has to go down still further before it can go higher, but cheer up—the Communism the world will know will not be so severe as that which initiated that evil cult or policy into this world because each time conditions get a little better. So—we are approaching the darkest hour before the dawn, but after the darkest hour shafts of light will shine across the sky, the gloom will end, the day will dawn, and again we shall come to the Golden Age. But at the end of the day the night will fall again, to be followed by gloom and darkness until again dawn will burst upon the world and life will become brighter and brighter until, with increasing complacency and self-satisfaction, conditions will deteriorate. And so until the end of Time the Earth and all worlds have these cycles of good and bad, and good and bad. So be of good cheer because no one is ever alone or deserted. There is always hope, so keep that in mind. You can be as good as you want to be. You can be helped at any time if you really want to be.

## CHAPTER FIVE

It was becoming difficult to go out in the grounds or to drive along the Plaza in the wheelchair. Curtains would twitch slightly at my passing and perhaps just one eye would show as an inquisitive person followed my transit.

Whispers came: 'Yes, that's him all right—that's him.' Others, more forthright, came out in the open and said they had heard about me on French television or they had read about me in the French-language papers. Some went so far as to say that there seemed to be quite a conspiracy to do whatever harm they could.

The number of visitors who were 'just taking snapshots' increased. It was noticeable that they all managed to aim the camera in my direction. On one occasion I was riding along in my wheelchair by the side of the road and a car came rushing out of the distance and slowed up with a screech of brakes beside me. The driver drove along at my speed and—highly dangerously—he used a cine camera to film me at the same time as he was trying to drive his car on a public road!

There came the time when the whispers and the irritations became unsupportable, so we discussed matters and I said, 'Oh, let's get this Mr. Telly\* in then, but I will tell you what I am going to do; I have had so much double-crossing from people, not only the Press but from all manner of people, that I think I will use a tape recorder and record what is said so that afterwards, if there should be any dispute—well, then I shall have evidence to prove what happened free from defective memories, free from what I may gently call "reporters licence" '

Within a very few days there came a rush and a roar, some-

thing like a modern jet plane taking on or a space capsule or something, and the very fast modern car belonging to Mr. Telly swooshed up the road, violently turned right, and swung down to the entrance many floors below. Minutes later there came hurrying footsteps and almost a 'skid stop' followed by pounding at the door. Mr. Telly entered.

Of course it must be very clearly understood that 'Mr. Telly' is not his real name. His real name doesn't matter, it has nothing to do with this book, but I thought that as television and newspaper, radio and all that were much the same sort of racket I would invent a generic term. This must be made clear because in the past I have really, truly, honestly, seriously had people write to me and ask me about Mrs. Hensbaum and Rosie Hipps, and people like that, not realizing that I was just using made-up names.

Well, Mr. Telly came in. We had a few friendly words of greeting and then he told me that he'd got a whole list of questions, and I said, 'Well, look, I am a very sick man indeed and I do not know that I can stand all the time and hardship or many hours of interview, so what I suggest is this; you give me all your questions and I will answer some of them here and now and I will answer the others in writing.'

Mr. Telly nodded wisely and produced wads of paper from his pocket. Some had pretty doodles on them for he was a great doodler. And then he put the questions on the bed before him.

'Before we start,' I said, 'I do want you to understand clearly Mr. Telly that in this material I retain my copyright because I propose to use all this material in a book which I am going to write for the English language. You do understand that, don't you?'

Mr. Telly looked a bit sour, and said, 'Oh well, how am I going to manage then if it is your copyright? I cannot use the material myself, can I?'

'Well yes, you can, Mr. Telly,' I said, 'for I am telling you that you can use all this material in the French book\* which I understand you are going to write, and I will use it in the English book so then we shall not conflict with what we are going to do, shall we?'

Mrs. Rampa, who was listening intently, nodded sagely and then Mr. Telly said, 'Oh well, that's all right then.'

'Now then,' I said, 'this picture you brought from that French-language paper—well, it makes me rather sorry that I am not more proficient in French. It's interesting that these fellows label me as a "gentle fake". Actually I am neither gentle nor a fake, but surely their comments are some sort of a compliment because there is so little gentleness in the world today; it seems that Jews and Arabs are knocking the stuffing out of each other, and Christians are trying to see what is inside the other fellow, and bombs are being tossed about in Montreal, and the Press and Television are being savage to anyone. Yes, I suppose it is quite a compliment to be labeled "gentle" even if it is in the connotation of fake.

'But, you know, this just shows how inaccurate the Press really is because I have always maintained that it does not matter who writes a thing so long as the person writes stuff that is of benefit to other people, so long as he writes the truth. That is what I say, I say it does not matter about me, it does not matter who I am, it does not matter what I am. If what I write brings some good to someone—and letters which I have prove that I do bring good to people—then my precise identity, or whether I sign my name with an A, a Y, or a Z, surely does not matter. This interview, you know, is really just pandering to the inquisitiveness of the public. You seem to think that it is a good idea but I am not sure that I agree with you.

'One of the complaints I have is this; I tell the absolute truth and yet the Press wriggle around taking my statements out of context, and making up something quite different which I certainly did not say and did not imply. I state that all that I have written is true. How can anyone distort that? But I have no doubt that the Press will distort it somehow. Why do not the Press go in for some research? Surely they have enough money for it. They could do some research into authentic cases of transmigration. Even in the Bible there are cases of transmigration, and throughout history, throughout the Libraries of the world, there are many really authentic cases recorded (I must be careful when I say "really" authentic because other-

wise some moronic Pressman will say , “Oh, he uses ‘really’ therefore he is implying he is not genuine.” But that is not so at all). I state that I have experienced definite, authentic transmigration.

‘Now you ask about this plumber business. Well, what is wrong with being a plumber? I am sure you have found the services of a plumber extremely useful at times, in fact at times the services of a plumber can be a darn sight more beneficial to you than the services of a pressman. You get locked in the smallest room, for instance, and it takes more than a pressman to get one out.

‘However, whether you believe it or not (and I couldn't care less), no—I have never been a plumber. If I had I would be far richer than I am at present because I believe that plumbers are extremely well paid. Certainly they charge enough!

‘I have just said about you being locked in the smallest room, but there is one report which I had repeated to me some time ago which gave me very considerable glee; there was a pressman with a very bad character—one who persecuted me without mercy—and he went aboard a ship to do some interviewing and he was not at all wanted, he was not popular even with his fellow reporters, and if anyone is unpopular with a fellow reporter then he must be a pretty crummy specimen indeed. But, anyway, this reporter had to go to the you-know-where, and while he was in that very small space some of his associates barricaded the door preventing him from coming out. Consequently he missed the interview altogether, and that was a good thing because he was not a good writer nor did he know the meaning of truth. But then, this could apply to all pressmen, couldn't it?

‘Returning to this plumber business—no, I do not know anything about it because, as I have stated, my story is a true story and the pages in *The Rampa Story* will give you as much as I know about this past life. Look at it like this; you go to a cinema show and you see a film which, for some extraordinary reason is being run backwards, that is, the film runs from now to then. Well, you become confused, your sense of time is altered because everything is reversed. But you try to remember a film you saw—oh, what shall we say?—twenty years

ago? How much do you know about it now? Probably you were not all that interested, and if you wrote out exactly what happened in that film which is being run backwards, it would not necessarily tally precisely with actual events. I have a completely eidetic memory about everything which has happened to me—to me personally. But I am not good at all at trying to portray the life story of a person whom I have never met and whom I never want to meet.

‘What is transmigration? Well, I thought everybody knew what that was. If they don't know what it is then they can't be very good at their religious studies, can they?’

‘Transmigration is stated to be the movement of one soul from one body into another body. There are many, many recorded instances in the world's history in which the soul of a person has departed from a body but before death occurred to that body another body was taken over. It is as simple as that.

‘You can say if you wish to make it clearer that there is a car. The car stops and the driver gets out. Another driver gets in and drives off. The driver, in this case, can be likened to the soul. So the soul, which is the first driver, left the car which is the body, and a fresh soul, which is the second driver, got into the car and drove off. Just as you can have a car which is driven by two people—one after the other of course—so you can have a body which is occupied first by one soul and then by another. There is nothing very strange about it.

‘Another way in which you can look at it, if it helps to make it clearer, is this; you have a storage battery, and the charge, which in this case is the soul, goes out of it with use, so then it is charged up again and, in effect, the same battery gets a different soul.

‘The difficulty is that here in this Western part of the world people are more interested in making money and in harming their neighbors, but in the Eastern part of the world there is a completely different concept of the purpose of living. In the Far East people are more interested in the spiritual side of life, things of the spirit have greater value than the things of the flesh.

‘But you are still on about this plumber business and how it

started. Well, in England there are many snobs, we must admit that, and if a person is a plumber or a garbage collector then he is considered to be pretty low and not to have any education, and is supposed to touch a greasy forelock and say, 'Yes, God, No, God,' to the customers who do not pay their bills. So the best way to pull a man down in England is to say, 'Oh, he's the son of a plumber,' or 'He is a plumber himself' which, I gather, is considered to be even worse. I cannot help smiling, though, when I think that the Founder of the Christian Religion was a carpenter, which is no higher than being a plumber!

'I have been reminded of a case which illustrates this very well. Lord Hambleton is an important and cultured man but there was someone talking about him in a disparaging manner, and remarked, 'Oh that fellow Smith who sells books.' That, however, still does not affect the true status of Lord Hambleton whose name is also Smith and who is, after all, England's biggest and perhaps most important bookseller.

'This is the Age of Kali, the age of disruption where the crummy little man-in-the-street and his snotty-nosed wife, done up with loads of powder and face goo, try to pull down all that really matters, try to sneer at tradition, try to sneer at culture, and have no time for education because through television and the Press people are very superficially educated above their means and above their brains! They hear fantastic tales about Hollywood homes, and they get Communist ideas that they too should have such homes, homes which really exist only in the fevered imagination of the film people.

'The worst aspect of our present civilization is how a very noisy minority can make it appear that a person is a fraud or a person is hated, etc. We get the same thing in strikes. We get a few hooters rousing the general people to an absolute frenzy. We get strong-arm goons who beat a person senseless if he tries to stand on the side of decency. And so the average person who would like to know the truth is driven by fear to listen to the rabble and the goons and the Press.

'But you tell me something; if a man has a big firm, or if he supervises, does he necessarily have to be classed as the lowest of the lot? For instance, if a man owns a newspaper does he

have to be just the copy-devil or whatever you call the fellow nowadays. Or if a man has a great big home appliance firm, does he count as a pipe-fitter or a plumber, or is he the head of the firm? It is a terrible thing nowadays how people are so unutterably snobbish. What was Moses? Surely Moses was a waif, a homeless child who was just picked up somewhere. And what was Jesus? The son of a carpenter, we are told. And Northern Ireland trying to destroy all the other Christians here again, as I said previously, that is an even older trade than that of a plumber.

‘To bring it back to our present era the Press have also started a good thing in their own mind by bringing down royalty. Do they not refer so frequently to Princess Margaret as “Mrs. Jones”? Do they not refer to that very great man, Prince Philip, as just a foreigner who managed to get adopted into the British Navy or something? Strange, isn't it? And so why should we not call the Editor of a newspaper a rag-picker? After all, he does have a rag, does he not?

‘Again, I am going to state that all my books are true, and I am going to tell you that I have a very special reason for insisting on this truth. I will even tell you why I so insist; transmigration is fact, not fantasy, and there will be many others like me coming to this world. If I can save any of those from the misery and hell and persecution which I have endured through hatred here, then my own suffering will have been more than justified.

‘People who have accomplished transmigration, and have talked about it, have been regarded as something strange. Some have been put in mental homes! But if a person appears strange to another person he is feared, and if he is feared he is also hated. Have you ever seen a dog approaching a strange dog? Have you seen how it circles around, sniffing and growling, and is always afraid it is going to lose something? Well, that is how humans behave with me because they consider that I am different in some way, and so they try to claim that I am a fraud, they try to claim that because I am so strange I must be a fake. I am not, you know. I am one alone at present—the lonely man—but there will be others coming by transmigration, and they will carry on where I have to leave off through ill health and poverty, both caused by persecution.

‘People persecute and fear that which they don’t understand. People hate those who take them into realms which they have not before entered. People loathe those who write about matters beyond the limited experiences of the reader. People try to destroy that which does not conform to their own concepts and patterns, as witness the assorted Christians in whose concepts may be microscopically different. As witness the American Whites trying to enslave or destroy the American Coloreds because they do not conform to the white pattern. The path of the bringer of truth is hard; only the sadist and the pornographer is lauded and loaded with gold. No matter the consequences, all my books are true.

‘My wife has been approached by pressmen who wanted her to write something sensational, something that the public could lap up. It did not have to be true. If it was the truth, so they said, it would not be sensational, it would be just—the truth. But one man offered her quite a considerable sum of money to deny everything that I claim and to make out all sorts of strange things. He wanted sex orgies, he wanted underground temples, and obscene rites. Naturally my wife refused. But it shows that there is a little segment of the Press out to falsify the truth. They cannot bear the truth, it has no interest for them.

‘There has been an astonishing interest in my sex life! Now, I can answer that easily, that is very very simple to answer: I do not have a sex life, I live as a hermit. One could say (and it has been said too often), that I live as a lodger in my own home, but there is no trouble with morality here. Each of us has respect for the others, and, you know, we are not all sex mad perverts. We leave that for others.

‘Oh yes, I must tell you this; this should make you laugh. I had one communication from a lady, a French-Canadian of course, who stated with great triumph that she knew I was a fake because I looked at my cats with love when she saw me on a filmed program. Love my little cats? Of course I do! I really, genuinely love both these little people, I love all cats, but I do not always extend that love to humans.

‘Now a word straight from the horse’s mouth, or am I just a

donkey instead, for being lured into this? But anyway, here is a word straight from my mouth; it really astounds me how Press people drum up a lot of criticism when they have not even read my books. Now if somebody wants to criticize my books, and if they know something about the subject, why do they not read the books first? Probably because they will find that there is nothing they can criticize after. However, there it is. Yes, you can put all this into print if you want to, I would agree to it, but only if you include this sentence:

‘I, T. Lobsang Rampa, state definitely that all my books are true and I am whom I claim to be, and I state that others will come by transmigration. I hope they will get a better welcome than I did.

‘Oh, good gracious, I thought we had finished all these foolish questions. But if, as you say, it is so vitally important to answer them, what are they? Critics' queries? But, I don't mind critics! These people who criticize because they are ignorant and don't know anything. But come on, bring out your questions. What are they, and what is the first one?’

Q: ‘People write in and say that you do not look like a Tibetan.’

A: ‘Oh, they do, do they? But how many people of any nationality look as popular imagination would have them look? Take, for example, England, a small country. Can you say that anyone is a typical Englishman? Consider a small dark Welshman, compare him with a big blonde Scotsman. Do they look alike? They are both still people of Great Britain, aren't they? Then take a person from Manchester and a person from Cornwall, they are both English but they may be utterly, utterly different.

‘Consider high-caste Indians. Some of them are so white-skinned that they can and do pass for Europeans. But the typical Indian of distorted imagination might be a small dark little man, usually clad in rags. That is nonsense. It is quite absurd to say that there is a classical person of any race. For example, John Bull, the typical British cartoon figure; is there such a person? Or Uncle Sam—is there such a person as Uncle Sam? No! People who say, “Oh, he doesn't look like a Tibetan,” are just displaying their ignorance of life and life's forces. The

average Tibetan of popular Western imagination is of Mongolian origin, but the higher the caste of Tibetan the whiter and the more "European" he appears to be.'

Q: 'What can you tell us about reincarnation? People write in and say that reincarnation is a thing they really cannot accept.'

A: 'What a fantastic thing that is! Reincarnation is or has been taught in most religions. For an illustration, let me remind you that the original teachings of Christ are very very different from the teachings of the present. Things are changing. Often the Vatican will issue an edict changing an interpretation; a person who has been a saint for centuries is no longer a saint. Dogma which has been accepted for centuries becomes changed overnight by papal edict.

'The same thing happens in the case of reincarnation. Christ taught reincarnation. He taught that people came back time after time and then went back to the place where "In my Father's house there are many mansions". But the priests round about the Year 60 decided to alter the teachings of Christ and they found that it was not wise to teach reincarnation because people would have a jolly good time in one life thinking they would pay for it in the next life, in the comfortable distant future. So in the Christian belief reincarnation was dropped. The original documents, the Dead Sea Scrolls and all that type of thing teach reincarnation. But isn't it amusing that I, a non-Christian, should have to teach the Christian belief to Christians?

'Many religions believe that people have to come to this Earth as children return to school time after time. Children first go to the infants' class, then at the end of that term they go home for recreation. At the end of the recreation they are "born" to the school life again. If they have done well enough in their previous term they come back to a higher grade. Then, when they have continued successfully for that term, they "die" to the school life and return home again, going back to school after the suitable holidays. So they go on like that, returning to school until the end of the school career. At the end of each successive term they return home, only to go back to school in a higher grade until they have progressed through

the school, or, as we have to point out, life. Then they return home to come back to school no more, or come back to Earth no more.'

Q: 'I have here a French magazine. It prints the information that you are a plumber. It says that you have been a plumber all your life. What about that?'

A: 'So we get back to this plumber business again, eh? Well, I wish I could charge the going rate for plumbers. I could do quite well on that money. But no, I repeat, I am not a plumber, I have never been a plumber, and—well—how can they possibly say that I am now living as a plumber when actually I am either bed-ridden or confined to a wheelchair? That just shows how press reports are frightfully inaccurate.'

Q: 'People say that you are very rich, that you live in absolute luxury.'

A: 'Just look about you! Do you think this is luxury? Did you not say that the floor is cold and I should have some carpet on? There is no carpet on my floor, Mr. Telly, and, while on the subject, I do not even have a television set nor do I have a car. Is that luxury? It is very, very far from luxury. But I will give you a definite answer—No, I do not live in luxury. No, I do not have a big income as you seem to imagine, or, let me be fair to you, as some of your colleagues seem to imagine. To start with, some publishers in England take as much as fifty per cent from my small royalties before I get anything. Then, of course, there are agents' fees. Incidentally, the agents' fees are an investment because my agent, Mr. Stanley Knight, saves me an awful lot of work; he keeps me on the right path!

'If a book is published in a different country there may be two sets of agents' fees, and then there is tax. In addition, of course, there are all manner of expenses connected with book writing, typewriter, typing, copying, and all the rest of it.

'If the complaint is that I live in this particular apartment building, well, let me tell you this; it is cheaper living here than in many other apartment buildings. There are many advantages to living in a place such as this. I have no car, as I told you, for the simple reason that I cannot afford one, but one exceptionally good advantage in being here is that there are doormen, people who keep away unwanted, uninvited

guests. People come here and unless they can produce some conclusive evidence that I am willing to see them, they are just told, “No, no admittance,” and to me that is worth quite a lot of money.

‘But if you really want to know what I do with the small amount of money I get I will tell you; I do research. I am doing research into the matter of the human aura. All humans have an aura around the body. There is no point in going into details here because all that is written about in considerable detail in my book *You-Forever*. If people could photograph the human aura they could tell in advance about illnesses which were likely to affect this physical body, tell in advance while the illness was preventable or curable. You see, illness shows in the colors of the aura long before it manifests itself in the physical body. Research, equipment, costs a lot of money, and because I spend so much on research I have little indeed left for myself. Sometimes, not even enough for medical necessities.

‘By the way, let me just interject my own remarks here for the moment, apart from questions. I cannot understand why all these personal and impertinent questions are asked. I write true books and it does not mean that because a reader pays a few cents for a book he has the right to inquire into my private life. Why should I not write to some of my readers and ask how much money they make and what they do with it? And why should I not ask about their sex life? Do you think they would answer that? But no matter, let us get on with these questions and answers because I have already told you I will answer some more.’

Q : ‘You say you are a monk. Then why are you living with two women?’

A: ‘Now that really is an utterly absurd question. Why shouldn't I live with two women? Doesn't the Pope, for instance, have women around him? He does, you know; he has a Housekeeper for one. But anyway, why not say that I live with four females? Two of the females are Siamese cat ladies and real ladies they are, too. But I have already made it clear about my sex life, or, to be more precise, my lack of sex life, so there is no point in going further into that except to point out that

even Gandhi had women attendants. Christ had women about Him, and if we are to believe the Bible Christ even mixed with prostitutes. So what is wrong in mixing with women? They are humans, aren't they? You will find that in Tibet some monks were even married and their wives lived in the lamaseries. No, I cannot help pondering upon the reason for such a stupid question.'

Q : 'Why did you come to Canada? The Press in England said you had gone to your Canadian hide-out. Did you come here just to hide?'

A : 'Why did I come to Canada? Why not? I have to live somewhere, and if I had gone to Timbuctoo some clot would have said, "Why did Lobsang Rampa live in Timbuctoo?" After all, why do people live in Canada? Is there anything wrong with the place? Is it a crime to live here? The answer is that I live in Canada for probably the same reason as you do; I live here because I want to live here. I have taken out Canadian citizenship and now I am a full citizen of this Canada.'

Q : 'Why are you so anti-social? Why do you live like a hermit? Why don't you meet people? Are you afraid, or something?'

A : 'You know, I would love to stop here and have a jolly good laugh. But time is pressing so let us get on with a sensible answer to a foolish question. I live as a hermit because I am utterly sick and tired of senseless questions and senseless people asking senseless questions. I have had people visit me and I have been absolutely sickened by their selfishness. They say, "Oh, what you can do for me! I want you to do this, I want you to do that." People rarely ask what they can do for me. And another thing; before I learned by hard bitter experience I did see a few people, but many of them went away from me and completely misrepresented everything that had happened. Some tried to make money out of the Press and they went along and sold misinformation for quite a packet of money. Now I have decided that there is no reason why I should pander to the senseless curiosity of people. I am not a freak in a cage, nor am I a sideshow attraction in a circus. So I do not and I will not see people.'

'I am not afraid to meet people. Why should I be? I have

told all there is to be told in my books. But then again, why should I meet people if I don't want to? Do you, Mr. Telly, meet everyone who thinks they can just drop in and waste your time? Why should I meet people when so many are just trying to criticize me or trying to get something for nothing? It seems to be thought that because I write books which people can buy for a few cents, that I have to put myself up as a sort of Aunt Sally and answer any fool question, or see any mentally bereft person who can manage to totter to my door. Let me state finally that people do not have a right of access to see me, they do not have a right to come and see me whenever they think they will.

'I must tell you this, it has overtones of humour to it; when I lived in a different apartment here I had a man come to my door after midnight. He was from a Middle Eastern country and he arrived with quite a few suitcases. He came to the door and when it was opened he tried to get inside, saying, "I have come to live with you as your son." Well, that's something eh? Eventually we got rid of him, but I saw him much later in the morning, and he went away apparently satisfied.

'Some months after I received a blackmail demand for \$2,000 and a very savage demand that I should embrace and write about some peculiar religion that I had never even heard of before. He was very insistent that I should write books in praise of that religion. This was quite fantastic to me, but serious to him, and I have never been easily intimidated so, unfortunately for the man concerned, he quite accidentally enclosed an indication of his address on about his sixth letter to me—the first letters were quite anonymous. Anyway, I got in touch with the U.S. Postal Inspection Department and with the Police of the relevant area.

'The gentleman concerned was living in the U.S.A. illegally.

'He is not there now!

'While still on the subject I can tell you this; I have had people who have come to me in the greatest distress and have written to me claiming that the most dreadful things were going to happen to them and only I could save them. So, out of compassion, I have agreed to see them. One woman immedi-

ately wanted to jump in bed with me, an offer which I refused, and so incurred her enmity. She has ever since been trying to harm me. But others said they invented the whole thing because they knew that without very good reason I would not see them. Because of treachery of this nature I do not see people any more.'

Q: 'You have a business in England making Touch Stones and phonograph records. How do you say that you are poor when you have these business interests which bring you in money?'

A: 'No. I do not have a business in England or anywhere else in the world. I have no business interests of any sort except in writing my books and Mr. Knight, my wonderfully reliable Agent, looks after that business for me! But of course there are Touch Stones being made, and I designed them, but it is not my business and I am no part of the business.'

Q: 'The Press here—publishes a letter which they say is from the Dalai Lama and saying that you were a fake. What do you say about that?'

A: 'The Press made much of a purported statement by some secretary employed by the Dalai Lama to the effect that I was not genuine, but the Dalai Lama himself has never said such a thing, nor has his secretary said I am not genuine. The letter, for example, said he places "no credence", which is a horse of another colour. But let us look at this matter; anyone with even the meanest intelligence would know that people in "high places" have quite a number of secretaries. Leaders of countries have several secretaries, and sometimes these secretaries have limited authority to write what they consider to be fit because their employers do not have time to deal with all the correspondence themselves. So if the fellow has a personal dislike then he gets a wonderful opportunity to vent his spite on the object of his dislike and, in this particular case, I state absolutely that there is a secretary to the Dalai Lama who has no liking for me at all, and so this secretary makes remarks about "we place no credence—" which is quite a different thing from what the Press try to convey.

'By the way, you have just told me yourself that there were two "lamas" discussing the Rampa affair and one "lama" was

supposed to be very opposed to me and the other was absolutely fervid in his support. Yet the Press, of course, take the side of the opposition. Why?

‘There is a very well-known American author who went to see the Dalai Lama in India, and when Mr. B. came back he sent me a special message to the effect that when Tibet was free again the Dalai Lama would gladly welcome me to the Potala. No, do not place words in the mouth of the Dalai Lama which he has not uttered. Instead, regard the backstairs secretaries as suspects. You don't know their motives? Perhaps I do!

‘Once again I will make another remark which doesn't, so far, come in your questions, but I gather you have a whole bunch of the wretched things. The Press seem to be very confused about my identity. But why? Look at some well-known cases—who was Shakespeare? Who was Bacon? Who was Moses? I mention these merely because they are so well known, and again, just to show how remarkable some Press statements are, I have already mentioned a Press statement about Christ going to Japan after He “ran out” on His brother. Well, what do you think about all that? Do you believe all this? It is in the Press you know. But if one is to believe all the muck the Press publish about me, well—why not believe all muck published about everyone?’

Q: ‘How old are you? Why do you refuse to give your age?’

A : ‘But I do refuse to give my age. It's nothing to do with anyone else. My age, which is far more than you would believe, does not affect my book writing, it doesn't add any proof to anything, and in any case I do not want to give any proof because I just couldn't care less about pleasing the Press. The ordinary decent people who read my books do believe me, but as is always the case an extremely noisy minority make a commotion quite impossible to credit unless one is the victim. But the answer is—No, I will not give my age, and the sole reason is because I do not want to!’

## CHAPTER SIX

It was very tiring answering these questions. The old man lay there propped up on his bed and Mr. Telly was sitting on the foot of the bed shuffling a great sheaf of papers, and all the time he was continually fishing fresh scraps of paper out of his pocket, papers with fresh questions. Ever and anon inspiration would strike him and he would grab a pencil and write out yet another question. When he was not writing out questions Mr. Telly was doodling. He was a great doodler, and his doodles were most, most revealing!

‘Well, come on then, let's get on with these questions,’ said the old man, ‘what's the next one?’

Q: ‘If you are so strong and know so much, why can't you cure your illness?’

A: ‘Now that really is the depth of absurdity. Let me tell you something; fifteen years ago I went to one of the most famous London hospitals. There I was very carefully examined, and the opinion was made that I had not more than six months of life remaining. I then went to another equally famous London hospital. They confirmed the estimate of the first, and that was more than fifteen years ago.

‘Two and a half years ago in Canada I was told that I had not more than two or three months of life left. Two and a half years ago that forecast was made. Let me tell you something which may not have occurred to you; all the Press persecution is not helping my health in any way, but even the greatest of faith healing will not grow an arm or a leg which has been amputated, not even the greatest faith or medical science can grow a lung which has been removed. So whatever silly sort of person asked a fool question like that?’

Q: 'The French Press say that you probably copied Madame Blavatsky. Did you? Or if you did not copy her, then you must have copied Alexandra David-Neil. Is that correct?'

A: 'This really does seem to be a comic session, doesn't it? No, I have not copied anyone. I have no books of reference. I have never read any of the works of Madame Blavatsky nor any of the works of this Alexandra David-Neil. I write exclusively from my own personal knowledge and experience, and that seems to be entirely adequate. But why do you not read Madame Blavatsky and David-Neil and see if my books are similar. If they are, then do please come and tell me because I shall be most interested!'

Q: 'Here is a report from a French newspaper in which they say you were hired by Hitler to go to Tibet to learn all you could then you could return to counsel Hitler on how to win the war.'

A: 'Well, do you seriously think I am going to answer a question like that?! I will, though, although you do seem to have been combing the mental homes to find the most crazy people to ask the most crazy questions.'

'No, I have never been hired by Hitler to go to Tibet. If you want to know the truth, the real truth, and nothing but the truth, then read all my books which are in print then you will know the truth.'

Q: 'Will you tell us some of the questions you are asked, reincarnation, for instance, people don't understand it. Transmigration, people don't understand that either. So will you answer questions about that?'

A: 'Well, I don't know what else there is to tell you. I have told you that if you read all my books you will know all this stuff, that's what my books are about. If people read my books they will know about transmigration, they will know about reincarnation, they will know about the aura.'

Q: 'Well, won't you give us just one thing about changing bodies? What is it like?'

A: 'I'll tell you what I will do; I will let you have an extract from *The Rampa Story*, you can print it and then you will get the actual incident recounted for you.'

Q: 'Why have you kept things concealed so much about a

changeover and all that? Why not come out into the open about it?’

A: ‘Wait a minute. Now here is an extract from *The Third Eye* which was copyrighted in 1956. This particular extract I will pass over to you. Perhaps you will be kind enough to publish the statement in full and then it will clearly be understood that even since 1956 I have been making things “open” and I have not been “concealing things”.’

Q: ‘But why is your name now Rampa? What did you change it for?’

A: ‘You’d be surprised! I went to South America, to Uruguay as a matter of fact, and they seemed not to believe it possible for a person to have two names, a pen name and an identity name, so they would not let me have mail which came for one name. They told me that I had to stick to one name, so I made a legal deed of name change, a change made specifically according to law. It is a perfectly legal thing and my only name now is Tuesday Lobsang Rampa. Yes, you can have a copy of the legal deed and you can publish it.

‘Oh, you don’t mean to say you’ve got another load of questions there! I thought we’d got rid of all this lot. But I do want to tell you that we’d better get these questions settled here and now because after this I am not prepared to answer any more questions, so if people do not want to believe—well, let them disbelieve. It is like taking a horse to the water; you can take a horse to the water but you cannot make him drink. You can give a person absolute irrefutable proof but you cannot make him believe if he doesn’t want to believe or if he’s got a closed mind. Well, what’s the next question?’

Q: ‘Many people ask serious questions and they don’t get any answers. They ask about this business of transmigration. Well, actually, what is it? How is it done?’

A: ‘But good gracious me, I have gone into this so much that I am thoroughly sick of the whole thing. It is all given in my books, you know, and it is incredible to me that you cannot get down to it and read the books. That is why they are written! But what is transmigration?’

‘Well, it is a cross-migrate. It just means that one soul leaves one body and takes over another body which has just at

that same instant been vacated by its previous occupant. There is nothing at all difficult in it. It is done very frequently. But let us start a bit further back.

‘If we are to believe in a God or in a Supreme Being of any kind then we must believe in the essential goodness, the essential fairness of such a Being. Now if we are to believe that—and I am only putting it like this because you are so appallingly ignorant of the whole thing—then surely we have a right to expect that a beneficent God will be fair to all, so why should a person be born to a very high estate and have everything he wants, have no troubles, no persecution from the Press, no hatred, and another person of about the same age is born perhaps with serious illness and in poverty, and at the same time press hoodlums persecute him if he looks the wrong way or something? They both live and they both die, one to acclaim, one to sorrow. If we are to believe in a just God that cannot be, and in any case, there are definite evidences, established cases, where bodies have been switched over. You see bodies are just vehicles. The Western science is now groping towards the truth which the Easterner has known for centuries. Man is a vehicle of a Higher Being, Man is controlled by a soul or Overself—call it what you like. Let us call it a soul because unless you have studied this a bit you could be led astray. I think you have been led astray by being a member of the Press, but that is another thing altogether. However, when a person is in the soul state he is in a much more glorious state, a state where he cannot suffer pain or suffer from vindictive persecution, but it may be necessary for him to learn something and the only way to learn, really, is by a certain amount of suffering. Suffering can be overdone, from my own experience I say that it can be overdone. But this soul selects a body to occupy when it comes down to this Earth. If you want to go touring then you select a car which will give you ample power and will carry you safely through possibly the backwoods. You will have a car which is proved to be of a reliable type, you want a good plodding work-horse of a car. Or if you want to go in for racing you will have a much more temperamental affair for race cars are temperamental indeed. But just as you would select a car for the conditions you have in mind and for

the things you want to do, so the soul selects a body which will give him the range of experience he has to endure or surmount.

‘Now when one is on the Other Side of life much can be seen of probabilities on this Earth. It is much the same as one can be on the ground in a little wood with trees all around you. You think you are in a vast forest, you can't see very far because you have this wood about you, and perhaps you are circumscribed by a river or perhaps you may be on a small island. If you are, then that island may be as your entire world, but if you pass over in an aeroplane you think—that mighty forest, well, it is just really a small copse. The island which was your entire world is just a spot in somebody's farm lot. That is how you would see things from the Other Side of Life.

‘Of course, jealous authors and idiotic pressmen are a decided nuisance when one is on this Earth, but they will have to go through it themselves in a future life. It might teach them something, and if it doesn't they will come back time after time until they do learn. But this is taking us away from transmigration, so let us get back to our cars.

‘Let us say you are touring and you have reached some distant place. Circumstances urgently require that you should do something necessitating a special type of vehicle. It might be a race car, it might even be a bulldozer, but the whole point is that you, the soul of the car, get out of your touring car and you, the soul, move over to—what shall we say? A racing car or a bulldozer?—Let us say you move over to the bulldozer. You get in the thing, you do certain actions, and the bulldozer bursts into life. You, the soul, make known to the machine that which you need to have done. You steer the vehicle, you pick up all sorts of impressions from it, especially if you drop the thing into a big dip! But you are in much the same position as a soul taking over a different body.’

Q: ‘Yes, but why should a man want to take over the body of another? That is a thing people ask—why does one person take over the body of another?’

A: ‘I thought it was perfectly obvious. I have tried to make it clear enough. But let us take the instance to which you are so obliquely referring. Here we have a person who most desperately needed a body so that he could continue with a task

which had been set for him by others, a task not at all of his choice, not at all to his liking, but a task set at the insistence of others. His own body, through the cruelty of humans, was in danger of collapse. His own body was too old, too tattered, and too unsatisfactory for the task to be carried out through its assistance.

‘Now let us look at the other body; that was of a person who was heartily sick of life, a very sensitive person whose sensitivities had been beaten down by many unfortunate circumstances in his own life. He was a defeated man, a failure, if you like, but what may seem to be a failure to you was not a failure in his case. He may be the gainer in this, and you, who have tried to impede the task, well, you sure will be the loser. But anyway, this other body had a soul who was sick of living on Earth, who, sometime before, had taken a wrong Path and so he knew that his own task would not be completed in that particular life. He had contemplated suicide, he hoped to die, he wished that he could will himself to death, he wasn't happy. Yet his particular body vibrated on a fundamental harmonic of that other body which was falling to pieces. It was a body which would be compatible.

‘Let me digress for a moment and remind you that you may like a car very much indeed, and then you may get into another car and it will remind you strongly of the car you just left, you get on with that particular car. But if you had moved from your own car to the famous brand X, you might have found that it just did not suit your own temperament. So, while it would work just as it would for everyone else, you still would not be entirely at ease with it, not entirely happy with it, and all the time you would wish you had something better to suit you, more compatible with you, not necessarily better engineering or better condition but something better in the compatibility line. So in this instance this particular person was able to contact the occupant of a body and an arrangement was made. You will find it all in *The Rampa Story* so why we have to keep on groaning away about this particular subject I just don't understand. It has been written, it has been discussed, and throughout living history there have been many cases of transmigration.’

Q: 'Yes, that seems clear enough but it still isn't absolutely clear why this particular body was taken.'

A: 'I confess that I am not at all clear about your question! Supposing Body Y had been taken instead of Body Z, for example. You would have been asking the same thing again—why take that body? But I have already tried to make it clear to you; because the two bodies had a fundamental frequency, a fundamental vibration, because they were compatible with each other, because the “controls” were similar, because, as controls were similar, immediate take-over would be easy, because the body was there ready to be vacated, and because the person was so willing and anxious. What more can one say? The significance of this case is that the body was there at the right time for the right purpose and so it was not necessary to be like the gentleman of old who wailed and wailed, crying, “My horse, my horse, my kingdom for a horse!” The “horse” or, more properly, “vehicle” was there. And that is all there is to it. The fact that the person was married was just a side issue and—well, I suppose it wasn't adequately considered, and as it turned out things were entirely satisfactory.

'By the way, you know, you are asking a lot of questions. Now, why shouldn't I ask a question or two and get your answers? So here is something which I want to know: You and I have been quite good friends and I thought there was loyalty in friendship. I have tried to help you, but ever since we heard this affair, this report, your attitude has been very antagonistic. But I am the same person. There is nothing coming out now that didn't come out some twelve or thirteen years ago, so why have you changed? We have heard that some jealous person and his immature cohorts are going to write a book about me because this particular person feels resentful that my books sell. Well, I am still wondering why your attitude has changed so much, why you seem so antagonistic towards me. I am not antagonistic towards you because I can see a bit further than the mere superficial shell which surrounds most people. So, do you have any worthwhile comment which I can put in the book which I am writing for the English reading world? You see, for many years I have been attacked and attacked by a moronic type of person who knows nothing

about the subject, who has never bothered to read my books. found near him the book was labeled “the murder book”. But I state definitely in all my books that I am greatly opposed to suicide. Suicide is no way out, it is the way back. And yet the Press, of which you are a member, attacked me and said that I was encouraging suicides. I got in touch with the Press in England and challenged them to show me any place in any of my books where I in any way encouraged or condoned suicide. They did not take up my challenge. Now, are you going to take up my challenge? Have you truly read all my books? All the salient facts about me are given in *The Rampa Story*. Have you read it? Then, if you have read it, why has your attitude changed so much towards me? Now it seems to me that you regard me as some particularly offensive effluvia which the dog has just dragged in. I have my feelings just as you do, perhaps even a little more. So, there it is. Now the ball is passed to you.

‘But let us leave that for the moment and get on with these other things which apparently puzzle the great brains of the Press.

‘You say, I believe, “Why don't I remember my out-of-body experiences?”

‘I get a lot of letters and a tremendous number of people who have read my books write to me and tell me that they now do remember their out-of-body experiences. So, as one progresses, one does remember. Once you remember properly then you always remember properly. The thing is this; down on Earth the average person is not meant to remember his out-of-body experiences, nor is he intended to remember what he or she was in a past life or a past, past life, and that is rightly so because if a man had been a king in a far-distant life and he was now a beggar, then he would find his position intolerable, it might even make him too much of an arrogant beggar. So isn't it true that there is somewhere a sentence written about those, who having drunk of the Waters of Leith, forget the past that they may live in the present in preparation for the future? I have read something about it. But it is a kind

provision of Nature, or of God, if you like, to give people temporary forgetfulness of the past so that they may live in the future, and the present.

‘You see, I started this off by saying that if we are to believe in a good God then we have to believe that there must be some sort of recompense for those who come as beggars and sufferers. Otherwise, if there is only one life, how can you, Mr. Pressman, explain the fairness of a God who lets one person come as a very wealthy man with all the position and power he wants and no troubles, and another comes as a deformed person, perhaps even mentally impaired, and in poverty? If there is only one life then quite clearly it would be an injustice to the under-privileged person, and too much favoritism for the one who had everything. Of course that is just one aspect of the thing. There are various proofs which have been established in Indian religions about the truth of reincarnation. Christianity, you know, is quite a modern religion compared to some of the Indian religions, and actually the Indian religions are the forerunners of the Christian. It is known that Christ took over the body of Jesus—“And the Spirit of the Lord entered unto Jesus”—and then Christ "wandered in the Wilderness". Sure He did, He went to the Far East, He went through India, He went through Tibet, He met with the wise men of the time, and He formulated from all the religions He had studied a religion which at that time seemed to be most suitable for the people of that time. So that Christianity, as devised by Christ, was a mixture of Oriental religions as well as the religions of Mythology.

‘But then in about the Year 60 many of the priests who rushed to jump on the band-wagon and get in on the ground floor, so to speak, thought they were losing power because of the simplicity and purity of the Christian religion, and so they messed about with the religion. They decided what they were going to have taught, and in many cases it was the complete opposite of what Christ taught. Christ was not a woman hater, He did not think that women were unclean. In fact if you study the real records you will find that Christ was a married man with a family, but that is a fact that is carefully, carefully hidden, and Christian “experts” like to keep such information

from the ordinary people because they think that Christianity would then lose some of its mystique.

‘But you still cannot get over this business of reincarnation? Well, I am not going to prove anything. There is proof, you know, there quite definitely is proof, but I have found in the past few years that one just cannot prove anything to a person who doesn't want to have the proof. It is like taking a horse to the water; you can take the creature to the water but you can't make him drink. If you try to he just chokes. So I say there is proof of reincarnation for those who will study Eastern and Oriental religions, but if you people can't even bother to read my books before condemning me then how are you going to study Hindu, Brahmin, Muslim, etc., religions? The best that you can do is to just give it up and wait until bitter experience teaches you that there is a bit more to all this than you had thought up to the present.

‘Now, you have a question here which I thought I had already answered.’

Q: ‘What am I doing wrong? Why are we not taught about the fact of living again and again?’

A: ‘But surely we have already been dealing with all that almost *ad nauseam*! Wait a minute—where is that question again?— “Why are we not taught about the fact of living again and again?”

‘Well, people used to be, and I am referring to Christian people now. It used to be a part of the Christian doctrine. People puzzle over, “In my Father's house there are many mansions,” but they do not understand what it really means. What it actually means is many planes of existence, many levels of astral life.

‘In the old days when Christianity started and when it was formed from some of the Indian religions, reincarnation was taught, the whole mechanism of it was taught, and it is still taught in Eastern countries. But unfortunately Christians regard Christianity as the only doctrine or teaching which can possibly be considered. So if you say, “Why are we not taught?” I can say, “But you are taught. It is just that some of your teachers try to obscure the issue.” Christianity is not the biggest religion numerically, so it doesn't become the

most important. If you would study other religions you would find that reincarnation is taught.

‘Unfortunately the Catholic belief is that it is wrong to accept the truth of anything except a remarkably rigid doctrine which was set down by priests to safeguard their own power. They made a lot of hoopla about it being a mortal sin to think for yourself. They taught that you had to believe everything that the priests tell you, lock, stock, and barrel, even when it is obviously too ridiculous for a normal person to believe. But the Catholic priests have got their public hocused, hypnotized into a state of terror wherein they just dare not think for themselves. Even the Pope nowadays seems to think there is quite a lot wrong with the Catholic religion, that is why he is making so many changes, isn't it? And even the Dalai Lama has admitted—to the Press, I believe—that he was not a reincarnation of Chenrezi. I believe I am correct in saying that he gave the complete circumstances of how he was picked to be this Dalai Lama. But anywhere if you study you will find out—yes, there is the truth of reincarnation available for those who are prepared to accept the truth and who do not go about with their eyes glued shut.’

Q: ‘Why do we live beset by problems?’

A: ‘If you go to school, if you go to college, you have problems all the time and you have to solve the problems. You go to school to learn things and to learn how to solve problems. If you are in the Arithmetic class, for instance, you are given a problem about a man who can mow a field in so many days, but how quickly will the field be mowed if you use three and a half men and a dog, or stuff like that. It is all questions. It might seem utterly stupid while you are at school, but afterwards you find that you can apply the solution of the problem to other problems which occur in the greater life beyond the school. In the same way, down on this Earth there are all manner of problems and the more evolved a person becomes the harder his problems become. But then when he goes to the Greater Life beyond this Earth, beyond all thought of returning to this Earth by way of reincarnating, then he finds that the knowledge he gained on this Earth with his problems helps him in other spheres of activity.’

‘If there were no problems on Earth then there would be no point in living here. If people just sat about all day and played with money or other things that money could buy, they would not be learning anything, they would be idling away their time. So instead a person gets more and more problems, and the further he progresses and evolves the greater his problems become. In the same way, in a school a University graduate would have no problem at all with the questions set the First Grader or the Kindergarten people, but the problems of the Undergraduate would be completely beyond the comprehension of the kindergarten child. So the difficulties which a person encounters are not an indication that he is a bad person, that he is having to pay for sins committed in the past; instead it is an indication, pure and simple, that he has evolved enough so that he can be tested by quite difficult examinations.

‘So when I tell you that you are adding to my problems, well—I am learning how to solve them! But all the injustice that you are showing to me will have to be paid back by you. If you want money and you don't want to work for it, then you can only borrow it from someone, but it has to be paid back with interest. And I tell you in all seriousness, all the hatred that has been directed at me by misguided people who condemn without hearing the story for the defense—well, all that is going to come back on those haters plus accrued interest. Now, that is not a fairy tale, that is a fact, as you will find out. You will find out, too, in your own hour of need that loyalty, friendship, are things beyond price. If you do not give loyalty, if you do not give your friendship, when your time of trouble comes you will find that you lack the loyalty and the friendship which would help you in your difficulties. It will come for sure. Just make a note of it when this book is published, keep it in front of you, put a book-marker in, and then you see if you don't get some troubles and you find that people whom you trusted are not loyal to you.

‘You see, the whole position is this; I have done nothing wrong. I have told the truth all the way through. I have concealed nothing. And yet the Press, of which you are a member, has set itself up as accuser, judge, jury, and executioner. But I am not dead yet, I have a lot more active life in me. I

can only say to you of the Press that it might be very profitable for you to read your Christian Bible, read Exodus, Chapter 22-21 which reads, “Thou shalt neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him: For ye were strangers in the Land of Egypt.” But in place of “Egypt” why not put “Canada”? I am sure it would be applicable.

‘Here is a further question which apparently originated with the Press:

Q: ‘Do animals go to the spirit world and do we see them again? Do they have souls and intelligence?’

A: ‘Animals have intelligence? Good gracious me, yes! Some of them are more intelligent than some humans. My little Siamese cat, Cleopatra, is truly the most intelligent little person I have met. She shows high intelligence and high appreciation. And Tadalinka is exceptionally clairvoyant and telepathic, and you can’t say that for most humans, can you?’

‘Yes, animals go to the spirit world. If we are to assume the existence of a God—and how can we exist without a God?—then we must agree that little animals and big animals too have their rights, have their right to be considered by a God, because humans are only one specialized form of animal, a more savage form than is common among animals. It is said that only humans and spiders commit rape. That’s worth a thought, too. But animals—yes, they go to the astral world in precisely the same manner as do humans. They are born again and again, but of course each species reincarnates according to its own classification. That is, humans do not become animals and animals do not become humans. They are different things altogether. But again, if you have read all my books you will have read about cats and what they do in this life.

‘It is only Christians who deny that animals have souls. But then most Christians show little appreciation for their own souls. They do whatever they can to harm others, always ready to take the advantage, but animals do not do that. Animals kill only to eat, they do not murder for money and all that sort of thing. They live according to the Law of Nature which is how they have to live, but you have never heard of an animal going out shooting partridges or duck just for the fun of it. You have never seen animals rushing along a road trying to run down a

weaker animal just for something to do. But humans do that. The answer to your question is—yes, animals have souls, animals have intelligence. And, yes, if a human and an animal want to meet on the Other Side of life then they can do so provided both want it because the human is not the Lord of Creation. In other worlds and in other existences humans are not much more than the earthworms are on this world.’

Q: ‘Why will you not see people? Why will you not be more sociable and mix with people?’

A: ‘Well, I have already answered this. I have already told you that everyone has a right to decide if they are going to meet people or not meet people and quite bluntly, why should I meet Press people? My attitude about the Press is this; Press people go out of their way to try to prove me false, to try to prove that I write lies. But my dear man, fancy the Press—the Press—of all people, doing this! Who are they to set themselves up as judges? Before the Press can write about the lies or alleged lies of others they should make sure that their own conscience is clear. It has come to a bad thing, you know, when the Pope and Bishops and other equally important people have to ask the Press to be more truthful. And yet, these are the people who try to judge me. It makes me laugh!

‘But you know, there is a very good reason for remaining what I can only term “solitary”. I have different abilities different powers, because, at risk of repeating myself, I am going to tell you that all my books are true and I can do every one of those things that I write about, but that means I have different sensitivities from the average. I cannot do some of the things which the average person takes for granted, but because I live alone I develop other senses. Look at it like this; if a person is blind then he develops an increased sense of touch or an increased sense of hearing which, in some degree, compensates for the loss of sight. Again, if people live in a herd then they all come down to the common herd level, but if a man goes away into the wilderness for a time he finds that his senses became far more acute, his sight becomes more acute, his hearing becomes more acute, and so does his sense of smell. Trackers who live in the wilds have a very, very keen set of senses, in fact some of the aborigines in Australia can

track a man several days after he passed that way when there is no sign of anything at all unusual to the average white man.

‘So if a person is going to develop and retain special abilities he has to live alone. If he mixes too much then his sensitivities become blunted. You find monks living as recluses will get increased power. They become telepathic or clairvoyant, but they call it communing with God or similar. Actually it is just that which happens in the normal course of events.

‘But if you wish to develop then you have to be alone and that is about all there is to it. Perhaps I should say that what really happens is that when you get a lot of people together you get some with negative auras, others with positive auras, some with strong thoughts and some with bad thoughts, everything is mixed up and it leads to a depletion of nervous energy. How many times have you felt drained, depleted, tired out after going and mixing with a lot of people? Suppose you go to a big party—everyone is drinking and chattering and dancing about from place to place. It may be all right while you are there, but afterwards you feel drained, you get a hangover or something and you think it is solely the fault of the alcohol, but it is not; it is through draining of the nervous energy through mixing with so many people of conflicting auras.

‘Suppose you got a whole bunch of magnets and you tossed them in a pile together. Some would cling to some, and others would be repelled, depending, of course, on which way their poles were facing, that is, whether they were positive or negative. And people are just the same as that because the vehicle called a human is, after all, just an electric device. There are brain waves—well, it is admitted nowadays that there are brain waves, it is admitted that thoughts can be charted with squiggly lines on paper and brain voltages can be readily measured. So all these are in conflict when they are too mixed up with the others.

‘Every person has a basic note—I might call it a music note except that some of the frequencies are not too musical after all—but every person emits a noise, a noise like static with a hum behind it. You may have heard something like this if you got close to a bee hive. But people buzz, and tick and hum, and humans are so utterly used to it that they no longer notice

it. In the same way, every race has its own distinctive smell. White people cannot get too close to black people, they say, because they allege that the black people smell, but usually the black people are far too polite to turn around to the white person and say, "Well you stink a jolly sight worse!" But it is true. Everyone has their own race-smell upon which is superimposed that person's own particular aroma, and every person also emits a note which can be detected by instruments and the note is the note of that person's race on which is superimposed the person's identity-note. The two may result in harmony or discord, and if it is discord then the person is very hard to associate with because one has the feeling of being badly drained, one has the feeling that always in association with that person there is an unfortunate clash of personalities.'

Q: 'What do you really think about meditation?'

A: 'Meditation is a very real, very necessary thing. American researchers have recently found that when a person is in a state of meditation his general metabolic responses are considerably affected, his blood changes, his general being changes, and all this can be detected very readily by instruments. The worst thing about meditation is all the rubbish being written about it. All these cults, correspondence courses, etc., etc., are absolutely unnecessary, you don't need all this guff to help you to meditate. It seems that the only help is to help the bank account of the one who is teaching meditation. Meditation is natural, it is as natural as breathing, it is as natural as thinking. But the fantastic tales which go around about how to meditate and what meditation is—well, it is enough to put anyone off. One of the biggest difficulties, of course, is that there are so many fakes in occult work, but that again is the fault of people because if people as a whole would be more open-minded then definite research could be done in the matter of investigating what was genuine and what was not genuine. This is a thing about which I feel very strongly. We send men into space, which is quite unnecessary, because it could all be done by astral travel with far, far better results. But anyway, men are sent into space but no money at all is being spent on investigation of what comes after death. Is there really astral travel? I know there is, of course, but it could be in-

investigated for the ordinary man or woman in the street. If scientists would keep an open mind then those with genuine abilities would gladly co-operate to demonstrate their abilities.

‘Now we get a case where a self-styled “researcher” browbeats a genuine psychic person and says, “Okay you perform for me and I’ll do my best to prove you are a fake. I don’t believe what you do and I will prove that it is all a fake.” In such conditions proof cannot be given because some of the occult sciences are very delicate things indeed, very fragile things indeed, they have to have the right conditions. You wouldn’t suddenly say to a photographer, “Okay, I’m coming into the darkroom with you to see exactly what you are doing,” and then go into the darkroom and switch on all the lights. That would ruin whatever the photographer was trying to do, and it would be too stupid for words. So, if there is to be proof there would have to be researchers who were sympathetic. They would not have to commit themselves to believing, mind, but they would have to be sympathetic, they would have to keep an open mind and be ready to accept. It is the brutality of the present “investigation” that shocks the psychics into refusing to co-operate, and of course the Press must bear the greatest responsibility for that because they come along with their blaring trumpeting voices and their hard-boiled skeptical attitudes and they are not ready to believe anything even if it is proved. If a thing is proved beyond any genuine doubt, then the Press will insist that there must be trickery somewhere and it’s just too bad that for the moment they can’t point out where or what it is.

‘Anyway, the time will come when it will be necessary to carry out a proper investigation into what is death, what comes after death. The Press say you can’t weigh a soul; no, but who wants to, a soul is in a different dimension, they are using the wrong yardstick. Everyone consists of a bunch of vibrations just as a radio signal is, in effect, a vibration or a frequency or a wavelength. Humans are on part of a certain spectrum. While down here on Earth we have weight, we can feel resistance if we poke something which we consider to be solid. But if we go into a different dimension then the things that down here are solid are no longer solid, in fact they may be so insubstantial

that they cannot be perceived at all. A similar thing happens to the other side of the scale; a soul departs from a body but it is on a different time, a different dimension, and so the crude three-dimensional equipment cannot detect it.

‘When we get scientists who will listen to the advice of occultists as to how things can be tested, then indeed adequate proof will be coming forward because there are genuine occultists. There are, of course, many fakes, but there are quite definitely thousands of genuinely occult people who can do what they claim to do. They should be preserved and the fakes should be weeded out.’

Q: ‘How do you say one should learn to meditate?’

A: ‘I have gone into that quite a lot in my books. There is no difficulty at all in it. The main difficulty is caused by people who won't believe how easy it is. They want to work hard at it and so they are so busy working hard at it that they don't get results. If you want to know how to meditate then read my books. After all, even the Press should read the books before they attempt to express any opinion because if they just blare out an accusation without having read the books then how can they possibly know what they are talking about? Not that they do in any case, but let us be fairly polite even to the Pressmen.’

Q: ‘What is this astral travel stuff you are always talking about? Is there anything to it?’

A: ‘Yes, there most definitely is, there absolutely definitely is. But it is a very difficult thing to explain to a person who doesn't want to believe, wherein the case of a sighted person trying to explain to one who was born blind the difference between, let us say, orange and pink, or two shades of green. How would you explain to a person who had never had sight what was the difference between a cabbage green and a lettuce green? Or the difference in color between an orange and a lemon? How would you set about it?’

‘I have already said that you can liken the human body to a motor vehicle, and the soul or astral body, whichever you like to call it, can be likened unto the driver of the vehicle. Now, if you go out driving and then you return you switch off the engine of your car and the car stays in a certain spot. You get

out and go somewhere else. That is just how it is in astral travel.

‘The physical body is tired out, perhaps; you might have done a little work trying to chase up a scandal story or something and then you have had a lot of entertainment. After that you are tired and so you come home and you go to bed. That is like parking your car, you have parked your vehicle when you go to bed. Then you switch off, in other words, you go to sleep. But the driver, your soul, or your astral form, whichever you want to call it, leaves the body and goes elsewhere, it goes to a plane of existence where there are others also doing astral travel. Of course you come back to your body because you have a link, what is called the Silver Cord, which can be likened to a carrier wave in a radio program on which the ordinary program is superimposed.

‘You get out of your physical body, then, and you travel away somewhere into the astral world. There you may meet a person whom you are going to meet in the flesh the next day, and you discuss things with that person. Then when you are back in the flesh and in the presence of the person you think, “Funny thing! I’m sure I have lived through all this before!” If you have done that, if you have made your contact in the astral, then your meeting goes very much more smoothly as if it were fore-ordained, which it probably was. Many of the world’s most successful men know the secret, consciously or unconsciously, of astral travel, and they are able to make contacts in the astral so they pre-plan and prepare that which is going to be accomplished on the Earth plane in the Earth body in the following days. Because they prepared everything so thoroughly there is no problem, everything runs smoothly, all decisions are cut and dried, and everyone “falls into place” with clockwork precision.

‘Oh yes, definitely there is such a thing as astral travel. It is a very simple matter, anyone can do it if they have faith and the patience to try a few elementary steps. But of course if you are going to start off with a whole load of disbelief and dislike and all that sort of thing, then you will not remember your astral travels. I state quite definitely that everyone does astral travel because you wouldn’t imagine a fellow parking his car

and just sitting in the thing until next day, would you? He would have to get out and stretch his legs. He would have to get out and have food or something. In just the same way every person gets out of the body and into the astral but many people do not remember their experiences because they are afraid to or because they don't believe in such things.

'Some people have dreams. Now frequently the dreams are rationalizations of what actually happened. The person is a doubter to start with and just would not believe the possibility of astral travel, and so as a solution to what would be a difficult problem the sub-conscious of the doubter cooks up a fantastic image or dream which truly is stranger than anything that could happen in real life. Dreams, then, are either the rationalization of an astral experience or the mindless wandering thoughts of a body of which the soul or astral form is away, away so far that no check is being kept in the mental processes of the sleeping form.

'Again I say, yes, you can do astral travel consciously. Everyone can do it when they sleep. Not everyone remembers it. People with a little training can do it while they are awake. It is very very interesting. The biggest difficulty is that you cannot carry anything with you, which is a bit inconvenient at times.

'So you want to ask more questions, do you? Well, in this instance I will answer your questions because as I said, I propose to use this material in the book which I am now writing for the English version and which I started about a month ago. Your first question then:

Q: 'What is your comment on pollution, its causes, its problems, its effect, and its solution?'

A: 'Undoubtedly there is a very grave problem with pollution, but of course everything is entirely manmade. Nature doesn't cause pollution, Nature tried to overcome pollution. First of all Man is depleting the atmosphere of oxygen. In Brazil one of the rain forests is being cut down and it is estimated that if that is done, as now planned, there will be in thirty years time one third less oxygen in the air than there is today. That is a very serious thing indeed because the less the oxygen, the more the pollution. So humans are committing

suicide in bulk.

‘There are other problems which arise when forests are cut down. The Americans found that after they cut down their wooded areas they had dust bowls as the result. Trees, in addition to providing oxygen for the atmosphere, also hold the top soil together. The roots of a tree go deep into the top soil and hold the soil together so that it cannot blow away. The trees also help in the conservation of moisture in the soil. They keep the ground alive. But when the trees are cut down there is nothing to hold the soil together, the nature of the whole area changes and it becomes more arid. And so the soil dries out and because of the lack of moisture the grains of earth do not adhere together. The winds come and there is nothing to stop the winds, and they sweep across the face of the barren earth carrying off the soil. It may be blown into the rivers, it may be blown into the sea, but anyway in just a short time what was a fertile healthy region becomes a barren desert made so by Man. One of the biggest troubles with the earth is this awful petroleum muck; that is indeed a curse. Steam engines are the things because steam does not pollute and the moisture in steam returns to the earth and helps it, whereas the horrid fumes of petroleum products poison everything, everything. Look at a jet plane taking off or landing. look at the filthy stuff spewing out astern dropping out oily film over everything in its path.

‘Fifty years ago there were steam propelled motor vehicles, the old Stanley Steamer for example; well, nothing can approach that at the present time. The Stanley Steamer was extremely comfortable and exceptionally fast, it had great power and it did not at anytime under any condition pollute the atmosphere nor pollute the earth. But vested interests—money—mad men—killed the steam car and instead started a bit of race suicide by producing petroleum-run engines, leading to cancer and all the other types of illness to which mankind is now so very prone.

‘If mankind, with its insensate lust for money, goes on producing all these devilish chemicals and synthetics, then soon there will be no life on this earth. Many of the synthetic compounds are lethal indeed. Our lakes and rivers are polluted.

They are just masses of flowing poison. In many areas people can no longer bathe in the rivers nor swim from the beaches because the pollution is so bad. Ships making landfall encounter great masses of floating garbage, seamen can tell right away when they are approaching land, they don't need radio because they can tell by the discoloration of the waters miles from the land.

'You ask what can be the solution. Well, there is a solution, you know, there is a solution to all our problems. Mankind will have to return to a religion. It doesn't matter what religion it is as long as it is a religion because religion gives one the necessary spiritual discipline with which one can regulate one's own acts. Truly religious people would not put money before the health of others. They would attempt to conserve life instead of just to accumulate cash. There would have to be a return to Nature, to natural things. People would have to return to the countryside instead of going off like sheep to the cities. There are vast tracts of land virtually uninhabited because people do not want to work the land, they want to stick in some stinking factory making products which poison the population. That would have to be changed. The farmers have little status in the social scheme of things, and they would have to be given status before they could again attract workers to their farms.

'Many many years ago when the Earth was young the atmosphere was very different from what it is now. Human life as we know it at present could not live under such conditions because there were sulfur vapors from raging volcanoes, there were gaseous stenchs from quaking bogs where methane and all the rest of it was ejected into the atmosphere. The atmosphere, too, was much heavier, much denser than it is at present. With the passage of many, many centuries the atmosphere changed and became purer. As vegetation flourished on the Earth more and more oxygen was poured into the skies, and human life developed in a manner which could make the best use of that oxygen. But now oxygen is being denied us, pollution is being substituted, lung complaints are on the increase, health is deteriorating, and unless there be a return to the simpler things of life with an outlawing of petroleum products and an outlawing of some of these devilish synthetics,

human life could soon become extinct. It could become extinct by the year 2000. But every country is vying with every country to put more pollution into the skies. They call it social progress. Countries are in competition with each other; how much of the forests can be cut down to be made into paper for useless newspapers. I have long stated that the Press is the most evil force on this Earth, and I firmly believe so, and one of the ways in which the Press is evil is that it uses such a vast amount of paper. Paper—for newspaper use—comes from trees, the flesh of trees, and the greater the demand for newspapers and their sensational contents, the greater the demand for trees. And so more and more do men go out into the wilderness to search for forests which so far have not been touched.

‘As the tree men go out over the land they leave a scene of desolation behind them, a scene like something on the Moon, craters where tree stumps have been pulled out, rocks where the soil is blown away. So unless the trend can be reversed, unless trees are planted instead of felled—well, you might as well say goodbye to human life, you might as well say goodbye to all life on this Earth until a new type of person can be produced which can live under these stinking conditions. It does not refer just to human life but to all life; in the seas and in the rivers fish are dying from pollution, in the air birds are dying from eating polluted fish. It all comes back—one must have a return to religion and a return to the land. Nowadays men and women rush off to work, scabble for money. Their children, the future race, are just more or less abandoned on the streets to fend for themselves, to live under the domination of the stronger characters who, all too often, are evil characters.

‘And so all the time conditions are becoming worse and worse and worse. If we want to have a beautiful orchard then one goes in for selective pruning, selective grafting, selective planting. If one wants the best type of stock-horses or cows or anything else—then one sees that the breeding is controlled. Unsatisfactory stock is not permitted to breed, to reproduce its own species of defective creature, yet humans, the “Lords of Creation”, live according to a reversed order; the scruffier the human, the crummier their morals and their brain power, the

more children they have and the more abandoned those children are because both parents are busily scrabbling for money. But the vested interests make this artificial state of affairs. If there is going to be mass production, then there must be plenty of money to buy things. If the man only is working he either does not get enough money to buy all they want, or rather, all they think they want, or the factories do not have enough cheap labor and so women are more or less drilled into thinking that they haven't enough to live on. So mother and father, husband and wife, work in the factories and the children are neglected and the race becomes worse and worse. It is like livestock deteriorating under haphazard breeding.

‘The only solution is that the leaders of the world should form some world government. The religious teachers of the world should cease fighting among themselves and they should try to do something for humanity. They should teach that salvation doesn't live in the factory but on the land, and unless there can be a return to religion then there is no hope whatever for the Earth.’

Q: ‘What do you think about students' protests, all kinds of protests in Universities, etc.’

A: ‘I really think that these University students have a quite inflated idea of themselves. Let us look at the question properly; if people are going to school—and a University is only a school—then it means that they don't know everything or they wouldn't be going to school. It is a matter of complete amazement to me that these students—school kids—dare to think that they have the power to set the world right. It seems to me that they should occupy their time in studying so that when they have completed their studies and passed examinations to prove it then, and then only, should they set about reorganizing the world. By that time they will know something about it so they will just put up and shut up!

‘I have no sympathy whatever with these school kids who think they know so much that they can, let us say, “out-manuever Churchill” and people of similar status.’

Q: ‘What of strikes and unions in general?’

A: ‘I think there should be no strikes. Strikes are a vicious form of blackmail. At the time I am writing this I am here in

Montreal which is a sick city indeed, a sick city in a sick Province where strikes and violence seem to be the everyday method of life.

‘So far as I can see strikes cause the workers to lose money and the employer to lose money. There should be arbitration, there should be definite legal Courts, industrial Courts which settle the problem. But in my life I have met a few Union organizers and I would prefer to call them stinking goons. It seems to me that the average Union man is scared stiff of the Union goon, enforcer, and if I were approached by any of these goons I would soon report it to the police. But it does seem to me that the Unions are run for the benefit of the Union leaders because, from what I have heard, the more the Union leaders get for their members the more they demand for themselves. We get cases of jury tampering, we get cases where innocent work people are attacked with iron bars. Well, how can one justify the existence of Unions? I think they should be banned by Law just as strikes should be banned by Law.

‘Many, many years ago in England workers had a much better system, they had Guilds who helped them and I think all workers should have specialized Guilds and not Unions. In other words, I am definitely opposed to Unions.

‘Just a short time ago there was a hospital strike and more than one medical friend told me, “Oh yes, we know that many people died through the withdrawal of hospital service. But what can we do about it? We know about it, but if we try to make a case about it the Unions will call the people out on strike again and it will just be worse.” I needed to go to hospital during the strike and, of course, because of the strike I couldn't go, so perhaps I am biased against such strikers. But I cannot help hoping that sometime when there is a strike some of the strikers' relatives are the losers.’

Q: ‘The violence in the world—what do you think about that? What can be done about it?’

A: ‘Of course the violence in the world is a simple matter to explain. People are being given false values. Religion is being torn down. People no longer believe in the simple things of life. They listen to the radio, they watch terrible things on

television, and they read the gory details in the sensational Press. So people are conditioned by the radio, conditioned by television programs, and, of course, “hotted up” by the Press who glorify in gore. You get people watching a TV program and they see some highly mythical house in Hollywood and they think, “Why should they have a house like that and not me? I should have the same. I want a Cadillac, a houseboat, a speedboat, and an aeroplane.” And so they get discontented. Discontent breeds discontent, and eventually gangs set up, robberies are done, people are kidnapped, people go in for law cases for all manner of imaginary complaints. At present one “sports woman” is suing a club for a few million dollars—a few million dollars! More than she could make in ten lifetimes. But people have an altogether inflated idea of their worth. A million dollars nowadays seems hardly anything when it comes to making claims. But that, of course, is caused by the Press. The Press egg people on to do these foolish things because if the people didn't have such crazy ideas the Press would have less to write about. Many years ago I was told that the Press didn't want the truth, they wanted to print what people thought they should read. They wanted sensation, and I was told that no matter if I wouldn't give an interview, an interview would be “dreamed up”.

‘Here is a little example: Last week a Tibetan woman was widely quoted in the local press. It was stated that she gave an interview to the Press and said all manner of remarkable things. But the woman complained that she hadn't even met a pressman! No pressman at all had approached her. There had been no interview except in the Press reporter's imagination. Having suffered from that myself I quite believe her, and I do not believe the Press on principle.

‘But the violence is caused by lack of parental supervision. The fathers and the mothers work in the factories, and after that they have to rush to the pubs or to Bingo or to anywhere else, and the children—legitimate or illegitimate—are left to fend for themselves on the streets and to be contaminated by the stronger and usually more evilly disposed youths who rise out of the maelstrom.

‘Again, only a return to religion can save this world. The

human animal is deteriorating, becoming less and less able to decide which is right and which is wrong. The religions of the present day are staffed by men with clay feet, not able to teach religion but instead more intent on dabbling in politics and presumably getting a bit more money from that. Priests should be priests. Priests should attend to a person's soul. They should not bother with a person's politics.

‘So it is. You have asked me a question, and I say that unless there be a return to religion and a definite censorship of the Press there is no real hope for humanity which is all the time deteriorating.’

Q: ‘What do you think of the Viet Nam war?’

A: ‘Well, I would like to heartily congratulate the Vietnamese! I think it is highly amusing that what the Americans have regarded as "poor ignorant little colored men" can stand off first all the might of France, and now all the might of America. America cannot win in Viet Nam so long as the people there are of good spirits. What is the point of dropping a hundred thousand tons of bombs on marshland? It makes a frightfully muddy splash, agreed, but it doesn't do much harm. The real type of war is that which the Vietnamese fight—guerrilla war. And if the Vietnamese were as vicious as the Americans pretend, believe me, the Vietnamese would chase the Americans out of Viet Nam as if their pants were on fire because the Americans—well there seems to be a lot of graft out there. The Vietnamese go about their particular tasks trying to ensure that their country continues in the way they want it, not in the way the Americans want it.’

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Mr. Telly gave a slight start as the old man said, 'Well, that's it. I've answered all the questions I'm going to answer.' Mr. Telly fidgeted about, shuffled his feet, and fiddled with his doodles, then said, 'My! Why don't you have carpets on the floors? It's so cold in here. You could buy carpets cheaply, you know. Wait a minute, I'll tell you a place where you can get them at a very, very cheap price.'

The old man snorted and said, 'But I've just been explaining, I don't go in for luxuries so I am not interested in getting carpet.'

Mr. Telly fidgeted around and then he said, 'What we must do, we must get a television crew here and make a little film of you. Everybody wants to see you on TV.'

The old man nearly jumped off his bed in annoyance. 'Oh no, I'm not interested in TV. I am not interested at all in the idiot box or the idiots who watch it. I think, second only to the Press, television is the greatest curse of our time. It pretends to show people the better things of life, but instead it just gives people dissatisfaction.'

Mr. Telly said, 'Well, can I bring my Bolex cine camera here and lights, and my recorder, and you say just a few words—just a few words? It'll help me so much if you'll do just that, and it won't inconvenience you at all.'

The old man thought about it and was getting heartily sick of the whole affair. It was another of those instances of give a man an inch and he'll take a mile, but at last he said, 'All right, provided that you and you alone come, you can bring your camera and you can bring your recorder, but understand this—if you bring a television crew with you the door will not

be opened.'

The next day the big powerful car of Mr. Telly swooshed by with a rush of displaced air and a loud zooming noise. Minutes after he came running along the stone corridor red in the face with exertion, draped about with cameras, lights, and carrying a recorder in his hand. 'I've come—I've come,' he said, stressing what was already distressingly obvious.

With considerable expertise he set up his lights, set up his camera, and got his recorder working. He seemed to be like the mythical McNamara's Band, or a one-armed juggler. The lights were bright and Miss Cleopatra came along and sat beside the old man so that she, too, should have her photograph taken. And after Miss Cleopatra had made her debut on the film, Fat Cat Taddy was womanhandled in because Fat Cat Taddy doesn't like cameras or any interruption to her standard routine which is normally eat—rest—eat—rest, but Fat Cat Taddy had to come and be on a film as well.

The old man said his very few words in English, and Mr. Telly eventually rushed away again—he seemed to be jet-propelled always—and peace descended upon the somewhat shaken household.

Later the film was shown on French language television. Again an extremely small minority made extremely bad statements. The mail came swamping in, swamping Mr. Telly and swamping the old man, and about ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent were in favor, were interested, etc. But just one or two petty-minded people wanted to make difficulties because the old man spoke in English and not in French, and, they said, if he did not want to speak in French then he should not have been on French language television.

It is such a pity that these French-Canadians are so insistent about their own language. After all, they want business, they are trying to do business with the U.S.A. and other countries but they are setting as a condition that U.S.A. firms and firms in other countries shall speak only in French. My own opinion, for what it is worth, is that the French language should be scrapped for business in Canada and just kept for the amusement of those few people who want to speak some form of French. It is my opinion that if a person is a Canadian, he

should be a Canadian first, second, and third, he should deal with the natural language of the country, which is English, and not play games with pseudo-linguistics. I put on record here and now, I have no sympathy with French-Canadians, no sympathy with their very, very aggressive attitudes and their insistence in putting themselves forward, right in the forefront at all times irrespective of the rights and feelings of other people.

Conditions were becoming increasingly difficult. It seemed to the old man that every time he went out there was some pressman or other hiding behind every pillar. The number of callers to the door increased, all manner of strange excuses were made by which the caller hoped to get to meet Lobsang Rampa.

For several nights two men were perched like broody hens on a little wall outside the old man's bedroom window. One night they used a long, thin stick and kept tapping on the glass of the window, tapping to attract his attention so that, hopefully, he would be lured to put aside the curtains and peer out. One of the men always had his camera and flash gun ready.

That system not working they tried the other one in which one man let off flash bulbs at the window while the second man with the camera stood ready with his flash gun and camera so that a photograph could be taken. But, again, without success.

But these pressmen had all manner of nice little tricks designed—Quite unsuccessfully as it happened—to lure the old man to the window so that a photograph could be taken of him perhaps in his pajamas. Sometimes a Handful of gravel would be tossed against the window. First there would come the pattering of two or three grains of sand, then two or three more, and then perhaps a handful of loose sand thrown violently and with extreme exasperation. But—no, the curtain was never drawn aside for their delectation because these people never seem to understand that there are other ways of watching people than peering out through a window. These people were so avid in their watch on just one window that they forgot there were other windows, they forgot that there were other people in other apartments who could report what was happen-

ing! But matters were becoming intolerable. It was extremely embarrassing to go out anywhere—to go into the city—because of the people accosting, because of people who were nodding and smiling. It was extremely embarrassing to go out in a taxi because all one's private affairs seemed now to be public affairs through the French-language newspapers and the French-language television. There was no difficulty with the English newspapers, no difficulty with the English television, only the French.

People pointing and nodding and smiling, not all ill-natured by any means. In fact, a very very small percentage were unfriendly, perhaps less than a tenth of one per cent were unfriendly, but they certainly were noisy. And everyone has a right to privacy, everyone has a right to remain aloof from others if he or she so desires to remain aloof from others, yet in Montreal there was no privacy. It seemed to be just like a village. A man at one end of the city sneezed and the report of it reached the other end by Doral almost before the man had finished sneezing.

So a decision was reached at last. The Family would go away from Montreal, away from the Province of Quebec which had proved to be so inhospitable on the French side of it, and had proved to be so productive of troubles. The French-Canadian seemed to make a hobby of his hate, and it does seem that French-Canadians even hate French-Canadians, in fact often it appeared that they hated French-Canadians more than they hated anything else!

So this little Family, two women, and two Siamese cats, and one old disabled man sick at heart and sick in health, sat together and discussed what they should do, where they should go, and not only where they should go but how to get there because it's not easy to travel long distances with Siamese cats, furniture, and one person confined to a wheelchair.

The discussion was long. It lasted sporadically over several days. Maps were consulted, people in distant places were asked. So eventually it was decided to go to British Columbia which was about as far away as one could get from the Province of Quebec, about as far away as one could get from French-Canadians, those unlovely people. Of course there are

some good French-Canadians, some who are brilliant, talented, gifted. Mayor Drapeau of Montreal, a brilliant man, a humane man, and a humorous man too. Mayor Drapeau, perhaps Canada's finest French-Canadian. Then, of course, Prime Minister Trudeau, he is a French-Canadian too. But there seem to be French-Canadians and French-Canadians, some are not so good, and others are cultured gentlemen.

Letters were sent to Victoria in British Columbia, and letters were sent to Vancouver, British Columbia. Batches of letters were sent to Rental Agents and batches of letters were sent to Real Estate people, and not one single reply was received!

The Family pondered and pondered on the strangeness of it all. All these addresses of Rental Agents and Real Estate people, all obtained from the current Yellow Pages in the telephone directory, all contained stamped addressed envelopes for a reply, and yet-no replies. We had to wait until we got to British Columbia to find the reason for that!

Another plan was formulated. The Family would go to Vancouver and would stay in some hotel or boarding house for the time being, and they would look about and find accommodation. So contact was made with a few hotels in Vancouver and, at last, there seemed to be one who offered reasonable terms and reasonable accommodation. At about the same time a newspaper cutting was enclosed from a Vancouver newspaper, no letter with it, just a newspaper cutting. The Vancouver newspaper published a small item about the author Lobsang Rampa, author of *The Third Eye*, etc., who was coming to live at Kitsilano, Vancouver. Kitsilano where the hippies live. So the Family mulled over it and decided that they would not go to Kitsilano anyway if the Press said that that was where they were living, and at that time they hadn't the faintest idea where Kitsilano was!

Slowly arrangements were made to move. The lease of the apartment was given up and the little Family moved into a Guest Apartment while their furniture was being packed and taken away, taken away to travel by road three thousand miles across Ontario, past Winnipeg, all through the Prairies and up over the Rockies and down the other side to Vancouver where, it was hoped, yet another start could be made.

The book, *Candlelight*—this book—had been started. Now it was put away, nothing more could be done while living in a Guest Apartment, nothing more could be done while preparations were being made to travel and while the future was so black and so uncertain.

The old man trundled around in his wheelchair saying a final goodbye to one person and another and another, tenants of other apartments, tenants who had been decent, who had minded their own business, tenants who had shown that there were good people, after all, even in Montreal. One or two French-Canadians also were greeted and invited to come to Vancouver at any time and they would be welcome guests.

For a last time the old man went along in his wheelchair throughout the grounds, up by the Labyrinth and over the Bridge towards Man and His World, but even on this last trip people were difficult, a speeding car slammed to a shrieking stop as the carload of people recognized the old man. Cameras were grabbed and the old man's progress was seriously impeded while the people in the car tried to get close-ups. But an electrically propelled wheelchair is much easier to maneuver than a car, and the people were denied their close-ups after all. So once again the old man turned back and entered the apartment building grounds, ran his chair up the ramp to the Plaza, and along the few feet to the Guest Apartment.

'I'm not going out again in this dump,' he said to the concerned ones within the apartment. 'There's no peace at all from the crowds who throng around.' He turned away and thought back a few months to when the snow was heavy on the ground and traversing the swept ways was difficult. The old man had been out on this very rare occasion alone, and trying to get up the rubber-covered ramp to the Plaza. But the ramp was slippery and the wheelchair kept slipping backwards into a snow bank at its lower end.

Upon the Plaza itself were four French-Canadian young men laughing, jeering, deriving immense satisfaction from the sight of a disabled old man trying to live his own life, trying to get about a bit, and their mirth was intense when he couldn't get the wheelchair up the ramp because of the slippery surface. Eventually they tired of watching and just rushed away down

the side steps, jumped into a car and roared off sending clouds of snow from their spinning back wheels. They were of a well-known French-Canadian family.

There came the time when there was no longer any reason to stay in the Guest Apartment nor in Montreal, so in an early morning a Murray-Hill taxi came along and the two women, the two Siamese cats, and the old man got in. Their cases and the wheelchair were put in a second taxi, and off they drove to the airport of Montreal. After delays, red tape matters and so on, they eventually got aboard an aeroplane and flew all the way to Vancouver, stopping first at Winnipeg which seemed like a lost city standing sentinel in the midst of nothingness, and then over the Rockies, the Rockies which seemed like heat bumps after the mountains of the Himalayas. Soon after crossing the Rockies the plane lowered, soon there came the lumbering 'clunk' of the undercarriage being extended, then Sea Island, the Airport of Vancouver, came in sight. The plane banked, lowered, the engine notes changed and soon there was the scrunch and screech of tires on the runway. The trundling motion of a plane on the tarmac, and eventually the tail swung around so the plane was sideways on to the terminal buildings.

Stiffly the Family got to their feet, stiffly they got out of the plane and into yet another taxi which drove them to a nearby hotel.

In passing, it is quite an experience to be a disabled person in a wheelchair. Sometimes a good airline will have a forklift truck to lift the wheelchair up to the passenger compartment. Sometimes an airline will say they have no facilities, and the disabled person was to manage the best way he can down a flight of stairs, not always easy for a person who is partly paralyzed. But one of my happiest memories was in Saint John, New Brunswick, after a journey by train when I had to go from the station in Saint John to the Admiral Beatty Hotel, and there was no other way of transporting me except—on a fish truck! The attendant, or driver's assistant, was an exceptionally courteous and considerate man, I might have been his rich uncle by the care he took of me. I drove my wheelchair on to the lifting section on the tail of the truck, and this assistant was meticulous in seeing that I was on safely, that my

wheelchair was stopped with the brakes on and everything else. And while the tail section was going up on its hydraulic lift he hung on to the wheelchair, and I should say that that was the safest elevation I have ever had. That man—I am sorry to say I do not know his name—was a real gentleman.

It was quite pleasant moving in to the hotel, a place not too far from the Airport, a hotel which was very new, so new that it was still in process of being built! The Family moved along the long corridor and went up in the elevator. Miss Cleo was passing loud comments all the time, saying how much she liked the place and how glad she would be to be able to investigate all the scents and sights of the hotel. She is a great one for hotel life, she has experienced it in Fort Erie, Ontario, and she lived in a hotel in Prescott, Ontario, and then she spent quite a long time in the exceedingly pleasant hotel in Saint John, New Brunswick. So—Miss Cleopatra and Miss Tadalinka are very experienced hotel guests, and Cleo in particular has a virtue not possessed by many humans; when she knows that any act is unpopular with humans she doesn't do it again. She doesn't tear up furnishings, instead she uses her own scratch-pad, so there has never been a complaint against these little people in any hotel. They have always been invited to 'Come again and stay longer'.

The elevator glided to a halt, and we got out and moved in to the apartment—it is one of those hotels having a number of apartments to it—and Miss Cleo and Miss Tadalinka walked around inspecting everything and making loud comments about things. There were three rooms, and they went from one to the other walking over furniture, walking under beds—doing a job of investigation of which Sherlock Holmes himself would have approved!

Food too was an adventure for them. A different bellboy, different procedure, because the old man, being confined to a wheelchair, cannot manage in crowded dining rooms. There is always some clot who will trip over the chair, it happens time after time after time.

The lights of the hotel came on, and darkness began to settle in the basin-shaped valley which is British Columbia hemmed in by the Canadian Rockies. Above the mountain tops the light

was still strong, although being streaked now with many colours. Down in the valley of Vancouver darkness, or rather dusk, was falling. All along the highway outside the window the greenish lights of the sodium lamps were glowing, warming up, or whatever it is they do, before lighting up to full brilliance. Traffic was streaming along into the city.

But the journey had been tiring. Three thousand miles of cramped accommodation with many, many problems and many, many worries was not really conducive to good health, not really conducive to peace of mind either. Soon the Family retired to bed—or no, not all the Family; Miss Cleo and Miss Tadalinka prowled about, sniffed under doors, and listened to all the strange sounds of hotel life as late revelers came and went, somewhat unsteadily at times.

In the morning the light came early. A beautifully fine sunny day, with not a trace of cloud, and, of course, here no snow. The climate was wonderful. The old man sat up in his bed and looked out of the window along the highway. Quite a collection of cars and the Police there so he picked up his binoculars to see what all the excitement was. Soon it dawned on him—the Mounties were operating one of their speed traps again! About twelve years before the old man had been to Vancouver and had decided against going there to live because of the utter fierceness of the Police. At that time he had been staying at the Hotel Vancouver, and looking out of a hotel window there was the sight of incessant police patrols putting tickets on parked cars, harassing drivers. And for two or three days he watched and saw that the police seemed to be extraordinarily savage in Vancouver. So for some twelve years he had decided against living in British Columbia. Now, looking out of the hotel window and watching the Mounties doing the same—and they did it day after day for as long as the old man looked—all the thoughts of the people came back to him, all the letters from people saying how difficult the police were in Vancouver. One woman wrote and said, ‘You talk about the police of Montreal stopping you from going out, but just wait—if you ever come to Vancouver, they’ll almost stop you from breathing!’

But now was the time for breakfast. Miss Cleo bustled

about making sure that everything was all right because she is a Siamese cat with a highly disciplined mind and she takes her responsibilities very very seriously indeed. She has to see that everyone is all right before she can settle down to her own food. Fat Cat Taddy, of course, who is nearly twice the weight of Miss Cleo, thinks of her own food first!

After breakfast the old man and one member of the Family went down into the hotel lobby to get a newspaper. Here right away he was recognized and, in spite of trying to snub the woman, she persisted. Immediately one person had recognized him, another did, so he turned back and wheeled along back to the hotel apartment thinking that there wasn't peace here either. He lay on the bed and read the newspapers while two other members of the Family went out apartment hunting; one went to all the addresses to which letters had been sent, the other went out on a 'free-lance' basis to try to find something.

The old man, Miss Cleo, and Miss Taddy all sat together in the hotel room as the long hours of the morning dragged by. Outside the traffic roared on incessant journeys to and from the city. Night workers coming off duty and returning to their homes in various parts of the Province, day workers thronging in to the city, for here distance doesn't seem to be any object. There is one taxi driver who drives about forty miles each way to get from his home to where he drives his taxi, and he still thinks he makes money!

Lunch-time came and passed, but soon after, within a short time of each other, the two, missing members of the Family returned with a sorry tale for each to tell.

'Yes', said one, 'they received your letters all right but they have a policy of not taking any pets so as you weren't going to rent from them they didn't bother to reply. They have nothing at all suitable because they will not take pets.'

The other had an equally sad tale: 'I went to all sorts of strange places trying to get somewhere but everywhere they say they will not take pets—get rid of your pets, they say, and then—yes—we will have you.'

The atmosphere—the climate, that is—of Vancouver is very nice indeed, it is a very pleasant place in which to live with beautiful parks, beautiful views, but for some extraordinary

reason there seems to be a hatred of pets. Now, are these people inhumane, have they not reached a human standard yet, or why such a dislike of little people who often are a darn sight better and better behaved than the humans who deny them the right to living space.

The Family pondered the question, made inquiries, but always there was the same answer—no pets. One woman encountered by chance in a shopping mall said, ‘Oh yes, it's right enough, here they won't take pets, I had to get rid of my cat before I could get an apartment anywhere. So I got rid of my cat and now I've got a one-bedroom apartment for which I pay a hundred and sixty dollars.’

No, the Family would not ‘get rid of’ Cleo or Taddy because these two are civilized, they are intelligent, and they are definite persons. So if necessary, the Family decided; if Vancouver is so inhospitable, then let us move somewhere else where the climate is perhaps not so good, but where the people are kinder.

The people of Vancouver do indeed seem to push themselves forward, they thrust themselves at others thinking they have a perfect right to accost anyone. The old man went to a shopping mall and three times in half an hour he was accosted most offensively by over-buoyant, over-enthusiastic people. But one of the gems of an encounter happened on the following day.

The old man was sitting in the wheelchair in a mall waiting for another member of the Family who was shopping. A young fellow came bounding along and more or less skidded to a stop in front of the old man: ‘Hi’ he exclaimed. ‘I know you, I've got a picture of you.’

‘So have many people,’ replied the old man somewhat sourly.

‘Ah yes, but I've got a very special picture, a photograph of you with a friend of mine.’

By now the old man's interest was slightly aroused. What could be this wonderful photograph with a friend? So he said, ‘A photograph of me with a friend of yours? Who is that, then?’

The young man smirked and looked wise. He said, ‘Oh, I

know all about you. I've got a photograph of you and you've got your arm around the shoulders of a friend of mine. It was taken in England this year.'

The old man nearly fell out of his chair with amazement, and then he said, 'But good gracious me, you just can't have! I wasn't in England this year. I haven't been to England for fifteen years.'

The young man looked at him, shook his head sadly and said, 'You can't be telling me the truth. What have you got to hide? I have a photograph of you taken in London in August 1972. You have your arm around the shoulders of a friend of mine.'

'But I'm telling you,' said the old man, 'I have not been in England for some fifteen years. You are mistaken somewhere.' The young man shook his head with suspicion, then he said, 'You are Lobsang Rampa, aren't you?'

Naturally the old man admitted his identity, and the accoster shouted with triumph, 'Well then, you must have been in England in August 1972 because I've got your photograph to prove it.' And he turned and walked away shaking his head. The old man sat in his chair shaking his head!

But what a truly remarkable thing it is, all these imposters. The old man hadn't been in England for years, and he was not the type of person to get himself photographed with his arm around another person's shoulders! But there was worse—another person came along and said, 'Oh I saw you on television! I was in Baltimore a few weeks back and I saw you on the Something-Something Show.'

The old man said, 'Well, you couldn't have seen me there because I haven't been on a television show.'

The woman insisted, 'Oh, it was your name all right.' Then she thought a moment, 'But you did look different, I must admit. Perhaps you are more ill now, but it was someone with your name and I doubt if there are many people with the name of Tuesday Lobsang Rampa. No, it was you all right!' she exclaimed.

There was another case where someone wrote in and said they had just been watching a television show on Toronto television. She wrote and said, 'I have been just hearing from a

man on television who said that you went to his house and you predicted that his wife was pregnant. Sure enough she was and they didn't know it! You said all about what the baby would be—and sure enough you were right. This man said he knows you well.' Marvels never cease because—no, I have not predicted that any person was pregnant. I have always thought that a person should be alert enough to know if they are going to have a child or not. It is not my place to tell them, particularly as I had no part in it! But it is really amazing how many mentally bankrupt people cannot do anything themselves so they just have to ape someone else who has some sort of a name. Recently there has been quite an upsurge in people pretending that they are me or pretending that I am a bosom friend of theirs, etc., etc.

When I was in Prescott I had a letter from a woman who lived in Montreal. She wrote to me calling me 'husband', and as I read on I became more and more amazed because her letter gave me to understand that I was the father of her child. I had apparently—strictly according to her—been to visit her in the astral and—er, done what has to be done to produce that required effect. So the woman thought that I was the astral father of her yet unborn son. Well, it was news to me! But I am reminded of that because now within the past few weeks I have had a letter from a woman in England who again thinks that I am the father of her child although I am about six thousand miles away from her, and I haven't been to England for fifteen years. Either I have tremendous physical attributes or things are rather long delayed, aren't they. However, poor sick minds can imagine anything I suppose. But that is just put in to show you what sort of people sometimes bother an unfortunate author. I suppose a Roman Catholic priest who is unmarried and has the title of 'Father' feels something the same as I do about it. He is unmarried, he is called 'Father' even though he has probably never even thought of 'doing his stuff'.

But the search had to be continued. How to find a place to live? How to manage? Hotel bills mount up and to stay as a guest in an hotel for too long—well, one has to have the resources of a Rockefeller to bear that. Even Howard Hughes

seems to have to move from hotel to hotel!

More inquiries were made, more letters were written. A letter was written to one of those places that guarantee to find suitable accommodation. A reply came back very swiftly: 'Oh, I know you, Dr. Rampa, I do so want to meet you. I cannot find you any accommodation because of your pets, but I do want to come and meet you.'

Eventually the Family moved further downtown in the hope of being nearer the scene of things, in the hope that personal contacts would enable them to find accommodation. They moved downtown to yet another hotel which would, at least for the time being, take the cats.

It seemed that things would be slow, so the typewriter was unpacked and once again a start was made on *Candlelight*. Having made a start on *Candlelight* then surely we should go back to discussing these problems, these questions, which seem to perplex so many people.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

The old man was sitting before the eternal pile of letters. Suddenly he picked one up and there was the rustle of paper, then he started to chuckle: 'Hey,' he called out, 'listen to this; this is in a letter which I have just opened.'

He read out from the letter. 'There was one of these charter flights going from Los Angeles to London, England. A group of people were going to have a tour of the historic places of London and of England. The plane arrived in England and the tour began. All the people got into one of the chartered buses and drove off to a place called Runymede, one of the historic places of the world not just of England, a place where liberty started centuries ago.

'The Guide stood up before the crowd of American tourists with their Bermuda shorts and their cameras and their owlish eyes behind their great glasses, and he said. "And here, ladies and gentlemen, is a truly historic spot. This is an important place; 1215 Magna Carta was signed here." One fat floozy looked at her watch and snorted with annoyance: "Too bad! We missed it by twenty minutes."'

But it is such a short step from mirth to melancholy. Here is a person who is most concerned about—death.

'You write a lot about death and about the joys in it for those who escape from the difficulties of the Earth, but you never say anything of help to us who are left here. How about telling us something in the book you are writing about grief and what we can do? It's all right for those who have passed over, but it's not so all right for those of us who are left. So how about saying a bit about grief?'

Very well, that's fair enough: Death and grief are so grossly

misunderstood, misrepresented. Just about everyone in existence has had grief, the loss of a loved child, the loss of a loved parent or partner. Grief is a terrible thing indeed and if one sits hard on one's emotions it can do definite damage. People should understand that the system approved by present-day society is not always the best. The old Chinese, for instance, used to laugh (pseudo) heartily as they told of the death of a loved one. The old Chinese simply could not face the thought of showing their emotion, showing the emotion of grief, to the world and so they put on a wholly artificial levity about the matter.

There is no way of terminating the pain which a loss causes us, no way of ending the grief. Only time can do that. Time heals all, time will terminate the pain of grief, time will terminate the troubles of this turbulent Earth, time will end life itself.

One of the biggest curses of modern-day life is the attitude of the undertakers and funeral home people because they, no doubt for reasons of business, try to pretend that one's 'loved one' is not dead but merely sleeps. These undertakers paint the dead faces, they wave the dead hair, they prop up the dead body as if simulating a person who is drowsing on a cushion of satin.

It seems to be a universal conspiracy in present day life to conceal grief as if there is something shockingly shameful in showing emotion at a loss.

A person who goes on a long journey to the other side of the world, for instance—well, there is always the possibility of the person coming back. But when a person is dead then that person has gone from this Earth and it is highly improbable that they will come back. Often grief is tinged with definite hostility, hostility that a person has died and left one. Now, just think about that and, irrational though it seems, it is true—there is some sort of sub-conscious hostility towards a dead person. Often, too, there is a feeling of guilt. Could we have done more for the suffering person? Could we have in any way saved the life? Could we have eased the suffering? Well, if a person 'puts us in the wrong' we often resent that person so when a death occurs there is much 'soul-searching'—who is to

blame, what more could have been done, or 'how could he have done this thing to me, how could he have gone out of my life'?

Undertakers go to fantastic lengths to pretend that the corpse is just a sleeping body. They falsify values, and, in my opinion, it is very wrong indeed to shove a body in some unnatural attitude—unnatural for death, that is—and pretend that he or she is just sleeping. We should have a new concept of death. Nations should spend money investigating death and teaching people that grief is natural, grief is normal, grief is a safety valve enabling one's bottled emotions to be harmlessly drained away.

Great men like Winston Churchill were not afraid to shed tears when the occasion warranted it. Winston Churchill, it is said, could shed tears of emotion and tears of grief, and he was a better man for it.

Now you ask what could be done to help a person suffering grief through the loss of a partner or relative—let us not have any of this hypocrisy about 'a loved one' because often young people find a great relief in the loss or death of an old tiresome parent. They feel ashamed of their relief and so they rant on about 'loved one'.

The first thing to do is to face that death has occurred, to face that things are now different. There will be red tape, interfering officials will want all sorts of papers signed. Heartless officials of the country will want their own share of whatever legacy is left. One can help a lot by listening to the person who has been bereaved, listen and let the grieving person talk, let the person talk out his or her sorrows, let him or her discuss the past. In this way guilt will be drained off, grief will be drained off and the one who has died will be freer.

It is quite essential that a person be helped to get over grief, it doesn't do to let a person stay alone grieving, mourning with a hard straight face showing nothing to the outside world because such grief bottled up inside one appears somewhere. It is like a steam boiler—you can't screw down the safety valve and keep on putting on the heat, something will burst eventually. A person who is overcome with grief which is kept bottled up will later suffer from ulcers or severe bowel trouble, or it can

even start arthritis. In extreme cases—and I have two such neighbors not too far away from me—schizophrenia can occur. A young woman, for instance, who appears to have everything, who appears to be fairly balanced, can suddenly be struck down by the death of a relative, she becomes mentally deranged, she wanders about brooding, sullen, and dirty. These things happen, but they would not happen if there was more understanding of the nature of grief, it would not happen if neighbors would help by letting the person talk, by keeping silent themselves except for sympathetic noises at the appropriate times.

How many times do you hear a bereaved person say, ‘If only I had acted differently he would be with us today.’ There are other cases where a bereaved person will rant at the dead person, ranting on about *why* did he die and leave me, *what* am I going to do now?

One of the worst features of the funeral service is the eulogy where someone speaks a whole lot of hogwash about the bereaved. No one who has ever died is bad, it seems. People search around for someone who can tell a whole lot of lies saying how good the dead person was and what a dreadful loss it will be to the community. But that is bad, you know, it makes a bereaved person think that he or she has lost something far, far greater than is really the case.

There are often cases where a husband loses his wife, perhaps in childbirth. The man, now a father, has undisguised hostility for the poor innocent baby who in being born quite inadvertently caused the death of the mother. So there is a father ruined and a baby ruined right at the start. If people would only clear up their conceptions about things.

Now grief—what is it? Often it is selfishness. It is often opposition to any change. People do not like a change which is permanent, and so when death occurs—well, that is permanent, that is a considerable change, and resentment and hostility occur.

What you should do is this; help a person who is bereaved by encouraging that person to talk, and if the person weeps so much the better. In weeping the emotions are released and there is then no risk of one's sanity. You can talk gently but

firmly to the person, telling them to weep, telling them not to bottle up their emotions, telling them that—yes, they have had a terrible loss but soon they too will be moving to the other side of the curtain which divides the dead of this world from the living of the next world. And if you are a good psychologist—the best psychologists come from the homes and not from the offices of so-called professional men—you can do a lot to help those who need your help.

I do want to mention here that, whereas people should be encouraged to give vent to grief in order to ‘get it out of their system’, they should not be encouraged to persist in grief because such is merely grieving for their own loss and not genuine grief, it is self-pity and such is not to be encouraged.

While on this subject here is another letter which surely does apply to the present; ‘A most shocking thing occurred when my father was dying. My young daughter just 18 years of age lay down on a couch and—do you know?—*she fell sound asleep when my father was dying*. I can never forgive her for that!’

But, you know, we must remember that there are certain people who are ‘helpers of those passing over.’ These persons, it doesn't matter what age they are, it doesn't matter what class they are.. but these persons have an ability to help a person over into the next life in much the same way as a midwife has the ability to help a baby to become born and separated from its mother. The midwife has to stay wide awake, but the 'helper' has to appear to go to sleep because the astral form has to emerge from the body. Hence, in this case, the young daughter did not thoughtlessly ‘fall asleep’. Instead she had the ability to leave her body and help her grandfather to enter his new life.

There are so many things that could be said on the matter of death. For example, in the days of Atlantis and Lemuria there were always bodies kept in cool chambers, dead bodies, or apparently dead bodies. These were ‘entity-less’ bodies which were kept so that the Gardeners of the Earth could at any time take over a body and appear among humans as a human. These were the first examples of ‘time travel’ because the Gardeners of the Earth, who know all and can do all, have to travel to

different worlds and mix with different entities, and so, as stated, they do keep certain bodies which can be entered by arrangement. This is not necessarily the same as transmigration because in the latter an entity takes over a body—by special arrangement and special permission, of course—and remains in that body for the rest of its life on Earth. But the Gardeners of the Earth could take over a body, go anywhere for a time, and then leave the body just the same as a person can rent a car, do a journey, and then return the car to the renters. Possibly we ought to start up a travel service on those lines!

Now, let us say a few words about getting old. It is a thoroughly obnoxious practice which affects us all, no matter how much we try to disguise that unpleasant fact, no matter how much powder and paint we put on, no matter how much we try to tell ourselves otherwise, there comes a time when in the morning you find your joints are creaking a bit, you find you don't get up as easily as you did. So you then reach the inescapable conclusion that you are getting old.

When people are getting old or, rather, when they have become old, they do seem to go to pieces rather quickly, but that is natural, isn't it? Whatever you say about it, people are just flowers of the Overself! Flowers are merely devices to draw attention to the seeds, and people, then, are just the flowers which have the seeds to reproduce other members of a species or a race. A woman is supposed to be attractive to the male so that in the union which follows certain acts occur which enable the race to be propagated and so to continue. After all, men and women are here for a purpose, to continue the race so that all the time people are learning and learning. But according to the basic law of Nature when reproduction is no longer possible because of deterioration caused by age, then there is no longer any real need for the life to continue. When people have gone beyond the age at which they can contribute towards producing other humans, then on the purely material plane they have finished.

In the old days when the race of Man was young, people lived to be thirty or forty years of age, and then when they could no longer sire or bear children they died off. It was

much the same as flowers; you get a plant, eventually on the plant flowers bloom and seeds are within the flower. After a time the flower withers and falls off, so that is the end of that flower. It has done its task in having the seeds and making the seeds available. When that task is ended, the reason for the existence of the flower also has ended. Humans used to be more like that.

But science, so-called, has prolonged the life span perhaps two or three times as much as was normal in the early days of the race. But people still chase around trying to give an illusion of youth because they have a racial memory that without the ability to reproduce they are no longer of use, and so they seek a false youth in which they are trying to persuade others that—yes—I can still sire or bear children, and that, they claim, is an excuse or reason for going on living. We see this particularly in the life story of Hollywood idols. A fellow claims that he is the ‘biggest sired of children’ in existence. Or some crummy looking film actress with probably surgically increased bust uplift claims that she is the best sex symbol ever. Phooey! It's the mind and the soul that matter, not the lumps of meat which clothe the bony framework.

In the oldest races people used to die young except for a very few old people who were deliberately left there by the Gardeners of the Earth to teach and to pass on knowledge of a far more than normal lifetime. But this present day craze with women getting themselves done up like something they never were—well, that is a matter of self-justification which means that they still want to compete on the field (or should it be bed?) of sex. If people would only ‘be themselves’ and ‘act their age’ they would be far happier. There would be less nervous troubles, there would be less hostility from other age groups.

But, sad though it seems, it may even be that the Gardeners of the Earth are to blame for the horrible state to which mankind has descended. When a garden—no matter how wonderful that garden be—is neglected for too long through the absence of its gardener then the garden degenerates, everything ‘goes to pot’. Humans sure have gone there fast, humans are in a great state of confusion about their origin. They don't know

why they should consider material things and metaphysical things. They don't know where things fit in. They see a human body but they don't see the soul, so they are more inclined to place credence on the purely physical human body. And yet, humans pray to or revere a Trinity which through long years of Christian usage is known as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Actually, the Trinity is the Overself which is the Holy Ghost, the astral form which is the intermediary, and then the third which is the purely physical body on the Earth.

The physical body on the Earth is the laborer, the one who does hard things to learn hard lessons which the more intangible Overself could not endure. You can say, in a similar way, that an uncouth savage could endure more torture than a highly refined gentlewoman. So the physical torture would be on the lowest plane, but the highly refined gentlewoman would be able to withstand far more mental shocks than would the savage. Humans should remember that they are basically three entities, the physical which is the earth body, the astral, and the Overself. Actually, there are nine different sheaths from the physical to the astral, but that does not matter for now because they are in different dimensions and when one is trying to discuss things in a three dimensional category it is not easily possible to discuss things of a nine dimensional existence.

And—to confuse you thoroughly—on other planes of existence there are more than the nine sheaths. You can add a few noughts if you have ever been there. I have!

A Christian parson who is very anxious that his name will not be mentioned writes to me, in fact he is so anxious that his name will not be mentioned—that he doesn't give any! Unfortunately for him he used a piece of his own headed paper and in a moment of forgetfulness wrote on the obverse, or, if you like it simple, he wrote on the side which had no address. The other side carried his name and address! Never mind, I won't give his name nor his address, but I will tell you this; many people of religious persuasion write to me, bishops write to me, a cardinal has been in correspondence with me and, incidentally, thoroughly, thoroughly approving of my work. A pity I can't get him to give a statement to the Press, eh? And

then there is another gentleman of 'the Cloth' who is a Jesuit and a very high professor indeed of that Order. He teaches other Jesuits of 'high degree'. All these people approve of my work, all these people write to me giving their names and addresses quite safe in the knowledge that I never disclose names and addresses except at the request of, or with the permission of, the person so quoted. Not everyone wants publicity. I don't for one!

But back to our bashful priest; he writes me a nice letter exclaiming in horror and amazement that people cannot believe my books. He tells me that the Catholic Church teach their adherents that at death the Christian—the Catholic Christian—leaves the physical body and then God gives them a spirit one. I gather that after they all sing Hallelujah together and play a few harps and flap about the astral countryside. Well, okay, everyone to their own Belief, but in substance this is only the same as what I have been writing about. Of course people leave the physical body and then they are not given a spirit body because they already have it—the astral body.

Now, it is really unfortunate that this Respected Reverend thinks that he is anonymous because I would have liked to have written to him and told him that—no, people do not disbelieve my books. I think that during the last sixteen years that I have not had more than four or five really offensive letters, letters expressing doubt, etc. have kept those in my—what shall I call it—Black Museum. but those are only the rantings of diseased minds. One person told me that God was going to strike me down dead. But if I would send her a sum of money she would see that God wouldn't strike me down dead. Well, I didn't send any money and I am still here.

Another 'lady' wrote to me highly incensed because I wrote about back street healers and all that sort of thing. She told me of the wonders she had accomplished, how she cured cancer, and I believe (it is too much trouble to look up!) that she almost raised the dead. But now she wrote to me full of fury because people read my books and the cash customers had fallen off sharply. She accused me of ruining her income. Amusing, eh?

I had another letter from a gentleman of color who wrote on behalf of himself and a friend. They said they would like to come and see me because they wanted both to become doctors, so they wrote to me and asked if I would send them First Class air fares and provide them with an adequate sum of money so they could look around a bit in the U.S.A. and decide where they would like to live. The writer then went on to tell me that when they had decided where they would like to live I could pay for the training of the two and all their living expenses for about five years 'longer', wrote one, 'if we should decide to specialize'. Of course they made it very clear that they would never be able to pay me back, but they gave me an absolute assurance that they would pray for me every day of my life.

Naturally enough I was touched to think of these gentlemen of color so heartily praying for me if I would give them thousands and thousands of pounds just for love of gentlemen of color, but I wasn't touched enough to part with a penny. Nowadays I have to look at both sides of the penny, and I wish I was skilled in some of the arts known as splitting a note in two! Unfortunately in Canada, as well as in other countries of the world, the Government do not like people to print their own money or make their own money; the Government likes to keep a monopoly on that subject although they look with great repugnance on other people who have a monopoly in anything. So there it is, the gentlemen of color go untrained, and I go with virgin purity at least so far as counterfeiting is concerned.

Now we've got to get on with some of these questions. You keep distracting me, you know! Of course it is you who distracts me because if you didn't keep on sending in these letters to me I shouldn't be side-tracked by some of the curious comments you sometimes make. But, anyway, back to these questions:

A lady from India is most puzzled; she writes: 'The caul which is a membrane which sometimes encloses a baby at birth, has it got any metaphysical or psychic significance to that individual?'

No, it doesn't mean a thing. It doesn't mean any more than some people being born with black hair, some people being born with—whatever you call it—blonde hair, the ginger stuff.

A caul is just something peculiar to that person and it does not in any way increase one's psychic ability or spiritual power. Some people think otherwise, but it is really just an old wives' tale as some people believe it is bad luck to have a black cat cross one's path at midnight on a moonless night—I don't know how they would see that black cat, though, do you? Others think that it is good fortune to have the aforementioned cat cross one's path under the aforementioned conditions. So there it is, I suggest you take the penny which I mentioned previously and decide which way you want to believe, and then toss up the penny to see if you are right or wrong. I state that a caul doesn't mean a thing.

Now here is a question: 'Most causes which have influence upon us physically, that is, cancer, poverty, blindness, etc., have some form of fund to which one can contribute in order to help in all aspects of the problem in question. Is it possible to set up such a fund which could help causes such as yours?'

Oh ho, my dear madam, that is a thing loaded with atom bomb material! The next thing we should find, if such a thing were done, is that the Press would start up saying that I was exploiting the public or defrauding people or some similar rot.

Some time ago it was suggested that I start up as a Foundation (no, not the type of foundation worn by women but the benevolent kind), but I am not at all keen on that because so many 'cults' do have such a Foundation which enables them to set up some sort of stunt where they do not pay income tax on money received, but which does enable them to pay very high salaries to themselves, to each other, for 'specialist services', whatever that means. I am honest, and regrettably honest enough to have an instinctive abhorrence of these Foundations. So many of them are not what they purport to be.

I always take the view that if a person is really anxious to help in the matter of research into the aura or into the other matters in which I am desperately interested, then they can always help with a donation if they want to, but that must be their own decision.

Now, here is something which is going to rock you on your heels; this question is—wait a minute, let's get it straight—'On the subject of Tai Chi, in Wisdom of the Ancients you

said that the wise men of China used Tai Chi to indicate that to which we return upon leaving this world. It is the ultimate or the end of all things incarnate. It is reunion with one's Overself and the state which upon Earth can only be likened to bliss. Do you think you can expand on this? For example, has the Tai Chi got any light for us today, and what of its origin?

But that is all that I have been telling you about in thirteen books! When we leave this Earth we are a step nearer 'Home'. Each step up from plane to plane brings increases in joy or what the questioner calls 'bliss'. On each low stage of evolution we have to work hard with relatively slight reward, but the higher we go the greater our responsibilities, the less the physical work, and the higher the aspirations possible to us. So that on this Earth, for example, we can work with pick and shovel 'to the Glory of God'. There is nothing shameful in hard work. But you would not get the same remuneration as the President of the Company employing you. You would get hard work and lower pay, but low responsibility, while the poor fellow sitting in his padded chair (I almost said 'padded cell'!) gets high pay, low physical work, and enough responsibility to give him ulcers. Well, the higher you go the less physical work you do, but the greater enjoyment you derive from doing a job well, the greater pleasure you get from being in the service of others. And the higher we go—well, when we get to the ninth plane of existence, for instance, we get in a state of bliss which would be quite incomprehensible in three dimensional terms. It is like—dare I mention love?—On Earth through the onset of the Christian inhibitory practices love is all mixed up with what is also known as sex, and here sex is regarded as something unspeakable, it is regarded as 'dirty'. So it is quite useless to try to explain to a person bogged down in imagined filth what love and sex are like on the ninth dimension. There are no terms to describe it, and yet you have to have such a union of highly evolved souls before you can know what joy, bliss, rapture, happiness, and all the rest of it really mean.

'Has the Tai Chi got any light for us today?' Well, we are in the Age of Kali, we are in the descending stroke of the pendulum, and things are going to get a lot worse before they

get a lot better. We are going down into the depths. When we reach the lowest point then we shall start going up again until we reach what is, in effect, a state of rapture upon this Earth. Of course you and I won't be here then. We shall have passed to our just reward centuries before that time. But we can assure our place on the upward path if we at all times remember—Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, and then you will be out of the Age of Kali and on the way of Tai Chi.

We are going up in the world once again; a countess sends me a bunch of questions. Do you want some questions from a countess? All right, here is the first one:

‘When a new world is created the inhabitants for this world are also created to fit the living conditions. Are their souls also newly created or are they already created and existing at that time?’

When a new world is created the entities are already existing. Think of it like this:

New York is overcrowded, there are far too many people there so there could be a shortage of food, a shortage of electricity, a shortage of water, and a shortage of everything in fact. So a fresh satellite, town, city, or dormitory town is set up somewhere within reach, let us say West Chester, for example. A load of people go to West Chester and set up stores and all the rest of it. In effect that is a new world, so when we get a new world created it means that one of the old worlds is overcrowded or it is due for disintegration. You see, the Sun, after all, is just an atomic pile and though it might seem millions of years old to us yet it is just the twinkling of an eye in certain other times.

You find that difficult to comprehend? Take a match in your hand and think of that as in dead space, it is just a dead lump. Then strike it on the side of the match box and it will burst into flames. All sorts of small particles will be emitted and thrown out from the flaming surface. They, being much smaller, will cool very much more rapidly and yet they will, so long as they are in close proximity to the match flame, be warmed. But that explosion of the match bursting into flame is only a second or two, isn't it. Perhaps it is not even that long.

But just think of that sun giving birth to little planets which are pieces thrown off, and those planets having the start of life, life itself. And then the decay of life as the flame of the central sun (the match head) has a diminishing flame and then becomes a burnt out husk. That is how worlds go on. To us here on these particles, or rather, on one particular particle, it seems that the worlds exist for millions of years, but to people looking from afar it is just like a match head bursting into sudden flame, flaring, and expiring.

Question Two: 'If these souls are newly created, how far does the multiplication go? How much room do we have? Where does it end?'

We are up against relativity here. Actually space is limitless. We are not dealing with just a three dimensional thing but with things of all dimensions and things of no dimensions. On Earth we are limited to certain dimensions, for example, I am in a room. The room has four sides, it has a roof (fortunately!), and it has a floor. When I am in this room and the door is shut I cannot go out without opening the door, but if a person of the fourth dimension, who we would call a ghost, wanted to come in—well, there would be no problem because the molecules of the wall here would be so tenuous to a ghost that he would simply drift through without any problems at all. It is something like ice which is a hard solid substance. People living on a world of ice would have no conception of what their souls would be like, but let us 'kill' some ice, let us alter its rate of vibration because when a thing dies its rate of vibration alters. This ice, then, that we are going to 'kill' turns into water. It is a completely different sort of substance from ice. The water flows, it can take up the shape of the receptacle which retains it. But we want to find the 'soul of ice' so let us heat up the water and thereby increase its vibration, and then we get steam, a gas. So if you think of a body—a human body—as being represented by ice, then you can readily appreciate that the next stage up when the ice turns to water is when we get out of the body and get into the astral world and we flow about. Beyond that—well, we go from the water stage up into the water vapor stage, up into the gas stage. So you could not push a piece of ice through an apparently solid sub-

stance such as a piece of blotting paper, but you could push water through. Even better, you could blow steam all the way through easily.

You can see, though, that the molecules of ice, the molecules of water, and the molecules of steam are different. They get more and more dispersed as one goes up. We get the same thing with the body and the soul of Man.

Question Three: 'We were taught that our Maker is a one God. Is really just one Entity at the head of all creation, or is it a governing group at the head of our "All"?'

You really do ask the stickiest of questions in this one about God. You ask is it really one Entity at the head of all creation. Look at it like this; you are a human and presumably you have a head, feet, arms, and a few other bits stuck on your body at strategic points. All this makes *you*—just one of you—and your hands, your feet, your knees, your—*everything*—goes to form that one, and all those parts are dependent upon each other. Of course you could do without a hand or without a leg, but you couldn't do without a head although most people seem to try to nowadays. But 'God' is that entity which comprises the whole of the Universes and there are billions of them, and each Universe and part of a Universe is an essential part of the basic 'God'.

Question Four: 'Will our souls live forever after we will graduate from this world? After so many lives we will go to better places, you have me convinced of that fact. How many worlds will we graduate to and where will we end?'

Yes, our 'souls' will live as long as 'God' lives because our souls, our Oversells, etc., are just part of the fabric of God. If you stick a pin in yourself and withdraw it from your quivering body it may appear that the pin is quite clean, bare of everything, but if you stick it in the field of a very powerful microscope you may find one lonely molecule waving at you through the electronic magnifier. Well, that one lonely molecule can be just as you are to 'God'.

Question Five: 'I was brought up a Catholic and went to school in a convent. We were taught very little about the years Jesus had disappeared. Was He really in Asia learning during that time? So many books say so many different things about

the subject. If He spent all these years in Asia He must have liked what he learned. Of course my entire conception of Him has changed since I became really more religious which has nothing to do with a particular religion. You will hear from me again-soon.'

Now, I wonder if that last statement, 'You will hear from me again—soon' was a promise or a threat. I must think about it, but anyway—

Yes, Jesus the man wandered abroad in the Wilderness, the Wilderness being that part of the world which was not His immediate and familiar vicinity or the vicinity of His birth. Jesus went throughout India, throughout China, and into Tibet, and much of the original Christian religion is actually a conglomeration of Eastern religions which have been hashed up, worked over, and tailored to fit what is, in effect, a Western mentality.

Most certainly Jesus liked what He found in the East because after, according to the Press report which I have already given you, He went to Japan instead of being crucified!

After Jesus the man came back from His travels, He went again into a distant place where He would not be bothered by onlookers, and there He left His physical body and went on to other places. His body was taken over by another entity from space as had previously been arranged. So Jesus the man departed His body and the spirit of Christ took over and became 'the Christ'. That, then, is transmigration and nothing else.

So many people seem to find difficulty in comprehending this matter of transmigration, but Christ taught it. Christ taught reincarnation also, and if people would read the Bible with an open mind they would understand all these things. They should also take into consideration the definite fact that the Bible now is not as it was originally nor how it was intended to be. The Bible has been translated, re-translated, mis-translated, re-hashed, and thousands of different editions brought out. Sometimes the head of a Church will say that such a thing cannot be taught any more. Then he will scratch his own head and bring out something else which should be taught. The Bible should be looked upon as a general statement of policy rather than a blow by blow, round by

round account of what happened. It is quite a good book but you have to use common sense in reading a book which is so old and which is so different in concept to that which is originally was planned.

## CHAPTER NINE

‘Hey!’ screamed the words from the letter. ‘How is it that you, who have been doing aura work for so long, never get a good write-up in the Press?’

The old man thoughtfully pulled out a newspaper cutting which was stuck in the big envelope. It was from some paper called ‘The National Enquirer’ dated September 24th, 1972. It seemed that some fellow was falling over backwards—frontwards as well—to praise up the Russians and their efforts in aura research.

It purports to say that plants ‘know’ when the weather is going to change. Well, of course they do. I have been saying that for years.

It also says ‘the plain fact is that the Soviets are years ahead of the U.S. in research on E.S.P., in the fields of mind over matter, telepathy, etc., that we may never catch up.’

And ‘the astounding colour movies of the human aura the Russians have made show how far they have already gone—!’

But, yet, I have been doing things like this for years. Anyway, I have had all the details about this fellow and the article before, and I wrote to him sending some of my books, telling him the truth as I have been informed of it; the Russians were greatly impressed with You-Forever and it sparked considerable research in Russia. The Russians have bought quite a lot of books and they have made good use of the hints, etc., which I have given.

Yes, yes, it's just fine that the Russians are making progress but why not give a little credit here as well? It does seem to me that people just go crazy with joy and delight if the Com-

munists of Russia copy someone else and find that it works, but now that I am a Canadian citizen I find that a prophet is without honor in his own country! I find my books are being quoted and quoted and misquoted with never a trace of acknowledgment to me—the author—but I suppose that is the way of life.

There is another book eulogizing Russian ‘science’ and the remarks above also apply to that book. I sent some details to the authors of the book, but again they did not even have the common courtesy to reply, not even the courtesy to say ‘thank you’. I have come to the conclusion that I must be some sort of a nut for answering people's letters and saying ‘thank you’ if they send me a cutting or something. People have told me that, by the way—that I am a nut for bothering with so many people. Never mind, it might help someone. But I do want to put on record that the Russians do not have a monopoly on aura research. The Russians do seem to have a monopoly of finance to help research and without money to buy equipment—well, many a promising invention has been still-born. That is what I am finding now. There is a ‘telephone to heaven’ and a good aura camera, because the stuff the Russians are doing so far is not the true aura but the sub-etheric auric sheath. They haven't got down to the real thing yet, but they might in time!

Another letter asks ‘Is it true that most of the great leaders of the world were tradesmen, and if so—why?’

Well, yes, you can say that. You can say that most of the great leaders of the world started from what are called ‘humble origins’ and there is a special reason for that. It is thought by the Gardeners of the Earth that those who come here to help humanity must be in touch with the majority of humans, and if a man comes as a king then in the normal course of events he is only in contact with those of kingly, princely, or ducal status.

Jesus was the son of a carpenter. Possibly He took a swipe or two with carpentry tools himself, we never hear that He was a carpenter but only the son of a carpenter. Mohammed, who was one of the great people, was an Arab tradesman, and then at the age of forty he began to have all sorts of messages and ‘conversations with Messengers’. The content of the Mes-

sengers' instructions led him to organize the Moslem religion, and write the Koran.

Moses—well, he was just a homeless waif who had the luck—good or bad—to be picked up by a princess, but the point is that he was still a homeless waif who had the ‘common touch’.

Gautama, of course, was a Prince, that is he started off a Prince. But he soon found that as a Prince he was not in touch with the common people, so he renounced his princely caste and went into the wilderness away from his bunch of wives who made quite a commotion about being left husbandless, but in spite of great efforts to persuade him to change his mind Gautama went into the wilderness as a poor and humble man and became ‘the Buddha’, the Founder of Buddhism. He had to renounce his high estate and relinquish his wealth before he could indeed get in touch with the ordinary people who most needed help.

Here is a question which I frankly do not quite understand. The question is: ‘Is there an absolute possibly existing somewhere in the seventh through the ninth dimensions?’

Now, I do not understand that one because what is ‘an absolute’? I wonder if the person who writes means a God, and if that is the case, well, the answer is No. Even the Manus go up much higher than the ninth dimension. The Manus that one can experience looking after this world, for example, they are the puppets of an Overself Manu.

Now here is a question for you: ‘Are there less and less laws governing an entity the higher up on the evolutionary scale he goes?’

Yes, basically that is so. The laws are actually made to control the masses, and often a law which is most beneficial to a mass of people is horribly unjust to some poor wretched individual. But laws cannot be made to suit each and every individual. A law has to be formulated so that it may embrace the great majority of people coming within its dictum.

If you had read the 1972 tax forms you would know what I mean! The instructions about this wretched form are so abstruse that I honestly can't make any sense at all out of it, and I imagine that there are many more like me. But back to our question; the higher a person evolves the less the need for

stereotyped laws to control his behavior because when he reaches a high enough position he knows instinctively what he should do and what he should not do, and he doesn't need the disservices of law makers to tie him up in red tape and so ruin whatever it is he is trying to do.

A question: 'Does it become proportionally easier to evolve the higher the plane of evolvment?'

Well, that is relative, you know. You have to keep in mind that the higher you go the greater the distance that you can fall, but I can only answer this question by returning to the classroom.

If one has a child at school studying then he is trained to study, trained to remember, trained to absorb information. If the child then leaves school and takes some ordinary job such as an office boy or something, then he lapses and he gets out of the habit of studying so that if after a few years he has to study something he finds the process remarkably difficult and painful.

If a child is studying and continues to study, up and up through high school, through university, perhaps on to medical or law school, then the child, now young adult, is trained in studying and he finds it easier and easier to study as he studies more and more. So you could say a person who is consciously, continually evolving—and not backsliding—can evolve more easily than those who are 'dragging their feet'. But if the person does make a mistake and stops his own evolution, then he may go in reverse, he may go the wrong way and lose much of his evolution, so then he has to come back and relearn his lessons. By that time he will find they are much harder.

A question is: 'Do all human entities possess an astral body?'

Oh definitely they do, everything does, not just humans but all animals, even rocks. Everything vibrates. There is no such thing as a stationary object in existence, such a thing is impossible. Every single article that there is anywhere is in a state of constant molecular motion. You might look at a mountain and think it is just a stupid lump of rock stuck in the middle of a landscape to prevent you from seeing what is at the other side. But it is not like that; it is a great mass of

vibrating molecules, and the action of all these molecules vibrating together is to set up a form of electric field which gives an astral body and also an aura. So the answer is—yes, everything has an astral body, everything has an aura.

Sometimes I get taken to task, although, I must admit, in the kindest ways, for apparently repeating myself. I am told that I tell the same thing two or three times in two or three ways, but then I get a letter from a person who tells me that he or she is very grateful that I have repeated myself because at last I have got through and made a point. The first and second attempts at explaining weren't successful, the third was. But now I've got a question: 'Would you please again explain how to control one's mind, how to direct thought?'

Now I have already dealt with that quite a lot, but I have definitely been asked to repeat it, so all you people who do not like repetition—*read* on because you might just learn something!

We have to remember that we are only one-tenth conscious, and the real source of knowledge, the real source of action, is the sub-conscious. But the sub-conscious is like a lazy old man who wants to sit and smoke a pipe all day and not do anything. He knows he is the custodian of great knowledge, etc., but he doesn't want to part with any of it, he doesn't want to move. So you have to get through to him to galvanize him into action.

If you want to direct thought or control your mind, then you have to know what you want because it is useless to seek a thing unless you know what you are seeking, otherwise if you do not know what you are seeking you won't know when you have found it, will you?

Let us suppose you want to learn something; well, you sit down somewhere where it is quiet and you think of the matter which you desire to study. Perhaps you are afraid your memory will fail you or something, but anyway you think of the matter you desire to study. Tell your sub-conscious what you want to do, tell your sub-conscious why you want to do it, say what benefits will be derived from learning such a matter. You have to get it over to your sub-conscious that you and 'George' or 'Georgina' are all part of the same firm so what harms one

harms the other, what benefits one benefits the other. So you have to think about the thing you want to do, you have to think about it directly, you have to think all around it, you have to think of all the advantages. Then you have actually to visualize yourself studying the subject or possessing the object, and if you make a real campaign about it—do it perhaps three times in succession—the sub-conscious may be roused and will then help you to attain that which you desire.

You have to go in for visualization. Now, visualization is not imagination. Imagination is something which can be indulged in on the imaginary basis only. No amount of imagination, for instance, would enable you to jump over a thirty-story building. You might be able to do it in your imagination and then you would be something like Buck Rogers, wouldn't you? But such a jump—over a thirty-story building—is beyond the laws of physical nature so it is imagination only, and many people waste time imagining that which is impossible.

Visualization, on the contrary, is something which is entirely possible because it is entirely in keeping with normal physical laws. As an illustration, suppose you want to buy a boat, then if you visualize yourself suddenly coming into possession of a large sum of money and going to the place where they sell boats, looking over them, and finally deciding on such a boat then you may find that your visualizations bear fruit. It is a fact that if the conditions are right anything you visualize you can have—in time. It may not be just at the moment you want it, but you will get it—if you visualize things properly.

You have to sit down comfortably. You have to cross your ankles and clasp your hands in front of you. Then you put out a very strong thought to your sub-conscious, calling him or her by the private name which I suggested earlier in this book. You tell your sub-conscious three times, 'Attention! Attention! Attention!' Then you say, 'Look into my mind now.' You repeat that three times, and then you think very definitely, very clearly on the matter for which you desire the cooperation of your sub-conscious. Let us get back to pendulums.

You want your pendulum to tell you where such-and-such a thing is, so it might be a lump of gold and in that case you will tune your pendulum for a lump of gold (I told you how to do

that earlier in this book). Then you will visualize yourself holding the pendulum by its cord and the swing indicating gold. You will pick up a map and you will try to locate gold through the use of the map. If you convey the idea with complete clarity and point out the advantages to the sub-conscious, then you will be able to detect gold *if there is any there*.

‘Then a question about the coming World Leader; will his life be made as miserable and horrible as yours? Will humanity listen to him or will they again just scoff, laugh, demand proof, and scream their nasty heads off? Will he be born in a country that is “politically acceptable” to the rest of the world or will he have to suffer from discrimination too?’

I will tell you this; that World Leader is not any of those over-publicized young people who are screaming around with much press publicity that they and they only can save the world. No, the real World Leader is living privately as yet unknown to the world. When the time comes, and then only, will he move into the limelight of unwanted publicity.

Yes, he will have suffering, he will have misery, he will be disbelieved, he will be pilloried and persecuted by the Press, but—if his message gets over to even a thousand people he will not have been here in vain. At present there is such a person on this earth. The body is being developed. At the appropriate time transmigration will take place and a greater Entity will come down and carry on from that point. You get something the same in surgery or in art. You get a lesser skilled man to make the opening incision (sorry, no pun intended!), and then when the basic work has been done the Master will take over and do that for which he has been acclaimed as a Master. After the Master has done the successful operation, some lesser surgeon, for instance, will ‘stitch up’ and generally clean up the mess. It is the same thing with the Leaders of the World who come here and take over a body which is already trained to operate on the Earth. It would be such a waste if a great Entity had to spend about thirty years kicking about on this crummy old Earth of ours. That is why such people take over by transmigration.

I have some questions here from a gentleman whose name is famous in connection with tea bags! He wants to know about

longevity. He asks: 'Some people are under the impression that due to modern medical science it is possible to live longer at the present time than, say, two hundred years ago. Is the answer no, we can just get a maximum life span and it cannot be exceeded, but if we are foolish enough it can be terminated prematurely? Could those early deaths in olden days be due to poverty and improper living conditions, etc.?'

Well now, actually in theory there is no limit to how long a person can live because it all depends upon the memory stored within our brain cells, the memory which enables the body to reproduce identical parts. If we had a good enough memory, and a sub-conscious memory it is, a person could go on living almost indefinitely. Unfortunately at the present stage of evolution the memory decays. It is like the old army story.

There was a long line of men, a hundred men in a row. An officer at one end of the line whispered a message to the man nearest him and told him to whisper it to the next man, and so on. And then the last man produced a message which had little bearing on the original subject.

We get the same thing with humans. We can say that a patch of skin has worn out and the body-entity wants a repair job done, but the memory is a bit sick of all these repetitions so there is a slight divergence in the type, texture, or color of the skin. So the person might get one of those brown patches which are a symptom of increasing age, or a fastidious lady may get too much skin and find she's got a nasty wrinkle, and so she spreads a lot of goo on her face to try to shrink the skin.

Eventually there will come a time when people can live five or six hundred years, and it will come about not through anything special in the way of surgery or medicine, but through a development in electro-chemistry because if we could get our chemical balance right we could get our brain voltages correct, and in that case cancer, schizophrenia, and other things would be cured. For example, a person gets over-tired with too much work so his body chemistry is depleted of those chemicals which build up the necessary voltages to keep him in operating condition. Now if the person suddenly takes in some sugar, for example, (provided he is not diabetic!) he gets a sudden spurt

of energy and the tiredness goes away for a time. In other words, his battery has been recharged and he functions again on the normal level.

My old friend, Jim Dodd, who lives in America, has just sent me a copy of a newspaper cutting about 'electrical medicine', and Jim Dodd is highly interested in my comments because he has had a knock on the noggin through a car accident and from what I can gather from his letter the surgeons just about filleted him—but kept only the bones! An unfortunate state for a person to be in. Now, presumably, if he walks down the street the dogs come after him to take a chew at the bones. But there it is; it makes one think isn't life wonderful!

But this cutting about electrical medicine is only the stuff I have been telling you about before saying, 'We seldom stop to think that our bodies run on electricity, but they do.' And Jim Dodd wants to know if there is any truth in what the author of this article writes. The answer is—yes, there is a lot of truth in it, but the sad thing about the whole affair is that medicine generally is at least a hundred years behind the times. Orthodox doctors dare not risk their reputation in even attempting anything which has not been approved after ten years use by some of the trade unions controlling doctors.

Oh yes, let's bear in mind constantly that doctors have trade unions even more powerful than the teamsters unions, and they are kept rigidly in line. Some of the medical members of the doctors' unions have nothing on Jimmy Hoffa for discipline! But that is taking us away from this stuff sent by Jim Dodd.

Yes, one can do a tremendous amount with electricity. Electricity, properly applied, can speed healing, can the more easily unite broken bones. At one end of the scale there is electrocution when a fellow is literally knocked out of his body and his astral goes wandering off. At the other end of the scale people could even be helped to get born by electricity.

Jim Dodd is particularly interested in electrical anesthesia, and the article which he sends seems to be very much out of date, or, like a fat woman seen from the back, all behind, because electrical anesthesia is a definite proven thing. Two electrodes are placed beside the head and a mild current is switched on, a DC current, and the patient or victim goes

dreamlessly to sleep because the astral says, in effect, 'Gee, I don't like this; it's too hot for my feet. I'm going!' And so the astral gets out of the body in a hurry and doesn't return until the current is switched off.

Actually, if a person knew how he could put anyone to sleep without any difficulty at all, that is one of the dangers because now—well, we all know the old story of the white slavers with their chloroform pad. They swipe someone across the face with a cloth soaked in chloroform and the poor innocent defenceless girl goes to sleep instantly, but that is not so, you know. It takes a long time to put a person to sleep by that method. It is easier to use a coal hammer.

Hey though, don't go trying tricks with electricity (or coal hammers!) because it is very very wrong indeed to commit suicide, just as wrong as it is to commit murder. So when you read these electrical details don't get crazy bees in your bonnet because—I repeat—suicide is a very bad thing indeed to do. But if a person knows the very simple technique of electro-anesthesia, just about anyone could be taken unawares and put to sleep. Possibly that is why doctors are so cautious about it, they probably want to have some rigmarole or ritual so that it appears to be more difficult than it is. What can be done is this; a patient—let's imagine this, shall we?—is wheeled into the operating room annex. The anesthetist just puts two little electrodes at carefully determined spots on each side of the head. The current is switched on and the patient is asleep as quickly as switching off a light, no gasping, nothing of that kind at all—the patient is 'switched off when the current is switched on'.

Then, with the operation finished, the current is switched off and the patient awakens instantly without any recollection of pain or anything else to do with the operation, and, interestingly enough, the painlessness effect lasts from twelve to twenty hours during which time the patient is fully conscious and sweetly reasonable, that is, of course, if he was sweetly reasonable before. But this form of anaesthetic will come into use eventually. It is just a matter of breaking down the bonds of prejudice and unadulterated fright. it is too much like electrocution, isn't it, to lie down and have someone put elec-

trodes on your head and then switch on the current and—bonk, you are out!

Electric induction of anesthesia is a great blessing in operations to the liver, the kidneys, etc. In kidney operations it is necessary to have a terrific amount of chemical or gaseous (same thing) anesthetic, but the poor wretched kidneys which are being operated upon have to suffer the operation and also have the task of eliminating the chemicals used in the anesthetic, and that makes it very, very difficult. Further, getting such a load of noxious chemicals in one's system can upset or possibly the answer to the Lord's prayer would be more one's metabolism no matter what the operation should be, whereas in electrical induction there are no chemicals of any kind because—going back to our radio days—when the electric current flows through certain conduits of the brain it just acts in the same way as the grid bias battery of the old radio receivers one used so many years ago. It set up a back pressure of current which prevented the flow of brain-electricity which meant that a person was conscious. And that is all there is to it. No pain, no suffering, no drugs, no chemicals, only sound sleep without any after-effects.

So there you are, friend Jim Dodd. When you read this you will have your answer. It's a pity you couldn't have had this stuff when you had your operations, eh?

Let us continue with some of our questions and answers which seem to interest an astonishingly large number of people. So here is a question about exorcism. The question is: 'A number of men of the Cloth claim to have performed this operation, some with great success. Others admit to poor results. Now, if they are not fully clairvoyant, and they are not, how will they know who or what they are dealing with? Is it permissible to state what actually takes place?'

Yes, it is. If a place is being haunted then it means that there is some undesirable entity present. The entity emanates an unpleasant thought form or thought pattern. People become aware of the presence of such an entity without being able to say how they are aware. In some cases they can see the entity. In other cases they can feel the entity, but when they are completely non-clairvoyant the person who is being haunted gets a great feeling of unease, strange impressions cross his mind,

and even the least clairvoyant knows that there is something wrong.

Those who can do exorcism are people with a strong thought-wave, that is, they can project the thought of something very strongly. Now, a clergyman who has got himself thoroughly hypnotized in the belief that he is doing something as the Lord's right hand, and sometimes the left hand as well gets his thought-wave boosted up because of his self-induced hypnotism. He thinks he is the answer to the maiden's prayer or possibly the answer to the Lord's prayer would be more suitable. But he is so sure of himself that he turns all the knobs on full in his thought processes, and the entity who is doing the haunting doesn't like it a bit. He thinks, in effect, 'Oh good gracious me, I can't stick this fellow. If he's going to hang around like this—I'm off.' And so the haunting force takes off for pastures new where there are no clergymen who are going to project unpleasant thoughts. And that is all there is to that. It is just a matter of telepathy because no matter what anyone believes, every person is telepathic to a certain extent. It has been proved, for instance, that even when a non-telepath (self-proclaimed) was put to a test, when he thought at a non-telepathic victim he could influence the pulse and the blood pressure of his test subject. That has actually been proved. Quite a lot of things have been proved about clairvoyance and telepathy, but they have not been made public because gory murders are much better selling attractions.

Here is a touch of humor. It is a paragraph from a letter to me. It is headed 'E.S.P.—A Further Illustration to the Accuracy of Your Writings is This. A woman writes in our newspaper to say that she cannot get a night's sleep if the sheets or pillowcases have stripes on them. She can feel the stripes. It doesn't matter if the light is on or not, she doesn't have to see those stripes to know that they are there, and they disturb her sleep.' Oh yes, that was a quotation, apparently, from some English newspaper, I wish I knew which newspaper it was.

Here is a question which could be interesting. The question is: 'Would you explain the destiny of the evolution of the plant and animal kingdoms?'

A lot of people believe that plants evolve into animals, and

animals evolve into humans, but that is not so. You have never heard of a horse turning into a cow, have you, and you have never heard of a lettuce leaf turning into a bird. The animal kingdom, the human kingdom, and the vegetable kingdom are things completely apart, things completely different, and I am telling you in all seriousness—this is not a joke by any means, it is the absolute truth—on certain other planets animals take the place of humans. On other planets the vegetable kingdom reigns supreme. For example, there is a planet where plants such as trees are able to manage a slow mode of locomotion. They pick up their modified roots and move to a different location, and sink their roots down again that they may absorb the necessary nourishment. So the evolution is this; a cabbage may not be very conscious on this Earth from the human standpoint, but even so cabbages can recognize people and they can recognize emotions. Oh, you don't believe that? Well, that has already been proved, that has been proved in laboratory tests. So that if your Auntie Macassar was a happy old soul her aspidistra would be happy too and would grow better and have a better color. While the plant of Melissa Mugwump, a sour old biddy, would also be affected and would have poor color and stunted growth. The moral in this seems to be smile sweetly on your potatoes and they will grow better for you!

Evolution is ever upwards, so the vegetables and plants with which we are today acquainted on this Earth will in time become sentient highly intelligent persons of the plant world in a different evolution, in a different incarnation. Animals also grow upwards in spiritual stature. It doesn't mean to say that your pet cat is suddenly going to start out and paint pictures better than Rembrandt or suddenly start making radios on the kitchen table. No, their values are quite different. Their values consist of spiritual attainment just as in the old days before the advent of Communism and the television and Press, in the Far Far East only things of the spirit mattered, things of purity, things of true religious thought. People earned enough money to keep them alive so that they could progress through this Earth and not have to come back to it. Humans, then, in the far off days, were better people than the humans of today

because nowadays humans are contaminated with TV, contaminated with the Press, and contaminated with too many commercial interests. It doesn't matter nowadays in the West how good living a person is, all that matters is—how big is his bank account. In that latter reading I don't amount to anything at all! But I do know quite a few things about the spirit and a person cannot take his bank account with him to the Other Side. My 'bank account' is knowledge, knowledge which I can take with me when I go.

Curiously enough I have just got another question about that: 'Have minerals on any planets got intelligence?'

And the answer is a definite Yes. Now, I have already told you that on certain other planets the carbon molecule is not the building brick of that system, it may be a silicate, and there are 'stones' of silicate composition who are actually thinking, moving entities. If you could go there and see them (you can't so don't bother your travel agent) you would have to stay a whole lifetime before you saw even a twitch of movement because if a creature can live for a million or two years, then speed of locomotion doesn't matter greatly. So moving stones take their time. They are about as slow as the people I had to move my stuff quite recently.

Hey, do you know something? Now that I thought I had finished dealing with transmigration another question comes up. Here it is: 'It is said the body changes molecule for molecule every seven years. What actually happens? Certain Eastern books which give this information could be distorted in translation. This is for those who doubt changing of bodies.' Well, let us give an imaginary case, shall we? Little Billy Smith can't get on with life, everything goes wrong for him and he is sick and tired of living on Earth where everyone seems to 'be on his back'. He contemplates suicide which surely is a stupid thing to do because if he commits suicide he will be slapped back to Earth in a worse condition. But anyway, before he does knock himself off he gets a message during his sleep. Tom Thomas, who is in the astral, wants to come back to Earth to do a special job, and Tom Thomas has arranged with a special Council who control such things that Billy Smith can part from his body provided he allows Tom

Thomas to take over. So Billy Smith doesn't think much, at first, of somebody else taking over his messy clay body, but as the days go by the more he thinks about it the more ready he becomes to agree. So a deal is made. Billy Smith lies down somewhere, the Silver Cord is parted, but before it can be completely severed it is connected to a Silver Cord sprouted by Tom Thomas, and Tom Thomas, a gentleman of the astral, then enters the body of Billy Smith.

Poor Tom shudders in dismay almost as soon as he gets there. The body is inefficient. The muscles are flabby. The feet don't seem to go where they are directed, and the eyes don't focus very well. In addition, there is a really awful stench from the body. Never mind, Tom will get used to it in time, but he will find that the body isn't too satisfactory, he will be like a pilot in an aeroplane, a pilot who has flown aircraft before but not this particular model. The pilot sits there jittering with fright while he looks at all the different dials and knobs, etc., and then gingerly he puts out his hand to get the machine working. Soon he is able to control the body, but there is always this terrible feeling that one is in an alien body, and that becomes intolerable. So the molecules of that borrowed body, that taken-over body, are changed molecule by molecule, so that at the end of seven years the body of Billy Smith is no longer of the same composition, everything has been changed, and now there is the body of Tom Thomas. And Tom Thomas is happy again—more or less—because he has the body to which he is accustomed.

In the days of long ago high priests were able to teach people how to do these things. It was much like going to a car showroom and having the head salesman there demonstrate new models. Bodies could be tried out to see which one was most suitable, and as I have said previously, in Atlantis and Lemuria special 'no ownership' bodies were kept available for travelling Gardeners of the Earth. The bodies were used in much the same way as one rents a car, goes on a journey, and returns the car.

A question here is: 'Yetis; many claim to have seen them and photographed them in various parts of the world. Is this correct? Are the heads, hands, etc. on show in certain places

just manufactured objects to attract visitors?’

It is a strange thought, isn't it, people have gone to the Moon, robot ships have gone to Mars, and other robot ships are going to other worlds, yet Man has not yet thoroughly explored nor investigated all aspects of this world. There are many parts of the Earth, in Canada, for instance, and Alaska, Tibet, India, and Africa where humans have never been, and in those remote areas there are remnants of a race which should have expired centuries before. Yes, there are ‘yetis’. These people are the last dregs of a race which has left the Earth except for them. Think of people trying to drain a lake of fish; for some reason the people owning the lake want all the fish out so it can be restocked with a different type. They use nets and all sorts of other devices to catch the fish and transport them elsewhere, and then the lake is restocked with a different species of fish. But from time to time there are reports of one or two fish of the original type who have briefly been seen but not caught. You can't catch everything. A fish may be a pregnant fish (a twerp, I believe the correct term is), it may be hidden in a small hole in a rock and so escape the nets, and when that fish shoots out her eggs or whatever she does, and the eggs hatch then more fish are born. We get the same thing here on Earth in the remotest areas. But it's a good thing they are in remote areas because there are so many bloodthirsty people who want to go out and shoot themselves a yeti so they can have his skin in front of the fireplace or something.

As for many of the ‘specimens’—well, you can go to a wax work museum and you can see some remarkable ‘people’ there, but they are only wax figures, aren't they? I shouldn't believe too strongly in the claims that here at last is the body of a yeti.

Question: ‘What are the Pyramids? Where did they originate? How were they built? What is the real use of them? And will a pyramid shaped object preserve things?’

That is meant to be a question! It seems like a whole load of questions to me, but let us see what we can do about it.

Pyramids are nothing but marker beacons. If you live near the sea or a river which is used by ships you will see buoys in the water. If you live near an airport you will see marker

beacons to guide aircraft. A pyramid is that shape because that is the most enduring shape and because it has four sides which can help reflect a signal.

In the days when the Gardeners of the Earth came to this world they came in space ships and the space ships had to be guided in just the same way as a ship entering port has to be guided by the coloration and configuration of objects anchored in the water.

When these pyramids were built there were many other devices on the Earth which now have been lost to Man, devices, for example, which could nullify the effects of gravity. Then one could put a sort of clamp on a huge block of stone and turn a switch and adjust a knob, and the block would rise up into the air and it could be guided to its destination.

This is not fiction. This is fact. Let me tell you something; in the U.S.A. a special hotel was built. It was built first as a framework with a lot of pigeonholes, and then a powerful motor was fixed on the top of special boxes, each box was a completely equipped room, and the motor was started and rotor blades lifted the box up to the right height when it could be slid into one of these pigeon holes. I saw this in, I think, 'Practical Mechanics' not too long ago. I wished I could have produced the picture for you. It was interesting.

So the pyramids were built by anti-gravity machines.

The Sphinx? You ask about that also. The Sphinx is a special marker device marking the location of a great horde of 'treasure' hidden beneath, the treasure in this case is a museum of the arts and sciences of a long-bygone age. That is the purpose of the Sphinx.

Oh, in case you didn't know, there are quite a few pyramids throughout the world. Egypt does not have a monopoly of pyramids. There have been pyramids in Mexico and in Brazil, in certain parts of China, and in various other locations, and, I repeat, they were just marker beacons. Space ships could 'home' on the signals emitted from these pyramids and then come in to the desired spaceport. That, I repeat most solemnly, is the absolute truth; it is not fiction.

Here is a question which will interest many of you. The question is: 'Where is the lower astral? What is it?'

The lower astral is a place, or zone, or time continuum where the vibrations are two-dimensional instead of three, where conditions are not harmonious. It is an astral zone where thought is not clear, where it is not possible to create artistically. It is what one might term a twilight zone, and just think of this; you are looking at a picture in the dusk and you cannot see the colors, can you? You may be able to determine the subject of the picture, but the dusk stops the colors and you may see instead a more or less uniform set of greyish tones. You have to have daylight in order to see colors. In the same way, if one goes to the astral above this Earth one can see colours which are not visible on this Earth, but if one goes to the lower astral, that is, if one is caught in this mesh of lower vibrations one cannot even see the tawdry colors which one can see upon this Earth.

## CHAPTER TEN

‘Aw, lookit de owd guy wid de wheels!’ shrieked the Young Gentleman in the shopping centre. ‘Gee!’ breathed his sleazy companion, ‘Well, ain't that sharp?’ Eyes darted right and left, gawking at any passing thing that caught their vapid attention, the two young men slouched off.

In the near distance a slow-moving figure reluctantly detached himself from the self-imposed task of supporting a concrete pillar. Chewing hard, he lurched over and, with the skill of long practice, parked a wad of well-chewed gum on the side window of the nearest store.

Hands hooked in his belt, he stood wide-legged and still chewed from long habit. ‘Sa-ay,’ he uttered eventually, ‘that shore is a mighty fine rig you got there. Steer it with your feet?’ Not waiting for an answer, he deftly retrieved his parked gum, shoved it back in his mouth, and wearily meandered off.

‘Omigawd, look at that!’ yelled a fat woman with inches of slip showing beneath her skirt. ‘Yaas, wonderful what they get up to, ain't it?’ bellowed her companion.

The old man in the wheelchair snorted with disgust. An elderly lady standing in front gave a sudden start with fright at the sound. Just then there was a sudden lurch and groceries cascaded all around. ‘Yer wuz gwain too fast!’ shrilled a tattered woman. ‘Didn see ya at all I didn, yer wuz gwain too fast.’ The old man, whose wheelchair had been quite stationary, moved off. ‘Ahh!’ he muttered to himself. ‘Let me get going and finish the book. Then perhaps we can look for a saner place than British Columbia.’

Another old man was dying. Lying on his bed in the dark-

ened room he watched with fast diminishing sight the gleam of light high up where the curtains did not completely obscure sunlight. A shaft of light struck across the room and made just a splotch on the dingy paint.

The old man stirred restlessly, almost mindlessly. He was in no pain. Instead there was a sensation of cold creeping upwards from his feet to his knees, higher.

Dully he wondered when the angels would gather about him. He had been an ardent believer in his religion all his life. He believed in angels, he believed that at his passing he would go to the Pearly Gates, he believed—

The light faded as if a cloud had passed across the face of man was now feeling the cold, the cold as of ice, creeping upwards past his hips, up to his waist. Slowly—slowly—it reached up towards his heart.

Like a sunburst light enveloped the room. He gazed about him with eyes which were fast going blind, shadowy figures were about him, figures with wings. There was the rustling of voices, not understandable to him yet because he was seeing as through a filmy gauze veil.

The cold crept up and struck at his heart. With a last convulsive gasp the old man started finally to die as his heart stopped and his lungs ceased to pulse. Now conditions were speeded up because with the cessation of breathing there was the termination of oxygen to the brain. The physical body twitched in the last nervous reactions, twitched without the old man feeling the twitches, without any pain. He was now beyond pain, beyond feeling in the body.

The blind eyes, now dead eyes, stared upward motionless. Within the body there was the rustling of fluids and the sighing of winds. There was crepitation as joints loosened, as muscles relaxed their tense grip on life.

Slowly a bluish-white mist emerged from the dead body and coalesced into an intangible form over the head. It became more distinct, firmer, in the shape of a nude human, an old old man wracked with suffering. But as it coalesced and became firmer the outlines became smoother, more youthful, more tranquil.

Gradually the connecting cord—the Silver Cord—thinned frayed, and parted. The newly-coalesced astral form hesitated a moment then gradually, with a slight jerk, started into motion, going faster and faster into an unknown plane.

The old man in life had been a close follower of his religion. He hadn't believed in reincarnation. He had believed in the resurrection of the body at the Day of Judgment. He believed that all bodies buried or burned eventually were collected together and clothed again with flesh, even after ten thousand years. Now in the astral form he was lost, lost and wandering, victim to the fallacious beliefs to which he had subscribed for so long. He believed in nothing but the dead resting in their lonely graves or collected in little piles of ashes from the crematoriums, but he was alive, alive in a different shape. About him he saw alternately black fog of nothingness, and then when a little doubt about his religion came into his awareness he saw another facet of his religion—angels. Desperately he fastened on the idea of angels. Reluctantly he threw aside the thought of resurrection—what was resurrection to him?—He was alive, wasn't he, in a different state? But he could see angels, couldn't he, so what was this talk about resurrection? Let him live for the moment, he thought, and then he seemed to drop to the ground. His feet—astral feet? Spirit feet? They felt very solid to him. The ground felt soft and springy and warm to his bare feet. But he dropped to the ground and the veil was drawn aside, he looked about him. Angels were flying through the air, cherubim's were sitting on clouds, great choirs were singing with monotonous repetition. Away in the distance he saw golden light. Away in the distance he saw the Pearly Gates.

Swiftly he moved into action, running across the springy turf, inexorably drawing nearer to the Pearly Gates. At last, after an unspecified time, he reached those monumental edifices which towered so high above him. A gleaming figure outside with a flashing sword of golden light barred the way. 'Who are you?' asked a voice.

The old man gave his name. From just inside the Gate another sparkling figure opened a great book and moistening his thumbs with his lips rifled through the pages. 'Ah yes,'

said the second voice. ‘Yes, we expected you here. Enter!’

The Great Book of Records was closed. The Pearly Gates were opened, and the old man, now a young naked man, entered.

For some time the newly arrived visitor was in a state of ecstasy at the realization of all that his religion had taught him. Angels, cherubims, seraphims. The Heavenly Host singing in multi-layered choirs, St. Peter, the Recording Angel, and the Great Book of all Knowledge wherein was kept the record of every soul upon Earth, in which was recorded the good and the bad of every person who had ever lived.

Gradually, though, the old man—now the newest visitor—began to feel uneasy. There were inconsistencies. This was not real, this was pantomime, this was stage stuff. Where had he gone wrong? Was it something wrong with his religion? Then the thought came to him about resurrection? Well, he thought to himself, is this as ungentle as resurrection? What about resurrection? How could dead bodies which had long rotted away be reassembled at the last trump of a great bugle? Where would all those people stand, how would they be clothed, how would they be fed? And this angelic host, this glimpse of Heaven—disappointing place, I am beginning to doubt my senses.

No sooner had he said that to himself than there was a great clap as of thunder and the whole edifice fell around him with broken shards of the Pearly Gates and the golden light extinguished. But—*stop!*—a greater light came on. The old man, now a visitor, looked about him in awe. This was more like it. Running towards him he saw people whom he had known in his last life on Earth, people he had loved. He saw a beloved pet coming towards him and jumping up at him and shouting with delight.

Another figure came towards him and said, ‘Ah, now you are released from your delusions. Now you have reached a true home, the Land of the Golden Light. Here you will sojourn for a while while you and you alone decide what you want to do.’

So it is that many religions lead one astray. So it is that one can read of any religion and learn thereby, but the true wisdom

comes in keeping an open mind so that when the time comes for the transition from this life to another you—and you—and you—*everyone* can go to the state for which his or her evolution and attainment have fitted him, for in the Greater Plan of things even those who have passed over have to be protected from their own folly. If a person believes that he will go to an imaginary Heaven, then it will be put on show for him until he sees the flaws.

If a person thinks that he is going to a land of ineffable delights where dancing girls are always there to entertain him, then he will have such things put on for him until he outgrows such transient things.

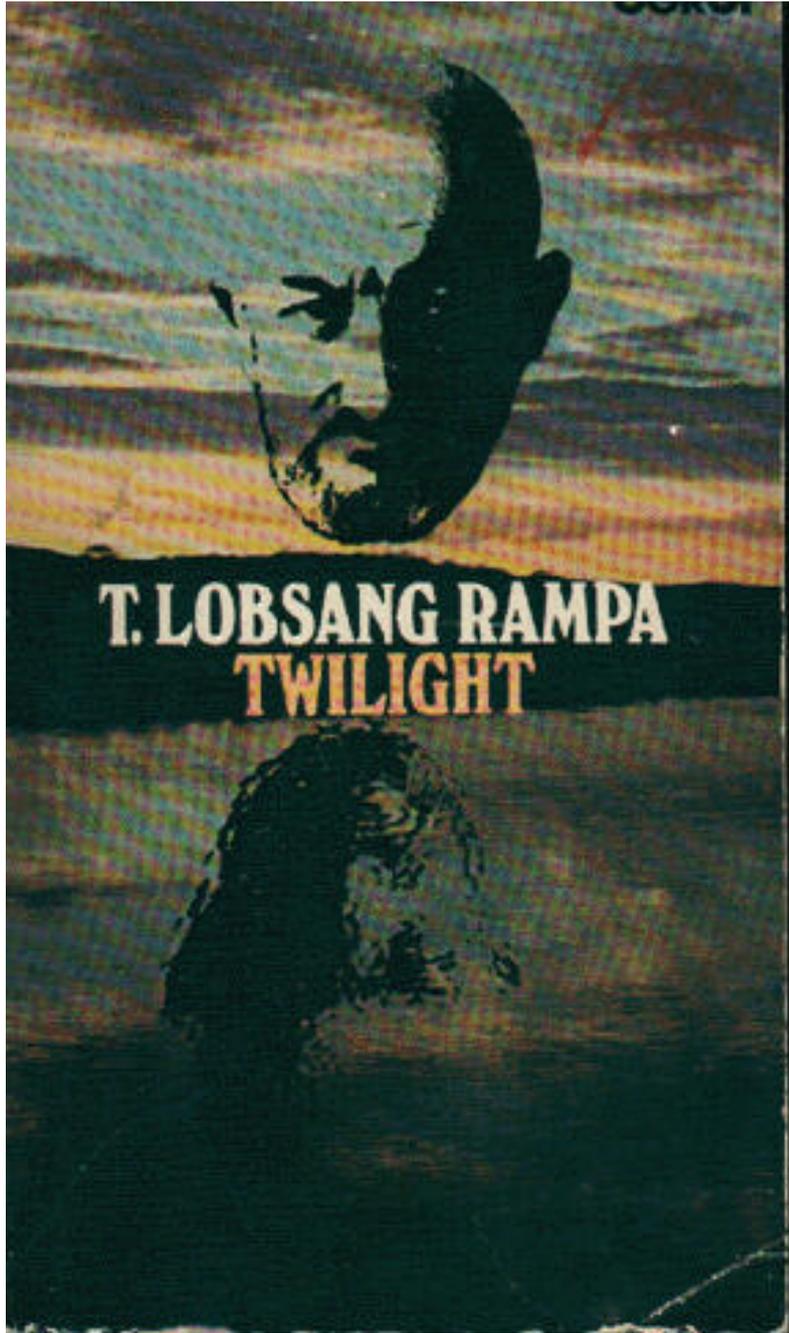
And if a Woman's Lib leader had as her idea of Heaven a place where all men are slaves, then no doubt that also could be produced for her. And such plays can go on until the person concerned eventually comes to see the fallacy of such stage acts, until such time as the person concerned grows up spiritually and mentally and can accept the Land of the Golden Light for what it is, a place of reality, a place different yet not so different as that which they so recently left. A place with the evil purged out, a place where one can only meet those who are compatible, a place where there is no hatred, no enmity, no poverty, and no suffering. A place where one, in full awareness of one's acts, judges one's past endeavors and failings and decides what shall be done in the future.

But the clack of the typewriter must cease. The platen must no longer be twirled, and the papers must not be fed in and pulled out—typed, for the allotted span of this book has come to pass. Now it has to be sent to Respected Agent Knight to pass on to Respected Publisher!

Miss Cleopatra Rampa sighed with relief as she turned to Taddy Rampa: 'Oh, thank goodness!' she said. 'Now he's got rid of this stuff perhaps he'll have time for us.'

It remains then to do only two more tasks. The first is to thank Mrs. Rampa for her constant vigilance in reading the typescript and checking slight errors. And secondly, one must really thank Mrs. Sheelagh Rouse, a loyal companion throughout the years, for the hard work she has done in typing all this for us.

THE END



## CHAPTER ONE

The old grey plane soared gently through the noonday sky. Years before she had been one of the Queens of Travel bearing a famous marquee indeed, traversing the air lanes of the whole world, covering the globe wherever Man traveled, carrying the elite of commerce, the stars of the theatre world and the films. In those days it had been a prestige symbol to fly in a plane such as this. Now she was old and worn, a relic from a bygone age, ousted by screaming jets and the insane desire to “get there” faster and faster for—why? What DO people do with all the time they “save”?

The old twin-engines murmured softly, a pleasant enough sound, like giant bees on a summer day. Now the old plane was on a placid routine flight from Vancouver to Calgary. Last week, perhaps, she may have been flying in the Northern Territories where the temperature was far, far below zero, and the blinding snow would make anything but instrument flight impossible. Next week, maybe, she would take oil prospectors to some of the remote oil sands in the search for more and more power by a power-mad nation, for a power-mad world. But now the former Queen of the Air was a charter plane, a poor old hack going anywhere at the whim of any customer with a few dollars to spare.

Soon the foothills of the Rockies came into view rising, ever rising, until they soared into the highest peaks of that immense range stretching across the world. Now the

air was becoming turbulent and the plane bounced and tossed amid the snow-clad ranges, for here was the region where the snow never left the highest mountain peaks.

Miss Taddy Rampa uttered a yowl of outraged protest and looked as though her last moment had come. Miss Cleo Rampa swallowed hard and put on her bravest I-Can-Take-It look as she opened wide her big blue eyes as she stared hard at the rocky ground so far below.

But why the flight? Why yet another move? It all started a few months before in Vancouver—.

June in Vancouver is usually such a pleasant month, a month when Nature starts to come fully awake and the weather is good, and when the sea has a smiling sparkle, when people are busy with their boats. Tourists start coming, and it is usually a time when all the store-keepers are sharpening up their wits hoping to match those of the tourists. But this June, this day in June, was not so good after all. You'll have had the same type of day, one of those days when everything—but EVERYTHING—goes wrong. Still, you are lucky, you know, you have those days every so often, or, as the saying goes, “Once in a blue moon.” But supposing this type of day lasted for weeks, for months, or even for years, supposing there were patterns? Probably most people who are “in the public eye” get trouble with the moronic few who seem to exist solely to cause trouble for others.

A bus driver friend of mine told me that he and his fellows are always being persecuted by frigid old biddies who think that they are the “Lords Anointed” and are entitled to special consideration from bus drivers—they think the buses are their own private chariots. And when a bus driver politely points out that the buses are for the use of everyone the old biddy will rush off to complain

and try to lose the bus driver his job. Authors get people like that to persecute them and to prevent them from being complacent or self-satisfied. I was going to tell you all about a series of events which caused me to leave British Columbia, but—conditions decreed otherwise—

The old Author sat in his wheelchair and watched complacently while a typescript was being bundled up. Another book finished, the fifteenth this time, and the old man, just out from the hospital, was smiling to himself with satisfaction because this was a book which would stir no controversy, this was a book which a publisher could take without having any qualms, without having any urgent stirrings in those lower regions and to which publishers seem to be remarkably prone.

The typescripts—for another country also was interested—were taken away to be mailed, and the old Author went about the rather difficult task of everyday living in the hope that soon he would be able to consider yet another book as had been asked for by so many interested readers.

Time went on, as it usually does, and eventually there came a gloomy message from the Agent in England saying that the typescript was not suitable for England. It seemed a fantastic state of affairs to the old Author because as was usually the case he had had the typescript read by a panel of twelve people to make sure there was nothing which could rule even the tenderest feathers, and all twelve had insisted that this was perhaps the most peaceful book and the “smoothest” book. But the Great God Publisher who sat upon the Golden Throne and wielded a whip laden with old lead type did not like the look. Although the matter had already been dealt with this time the edict came down from “the One Above” that apparently there must be nothing about police, sex, pris-

ons, abortions, religion—well, there mustn't be anything about all the things I had written about. So it caused quite a problem.

At about that same moment there came a cable from another publisher who was highly elated with the book. He was well satisfied, he cabled to say that he wanted to sign the contract then and there. And another publisher expressed his interest in the book without any alterations. So it seems that in this year and age the English people appear to have rather tender susceptibilities. But we mustn't go on about this. I am told the publisher wants questions answered, so let's get on with some of those, shall we?

Hey, that's a nice little question, a sensible one, too; “Why do people sleepwalk?”

Well, just about everyone does astral travel when they go to sleep. The astral body goes off, and the physical body is meant to remain more or less passive, twisting and turning a bit, of course, in order that muscles may not be strained by being contracted for too long in one position. But sometimes a person who is in the astral will be so engrossed in his or her activities in that astral stage that he or she will unconsciously relinquish part of the control suppressing the activities of the physical back on Earth. And so the physical tends by “sympathetic reaction” to follow the astral body, and so we get a case of somnambulism, or sleep walking. The person gets out of bed and just ambles about, and it is better not to awaken such a person because if he is awakened then the sudden shock can bring back the astral body with yet another shock which makes the combination of astral and physical quite bilious. Sleep walkers who have suddenly been awakened will certainly agree with me on that point.

Another question is, “Is the Land of the Golden Light a fourth dimensional world?”

Well, yes it is a fourth dimensional world while we are in this third dimensional world. But when we are in the fourth dimensional world the Land of the Golden Light will be in the fifth dimensional world, and so on. You see, when you move upwards the stage above you is always more golden, that is, it has a more tenuous atmosphere and a higher frequency of oscillation (why don't I just call it “vibration”?)

Somebody is quite interested in this fourth dimensional world because he says, “When you die to the fourth dimensional world where does your astral body go?”

You always have to have a body, after all, think how stupid you would be if you were trying to get about and you hadn't got a body of any kind, if you were just pure thought. It wouldn't be much good to you, would it? So down here on Earth we have a physical body. Now if you can imagine what we were like on the second dimension, then what is now our physical body would then have approximated to the astral body. So we moved from the second dimension into the third, which is on this Earth, and then we occupied more solidly the Earth body which was in effect the astral body of the second dimension. So when we leave this Earth we shall vacate our Earth body and then we shall go to the astral world and live in the astral body which is then our physical body. Do you follow that? Wherever we are at that moment we have a physical body, and, of course, on each stage our body will be absolutely as solid as all those other bodies which are around us. We build up energy for a new astral body from what we are doing on what is at that moment our “Earth”, or the world of our physical existence, so that eventually when you get to the—oh, what shall I say?—

eighth dimension, you will have to live in the eighth dimensional physical body while your actions and your life force will generate the ninth physical body which then, of course, will be your astral. And that astral body will be in close touch with your Overself which is much, much, much higher.

Here's another question about astral travelling. It is, "When you are astral travelling how do you go about finding the zones in which astral cats, dogs, horses, etc., live?"

Well, you don't have to go about finding it. If you are a lover of some particular animal that animal will come to your own "zone" and will actually invite you to come and visit him or her in his or her own district or hometown. Remember that when you get beyond this Earth things are very very different. Animals are not just stupid creatures who can't talk and can't do anything. Actually, humans are the dumb clucks because animals can and do talk by telepathy. Humans for the most part have to make uncouth sounds which they term a language, whereas any animal can do telepathy in any language. To make it clearer I will say that if you want to go to a particular zone and you have a right, or a reason, to be in that particular zone, you can get there merely by thinking about it. It's as simple as that.

Well, I thought, as I said before, that we would move from British Columbia. We had had a lot of difficulty in that Province and so it is always good to go to new places, and that is what we decided to do.

The Government of British Columbia didn't help either. The Income Tax people were persecuting me wanting to know why I claimed an allowance on a wheelchair; does a person sit in a wheelchair all day for the pleasure of it? And wheelchairs wear out. So the

stupid asses of the Income Tax people got an “earful” from me, and I had to get three Medical Certificates, two from Montreal and one from Vancouver, to say that I had been using a wheelchair for years and was not using one for pleasure. So, all things considered, we came to the definite conclusion that the sooner we got out of Vancouver the better for our health and our peace of mind. We thought and thought, and looked at maps, and then for some quite unknown reason we settled on Alberta. From the data we were able to get we found that Edmonton was too cold and too windy and too insular. Lethbridge, nearer the American border, was too much of a farming community where the word “insular” probably would not even be known. So we settled on Calgary. The local airlines were not at all helpful. They were not interested in taking a disabled person in a wheelchair and two Siamese cats. So we went into the matter very thoroughly, we worked out costs of fares, we wondered whether we should get an ambulance to drive us from Vancouver to Calgary, and eventually with the help of a friend we managed to get in touch with a very good Air Charter firm. We were able to settle for a quite reasonable sum for the trip which compared very favorably indeed with what it would have cost by ambulance by road.

The Great Day came and at last our lease was terminated. I trundled aboard a thing known as a Handi-Bus, a thing which has a ramp up which a wheelchair is pushed into a sort of empty truck or bus, and there the wheelchair is strapped very securely to the floor, the ramp is folded up outside the back, and friends or relatives of the victim get into a taxi and then the cavalcade moves off. We went through Vancouver to Vancouver Airport. There we met the first obstacle.

It had been arranged that a forklift should be available to lift me complete with electrically-powered wheelchair into the big old plane. Well, the forklift wasn't there, at that part of the Airport they didn't have one! I sat there in the back of the Handi-Bus, and eventually I got fed up with the whole idea so while people were milling around discussing what they should do, how to get me and the wheelchair in the plane, I moved forward in the chair to the foot of the ladder leading up into the body of the plane. There I managed to pull myself into the plane by the power of my arms alone. My legs are nothing to boast about, but with my arms I could still toss a heavy man over my shoulders—it would probably give me a heart attack it would be worth it!

So I got myself into that old plane, and with crutches managed to move to a seat along one side. Then a load of men lifted the wheelchair into place, and the others of the little party got in, together with the luggage. The plane roared and roared, and eventually we got clearance from the Airport and rushed down the runway and leapt into the air. And some of these old planes do indeed leap into the air.

We took a climbing turn over the harbor and then made a 300 degree turn toward the Rockies.

The mountains were beautiful. Cleo was fascinated in looking about her. Taddy was continually distressed at the thought that if there were any more bumps she might lose her lunch, always Taddy's first thought. And it is not so easy for an aging Girl Cat to find her "air-going legs" when the plane is bouncing and jouncing all over the sky.

The time dragged slowly by, it always seems such a waste sitting in a plane doing nothing except look out, and all the time beneath us there were the cruel jagged

rocks with their high points enrobed in snow, and lower down their flanks the vivid blue of deep, deep water. Occasionally there was a sight of a small farming community served by a minute airstrip, or the sight of float planes taking off from those mountain lakes where no airship could be managed.

The light came on and the sign lit up, "Fasten seat belts-no smoking." Well, no smoking didn't apply to us, but we fastened our seat belts and grabbed hold of the cats who, for safety, we now put in baskets.

The plane slanted down, passed through a layer of cloud, and then we emerged over the foothills on the other side of the Rockies. Below us was the Foothills Hospital which a year later I was to enter as a patient. To the left of us was the big University of Calgary. The plane swooped on getting lower and lower. We looked with interest at the city which was going to be our new home; we saw the Calgary Tower, we saw the skyscrapers of downtown, and we saw the twisting river, or perhaps it should be rivers—the Bow and the Elbow—as they threaded a labyrinthine way through the city, down from the mountains and on toward Lethbridge, rivers so silted up that they were not able to be used by pleasure boats because of the eddies, because of the sandbanks—and because the Police didn't want the rivers to be used!

Below us the Airport loomed. The pilot nodded his head in satisfaction and the plane tilted even more steeply. There came the juddering rumble as the wheels met the runway and speeded up. Soon the tail dropped and we trundled along gently into the area of the charter company.

Here conditions were different. Everything was ready. As soon as the plane came to a stop in front of the offices an elderly gentleman drove a forklift truck to the side of

the old plane and the pilot and co-pilot grabbed me and my wheelchair quite tightly as though they feared that I might escape or fall out or something. But I am used to wheelchair managing, and I soon drove out through the door of the plane and straight on to the forklift platform, but even here I was secured; the pilot and the co-pilot held on to me and held on to the sides of the forklift while gently we were lowered to the ground.

The question of payment. Ah! We always have to pay for our jaunts, do we not? And so it was that first we paid for our trip and then another Handi-Bus backed to a stop in front of me. The ramp was lowered with a fearsome rattle, and I drove my wheelchair up into the body. And then the rains came down! It rained harder at that moment and for the rest of that day than it has rained at any time since in Calgary. We had a wet welcome.

Once again my wheelchair was very securely strapped to the floor. All our luggage was slung in and then we roared off along the Airport road, over the river bridge, and into the city of Calgary itself. By now the rush-hour traffic was starting and the rain was coming down harder and harder. Eventually we reached our destination and a group of people rushed out, grabbed our luggage and rushed inside into the shelter of the building. Slowly the driver unshackled the chair from all its restraints and I drove down the ramp and into the house also. Our first sight of Calgary was a wet one.

Calgary is a friendly city, a new city, a city which has not yet grown cynical and uncaring. After a year in Calgary I can say—yes, it is a nice place indeed for people who can get about, but there are disadvantages; the curbs here are very high indeed, not suitable for wheelchair users, and the roads too have a very great camber so that a wheelchair tends to run toward the gutter all

the time. The next question I am going to answer is one I don't want to answer, but one which I have had great pressure to answer. It is about the hollow Earth.

But first—before you all start writing to me about *quis custodiet ipsos custodes* let me say my bit about the Crummy Cops who RUIN our civilization. Ready? Then here it is :

“Who has custody of the custodians?” Who polices the police? “Absolute power corrupts “ But does not the police now have “absolute power”? And ARE they corrupt? The Law states that a person is deemed innocent until proved guilty; the police automatically regard everyone as GUILTY!

A person has the right to be confronted by his accuser, yet the police do not even tell a person of what he IS accused until they, by trickery, have forced him to admit something.

In my personal opinion the police are out of touch; no one likes policemen—they live isolated in their barracks or in their secluded groups aloof from those they should know. There is no substitute for the old fashioned Man on the Beat.

An old Irish policeman, who is a very dear friend, pounded his beat for years before he retired. He KNEW everyone in his area, and could prevent troubles before they became serious. He was an unpaid family counselor, giving advice, friendly warnings, and only “taking in” an offender when it became really essential. He had—and has—the respect and affection of the whole community.

The old-type policeman was welcomed into the houses on his beat. Now—policemen stay enclosed in their cars . . . and lose touch with people.

Now the police divide the world into two classes, the

“goodies” and the “baddies,” with the police only being the “goodies.”

A few years ago the police were courteous, considerate and helpful. Then a policeman making an enquiry would say, “Ah then, Mrs. Blank, and can I see the Good Man? I hear he's been after the poteen a bit too much. Sleeping it off, is he? Then I'll call around later.”

Now the police move in pairs, as if afraid to move alone. Now they thrust their way in without any regard whatever for the conditions and circumstances. “R.C.M.P” they mutter, shoving a badge at one, and entering uninvited.

“A man is innocent until proved guilty.” But the police treat everyone as though he were guilty merely because he has attracted police notice! Of course, if a man was seen to kill another, then naturally let the police “go in shooting.” Surely, though, in routine enquiry matters, the police should show tact? What if an invalid is in the bathroom or having treatment, do the police HAVE to force their unwelcome way in? They DO—we know that from personal experience!

The police are now hated, isolated, living in a dream of colorful uniforms, horse manure and stamping feet. It is time to re-organize them, show them that they are not God's Chosen but SERVANTS of the public.

Teach the police courtesy, politeness, manners, let them chase ( and catch ) criminals, and let ordinary decent law-abiding citizens alone. Only then will they regain the respect which most certainly is lacking now.

And the worst offenders, in my opinion, are the Mounties with their arrogant posturing. Like many others, having been senselessly harassed by the police, I say, “Help the police? No sir! I would not do a THING to help them—they TURN on you!” And they HAVE!!

## CHAPTER TWO

Mr.—no, perhaps it would be better not to give his name. Let me instead say a “gentleman” wrote to me saying, “I’ve read some of your advertisements in your novels saying as how you’ll answer any question on any subject free of charge. Well, okay, that’s fine by me. I’ve paid hundreds of dollars to people who advertised that they would answer questions but they’ve never given me a satisfactory answer. But you’re begging people to write to you so what have I got to lose?”

Well, I thought to myself, this poor fellow makes a lot of mistakes, doesn’t he? In the first case I have never written a novel in my life. A novel is fiction. I write only truth and nothing but the truth. Then he says that I advertise that I will answer questions on any subject free of charge. Well, that’s news to me. I thought I did my best to discourage idle letter writing, and never in my life have I said I would answer any question on any subject free of charge, or otherwise. I know my own subjects and I pride myself I know them quite well, and I can answer such questions. Unfortunately—like this particular man—people write to me thinking that I am delighted to pay the cost of typing, postage, the cost of stationery and all that. They never think of reimbursing one for one’s expenses. One might almost call them cheapskates!

Yes, it is perfectly true, though, there are certain people—fake seers—who advertise that for a few dollars or a few hundred dollars they will answer questions. Pity

I don't do something like that, it might cut down the volume of silly questions. But as this man writes questions on a subject which will come much to the forefront in the near future it might be worth looking into the matter. Now, this is what he says—in substance, of course, because his letter is no literate work at all; the way he writes he might never have been to school.

He says, in effect, “A lot of people think there may be a world inside this world. The world may be hollow. What have you got to say about that? You claim to know a lot about religion. How come you never mention such a thing? How come no religious book ever mentions such a thing?”

Well, he is wrong enough there because the religion or belief in which I am most informed (Buddhism) does indeed refer to an Inner World. There is a special word for it. It is called “Agharta.” It is a word very frequently used in Buddhist Scripture, in fact in Tibetan lore there is much mention made of Shamballa where the King of all the world lives, the King who is hidden from the millions on the surface of the world.

Tibetans firmly believe in the King of the world living inside the world, not as some sort of demon but as an extremely good King, a good spiritual ruler who is alive in two planes at once, the physical plane where he lives for ever and ever, and the spiritual, or astral, plane where similarly he lives for ever and ever.

Tibetans believe that the King of the world gave his first instructions to the first Dalai Lama and the Dalai Lama was, in fact, the outer world representative of the inner world King.

Certainly there are tunnels in Tibet which go deeper and deeper and deeper, and there are many legends about strange people coming up through those tunnels

and holding converse with Lamas of high degree. As I have written in some of my books I have been in some of those tunnels, and I have also been in some of those tunnels in Ultima Thule. There are certain places in the Earth where it is possible for the Initiate to travel down into the centre of the Earth and meet representatives of that inner civilization, and among quite a number of people there is a definite knowledge that people from the inner world do come out to converse with those on the surface. Actually, of course, some of the U.F.O.'s come from this inner world.

There are, then, tunnels from Tibet to the inner world and tunnels from Brazil to the inner world. Brazil and Tibet are two vitally important parts of the outer world which have a special attraction for the Inner People.

It is a most unfortunate thing that there are so many superstitious beliefs which have never been properly investigated because it is known to a few "sensitives" that there is a tunnel beneath the Greater Pyramids. Now, by Pyramid I am not referring exclusively to the Pyramids in Egypt, there are many more than that. All these Pyramids used to be marker beacons sending messages to the Gardeners of the Earth and their representatives who traverse space in their spaceships. There are Pyramids in Egypt and in certain parts of South America, also there are very important Pyramids in the Gobi Desert but the Gobi Desert, being controlled by Communist China nowadays, not so much is known about that to the outside world. All these Pyramids are connected to the inner world, and in the days of the Pharaohs many of the magical rites of Egypt were conducted by people who came up out of their inner world specifically for that purpose.

But, to get back to basics again, according to the Bud-

dhist religious books there were vast convulsions upon the Earth and the climates of the countries of the Earth changed and changed and changed, and as they changed tribes of people were driven from cold zones into warmer zones and during one such excursion about 25,000 years ago—a tribe of people emerged on to what would now be called the North Pole. They kept on walking and walking and eventually they found that they had the sun always ahead of them, never behind, never rising or setting. Eventually in course of time they found that they were inside the Earth, they found that the Earth was hollow and they settled there. It is thought, too—I should have put this in brackets!—that all the Gypsies came from inside the Earth.

I have heard many people discussing a hollow Earth and the opponents of the theory always say “Well, if there is a hollow Earth how is it that commercial airlines which fly over the North Pole do not see the opening; commercial planes nowadays do indeed fly over the North Pole and perhaps the South Pole, too, and if there was a big opening in the Earth then obviously the pilots would see such an opening.”

That is not true, you know. Commercial airlines do not fly over the North Pole, nor do they fly over the South Pole; they fly quite a distance away for the simple reason that if they did indeed fly over the Poles it would interfere very seriously with their navigational instruments, and so commercial flights are always routed so that the mythical North or South Pole is avoided by many many miles and thus interference with the compasses also is obviated.

Then there are others who say, “Well, all these explorers who have been to the North Pole or to the South Pole, if there had been a hole in the Earth they would

have found that hole.” But then again, no, it's not true, no one has been to the North Pole, no one has been to the South Pole. We get reports of people who have got somewhere near such-and-such a Pole and have gone on for many miles, in other words they have been more or less lost. Ancient history, and modern history too, teaches us that often sailors will spot debris floating from the Poles (I use “Poles” just to conform and make the location obvious ). There are also floating animals or birds. Now, everyone knows that you don't get birds and insects flying at the North Pole or the South Pole, you don't get green leaves floating, so where do they come from? From inside the Earth, of course.

I believe this; supposing one had a vehicle and one could journey from here—wherever you are at the moment is “here”—to the North Pole you would go on and on and you would reach what you would believe to be the location of the North Pole, and then you would continue on and eventually you would find yourself with a different sort of sun above you. The sun being an atomic sort of thing occurring naturally not merely in the centre of this Earth but in many other worlds as well. Astronomers have found that on the Moon, for instance, there are strange lights seen at times about the Poles. You might say, “Oh yes, but men have been to the Moon.” Sure they have, but they have been to a very limited spot on the Moon, a spot, a circle, of about five miles radius. Oh no, they haven't explored the Moon, and they haven't explored this Earth. There is quite a lot of this Earth which still has to be explored.

If you are interested and if you go to your Public Library I am sure you can find many books dealing with an inner Earth and stories of people who have been lost and then have sailed on into a strange world, and eventually

they have found themselves just inside the inner world. Better than the Library, buy some books at a good bookstore.

People have asked me to explain whatever such a world could look like, how can there be a world which is hollow inside? The best way I can explain it is like this:—Imagine you have a coconut. The outside of the coconut is the outer Earth. And remember this, that if your hands are hot the moisture which you have deposited on the outside of the coconut in merely touching it is equal to the depth of the deepest sea on this, the full size Earth. That's a thought worth bearing in mind.

Anyway, you've got your coconut and you are looking at the outer side of it. That represents our conventional Earth. Now, make a hole in the part known as the eyes, and make another hole in the part right opposite the eyes. You can liken these to the North and the South Poles. You should make the hole about an inch in diameter and let out all the milk. Then you have the outer hard shell which is the crust of the Earth, and inside you have the white flesh of the coconut which represents the inner world surface. Right in the middle of the coconut you have to somehow fix a flashlight bulb to represent the ever-burning inner sun.

Now—the hard shell which is the crust and the softer inner side which provides footing for inner worlders provides, also, the source of gravity which keeps people feet down, on the upper surface and feet down on the inner surface. There is no evidence whatever that the inner surface of the Earth is molten gas or molten iron or molten rock or molten anything else. That has just been a supposition of “scientists” who have made many other false suppositions like when they said that if a man traveled at more than 30 miles an hour his lungs would

burst with the air pressure. And like when they said that it would be impossible for any spaceship to land on the Moon because it would sink right into the impalpable dust. Oh no, scientists are merely guessers with a University education. Often they are worse guessers than people without a University education because scientists are taught that if this person or that person says a thing is impossible then it is indeed impossible, and so instead of being taught to think they are just being taught to think that Author so-and-so is infallible and if he says a thing is impossible then indeed it is.

I believe that people inside the Earth are very very highly evolved people indeed who are remnants from Lemuria, Mu, Atlantis, and many even older civilizations. The Earth has been wracked by cataclysms, storms, meteors and all the rest of it, and often people on the surface have been decimated yet inside life goes on serenely, untroubled by things that are happening outside and so spirituality and scientific knowledge has progressed.

You may not be aware that the Chileans, who have a great interest in the South Pole areas, have photographed U.F.O.'s rising out of that territory. Most interesting pictures were taken by a geophysical team of Chilean scientists. Unfortunately, under considerable pressure, those photographs were turned over to the U.S.A. authorities . . . and that is the last that has been heard of them.

U.F.O.'s are of different types, but one type comes from inside the Earth, and there are many U.F.O.'s seen nowadays because the Inner People are greatly worried by the atomic explosions taking part on the outer surface of the Earth. After all, if the explosion is big enough then perhaps the crust of the Earth will be cracked even worse than it is at present and the whole Earth will perish. That

is why the Inner People are so concerned, why they are trying to control atomic research on this world.

Have you really studied the journeys of explorers who claim they have been to the North Pole or to the South Pole? Without any exception they report that they found the temperature rising as they traveled north, they found more open seas, than they expected, they found many things which were completely at variance with the North Pole or South Pole theory where things got colder and colder as the Poles were approached. Actually the Poles do not exist except as some mythical symbol up in the air, perhaps in the center of the opening leading into the Earth.

The aurora borealis could easily be the reflections from the inner sun when conditions are suitable, or they could even be radiations from the nuclear life within your world.

But someone is sure to say all this is impossible, of course there is no hole leading into the Earth, the idea is absurd—ridiculous. If there was a whacking great hole at the North Pole and another at the South Pole then obviously air pilots would have seen them, astronauts would have seen the holes also, and in fact anyone looking would be able to see right through the Earth just the same as one can see daylight through the other end of a blown egg. No, someone is sure to say, this author has gone round the bend at last . . . if he didn't go round years ago.

That attitude is all wrong, you know. It shows that the person doesn't know the facts. How many of you have been to the North Pole? How many of you have been to the South Pole? How many of you know climatic conditions there? What about cloud coverage, for example? What about viewing conditions? No, Critical Reader, I

haven't gone round the bend—you have if you think that all this is impossible; if you think all this is impossible then you are not merely around the bend, you are cantering along the home straight which is a darn sight worse.

Think how in well populated areas great caves have remained hidden for hundreds or thousands of years. Look at the cave in which the Dead Sea Scrolls were found. That cave was only found completely by accident.

Look at Canada. Great areas of Quebec have not been explored. And supposing a plane flew over certain of these areas in Quebec which would be covered with ice most of the year, then photographs might show reflections precisely as it should show reflections from snow and ice. Or the photographs may show dark patches precisely as they could show dark patches of snow and ice. Ice can be of many different colours, you know, it is not all white and tinselly like you put on Christmas trees. You can even get red snow in certain areas; I know that because I have seen it. But the whole point is that a photograph taken over the approximate location of the North Pole or the South Pole might show strange shadows, but if people had no reason to investigate the shadows then they wouldn't go there and probe, would they? It takes a lot of money too to mount an expedition to the mythical North Pole or the equally mythical South Pole. It takes a lot of money, it takes a special breed of man, it takes a lot of back-up supplies, and it takes a big bank account to pay the insurance!

But back to Canada; many, many areas in the Northern Territories have not been explored. Some areas have never even been seen by humans. How do you know what holes there are in the Northern Territories when no one has been there? It is stupid to say these things are

impossible until you know all the facts, until you are an expert in photography, until you are an expert in geology.

Think of astronauts or cosmonauts, or whatever the current term for them is; well, then they are taking off and are reasonably close to the Earth presumably they have something else to do besides look for a hole where the North pole or South Pole should be, and in the Polar regions the viewing is often horribly unsatisfactory, fogs, snow-storms, confusing reflections from snow, ice and water. It's worth noticing also that when astronauts are in orbit they have specific tasks to do, taking a peep at the Russians, taking an even harder look at the Chinese. Are there telltale shadows which indicate that silos have been erected which could be the starting point of inter-continental ballistic missiles? And if so, in which direction are the silos inclined? By knowing things like this the Americans can tell if the war lords of Peking have rockets aimed at New York or Los Angeles, or somewhere else. They have to take into account the degree of inclination and the rotation of the Earth so that they can then forecast to within just a few miles the target area of the I.C.B.M's. The Americans are much more interested in knowing what the Russians, the Poles, the Chinese and the Czechs are doing than finding out something about a hole in the Earth. Some of the Americans, for instance, would be more interested in checking a hole in the head than a hole in the Earth!

So you can take it that unless there are very special conditions and very special circumstances these particular openings in the Earth would not be photographed, and as for thinking that you could look in one end and see out through the other just as you would through a straight railway tunnel—well, that idea is crazy, You couldn't do it. Think of a railway tunnel absolutely dead

straight. You look in one end and if you are very very careful you might possibly see a little dot of light at the other end, and that railway tunnel may be not even half a mile long. We, if we were looking through a hole in the Earth, would have to look at something which was nearly eight thousand miles long. That is, the tunnel through which you would be looking (through the Earth) would be so long that you just wouldn't see any light at the other end. Not only that but even if you had such good sight that you could see all the way through and distinguish a small hole, then you would still be looking at darkness because unless the sun was opposite you would have no light-reflection, would you?

If you are going to deny the POSSIBILITY of there being a hollow Earth then you are just as bad as the people who think that the world is flat! In passing I wonder how the "Flat-Earth Society" in London, England, explains some of the astronauts' photographs now. As far as I am aware there is still a society in England who swear on a stack of comics (must be comics!) that the world is flat and all the photographs have been faked. I read something about it and had a good laugh, and I wish I could remember where I read the article. Anyway, if you are not sure why not keep an open mind then you won't be caught short when the proof is forthcoming?

There is another thing you have to consider; the Governments of the world, or rather the Governments of the super powers, are nearly killing themselves to hush up everything about U.F.O.'s. Why? Millions of people have seen U.F.O.'s. I was reading an article only yesterday in which it was said that statistics prove that 15 million Americans have seen U.F.O's. So if 15 million in one country alone have seen them then it's a sure thing that

there must be something like U.F.O.'s. Argentina, Chile, and other sensible countries acknowledge the existence of U.F.O.'s. They don't necessarily understand what they are or why they are, but they acknowledge them and that is a big step forward.

The Governments hush up and conceal all the truth about U.F.O.'s; now—supposing the American Government, for example, had photographs of U.F.O.'s entering or leaving the Earth,, supposing they had definite proof that the Earth was hollow and that there was a high civilization within, then quite without a doubt the Governments would try to conceal knowledge of the truth or people would panic, start looting, commit suicide, and do all the strange things that humans do when they panic. We have only to remember the Orson Wells—Raiders from Mars—radio broadcast of a few years ago when Americans really did most thoroughly panic in spite of being told by the announcers that it was only a play.

So—the Governments conceal the truth because they are afraid of panic. But perhaps in the not too distant future they will have to admit the truth, the truth being that there is a hollow Earth and a highly intelligent race within that hollow Earth, and that one form of U.F.O. comes from inside the hollow Earth. Mind you there is more than one type of U.F.O. One type comes from “outer space”, another type comes from “inner space”, that is, the inner side of the Earth.

But again, supposing you say, “I still say the fellow's crazy because there wouldn't be any room for a civilization inside the Earth.” Well sir or madam, as the case may be, that implies that YOU haven't done your homework Let's have a look at some figures. I am not going to quote exact figures or someone is sure to say, “Oh look at him, now we know that he's a fraud, he's 6 inches short in

the diameter of the world!” Oh yes, Loving Reader, people do write and say such things, and they think themselves very clever. But anyway, let's have some rough figures.

Now, the diameter of the Earth is roughly seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven miles. Now, supposing we say (we've got to give some figures, haven't we?) that the thickness of the crust of the Earth on the Earth side and the thickness of the “soil” side of the inner Earth comes to eight hundred miles. Well, if you add those two eight hundred's together you get one thousand six hundred, and if you subtract that from seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven you get six thousand three hundred and twenty-seven miles. That, then, we can say is very very approximately the diameter of the world inside this world.

That means that the inner world is (again roughly) 2.9 times larger than the Moon, so that if somehow you could get the Moon inside the Earth the poor wretched thing would rattle around like the pea inside a referee's whistle. The diameter of the Moon, remember, is roughly two thousand one hundred and sixty miles, and the estimated diameter of the world inside this Earth is, we decided, six thousand three hundred and twenty-seven miles. So now YOU do some arithmetic for a change. I'm right, aren't I?

Another point of interest is this; only an eighth of the surface of the world is land, seven-eighths is water—seas, oceans, lakes, and all that, so it could easily be that there is more land INSIDE the world than outside, and if there is more land inside then there could be more people inside. Or if they regularly take “the Pill” they may have bred for quality rather than quantity.

I believe all this, you know, I have believed it for

years, and I have studied it very very thoroughly. I have read all I could about it, and if you do the same then without a doubt you will come to the same conclusion that I have which is that there is another world inside this Earth of ours, that it is 2.9 times the size of the Moon, and that it is populated by a very intelligent race.

Another thing of interest is this; Look at all the explorers who have been “to the Pole”. None of them has ever PROVED that he got there. Think of Admiral Peary, think of Wilkinson, Amundsen, Shackleton, Scott, etc., etc. All these men who, in theory went there by water or went there on foot or who flew to the area—not one of them ever truly, demonstrably proved that he had reached the Pole itself. I believe they couldn't because “the Pole” is a remote area somewhere in space above the surface, and, as has been proved, the location varies quite a lot.

So there it is. If you are interested don't write to me about it because I have said all I am going to say about it. Oh yes, I know a lot more, I know a great deal more than I have written, but just trot along to a really good bookstore and BUY some books on the hollow Earth. It is kinder to the author to buy than to read it up in the Public Library because the poor wretched author has to live and he can't live when people just read stuff free. He depends upon his royalties. After all, if it's worth reading it's worth paying for.

## CHAPTER THREE

It was cold in Calgary. Snow lay all about obscuring the railway tracks, covering the frozen river. The cold was terrible, a cold that seemed to penetrate everywhere, a cold which seemed to magnify sound from the frozen streets. Drivers still whirled along seemingly without a care in the world. Calgary, we are told, has two claims to fame; it has more cars per capita—why not say “per person”’—than any other place on the North American continent. And the second claim to fame, if fame it can be called, is that the drivers of Calgary are more dangerous than any other drivers on the North American continent. People run around as if they hadn't a care in the world. Then, presumably, they wake up in Heaven or the Other Place and find that they have, they've got a load of karma from the people they killed in the accident!

But the cold this day was just fantastic. And then across the sky there came a peculiar band of cloud, or should I say cloud and light intermixed, and the air immediately grew warmer as if someone “Up There” had taken pity on the poor mortals of Calgary and switched on a very efficient electric heater.

The air suddenly grew warm. The crisp snow became soggy, and water poured from rooftops. The Chinook winds had come; the greatest blessing of Calgary, a special meteorological formation which suddenly brings a whole lot of hot air ( well, look at their Government!) from Vancouver, hot air which turns a frigid day into a mellow day.

The snow soon melted. The Chinook winds persisted during the afternoon and evening, and on the following day there was no trace of snow at all in Calgary.

But letters do not bother to wait for warm weather, they come all the time like bills and income tax demands, they wait for no man, they wait for nothing. Here is a letter shrieking in bright fluorescent red ink. Some cantankerous lady wrote, “You tell us about Mantras, but the things you tell us are no good, your Mantras don't work. I wanted to win the Sweepstake and I said my Mantra three times, and I didn't win it. What have you to say about that?”

Well now, why do some of these old biddies get in such a state? It's shockingly bad for their blood pressure. It's far worse for their spiritual development. In any case she wasn't saying MY Mantra, she was apparently doing a thing against which I specifically warn one. It is not right to try to win a gamble by the use of Mantras. A gamble is a gamble, just that and nothing more, and if you try to use Mantras for gambling wins then you do a lot of harm to yourself.

There have been a lot of people, though, who seem to have had bad luck in not getting their Mantras in good working order. Probably it is because they don't set about it in the right way. Undoubtedly it is because they cannot visualize what it is they want to get over to the sub-conscious. You see, you've got to know what you are saying, you've got to convince yourself what you are saying, and having convinced yourself you've got to convince your sub-conscious. Look at it like a business proposition.

You want something specific. It must be something which your sub-conscious wants as well. Let's say for example—and this is just an idle example, remember, so

don't write me a load of letters saying I have contradicted myself or something like that, as so many of you absolutely delight in doing. Most times you are wrong, anyway!

Let us say that Mr. Smith wants a job and he is going to an interview tomorrow, or the day after, or the day after that with Mr. Brown. So Mr. Smith churns out a Mantra. He mumbles, mumbles, mumbles while he is thinking about getting this nonsense over so he can go to the pictures or go and get a drink or go and find a girl friend, or something like that. He tries to get it over and done with, and having said it three times he is convinced he has done everything necessary and the Powers That Be are responsible for everything else after. Then Mr. Smith rushes out, goes to the pictures, perhaps goes to a bar and gets a swig or two of beer, and picks up a girl, and when he goes for his interview with Mr. Brown—well, he doesn't make a hit. Of course he doesn't, he hasn't prepared for it, he hasn't done his homework. What he should do is this:—

Mr. Smith wants a job so he has applied for a job having assured himself that he has the necessary qualifications and abilities with which to carry out the tasks imposed by that job if he gets it. He has heard from a Mr. Brown saying that Mr. Brown will grant him an interview at such-and-such a time on such-and-such a day.

A sensible Mr. Smith tries to find out something about Mr. Brown if he can. What's the man like? What does he look like? What is his position in the firm? Is he a friendly type? Well, you can usually find out those things by phoning the telephone girl of the firm concerned and asking her. A lot of these girls are very flattered indeed. So if Mr. Smith says he is trying to get a job with the firm

and he is going to be given an interview on such-and-such-a-day and will the girl tell him something about Mr. Brown, the interviewer after all, he can say, I shall soon be working with you so let's make a friendship now, tell me what you can. The girl invariably responds favourably if she is approached in the right way, she is flattered that someone has appealed to her for help, she is flattered that someone thinks she is such a good judge of character, she is flattered to think that a possibly new member to the firm had sense enough to get in touch with her. So she gives the information. Perhaps she can tell Mr. Smith that a picture of Mr. Brown appeared in The Dogwashers Monthly Magazine, or something, when he took up his new appointment with the firm. So Mr. Smith goes along to the local Library and takes a good hard look at a picture of Mr. Brown. He looks at the picture and looks at it, and fixes it in his mind. Then off he goes home keeping Mr. Brown's face in his mind. There he sits down and imagines that Mr. Brown is in front of him unable to talk, the poor fellow just has to sit and listen. So Mr. Smith unloads a talk about himself, about his own abilities. He says what he has to say convincingly, and if he is alone he can say it in a low voice. If he is not alone he'd better just think it to himself otherwise some other person in the house might take Mr. Smith off to the place where "people like that" are taken, because not everyone understands visualization Mantras, etc.

If this is done right, then when Mr. Smith goes to see Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown has a distinct impression that he has seen Mr. Smith before under very favourable terms, and do you know why? I'll tell you.

If it is done properly Mr. Smith will have "made his mark in the ether", and his sub-conscious will, during the time of astral travel, meet and discuss things with Mr.

Brown's sub-conscious. Oh good gracious me, it really does work, I've tried it time after time, I know hundreds—thousands—of people who have tried it too and it does work **IF YOU DO YOUR JOB PROPERLY!**

But if a lazy Mr. Smith just thinks of girl chasing, film watching and beer drinking then his mind is on those things—girl chasing, film watching and beer drinking—and he doesn't get any response from Mr. Brown's sub-conscious.

I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll make a worthwhile suggestion to you—to those of you who find it hard to concentrate in the right way. Now, there are such things as rosaries, Catholics have them, Buddhists have them, and a lot of others have them. Not everyone has them like hippies just for little things to hang on to them to make them look different. So let's think of a string of beads. All right, what are we going to do about the beads? First of all we have to make the type of string of beads we want. How many beads are we going to have and does it matter how many beads there are? If most certainly does!

Psychiatrists are a pretty dumb lot, really, and I think most of them are crazier than the people they treat. It's like setting a thief to catch a thief. You have to get a lunatic to treat a lunatic, so to my way of thinking most psychiatrists are as crazy as can be. But sometimes, by accident, they come up with a piece of information which can be of use to someone, so a gang of these head-shrinkers have come up with an idea that it takes forty-five repetitions to get a thing safely locked into one's subconsciousness. So—for those of you who can't concentrate on a thing properly let's have a string of beads, let's make it fifty beads for good measure. So you start off by going along to the best hobby or handicraft store you can find, and pawing through a load of loose beads until you

find the type, style, pattern and size which most appeals to you. I find that the best ones for me are of average pea-size and the ones I have are of polished wood. Then you get a length of nylon cord on which the beads will very easily slide. Then you buy your fifty beads, and they must be identical in size, and then if you want to you can get about three larger ones to act as a marker. When you get home you thread fifty of your beads on this nylon thread. Make sure they slide easily. And then tie a knot, and on the two pieces of thread hanging down from the knot thread perhaps three larger beads and knot the end again. The idea of this is merely to tell you when you have completed one complete circuit of your beads. So then you sit down as comfortably as you can in a chair, or lie down, or if it is more comfortable—stand on your head. It doesn't matter how you sit or lie so long as you are comfortable and you do not have muscles under tension.

Then you decide what you want to say to your sub-conscious. Now, it is important what you say and how you say it. It just definitely, definitely must be positive, you cannot have a negative thing or you will get the wrong result. It should be “I will . . .” It should be short and sharp, and definitely something which can be repeated without too much strain on the intellect. You'd be surprised how strained some intellects become!

Mr. Smith wants to impress Mr. Brown, so he could say (this is just an example, mind—don't quote me!), “I will favorably impress Mr. Brown. I will favorably impress Mr. Brown. I will favorably impress Mr. Brown.” Well, poor old Mr. Smith has to repeat that fifty times, each time as he gets to Mr. Brown in his words he flips one bead back, and so on until he has repeated fifty times. The idea is to use the beads as a form of computer

because you cannot say, “I will favorably impress Mr. Brown, that's said it once, I will favorably impress Mr. Brown, that's said it twice, I will favorably impress Mr. Brown, that's said it three times,” because you will get all gummed up with your words and with your instructions to your Overself.

Having decided fifty times that you are going to Favorably impress Mr. Brown, then you get down to it and talk to him as if he were actually in front of you, as I have said several paragraphs ago. So that is really all there is to it.

You should handle your beads very frequently to imbue them with your personality, to make them part of you, to make sure each one slides properly, to make sure that you can flap the wretched things around without having to definitely think about moving them. It has to become second nature to you, and—if you have other people in the same house with you then the best thing you can do is to have small beads which you can keep in your pocket then you can put one hand in your pocket and move around and nobody will know what you are doing except being so slovenly—they think—that you keep your hand in your pocket all the time.

Now, once again I am going to tell you that—yes, quite definitely you can win a Sweepstake by using Mantras **BUT ONLY IF YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHO IS GOING TO MAKE THE SWEEPSTAKE DRAW!** If you are going to get a positive action you have to know who you are going to act upon. It's too utterly foolish for anything to say that you are going to do a Mantra for the person in charge of such-and-such a thing, that's no good. You must actually know the person who is organizing a draw or who is going to draw the ticket from the box or whatever it is. If you cannot do

that you cannot place any faith at all in the Mantra. It means that you must, must, MUST address your remarks to some sub-consciousness and not just fritter your energies into idle space. Is that clear?

If you know, then, that Mrs. Knickerbaum is running the race for the Slithering Snakes Society and the take is going to be worthwhile, then you can address your remarks to the sub-conscious entity of Mrs. Knickerbaum, and if you do it on the lines suggested in this Chapter you have a good chance of success unless someone else is doing it and they've got a bit more think-power than you have, in which case you lose out.

But a warning, there is a warning to everything, you've got to stop and give way to approaching traffic, you've got to yield here, you've got to halt there, etc., etc. Everything is a warning, so here is another one for good measure; money which has been acquired by means of a Mantra like this really brings happiness, most often it brings misery. And if you want it entirely for selfish reasons then you can be quite sure you are going to get misery. So—don't do it.

I have had letters from people saying, “Oh Dr. Rampa, I do want to win the Such-and-Such a Sweepstake, and I know you can help me. You let me win a hundred thousand dollars and I'll give you twenty per cent, that'll make it worthwhile for you, won't it? I'll give you the number of the ticket-etc., etc “

The answer is, “No madam, it is not worth my while. I do not believe in gambling, and if I go in to this with you for twenty per cent then I should be as culpable as you, and anyway madam, if I wanted to do this why should I do it for just twenty per cent from you—why shouldn't I do it myself and get the whole lot of money?”

So many people see advertisements for infallible

schemes for winning “at the horses”, and they don't seem to realize that if the propounder of the infallible scheme had indeed something which was successful he wouldn't be selling the idea to someone else for a dollar or two, he would be making millions using his own infallible system. That's right, isn't it?

It might be a good idea here to say a bit more about these people who are so anxious to pray for one. I get a lot of letters from people who say that their group will be praying hard for me, etc. Now, I don't want anyone to pray for me, they don't know what I am suffering from, and it is definitely, definitely harmful for all these praying people to mumble off their prayers without having the slightest idea of what they are doing.

Let's mention something which is capable of concrete expression, something which can be used as an example. Prayer is most often useless except in the negative sense and so cannot be demonstrated. Hypnotism can.

Let's say that we have a girl suffering from some complaint. Well-meaning friends insist that she go to a hypnotist. Now, being a bit weak, she goes to this hypnotist. The man may be very well-meaning indeed, he may be carved of solid gold with jeweled insets, but no matter how well-meaning he is unless he is a qualified medical man he doesn't know about the girl's illness and so; although without any doubt whatever he can DISGUISE the symptoms from which the girl is suffering, he cannot cure her, and if he disguises the symptoms or conceals them so that a qualified doctor cannot find the symptoms then the girl might become worse and die adding a load to the hypnotist's karma and to the stupid “friends” who sent the girl to the hypnotist.

As I know only too well, if one goes to a hospital in acute agony the medical staff there will not give one a

drug to relieve one of the pain UNTIL THEY HAVE STUDIED ALL THE SYMPTOMS. Only when they have become acquainted with all the symptoms will they do anything about relieving the pain. Obviously the symptoms are the things which tell the doctors what the patient suffers from. So when we get people praying their heads off they might by some accident of telepathy cause a sort of hypnotic effect and induce a suppression of some vital symptom. I always look on these people who want to pray for me as my greatest enemies, I always say, "God protect me from my friends—my enemies I can deal with." So—no more prayers, no more prayers unless you are definitely and positively asked by the sufferer to pray. If the victim asks for the prayers then that lets you off the hook, but until then—pray for yourself, you probably need it as much as anyone!

Someone wrote to me and took me to task saying that I couldn't have any friends at all, saying that no one could possibly like me because I only mention people who write rudely. As a matter of fact she was a Women's Libber—the lowest form of human existence so far as I am concerned—so perhaps it might be a good thing to tell you now about some of my friends. Some wrote to me, others such as Hy Mendelson who I'll tell you about later—in that case I wrote to him!

It has its problems, I suppose, writing about my friends because if I mention them just as they come into my mind that stupid Women's Lib person who writes so often (always full of hate) will say that I am mentioning men before women or something, so I think I'll mention just a few of my friends alphabetically. In that way surely no one could be offended.

For the benefit of some people I will say now that I will not give the address of any of these people that I

mention. Now, just a week or so ago I received an unstamped letter from a man who said, "State names and addresses of people who can do astral travel so that I can check up on you." The poor fellow was so much of a bum that not only did he omit putting a stamp on the letter, he didn't sign it and didn't put an address either, so I hope he reads this and can appreciate my explanation that I never, never give the names and addresses of other people without first receiving their written permission. I have had a lot of trouble with people getting in touch with me asking about others and I am always irate on such occasions and give the rudest rejoinder that I can think of. So—I give certain names of certain friends, not all my friends because I am not compiling a telephone directory, but just certain people who spring quickly to mind. But under no circumstances will I give their addresses.

Yesterday we had a visitor, one whom we were expecting—"we" is Mrs. Rampa, Mrs. Rouse, Miss Cleopatra Rampa and Miss Tadalinka Rampa as well as myself. Soon a great big station wagon rolled up and out came John Bigras. We have known him quite a time. We knew him first when we were at Habitat in the City of Montreal. Biggs, as we call him, encountered me there, or would it be more correct to say that I encountered him? Anyway, we liked each other and we have kept a very close association ever since. Biggs used to be a top-flight salesman for medical products. He got some sort of Award on two or three occasions for selling so many goods. But then when we left Montreal he came to the conclusion that there wasn't much future for him in Montreal so he followed us all the way across Canada driving a mobile home thing with himself and his two cats; Wayfarer, the gentleman cat, is a most immense creature and

extremely kind-hearted. His wife-cat is a gentle creature who is about half the size of Wayfarer.

They all settled very comfortably in Vancouver where Biggs has a job, a job that he likes, a job that affords him plenty of movement, plenty of travel, and a chance to meet people. And his cats “keep house.”

Yesterday, then, Biggs and two cats came here to Calgary and they are staying near us for about a week while they have a vacation. Biggs thinks Calgary is a nice place but, of course, it is very small compared to Vancouver. Never mind, diamonds are small things, aren't they? And lumps of coal are not! Biggs, then, could be classed as one of our closest friends because we see most of him and we are in contact two or three times a week by telephone.

There are two ladies who were among the very first to write to me when “The Third Eye” came out. One of them is Mrs. Cuthbert, so I can say—good gracious me!—I must have known Mrs. Cuthbert about 17 years. We correspond quite frequently, but I have never met her. So another of my friends, then, is Mrs. Cuthbert, and I will mention the other lady later alphabetically. I have to remember that Women's Libber who is my *bête noire*. Now we come to a real rough diamond, a man we all like very much. Frogs Frenneaux. The Frogs bit is because he is an Englishman descended (ascended would sound better) from an old French-origin family. He is always addressed here as Frogs, anyway. Now he lives in New Brunswick. We met him when we lived there also. He is a fine Engineer and although he sometimes speaks quite roughly, growling like a bulldog or worse, he still has a heart of gold. Mind you, now that I have written down “heart of gold” I wonder how a heart of such a metal could work in a human body. Never mind, meta-

phorically speaking “heart of gold” stands for Frogs Frenneaux. I remember when I was staying at a hotel in Saint John, New Brunswick, Frogs drove me there and he heaved and he hoved and he puffed and he roared, and he pulled my wheelchair backwards up a flight of steps. It nearly killed him, mind, and it even more nearly killed me, but we got up that flight of steps with poor old Frogs looking like a frog should look when he is all puffed up. So let me say, “Hi to you, Frogs.”

Hey, I'm still on the Canadian continent, so let me mention another one. My good friend Bernard Gobeille. Oh yes, we know Bernard very well, he is a very nice man indeed. He used to be, in a manner of speaking, my landlord because when I was living at Habitat he was the Man in Charge, he looked after things, and he looked after things very well indeed, in fact he looked after things too well because he was so efficient as an Administrator that he got moved from Habitat and sent as a sort of trouble-shooter to another big apartment complex where they were having troubles. Habitat wasn't the same with Bernard Gobeille missing, and so as I was having trouble with the press as usual that proved to be the last straw, and off my family and I went far from those haunts of Habitat. But Bernard Gobeille and I keep in touch, in fact I had a letter from him this morning. I wish he was here, I wish he was my landlord now, but Calgary is a long way from Montreal.

But why don't we take a trip? Let's go further than Canada, let's go to . . . Brazil for a change. In Brazil there is a most eminent gentleman, Mr. Adonai Grassi, a very good friend indeed. He is learning English especially so that we can correspond without the intervention of a third person. Adonai Grassi is a man with unusual talents, a man with drive and compassion. He is not one of

those ruthless dictator type people, he is a man well worth knowing, one of the best type of man, and I predict that he will make his name known thoroughly in Brazil and elsewhere. So how can I send my “saludos” in Portuguese? But he knows what I think of him, and I do think a lot of him.

Shall we go a bit further to greet a gentleman from Mexico, Mr. Rosendo Garcia? Agreed, he is now living in Detroit, U.S.A., but he is still a Mexican, definitely one of the best type of Mexicans, a gentle, educated man who “wouldn't hurt a fly”. A gentleman of the world who has had many many hardships definitely not of his making, one whom we could say with absolute truth is on his last life. Next time he will indeed go to a much, much better Round of Existence.

Back again we go to greet my friend Mr. Friedrich Kosin in Brazil. He is a friend of Adonai Grassi. Unfortunately I wrote quite a lot about Mr. Kosin but he sent me letters and a cable protesting at what I said about him. He is too modest or something like that. Frankly I don't know what it's all about, but I will just say that he is a man closely associated with Mr. Grassi.

Now . . . back to a real old stager, my dear old friend, Pat Loftus, who I met-oh-so many years ago. Mr. Loftus is a gentleman of nature, one of the finest men one could meet. He is retired now, but he used to be an Irish policeman, one of the “Gardias”, and as a policeman he had a most enviable reputation as a kind man but a stern one too.

I admire Mr. Loftus very much indeed. We have kept closely in touch and if I could have a wish granted that wish would be that I could see him again before either of us leaves this world. We are not so young now, either of

us, and there's not much time left, so I fear that this will be a wish unfulfilled.

Mr. Loftus was one of that gallant band of men who founded the Republic of Eire, he was one of the heroes of those early days but he was not favoured by chance, by fortune, as so many of the others were. If fortune had smiled a little Pat Loftus would have been at the head of State in Ireland instead of a retired policeman.

Yes, Mr. Loftus is one of my oldest friends, one of my most esteemed friends, and I am sure that living beside the Irish Sea he often looks out—as he tells me—and thinks of me three thousand miles away. Well, Pat Loftus, I think of you my friend—I think of you.

But we've got to come back to Canada thinking of Mr. Loftus and the way he sits beside the sea looking out towards Canada, and that reminds me of Shelagh Mc-Morran. She is one of the people who wrote to me and whom I have met and—yes, she is a friend. She is a woman of many abilities, many talents, a most capable woman and one whom anyone could like.

A bit further on your journey again (my friends do seem diversified, don't they?), and let's get back to Montreal again and discuss a very particular friend, Hy Mendelson, whom I have referred to as being the most honest man in Montreal. Yes, and I certainly believe it. Some time ago when I was in New Brunswick I wanted a used camera. My wife was idly flicking over the pages of the evening newspaper and she said, "Well, why not write here, Simon's Camera, Craig Street West, Montreal?" So I was a bit slow on the uptake but eventually I did write to Simon's Camera, and I received a very satisfactory reply from—Hy Mendelson. He treated me as an honest man, no cash in advance business with him, no

waiting until the cheque was cleared or anything like that. He treated me as I like to be treated, and not only have I dealt with him since but we have built up quite a warm friendship and I hope he likes me as much as I like him.

He has had quite a difficult life, taking over the business from his father and building it up until now I am absolutely positive that he has a bigger stock, a more diversified stock, than any other photographic store in Canada. Sometimes, just for amusement, I have asked him if he has such-and-such a thing in stock and always the answer has been, "Yes" So, Mr. Hy Mendelson, it's a pleasure knowing you my friend, and you have a distinction in that I wrote to you, you did not write to me.

Shall we have another "M"? Okay, let's move across the border to the U.S.A. and say hello to Mr. Carl Moffet. Because of his interests I have "christened" him Paddle Boat Moffet. He makes models, superbly accurate models, ship models, of course. But as I told him there's no point in making silly old galleons and ancient ships that go along by the wind, he ought to make paddle boats, and so he is doing just that.

Some months ago he made a beautiful model paddle boat and sent me some photographs of it, but then he sent the paddle boat as a gift and, do you know, our customs people here in Calgary wanted to charge such a fantastic price on it that I couldn't afford and nor could Paddle Boat Moffet. And so I was deprived of one of the few pleasures left to me; I was deprived of having this model which had been made so lovingly for me by a very good friend—Paddle-Boat Moffet—in the U.S.A., The model had to go back because the customs people wanted hundreds of dollars in customs duty on a hand-made thing, and they were most unreasonable about it.

Still, it's only what one can expect from customs people; I have never got on with them at all.

This time we are going to do some ocean hopping. We are not going to stay on the North American continent, although, of course, we've got to come back. We are going, instead, to Japan, Tokyo. Here lives a very good friend of mine, one who first wrote to me and then who came to see me all the way from Japan, Kathleen Murata. She is small, highly talented, but doesn't appreciate her own abilities. If she could only realize those abilities she could succeed at book illustrating, etc., because, as I say, she is enormously talented.

Kathleen Murata is an American woman married to a gentleman of Japan. I think she suffers greatly from homesickness, I think she wants to get back to the U.S.A. even though that country is just about flooded as an aftermath of Watergate. But she wrote to me, I suppose, in the hope of getting someone to correspond with her as a link within the North American continent, and we have established a very firm friendship. She came to see us when we were at Habitat, Montreal, and she stayed with us for a time in our apartment. We like her a lot.

But—back again to Canada. This time to one of Canada's islands where live Mr. and Mrs. Orłowski—Ed and Pat Orłowski. They are talented, too. Ed is a most skilful craftsman, he can do modeling, he can do all manner of artistic things, but he has never had a chance in life.

He came from old Europe and, I suppose, settled in Canada, and he brought many of the old European skills with him. But I suppose he is on his last life on this Earth, and as such is getting more than his share of hardships. He has a very poor job, very very poorly paid, and yet, I tell you truly, the man is a genius. All he needs is

an opportunity, all he needs is a bit of financing so he can make his statuettes, his figurines. At present I have given him some designs so he can make Pendulums, Touch Stones, and Eastern type pendants, things at which he excels. Yes, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you his address, I'll break my rule, so that if you want to order some wonderful articles you can write to Ed Orłowski and find out what he's got available. All right, then, here is his address:—

Mr. Ed Orłowski,  
Cavehead,  
York P.O.,  
Prince Edward Island,  
Canada.

Not too far away from that place is a very good American, Captain George “Bud” Phillips, a most admired friend of mine, a man who goes racing around the continent in a Lear Jet. He is Senior Pilot for a very big firm and he certainly sees life, usually from above 30,000 feet! I know Captain Phillips quite well, and the more I get to know him the more I get to admire his sterling qualities.

Let's move a bit “to the right” and then we can call in on Mrs. Maria Pien. She is a Swiss woman married to a Chinese—I'd better say Chinese man or our Women's Libber will write and ask how a woman can marry a woman, although I understand they do nowadays, in fact I read something about it recently. Anyway, Maria Pien is a woman with such a lot of abilities but unfortunately she has a family and the family takes up a lot of her time. And when you have a family taking up time then you have to put aside your own inclinations, don't you, and get on and look after your responsibilities. So, hello Maria, glad to mention you as a friend of mine.

Another one, this time a man, Brian Rusch. He is an old correspondent of mine too. We have been writing to each other for—oh, I wouldn't like to say how long, to be quite honest I can't remember how long it's such a time ago. But he is one of my earliest correspondents.

Ruby Simmons is another. She is the one who wrote to me—well, I think she wrote to me, actually, before Mrs. Cuthbert did. As far as I remember now Ruby Simmons was actually the first correspondent in the U.S.A., and we write regularly, and that is why she is listed here as one of my friends.

Away in Vancouver there is a lady who attracted me very much because of her interest in Bonsai, that, you know, is Japanese dwarf trees. Mrs. Edith Tearo knows a lot about gardens and plants and all that, and we have made quite a friendship because of our mutual interest in dwarf trees. As a matter of interest she came to see me the weekend before last. Of all curious things she got in her car on a Friday evening and drove 670 miles or so from Vancouver to Calgary. She stayed at my house a very short time indeed, and then hopped back into her car and drove all the way home to Vancouver so she would be ready for work at the start of the week. Now, isn't that a good friend for you? One who will get in a car and drive 670 miles twice? Well, I suppose she got a breath of fresh air doing it, but anyway she was certainly welcome here.

Move on again across another ocean to Eric Tedey in England. He wrote to me some time ago and I was quite amused by his name, it reminded me of Tetley teabags which we use here, so of course I replied to him and in my usual tactless way reminded him about Tetley teabags. Since that time quite a friendship has ripened between us. We like each other, we write to each other, we

exchange naughty jokes at times. Of course we have to be careful, we can't say our best jokes to either one of us because—well, you know what it is when there are ladies in the house, they will read a letter sometimes and they wouldn't like a mere male to see that they couldn't blush after all. Anyway, Eric Tetley and I are good friends by correspondence.

Jim Thompson is another good friend. He lives in the wilds of California. I always thought that all California was wild, especially as I have been there a few times. My! They are a wild lot there, aren't they? I'd better not tell you how many of the people I have mentioned above come from California!

But Jim Thompson and I have been corresponding for a terrific time, we've got to know each other very thoroughly, and there is one peculiarity about Jim Thompson which I just must share with you; he seems to have cornered the world market in calendar pages going back to 1960, and invariably he writes to me on a calendar page dated 1960. I didn't know there were so many old calendars left in the world. Anyway, Jim Thompson and I are quite good friends.

Glory be, do you know I have given twenty people already? Twenty, think of that. Still, some of you have asked about my friends so now you are getting some information about a few of them. I think we will mention just one more because this is a friend in Belgium—Miss L. C. Vanderpoorten. She is a very important lady indeed with many business interests and we write to each other not too often but enough to ensure that there is a good friendship. She is such a busy woman with her business interests that I think she hasn't too much time for private correspondence. I know just how she feels I want, then,

to say hello to Miss Vanderpoorten away in far off Belgium.

Well, those of you who have asked me about my friends and have impolitely intimated that I couldn't have any friends, you might be a little surprised, eh? Mind you, I know I have left out a lot of people in this small reference but if I added any more I am sure my publisher would have something to say!

Hey though, Mr. Publisher, I've got you after all! You said you wanted a book answering Readers' questions. Well, Honourable Sir, that's what I am doing; a lady Libber ( sorry, no Women's Libber can be a lady by their own admission) asked me if I didn't have any friends; and if I had, to list them on the back of a postage stamp. It would have to be a big postage stamp, wouldn't it? But I have given just a few, so I haven't broken any rules, Mr. Publisher. I am answering Readers' questions!

## CHAPTER FOUR

It was a very nice sunny afternoon. Biggs, our guest from Vancouver, said, "Why don't I take you out this afternoon—go anywhere you like?" I thought of all the work to be done, I thought of all the letters to be answered because I had been in hospital and a number of people had been informed of it explaining the delay in answering their letters, so everyone had started writing back asking all manner of questions and then people were asking more and more questions so I would have

something to do when I got out of hospital Yes, I have plenty to do!

Then there was a book to be written. If I didn't get the typescript finished, the Publisher couldn't give it to the Printer to be set up. Then I thought, "Oh well, it does say somewhere that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. I'm a dull boy anyway, so I'll go out "

I trundled onto the car in my wheelchair and, with the usual difficulty, got into the car. The wheelchair was folded up and put in the trunk and off we went.

This was my first trip out of the house since leaving the hospital some time before. Actually it was the first opportunity I had had of seeing anything at all of Calgary because we have no car. We have no television either. Sometimes I believe there are programs about a city on TV, but I am barred from that also. On this day, then, we took off and headed toward the mountains leaving the city behind us, and went on climbing up the high rise of the foothills. First, though, we took a circuit around the hospital, the Foothills Hospital of Calgary, a very fine, very modern hospital, and the first thing we saw was a body being loaded from the Mortuary into a hearse!

We turned about and continued on over the river up into the rising ground. I could not go too far because now I tire so easily and suffer so much pain, so—we stopped for a time on high ground where we could look over the city, quite a pleasant city it is, too, with the winding rivers—the Bow and the Elbow—threading their way through the city.

The traffic was awful. We are told there are more cars per capita in Calgary than anywhere else in North America and I well believe it. People seem to zoom along without a care in the world. Well, there are quite good hospitals to receive them!

All too soon the time came to return home, so we took a different road through a shopping centre, and I must confess to considerable amazement at the way all the shops nowadays seem to be leaving the centre of cities and going far out on the outskirts, leaving the center of the cities for—what? Offices? I suppose it must be used for something.

But we can't waste the whole day, the time has come to work, and I am going to be an old crosspatch again because I have a pet peeve.

I do indeed hate it when people write to me as though I were a poor benighted heathen urgently needing salvation.

For some extraordinary reason “do-gooders”—holy Joe's and holy Joess's—have been writing to me in increasing numbers of late and sending me all manner of New Testaments, Old Testaments, “good words” and all the rest of it. One woman wrote to me yesterday and said, “I hope the Light of the Dear Lamb, the Lord Jesus, sparks a response in your heart. You can only be saved by the blood of Jesus.” Well, fine. By the way she writes—a real vicious old so-and-so she is—about heathens—she needs some of that salvation herself. Anyway, I am a Buddhist. I was born a Buddhist, I am a Buddhist, and I shall die a Buddhist. Now, Buddhism is not a religion, it is a Way of Life, and the real Buddhists never try to convert others to their Belief. Now, I understand, there is some sort of cult who call themselves Buddhists who go out like missionaries and yowl in the streets. Well, they are not true Buddhists. We have no missionaries, and I don't want any missionaries preaching to me. I had one of those in the hospital the last time I was in, and I soon convinced him I knew something about Christianity too!

I firmly believe that unless we have a return to religion

on this world soon we shall have no world left. But I equally firmly believe that it does not in the least matter what form that religion takes. What does it matter whether one is a Buddhist, a Jew, a Christian, a Hindu, or anything else, so long as we believe in certain things? If we do then we will act in a certain way, and my belief is, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." I never try to make converts, and I don't want people to try to convert me. So will you remember that, please, all incipient do-gooders? If I get these books, holy words, holy terrors, holy this and holy that they go straight into the garbage unopened because I find that the type of person who goes to the trouble of sending these things is usually the most ignorant and the most bigoted of all types of people. They are so set in their religion, so hypnotized by it, that they are not able to stand apart and study what really is the origin of a religion.

Some of you seem to have been very greatly interested in the report in my last book, "Candlelight", about Jesus going to Japan and about the report of the brother of Jesus being crucified as a substitute. So perhaps I should do what so many of you have asked me to do—say a bit more about some of the old Bible stories. A surprising number of people have written to me asking—More, more.

Obviously you must keep in mind at all times that there isn't much mention of any of this sort of thing except in the Bible. For example, none of the great writers of round about two thousand years ago wrote anything at all about Christ. That's a thought worth pondering; any event nowadays is written up everywhere in inaccurate detail, and with all the trimmings that the press can devise. But throughout history great writers

invariably wrote about events of moment, and the fact that none of the writers of crucifixion days wrote anything at all about crucifixion implies that Jesus wasn't known except to a very few people.

Just remember this; Christianity did not come until long after Christ. Actually the foundations of Christianity were set at the Convention of Constantinople sixty years after the date of the alleged crucifixion. In the opinion of great Greek and Roman writers of the day Jesus was a sort of trouble-maker, one who had certain ideas and at the present day we should say, "Oh, he's just a member of a hippie gang or the leader of a set of robbers."

Shocked? Well, you shouldn't be, you know, because you were not there, you do not know the facts, you only know what has been peddled to you through the Bible and Bible stories. Great writers of the day whose words have survived and reached us now made no mention of Jesus.

Another thing to be considered is this; if a person were to be crucified and then at the end of the day the person was removed from the cross he could be revived, **THE CRUCIFIXION DIDN'T KILL HIM!** Actually, being suspended by the arms as on the cross there were very serious difficulties and obstacles in the matter of breathing. It was impossible to take a full breath because to take a full breath means to expand the chest, and when one is suspended by one's arms that cannot be done. I have been so suspended in a prisoner-of-war camp so I can speak from experience. So the crucifixion wouldn't kill. Instead there would be extreme exhaustion and soon the person would sink into a coma during which his breathing would become very very shallow, growing shallower, so eventually you could say that he died of suffocation.

I understand much the same sort of thing occurs when a person is electrocuted. The muscles controlling breathing are paralyzed or impaired, and so there is not enough air taken in to make available to the brain the necessary oxygen with which to sustain consciousness. So in that case a person lapses into unconsciousness, and IF NEGLECTED the person would eventually die. If he could be removed from the source of electricity and artificial respiration given he would in most cases revive.

I was going to tell you some very interesting things—true things—about certain aspects of prison life in the U.S.A., but for some reason my publisher seems to think what I originally wrote would cause great alarm to American readers. In deference to my publisher I have to leave out certain parts, but I will suggest you get hold of a book or two written by former prison Governors in the U.S.A. Some of these men have written very revealing books about certain aspects of prison life in the U.S.A., and although my publisher will not let me mention these facts, the American publishers of the prison Governors' books are not so nervous. So—go along to your Public Library and see if you can find some titles of books by prison Governors in the U.S.A.

Do you know that in bygone days there was a definite law that when a person was crucified the body should be removed at nightfall? Before removal from the cross the legs had to be broken so as to give the body an extra shock and an extra strain on the chest, and thus upon the breathing muscles. But let me remind you that in the case of Jesus it was specifically stated that His bones were not broken. So if His bones were not broken and if He did not get that extra shock, then possibly the body could have been revived.

As I have said above, in the case of Jesus the body was

removed without the legs having been broken and the body—no one has said it was a dead body, remember—was hustled away to a cave and there it was received by a very special, very gifted, band of men and women.

You have heard of the Essenes, you have heard that they were a very special band of most knowledgeable people who had training and skills beyond the understanding of the average person in the street.

They had an extraordinarily high knowledge of life and death, they knew what chemicals to use, they knew how to revive bodies. So in the cave very quickly pungent aromatics were administered to the crucified person, and chemicals were injected, and eventually the body—whether it be Jesus or the brother of Jesus or someone else, it doesn't matter—was revived.

To refresh your mind a little further remember the case of Lazarus. Lazarus was reportedly revived from the dead, wasn't he? Now, there is that definite report. There is the report, also, that Jesus revived him. Jesus was a member of the Essenes, so it is very likely that Jesus, a “White Magician”, had certain herbs or powers with which He could accomplish these seeming miracles, and such a miracle was worked upon Lazarus who may have been in a coma. After all, there is a possibility that it could even have been a diabetic coma. Let me tell you something; I am diabetic, I have been in diabetic comas, and in such a state in certain conditions one can easily be taken for dead.

Another type of complaint which simulates death is the complaint of catalepsy. Many people suffering from that have actually been buried—buried alive—because the true cataleptic can undergo all tests except one; he has no responses, no reflexes, and a mirror held to his lips will not fog. There is only one test infallible in the case of the

cataleptic—the test of decay. If a body dies it starts to decay, and after a certain time one's eyes and one's nose give complete assurance that the body is indeed dead, but that does not happen in the case of a cataleptic. So possibly Lazarus was in a coma or cataleptic state and Jesus, as a member of the Essenes, realized the condition and had the ability to treat it. If we do not know the technique of a thing then it becomes a miracle, doesn't it particularly if, according to our own concept, it is against established law or belief or knowledge.

Well, just remember that there are a certain number of books in the Bible, but there were many many more books which had to be omitted from inclusion in “the Bible.” The Bible, of course, is just a collection of books as the word implies.

Many other “gospels” had to be left out because they contradicted the testimony of the few who were published. Think of this; it is nowhere said that the Bible is true. Instead you have a statement “The Gospels ACCORDING to St. Somebody.” In other words, we are getting fair warning that this is not necessarily a true book, instead it is a book which has been reported ACCORDING to the words of a certain person. It is much the same as saying, “Well, he told me that he thought . . .” That is not saying that you know it for a fact. Instead, according to the language of the lawyers, it could be classified as hearsay evidence, not something which is given to you as utter truth, incontrovertible truth, but as a statement according to someone else.

If you could get hold of other old books, papyri, or stone writings, you would find that there were truly remarkable divergences. Do you know, some books say that John never lived? Some people say that John was just a symbolical, a mythical, figure like John Bull in

England or G.I. Joe in the U.S.A., or—what is it?—Kilroy Was Here.

If you would do astral travel as I suggest you shouldn't have much difficulty in finding out these things for yourself because there are still quite a number of documents going back two or three thousand years or even longer which have not been discovered by physical Man. But Man in the astral—and Woman in the astral, too—can find these things and can read them. There is a great advantage because many of these papyri are stuck together with age, and if you tried to unroll them now in the physical they might shatter into dust, but in the astral you can go through them layer by layer without disturbing their physical structure.

If you find that difficult to understand get hold of a microscope somewhere and look at, let us say, a piece of rough stone. You can carefully focus your microscope and you can see different layers of the stone coming into focus, being quite clear, and then disappear to provide space for another focus. Anyone with a microscope can explain that to you.

My wife has just read this and she has made a worthwhile suggestion. She said, "Why not tell them that some people believe that Sherlock Holmes was a living person?" Well, that's a good point, a very good point, because Sherlock Holmes has been accepted as a living person and people still write to him. I suppose the letters go to the estate of Conan Doyle, but Sherlock Holmes was a figment of the imagination of Conan Doyle. We know there was no such entity as Sherlock Holmes, but popular, imagination has clothed that imaginary entity with an existence, in fact in England there is, I believe, a Club devoted to perpetuating the legend or myth of Sherlock Holmes.

Well, I have mentioned using astral travel to get to see some of the undiscovered manuscripts, etc. During the past twenty years I have had an enormous number of people write and tell me that now they can do astral travel, they can experience the reality of what I have been writing about. They tell me that after the first initial struggle they felt that they had “broken free” and they could travel at will anywhere at any time.

Unfortunately a number of people have written to me calling me a fake, etc., and saying all manner of things, which I am sure they will regret, because they personally could not do astral travel. And I can only assume that if a person has the wrong attitude—if a person makes the wrong approach—and has doubts or fears, then it's not so easy to do astral travel. To me and to thousands and thousands more there is no problem, or rather, the only problem is how to tell others how easy it is.

Let's have a look at this astral travel thing again, shall we. You want to do astral travel; first of all, do you believe in astral travel? Are you convinced that there is such a thing as astral travel which you can do given such-and-such conditions? If your answer is “No” then go no further because you will not be able to astral travel unless you are thoroughly convinced of its existence. You have to convince your sub-conscious because to my way of thinking the sub-conscious and the astral body are something like a boy holding a helium-filled balloon; as long as the boy holds on to the balloon it is quite literally attached to his body, but if the boy can be induced to let go the string then the balloon will float upwards. The astral travel condition is like that. So—first of all you must believe that astral travel is possible. Secondly you must believe that you can do astral travel.

When astral travelling it is quite impossible for any

entity or anything to cause you harm unless you are afraid. Now, if you think that is strange just think of this; if you sit back comfortably in a chair and you think of some imaginary ailment, and you think of all the pain and distress that such an ailment could cause, you then think that you may have it so your heart starts to palpitate and you might feel a bit upset. Then you are sure you have something wrong with you and your heart races even more, and soon, because of your heart racing, you will get a gastric condition, you will feel bilious or something else. So it's quite possible for you to make yourself definitely ill if you believe you have some illness which is perhaps incurable. In the same way, if you try to do astral travel feeling sure that some bogey is going to jump out and pull your tail feathers or something, then you will be afraid to do astral travel and, in that case, it is a waste of time trying. So a third condition is that you must have no fear of astral travel. Fear will definitely prevent you from getting out of the body.

Assuming, though, that you are convinced of the truth of astral travel, and assuming that you are convinced that you want to do it, and being certain that you have no fear, then really there shouldn't be any obstacle unless you want to astral travel for a bad purpose. For example—and this is true—I have had men of a sort write to me telling me they wanted to astral travel so they could see girls undressing and so on. I had one man write to me and tell me that he wanted to astral travel so that he could be sure his girl was a virgin before he married her! That, I assure you, is absolutely true, and it is a good way to make sure you don't astral travel at all.

But assuming that you are able to satisfy the conditions, you believe in astral travel, you believe that you, given a bit of help, could travel easily, you have no fear

and you have no intention of using the ability for anything wrong, then—you should sit down somewhere where it's not too light and not too dark, it must be just neutral. Sit down so that you are completely comfortable, so comfortable that you are not aware that you are sitting down or lying down, and there are no sharp edges sticking into you. And then you definitely visualize yourself getting out of the body. Breathe regularly, make deep and rhythmic breaths, and then let your eyes ( which are closed) roll up so that you are, in effect, gazing at a spot somewhere near your hairline—if you are bald you have to imagine where your hairline would be!

Your eyes, then, should be squinting to a slight extent so that their focus converges, as I have said, about the hairline. Just take things easy, there's no point in rushing things, no point at all, let things go at their own speed. Then either one of three things will happen. You might suddenly find that you have made a jerk. If you jerk then you might come back straight into the body because it means that you got out of the body and then took fright. The fright will have sent you right back in again. There is nothing to be worried about in that: You can, if you like, sigh with exasperation and start all over again.

The second thing that can happen to you is that you might feel a very very slight—well, I can only say numbness-which might start at the feet and spread upwards. It isn't quite a numbness, really it is indescribable unless you have actually had it happen to you. It could be numb, it could be a slight tingling. But, anyway, it is something different, and you have to try to ignore it. It is perfectly normal, anyway. Some people after this find that they are almost in a cataleptic state, their muscles tighten up, they will not be able to move. Well—be careful, whatever you do don't panic here—that is a very very

good sign because you have your eyes shut, remember, and yet here at this stage you will find that you are able to “see” through your eyelids, but everything will have a golden tinge. And then, when you have reached that stage, you will find a swaying sensation and out you will go straight into the astral and you will see things brighter and more vivid and with a greater range of colours than you ever thought possible.

In the third condition, when you have rested you will find, possibly, a swaying. You will experience a sensation that you are going through a tunnel toward a light at the far end of the tunnel. You will be drifting upwards like a piece of thistledown on an evening breeze. Keep calm, that's all to the good because soon you will find the light is growing larger and larger, and then you will drift out of this tunnel and find yourself in a far greater light, you will find that you are actually in the astral world. The grass about will be greener, far greener than you ever thought possible. And the waters about, perhaps a lake or a river, will be so clear that you will be able to see the bottom. It's a wonderful feeling, a wonderful sensation, and if you think of going to a certain place there will be a sort of “blink” and you will be at that place. Suppose, for instance, you've got out into the astral and for a time you float a few inches above the ground just looking about you, marveling at the conditions, wondering what to do next. You may want to explore in the astral world where everything is brilliant, where the colours are brighter, where there is a tingling sparkle in the air. Well, do so. It certainly will revitalize you. It will build up your psychic powers enormously. It is far better to do this and have some “spiritual feeding”. If you do that you will find you will have no difficulty whatever in getting into the astral on any other occasion, but if you want to rush off some-

where for some materialistic purpose then you will find a few shocks.

Suppose you want to go and see XY to see what he is doing; immediately you think of him and think of his location you get there, but you have left the brilliant surroundings and the healthy atmosphere of the astral world, instead you are back on Earth again—in the astral state, admitted—still seeing things as people see them on Earth, dull colours, dull people, muddy water, and if your friend, XY, is in a commercial mood you will find that his colours are pretty dim too, and you won't like it a bit.

My definite recommendation is that those who get into the astral world should stay in that world for perhaps half an hour to get accustomed to it, because then they will find it so very much easier to get into the astral on other occasions.

The big difficulty is with most people that they start off very well indeed, they start getting into the astral, and then their body creaks, they feel strange tugs and swayings, sometimes they get almost airsick because they are in such a state of nerves. Well, they get out of the body and then they panic, "Oh, what if I can't get back in again?" Immediately they have the thought—BONK!—and they are back in the body feeling, perhaps, a bit dizzy. And if you do ever get back into the body like that and you feel sick and dizzy, then make sure you lie very still and try to have a sleep, even though it be of only a few minutes, because until your astral body can get out of your physical body and realign itself and so enter correctly, you will have quite a bit of indisposition. So—no amount of aspirins will help you, all you need is to get out of your body again and back in properly. It's like getting up in the morning and finding you've got the

wrong shoe on the wrong foot, you wouldn't want to go about all day like that so you change your shoes to the right feet. In the same way, get out of your body again and back in properly.

So that's all there is to it. I say that anyone who can comply with the conditions can do astral travel—anyone at all. But if you are afraid or if you are doubtful then don't waste time because you won't astral travel.

Let me return to the original theme of this Chapter; religion. I have said a few things about the Christian religion and about the various fighting factions of that religion. I have said that I have no religion as Buddhism is not a religion, it is a Belief instead. All right, what do I think of Buddhism?

The more one studies Buddhism the more one can appreciate the intrinsic value of it AS A GUIDE TO LIVING, and the more one can realize that Gautama was negative in his outlook.

My personal Belief, which I have never put in print before, is that Gautama, the Prince, was too utterly sheltered from the hard facts of life, and then when he suddenly became confronted with suffering, pain and death, then it “turned his brain,” it gave him a severe psychic shock, it upset his sense of values, it destroyed something essential to his being. So the Prince Gautama left the Palace, left all the comforts he had known, and became utterly disillusioned. My personal Belief is that he became “negative.”

If one studies the Teachings of Gautama (let us say “Buddha” which is more normal to Western people) one will appreciate that Buddha was negative, everything was “no-ness,” “all life is suffering.” Well, we know that isn't true, don't we? There are good times in life as well as bad times. So I believe that Buddha became far too

negative in his outlook, but at the same time he did produce for the world some very very valuable precepts, and it was founded on the much older religion of Hinduism. So we have Hinduism as one of the older religions, and Buddha took valuable portions of the Hindu belief and formulated what was called Buddhism, in the same way that Christ did not wander in the Wilderness at all, instead He traveled through India and into Tibet studying all the time and being taught all the time the Higher Teachings of Hinduism, Buddhism the Islamic belief, and others, and from that He formulated that which became known in distorted form as Christianity. Again we must be sure that we realize that the “Christian” of Christ was not the very altered version which was propagated in the year 60 to increase the power of the priests. Now, I have been forbidden to mention anything about these priests in this particular book, but I have already written about them in many of my books. Just for one illustration, to see what I am trying to get over to you but because of the new conditions must not say outright—please read “The Hermit”, page 154. I still do not understand how a publisher who has published these things can now decide that they must not be published. It seems a question of double talk to me, but I am supposed to be—I have been told—too out-spoken. Anyway, I am not mealy-mouthed, am I?

Well, to get back to our bit about religion, these priests of the early days, because of their own peculiar-ah-“naughty-naughty” outlook on life (I hope no one is blushing?) taught that women were evil and everything about women was unclean, which, of course, is not the modern view at all. If you want to know the modern view just read about the Women’s Lib, and then you’ll

think that if women think that way then possibly they are unclean!

My own personal belief is that the only salvation available to the world at the present time is in a form of religion, it does not matter what sort of religion, any religion will do provided you really believe it. You have your belief, I will have mine, and if we are both people of good intention then it will not matter that possibly some of the terms we use are different. The world now is a very dissolute place. Instead of being disciplined young people do not respect age any more, children do not respect their parents. So if we make a religion which teaches such respect then we are several steps ahead of the rest, aren't we?

There must be a return to religion before the world can be set right, but one of the greatest things in religion is that we treat others as we would wish to be treated ourselves. That means we've got to share, we've got to give because, quite truly, it is far better to give than to receive, it certainly makes you feel better if you find that you have really helped some person. So—if we would all live as we think that other people should live instead of being a bit hellish ourselves and condemning anyone else who even looks the wrong way or is the wrong colour, then we would be doing something.

I try, as far as I am able, to live according to my own Belief, and as I look back through the days and weeks and months and years of quite a long life I see many things that I could have done better. But never mind, I've got to the stage now where I can do nothing more about it. Although I get bad tempered at times—plenty of you tell me so, anyway!—I still try to live according to my own Belief which is Do Unto Others As You Would Have Others Do Unto You.

There is another little saying well known in the Far East which also applies in living a better life. It is: “Let not the Sun go down upon your wrath.” In other words if you are having a fight with anyone make sure you knock him out and jump on him before darkness falls! Otherwise if you astral travel he may come along and give an astral bonk on some part of your anatomy.

Seriously, though, you should never end a day on a note of anger because it colours your reactions in the astral world, and it really does play havoc with your gastric secretions!

Well, I can now cease my role as a preacher and so I will dismount, complete with wheelchair, from my soap-box and say—that's the end of another Chapter, isn't it?

## CHAPTER FIVE

“Your covers are terrible—just like the cheapest kind of science fiction,” wrote the happy little soul who had to have SOMETHING about which to find fault. Normally I should have chucked his letter straight into the garbage bin and not given it a second thought, but unfortunately I have had such a lot of letters taking me to task for the covers of my books, particularly the cover of “The Third Eye”. I am told it is hideous, disgusting, beastly, enough to put anyone off, and all that sort of thing. Well, dear beloved Readers with love in your hearts, and those without any love anywhere, let me tell you this; I am just the author, you know, the poor fellow who writes some words and sends it off to a publisher. Now; I hope that

what I write gets published, I hope that sometime I may be able to get some illustrations in a book. In this particular book I wanted illustrations connected with the hollow Earth, etc., but the publisher is the only one who can say what the cover shall be, the author has no say whatever about the cover. In fact, most times the poor fellow doesn't see the cover until some irate reader sends him a copy with a devastatingly offensive letter blaming the author for everything.

I am responsible for the words but I am not responsible for the covers, nor am I responsible for the lack of illustrations, nor am I responsible for the quality or lack of quality of the paper. If you don't like those things—well, for Pete's sake, get out you pens or your typewriters and you write to the publisher and tell HIM off—not me. This is one time when I am innocent, there aren't many times when I'm innocent but this time—yes!

Another thing people complain to me about is what they claim is the high price of my books. Some people say the price is excessive. Well, I disagree emphatically. When people write to me complaining about the price of my books I remind them that they will go to a cinema or theatre, or go out drinking their heads off, or they will spend money on cigarettes, and not complain at all about it, and yet for the price they pay for my books they can have a completely new outlook on life—or on death. So take it from me, I think the price of my books is extremely reasonable, and I wish the publisher would double that price!

Now Gail Jordan writes to me and asks me some questions. One question is—”Is it wrong for a woman to cut her hair? Does it interfere with her aura or her spiritual vibration in any way?”

No, of course not. Hair is just a bit of growth which

really doesn't matter at all. All this stuff about Samson being weak as a result of having his hair cut is a mistranslation. What happened was the poor fellow was beguiled too much by Delilah and he got too energetic sexwise and that really weakened him!

So, ladies, cut your hair if you want to, shave the whole darn lot off if you want to. In fact, when you become a Women's Libber you will probably have to shave the whole lot off and glue it on your chin to show you are the equal to a man and that you have a beard.

Question Two from the same person is that I mentioned in one of my books that a man and woman could be compatible if their vibrations were on the same level. How does a man and a woman reach the same level of vibration?

Well by having the same sort of nature. It's not like tuning a piano. You have to make sure that these two people like each other, that they can put up with the undoubted faults of the other. There is no other way to do it. If they like the same type of reading, the same type of music, the same type of entertainment—well then, undoubtedly their vibrations will be much the same.

It is not possible to know when you are marrying the right partner, but nowadays marriage seems to be a very haphazard business. I know a young couple who have been living together without marriage for four years, they got on quite well together. Then they got married, and they have been knocking each other's head off ever since. Again, near where I live, there is a young woman who is now in a state of hating everyone because she got married and after a week or two found that marriage was not what she expected so without giving marriage a chance she rushed off and got a divorce. Now she is a bitter, frustrated woman and certainly looks it.

Marriage is a very important business, and like all important businesses it should not be entered into lightly. There is a lot of give and take in marriage, and nowadays women are such spoiled babies, such arrant Women's Libbers with their equality stunt that they just do not give marriage a chance to work, and the way things are going on soon there won't be any more marriages. Soon people will just live together for a time and have a baby, and then when the Communist State comes the State will take over the baby's welfare and that's all there will be to it, and so there will be a breakdown of civilization.

Let me tell you something; women nowadays are neurotic, they go off their heads at the drop of a hat because they are trying to compete with men and they are not organically equipped to compete with men in all fields of work. So they get frustrated and they have a mental breakdown. Well, it shows they are a bit loose in the top story to go in for this Women's Lib stuff, anyway.

In the old days a woman looked after her family, she looked after the children and she was healthy. She was also happy. You don't see happy women nowadays, they are always ready to move the chip on their shoulder and toss it in some man's face.

Another question, "What is your astrological sign?" That I never tell. I think it is an impertinence to ask. If I wanted people to know my astrological sign or my birth data, then I would have told them so in my books. So, I have had a lot of letters from would-be astrologers who were going to set the world alight with their brilliance, who wanted to know my data so they could work out my horoscope for me, but they never get a polite answer from me.

Say—Miss Jordan has a lot of questions; here is the

fourth one, “As a person reincarnates does he follow the signs in order beginning with Aries and ending with Pisces?”

No he doesn't. He comes not merely in the sign but in the quadrant of the sign which will afford him the best opportunity for learning in that life that which he has to learn in that life. He has eventually to live through every sign, and every quadrant of every sign, not, as I said, in the order of the Zodiac. And he may have to live dozens of lives in just one quadrant of one sign because, remember, we live thousands of lives on Earth.

Five, “You stated in one of your books that music could raise one's level of vibration so that one can become more spiritual. Could you list some composers, songs, musical arrangements, etc.?”

No, of course not, because what suits some people does not suit others. I, for example, am very partial to Chinese and Japanese music and some of the Western music really sets my nerves on edge, I don't know why people like it. So if I gave my own list of music the average Westerner would get a pain in his eardrums. So each person has to find the music which is most suitable for him, but I tell you here and now, most most definitely—most emphatically—that people are ruining themselves with this awful “rock” music, and this awful jazz muck. Such music—if one can use such a term for such a conglomeration of noise—causes nerve strain. Look at some of the young people, the hippies, for instance, who go in for these rock festivals—well, they are a dim looking lot, aren't they? Most of them look as if they are drop-outs from some mental home. Just take a look at them yourself and see what you think.

All right, here's your last question Gail Jordan: “Have you ever heard of the chain letter that has gone around

the world a number of times? After a person receives this letter he is supposed to send it to twenty people. Supposedly, according to the letter, if you don't continue the chain death will follow. Anyway, this letter has frightened and upset many people, especially older people. What do you think about it?"

I think that the people who write these chain letters should get their brains tested, always assuming that one can find some brains to test. I have had quite a lot of these ridiculous things sent to me, and if possible I trace the last sender and send back the letter together with a reply which is hoped will singe his eyebrows. I think chain letters are the epitome of crassness. I just don't understand why people place any belief in such arrant nonsense; of course you won't die if you fail to send on these letters. If there had been any truth in it I would have died many many times during the past twenty years. So in my opinion if you get one of these letters try to trace anyone on the list and send it back with an expression of your opinion about the mental stability of the person who sent it. It shakes them; I have had some of them write back to me and apologize and really sincerely thank me. You try it and see!

Now I've got a letter here—I wish it were compulsory to use typewriters because I've got a letter here which is making me go cross-eyed. Anyway, the question is, "You said that the Overself sends down puppets for the purpose of experience. My question is, once an entity experiences the things it was sent down to do does it go back to the Overself and become part of the Overself's mind? Does a person lose his identity as an individual or does he become good friends with his Overself? I personally don't like the idea of just being a part of an entity's mind. I want to remain me. Could you explain this in more

detail as I have not found that particular answer in your books.”

Well, there is such a lot of confusion about this puppet business; you have to remember that an actor when he is on the stage doing some particular role actually “lives” as that particular identity. But when the show is over and he goes home to his lodgings he can forget all about being Prince Dimwit or someone like that. So the Overself, which cannot be comprehended in the third dimension, is the eventual entity of a human, and the Overself sends down “tentacles” or “puppets” to gather certain information. You might say that you have the head of a detective agency who sits in his office and gathers information by his operatives, those operatives report to him and give him a complete picture of that which he needs to know.

Eventually, after eons of time, all the puppets come together and form the complete entity of the Overself.

Question—”What will happen to people who are involved in Black Witchcraft? As it is a tool for self-gain they must be creating bad karma. Will they come back as priests, etc.?”

Unfortunately there is a lot of nonsense written about magic, black, white, or any other colour. Most times the black magic person is just living in a fool's paradise. He or she has no power and cannot cast any bad spells, so the only person being harmed is the black magician and he is just being foolish, he is just delaying his evolution. So if a man or woman is a stupid black magician in this life, then that life is deemed to be wasted and the life does not count. So he comes back and starts over where he left on the life before the black magic one.

Of course if the black magician somehow causes harm to another person then it is a black mark added to his

karma and it has to be paid back, but don't wish the poor fellow such a fate that he has to come back as a priest or something because he won't be that important.

Question—"I have practiced my psychic abilities and though I am okay at telepathy I can't seem to acquire the other abilities no matter how hard I try. How can I find my purpose another way? Should I try? Also, how can I find out how many more lives I have on Earth?"

You say you are okay at telepathy but you cannot seem to manage to do the other metaphysical things. Well, I am going to put it to you quite plainly that we are not all gifted in all branches of psychic stuff. Consider just the ordinary, everyday life. As an example you might be able to write, but can you draw? And if you can draw can you write and do sculpture? Most people can do one or two things entirely satisfactorily, but if they are going to excel at all the metaphysical arts then they have to have training starting even before seven years of age, and while I can do everything I write about I have other defects, there are a lot of things I can't do, I can't paint, for instance, I couldn't even paint the wall of a room with whitewash. So we all have our skills, and we all have our lack of skills, and the best thing we can do is to make the most of what we have.

There are certain people we call a genius. Most times such a person is exceedingly brilliant in one line only and in other things he has, more or less, to be led around because all his brain power goes to one specific subject to the detriment of his general knowledge ability.

Question—"People are paying a very large sum of money for Transcendental Meditation. It is a type of meditation that uses neither concentration nor contemplation. It is supposed to just happen when you learn

your mantra. I feel that I am more relaxed, etc., but you suggest contemplative meditation. I agree with you as I am a person who thinks about everything. Do you think it is wrong to pay such large sums of money for a course on Transcendental Meditation? My better judgment tells me that somebody is making money out of me and I am being foolish.”

Personally I think that people are quite crazy if they want to pay a lot of money for this Transcendental Meditation stuff. I don't even know what it really means. To me it is just a gimmick to get money out of people because you either meditate or you don't meditate, you either walk or you run or you stay still. Now, if you are going to look at a thing are you going to look at it with goose eyes or are you going to look at it sensibly? Lets start a new cult, shall we, and charge a big sum of money. Let's tell people that they can see things better if they look at it with goose eyes. Let's charge them a few hundred dollars. Soon we shall be able to retire and get away from it all.

The Germans, you may remember, used to do a march called the Goose Step. Of course it was very pretty to a distorted mind, but the act of doing the Goose Step was most exhausting for the soldiers. Transcendental Meditation for which I believe you pay a lot of money, is just, in my opinion, a stupid gimmick. You don't need it. All you need is . . . MEDITATION. That is my honest opinion for which you have asked.

Question—”Can you see a person's aura in a letter or on it? How much can you tell about a person other than the words they write down? I feel really depressed because I don't know why I am here or where I am going or who I am. Can you help me?”

Yes, I can see an aura through a letter. It is by psy-

chometry, though, and that is not so clear as when seeing the actual physical aura. If an aura is to be seen properly and to be of any real use to a person, that person has to be here with me in a room and at least twelve feet from another other person, and the person must be entirely without clothes. Not only that, he or she has to stay without clothes for about half an hour while the effect of the clothes wears off. After all, you wouldn't examine a painting if it was still in its wrappings, would you?

It really does amaze me how difficult it is to obtain women to help in aura research. I understand that there are some remarkable magazines which show "all" and a bit more, some of the illustrations, I am told, are nearly good enough to be used as an anatomical text book. Now, young women, it seems, are most happy to pose definitely in the altogether if they can have themselves photographed and the pictures circulated throughout the world. But when it comes to helping aura research—oh dear, dear, no—they take fright immediately!

I had a woman write to me and say that she was nearly dying with anxiety to help me with aura research. She was quite willing to take off her clothes and stand to be examined or even photographed. She was apparently willing to swear on a stack of Bibles and a stack of Playboy's and Playgirl's too. So, being old and foolish, I saw the woman and—no, nothing would induce her to part with her clothes. She is another of the ones who told me that she had made that offer as a method of getting to see me, but she didn't stay long. It does strike me as truly remarkable that some of these women nowadays will go to bed with any man but they will not take off their clothes for an honest, sincere investigation of the aura. I have had women tell me quite bluntly that they would be delighted to go to bed with me . . . in the dark! Well, I

am not interested in that, I live as a monk and I am not interested in the female anatomy except in so far as it will help me with auric research, and that research has come to a standstill for the specific reason that I lack money for equipment and I lack women who will part with their panties!

I have a question here which seems to be a bit remarkable—"Tell me how many more lives I have on Earth."

That seems to be a peculiar question, doesn't it? It is like a person starting school saying, "Tell me when I shall leave school." The answer, of course, depends on such a lot of things. This person who wants to know how many more lives he has—well, what is his state of evolution now? What task is he doing on Earth? How well is he doing that task? Is he trying to help others, or is he interested only in helping himself? Does he intend to go on trying to improve himself, or is he going to engage in all sorts of hellishness? (if a thing can be heavenly, surely it can be hellish as an opposite?)

It is not possible to say how many more lives a person has because the number of lives to be lived depends entirely on the behavior of the person concerned. It is much like some of these prison sentences being handed out in the U.S.A. nowadays where a person is sentenced to an indeterminate time such as "One to four years." That is, if the person becomes a paragon of virtue in prison and doesn't blot his copybook even once then he can be out in one year, but if he does all the devilment that he can think of he is going to be kept there for the complete four years. So there you are, Mr. So-and-So, the answer to your question is that it all depends on you, on how you behave, so you'd better be good!

Now we've got a gentleman living in South Africa who

has a series of questions which are certainly acceptable for this book. Let's have a look at them, shall we?

“Will the Communists eventually take over this country?”

Yes, in my belief a form of Communism will sweep the world because, you see, nowadays women in particular are trying to get what they call “equality” and they are really gumming up the works. In the old days a man used to go out and earn the money for the living and the woman used to stay at home and look after the family. Nowadays that doesn't happen any more. A woman gets married, goes back to the factory the next day, and eventually, if she is unlucky, she has a baby. She stays home getting full pay, otherwise she shouts, “Discrimination,” and then almost as soon as the baby is born it is shoved out with some day nursery people while the mother goes back to the factory. That is all the fault of the capitalists, you know, because their advertising makes people believe they HAVE to have all these wonderful luxuries like at least two cars in every garage, washing machines, TV's, a house in the country, a boat, and all the rest of it. So they rush out and buy these things which they can't afford because they have to “keep up with the Joneses”, and then they get their credit cards and they pay interest on those charges. Eventually they are so deeply in debt that they dare not stay away from work. Both husband and wife have to work. Sometimes the husband or the wife has to take double jobs—“moonlighting”—and all the time their indebtedness is increasing.

But worse than that, the offspring are brought up without any parental discipline, without any parental love, and so he or she eventually ends up on the streets lounging about on street corners and falling under the domina-

tion of a stronger child who more often than not is evilly inclined. And so we get gangs of hoodlums running about the streets, engaging in vandalism, beating up old people just for the fun of it. I have been reading of a case quite recently where a poor old man, over 65 years of age, was beaten up and robbed by a woman, not only that but she even took his artificial leg!! Now what would a woman want with an artificial leg? Anyway, as long as we have such an undisciplined society we are ripe for Communism. Already we have Socialism. You should go to British Columbia and live under the Government there. I was glad to get away from it! I believe, then, that a modified form of Communism will sweep the world and only when people are willing to live at home and raise a family properly will Communism pass away.

After a much worse time than we have having now—and we are having a bad enough time now, aren't we?—we will have an age when people will slowly awaken from the false values which there are in the world today. Unfortunately people nowadays are hypnotized by advertisements, they believe they simply HAVE to have certain things, they fall prey to subliminal advertising carried out at the cinemas and by television. A person will watch a TV program and will then after it get up like a person in a dream and stumble out to a car and rush off to some super-market, and come back laden with goods which he or she had no intention of buying and really has no possible use for, all because he or she was unduly influenced by advertising. All that will have to end, and at the risk of appearing to be an old boor I say again that there will have to be a return to some form of religion. People will have to break free of the shackles of selfishness because now they want—want—want—and they don't particularly mind how they get it. We have the

age of the “rip-off” wherein young people think it is definitely dishonorable to pay for things, instead they go into stores and shops and they make a definite practice of stealing. They go in numbers and they distract the shopkeeper or clerk, and while that poor wretch is distracted accomplices race through the store and just take anything they want, anything that takes their fancy. I have seen it happen when I was in Vancouver. I sat in Denman Mall, in my wheelchair of course, and I actually watched this happen, and I reported it to a sales clerk who just shrugged her shoulders and said, “But what can I do? I can't run after them or the whole store will be taken while my back is turned.” So—there will not be a Golden Age until people have had very very much more suffering, they will have to go through all manner of hardships until their psyche gets such a battering that they cannot take hardships any more and so they awaken from their almost-hypnotized state of being a tool to the advertising people. But even then they won't get much satisfaction out of life until the woman stays at home and forgets her Women's Lib aspirations and raises a family with decency, dignity, and discipline.

There is another question here—“Will the next Master or Spiritual Leader begin his reign before or after the future World War? Surely the intelligent beings that will eventually settle here from afar are more spiritually advanced than one from Earth?”

We cannot have a real “Leader” until people are ready for him. They will have to suffer much more first, and I am going to tell you now that none of these much advertised, much touted “Guru's” are in anyway to be regarded as a World Leader. I have in mind one young man who has made a real packet out of being a “spiritual leader.” Apparently he has gone back to India and his own Gov-

ernment—and the income tax authorities!—have caught up with him.

There is a Leader already ready for this Earth, but until conditions are suitable here on Earth he doesn't have a chance, and so he will not make his presence known until the conditions are suitable. After all, what is a hundred years or so, or a thousand years or so, in the lifetime of a world? You see, all this civilization will eventually pass away and others will come, rise up, collapse and pass away to make room for others because this Earth is just a training school, and if we don't make a good job of it now—well, we keep on coming back until we have more sense.

We people who write books get all manner of strange letters, for instance I have had quite a few letters from people who tell me that they are tired of being pushed around, they've seen an advertisement for Karate, or judo, or any of the Eastern “martial arts,” and they are going to rush off and take a course so that—according to them—right after the first lesson they can go out and really toss a bully over their shoulders, and what do I think about it?

I think such people are stupid. To start with, in my firm belief, many of these people who advertise these Karate Courses or other Courses, especially when they are by correspondence, really should be prosecuted because you just cannot teach such things by correspondence. And furthermore, one should never try to learn Karate or judo, or any of those things, except from an acknowledged and licensed teacher of the art.

Nowadays it seems to me as an interested and trained observer, that a lot of young punks get hold of a paperback about the art of disabling the opposition. He—the young punk—reads it, and then he thinks, “Oh gee

there's a real packet of money to be made out of this!" So then he has a wonderful idea, he will re-write the book as a correspondence course, and then he will get his girl friend topless and almost bottomless as well and he will have some photographs taken showing how a small girl can throw a big man. Then the advertisement is put in suitable, gullible publications, and the money comes pouring in, and the suckers really queue up to put their money into something which really isn't suitable for them.

People ask me what I think of it, and I have a standard question. It is: "All right, you are being mugged after you have taken five lessons of a self-defense course, but what are you going to do if you attacker has taken ten lessons? If he gets too much opposition from you—if you make his act of robbery too troublesome, then he is really going to beat you up, whereas previously he would only take your money."

The Police, I believe almost without any exception, advise a person to keep quiet, not to put up any opposition, because if a mugger or robber is desperate and he meets opposition, then quite likely what was going to have been a simple act of robbery could turn into rape or actual mutilation. It could even turn into murder. If you do not resist a robber but instead observe very carefully what he is like, how big he is; is he tall, thin, fat, any particular mannerisms, what is his speech like? Look at him carefully, study him—without appearing to do so—so that you can give the Police a good accurate description of the attacker. You must be able to describe him accurately, the colour of his hair, for instance, colour of eyes, the shape of his mouth and ears, and any special peculiarities, for instance, does it appear that he is left-handed, does he limp, is there some distinctive item of

dress which would enable you to identify him after? Remember, if he is arrested on your description you may have to go to the Police Station and identify him in a Police line-up, and you won't half look stupid if you identify a plain-clothes Policeman who has been stuck in there just to add to the number! So my strong advice is keep calm, don't panic, and observe the attacker or robber very carefully making mental notes of anything worthwhile.

The best advice I can give you is—don't go in for these silly cults, they won't do you any good.

Another thing that people write to me about is these weapons which are advertised in so many magazines nowadays. It is usually for a thing that looks like a fountain pen, it is about the size of a fountain pen, and it is advertised as protection against attackers. It is a gas gun. You just wait until you are attacked and then you grab this apparent fountain pen and press the end. From the other end there emerges a cloud of noxious gas which will disable a person for perhaps twenty to thirty minutes.

In theory this is a wonderful idea for protecting YOU, but think; can you be sure that wind conditions are right for YOU? If the wind is blowing against you the gas cloud will not go out to your attacker but will gas you, and the attacker will have the biggest laugh of his life as he sees you writhing on the ground under the influence of your own defense weapon. All he's got to do then is to bend down, take your watch, any jewelry you have, and you are quite helpless, there is nothing you can do about it. So—a strong, strong piece of advice is—when you see these advertisements for gas guns just smile with superior knowledge, and do not buy. You may be laying a trap for yourself if you do buy.

Remember this; the Police are trained to find robbers, they are trained to deal with attackers, and if you go and try to defend yourself then you will find that if you get thoroughly beat up or your throat slit, or something else, you won't get much sympathy from the Police or from anyone else. Leave it to the Police, that's the safest way. I am very, very unhappy about some of the advertisements which appear in various publications nowadays. For instance, people often send me advertisements which indicate that some crummy little firm has been advertising that they are making items specially designed by Lobsang Rampa, or—items which are made in Lobsang Rampa's workshop. Let me, then, get this clear now once and for all; I do not make any items at all, I have no workshop. Instead I spend most of my time in bed or in a wheelchair, and I have no facilities and no inclination for making anything of this nature.

I have no business enterprises of any kind whatsoever, and I am not connected with any firm at all, not connected directly nor indirectly. There are two people only who can in any way use my name; they are Mr. Sowter of A Touch Stone Ltd., 33 Ashby Road, Loughborough, Leicestershire, England, and Mr. Ed Orłowski of Covehead, York P.O., P.E.I., Canada. For these two people I have designed certain things and given them permission to manufacture AS BEING DESIGNED BY ME AND MADE BY THEM. Now, apart from those two people no one else at all has any right to claim that they are associated with me or are making items of my design. If they do claim that they have items of mine and they are not called Sowter or Orłowski, then you can be sure they are definite out and out frauds.

I mention this, because there have been so many of these sprouting evil growths advertising in psychic maga-

zines. They advertise as if they are associated with me, as if they are bosom friends of mine, whereas, actually, they are usually quite the reverse. So will you keep that in mind? You have been warned!

## CHAPTER SIX

Conditions had been very trying of late. There had been a terrible influx of letters, sometimes well over a hundred letters each day, and people got so irritated if they had to wait a day or two for a reply.

The pains had been increasing and the general type of weather had been making me feel worse and worse. Night after night I tossed restlessly in my hospital bed at home, and at last one night I couldn't stand it any longer.

Mrs. Rampa nearly burned out the telephone lines trying to find a doctor who would do a house call. One awful woman doctor was most discourteous and most inhumane: "Take him off to hospital," she said, "it's the only thing to do with people like that." Well, my wife phoned around and phoned around place after place, but no doctor was willing to do a house call.

I passed the night in truly considerable agony wondering whatever had happened to the medical profession. Surely the medical profession was dedicated to the relief of suffering, surely one of the elementary precepts was "Do no harm". It was, indeed, doing me harm leaving me in my state of suffering, but for that night there was to be no relief, no ease. The dismal hours wore on and all through the night the traffic roared by my window. One

of the remarkable things about Calgary is that traffic continues unabated throughout the twenty-four hours, it seems that the traffic never ceases, but that is to be expected of a city which has the greatest number of cars to the population in North America.

At last the first dim glimmerings of light began to filter in my window, and then once again there was the effort to try to find a doctor who would do a house call. Some of you may wonder why I wasn't rushed off to hospital. The answer to that is simple; hospitals nowadays do not like to take a patient unless there is a definite order, or committal from a General Practitioner. There have been so many cases reported lately of patients being turned away from hospitals, in fact, just about the time of my increasing illness a case had been reported of a person who had been taken to hospital and who had been refused. The poor wretched sufferer had been taken to a number of hospitals and refused from each one, and then he died at home. At the Inquest it all came out, but because I was ill at the time I rather lost track of what happened although I believe the whole thing was hushed-up by the hospital authorities.

At about midday we were successful in getting a doctor call upon me. He came, he looked, and he phoned the ambulance. In about twenty minutes the ambulance men came, and very smart, very efficient young men they were. They were the most considerate ambulance men I have had; and I have been in hospitals in England, Germany, France, Russia and a few other places. But these young men really knew their job. They got me on their mobile stretcher and they got me out of the door, and then one of them said proudly, "You're only the second patient to ride in this ambulance, its only been delivered to us today." Yes, and a nice ambulance it was, too. My

stretcher was slid inside, one of the attendants got in with me, and off we drove to the Foothills Hospital.

Soon we were rolling along the new road leading to the hospital. Soon after there was a sudden darkening as we entered the Ambulance bay. Without any red tape, without any lost time, my stretcher was slid out and on to the wheeled trolley again, and the two ambulance men pushed me through corridors and into an elevator.

Smoothly the elevator moved upwards and came to a stop without a jerk. I was maneuvered most carefully down another corridor and into a ward, and I must again say that these two young men knew their job, they were efficient, they were gentle, so different from some others from whom I have suffered.

The Foothills Hospital is perhaps the best hospital in Calgary, the most efficient, the most modern. It is a “warm” place where people “care,” and I must say that the time I spent there was as pleasant as the nurses and orderlies could make it. No one is going to be so foolish as to say that the treatment is pleasant, it is as I said to the Income Tax people when they tried to query why I should have a wheelchair—well, surely one doesn't have a wheelchair for pleasure, it is a matter of necessity for the disabled—and in the same way the treatment in the hospital was not enjoyable but it was made as painless as possible by the care and devotion of the medical staff.

At other hospitals there has been absolutely no human thought, but for the Foothills Hospital—I was so impressed that when I left I wrote to the Medical Director and Administrator specifically praising certain nurses and a certain orderly, an orderly who really did go beyond the limit of his strict duty to make things easier for sufferers.

Naturally enough, I hope I never go in the Foothills

Hospital again, but undoubtedly I shall have to go to a hospital and my choice without any reservations would be that one again—the Foothills Hospital of Calgary, about the best hospital that one can meet—if one does meet a hospital.

But home again, not cured, naturally. I was feeling quite ill and the work on this book is hard going, hard going because when one has had as much suffering as I have had then the body rebels at extra work. Never mind, I have said that this book will be written, and it will be written.

Today I have been out again for the second time since I came home from the hospital. Biggs is still here, and will be here for about a week more. We went up into the foothills and once again I discovered the disadvantages of being a “sensitive” because we passed an old Indian encampment, the scene of a massacre, and the worse I am in health the more psychic I become and at one stage I had to close my eyes because I could “see” the Indians and the battle raging. It was so vivid that it was, to me, as plain as was the car in which I sat, and it is a frightening thing to go driving through a massacre.

Even Biggs, the driver, not claiming to be a “sensitive”, could still feel something as if his hair was standing on end.

It was very pleasant, though, up in the higher ground looking out across the city. But, like so many other cities nowadays, the atmosphere is polluted. We have oil wells all around Calgary and they spew fumes into the air day and night. In my ignorance I always marvel that the fumes lie around the city. We are 3,500 feet above sea level, the highest city in Canada, and I rather wondered why the fumes didn't go rolling down to the Prairies. Never mind, one day perhaps I shall know the reason,

but it is disheartening to look out and to see this ring of brown fog all around the city.

Back from my tour into the foothills—work again because the work must go on no matter what.

Before we go on answering the type of questions in which you are mostly interested, let me answer a question which is very frequently put to me:—"I just don't understand this address of yours, BM/TLR, London, England, doesn't seem much of an address to me." People do not believe that that is a proper address and so they engage in all manner of strange devices to make sure that the Post Office authorities in England know that the letter is meant for me. So I am going to take a little space to give a free advertisement to a very fine firm.

Many, many years ago a man in England decided that it would be a wonderful convenience for travelers and others who did not want their address commonly known to have an arrangement with the British Post Office whereby he could have a general address which was British Monomarks, London W.C.1, and any correspondence bearing the BM would be sent to a firm which he organized.

Then for a very modest sum he provided people with what are called Monomark addresses. The cheapest type are those which are allotted to one which could be, by way of example, BM/1234. But if you want to use your own initials you could do as I have done, my Monomark is BM/TLR. Now, the BM stands for British Monomarks, and when the Post Office sorters see the BM they know it is for British Monomarks and, of course, the letter is then delivered to British Monomarks. British Monomarks know that the BM is their bit, and so they go by the second bit TLR in this case. So they put TLR mail in a box and about two or three times a week the mail is sent

on to me either by having sticky labels stuck over the BM bit or by being packed in a big envelope, it depends on what one wants.

There is another type of BM Monomark too, but that is a BCM and that is for firms, it means a commercial Monomark. Mine is a private type but if I was a big firm I would have a British Commercial Monomark. In twenty years I have not had a single complaint against British Monomarks, and it is truly a matter of complete amazement to me how carefully they deal with the mail and how infallible they are. Just think, I get a vast amount of mail from all over the world—even from Moscow!—and Monomarks don't pinch the foreign stamps off the envelopes and they don't make any mistakes, either. So if you want to find out more about them all you have to do is to write to BCM/MONO, London W.C.1, England, and they will give you all the information you need. But I want to take this opportunity of most sincerely congratulating the Monomark firm for the absolutely wonderful service they give. Take my own case; I move about, I have been to other countries and I have been all around Canada, and yet all I have to do is to write to Monomarks and tell them that as from such-and-such a date please forward all mail to (my new address) , and without any mistakes whatever the mail arrives.

Let me tell you this, it's worth telling, or worth reading; a little time ago there was a most unfortunate occurrence. A lady of my acquaintance—a friend of mine—had a little nerve trouble and, I suppose, she was worried about the troubles I was having with the press. So she wrote to British Monomarks and told them to send all my mail to her address. She made it appear that it was a definite request from me.

British Monomarks are truly an experienced firm. They did not take her at her word, they were not deluded . . . they wrote to me to see what my instructions were. Well, I nearly blew a fuse, but then I calmed down and realized that you don't just throw over a friend for a little mistake caused perhaps by nerve strain, so I told Monomarks to send my mail on to me as before. Really I cannot praise them too highly. You may think I am "going overboard" about them, but that is not so at all. One's mail is important, and it is vital to all of us that we can absolutely depend on those who forward our mail. You CAN depend on Monomarks! So-thank you, ladies and gentlemen of the Monomark Staff.

Mrs. Rouse—alias Buttercup—tells me I look like Doc of the Seven Dwarfs when I am getting ready for work. Well, I am not sure she doesn't really mean Dopey, but anyway I suppose I do look a queer old fellow stuck in a wheelchair surrounded by masses of letters containing even more masses of questions. Never mind, I have been asked to write this book, and I am writing the thing in spite of feeling like something the cat brought in-and left behind in a hurry. So let's get on with our questions and answers, shall we?

Oh glory be, oh glory be—I've let myself in for something now! Here is the first question which I have just picked up, so you'd better sit back and polish up your glasses if you wear the things, and get a load of this: "Considering we are three dimensional beings evolving (hopefully) into the fourth dimension, it follows logically that we came from a second dimension and before that a first. The first question is, is this digression true, and if so what were we before the first dimension, and what spiritual attainment did we need to advance. Now, to further complicate things, if the first and second do not

exist in our evolution as we theorized before then where do we originate from before the third dimension!?”

Now, I hope your head is not going around as much as mine is because actually this is true enough, you know, we do evolve from a one dimensional being. Consider, for example, an amoeba. You could logically, I suppose, consider the lowly amoeba as being a one dimensional creature, and all life evolves from a single-celled entity, and the single cell grows other cells and then eventually fission occurs to make two or more entities. That is the earliest stage of evolution. But anyway, actually, this is not a question that we can answer satisfactorily because the one dimensional creature would have no more understanding of our third dimensional world than a person can have of the sixth dimensional world while here. So we have to take certain things on trust. There are some people who really blind themselves with science, as the saying is. They try to formulate questions beyond their own understanding. So—we do evolve from a one dimensional entity right up to uncountable, unmentionable dimensions until at last we become one with the Overself, and then when we are one with the Overself the Overself is complete, and then it too has to go on to further evolution. You cannot have things stationary in any form of nature, nothing is stationary. You can't stand still on a tightrope, for instance. If you try to you've got to keep on wobbling or swaying in order to maintain your apparently stationary posture, and if you are wobbling you are not stationary, are you? So all life is movement, all life is vibration, and the more we evolve the more vibrations we set into motion.

Would it help at all if I say to the musicians we can have one simple note, middle C, if you like (that's the only one I know!), and then you can take that as being a

one dimensional being. But then when you progress so that you can use two hands on your piano and you can play a multiple chord, you can say that you are now up to three, or four, or five dimensions in terms of vibration, because, whether we like it or not, music no matter how beautiful is still just a collection of vibrations which “get on” with each other.

I am sorry I can't answer that more specifically, but you would not teach newborn babies the calculus, would you?

Now here is a question which is sure to get me in trouble. Some people write and tell me that I am opposed to Jews. Believe me, that is definitely not the case! I get on extremely well with Jewish people, I suppose as a Buddhist I have some sympathy with them; most of them certainly have sympathy with me.

“You have said that Jewish people are a group who were kept back to try it again in this Round of existence. Does this mean that Jewish people are always Jews throughout their lives on Earth?”

No, it doesn't mean that at all. Let's forget about Jews and Christians and Buddhists, let's have a look at a school. All right, we are in our school; we've got a bunch of Grade Two hoodlums and they have reached the end of term, now they are being put through their paces by way of examinations to see if their stupid brains have absorbed any knowledge during the past term. Some of them can pass the examinations, probably through good fortune more than anything else. But, anyway, the ones who pass go up to Grade Three. The poor wretches who do not pass get kept in Grade Two. Now, when they are in Grade Two for the second time they feel inferior and superior at the same time. They feel inferior in that they were not brainy enough to pass the examinations and get

promoted, but they feel superior to the new crowd who have come into Grade Two, and so sometimes they act in a most unbearable manner. You feel it would be a pleasure to take a cane and tan their backsides until they turned into leather.

Jews are people who, on another Round of existence or another Cycle of existence—call it what you will—did not pass the end of term examinations, so they have been kept back in this particular class for another go, and some of them feel arrogant, some of them feel inferior, but the rest of the people resent the Jews because they have so much more innate knowledge.

I get on with Jews very well, I understand them, they understand me, and no Jew has ever tried to convert me to anything. Gentiles have. Sometimes stupid old biddies with a touch of religious mania make life a misery by sending me tracts, pamphlets, Bibles, “good words” in verse—and they get worse and worse—and all the rest. Sometimes they will send me ornamental crucifixes or pictures which I am supposed to hang up all around me. Well, all the junk of that sort goes in the garbage, I don't need anyone to tell me what my religion is going to be. I have one even though I am a Buddhist—I have my own private beliefs, Buddhism is just a way of life.

Anyway, Jews are nearly always far better behaved than Christians, aren't they? Look at Jewish children, how well they are disciplined. Look at Jewish adults. If they are treated properly they are fine people, and I am proud to number certain wonderful Jewish people as my friends.

There weren't any Jews before Abraham, anyway, or they weren't called Jews before that. Before that they had a completely different classification. One might say

the G.I. Joe suddenly becomes Joe Doakes, it's just a case of being a rose by another name.

So a short answer would be that a person is not necessarily a Jew after this particular cycle because after he has "learned his lessons" he will be promoted to the next class where—hopefully—there won't even be Christians. Look at it like this—in school a second grader is one who couldn't pass his examinations but if at the next examinations he does pass then he might be promoted to a third grade.

One lady is having trouble, it seems. She wants to know, "Is there herbal birth control that you know of? Is there any form you would recommend that is practiced now?"

I have never set up as a birth control specialist and, of course, people in Far Eastern countries use only herbs to control conception and these herbs are infallible. But what is the point, madam, of telling you about them if you can't go out and get them—and you can't. So I think the kindest advice I can give you is that if you feel "that way" you'd better go along to your local birth control clinic and get their advice.

Oh, tut tut, dear me. Some people get really nasty at times, don't they? I've got a "gentleman" here who tells me in the most vicious way possible that I am out to make a "fast buck" writing books and if I were in any way genuine I would see that a special Index was prepared so that he wouldn't have the trouble (HE, mind you!) of looking through all my books to find out something hidden in a mass of stupid words.

Well, of course, I would like to have an Index but no one else seems to want it. I would like, in fact, to have a separate book such as, for example, a sixteenth book, and the sixteenth book would be nothing but an Index. All

right, then, would you Readers be prepared to pay for a book which was nothing but an Index? If so write and tell my publisher. You will find the address in this book. He won't provide it free, that's certain, because he too has to make a living. Anyway, if people read my books properly they should have an adequate knowledge of what is in them. Did I tell you I had had a letter from a woman in California, she told me that she had read "You—Forever" in half an hour, and if I was anything of a writer I would put all the meat of the book in half a chapter!! I am still marveling that a person can read a book such as "You—Forever" in half an hour—still marveling and still disbelieving.

A gentleman in France seems to be very worried about his future. He tells me that, "Perhaps I have evil put my question to you but they seem to have provoked you a little paradoxical answers opposite which you in your books express. Far be it from me to address a reproach to you, but on the contrary a fervent desire for weel to understand you. You say in your letter that the Mediterranean will be quite safe, on the other hand I believe to remember that in the one of your books you speak of submersion for the periphery of the sea."

Well, I still say I am right. The Mediterranean will eventually have the seabed rise so that what is now water will become land. I told this enquirer in a letter that he would be quite safe, and I still say that he will be quite safe from such a disaster. You see, people think of their own lifetime and they think that that is all eternity, but it isn't. If a catastrophe is going to happen in perhaps a hundred years then a person who might have, perhaps, twenty years of life left is quite safe from that disaster. People write to me and ask me if they should flee to the Rockies or should they go somewhere else, and they get

quite offensive when I tell them that in my opinion they will be quite safe where they are. Think of an old fellow of seventy writing to me in a horrible state of fright because he thinks the land is going to sink and he is going to get the top of his head wet. I say that where the man lives there will be submergence IN THE YEARS TO COME, but I do not think that there will be a submergence in his lifetime. If you are thinking of your grandsons, okay—move out fast, move into the Rockies, the Canadian Rockies of course. You will have to do a lot of snow clearing first because as I am writing this book I can look out and see the Rockies and there really is a pile of snow at the top. But, seriously, the average person who writes in doesn't have to worry, these disasters won't be in your lifetime unless you are writing on behalf of a small child!

Hello Shelagh McMorran, so you have decided to send me some questions, have you? You ask me, “What must one do to be able to communicate with Nature Spirits or fairies?”

That's easy enough. You have to live what is called a “pure life” in order that your vibrations are increased. You have to live as a hermit (hermitess?) because if you mix with a lot of people your personal vibrations will be slowed down otherwise you won't be able to get on with other people.

Then you will have to practice telepathy because it's no good speaking to Nature Spirits in vocal words. The vocal system of speech is too crude, too gross, for Nature Spirits. All you can use is telepathy. But if you can communicate with your cat then you can communicate with Nature Spirits.

You also say, “People cast about looking for salvation

and enlightenment. Could it be that the answers we seek lie not in any outside source but only within us?"

Oh yes, definitely. We are what we make ourselves. If we believe in a thing then that thing can be, and I would say that by far the easiest method of finding "salvation" is to obey the Golden Rule—Do only unto others as you would have them do unto you.

So many people think they are going to get salvation in some holy book or by following some Teaching which is thousands of years out of date. If you are going to follow some of these early Christian beliefs then you will have to agree that women are inferior articles, chattels. But our Women's Libbers wouldn't like that, and, of course, they are right. My own belief is ( should I whisper it? ) women are in every way the equal of men but they are different creatures, almost a different species. Men are suitable for some things, women are suitable for others. So why don't women do their particular task and look after the nation, look after the discipline and training of the forthcoming race? They would find they would get salvation that way!

"Humbleness, sincerity, harmlessness, forgiveness, uprightness, devotion to the spiritual master, purity, steadiness, self-harmony . . . if a person is trying to live these precepts could he (or pardon me, also she) have faith that he is progressing rightly even though no visions are seen and no occult powers are made manifest?"

Definitely, because if you are obeying the Golden Rule then you will be on the way to getting all these abilities, and there is nothing "holy" in being psychic, there is nothing particularly spiritual in being clairvoyant, it is just an ability. For example, you wouldn't say that a person is necessarily spiritual because she can sing or paint or write books, they are abilities. Spirituality has

nothing to do with it, so it doesn't matter how pure or holy or upright a person may be, if he or she does not have the necessary physical make-up to be psychic then he or she won't be psychic. You can be psychic even if you are bad, but it's better to be psychic and good.

Now, Shelagh McMorran has a question here which applies to a lot of people, a lot of people have written similar type of things, so here's the complete question:—  
“It has been said by you and other wise men that when the student is ready the Teacher will appear. It has also been said that for one to progress on the Path and awaken the latent divinity within oneself one must have a Teacher. How best may one prepare for the meeting with a spiritual Teacher, can this meeting take place in any walk of life or must certain things be done or given up before it can take place? Would it be true that one might prepare now for a meeting to take place in some future life?”

Yes, it is perfectly true that when the student is ready the Teacher will appear, and it is not for the student to say when he or she is ready. What happens is this; as the aspiring student develops he or she (oh, bother, let's just say “he” as a generic term) increases in basic vibration. That vibration is like a bell sounding in the etheric, so a Teacher who is always ready for a student, and who may appear in the physical or who may not, goes to the aid of a student. And I want to make it clear that it doesn't necessarily mean that the Teacher is going to sit opposite the student and rap him over the knuckles every so often to secure his attention; the Teacher may be in the astral and may teach the student when the student also is in the astral.

So many people write and insist that they are ready—they are quite positive that they are ready—so why do

not I or someone else rush over land and sea to their assistance?

I dispute that people should have physical Teachers. I am definitely opposed to all these correspondence courses alleging to teach one metaphysics, spirituality, etc., etc. If you need a Teacher you will get one in the astral, and I'm going to tell you this; when you die, that is, when your physical body is finished with this Earth and your astral entity goes on to the astral world it has to stand alone and answer for successes and failures, and it is useless to think that because you once took a correspondence course in boot licking that the chief bootlicker is going to come and speak on your behalf explaining why you can only lick black boots and not brown boots. No, when you pass over you have to stand alone and answer to yourself alone, so the best thing to do is to get used to it now, rely on yourself, rely on your own resources. You don't want to be just a slave or shadow of some correspondence course or some stupid cult leader, do you? You are an entity so act as one.

You ask, Shelagh McMorran, if certain things have to be given up before one can advance, and the answer is of course—yes. You have to give up things like intoxicants because they can affect your psyche. You have to give up drugs . . . not YOU, of course, because you don't have these things, perhaps I should have said “one” must give up these things. One must give up the things which harm the astral body because if you are harming the astral body then all your vibrations are wrong, aren't they, and if your vibrations are wrong you will not get an astral or physical Teacher, so you are back where you started from.

“Throughout the ages Initiation has played a vital role in the progress of a soul. In the present age how, and

under what circumstances, may this Initiation take place?”

Well, I am not much in favour of initiations because usually it is just a mumbo-jumbo ceremony which doesn't mean a thing except to scare some poor wretch half out of his life. All you need, really, is a simple straightforward affirmation, a statement of intent, a promise that one is going to do certain things or study certain things, and I maintain that it is just plain stupid to dunk a person in dirty water or give him a swig of wine, or put bits of coloured cloth on him. That merely is a theatrical act of mumbo-jumbo. A simple affirmation is all that is necessary as an initiation ceremony. It is merely an understanding that a person is ready to take certain steps which will increase his psychic ability.

“Jesus and other World Leaders had followers and friends other than their immediate disciples. You have said in ‘Chapters of Life’ that a new World Leader is to be born in 1985. Would it be possible for a person to do anything now to be worthy of becoming a helper, supporter, follower or friend to the new World Leader in that future time, or will those close followers all be on a different cycle from the rest of us?”

The only way that one can prepare is by living a decent life, a spiritual life, a “correct” life, and so setting an example to those around you. Nowadays we live in a truly horrid age where everybody is trying to beat down everyone else, and things are going to get much worse unless enough of us make sure that we are examples of the benefits that can be derived by leading a decent life. Most people will only do a thing if there is some material gain for them. That sounds shockingly cynical, I know, but I believe it to be a fact, and so at the outset at least

one has to show others that there are material benefits from calmness, peacefulness, and honesty, and until the “opposition” can be convinced of those benefits then they will not follow the strait and narrow Path.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Buttercup has just been reminding me that I am not doing much toward answering psychic questions so far in this book. I don't know what I am supposed to have been doing, then, because I thought that that was what the book was all about. Anyway, how about this for a question? “How would a person know if the Kundalini had begun to rise other than by having his aura observed?”

The person would know, and if the Kundalini had risen through the result of wrong practices the psychiatrist would know also! If a person meddles with the Kundalini—and he can—then he can induce very severe mental disturbance. A person should never try to raise the Kundalini but should always wait for it to occur naturally. It is a very dangerous thing indeed to interfere with the Kundalini.

Of course one can observe the aura and see what is happening to the aura and to the Kundalini, but then we come back to the old problem of how to part people from their panties. It is a most extraordinary thing because as I write this in an extremely hot temperature of 90 degrees there are people out in their swimming pools or paddling pools or whatever they call the things, and some of them are barely clad. It seems that they will take off most of

their clothes for the sake of display, but when it comes to a serious thing like studying the aura—no, they would like to have clothes painted on. Anyway, by what I have seen of people around in nearby bathing pools it's a darn good thing some of these women do keep their clothes on, they would look better in a completely shapeless garment than they do in their bikini things, or whatever they call them. It reminds me of fat women with tight pants—ohhh!—but I'd better not get on a subject like that!

Another question, “Is it possible in the present age to have the third eye opened in the manner in which you did, or must this be the result of gradual awakening of the chakras?”

Well, would you have your appendix removed by an amateur? Or would you do it yourself? If you've got any sense, and you must have or you wouldn't be reading this book, you would try to get the best specialist you could to do the job for you. In the same way, you would need to get a real specialist to open your third eye, and they are about as rare as raspberries on gooseberry bushes in the West. Actually, it is not at all a difficult matter if one can look at the aura at the same time because by looking at the aura one can tell precisely what is happening, and so it is possible to control everything.

Actually, though, I would never, never advise a Western person to have the third eye opened by operation. In the same way I advise Western people not to have acupuncture. It works just fine for Easterners because they have been brought up to it and because in many ways they are quite a lot different from Westerners. So—don't have your third eye opened by operation or you may end up spiritually blind.

Someone here is interested in pendulums . . . oh, it's our friend Shelagh McMorran. She writes, “Would it be pos-

sible or likely for an elemental or some such to control the responses of a pendulum?"

Yes, its quite possible for mischievous entities to do almost anything, they could easily control the pendulum; for instance. In case you wonder how this can be, let me say that a man is driving a school bus; now, he's got a rowdy lot of school lads with him and after a time they might whisper together and gang up on the driver. Then one schoolboy, more foolish or more adventurous than others, would take hold of the steering wheel and try to control it in spite of the driver's efforts. It might even be that some of the other boys would even pull the driver's hands from the wheel. Kids nowadays will do just about everything so why shouldn't they do that? But that is a similar state to when a mischievous entity takes over control of the pendulum. The user of the pendulum for some reason has lost control, or never had it, and that is why I always stress that you should make the pendulum yours and no one else's, because if YOU control the pendulum no other entity can possibly do so, so it all depends on how much control you have.

Now, here is a question . . .

"In 'Chapters of Life' you made predictions about events which will occur during this end period of the present world cycle. During this period do you think the Gardeners of the Earth will return to weed and prune this tangled and twisted garden, or is it more likely they will return after the cataclysms have taken care of most of we weeds (or is it us weeds?)?"

It is my belief that the Gardeners of the Earth are getting heartily sick of conditions on this world because, you know, humans, basically, are getting more and more selfish and instead of people trying to do each other a good turn they nowadays seem bent for destruction.

I believe that round about ( I said “round about” ) the year 2000 we may see quite startling incidents during which, possibly, the Gardeners of the Earth or their special messengers will come to take a look at our world.

In past cataclysms the surface people of the Earth were driven so they could enter the interior of the Earth through the large holes at the Poles. Naturally, people inside the Earth will be quite safe from atom bombs which devastate the exterior because I believe that the thickness of the Earth between this and the inner layer is 800 to 1,000 miles, much of it iron ore and various hard rocks.

If you want to see the fun, then, hang around until round about the year 2000 then you will get a free fire-work display.

Now for a complete change of theme. This is a question from a South American country, and the question is a very sensible one. It is, “When praying what should I really call my Overself? I do not like a human name, would it be all right to say ‘God’, ‘Lord’, or ‘Guide’, or just ‘Overself’? You have mentioned that the Overself has several puppets to manage, does that mean he manages other people as well and not only me? Then it is not only my Overself but also other peoples. Are these people in any way related to me or not?”

Well, that's a stunner! I started out thinking that was one question, instead it's a whole bunch of questions, isn't it? Never mind, let's get on with it; it really does not matter what you call your Overself any more than it matters what you call your sub-conscious because so long as you get over the idea that you are addressing the Overself or that you are addressing the sub-conscious, then you could even have a number, number one for Overself, number two for sub-conscious. Of course, that

is not necessarily too facetious because it just doesn't matter what you call the Overself provided that you are consistent. You must always use the same name.

Now, I have mentioned many times about the Overself and the puppets. Let's put it this way; you have your body, let's call your body the Overself. And then you have a right hand, a left hand, a right foot and a left foot, let's call them your puppets. So your hands and feet are definitely part of you, aren't they, they are definitely related to each other, so in precisely the same way the other people who are the puppets of that one Overself are related, are connected, are dependent upon each other. And the Overself has to manage each of those puppets in the same way that you have to manage your hands and your feet. For example, if your feet can't get on together you can't walk because supposing the puppets which you call your feet disliked each other and both tried to take a right step at the same time, well you would fall over backwards. I'm not sure it couldn't be done, and I'm certainly not going to try, but you have to keep your hands and your feet on a good working relationship with each other.

Now this question, "When leaving this life must we all pass the place where those elementals, thought forms, or whatever they are try to scare us? Is that something inevitable for all of us, or do the helpers have a chance to save us from that? If we should die suddenly, for example, by some traffic accident or aeroplane crash, etc., do the helpers have time to get to us at once or must we then drift alone prey to those awful elementals?"

Say! I seem to have fallen on a bunch of multiple questions. Now what have I done to deserve this? Well, anyway, suppose you are going to travel by train or car or bus or aeroplane, then you have to cross a certain area

of “public domain” before you get into your vehicle. For instance, suppose you have a car outside your house and you want to get in that car. You have to get out of your house and you have to cross the sidewalk to get in to your vehicle. In the same way, when you leave your body you have to cross an area of “public domain for spirits” to get into the astral, but in ninety-nine percent of the cases you do not see any elementals. If you are not afraid then you have nothing to worry about because if you are not afraid then the elementals can't bother you, they can't approach you. So what is there to worry about, anyway?

You might be leaving your house and proceeding to your car and you might see a lot of gaping children at the sidewalk, but you don't have to bother about them, do you? So why bother about elementals?

And yes, most certainly helpers have a chance to save you from anything. It doesn't matter if you have a sudden crash, the helpers are still there, because you must remember that time on Earth is a purely artificial thing and it has no meaning elsewhere. For instance, if you wanted to go from, say, South America to Australia while on the Earth you would have quite a commotion getting tickets, packing up your things, and actually travelling from South America to Australia. You would have all sorts of customs and immigration formalities. But in this other state in the astral, you think of a place and you are there, it's as quick as that. So that a person in the astral can be an uncountable distance from you in miles but he could say, “Oh my goodness, there's Jim Bugsbottom about to have an accident, I'm going.” And then the astral helper would be there at the scene of the accident even before the thing happened.

Now for another question about astrals. “You have mentioned at least two different astral stages in the

former books, one a little higher than the other, as far as I have understood. Do we all, average, not so evolved people have to go there after dying to Earth? Is it on that plane there can exist a sort of family life you also mentioned in some of the books? Is it possible to graduate directly from one plane to a higher one, or must we all inevitably reincarnate between each higher astral plane?"

If you could look in on me now you would see that I was looking gloomier and gloomier. For one thing the temperature is getting hotter and hotter—it really IS a hot day here—and for another thing here is another of these darn multiple questions. I feel that I am writing three or four books at once!

We on Earth are in a certain stage of evolution. Here we are in a physical stage in a third dimensional world. When we “die”, that is, when our body ceases to function for some reason, we go to “the astral plane,” that is a sort of reception area, and in that particular astral plane we make an assessment of what we have done and what we have left undone upon the third dimensional world, we take advice from special counselors, and perhaps we may decide that it will be better if we return to Earth, that is, reincarnate and have another life on Earth.

It may be, though, that we haven't done so badly after all, and in that case we shall be able to advance—to go to a higher plane of existence, perhaps a fourth dimensional, perhaps a fifth dimensional world. But I must again express that time is different when one is off the Earth, and one can stay a long time in the astral and then reincarnate almost instantly according to Earth days on this world. It is very confusing if you are too accustomed to believing that time is a hard and fast 60 seconds to the minute, 60 minutes to the hour, 24 hours to the day, etc. Time in the astral is flexible, but in the astral we can have

our friendly associations, in fact we have to have them in order to round out our basic experiences. We can also have suitable love affairs—I'm sure that will cheer up a lot of you!

It really seems that some poor fellow is all gummed up about this astral business. Look at this for a question; “If one of my children, or any loved one, should leave this Earth before me or after me, and that person is then sent back to Earth in a new incarnation before I arrive there, or I am sent back before they arrive, how is it possible for us then to meet in the astral? And if they or I should have graduated to a higher astral plane how can we then meet? Is it possible to visit one another even being on separate astral planes?”

Throughout my books I have tried to put over the idea of astral travel, I have tried to get over to people the thought that they can if they want leave this body and go into the astral plane and meet people in the astral plane. It seems I have not succeeded too well, doesn't it? So if the person who asks these questions will read my books—well, the answer is there plain enough; if you want to meet a person in the astral then you can, by telepathy, arrange such a meeting, and you can get out of your body for that purpose.

If a person is in a higher plane and he or she wants to meet you in the astral, he or she can travel downwards to your own astral plane. There is no problem at all provided that both persons want such a meeting.

I have just been looking at another question and wonder if I should quietly drop everything and retire to a monastery. Perhaps in view of some of these questions it would be more appropriate to retire to a nunnery. Anyway, you judge for yourself. Here is the question, and how would YOU answer it?

“At what stage exactly; or more or less exactly, does the spirit enter a baby to be born? There are thousands of women on this Earth with that question on their mind. Some have been blindly, romantically in love and have been led too far by the boy or man that confessed eternal true love and marriage but couldn't dominate his passion, and so the tragedy has occurred. He still loves her but cannot yet afford to marry her and she must get rid of if, etc. Nowadays it is probably carelessness and just indulging in sex for pleasure and not caring for anything, I don't know. But can you answer that question, do you know? Sex is not sin nor bad if connected with love, as you yourself have said in the books. Sex without love is meaningless and just animal pleasure but is still practiced mostly so. Is it not murder to abort before the spirit enters the embryo of a child? When is the moment when an abortion becomes murder?”

Well, well, and well again. After being “exposed” to some of these questions I feel like one of those Aunt Fanny's who write in certain newspapers purporting to answer all assorted manner of questions. Poor souls, I know exactly how they feel. But I feel that I am being “put upon” to answer questions which are not connected with metaphysics.

I will give my own opinion, though, and it is this; if people want to know about birth control, abortion, etc., then why not go to a family planning clinic and get all the information free, and perhaps a free sample of something which will “gum up the works” for the desired time. You would find it much better to go to a family counselor or some clinic, or to a doctor, so that you can discuss your own case and all its ramifications and all and every bit of detail about it. Then you will get information which is applicable to you and all your circumstances.

But I can't see, really, that people need to have abortions nowadays when they have so many alleged safeguards available. If they are in any doubt—well, don't!

Further, the entity who is going to take over the body does not take over at any specific time, it depends on the degree of evolution, it depends on the need, on the type, and all that sort of thing. So you could say one abortion could take place at a month and another at six months. Every case depends upon its own individual circumstances, and our Estimable Publisher will throw a fit and he might even blush if I go into any more details, so I suggest that if you do want details go to a doctor or a family planning clinic—they'll tell you all you need to know.

The temperature is getting hotter as the day wears on. I suppose it is almost a case that eggs in a shop window are becoming hard-boiled. Certainly I need to be hard-boiled to face up to some of these questions, and I am wondering whether the temperature of over 90 or the questions are the hottest. Get ready for the next one:—

“Divorce—if two people who have been in love and married and truly have believed that they would never part in this life nor in the next, little by little get hurt by each other, bewildered and desperate, and all of a sudden realize that they cannot understand each other any more but seem to develop into two strangers who are unable to communicate, what shall they do? Shall they go on living together, but almost starting to hate each other and the cleft being greater and greater, the atmosphere in the home being heavier and heavier, or shall they separate and at least not live together hating each other? How can this happen when both could swear from the bottom of their hearts that they would never stop loving each other? Each of them feels that the other one has

changed horribly by some mysterious fate. He and she doesn't think as before, doesn't react as before. He or she are only criticizing all the time where they before saw no fault, and when also physical problems enter in the picture and there seems to be no way out, what to do? Is it bad to separate? Should they go on living together just because they signed some documents and some priest told them to? Or should they be honest and split up and let time cure the wounds, and at last at least be able to forgive and understand that both erred, and not only one of the parts? What is wrong, what is right?"

Many people ask me this, so I will give my own honest opinion about it. I believe that in the Christian belief the priests meddle so much in marriage that everything in marriage is distorted. For example, in the Catholic belief, if a woman doesn't have enough children the priests get thoroughly unpleasant about it and threaten the husband and wife with all sorts of horrible things. I know that is true because I have seen it happen myself, and in Ireland I have learned the meaning of the old statement, "The priest had his hat on the doorknob so the husband stayed out"!

If two business partners cannot get on together, then they part. It is the only sensible thing to do, and marriage nowadays really IS a business! My personal opinion is that people should never separate; they should divorce and part definitely, deliberately, and irrevocably. After all, if you have an aching tooth you don't go to a dentist and have it half pulled, do you, you have the thing yanked straight out so that you can forget all about it. Well, if you've got wife trouble or husband trouble and you can't seem to make any sense of it, then don't waste any more time—get divorced, never mind what the stupid clod of a priest says, he is not going through it—he

is not suffering—you are. I believe most of the religious muck which is blatted out nowadays is truly wrong. In the days before Christian marriage was a most pleasant thing, different altogether to what it is now, and in religious communities not dominated by Christianity, again marriage is a more compatible affair.

The answer, then, is—divorce in a hurry, But try to part as friends who have had a difference, a disagreement. You don't have to go around ruining each other's character, it takes two people to make a divorce which means you are both to blame.

Tomorrow Mr. John Bigras—Biggs—and his two cats Mr. Wayfarer Bigras and Mrs. Wayfarer Bigras, will get in their big car and roar along toward Vancouver. I certainly wish that I could go with them riding through the mountains and seeing all the trees. Here in Calgary, there are not many trees, it is far different from all the green of Vancouver. But there it is, I know that my travelling days are limited, and so first of all I must wish Mr. Bigras and Cats-Bigras bon voyage on their trip home to Vancouver. Biggs can look back on another vacation behind him for a year. Soon I shall be able to look back on a fifteenth book completed.

I get some quite extraordinary questions, for instance, how would one answer this; “I was reading in ‘Cave of the Ancients’ about the Japanese monk. This made me think of myself reading different things, How is one to know if we are injuring ourselves?”

Now, how can one answer that? Probably by relating all this to medicine. Let's see what we can do; suppose you have a television set and you look at all those advertisements about patent medicines, or supposing you look in the newspapers and you read the advertisements about this, that, and something else which will cure everything

—well, no one in their right senses would take all the muck advertised because so many things would not be compatible. If you took two things which were opposed, that is, not compatible, you would aggravate your condition by adding some other condition of your own making. So I can only say that if you are reading too much on too many subjects, or too much about the same subject, then you should give it a rest. Without trying to be a super-salesman, I tell people that they should read my books first because all I say in my books is true and I can do everything I write about. There has been a lot of so-called authors of late who have just lifted lumps out of other people's books and re-phrased it so it is thought to be a different book. But if you re-phrase a thing you do not always get the same meaning, do you? So—I think that a person should concentrate on one author to one subject, and when they have read all that author has written then, if they want to, they can go on to something else. But the way people go on is like those who mix their drinks which I am reliably assured is a most reprehensible practice!

Now, here is another question which really doesn't have an answer:—

“When you move to an apartment and sense something uneasy or negative what is it and how can you rid the place of it?”

I can only assume that the question means what can one do if one goes to an apartment which is haunted or which is saturated with the negative influences of the former tenants. If the place is haunted—what of it? The haunter can't hurt the hauntee, and if one exerts a definite telepathic command the haunter will go away. You see, most times a haunted building is haunted only by the dynamic vital force of a person who has passed on, the

force lingers around like the last echoes of a brass band. The echoes of a brass band die away in seconds, and the echoes of a virile person's death dissipate in a second or so of astral time, which may be a hundred years of Earth time, but it can be dissipated if you give a definite telepathic command for the haunter to cease haunting.

We seem to have stumbled on a bunch this time. Look at this one—"I know someone who was into witchcraft, he soon began to feel that demons were after him so he dropped witchcraft quickly. Could you explain these demons, and how does one become possessed?"

If people mess about with witchcraft they deserve all they get and I have no sympathy with them because witchcraft is definitely tampering with forbidden forces. In the lower astral there are all sorts of entities who are like mischievous monkeys, they love imitating humans, they love teasing humans, and many many good people—people of the highest intentions—have been to seances which were not properly controlled by a trained Medium, and here these mischievous entities have relayed messages to the Medium and he or she, not knowing any better, thought they were genuine messages. Well, nothing succeeds like success, and so the more people thought that these mischievous ones were genuine so their power grew and in the end they were able to control the thoughts of the humans. They would telepathically whisper into the brain of a person that Aunt Matilda, or someone else, insisted that such-and-such a thing be done. But, again, if a person is not afraid nothing bad can happen. If you are haunted or think you are possessed then you just have to say very very firmly an affirmation that nothing can harm you and that the entity persecuting you will dissipate. These entities don't want to dissipate so they go away very quickly in search of

someone else who cannot banish them, so there is nothing to be frightened about except of being afraid.

“My father is a teacher in a junior high school and has a growing interest in your Teachings. He often tells me of destructive delinquency of the kids, they are supposed to be from good families. How can these kids get out of their ruts or be helped?”

I thought I had dealt with that at considerable and tedious length already because I really firmly believe that there won't be any improvement in conditions until the mothers stay at home and make the home. Nowadays children are left to wander in the streets where they fall prey to stronger companions—stronger companions who are most often bent on destruction, and so they contaminate the “kids from good families.” The only way the matter can be overcome is to revamp our society so that once again motherhood is a virtue instead of an unfortunate accident.

“Yesterday a girl approached my wife and I and tried very hard to sell us her Buddhism. I told her I had another Path and that her sales pitch turned me off. How is one to be sure of which Path to follow?”

Oh, that's an easy one! The real Buddhists have no missionaries. The real Buddhists never try to persuade anyone at all to become a Buddhist. You have probably fallen foul of one of these awful cult-girls who lounge about nowadays and try to get other victims who will pay dues to some imaginary Buddhist Society. Let me say again that if anyone tried to get you to become a Buddhist then he or she is not a Buddhist because Buddhism is just a way of life and not a religion, and Buddhism has no missionaries.

There are too many cults nowadays, there is a pseudo-education in which young punks of both sexes think they

are the chosen Messiah who should get recruits for this, that or some other society.

In connection with this I am going to do what I rarely do, I am going to advise you to read a particular book all about secret societies, giving the origin of some of the cults who are always advertising in the papers nowadays, cults who try to get your money for their own ends. The book is "Secret Societies" edited by Norman MacKenzie and published by Crescent Books of New York.

In my opinion this is a most excellent book and one that I thoroughly recommend. I wish I had written it myself!

"Wayne and I are Vegans. We follow Professor Arnold Ehret's diet. It consists of fruit and vegetables, no animal products, and nuts. I often wondered what you might have to say about it. Is it a diet that leads to freedom from disease, as the Professor believes? Also I am anxious to have people such as yourself get complete nutrition from barley, tea and butter. What do you think of this diet?"

If I really told you what I thought the publisher would probably fall off his chair in a dead faint because my thoughts on such things are incendiary. I think these crackpot diets are bunk, I think they are real muck. The U.S. military forces had a long trial of people taking the ordinary everyday military diet and those crackpots who went in for vegetarianism, you know, a cabbage leaf and a handful of nuts and things like that. Well, after six months the American authorities discovered quite definitely that the vegetarians were inferior in everything, inferior in brain power, inferior in physique, inferior in endurance, and definitely no more healthy.

On this Earth we are animals, and as we are animals and behave like animals we should eat that which our

animal bodies demand. So if you take muck like this stupid diet and you find that your health is deteriorating you have no one but yourself to blame. I have no sympathy whatever with all these crackpot, stupid diets which have never been proved to be anything but a cult.

“I have just bought The Tibetan Book of the Dead'. Have you any comments?”

Oh, I get such a heap of people asking about “The Tibetan Book of the Dead,” but, quite truly, it is wholly unsuited for Western people because it is a concept, an abstract concept, and one just cannot turn it into a concrete book of instructions. You see, Evans-Wentz was a very good man indeed, but he was a strong Christian and whatever he wrote was greatly coloured by his instinctive aversion to those heathens who had beliefs so different from his own, so he always “tipped the balance” against the heathen. And, again, you cannot translate abstract terms into concrete phrases, that is why there is so much misconception about acupuncture and about much of the Teachings relating to metaphysics. I believe that any person wanting to study the Book of the Dead should first learn Sanskrit!

Anita Kellaway writes to say, “Could you tell us more about the aura and device that could be made to see one's aura? That is very interesting and could be so useful if some intelligent person would use it right. I don't understand why doctors aren't begging you to make one for them.”

Well, I have already written quite a lot about the aura, and an aura machine could be made if one had the money and the female models who would be willing to be studied. I have already said, though, that I can get neither! Some people now believe that the Kirlian system is the answer, but I think I had better mention the Kir-

lian system in another chapter because to my definite knowledge the Kirlian system of photography is just something going in the wrong direction. I know it to be an absolute waste of time.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

In the days of long ago when the Century was yet young “Kaiser Bill” stamped along his corridors in the Palace at Berlin thinking of world conquest, thinking of all the wonders he was going to perform.

Trying to conceal his defective arm he gesticulated enormously with the other in an attempt to compensate for his physical deficiencies and deformities. Kaiser Bill was getting ready to go to England to show off the might of the German Navy at a British naval review.

In a dacha on the outskirts of Moscow the Czar of all the Russias twirled his well-waxed moustache and thought of all the wonders that were going to happen in Russia. About him the courtiers were servile, concealing from the great Czar the truth of things as they were in Russia, concealing the truth about the growing unrest of the people, about the starvation of the peasants. The Czar of all the Russias sent his servants scurrying about him for he was going on a long journey all across Europe to England.

In England preparations were being made for an enormous naval review at Spithead. Heads of State were coming to see the review and all the might of the British Navy was going to be paraded before envious eyes.

The streets of London were cobbled. Horses hooves clattered enormously on the rough stone surface, and the iron-rimmed wheels of hansom cabs juddered as they crossed the uneven cobbles, jarring the passengers inside who were suspended in their carriage only by the leather straps at each corner.

The streets of London were lit largely by gas, that new-fangled thing electricity was taking but slow hold on the great metropolis, and cars—well, cars were not yet to be seen except as a rarity of rarities, as a spectacle that would set everyone's head turning.

The great London hospitals were thronged with eager, devoted young men anxious to make a name for themselves in the new fields of medicine. In one great London hospital an ardent young man, Dr. Kilner, studied and studied and went in for research on that strangest of all things which new-fangled electricity would make possible. X-rays.

Late into the nights he labored trying different arrangements of voltages—electricity provided by the immense Compton dynamos which were then the most wonderful things to appear in the world of electrics—electric's, because the science of electronics was not yet born.

Dr. Kilner studied all manner of strange methods of investigating the human body. He found that if he used immense voltages and extremely small amperages he could project lights from the edges of the human body. He called it testing for the aura. And then he went further in his researches and found that certain arrangements of prisms and lenses aided by filters of special dyes would enable him to see the aura on a nude human body, but the body had to be nude.

One day poor Dr. Kilner was caught examining a nude

woman by the light of the special lamp. No matter that the intruding doctor could see coloured lights in all manner of strange shades on the screen through which Dr. Kilner looked. His research was closed down, he was hauled before the Board of Governors and the Board of Medical Directors, and he was threatened most solemnly that if he ever did research on the human body again, and in that particular field, he would be disbarred, crossed off the British Medical Association register and—who knows?—with his career in shards around him, he might even end up as a laborer or as an occupant of the local workhouse. Dr. Kilner was given the option of getting out of the medical profession or obeying orders and doing research into the dosages of the newly discovered X-ray photographic treatment.

So to mankind's lasting shame one of the great Discoverers was buried in obscurity. Dr. Kilner lapsed into mediocrity and did merely routine things in the world of X-ray. The science of aura research was lost.

The Great War came, the First Great War. X-rays were used for the first time on wounded soldiers. Medical science advanced, but always in the wrong direction, the X-ray machine was not the answer.

The war was won but not by the winner. The loser, Germany, came out of it best of all. First of all, though, people trundled millions of marks along the streets of Germany. Millions of marks were needed to buy even a poor meal. The mark became devalued, there was much trouble in Germany. Russia, too, was in a state of chaos because a new Party had risen, the Communist Party, the Soviet, and they were making wonderful strides in adapting the new knowledge of the West.

In early 1960 and on to the 1970's an author wrote certain things in books on metaphysics which stimulated

the interest of the Russians who were always alert for such things. Numbers of this author's books were taken to Russia and studied by avid investigators. Eventually, under State direction, certain researches were carried out in the Universities of Moscow, studies which broke away from what really was the wrong type of research; X-ray was forgotten for a time in Russia and investigators there used high voltages in an attempt to detect the magnetic field of the human body. In Russia there was no problem about nudity, the individual did not matter, everything was subservient to the needs of the State.

In the course of time so-called civilization went its devious way, and there was a man and woman, husband and wife, in Russia who worked together and managed to make a study of many systems which had been tried in the past. Eventually these people, the Kirlians, were able to devise a modern adaptation of an old system, and by this particular system they found that they were able to obtain certain "phenomena" on photographic film.

Now, this does not mean that the Kirlians have succeeded in photographing the human aura. Definitely they have not, because basically their system is so crude that it can be likened to covering a horse-shoe magnet with a piece of paper and on top of the piece of paper sprinkling iron filings so that the lines of magnetic force would be indicated as the iron filings arranged themselves in a pattern dictated by the magnetic influence from the magnet.

All the Kirlians have been able to do is to make more or less clear that there are certain lines of force about everything. But, once again, the Russians claim that the invention is their's although Nikola Tesla, who was born in 1856, made the apparatus which laid the foundation

for “Kirlian photography” and our Nikola wasn't a Russian either!

Certain authors have been to Russia and have returned with wonderful tales of the progress which Russian metaphysicians have attained. Some of these authors have written books about the matter, lauding the Russians higher than the heavens and entirely oblivious of the fact that certain authors in the West had already written about such things and could do all that the Russians could do. One author in particular wrote to various lauding persons pointing out these facts but without ever receiving even an acknowledgement. The author sent to some of these people copies of his own books which had been in print long before the Russians “discovered” all the marvels of which they wrote.

Kirlian photography is a false lead just as was X-ray to Dr. Kilner. Kirlian photography is merely a distorted form of corona discharge, it merely shows a certain static electric discharge, or shielding of a discharge, around the human body.

One can have a horse-shoe magnet, or even a bar magnet, and cover it with a piece of paper, and then if one sprinkles iron filings on the paper one can get a form of one dimensional impression of the magnetic field of the magnet, but that does not constitute exact knowledge of the magnet's performance nor of its composition. It is, in fact, just a parlor trick and nothing more. In such a manner the Kirlian system, which is merely a revival of something going back fifty or sixty years, is nothing but a parlor trick which is leading good sound investigators far off the proper track.

Kirlian photography is amusing, it enables one to do parlor tricks with leaves, etc., and even in colour, but then all corona discharges are in colour, are they not?

It is such a pity that people nowadays seem to think that anything exotic—and exotic means only foreign—must necessarily be good, better than the home product. There is an old saying which is very true to the effect that no man is a prophet in his own country. So it is that the Kirlian's, who have merely resurrected an old old system, are getting much attention which would not matter in the slightest except that it is sending reputable scientists off the right direction.

The correct form of X-ray which will come in time will not be those miserable shadows that one sees on a piece of thick film. It will, instead, be an exact colour reproduction of inside the human body, and if Dr. Kilner had not been side-tracked he would have produced such a form of photograph because he was on the right trail, he had the knowledge, knowledge which he brought down from the astral, and toward the realization of which he was just fumbling.

Correct X-ray—it would have been called something different at that time, of course—would have enabled doctors and surgeons to see precisely what was happening inside the body and exactly as it was happening and in its own natural colour. Then there would have been no need for exploratory operations, one would have seen instead.

And if those doctors had only listened to Dr. Kilner aura photography also would have been a commonplace, and with photography of the aura one can tell precisely what ailments a body suffers from, and, even more interesting, one can also tell with complete accuracy what ailments a body is likely to suffer from unless remedial steps were taken at an early stage.

Aura photography is very real, it is very necessary to the human race. It was commonplace in the days of At-

lantis, it was commonplace when the Sumerians were upon the Earth, and yet—through jealousy, through spite, and through spiritual blindness, researchers with the basic knowledge have been prevented from making such apparatus.

One of the greatest stumbling blocks, it seems, is that a person must be nude to be examined at the aura level, and in hospitals now it is permissible to examine one small area of the human body while the rest is completely draped. It seems to be a crime of some sort to look upon a nude body unless they be on the beach or the stage or in the pages of some of the more pornographic magazines.

But in time X-rays as we know them today will be swept away, gone in to the limbo of forgotten things, gone, too, will be the latest gimmick, Kirlian photography, which if it is ever mentioned as being in the past will be with a condescending smile at the credulity of the stupid people of the 70's who could be taken in by such a gimmick. Kirlian photography, then, is not the answer to aura photography, it is not aura photography at all.

If you go by the side of a swift flowing river and you put your hand in the water you will find that there are ripples and disturbances of the smooth flow. Your hand has upset the even tenor of the water's flow and made itself manifest by ripples and a wake which spreads outwards. In the same way if one has a very high voltage and a very low amperage connected to certain metal plates and the electricity be switched on, then anything which impedes the flow of that electro-static current will also show as ripples, or speckles, which are merely amusing to look at and have no worthwhile content at all.

Well, I hope that will assist some of you to form your own opinion about Kirlian photography. I have been

sickened by the whole affair because I think I must have had the world's largest collection of cuttings about Kirlian photography. People have cut out loads of articles and have sent them on to me. Some of these people, in fact, have such big parcels of cuttings and articles that they felt I should be honoured to pay the postage, so they have sent off these things and I have had to pay double postage on things I knew all about!

That reminds me that some time ago a man in St. Catherine's, Ontario—I think he must have been mental or something—loaded up boxes with the most awful junk of magazines and paperbacks that he could lay his hands on, and he sent them all to me carriage forward! Well, in those days I was younger and more innocent than I am now so I took in those things after paying a very considerable charge for special delivery, special handling, and all the rest of it, and I found that the stuff he had sent me—unsolicited—was muck. But he didn't get away with it; he made one little mistake in which I could see that he had been doing, of which his company would thoroughly disapprove, so I got in touch with the company and sent the evidence to them, and—well, I had a letter of apology and of thanks from the company concerned and I had no trouble whatever with that smart Alec who thought he was going to take a rise out of me. But in case anyone else is inclined to send me stuff “collect”, save yourself the trouble because I do not accept anything now “collect.” I have had people try to telephone me from all over the U.S.A. who thought I was foolish enough to accept collect telephone calls or collect telegrams. Well, they had to think again.

I have also stopped giving my telephone number to people because when I was in Vancouver I found I was getting extraordinarily high telephone bills and I just

could not understand what I was being charged for calls to other cities for, and so the matter was investigated. It was found that a near neighbor who knew my telephone number had been giving it to the operator when he was making long distance calls. Nice fellow, eh? Well, he didn't get away with it either.

But now here are some more questions and some more answers. A question here says, "It's five years now since you wrote 'Beyond the Tenth' in which you said that it may be necessary for the Gardeners of the Earth to step in and shake things ( humans ) up so that we realize what a mess we have made of this planet. Well, things are steadily getting worse, as you said, Communism is spreading rapidly and Unions are gaining what will amount to complete control of many countries fairly soon. In the light of this can you tell us if we are going to get a well deserved kick in the pants within the next thirty or forty years?"

Yes, my friend, but first of all the Gardeners of the Earth do not want to interfere if humans will pick themselves up and put themselves on the right path, because if the Gardeners of the Earth have to come in then there will be drastic measures taken and they don't want that any more than we want it.

In my opinion the world will become Communist just about everywhere, and people will have a very bad time indeed, and not until people have had such a bad time and have shaken themselves out of it will they be able to straighten up and take the upward swing of the pendulum which, in the course of time, will lead to the Golden Age.

I've got a "P.S." here, and it reads, "Can you please explain the relationship and/or difference of hypnosis to

meditation, and is hypnosis a worthwhile endeavor for overcoming bad habits or problems?"

Actually there is no relationship at all between meditation and hypnosis. In meditation one is completely under one's own control, able to send one's intellect soaring out to other dimensions. Mind you, I am talking about "meditation," none of that cult nonsense for which one pays a lot of money and gets nothing in return. It is my firm belief that the only meditation worthwhile is that which is done alone because just think of people; everyone has an aura, and the aura can extend quite a way from the body. So if you get a whole bunch of people together then you get auras jamming the meditation processes of others. In my opinion you cannot truly, or satisfactorily, meditate in a group.

In hypnosis one surrenders control to oneself to another person, and I maintain it weakens one's self-control. After all, you want to be YOU, don't you? You don't want to be mixed up with, let us say, Bill Dogsboddy. You know what your name is, you know what you are, you know what you would like to be. You like your own privacy, and so why should you possibly want to get hypnotized which is a process under which you surrender part of your privacy to another person? No, I am against hypnotism, dead against it, it is such a harmful thing. You get, for example, a stage hypnotist who says that he will cure a certain person of a certain complaint. Well, he doesn't do that. If he is a hypnotist he can, undoubtedly, influence the person to hide or disguise the symptoms of the illness, and then if the symptoms are disguised how can one expect that even the most intelligent doctor will find out that from which the person suffers? By the time the victim has been hypnotized for a certain period then the illness usually is quite incurable.

So my strong advice is—never allow yourself to be hypnotized unless it is by a fully qualified medical practitioner who has also been trained in hypnotic practices and techniques. As a doctor he will have taken note of your symptoms, as a hypnotist he will know how to channel those symptoms into any worthwhile path possible. Remember that a doctor takes an oath to give one relief from pain and to do no evil!

Well, our friend Mr. John Bigras and the two Bigras cats have gone roaring off to Banff and on to Vancouver. I have been out twice since coming from hospital, two little visits to the outskirts of the city, two little trips when I could look out over the city from the foothills leading to the Rockies. Now, I suppose, once again I am a “shut-in”, stuck here mainly in one room in a bed or in a wheelchair. Cars are very useful things, but I do not have one. Anyway, they are far too expensive on an author's income, as I told the Income Tax people when they tried to deny me an income tax allowance on the purchase of an electric wheelchair. Well, one doesn't have a wheelchair for pleasure but only because it is essential. I told them that with my disabilities I should really be on Welfare, instead of that I work at writing books to make myself independent of Welfare. But instead of the Income Tax people giving me any concessions they try to deduct the last penny they can. For instance, I paid my income tax and then from one department I got a note saying that my income tax was all clear. The very next day I got another note from another department saying I had to pay a fine because I paid my tax once a year instead of every three to six months. So people who work as brick-layers or navvies or cab drivers or anything like that are far better off tax-wise than I am because the Income Tax people soak me the limit and

beyond, and I often wonder at the mentality and personality of these people who can be income tax collectors and batten on the troubles of disabled people. However, that is not answering questions, is it, and that is what this book is supposed to be. So let's get on with the unending pile of questions. They grow, you know I have enough questions here for ten or twenty books, and yesterday I had a whole bunch of quite abstract metaphysical questions sent on from Brazil.

“Is it important enough for the inhabitants of this plane to know more of the other planes of existence beyond the astral? If so, could you elucidate on them, perhaps give us at least a sketchy idea of the structure of the planes of existence? Also, what happens when a spirit evolves to the plane ‘below’ that of the highest, or that of God? Can a spirit actually evolve to the highest plane, or is that too preposterous to even discuss?”

Well, it is only possible to discuss the plane above, the astral, and it is much like this world although it has another dimension. Time, for instance, is not at all the same as it is on this world. Travel is different, too; if you want to get to a place you think yourself there. You might be sitting down looking out across the landscape and feel that you would like to call on a friend who might be a certain distance away. Well, if you think of the friend, and think of his location, then almost imperceptibly you will find yourself there with your friend.

Nor will you find, in the astral world, prudishness or pornography. When you get to the astral world you find—to your considerable astonishment at first—that you are as bare as a peeled banana and you have quite literally to “think up” any form of clothing which takes your fancy. But after a time—well, you find that these things do not

matter, the things of the spirit count more, and that is not as a pun either!

In the astral plane you cannot meet people with whom you are antagonistic, and of course the higher you go the more compatible you are with the people around you.

Now, you can usually get up to about the ninth plane of existence and then you no longer find that the Overself is sending out puppets. Instead there is only one extension from the Overself, after the ninth plane.

Of course there are a vast number of planes of existence, and you go on and on getting more and more dimensions, but there would be no point in trying to discuss some of these other dimensions unless you have been there because there is no point of reference. How would you, for example, discuss atomic theory with an ant who was more interested in getting on with the ordinary business of day to day living? How could you discuss nuclear thermo electrics with a bee who was far more interested in going out and collecting pollen, or whatever they collect, so that the process of making honey could continue? No, until you have had experience of other dimensions you are not able to discuss them. It's like having a year old baby trying to discuss brain surgery with one of our leading surgeons.

But there is no limit to how high you can go. Remember the old saying that there is always plenty of room at the top of the ladder. And, you see, God is not an old gent with a beard and a shepherd's crook who comes along and hooks in all the wayward lambs. God is a different thing altogether, nothing that you can understand down here. Here your nearest conception of a God is a Manu, that is, one of the Branch Managers who looks after this particular departmental store which we call Earth. Under him he has a lot of Assistant Managers who

look after continents, lands, and cities. They seem to have made a pretty poor show of it of late, don't they? Think of all the commotion in America, in Cambodia, in Vietnam, in the Middle East, and now in Cyprus. I think all these Manus should be sent back to take a special post graduate course or something.

But anyway, that is getting away from the subject. So the answer is that you can go as high as your capacity will allow, and there is no reason at all why you should not reach the top and reach "Buddhahood", that is what Buddhism is about, anyway.

"Can we of this physical plane learn of and effectively use astrology for the good of the living? If so, what is the true source of astrological teachings?"

Many, many years ago astrology was extraordinarily accurate because it was founded on a new science, the influence of the stars on objects of this Earth—humans, animals, plants, etc.— had been predicated, and those assumptions were accurate so long as the zodiac remained as it was when the assumptions were made.

Now, a few thousand years later, the zodiac is different and the predictions, the forecasts are all wrong. I personally believe that astrology as it is in the West nowadays is just a waste of time, it is utterly inaccurate for the simple reason that no allowance has been made for the difference in the configuration of the zodiac. In the very Far East such allowances have been made and the horoscopes there are very very much more accurate. I know this; everything that was predicted for me by astrologers in the very Far East has come true—every darn thing!

I have had my horoscope done several times in the West and each time the predictions could hardly have been more incorrect, they might have been doing a horoscope for a different person, their efforts have proved to

be ludicrous. So I always tell people that in my considered opinion, and based on my own experience with astrologers in the West, it is just a waste of time to have one's horoscope done.

People are always writing to me asking that I should do their horoscopes “and at least one incarnation,” and I always refuse because to do a horoscope properly takes a very considerable time and I do not have that time. I have been offered quite remarkable sums of money to do a horoscope, but I always without exception refuse.

People seem vastly interested in getting “at least one incarnation” told, but why? If people are on this Earth now living through this life now, what does it matter what they were in the past? All that matters is what they are now and what they are going to be in the future, and if a person just squanders time thinking about the glories of the past, etc., etc., ad lib, then they end up with a chip on their shoulder and think “Oh, I was Cleopatra's grandmother in the last life and now look at me—what am I, a cleaning lady!”

Hey! I like this one:—

“Do you have an opinion on the martial arts? Is it possible for Americans to study the form of Judo, Karate, or whatever the martial form was that you were taught in Tibet?”

In the Far East the martial arts—so called—were not for the purpose of disabling people nor were they for defense. They were, instead, designed as a mental, mystical, and spiritual discipline. After all, the more colorful you are the more your conscience tells you to be gentle, the more you have been trained about the body the more you can look after your own body. So people who think they are going to take a correspondence course in Judo, for instance, and then beat up the bully who kicks sand

at them when they are on the beach well, they are in for a shock. For instance, I do not think that these arts can be taught properly by correspondence, nor by any young punk who thinks he is going to set up a physical training school. There is more to it than that, there is always the danger, too, that you try to disable someone who is perhaps ten or twenty lessons ahead of you, as I have stated previously in this book! You could indeed “collect your lumps” that way. So my own recommendation is that going in for this martial art stunt is useless if you want it just for defense. No Judo or Karate is useful against a gun, is it? Especially when the bullet is already speeding toward you.

Well, Kathi Porter, I will answer your questions—sorry, I have already answered some of them—but I will answer another. It is, “Is it wise to pray to our Overself for direction or guidance and that things, mainly of the occult and spiritual, be revealed to us as we can accept and understand them?”

Yes, Kathi, you can always pray to your Overself. Your Overself knows everything that has ever happened to the Overself. But look at it like this; you are employed here in (where shall we say?) America, and your Big Boss is living in—oh, let's say Sydney, Australia. Now, if you want to get in touch with your Boss you have to use a letter or a telephone. Let's cut out the letter because you can't send a letter to your Overself, and your Big Boss is the equivalent of your Overself. So that leaves us with a telephone, and if you have ever tried to telephone half way across the world you will have discovered that it is a frustrating, time wasting, patience consuming experience. And then half the words you might have to guess.

Your sub-conscious is like a Librarian. The Librarian doesn't need to know much herself, her chief value is in

that she knows where to find certain information. So a Librarian can be consulted about any problem, and if she is a good Librarian she can tell you just where to look, what type of book will give the information that you need. She will also tell you where the book is on the Library shelves. The sub-conscious is like that, the sub-conscious is a pretty dim sort of individual, but he or she knows exactly how to get the information you want so if you get in touch with your sub-conscious you will find you get results far more quickly than if you waste energy trying to contact your Overself. It is much quicker to look up a thing in your local library than to telephone somebody in Australia or Timbuktoo or Tuscaloosa, or somewhere else.

There is a very modest lady who lives in Barcelona, Spain. She has some questions but she prefers not to have her name mentioned. So I will just give my greetings to Senora D. and answer some questions from her:—

“Are the forerunners of the New World Leader already making propaganda or preparing for him?”

Even according to the Christian Bibles this is a time ( Revelations ) when there shall be false prophets. In other words, translated into modern day language, this poor old world of ours is in a horrible mess, all the standards and values are tumbling down around us, and there is always some smart Alec ready to make a fast buck by pretending to be a World Leader. So it is, we sometimes find that some people with ample money will sponsor a young punk and pretend that he is the new Messiah or the new God or something else, and these moneyed men who hunger more and more for more and more money will put on quite a show with all the theatrical trappings, jet planes, fast cars, etc., trying to delude the unwary or the ignorant into paying money to join a

special movement. After a time the young punk grows up a bit and he wants a say in his own affairs, and unless the moneyed people can control him he does things which his followers find incompatible with his professed aims.

Sometimes, too, the fellow goes to another country and the tax collectors of the country seize a few of his millions or won't let him out of the country until he does pay a few millions. Sometimes a fellow will go around and find that his aircraft has been seized because it wasn't his and it had been taken out of the country.

My own strong, strong recommendation is that no one be taken in by these cultists, these advertising people who claim that they and they only are the true God, the new Messiah, the new Leader, the Guru of all Gurus, etc. You want to look behind the facade and ask yourself—well, what are these people getting out of it, why all the big advertisements? If they were genuine they wouldn't need to advertise, people would still KNOW and would come flocking to the holy banner.

Cults? Those who form cults are, in my opinion, the scum of the Earth because they lead away the gullible and deny them a chance of really getting knowledge.

Hey, getting fierce, aren't I? You didn't know I could be fierce in my old age, did you? Never mind, it's a good thing to let off steam sometimes because if I can shock some of you into staying away from the cults then it will be to the good of your own spiritual health.

“It is a shame that we don't know more about those extraordinary men, the Lama Mingyar Dondup and the Great Thirteenth Dalai Lama.”

The Lama Mingyar Dondup is, indeed, a Great Entity who is now, of course, far beyond the Earth sphere. He is not incarnated but is, instead, on a much higher plane of existence and he is actually trying to help other worlds—

worlds, plural—he is not concentrating solely on this Earth but on a whole group of inhabited worlds where they are having trouble, where selfishness is growing like weeds in a garden.

Some of us true Lamas believe that the Great Thirteenth was the last of the Dalai Lamas. We believe that if the present incumbent to that office had been a true Dalai Lama he would have done more to help the people of Tibet. After all, when a man just says he is a religious leader and he is praying—well, anyone can pray, It needs more than a few prayers to free a country from Communist aggressors, Communist invaders, it needs an actual physical example. It might even mean martyrdom for a leader of a country, because if a leader of a country stays and fights with his people—and sometimes force is justified—then his people will not be faint-hearted when they have a well-loved leader to lead them. The Great Thirteenth was such a man, one who would have stayed with his people, but you can't fight against death, can you?

## CHAPTER NINE

I have just had my very meager meal, and that reminds me of a question which arrived only yesterday—barely in time for this book, is it, because it's going ahead. Anyway, I had a letter yesterday, “Please write another book!!!! And please put in something about fasting. What do you think about fasting? Should people fast? What harm can it cause anyway?”

So I can only reply—Glory be, missus, I've been fasting for years! Seriously, though, fasting—with brains—is a very good thing indeed provided you take some commonsense precautions. For example, you don't go fasting if you are diabetic, you don't go fasting if you've got certain types of heart disease. But if you are in average good health then it really does help to fast at times provided you don't have to do a full day's work at the same time.

You would not have an automobile and expect it to work if the fuel tank was empty, so why should you expect your own human body to work when there is no feed left for it to draw upon?

Normally it is perfectly safe to fast when you have a vacation because when you have a vacation you can rest more, you do not have to run for the bus, you do not have to put on an extra spurt of work when the boss glances in your direction, you can do it in your own time. So if you are going to fast make sure that you are in reasonably good health and do not have any of those diseases or complaints such as diabetes because you can upset yourself by fasting if you are diabetic. Assured on these points, then you should make sure that your internal plumbing is in good order and that you are not suffering from hold-up in the rear delivery department. You should take a mild laxative so that you are fairly empty inside. Then you stop eating, but you do not stop drinking. If you are fasting you would be well advised to take anything which the medical profession calls a clear liquid diet. Plenty of water, fruit juices, but nothing of a solid nature whatever, not even milk because milk is too solid for this purpose.

Now, do not think that you are going to fast and suck candies. That is not fasting, that is cheating, that is mak-

ing the whole thing a farce. So stop eating, do quite a bit of resting. You can read, listen to radio or watch TV, but no gallivanting off to the cinema or to the pub or to anything of that nature. If you do you will deplete your fat resources faster than will be comfortable. You see, if you are going to fast your body has got to keep on working and the only way it can keep on working is to gradually absorb the stored up food in your body cells, that means in your fat cells, and if you go racing around going out on social occasions or doing manual work then you will lose weight too quickly and will definitely risk collapse.

To give you an idea of what I am talking about let me tell you that of late there have been an astonishing number of really obese people who have had an operation to short-circuit perhaps six or ten feet of their intestines so they do not absorb their food so much. If too much of the intestine has been short-circuited then the person loses weight too rapidly and all sorts of strange things happen. There was one woman weighing over three hundred pounds, I think she weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, actually, and she had ten feet of intestine short-circuited. She was moaning and groaning with dismay because she lost weight so rapidly that she felt dreadfully ill most of the time and her flesh was draped about her in folds, which is not a good thing for a lady who has some pride in her appearance.

Go carefully, then, if you are going to fast. Stop eating and stop working, rest a lot, and by "rest" it is meant that you should not go out and do shopping or go to entertainments. If you want to fast and get all the benefits of fasting without any of the drawbacks you will have to forego not merely food but mobility.

You need a lot of fluid otherwise you will become de-

hydrated, and if you are dehydrated you will affect your health very badly. It is a horrible thing to happen to one.

Certain people with poor health find that if they do fast their liver becomes affected, so make sure that your health is good enough before you go in for any of these things like fasting.

How long should you fast? Well, until you start seeing things, if you like. You can go four or five days without food with much good result. Before I went into hospital this last time I was without any food at all for just over ten days, and when I got in the hospital I was without food for a few more days! It didn't do me any harm. So you can only say that you fast so long as you feel the need to fast. You should not fast more than four or five days without taking the advice of your doctor, and if he is the ordinary crummy type of fellow who can see no further than his medical text books he will tell you straight out that you are crazy to fast, but that is because he's never done it. But, for your own protection, you should always get medical advice if you are going to fast for more than four or five days.

When you start to eat after—well, don't just gulp down half a cow or you will have all sorts of troubles, indigestion and all the rest of it, and very bad indigestion it will be.

When you are fasting your stomach shrinks. It shrinks to the size of a small egg because there is no reason why it should be distended if you are not taking in food. Well, after five days or so your stomach is the size of a small egg, and it has become used to being that size, so if you suddenly get sick of fasting and cram down a whole load of stuff then your stomach will have to distend far more than it likes doing so you will get pain, and your intes-

tines will have shrunk through having no material inside and the intestines, too, will have to stretch enormously. Believe me, if you go and gormandize after five days of fasting you will get more aches and pains than you thought possible from such a simple thing.

After a fast take very light meals, milk and a few biscuits. Next day take a bit more. But do not go back to your normal food intake until about three or four days after. In that way you will get good results from your fast, but contrariwise, if you go and stuff after a fast you will get all harm which will make your fast useless.

Now here is something I am going to tell you. I've got a letter here and the writer says, "I have several times attempted to visit you in the astral. I always see 'someone' who slightly resembles you but who is quite weird indeed. The person always attempts to play the part of you, but they are quite poor actors. Perhaps you are too busy doing other things in other worlds to be seen. Perhaps before this letter is completed you might be visited by me, even though I am still in the prehistoric stage of astral travelling."

My dear madam, I am delighted to tell you that I have an effective barrier so that people cannot visit me in the astral unless I want them to. You see, I get lots of people—literally lots—who tell me they are going to visit me in the astral, and if they all could do so then I should have no privacy, I should have no time to myself, and—would YOU like a crowd of people visiting you when you were in the bath, for example? I do not! So through knowledge which was given to me many many years ago I have been able to make a barrier which means that I cannot be visited by any Earth person unless I am willing to be so visited.

You have seen mischievous entities such as people see

at seances. I have written about this before so there is no point in going into it in detail, but quite a lot of people in the “tween worlds” want to be humans, they are entities now, bundles of life force without much sentient thought, in fact, as I have already said, they are like mischievous monkeys. And if a person tries to visit me and I don't want to see them then one of these mischievous entities will move in and pretend to be me. So if people try to visit me they've only got themselves to blame!

People, send me all manner of demands that I should visit them. Some send me intricately marked maps or photographs showing precisely where they live and they command me to appear at such-and-such a time. Well, of course, I do no such thing. Would you go flitting about in the astral just because some creep who has paid a few pence for a book thinks he or she has the right to dictate to the author? Pox to them, is what I say!

There are only twenty-four hours in the day, and if I did obey these imperious demands I should need thirty hours at least. Furthermore, these people have no conception of the difference in time. I live in a mountain time zone, but what about a person in Tokyo demanding my presence? There is quite a lot of difference in time, in fact it is the next day. So why should I bother to work out what time it is in that other location or what day it is? No, people who demand—who command—my presence as though I were a slave of a lamp or something else, they've got another think coming. They might even have two thinks coming!

It's quite amusing, too, because sometimes I get demands from people that I should instantly appear and find a pen which they have mislaid or a ring or a letter. Oh yes, I am perfectly sincere in that; I had a most imperial command just a short time ago—a person had

put down something and couldn't find it, and she wanted it to wear that night so she thought she could will me to come and I would instantly appear on the spot and produce the goods for her. Well, I think she should go back to reading Aladdin and his magic lamp, don't you? Or perhaps she should grow up instead.

Here is something I am sure will make you laugh. I will copy it out for you now:-

“Last night when I was astral travelling I decided to go on a teaching spree. Suddenly as I was walking along I noticed I had a BEAUTIFUL ORANGE SAFFRON ROBE on. I was so thrilled! Astral clothes are so beautiful. I had decided I was going to teach some people when suddenly as I was walking along the saffron robe disappeared and I was stark naked. My mind went blank, the last thing I remember is standing naked in the middle of a public building without any clothes on!”

Yes, that's what happens, you see. People go into these things without any preparation. This person did indeed get into the astral but forgot to keep a corner of the mind-astral mind-continually on her clothing, so as soon as she decided that she was going to teach some people who already knew more than she did, the little bit of her mind which should have been dealing with clothes switched off, and then-well, she was embarrassed standing in the middle of this public building with, no doubt, quite a crowd of interested on-lookers. Well, wouldn't YOU be interested as well if you suddenly saw a woman appear naked in front of you? The streakers nowadays seem to attract a lot of attention so you judge for yourself what your reactions would be.

This particular person wants me to mention her by name, but unfortunately I can't even read her name, and I can't read her address either because she didn't give

any. So I can only refer to her as The Nameless One. She also wants to know when will flying saucers start coming in great numbers. Well, actually, I shall be surprised if there are not more reports of flying saucers in the immediate future, and I am going to suggest something to you—just think of this; you will have read from time to time that naval ships of Norway, Denmark, Sweden or somewhere else have bottled up a “submarine” in one of the fjords, and there is no possible way for it to escape. Fine, we read all about that, we hear all about it on the radio, and we are convinced that this unknown submarine which, it is hinted, must obviously be Russian is bottled up, it cannot escape. Warships of the United Nations are there in force with all their submarine detection gear and they are ready to blow the submarine straight out of the water if it doesn't surrender. You've read about that in the newspapers, haven't you? You've heard it on the radio, haven't you? All right, now think of this; did you ever hear of any result? Did you? I think you did not because everything is hushed-up, and I have reason to believe that there are U.F.O.'s which come from inside the Earth and which are able to navigate under water just as submarines do, and I believe that these U.F.O.'s are sometimes detected by ships of different nations, but these U.F.O.'s can always escape.

There was a prediction made many many years ago to the effect that this year, 1974, there would be a confrontation between ships of the world and a U.F.O. under the water. The prediction is to the effect that there would be a collision between a submarine and a U.F.O., and some of the U.F.O. people would be rescued and then it would be seen quite clearly that they were not humans as the term is understood on the surface of the Earth. Predictions could be a little time out, you know, so I really

think something like that will happen in 1974 or 1975 IF IT HAS NOT ALREADY HAPPENED.

I say, “if it has not already happened” because it seems so strange to me that things are hushed up so much by Governments. We hear that a submarine has been trapped, much commotion is caused, many reports are given, almost hour by hour reports, and then suddenly . . . nothing, nothing more is said, everything is forgotten. No matter what enquiry’s are made, no one knows anything about it any more, it’s just as if it did not happen. Now, if some aliens had been found and possibly rescued from a U.F.O. then, of course, the Governments would step in and conceal all the knowledge from those who have a right to know—the people—until the Governments concerned decided how the knowledge could be best turned to the advantage of the Governments concerned.

Here is another nice question, “Under what conditions can you gain access to the Akashic Records to find out another person’s future?”

You cannot if you are a normal human without very very special life-time training. The Akashic Record of each person is closed and cannot be seen by any other human ( normally ) until the subject of that Record leaves the Earth and is in the Hall of Memories where the poor wretch has to see it all and blush alarmingly with shame!

I think this particular correspondent should go to a good eye specialist because he writes, “Dr. Rampa, did you know that you have an amazing resemblance to King Feisal of Saudi Arabia? Yes, quite definitely I state that there was a picture of King Feisal on a Time magazine, and you look just like him.”

King Feisal, Your Majesty, may I offer you my humble apologies because if you look like me—well, you sure have got a load on you! Personally I don’t see any re-

semblance except that King Feisal has two eyes, one nose, one mouth and two ears. Yes, I have just that, two eyes, one nose, one mouth and two ears, oh yes, then of course there must be a resemblance. But then I think King Feisal has a lot more hair than I have, I am bald, in fact the flies use the top of my head as a skating rink in hot weather.

“Is it possible to have a physical or astral child as a result of astral intercourse?”

No, not a chance, although to believe some of my correspondents it not merely is possible but it does occur.

For example, when I was living at Prescott, Ontario, many years ago I had a woman write to me—I have never seen her, never been closer to her than a few hundred miles—and she told me that she was now pregnant by me and she was going to bear my child. According to her, I visited her in the astral and (let me be delicate) “gave her the works.” Well, that was certainly news to me, I seem to have missed all the fun because I certainly don't know anything about it. The poor lady didn't seem to realize that the husband with whom she sleeps and with whom she presumably does other things may have been more responsible than I was. But, anyway, I will tell you—no, it is not possible to go round in the astral impregnating women. Sorry to spoil your fun but there it is, you can't do it.

Now this is a good question, it is, “Sometimes I see small children who seem to be talking to themselves but who are really talking to ‘someone.’ They usually stare as if they are looking directly at someone I can't see, they sometimes carry on long conversations. Who are they talking to? Nature Spirits? Also, can little children see into the astral world at any time they wish?”

Of course these children are able to talk and see people

in the astral. It is a simple matter indeed because when a child is small their vibrations are higher, and so they can get in touch with people in the astral whose vibrations are lower. There are also special spirit friends who look after children, in other words, fairies are real; and not until stupid parents tell children that they mustn't tell lies and of course they don't see other people do the children lose the ability. In fact parents are a child's worst friends. Parents too often think that they are omnipotent, the source of all knowledge. They try to dominate their children and they crush out and ruin natural abilities of the child. It is a very sad thing, it is adults who make it so difficult for astral people to contact this world.

Do you want to smile? Well, what would you answer to a question like this :— “Why can't Buddhist monks get married?”

Let me answer that with a question. The question is, “Why cannot Catholic priests get married?” Obviously because it is a facet of the religion, of the religious discipline. Many churches, not merely Christian churches, either, think that a man must devote his whole life to that religion. He must, in effect, marry the religion. Many churches, or many religions, believe that if a man marries then his mind might be on other things—the attractions of his wife, for instance—and he would then not be able to give full time attention to his religious duties. That is why Catholics and some other priests do not marry. But there are many Buddhist monks of different sects who do marry, just as there are many different types of Christian priest who do marry. Protestant priests marry, Catholic priests do not. It's just a matter of belief and that is all there is to it.

I have a regular correspondence with a lady and gentleman who have a son who has a mental defect. The son

is retarded. Unfortunately medical science does not seem able to do much for such people, and often they try to persuade the parents of such a child to commit the child to some Home for the Mentally Defective.

This particular boy is improving, and I believe that in time, with the loving care of his parents, he will become very much more normal. It seems that when he was a baby a doctor treated him unwisely and tried out a new drug on the small baby giving it a dosage which would have overpowered a strong adult. From that time on the boy has suffered very great mental strain and he cannot speak, and I believe that his mental health is improving. I have suggested that he be sent to friends on a farm because often if such a person is mixing with animals, etc., who are less privileged than he, then a great improvement takes place as the boy or girl does all he can, or all she can, to help and to understand the animals.

In many cases a retarded child, seeing an animal, gets a type of fellow feeling. The child thinks that the animal cannot talk either, so that gives him a bond, and when such a child is given the run of a farm and given tasks within his or her capabilities, then the responsibility does start up and spark a response in the intelligence.

It is such a shame, such a crime to just rush retarded people off to a mental home when there is any hope at all that kindness at home, or kindness and understanding on a farm, will enable the retarded one to become less retarded. I have known many cases where Mongolian idiots—they are not idiots by any means—have been greatly improved by being placed in a position where they can help with animal husbandry.

Do you remember in a previous book that I made a prediction that a President of the U.S.A. would be removed from office? Well, as I write this we are waiting

for President Nixon to announce his resignation. The poor fellow has had enough pressure, certainly, and according to what one reads in the papers he is certainly having some nervous strain which may have affected his mental health. But anyway—predictions sometimes come right, you know. But I have been told quite reliably that President Nixon—probably former President when you read this—was informed by a quite well-known woman astrologer or whatever she is that nothing would happen to him. Well, she wasn't very successful, was she?

Actually, everything comes in cycles. You get troubles with Kings, Presidents and all the rest of it in certain cycles. So if you know where to look you can find out about these periodic cycles. In the same way you can find out fairly accurately when a next war is going to happen. If you had been sufficiently interested to work out the dates of wars and you had drawn a graph of them, you would have found that they follow a more or less regular pattern. Everything happens like that, you know. Even with human life everything happens in cycles as every woman knows, and then there are the cycles of the Moon's phases. But in addition to that there are the cycles which affect humans most of all, such as the twenty-three day cycle of up's and down's of health, and the twenty-eight day cycle, and another cycle which occurs over a period of thirty-three days. We get the health, the nervous energy, and the intellect, all fluctuating from top to bottom. And obviously as the three cycles come together at fairly long intervals then one can have an extremely good period for a day or so, or an extremely bad period for a day or so.

I keep a regular chart of my cycles, that is, the twenty-three day, the twenty-eight day, and the thirty-three day cycles, and quite recently I was at a peak of what passes

for good health with me, as was predicted by the three cycles. But then there came the decline of the three cycles all in a bunch, and the result of that was that I was carted off to hospital, a very sick fellow indeed with more pain than I like to think about. Then I stayed in the hospital until the cycles changed around and permitted me to feel better, after which I came out again.

All life has cycles of this type, and if you know how they can be charted. Not only that, but if you know how you can find out the cycles of world events, what's going to happen to this country, what's going to happen to that, what sort of person is going to be assassinated next, and what those naughty little Russian lads are going to do to upset the equanimity of the world. It is a pity that the Russians are so xenophobic because they make a lot of misery for themselves always being absolutely positive that everyone else is against the poor little Russians, whereas actually most of the time people couldn't care two hoots for the Russians. They play pretty rough, though, as I know to my cost.

Would it not be a very pleasant thing if we could get our Lords and Masters, who pose as a democratic elected Government, to prepare proper charts showing world events and when we can expect an increase in income tax, or—oh wonderful event!—a decrease in income tax, although the latter doesn't seem possible. The Governments are always willing to put up the prices, to increase the taxes, etc., but they never do a darn thing about reducing them, do they? The income tax thing, I believe it came under one of the terms of the Defense of the Realm Act (D.O.R.A.) in England during the 1914-1918 war, was just a temporary measure which was going to be repealed at the end of the war. Well, now, here in Canada as well as in the U.S.A., the Government of the

country imposes a whacking great tax, and then the Province or State take their bite as well by imposing a big tax, and in some places there is a third income tax, that which is imposed by a money-hungry city. It reminds me of the sort of life an author lives; first of all he pays commission to one or two agents, and then he pays income tax in the country which is publishing a book, and then he loses money on the rate of exchange—it's never in my favour!—and then he's got to pay tax, poor fellow, in his own country. And if he is particularly unlucky he has to pay Federal tax and then Provincial tax, and if this is not “his day” he has to pay city tax as well. After that he may find that there is some sort of a school tax because the Catholics, for some strange reason, seem to have twisted the arm of the Governments so they can dun money out of people to help pay for the schooling of little Catholics. It's a strange, strange world, isn't it?

But my Respected Friend, Paddle Boat Moffet, has a question; Paddle Boat loves ships, and because of his love of ships I renamed him “Paddle Boat”, a name which it seems he thoroughly enjoys. Paddle Boat Moffet is a very gifted model maker. To my disgust he has been making silly old sailing ship models of an age long past. After all, who wants to know about ships which are mere lumps of wood blown along by a bit of cloth stuck on to a bit of a stick called a mast? All the best modelers make paddle boat models or good old steam ships, and so—Paddle Boat Moffet, fired by his new name, is now busy making a paddle boat.

But he is puzzled about the Marie Celeste. You probably all know about her, but if there is Aunt Agathe out there who doesn't know let me tell you, auntie, that the Marie Celeste is, or was, a sailing ship which was plying her regular route across the seas, and then one day, or

rather, one evening, an oncoming ship saw the Marie Celeste coming toward her with all sails set, booming along in front of the wind. But—like this book—it was twilight, and according to marine law the Marie Celeste should have had lights showing but there were no lights, and the people aboard the oncoming ship were perturbed at several things which seemed wrong with the Marie Celeste. So after quite a long chase some of the men from the spectator ship were able to board the Marie Celeste and lower the sails.

Then they got gooseflesh, or whatever it is that seamen get when they are scared stiff, because there was no one aboard the Marie Celeste, no one at all, everything was perfectly in order, even a meal was laid out on a table waiting for an unknown diner.

Throughout years and years many conjectures have been made as to what happened aboard the Marie Celeste. There was no sign whatever of any violence, so—what could it have been? The life-boats were there so the crew could not have taken off from what they thought was a sinking ship. The ship was perfectly in order, nothing at all wrong with it, except . . . the crew were not aboard, and that is all.

There have been quite a lot of ships like that. The ships have been intact in perfect order, and yet there has been no one aboard. And then if you will read my other books you will read about the Bermuda Triangle in which not only ships have lost their crews, but the ships themselves have disappeared. Aircraft have disappeared as well, and in at least one authenticated case voices were heard on the radio fading out in eerie, ghostly fashion. Paddle Boat Moffet wants to know what happened.

Well, there is another time-dimension which crosses our world. There is another world intermingled with

ours. A lot of people say, "Well, if that is so why can't we see it?" You cannot because it is on a different frequency. Think of it like this; I don't know how many of you are interested in short-wave radio but quite a number of you will have had the acquaintance of listening to a short-wave station—oh, let's say just for example, the B.B.C. on the 31 meter band, and then find that the station appeared to drift off and instead there would be perhaps Moscow, the Voice of Moscow bellowing out propaganda against the Capitalist countries. And then, even before one could reach for the tuning knob, the drift would occur again, bawling Moscow would disappear and the B.B.C. would come back. All the time, of course, both stations were broadcasting, but the set was tuned to one, and if there was a frequency drift somewhere the other would come in instead. We get the same thing with the two worlds. The worlds are invisible to each other.

Let me put it in another way; we here on this world see by a certain type of light, but supposing our light was switched off and something else, perhaps infra-red, was switched on then we would apparently be in darkness, but a person who could see by infra-red light would be able to see perfectly whereas he would not be able to see at all by our light. So it is that in such a case if our world is at one frequency and our twin world is at another frequency there is no interaction between them so one world is not aware of another, but in (by way of illustration only) the two worlds intermingling at the Bermuda Triangle particularly, and then there is a drift, any poor soul at the point of the drift would possibly find that he had slipped from one world into the other! He would get a nasty shock, wouldn't he? The other world is a twin of this world, so when he had sailed or flown over the barrier and into this other world he would be in a similar

type of world and in a similar location on that world, but he wouldn't know the language, he might not even see so well, he might find that he was seeing almost as one would see at twilight—hey, I can't get away from that word, can I?

But you can rest assured that people from the other world come to this one as well. In fact I know of a definite authentic case where it happened in Argentina because I was near at the time. But that is another story. So, Paddle Boat Moffet, the Marie Celeste and other ships could still sail if they went over the border, but it might even be that in the case of the Marie Celeste the crew were taken off for examination by a U.F.O., or even by another ship which was on the other side of the “barrier.” Either is possible, and both have happened in the case of other ships.

## CHAPTER TEN

I have been listening to the tragedy of a nation, using my little old transistor radio, and I am just overcome by the tragedy of it all. Of course by the time you read this book the news will be old, possibly even the new President will have left. I should never be surprised nowadays. But—I have been listening to the tragedy of a nation. The tragedy is not the doings of Richard Nixon. Richard Nixon; I would say, is no saint, in fact I should imagine that he can grow horns on his head far more easily than he would grow wings on his shoulders, but Richard Nixon has done a lot of good, and to my way of thinking

he has done no more harm than some of the other people who have been Presidents of the U.S.A.

The tragedy of the U.S.A. is not the tragedy of the President, the tragedy is that the press, those evil dastardly men of the press, have caused all the trouble, and I cannot understand why presumably sane people tolerate the press. There should definitely be a press censorship, but to be crude about it none of the politicians have the guts to impose it or even to suggest it.

I well know how the lying press can fabricate the "evidence," and then the press will accuse a person, try him, and condemn him without one iota of real guilt on the person concerned.

I am not saying that President Nixon was innocent, not even the most potent of those wonderful cleaning powders which are so freely advertised would make President Nixon snow white, no matter how many times he was dunked in the stuff, but he was not as bad as he was painted by the press, and I will go so far as to say that he has not done anything worse than any other President has done. I thoroughly understand President Nixon's point of view, and I should class him as a perfectly ordinary commonplace in-the-rut American President.

The press have no right to interfere in politics any more than the churches have. It is always a source of amazement to me that in Ireland, for example, one bible-thumper has left his lectern, or flown the pulpit, to become one of the revolutionaries. What's the fellow's name? Paisley, I believe. But if a man goes in for Holy Orders why does he suddenly start giving revolutionary orders?

You get the same thing with old Makarios who ran so fast from Cyprus that no one could catch him. He is another one, this time an Archbishop, and he forgot his

holy teachings to enter the revolutionary path, and revolutionaries it seems to me, are nothing but a gang of murderers. We are all entitled to our opinions, and that is my opinion. I think that a cleric who forgets his holy teaching and runs bleating from his flock to pick up a rifle should be unfrocked. Not merely should he be unfrocked, he should be debagged. Debag is a good old English term, so for the American audience let me say that he should be peeled from inside his pants!

I have had a lot of persecution by the press, and although I cannot truly say I hate anyone I am as near hating the press as I am anyone in the world. I would prefer to shake hands with Satan and his grandmother—does Satan have a grandmother?—than I would to shake hands with a pressman because these people are truly the scum of the Earth, One listens to them on the radio and one shudders at the arrogant way in which they dictate to people, shudders at the manner in which they try to force a person to say what the pressman wants them to say. And then in the matter of the new incumbent, Gerald Ford, I listened to the pressmen saying what the new President would do. Well, if the press people are so important, so all-knowing, then why does America need a President? Why doesn't the Senate or Congress or the Boy Scouts or something just phone the press each morning to know what orders they should give? The press people, it seems to me, are just a lot of illiterate, ignorant fools who are just ready to cash-in on anyone's misery, and even on a nation's tragedy. Pox to the press!

I have a letter from a person who cannot understand this:—

“Well, in your books, and in other books too, it is said that every so often the world undergoes a sort of change of cycles, a change of civilization, but if that is so then

there must be remnants of other civilizations and we never find any, so it leads me to think that you are not telling the truth. It leads me to the belief that the Bible is right and the world is only about three or four thousand years old “

That fellow must be a pressman! But anyway, imagine for a moment that you are an ant playing about in some farmer's field. Well, you see this great cloud coming from the distance and because you are a Wise Ant you scurry as fast as you can to the nearest tree and you shin up that tree with all six or eight, or whatever it is, legs. Then you get a first-class view of the world beneath you.

The farmer stops his chuffng tractor and gets down and opens the gate to the field, then he gets back on the tractor and chuffs away through the gateway and into the field. Then after he has scratched his head a bit, lit a cigarette, and done a mighty spit he hitches a plough up behind the tractor. And then what was your world, the smooth surface of your world with nice green grass and good clumps of weeds, gets in a state of turmoil. The farmer is ploughing. He goes on ploughing and ploughing, and he is deep ploughing, too, so all the surface of your world, which is that field, is broken up and the inner soil comes to the surface and everything is thoroughly messed up. Your friends in the ant colony disappear for ever. One of the plough blades saw to that in very decisive fashion. The ant colony was tipped upside down, and then great clods of earth rained down on them and after that one of those blade things at the end of the plough sliced right through the earth covering the deceased colony, and all the sides caved in even more. On the next pass down the field one of the rear wheels of the tractor pressed everything down deep.

Well, you, the last ant in all the world—your world is

the field, remember—shudder with fright. Everything has taken on a new look. There are great cliffs of earth standing up where before there was smooth earth and perhaps grass. There is nothing that you know left any more. But if you were given long life—I don't know how long an ant lives—you would see the winds and the rains beat down the ploughed up soil until everything became smooth again. But before that, perhaps, the farmer or his boy would come along with a seeder which is another device which turns up the earth a bit and scatters seed all over the place, and that seeder would be followed by hordes of birds. So you, poor ant, had better keep your tail down tight or you will lose it.

But that is how things go on on this Earth. There is what we of the Earth call a mighty civilization, New York, for instance; (is it mighty after Watergate?) supposing the end of a cycle had come, there would be terrific earthquakes, bigger earthquakes than you had ever dreamed possible, and you wouldn't dream about them either because you wouldn't live through them. The earthquakes would open chasms in the earth and buildings would fall in, chasms would extend perhaps half a mile deep into the earth, and all the buildings which were New York would fall in. Then the earth would close again, and there would be a few wriggles, and in course of time there would be no trace whatever of that mighty civilization.

The waters would change their course. The Hudson would disappear into the earth, the seas would sweep over part of the Earth perhaps, and perhaps New York's site would become the seabed, and everything that you knew of New York would have disappeared.

It's not true, though, to say that everything is lost without trace for ever and ever amen, because there have

been most interesting reports from deep-miners. They have been digging for coal, perhaps, and far down in the depths of their mine they have come across (and this is true) a figure buried in coal, a figure which might be fifteen feet long. They may also come across certain artifacts, and there have been such artifacts found and placed in Museums; there have been cycles and cycles on this Earth. If you go to a farm and look out across the farm land you can't say what sort of crop there was ten years ago, can you? You can't say what sort of crop there was twenty years ago, not even five years ago, not even one year ago, because everything has been ploughed down. Perhaps the farmer has had a very good crop which has depleted the earth, so he ploughs the land and lets it lie fallow for a year. After that he ploughs it again and plants a different crop, and so it goes on. The earth, too, is ploughed by earthquakes, and after the earthquakes come the floods and the tornadoes which blow the topsoil and smooth everything off and make sure that there is no trace of that which went before.

So, young man, you who write and tell me that I am not telling the truth, you are talking through the back of your neck. You don't know the first thing about all this, so the sooner you read all my books, and believe them, then the better for you.

Mrs. Mary MacMaggot of the Maggotorium, Toadsville, is a great herb fan. She firmly believes that people who take chemicals, and that means chemical drugs and all that sort of stuff, should have their brains tested; Mrs. Mary MacMaggot is absolutely convinced that you get good only from herbs. She thinks the rest of the pills, potions, liniments and lotions are just a device to make money for the drug houses.

Actually, there isn't any difference usually between the

drugs we get out of herbs and the drugs which are made in a factory. You know how it all happens, don't you?

Well, let's take as our example a herb which is rich in iron. Now, the iron in that plant does not grow there provided by a benevolent Nature who knows that in time Mrs. MacMaggot will want an iron tonic. The iron came from the ground, and I am going to advise you to look on things something like this; all plants are cellulose, they are like cellulose sponges, and the cells in the sponges are filled with the life material of the plant; the cellulose is a form of skeleton, a form of support for the plant. So this particular plant that we are examining is very partial to soil which has a strong iron-ore element in it. It grows well in such circumstances, and the iron-ore is absorbed by the far-spreading roots of the plant and is then taken up by the sap and conveyed through all the cellulose tissues of the plant. There it is lodged in those cavities just as one can mop up dirty water with a sponge and get the sediment lodged in the cells of the sponge. Well, along comes a herbalist, grabs a handful of iron-bearing plants and messes about with them—perhaps he makes a tea of them, perhaps he mashes them up, but anyway he makes some awful unsavory goo and takes the stuff. If he was lucky and he's got hold of a plant which had been successful in getting a good quantity of iron-ore he feels better for it. But if he finds a barren sort of plant then he says some naughty words and goes on to some pills.

All the big drug houses send research teams into exotic parts of the world, such as to the interior of Brazil. There the research people find all manner of plants which grow nowhere else in the world perhaps, because Brazil is truly a wonderful, wonderful country for its natural resources.

The plants are carefully noted, photographed, checked, and then bundled up and sent to research laboratories

where they are again examined in the light of information which has been obtained from natives, perhaps a native witch doctor uses this herb or that herb for curing barrenness or rheumatism, or something else. Well, the native witch doctors are usually right, they have generation after generation of passed-on experience to guide them, so you can be sure that if they say that such-and-such a plant is good for this or that complaint they are perfectly correct.

The research teams break down the plants, analyze them, make them into essences, make them into crystals, and they find out every single item about the plant, what it consists of, what it has secreted, and all the rest. And as is very frequently the case they can isolate a certain chemical which is responsible for the cures claimed by the witch doctors. Then, having that chemical further analyzed, they can copy it exactly. So we have the chemical of the plant merely duplicated by the chemical in the laboratory, the manmade thing, and the manmade thing has a great advantage over the herbal chemical because there is no method of telling the potency of the herbal chemical, there might indeed be none. But if a thing is copied and manufactured in the laboratory then one can at all times prescribe an absolutely accurate dose.

I am thinking particularly of curare. Certain of the Amazon Brazilians—they call them Indians—used curare extract on arrows or spears, and if they shoot an arrow so coated at an animal the animal keels over, paralyzed. But there is a lot of hit or miss because, again, in a herb which grows in the ground you can't be sure of your dosage. Years ago it was found that curare was useful to surgeons in paralyzing a patient on the operating table and making his muscles relax. But when the herb was administered the results were uncertain, either the poor

wretch was killed, or, often, he did not get a strong enough dose to be effective. But now that the drug curare is manufactured artificially there is no risk because at all times there is an exact dosage. So, Mrs. Mary Mac-Maggot, it's a good thing that we can have factory made chemical drugs which permit us to prescribe and dose with accuracy. Just think if you had to go out and chew up a pound of fennel before you found your cough was curing. Now you can take a little liquid and find that you can get your cough better really fast.

Another person writes and ask what I think of Arabs and Jews. Well, to tell you the truth, I don't think anything particular about them because while on Earth they are much the same type of people. Arabs and Jews were very friendly indeed just a few years ago, they mingled, Arabs in Jewish communities and Jews in Arab communities, and they were on the closest terms possible, there was no dispute between them, no dispute at all. But, you know, one of the facts of life is that love and hate are very similar, very close, you can have absolute love for a person which turns to absolute hatred almost overnight. Or you can have a most vicious bitter enemy, and then you can find that you love her almost before you know what is happening. It is because the chemicals are wrong in the two people concerned. It might be that Arabs and Jews have changed their eating habits somewhat, and so that the chemical intake leads to the opposition of their vibrations. If a person's vibrations are not compatible with another person's then we have hatred, and the vibrations are very often governed by the sort of food we eat because the food gives us our chemical intake, that is why in so many cases mega-vitamin treatment works wonders, and in other cases it can have no effect at all. So if we got a bunch of Jews and a bunch of Arabs and we

fed them on the same stuff perhaps they would get on together and not try to cut each other's throat behind their back, so to speak. But I know, or knew, quite a lot of good Arabs, and I now know quite a lot of good Jews. Unfortunately I have met one or two bad ones as well, but then I have also met some bad Buddhists!

Often I get letters from Germany really giving me a working over because my books are not published in Germany. I can't help that. There was quite a campaign against me in Germany started up by a few fellows who were jealous because I wrote about Tibet, jealous because I wrote true books about Tibet, and so quite a press campaign was started against me. But it seems to me that the Germans are an unlovely people, it seems to me that they are the trouble-makers of Europe, they are so humorless, so deadpan, so righteous. So much so that I have had to decide that I wouldn't have my books published in Germany. I cannot stand these literal people, and I have often written to people in Germany and given them my honest opinion which is that it would have been better for the rest of Europe, perhaps, if the Russians had taken over the whole of Germany. If you look at history you will find that the Germans have made an awful commotion in the world, all the way back to the time of Attila the Hun.

So Mr. German, who is being so cross because he can't get my books in German, I don't want them published in German, and I wouldn't care two hoots—I couldn't care even half a hoot—what Germans think about it.

A gent here, I am sure he is a gent by the way he writes, believes that it must be wonderful to be an author. You don't do any work, you just walk about a room dictating to a staff of secretaries who hang on every word that the author utters and then struggle to put

those words into beautiful prose that will hypnotize a publisher into paying wonderful royalties.

This fellow thinks that all authors are millionaires, all authors fly about the world with first-class tickets, or perhaps I should say first-class credit cards, and drive whacking great sports cars or Rolls Royces. Do you think I could take a minute or two to tell him to wake up? It's not so easy as all that. I believe the late Edgar Wallace had a formula which was like a skeleton of a book, and he kept on ringing the changes, having about six or seven different sets of plots whereby he hung different names, different locations, and different crimes on to that book skeleton, and then he used to stride about the room with a long cigarette holder in his hand dictating out of the corner of his mouth (you have to if you are smoking at the same time) to two or three typists. Well, that is mass production. The average poor wretch of an author doesn't do it that way. Anyway, do you know what true books need? Let me tell you.

First of all, if you are going to write a true book you must have had some true experiences, you must have had some horrible experiences which scar you for life. People who have been in prison camps, for instance, are never the same, they are scarred, often their health has deteriorated and is deteriorating as a result of their experiences. So they have the knowledge of certain things. But then they have to be able to write, they have to be able to put words describing their experiences in passable interesting form. If they can do that then they have to be sure that their experiences are such that people want to read about them.

After they have typed the book they have to get a publisher to read the typescript, but first of all before a publisher will consider such a typescript, you have to

have certain mechanical disciplines. You seem to be interested, so I will tell you about it.

You have to type on one side of the page without too many mistakes. You have to have double-line spacing. You count ten words to each line, and twenty-five lines to each page. That gives you two hundred and fifty words to a page. Now a chapter in my average book consists of twenty pages, that means five thousand words, and I usually have twelve chapters which adds up to sixty thousand words. And when you've got up to sixty thousand words you find you have left out something important so you add on a few words more.

It is, it seems, very necessary that you get your chapters much about the same length because you don't get one man to set up your book, the book is divided between a number of type-setters, and if one gets short chapters and another gets long chapters—well, there might be trouble with the Union or something. So it's better to get your chapters fairly even, about five thousand words to a chapter, perhaps with a bit shorter chapter in the beginning and a bit shorter chapter at the end. So if you can do that and your typing is neat enough, then you may get a publisher to read it, and reading a typescript is the first step to getting it published.

By far the best method of getting a book to your publisher is to use the services of an agent. I have a very good one indeed. Throughout the years we are not just agent and client, but I consider Mr. Knight as my friend. He is that jewel of agents, a completely honest man. It is, obviously, absolutely necessary that your agent be honest and work on your behalf. The name of the firm is Stephen Aske, of 39 Victoria Street, London, England. But I must warn you that if you send muck which will never have a chance of getting printed, then an agent is

justified in charging you a reading fee. So if you, full of literary zeal, feel a compelling urge to write then you would be well advised to get in touch with an agent such as Mr. Knight enclosing return postage, and you will ask him his advice is there a market for such-and-such a thing, etc. If there is he will tell you so, and he will undoubtedly suggest that you do a synopsis of perhaps five thousand words telling briefly what the book is going to be about.

Don't send stuff without writing first, and don't expect an agent—or an author either—to answer your letter unless you put in entirely adequate postage. An agent has to pay for printing, he has to pay for typing, he has to pay for time, overheads such as electricity and heating, etc., taxes on his building, rent on his building, and if you do not observe the decencies of life and enclose adequate postage your prospective agent may just do what I should do—toss the stuff in the garbage.

A good agent is invaluable. He will get in touch with publishers in other countries, and he will get after publishers to pay on time, and believe me, some publishers do not!

But if you think that you are going to make a fortune out of writing—go out and pick up a shovel and become a builder or something like that. These are the people who make money nowadays, the author, unless he's got something particular to say, often does not make enough to live on, and a hungry author is a horrible sight indeed. People write to me asking what I recommend in music, people who want to be elevated—raised up, given spiritual uplift and all that. Well, it is very appropriate at this moment because I have just had a letter from a young man in England who takes me to task because of what I have said about present day “music” Not only

that, but he sends me a sample of what he considers to be good music. I have no record player so a friend of mine tried it, and apparently the result is that the poor friend is almost a friend no longer because the music was “jangle, jangle, bang, bang” like a procession of mad garbage collectors with St. Vitus Dance beating garbage can lids together. Hey—I wish you wouldn't send me some of these hard rock records. My! You'll make me lose my few friends if you do. So take warning from this; I have no record player.

I believe, that music should be soothing, it should be the type of thing which makes a feeling of goodness, the sort of music which raises your vibrations.

I believe that a lot of the neurotic tendencies in life nowadays are caused by unsuitable “music” because, you see, when you listen to music your own personal vibrations vibrate in sympathy or as a harmonic to that which you are hearing. So if you are listening to a lot of disturbing jive ( I think that's what the stuff is called ) your own personal vibrations will be set on edge. It seems to me that so many nervous complaints have been caused by imitation stereo belching out hard rock at enormous volume and really upsetting one's psyche. So if you want to progress spiritually you will start listening to some of the old masters, some of the definite classicals, some of the music which the younger generation will not listen to and perhaps never have listened to because they think everything to do with “the establishment” is against their interests.

We get much the same type of thing with the radio nowadays; one is trying to listen to a good musical program. and, over here on the North American continent at least, we get interrupted with hysterical announcements that Bloggs Pills will cure everything from constipation

to corns. Well, that is very bad—not the constipation or corns—but the sudden frenetic announcement uttered in hysterical tones because it completely shatters the soothing vibrations which had built up through good music.

So if you want to listen to good music, get it on records or on tape so that you don't have a hysterical young man bawling the love song of patent medicine.

“Dr. Rampa,” the letter said, “you have done fourteen books so far, are you going to go on writing? I think you should go on writing—I think you should write until the end.”

Well, madam, you refer to fourteen books. This is the fifteenth, this “Twilight,” and why shouldn't I write some more, as you say? After all, I might get as far as Midnight. Who knows? It depends on the public demand because a publisher won't publish books unless there is a demand for them, and there is no guarantee, you know, that an author can write a book and be sure of its acceptance. An author is like a blind man, he has to feel his way. So if you want more books why not write to my publisher and ask for them? If you want better covers—and I surely hope you do!—then why not write to my publisher and tell him so? And if you do not like the fading yellow paper which the publisher uses, well, please tell him; do not tell me because I assure you on all the holy books there are that I have no say in the matter of covers, illustrations, the type of paper used or the size of print. So you beat up the publisher instead, it's something I cannot do.

People write to Miss Ku'ei and to Mrs. Fifi Grey-whiskers. Of course these two ladies are no longer on this Earth; a cat's life is a very short life, you know. They live about seven times faster than a human, so a year in our

time is equal to seven years in a cat's time. Now Miss Cleopatra is, in cat time, nearly sixty years of age!

Miss Cleopatra Rampa is a seal-pointed Siamese cat, and I say in all seriousness that she is the most intelligent person I have ever met, no matter whether that person be human or what. Miss Cleopatra is by far the most intelligent, most sympathetic, and most loving of all. She looks after me.

As you know, or should know by now, I am ill, and a short time ago I was very ill indeed and it was enjoined upon me that I should not move more, than I really had to. Well, Miss Cleopatra took it upon herself to sit by me at night; she sat on a little bedside table which I have, actually a hospital bed-table, and she would sit upright all night, and if I dared move more than she thought necessary she would reach out and give me a thoroughly hard slap as if I was a bad child whom she was disciplining!

She does do rounds just like a hospital nurse. When she is not "on duty" full time by my bedside she will come in several times during the night and very quietly jump on my bed (of course I am not supposed to know!) and then she will creep stealthily up beside me and peer intently into my face to make sure I am breathing satisfactorily. If I am she will quietly go away. If I am not she makes a commotion which fetches other people.

All the time I have known her I have never known Cleopatra to be irritable or cross or anything except absolutely sweet tempered and reasonable, and if there is a thing that one doesn't like her to do one can just tell her so in an ordinary normal voice and she will not do it any more. Buttercup, for example, did not like Little People sitting on her hats which presumably, from a woman's

point of view, is reasonable. She told Cleo without anger, without irritation, and Cleo hasn't done it since.

Fat Taddy lives with us as well. She is a blue-point Siamese cat, much heavier than Cleo, and she is not so intelligent in a material, physical sort of way, although compared to other cats she is highly intelligent. Her particular talent lies in the realms of telepathy. She is the most telepathic creature I have ever met, and when she wants to she can get over her message as loudly as a public address system blaring in one's ears. She is the responsibility of Cleo who more or less shepherds her around and sees that she behaves herself. But Cleo is my special guardian. Taddy is more interested in guarding the food!

People write to me, as you may have gathered, and ask all sorts of strange questions, they ask all sorts of personal questions too. For instance, they want to know my age which is nothing to do with anyone else. Some of them want to know if I get the old age pension, and I am able to tell them that I am not able to get the old age pension for what I consider to be a strange reason; I spent some time in South America and because I have not been back in Canada for ten years I cannot get the old age pension. So any of you who are "senior citizens" might be interested to know that according to Canadian law one has to be in the country for a complete and entire ten years—even if one is a naturalized Canadian citizen—before one can get the old age pension. In 1975 I shall have been back in Canada for ten years, so then if I am still alive I have to sign a form so that another person can collect the old age pension for me as I cannot go in person to do it.

I am also asked if Mrs. Rampa still lives with me, and I was about to say, "Well, obviously she does," but in these

days of sudden or instantaneous divorces it's not so Ob-  
vious any more is it? So let me say—yes, Mrs. Rampa  
does live with me, and so does Buttercup, Mrs. S. M.  
Rouse, who lives with us as a member of our family and  
as a very important member of our family at that.

Sometimes I get offensive letters from Australia. I had  
one letter from Australia from a man by the name of  
Samuels. He wrote to me in a thoroughly unpleasant  
manner saying that there had been no word from Mrs.  
Rampa and if I was genuine why didn't Mrs. Rampa say  
so. Well, actually, she has done so, many, many times.  
But I'll tell you what; I'll let Mrs. Rampa start the next  
chapter with a few uninhibited words unguided by me,  
undirected by me, so she can say what she likes. So, Mr.  
Publisher, will you put on some soft music, dim the lights  
over our Readers, and prepare to illuminate the spotlight,  
because for the next chapter we will have Mrs. Rampa  
start it.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Let me here introduce Mrs. S. A.Rampa. I have offered  
her the opportunity of saying what she wants to say, so  
here it is:—

“It had been suggested that I should make a small  
contribution toward this, the fifteenth book, write a  
chapter, for instance, and at first the thought gave me  
quite a shock.

“No! I would not presume to try for a chapter. But as

the Author agrees, I will be very happy to make a few comments.

“This evening I finished reading the typescript of Chapter Nine which was hot off the typewriter, and I believe Chapter Ten is also completed, but that one I have not yet read. So if I do not hurry I will be too late for this book.

“As I was going about my evening, duties such as watering the plants, preparing our supper, and attending to the very small needs of Cleopatra and Tadalinka, my thoughts were dwelling on the material I had been reading in the pages of ‘Twilight.’

“First of all I would like to mention that when Lobsang Rampa refers to ‘my Wife’ or ‘Mrs. Rampa’ it is still the same creature who is known by other names in previous books, it is still ‘Ma’ of ‘Living with the Lama’ or ‘Mrs. Old Man’ of ‘Beyond the Tenth’, and ‘Ra’ab’ of ‘Candlelight.’ It seems appropriate that you should be assured that Lobsang Rampa is a loyal and devoted person, , and is not in the habit of frequently changing his partner, and I hope the same can be said of myself.

“Many things have been said for and against us just the same as they have criticized the President of the United States of America who has just reluctantly relinquished his position as President.

“Like President Nixon we have suffered greatly at the hands of the press, and during the past few days we have been reminded that the critics with the least knowledge have the most to say. Were it not so these people would be engaged in formulating better conditions instead of trying to break down the best efforts of a few others who are striving to do some good for their fellow men.

“But criticism is not my purpose tonight, rather do I

desire to make a few comments about the Author of this book, 'Twilight.'

"Dr. Rampa is not the gruff, embittered old man portrayed by some thoughtless persons. Indeed he is extremely sick and therefore has enough cause for gruffness and irritability, but he is not horrid and touchy. Instead, he is continually thinking of others, and during the last week I have noticed more closely than ever how great is his compassion toward those who are in distress. Last night we listened together, as did people around the world, to the tragic announcement of the impending end of a Presidency, and Dr. Rampa was so deeply moved by the sadness of it all that he spent a more than usually sleepless night. One of the things which causes this extreme sadness was the attitude of the reporters, they did not merely do the job of reporting but, to repeat expressions used by another listener, they were **SPRAYED WITH HATE**.

"Perhaps I should apologize for the length of my commentary, for it had been intended that this would be just a few lines. There is just one further point, and I want to put it on record now, for it may be the only opportunity I will have, that I personally owe my outlook and my whole attitude to life to this man who has sacrificed so much to help us, and especially to help me.

"Although life is not always easy, one does not mind so much if one can see where one is going, and, as we have been told often enough, there is no short cut to tranquility. From personal experience I can state definitely that however difficult, however impossible we consider ourselves to be, with a little effort and **REGULAR** practice we can overcome many of our problems, making it easier to live with others, and, just as important, easier to live with ourselves. In my own case, the Teachings and, even

more important, the EXAMPLE of Lobsang Rampa has been the greater factor in assisting me to come to terms with myself, resulting I hope in my being a somewhat better person.

“I do not know whether there will be space left in the book for this modest contribution because it had all been planned before I could arrange my thoughts. However, the writing has been enjoyable, and I wish there had been more space so I could tell of various incidents depicting the very compassionate side of the nature, the side which is not familiar to everyone, not always recognized, but which nevertheless is a very real part of the Lobsang Rampa make-up. Still, there may be another opportunity. Who knows? But I know this; in answer to that offensive man in Australia who wrote demanding that I prove something let me say that—yes, I know without possibility of error that Lobsang Rampa is who he claims to be and that all his books are true.”

Well, I had hoped that if we were going to have illustrations they could have borne the signature of S. M. Rouse, and I also hoped that if blocks were made for illustrations, the foregoing paragraphs by Mrs. Rampa could have borne her signature because there is always some creep ready to say, “Oh by golly, he wrote it himself.” ( But he didn't! )

As for this proof business, well there is no point in trying to prove a thing to anyone because if a person wants to believe then he will believe, and if a person doesn't want to believe then no amount of proof no amount of proof at all—will convince him. So—you make your own choice.

But another thing I have been asked is about books, what books should people read. Well, I can't give a whole list of books because I don't have many myself,

but two books in particular have greatly impressed me, and I will give you the two titles and the necessary data. The first is "The Spaceships of Ezekiel" by Josef F. Blumrich. That is a Corgi Book, and I can most truly recommend it. The Author nearly laughed his head off when his son told him about U.F.O.'s, and the Author is a NASA scientist, a man well qualified to know about U.F.O's and all that. He was so amused by his son's stupid belief in such things that he set out to prove that there couldn't be any "flying saucers."

The more he tried to prove the more convinced he became that there were such things, and in the end as a designer he was able to design the type of space ship which was written about in the times of Ezekiel, but it is a thoroughly good book and one that I absolutely recommend, so put on your, running shoes and rush around to your local book store and buy it, and you will see that I am a good book critic!

Another extraordinarily good book is called "Timeless Earth." It is written by Peter Kolosimo. I believe it was first written in French, but it has been translated into English by Paul Stevenson, and it is published by University Books Inc. (I am glad they have some "inc" because they need it for printing books, don't they? ) This is another book which really will hold your interest. It tells the truth, and it should be in the Library of every serious thinking person. While you are rushing around for the space ships book, how about picking up "Timeless Earth" as well? You might find your education has been improved thereby.

Hey! I'm being good in this book, aren't I? I'm not just answering your questions, I am also recommending other authors! But let us get on with some more of our questions and answers.

Let me make a confession here; my sight is very poor so I have been “cheating” by picking out the letters which are typed because sometimes people write to me and their handwriting reminds me of the squiggles which would be made by a spider suffering from St. Vitus Dance who had just crawled out of the inkwell. No doubt many, many questions which would be most interesting have been overlooked because I COULD, NOT READ THE WRITING!

There is a question here, though, which doesn't at all follow in the writer's supposition. The young man says, “You say that we are all immortal; however wouldn't it be logical to say that if we have no end we would also have no beginning? Wouldn't it make it more logical to make it go both ways?”

No, I don't think so, I don't see that at all. After all, a thing has to begin otherwise it is not, and once it has begun why shouldn't it keep on? In theory, you see, if a person could exactly replace all his body cells in precisely the same pattern as the ones he was replacing then he would go on for ever and ever, wouldn't he? A person wears out for the simple reason that the mechanism which replaces cells increasingly has a defective memory, and so the cells which are replaced and the cells which are replacing are somewhat different and grow increasingly different.

I, quite bluntly, cannot see any reason why a thing should not start but not end, and, anyway, Mr. L., what do YOU mean by “no ending”? We go on and on, there is an end to the human body, the physical body, and then we go on into the astral, and in the fullness of time there is an end to the astral body. In other words, we die quite painlessly in the astral and pass on to another dimension, and so on, and so on, ad infinitum.

“Is there such a thing as a half or quarter dimensional world? This question has been puzzling me for a long time.”

No, there is no such thing. You have to have a complete dimension otherwise you would get interaction. You get a similar state of things on a very very minor scale when this world and our negative world come in too close proximity. You get people disappearing, such as at the Bermuda Triangle, but these cannot be called half or quarter dimensions, it is just a misfortunate (not unfortunate!) happening.

“Dr. Rampa, why do the press find such sick joy in persecuting you just because you come along with a very special task that needed to be dealt with? Do they not believe that you are perfectly truthful in everything you say and do? You have rights, you know, and they should respect them.”

Of course I have done nothing to make the press like me. But I have done nothing to make the press dislike me, either. You see, press people come along with a fierce, threatening demand, they demand that one give them an interview and say whatever they—the interviewers—want said, and if the victim doesn't agree then he is set up for press persecution.

Some years ago I received an offer from a T.V. station. They wanted me to go on television and tell the truth of “The Rampa Story” I was perfectly willing to do so because all that I have written and said is the truth. I am whom I claim to be and I can do all that I write about. So—there I was, all ready to go on television. But then to my profound amazement, I found that they did not want TRUTH, instead they wanted me to read a prepared statement saying that I was a fake. Well, I wasn't a fake so I would not read the statement, so I was not permitted

to go on television and tell the simple truth. Instead I was persecuted by the press.

I wrote to the Press Council in England complaining of all the vicious lies which were being written about me, but the Press Council thought the press should have freedom to write whatever they wanted to write. I also wrote to the Governors of the T.V. station and they thought that a television producer should be given the freedom to say whatever he wanted to say on television and to require that other people do the same. So it seems to me that the press, the radio, and the television are a closed shop. Now, I am going to ask you a question; if you were attacked by the press or on the radio or on television, and you knew quite definitely that what they were writing or saying about you was lies, how could you refute those lies? Remember, you can't get published in the press unless they want to publish what you write, and you can't broadcast or appear before the television cameras unless someone wants you to. So there is no way in which you can defend yourself. Someone may say, "Well, take legal action." Yes, fine, but that takes a lot of money, and it cannot be done unless you have a lot of money. I tried to do that against a man in the U.S.A., a man who was pretending that he was publishing my books, or rather publishing books written by me, when they weren't by me at all. He was making use of my name, but I tried to get a lawyer to act for me and because I lacked the money to pay the fantastic advance he expected nothing was done. I have had to see people use my name, misuse my name, pretend to be me, and all the rest of it, and there is nothing I can do. If I had the money, or if some lawyer would be paid by results, then, by golly, I certainly would make a case against a few people, against a young punk, for instance, who pretends he is my bosom friend

and that he is selling articles direct from “Lobsang Rampa's workshop.” As I told you before, I do not have a workshop, I do not make articles any more, and if people pretend they are my friend and that they can use my name, then remember there are only two people who are making things designed by me—Mr. Sowter in England, and Mr. Orłowski in Prince Edward Island, Canada.

“You talk about a World Leader whose body is presently being prepared on the Earth and for the Great Entity to come and animate it; do you know where the body is presently living? Could the entity who is going to come and take over the body be the reincarnation of Jesus, Mohammed, or Gautama?”

Oh yes, I know precisely where the body is, and I have actually seen the body. But, of course, I wouldn't say where he is or we would find some crummy pressman rushing off and coming back with some fantastic entirely imaginary article. I definitely know where the body is. No, Jesus, Mohammed or Gautama are not reincarnations and they are not coming to take over this particular body. You see, there is a special group of Entities who come down to Earth at certain times. I really hesitate to use a term such as “White Brotherhood” because there are so many stupid people who think they will start up a cult called the White Brotherhood, or the Dark Donkeys or something else. There are so many sick people nowadays that they seize on anything which they feel might sound plausible. But there is a definite group of Entities . . . and you cannot take a correspondence course with them and you will not find them associated with any of these crazy cultists on this Earth . . . who come down to this world, and of course also go to other worlds, to set an example as Teachers. It would be such a waste of time if they had to get born here when all they have to do would

take, perhaps, a year. So they take over a specially prepared body, and when their task is done the body disappears in some way which we need not discuss here.

“You always talk about humans and animals. Are we not animals too?”

Yes, of course we are, not very nice animals either, some of us. But I am merely following what one might term a pattern in referring to humans and animals. It makes it clear that I am referring to one species—human—or another species—say cat. and, as I have been telling you previously, Miss Cleopatra is the most intelligent person I know no matter whether we are going to consider animal or human.

“Please tell us how to use a crystal. I would like to see the answer to that one in your next book. Should we make the room pitch dark before we experiment? Should we put the glass in a safe place so that it won't be used for other purposes? Should we use a little imagination in the matter of making something appear, or what?”

Well I really thought I had made the matter very clear on how to use a crystal. Now supposing you do not have a crystal, supposing you use a glass of water instead; well, you get a new glass, an absolutely plain glass without any pattern on it, without any etching, without any scratches, in fact, a fairly expensive glass which has no flaws so far as you can see. Then you carefully wash it and when you have rinsed off all the soapsuds you fill it with water right up to the top so that you've got a meniscus (the meniscus is that bump which appears when you slightly over-fill a glass ). The glass full of water is now set on a table or somewhere dark and you make sure that your room is dark or dim, obviously you must be able to see the glass, you must be able to see

your hands in front of you, but you do not need to be able to see to read the newspaper. I give you that just as a guide. The correct amount of darkness is when colours begin to disappear.

Having the right conditions, you breathe deeply a few times and settle yourself so that you are comfortable, there must be no strain, no muscle which is twitching, no nerve which is flapping. And then you gaze in the direction of the glass of water but you do not gaze actually at it, you look through it with your eyes unfocused, imagine that you are focusing on infinity, Got that clear? You are looking in the direction of the glass and you are deliberately defocusing your eyes imagining that you are looking at some invisible spot in space. You just sit there letting your mind take over, and the first thing you will notice is cloudiness, the water seems to turn milky white, and then, provided you do not jerk or fall off your chair with shock, the milky whiteness dissipates and then you see pictures. And that is all there is to it. You do not have to imagine things, why should you when you can see the real things?

After you have used your glass you tip out the water, you rinse it and dry it, and then you wrap it up in a black cloth and you use it for nothing else at all.

If you are using a crystal then you do the same in the matter of gazing at it, but after you have used it you wrap it up in a black cloth because if bright sunlight falls upon it you will spoil its power in much the same way as if you allow sunlight to fall on a film which has been unrolled—the thing will be no good after.

“I would like to know what you think of gambling?”  
Well, that's easy. I have said that several times in my books. I am completely opposed to gambling, and although quite frequently people will send me sweepstake

tickets and all that sort of thing, I have never in my life won anything at all—not even a cent, so there!

“I cannot seem to find out where the zone for cats is in the astral world. How do you go about finding such zones?”

You have just been taking me to task in a previous question saying why do I refer to humans and animals, because aren't humans animals as well? So now you want to know the zone for animals, so let me say to you, aren't humans animals as well, and if humans can go to a zone why can't four-legged animals? The answer is—they can. Miss Ku'ei and Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers are great friends of mine, they are in the astral plane waiting for me. I have another Girl Cat Friend there called Cindy, and Cindy comes down to this Earth in actual physical form to see me and to give me messages—that is perfectly true! So let me tell you that animals, if they are of sufficient spiritual status, can go to any plane of existence to which humans of the same status can go. In other worlds, you know, animals are not treated as inferior creatures, they are not “dumb animals” any longer on other worlds, and to a person who is telepathic, as I am, there is no such thing as a dumb animal. While we are talking about animals, does it ever occur to you that the only bad or vicious animals are those who have been made so by humans? Normally animals are born “good” and they stay so unless messed up by humans. So the answer to your question is this; animals do go to the same zones as humans, so when you pass over quite definitely you can be met by an animal you love **AND WHO LOVES YOU!**

The last few days here have been very very hot, unbearably hot, in fact. But now at this moment the temperature has dropped about thirty degrees and we are having a thunderstorm, and some poor souls are getting

married, or probably they are already married. It is a strange custom here in Calgary that when a couple has just been married and are driving along away from the place of marriage they make as much commotion as they can. The bridal car and all the cars attached to that bridal retinue have horns sounding all the time, and the uproar is truly formidable. I can't see any sense in it personally because how is it going to help a marriage to have blaring horns disturbing everyone?

Another thing that puzzles me here in Calgary is the Fire Department, the Police and the Ambulances. They have the loudest sirens I have ever heard anywhere. Not only that, but the ambulance sirens wobble and warble and really could just about scare a nervous patient to death. Where I live there is a sort of conjunction of concrete buildings, and for some strange reason the sound echoes and re-echoes and echoes again, and quite truly seems to be increased in volume because of some architectural idiosyncrasy. Anyway, the noise goes on day and night, and here the traffic is unceasing. I have never seen the road outside without loads of cars. Throughout the whole of the twenty-four hours of the day and night there is a continuous flow of fast cars, and I often lie in my bed and look out of the window and wonder where all the people are going, unceasingly moving the whole time nonstop, day and night. There are too many cars here and too much noise. But I suppose some will write to me now and say I am jealous because I haven't a car or something. People do that, you know, people write and tell me I am bitter. I didn't know it, I don't feel that I am bitter. I have my own problems and I cope with them as best I can, so there it is.

When I was in the hospital last time I had a learner Christian Chaplain come and try to con me into a bit of

religion, and before I said anything except that I was a Buddhist he said, “Oh, and do you feel guilty about it, or bitter that you are not a Christian?” So what do you think about that?! I could have replied, “No, but you look a bit guilty about being a Christian.”

It does seem so strange that so many doctors and so many parsons try to cough up a sort of pseudo-psychology; they try to analyze one's behavior entirely on text book learning, and they forget that a Buddhist may have a different outlook on life than does a Christian. But let's get back to some of these questions and answers. But first of all let me read you something from a letter written to me by Mr. Borge Langeland. He says, “I am happy to learn that you are writing a fifteenth book. I don't know how to tell you how much your books have meant to us. If they weren't true I should lose all confidence in my ability to judge what to accept and what to reject. To you perhaps your aura work is the most important mission in this life, but I think that by writing your books and letting people in on some of the mysteries of life that some of us have been fumbling about trying to solve you have done far more good for humanity than by proving that there is an aura and that it can be photographed ”

Well, Mr. Langeland, yes, you have my definite, definite assurance that all my books are absolutely true; these books are not fiction, they are truth. Not just truth as I see truth, but actuality truth.

Yes, the Great Thirteenth Dalai Lama did indeed bless me by placing both of his hands on my head IN A SPECIAL MANNER—that “in a special manner” is important because a very very gifted man as was the Great Thirteenth can pass on special powers, he can, in effect, speed up one's vibrations. This, by the way, is in answer to someone who wants to know about such things.

You probably know that years ago in England and, in fact, in many countries there was a quite definite belief that the King could cure illness, and if a King placed his hands on a sufferer then the sufferer would be cured. You get the same thing in the legend about Jesus where if a person could touch the robe which Jesus wore, then he or she would be cured of all illness. It is because such people have a different vibration, and when they see by their superior knowledge that another person has possibilities for improvement and a possibility for accepting an increase in vibration, they do that necessary gesture which does give the recipient an ineffable sense of well-being and power. And I am going to tell you that my abilities increased enormously from that act by the Dalai Lama.

You ask why one hand or why two hands. You tell me that people who go to Church and get blessed every Sunday don't seem to be any better or any worse because of it. Well, that is right enough. The Great Thirteenth used two hands in the same way that if you have an electric device you have to have two wires—two contacts—because just one would not “pass any current.” As for your saying that people who go to Church are not improved by being touched with one hand or two hands—no, that is just what I have been telling you. You only get benefit if the person doing the touching is a superior person, not some poor parson or cleric who is just doing mumbo-jumbo because it's the easiest sort of job he knows, and anyway he doesn't know anything else. Oh no, as far as benefit comes from such a thing you could go out and ask anyone in the street to touch you on the head, you would be just as well off!

You ask what causes the Sun's rays to be reflected so brightly from the Moon. “We have sent men to the Moon

and they have discovered that the Moon is not made of green cheese but of rocks and sand very similar to what is here on Earth. When the Sun's rays hit a high mountain top on Earth early in the morning or late at night the valley below remains in darkness. Since the rocks on the mountain top are similar to the rocks on the Moon why don't they reflect the rays down into the valley?"

Easy, my dear sir, easy; the surface of the Moon is very similar in its reflective power to that of gypsum, and gypsum, which is like plaster of paris, does indeed reflect. But in the case of the Moon the reflection is aided enormously because there is no air to absorb the light rays. Light rays, you know, consist of vibrations and if there is air then the vibrations are slowed by passage through that atmosphere. The Moon, as we know, has no atmosphere, thus the rays from the Sun reach the Moon unimpeded and are reflected unimpeded from the Moon's surface.

You ask about rocks on Earth, why do they not reflect the Sun's rays down into the valley. The answer to that is because the angle of incidence is different. You see, when you get rays of light coming down to mountain tops the rays are reflected upwards, or within a narrow arc; they are not reflected downwards, and you can easily try this out for yourself by having a fairly powerful light bulb suspended from the ceiling and that will represent the Sun. Then you sit on the floor with a hand mirror in your hand. You can then reflect the Sun's rays (actually the suspended lamp ) back on to the ceiling or fairly high up on the walls around you, but without very acrobatic contortions you cannot reflect the rays down between your feet which will be considered as the valley. Is that clear?

The third question from this gentleman is a sensible

one, so let's answer it. He says, "You write that wars are necessary to control the population explosion and to give people an opportunity for self-sacrifice. What is the karmic effect on such war heroes who perhaps give up their own life fighting for their country but in the process kill or maim many of their enemies that they have never even seen before? When, or if, they should meet again somewhere in the Hereafter would they ask, are you the S.O.B. who killed me? And how does someone gain merit for fighting a war and killing someone even if they lose their own life?"

The laws of karma are different when a person is fighting in defense of his home, his family and his country, so that if you are ordered into the forces you really have no choice, you have to go. And once you are in the forces you come under a blanket protection so that the people who give the orders—basically the Governments—have to accept the karmic results of those orders.

You, Private A.B., are sent to the war front. You have a rifle in your hands, and at a certain time you may be told to fire that rifle. You have to obey your orders or you may get killed for disobedience. So you pull the trigger and a bullet kills one of the enemy. The karmic effect of that is not yours, you do not have to worry about it. The karmic effect is assumed by the person or persons WHO ACTUALLY CAUSED THE WAR!

When you get to the "Other Side" you do not have to meet the person you killed or the person who killed you. Only if you have no dislike and no hatred of those persons can you meet them. Certainly you can gain merit by preventing atrocities. Suppose a little troop of men are able to ambush members of the opposition—the enemy—who were setting out to massacre a lot of women and children, perhaps they were going to set fire to the houses

after they had locked the inhabitants inside. Well, you and your small troop could kill perhaps twenty members of the assassination gang, but in doing so you would have saved possibly two thousand women, children, and old people, so the balance would be to the good, wouldn't it, and under that heading you would have "gained merit "

Mrs. Nancy Justice is an old friend of mine, we have been corresponding for—oh, I forget how long, but it's quite a long time. Now she writes in and she has some questions. So I think we ought to attend to Mrs. Nancy Justice, don't you? She says, "I am slightly clairvoyant. In your book 'Wisdom of the Ancients' you define clairvoyance as seeing through walls and beyond. What I mean is knowing what is going to happen before it happens, but I can do this to a limited degree only. I have an urge to crystal gaze or something of that sort. I know mirrors seem to draw my eyes, and I read somewhere of mirrors that were used once upon a time where they painted one side or something. Could you tell me how to do this?"

Well, Mrs. Justice, I have just been writing about crystals and how to use them, so I think that actually does answer most of your question, but very definitely I would not advise you to use a Black Mirror because if used carelessly they are very very dangerous things indeed and enable mischievous entities to work harm through you. So take my advice and have nothing whatever to do with these Black Mirrors. A crystal cannot harm you in any way at all.

You go on, "I see that you talk a lot about the astral and travelling by astral. Also I believe you when you say that no harm can come to you, but I am one of those strange persons who is deathly afraid of hypnotism, even self-hypnosis. What I wanted to ask you is, is it true that when you are deeply engrossed in reading something like

reading a book to the point that you are not aware of outside influence, well, that is a form of hypnosis?"

No harm can happen when you are doing astral travel unless you are afraid. But then you can be harmed if you take fright even if you are crossing the road. You might run the wrong way.

I am definitely opposed to hypnosis. I am also opposed to self-hypnosis because it is so easy to do it the wrong way, easier to do it the wrong way than it is to do it the right way, in fact. So stay clear of all forms of hypnosis, they are bad. But rest quite assured that when you are reading a book you are not hypnotized. Instead you are merely interested and that is absolutely safe.

You give a third question, Mrs. Justice, and it is so applicable that I am going to answer it here now: You write, "You keep saying that to try all the different things in your book that nothing will ever happen to you like being possessed. Fine, but how did those people who are possessed get that way? What did they do or not do?"

That's a fair enough question. But you will remember just above that I have been telling you not to do hypnosis. I have been telling you not to use Black Mirrors. So if you do and try these things then you can easily get possessed. I am telling you throughout all my books how NOT to get possessed, and if you follow what I write then you cannot get possessed. But if you disregard what I am saying then you will get possessed, which is what you want to know about.

Black Mirrors, Black Magic, hypnosis and some of those ouija boards can lead you astray, you can get hypnotized with them, you can get possessed. and this is why I say time after time DON'T DO IT!

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Everyone here is very busy; normally I like to type a lot of my books myself and then have Buttercup retype them on her Olympia typewriter. Hy Mendelson gave me a typewriter which I have named "the Yellow Peril" but I have not been able to use it much on this book, my health has not permitted, and so most of this book has been dictated on a Sony tape recorder—just a small pocket thing, so I can claim kinship with Mr. Nixon. He used Sony recorders for his Watergate tapes, I believe!

Buttercup is a marvelous typist; extremely fast and extraordinarily accurate. It is a matter of much jubilation when she makes a mistake because it's nice to tell her that she is not perfect after all. But we here at Rampa Residence owe a very great deal to Buttercup and without her we should have a much harder time. So—thank you, Buttercup Rouse.

Mrs. Rampa is a hard worker, too. She goes through the pages of the typescript with an eagle eye, and between them—Buttercup and Mrs. Rampa—not many mistakes get by, and if I make a mistake in my dictation . . . ! My goodness me, I never hear the last of it. Buttercup comes on me like ten tons of bricks, and there is no peace until I have rectified the error of omission or commission or some other mission. My sympathy, though, goes to the poor wretched typesetters who have to set up books, because it must be a horrifying thing indeed to have to set up in print a book which you find boring or

in which you just can't get any interest. I would just hate to be a typesetter.

As I am sitting here in my wheelchair I can see our little river outside, and there are two boat loads of crazy people paddling away as if they were Red Indians on the warpath. The weather is quite cold, and our river is dangerous. It has silted up quite a lot and there are—for the size of the river—immense sandbanks which channel the water through a narrow space and so increase its speed and set up whirlpools. We are always reading that someone has been drowned or fished out of the water, and yet people still go in it on old tyres or anything they can dig up. Oh well, good for the Funeral Homes, I suppose!

Now, I've got another question here which I have already answered but I am going to answer it again in, possibly, a different form in order that someone may get a different slant on the thing. The question is: "What is meant by the statement: When the student is ready the Master appears?"

Too many people think that they know all and plenty more besides, they think that they just have to whistle and hordes of Masters come panting with eagerness to teach such a bright person. It doesn't happen that way at all.

You know those kettles, you shove them on the gas or electricity, and when the water boils they let out a horrendous hoot? Well, people are like that. When their vibrations reach a certain pitch, that is, when they are "ready", a Master somewhere, either on the Earth or in the astral, can pick up a vibration which says, metaphorically of course, "Hey boss, I'm ready, come and teach me all you know!" So after the Master has given a luxurious stretch and a hearty scratch, he might get to his feet, or even to his astral feet, and come along to give a hand.

But nearly always the person who thinks that he or she is such a brilliant student that he or she is ready—well, they are the ones who just are not ready, and no matter how much they hoot or let off steam, until their vibrations reach the right pitch or frequency—no Master will appear. So if a Master doesn't appear it is proof positive that you are not ready.

Who is this? Ester A. Moray. Okay Ester Moray, here is your second question: “How does race karma affect an individual?”

Before a person reincarnates to Earth that person goes to what we may somewhat humorously regard as a travel agent in the astral. Actually it is a Council of Advisors. But the person who is going to come back to Earth knows what has to be done, where he or she has to go, and what the circumstances should be for doing that particular task or lesson. So one of the things is that one takes into account the basic karma of the race to which one is coming. One comes to a race whose karma is suitable for increasing one's opportunities for doing the allotted task. Apart from that race karma doesn't affect one because it is more to do with the Manu of the race.

Well now, Ester Moray has another question here. She seems to be a nice young lady so let's spare her a few more minutes, shall we? Her third question is, “What can an individual do to reincarnate with the same family they now have, or is this not possible?”

I have just been telling you how things are planned. So if it is necessary for people to come together in another life then they will come together in another life, and arrangements are made for that specific purpose. You might remember the case of the girl in India; she died as a child, and then she came back as a child to a family who lived just a few miles away, and she kept on talking

about her other family. Many inquiries were made, and eventually the two families were brought together, and the reincarnated girl was able to give proof that she had reincarnated. That is a case which is authenticated beyond all possible doubt.

Now, here is a question for you; “Mermen and mermaids—were these truly a race of people and if so what intellect did they possess and what happened to them?”

Actually all that the average person knows about mermaids and mermen goes back to the days of Atlantis. Now, Atlantis was a far more technically accomplished place than this present day civilization.

People could be made, lumps of protoplasm could be formed in somewhat human shape and they were used as servants—not as slaves—they were used as servants because they were people of inferior mentality, they were, in fact, “made” for the purpose of serving their masters and mistresses.

Theoretically nowadays it is possible to increase the mentality of a dog or a horse or something like that by being irradiated by special rays and by being fed special chemicals. In that way the brain voltages can be altered and so the intelligence-factor increased. There is no reason, for instance, why monkeys should not be altered by chemicals so that their mentality is greatly increased and thus they could, in effect, be a sort of servant to people. I know quite recently at the Calgary Stampede procession when we had all manner of things going through the city streets there was one monkey riding a horse, and he was wearing clothes. He was doffing his hat to the onlookers and behaving in every way the same as the humans around him. Except for looks one couldn't have told the difference so far as behavior was concerned. And that

old monkey, he certainly got a lot of applause, too. But then the applause upset his self-control because he jumped off the horse and jumped at the spectators and he was horribly affectionate with them, and it was quite a task, I understand, to get him back on his horse again!

“You mention that in the astral world we can have families. Do we leave them for awhile to attend class on Earth and then return to them at the end of our Earth class?”

Yes, that is quite possible. You may say that we spend twenty-four hours a day on Earth. Certainly we do, but they are Earth hours and time in the astral world is utterly different from the time on Earth, in fact in some of the Hindu books there are stories of people going away from the Earth and spending a little time in the astral and then on their return to Earth finding that a thousand years of Earth time has passed. So it is perfectly feasible for a person to come to Earth and do all manner of things by day, but the person has to sleep and during the sleep the astral bodies go back to the astral world **NO MATTER WHETHER PEOPLE REMEMBER IT OR NOT**, and the time they spend in the astral world with their families may be perhaps twice as long as they stay on Earth by day. It is all a question of the difference in time.

This next question makes me wonder if some poor soul has been brought up the hard way because the question is: “If a child were pushed through college in his life by a hard-hearted parent would it necessarily help the child in his or her successive lives?”

Oh dear, dear, I am so sorry to have to disappoint you, but the answer is “Yes.” Everything we learn, everything we experience is worthwhile and it is saved. Now, a better way to explain it would perhaps be to say that when

we go over to the Other Side we take all the good that we have learned on Earth, and all the bad (the dross) is left behind. It's like if you are melting a metal, if you are melting gold, for instance, or silver; well, you melt the stuff and then sludge forms on the top (because gold or silver is heavier than sludge), it forms as a dirty mass which is skimmed off and thrown away leaving the gold or the silver to be poured into ingots. Well, we are in much the same state. All that which we have learned which is of use to the Overself and to our development is retained. The bad is discarded like a bad memory.

People are interested in the astral, aren't they? So here is another one about the astral. It is, "If I were able to astral travel consciously and my wife had been trying without success: 1) Could I evaluate from the astral what she was doing wrong and help her to correct the situation? 2) Would it in any way be wrong to help in this manner?"

The answer is that of course you can go into the astral and find out what the problem is, and of course you can come back and tell her what the problem is. But I can tell you what the problem is now; it is just a matter of memory. She does astral travel. Knowing who you are (and not telling!) I know that your wife has been to see me in the astral, and so have you and you made a big splash about it, too! But your wife is trying too hard, or she may have a little fear. But if she would only take things quietly and not make such efforts then she would remember the astral travels that she did.

Now, here is a bit more which really relates to the Hollow Earth. "Since the publication of your books I would imagine that the Chinese have tried to find the passageways in the mountain and the underground river.

How could it remain so well hidden from such an intensive search?”

The answer is, through masterly misdirection. If you see a blank wall ahead of you and all your tests; including the use of special detectors, etc., convince you that the wall is solid, then you turn elsewhere, and the wall is indeed very well protected because if one goes down far enough one gets to an outpost of the Hollow Earth. You further ask about the approximate date of the underground tunnels. Well, I should say about a million years, or so, ago because they were made well before Atlantis, they were made when first people “went underground”, and into the inner world. In passing let me say that although a lot of people will screech with laughter at the thought of a Hollow Earth, let me remind them that for centuries and centuries people thought that the Earth was flat, and if any body had dared to say that the Earth was round then they would have been taken as insane people because—they would have said—if the world is round how can we stand on it, what about the people on the other side of the Earth, they would fall off for sure. We know otherwise, don't we? We know the Earth is round and not flat. Some of us know that the world is hollow, too. Think of that, will you?

Respected Sir, you have got your facts mixed up somewhere or dropped a brick or you haven't been reading my books properly. You say, “Why would a race of people from far out in space want to colonize with the people of this world to produce the Race of Tan?”

Well, who said there was going to be a colony coming from beyond space? Just think of this; get all the white people, the yellow people, the red people, the black people, and any other colour or shade you can scrape up, get them all to inter-marry, and look at the result. What

would the colour be? Tan, of course. And so we can get the Race of Tan when we get all the peoples of the world inter-marrying because in those days colour will not matter. It doesn't matter in Brazil nowadays. It is one place on the face of this Earth where the black man and the white man work side by side with no thought whatever of colour. I have a very soft spot for Brazil because they are doing well, and it is one of the coming countries. They will be the first to produce citizens for the Race of Tan.

“In ‘The Hermit’ it was stated that the Gardeners would place someone on this Earth for the hermit to tell his story to. How is it meant that you were placed on this Earth?”

Well, somebody had to be picked, and the person who was picked had to have certain qualifications. For instance, he had to be a very hardy individual, he had to be highly telepathic, highly clairvoyant, he had to have a good memory, and he had to have his personal frequency or wavelength of a certain order. In other words, he had to be constantly in touch with one of the Great Masters. So the poor fellow who did fulfill those qualifications was grabbed and placed in such conditions that he naturally became the listener to the story, and I state that that story is true.

Let's have a statement from Paddle Boat Moffet. He says, “Read the book ‘The Spaceships of Ezekiel’ by Josef F. Blumrich. You suggested I read it and it proved very interesting and well written.” So there you see Paddle Boat Moffet—now a member of the Paddle Boat Club—is able to take advice, to act upon advice, and to profit from advice. He's a good fellow, too.

Here is a question from Wilhem Briceno. He is 18 years of age and he lives in Venezuela. His first question

is, "Is there any part of the world in which the original religion taught by Christ is now practiced?"

No, I am sorry to say that there is not. Christ departed the scene and for many years the Teachings of Christ were let lapse. But after a number of years a gang of people thought they would start something which would give them some power. Really the early founders of the Christian Church, as it was then, were a lot of cultists, they did not teach that which Christ taught, but they taught that which increased their own power. For example, most of the bunch were paralyzed with fright at the thought of women. Christ did not teach that women were unclean. Mind you, I'm sure Christ would not have liked that Women's Libber person who writes to me. But Christ taught that women had rights just as men have rights, but the founders of the church in the year 60 did not want women to get any power at all so it was taught that women had no souls, women were unclean (some of them are by the amount of stuff they put on their face!) However, to answer the question, no, on no place at all of this Earth is the original Teaching of Christ followed.

"Is there in existence now the original version of the Bible? If not, what can one do to enable Christianity to be taught as it was originally intended to be taught?"

Well, if we could find the original version of the Bible we could still not return to basic Christianity because the Bible is just a collection of books consisting of "the Gospel According to . . .", and as I have been saying the Bible is not necessarily the Teachings of Christ. Most of the people in Christ's time couldn't write, anyway.

"If animals are all so intelligent why don't they make temples and houses, and why don't they leave any culture in history?"

But are you sure they don't? You see, it doesn't mean

that a person is civilized or intelligent because one builds a temple or church. I've got one in front of me now which is a concrete monstrosity done in the form of an Indian wig-wam, that is, tent shaped with three imitation poles sticking up from the roof. It's a church all right, but in the form of a tepee, which was a tent of the Indians who, anyway, weren't Christians. So how is there any symbolism in that?

To my own definite knowledge animals are intelligent, but their intelligence takes a different form from that of humans. Humans seem to want to build great buildings so that some other humans can come along and drop bombs on it or shell the cities which humans make. I never understand people who think that humans are the Lords of Creation. They are not. On this particular world admittedly they dominate by force, but do you know that only humans and spiders commit rape? No other animals at all do.

You say about building things, but how about the bees, how about the ants? They have very wonderful civilizations. Ants have fortresses, they have a very effective army, they have cleaners—street cleaners—they have nursemaids and all the rest of it, they even have their “milk cows” which are aphids.

Animals are here for their own particular purpose and for their own particular evolution, and I know from my own personal intensive studies that animals can be highly intelligent, some more intelligent than humans. I say that with a full sense of responsibility and unless you are clairvoyant and telepathic, as I am, then you cannot truthfully contradict me because you would be like a person who was born blind and who would say that there were no such colours as red, green, yellow, etc., etc. Unless you have the same abilities as I have, then you can-

not dispute what my superior abilities enable me to know.

In the same way, I cannot walk so it's useless for me to argue with you if you say that it's a very pleasant thing walking over such-and-such a surface. I wouldn't know. I know my own subjects.

Rosemary—that is the only name of hers I have here—writes to me and says, “In your next book would it be possible for you to dwell a little on the causes of a dual personality? You see, I have a dual personality. Does that mean I have great difficulty in following the Middle Way? I tend to go to extremes.”

No, Rosemary, it doesn't mean that you are any different from anyone else. It means that you came here to overcome certain defects, and so that you could see what it was like you came as a dual personality. I assume that in a previous life, perhaps in your very last life even, you could not get on with people, and somebody said you couldn't get on with yourself. So, in effect, you said; “All right, I'll go back to Earth as a dual personality and you'll see how well I do!”

A dual personality is just one who has an astrological make-up which causes them to see two sides of the coin at once, surely quite a feat, but it doesn't mean you are any better or any worse than anyone else.

It might even mean that it was intended that you should be twins, you know, identical twins where one egg divides, but for some reason the egg did not divide, and in that case you get a form of dual entity inside one body. Never mind, Rosemary, I will tell you here and now that you are doing very well indeed and there is not the slightest reason why you should be worried so—don't be!

We've got time for one more question, I think, and this

is from Mr. Howard G. Marsh. I get quite a lot of people writing to me from Idaho. All right, Mr. Marsh, you say, "You mention in one of your books that a person has to come back to Earth for every sign of the zodiac. This would be twelve times if he learned his lessons well. Am I correct?"

Mr. Marsh, I have to tell you that you are not correct! A person has to come back and live through every sign of the zodiac and through every quadrant (30 degrees) of every sign of the zodiac, and he has to keep coming back until he accomplishes his task SUCCESSFULLY in every sign and quadrant of that zodiac. So if he is a slow learner he might come to Earth a thousand or two thousand times, which makes it all a bit monotonous, doesn't it?

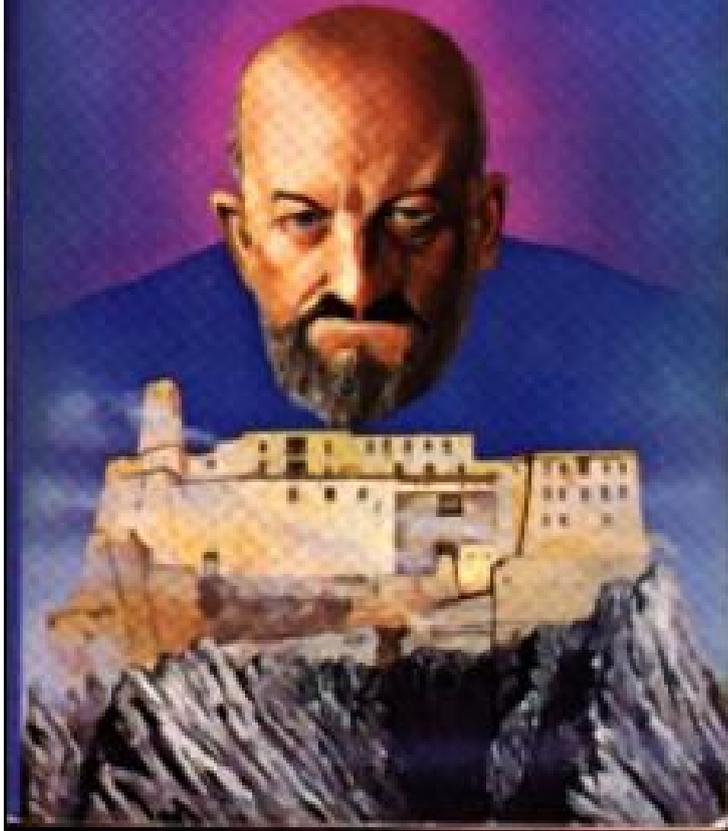
The tape is spinning on, the day is drawing to a close. Twilight will soon be upon us. The pages of this book are mounting up and the words of its total are exceeding that which is considered necessary for this book. Before me I have questions-questions-questions-piles of questions, questions enough for many more books to come. And—who knows?—I might yet write another book, there's life in the old man yet. I can still twitch a little, I am still able to push a recorder button. So if you do want another book you know how to get it; all you have to do is to write to my publisher and tell him you want another book by Lobsang Rampa.

For the present, then, I will take leave of you and in doing so bring this book, "Twilight", to its end.

THE END

CORGI

T. LOBSANG RAMPA  
AS IT WAS!



## AS IT WAS!

Dedicated to The City of Calgary,  
where I have had peace and quiet  
and freedom from interference in  
my personal affairs. Thank you,  
City of Calgary.

AS IT WAS!

Book One - As it was in the Beginning

Book Two - The First Era

Book Three - The Book of Changes

Book Four - As it is Now!

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## FOREWORD . . .

All “the best” books have a Foreword, so it is very necessary that THIS book have one. After all., Authors are quite entitled to regard their own books as The Best. Let me start The Best with an explanation of WHY I chose my title.

“As It Was!” Now why would he use such a silly title? He says in other books that he ALWAYS writes the truth Sure, sure, you shall have your explanation, so just Keep Calm (should be in six-inch capitals) and READ ON.

All my books ARE true, and I have maintained that fact in face of relentless persecution and calumny. But throughout the ages sane, sensible people have been persecuted and even tortured and killed for telling it As It was! A Very Wise Man was almost burnt at the stake for daring to assert that the Earth revolved around the Sun instead of-as the Priests taught-that the Earth was the centre of Creation and all planets revolved around it. The poor fellow had a terrible time, being stretched on the Rack and all that, and saved being cooked only by recanting.

Then there have been people who inadvertently levitated at the wrong moment in front of the wrong people with the wrong results; they have been bumped off in various spectacular ways for letting it be known that they were different from the common horde. Some of “the horde” ARE common, too, especially if they are pressmen!

Humans of the worst type—you know who THEY are!—just LOVE to drag everyone down to the same level; they just cannot bear to that anyone is different from they, so, like maniacs, they cry “destroy! destroy!” And instead of trying to prove a person right—they must always try to prove him wrong. The Press in particular like to start witch-hunting and persecute a person so that sen-

sation may be stirred up. The morons of the Press lack the wits to think that there MIGHT be “something in it after all!”

Edward Davis, “America's Toughest Cop,” wrote in True Magazine dated January 1975. “The Media in general is really composed of a bunch of frustrated fiction writers. Putting it another way, Journalism is filled with Picasso types who get out their paint boxes and construct a picture that's supposed to be me, but which nobody recognizes except the guy with the tar brush and feathers.” Mr. Davis, it is very clear, does not like the Press. Nor do I. Both of us have good reason not to. A pressman said to me. “Truth? Truth never sold a paper. Sensation does. We do not bother with truth; we sell sensation.”

Ever since the publication of “The Third Eye”—a TRUE book.— strange creatures have crawled out of the woodwork” and with pens dipped in venom have written books and articles attacking me. Self-styled “experts” declared THIS to be false, while others of the genre declared THIS to be true but THAT false. No two “experts” could agree.

Itinerant “investigators” toured around interviewing people who had never met me, fabricating wholly imaginary stories. The investigators never met me either. Pressmen, desperate for sensation, concocted “interviews” which never took place, Mrs. Rampa, in an entirely fabricated “interview” was quoted—misquoted—as saying the book was fiction. She did not say it. She has never said it. We both say—pal my books are TRUE.

But neither press, radio, or publishers, have EVER permitted me the opportunity of giving my side of the matter. Never! Nor have I been asked to appear on T.V. or radio and tell the Truth! Like many before me I have been persecuted for being “different” from the majority. So Humanity destroys those who could help Mankind with special knowledge, or special experiences. We, the Unusual, could, if allowed, push back the Frontiers of Knowledge and advance man's understanding of Man.

The press report me as small and hairy, big and bald,

tall and short, thin and fat. Also—according to “reliable” press reports, I am English, Russian, a German sent to Tibet by Hitler, Indian, etc. “RELIABLE” press reports! ANYTHING—anything at all except the Truth—but that is contained within my books.

So many lies have been told about me. So much distorted imagination has been exercised, so much suffering has been caused, so much misery—But here in this book is Truth. I am telling it

As It Was!

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## BOOK ONE

As it was in the beginning

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## CHAPTER ONE

The old man leaned back wearily against a supporting pillar. His back was numb with the pain of sitting long hours in one cramped position. His eyes were blurred with the rheum of age. Slowly he rubbed his eyes with the back of his hands and peered around. Papers—papers, nothing but papers littered the table before him. Papers covered with strange symbols and masses of crabbed figures. Dimly seen people moved before him awaiting his orders.

Slowly the old man climbed to his feet, fretfully thrusting aside helping hands. Shaking with the weight of years he moved to a nearby window. Shivering a little by the opening, he tucked his ancient robe tighter around his sparse frame. Bracing his elbows against the stonework he stared around. Cursed with the ability to see afar when his work demanded that he see near, he now could see to the farthest limits of the Plain of Lhasa.

The day was warm for Lhasa. The willow trees were at their best, with leaves showing the youngest green. Small catkins, or pussy-willow, lent a pleasant myriad of yellow streaks to the green and brown background. Four hundred feet below the old man the colours blended most harmoniously with the gleam of the pellucid water showing through the lower branches.

The old Chief Astrologer mused on the land before him, contemplated the mighty Potala in which he lived and which he so rarely left, and then only for the most pressing matters. No, no, he thought, let me not think of THAT yet; let me rest my eyes by enjoying the view.

There was much activity in the Village of Sho which clustered so snugly at the foot of the Potala. Brigands had been caught while robbing traders in the high mountain passes and had been brought to the Hall of Justice in the

Village. Justice had already been dispensed to other offenders; men convicted of some serious crime or other walked away from the Hall, their chains clanking in tune with their steps. Now they would have to wander from place to place begging for their food, for, chained, they could not easily work.

The old Astrologer gazed wistfully toward the Great Cathedral! of Lhasa. Long had he contemplated a visit to renew boyhood memories; his official duties had for too many years prevented any diversions for pleasure alone. Sighing, he started to turn away from the window, then he stopped and looked hard into the distance. Beckoning to an attendant, he said, "Coming along the Dodpal Linga, just by the Caesar, I seem to recognize that boy, isn't it the Rampa boy?" The attendant nodded "Yes, Reverend Sir that is the Rampa boy and the manservant Tzu, The boy whose future you are preparing in that horoscope." The old Astrologer smiled wryly as he looked down on the figure of the very small boy and the immense almost seven-foot tall manservant from the Province of Kham, He watched as the two ill-matched figures, one on a small pony and the other on a large horse, rode up until an outcrop of rock from the Mountain hid them from view. Nodding to himself, he turned back to the littered table.

"So THIS" he murmured, "will be square with THAT. Hmmn, so for more than sixty years he will have much suffering because of the adverse influence of — " His voice lapsed into a low drone as he rifled through countless papers, making notes here, and scratching-out there. This old man was the most famous astrologer of Tibet, a man well versed in the mysteries of that venerable art, The astrology of Tibet is far different from that of the West. Here in Lhasa the date of conception was correlated with the date of birth. A progressed horoscope also would be done for the date on which the complete "work" was to be delivered. The Chief Astrologer would predict the Life Path of the famous, and of significant members of those families. The government itself would be advised by astrologers, as would the Dalai Lama. But THIS was not the

astrology of the West, which seems to be prostituted to the sensational press.

At long, low tables, priest-astrologers sat cross-legged checking figures and their relationship to each other. Charts were drawn of the heavenly configurations extant at the time of conception, time of birth, time of delivery of the horoscope reading, which was known well in advance, and for every year of “the life of the subject” a full chart and annual delineation was prepared. Then there was the blending of the whole into one very large report.

Tibetan paper is all handmade and forms quite thick held in a pile between two sheets of wood. In the West sheets roughly eight inches from top to bottom by about two feet to two feet six broad. Western paper for writing is longer from top to bottom than it is broad; Tibetan paper is the opposite. The pages of books are not bound but are such books would soon be ruined, with pages lost or torn. In Tibet paper is sacred and is treated with extreme care; to waste paper is a serious offense and to tear a page was to waste paper—hence the extreme care. A lama would be reading, but he would have a small acolyte to stand by him. The wooden top sheet of the book would be removed with great care and would be placed face down on the left of the Reader. Then, after reading the top sheet, the page would reverently be removed by the acolyte and placed face down on the top cover. After the reading was finished, the sheets would be carefully leveled, and the book would be tied together with tapes.

So was the horoscope prepared. Sheet after sheet was written on or drawn upon. The sheet was put aside to dry—for it was an offense to waste paper by smudging. Then, at last, after perhaps six months, for time did not matter, the horoscope was ready.

Slowly the acolyte, in this case a young monk with already several years of experience, reverently lifted the sheet and placed it face down upon its companion on the leaf. The old Astrologer lifted the new sheet thus exposed. “Tch, tch,” he grumbled, “this ink is going a bad colour before it is even exposed to the light. We must have this

page written". With that he picked up one of his "scribble sticks" and made a hasty notation.

These scribble sticks were an invention dating back many thousands of years, but they were made in precisely the same manner as they had been made two or three thousand years before. There was, in fact, a legend to the effect that Tibet had once been by the side of a shining sea and support was lent to the legend by the frequent finding of sea-shells, fossilized fish, and many other items which could have come only from a warmer country than beside the sea. There were buried artifacts of a long-dead race, tools, carvings, jewelry. All these, together with gold, could be found in great profusion by the side of the rivers that ran through the country.

But now the scribble sticks were made in exactly the same way as they had been made previously. A large mass of clay was obtained and then monks sallied forth and picked from willow trees suitable saplings, thin pieces of twig about half as thick as one's little finger and perhaps a foot long. These were very carefully gathered and then were taken back to a special department of the Potala. Here all the twigs would be carefully examined and graded,, the straight flawless ones would have particular care devoted to them, they would be peeled and then wrapped in clay, much caution being exercised to ensure that the twigs were not bent.

Those twigs which had a slight bend or twist were also wrapped in clay because they would be suitable for junior monks and acolytes to use in their own writings. The bundles of clay, each with a seal-impression showing which was super class (for the highest lamas and the Inmost One himself), and then first class for high class lamas, and second class for ordinary use, would have a very small hole made through the clay so that steam generated during a heating process could escape and thus obviate the bursting of the clay wrapping.

Now the clay would be laid on racks in a large chamber. For a month or so they would just lie there with the moisture evaporating in the low-humidity atmosphere.

Sometime between four to six months later the clay bundles would be removed and transferred to a fire—the fire would also be used for cooking purposes, heating water, and things like that—and carefully placed so that they were right in the reddest part of the fire. For a day the temperature would be maintained and then that fire would be permitted to die out. When it was cold the clay bundles would be broken open, the waste clay thrown away, and the carbonized willow sticks (charcoal) would now be ready for the highest use which is the dissemination of true knowledge.

The willow sticks which had been determined as unsuitable for conversion into charcoal sticks would have been used to help the fires drying out the clay of the better sticks. The fires were of well-dried yak dung and any odd wood which happened to be around. But again, wood was never used for burning if it could be of use for some other “more noble” purpose because wood was in very short supply in Tibet.

Scribble sticks, then, were that commodity which in the Western world are known as charcoal sticks and which are used by artists in their black and white drawings. But ink also was required in Tibet, and for that another sort of wood was used, again wrapped in clay. This was heated much longer and subjected to a much higher temperature. Then, after several days when the fires were extinguished and the clay balls raked from the now cold firebed and broken open, a very black residue would be found inside; almost pure carbon.

The carbon would be taken and very, very carefully examined for anything which was not black carbon. Then it would be put in a piece of fairly coarse mesh cloth which would be tightened and tightened over a piece of stone which had a depression in it, which had, in effect, a trough in it. The trough would be possibly eighteen inches by twelve inches and perhaps two inches deep. Monks of the domestic class would pummel the cloth in the bottom of the trough so that gradually a very fine carbon dust was formed. Eventually that would be mixed with a hot gum

from certain trees which grew in the area, it would be stirred and stirred and stirred until the result was a black gooey mass. Then it would be allowed to dry in cakes afterwards when one wanted ink one just rubbed one of these cakes in a special stone container and a little water would be added to it. The result would be an ink which was of a rusty-brown colour.

Official documents and the highly important astrological charts were never prepared from ink of this common base, instead there was a piece of very highly polished marble which was suspended at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and below it there would be perhaps a dozen butter-lamps sputtering away, the wicks would be made too long—too high—so that the lamps gave off a thick black smoke. The smoke would hit the polished marble and would immediately condense into a black mass. Eventually when a suitable thickness had built up a young monk would tip the plate of marble and scoop off all the accumulation of “lamp black” before restoring the plate to its forty-five degree angle so that more carbon could be collected.

From trees a resinous gum would be collected and would be put in a container which would be very thoroughly heated so that the gum acquired the consistency of water and became much clarified. From the top of the gum, merrily boiling and seething away, a thick residue of scum would be scraped leaving an absolutely clear, slightly yellow, liquid. Into that would be stirred a whole mass of “lamp black” until the result was a fairly stiff paste. Then the stuff would be ladled out and spread on stone to cool and solidify. For the highest lamas and officials the lumps would be cut into rectangles and made into a fairly presentable mass, but the lower echelon of monks were glad to get any shape of ink slab. This was used as was the first type, that is, a special piece of stone with a recess, or small trough, was used, and into it was scraped some of the small block of ink. Then it was mixed with water until a suitable consistency was obtained.

There were, of course, no steel pens in Tibet, no foun-

tain pens, no ball pens, instead willow twigs were used which had been carefully skinned and made smooth and the ends slightly fluffed so that, in effect, they were like brushes with very, very short bristles. The sticks were then carefully dried—very carefully indeed to avoid cracking or warping—and then when they were dry enough to prevent splitting they were put on hot stone which had the effect of fire—hardening them so that they could be handled with impunity and so that they would last quite a long time. Tibetan writing, then, is more Tibetan brushing because the characters, the ideographs, are written with a brush-form in somewhat the same way as Chinese or Japanese people write.

But the old Astrologer was muttering away about the poor quality of ink on a page. He continued reading, and then found that he was reading about the death of the subject of the horoscope. Tibetan astrology covers all aspects, life—living—death. Carefully he went through his predictions, checking and re-checking, because this was a prediction for the member of a very important family, a prediction for a person who was important not merely because of his family connections but important in his own right because of the task allotted to him.

The old man sat back, his bones creaking with weariness. With a shudder of apprehension he recalled that his own death was precariously near. This was his last great task, the preparation of a horoscope is such detail as he had never done before.

The conclusion of this task and the successful declaiming of his reading would result in the loosening of the bonds of the flesh, and the early termination of his own life. He wasn't afraid of death; death was merely a period of transition as he knew; but transition or no transition it was still a period of change, change which the old man loathed and feared. He would have to leave his beloved Potala, he would have to vacate his coveted position of Chief Astrologer of Tibet, he would have to leave all the things that he knew, all the things which were dear to him, he would have to leave and, like a new boy at a lamasery,

he would have to start again. When? He knew that! Where? He knew that too! But it was hard leaving old friends, it was hard making a change life, because there is no death, that which we call death is merely transition from life to life.

He thought of the processes. He saw himself as he had seen others so often—dead, the immobile body no longer able to move, no longer a sentient creature, but just a mass of dead flesh supported by a mass of dead bones.

In his imagination he saw himself thus, being stripped of his robes and bundled up with his head touching his knees and his legs bent behind. In his mind's eye he saw himself being bundled on the back of a pony, wrapped in cloth, and taken away beyond the outskirts of the City of Lhasa where he would be given into the care of the Disposers of the Dead.

They would take his body and they would place it on a big flat rock, specially prepared for that purpose. He would be split open and all his organs would be taken out. The Chief of the Disposers would call aloud into the air and down would come swooping a whole flock of vultures, well accustomed to such things,

The Chief Disposer would take the heart and throw it toward the chief vulture who would gulp it down without much ado, then the kidneys, the lungs, and other organs would be cut up and thrown to the other vultures.

With blood-stained hands the Disposers would rip off the flesh from the white bones, would cut the flesh into strips and throw them too to the vultures who were clustered around like a solemn congregation of old men at a party.

With all the flesh stripped off and all the organs disposed of, the bones would be broken into small lengths and then would be pushed into holes in the rock. Then rods of rock would pound the bones until they became just a powder. The powder would be mixed with the blood from the body and with other body secretions and left on the rocks for the birds to eat. Soon, in a matter of a few hours, there would be no trace of that which had once

been a man. No trace of the vultures either; they would have gone away-somewhere-until called for their grisly service on the next occasion.

The old man thought of all this, thought of the things he had seen in India where poor people were disposed of by throwing the weighted bodies into the rivers or by burying them in the earth, but the richer people who could afford wood would have their bodies burned until only the flaky ash remained and then this would be thrown into some sacred river so that the ash, and perhaps the spirit of the person, would be called back to the bosom of "Mother Earth."

He shook himself roughly and muttered, "This is no time to think of my transition, let me finish my task while I prepare the notes on the transition of this small boy." But it was not to be, there came an interruption. The old Astrologer was murmuring instructions for the whole page to be rewritten in better ink when there came the sound of hasty footfalls, and the slamming of a door. The old man looked up fretfully, he wasn't used to having interruptions of this kind, he wasn't used to having noise in the Astrological Department. This was an area of calm, of quietude, of contemplation where the loudest sound was the scraping of a fire-hardened twig across the rough surface of hand-made paper. There came the sound of raised voices. "I MUST see him, I MUST see him this instant, the Inmost One demands." Then there came the slap slap of feet upon the ground, and the rustle of stiff cloth. A lama of the Dalai Lama's household appeared clutching in his right hand a stick in a cleft of which, at the distal end, a piece of paper was seen to bear the writing of the Inmost One himself. The lama came forward, made a customary half bow to the old Astrologer, and inclined the stick in his direction so that he could remove the written missive. He did so, and frowned in dismay.

"But, but—" he muttered, "how can I go now? I am in the midst of these calculations, I am in the midst of these computations. If I have to stop at this instant—" But then he realised that there was nothing for it but to go "on

the instant". With a sigh of resignation he changed his old work robe for a tidier one, picked up some charts and a few scribble sticks, and turned to a monk beside him saying, "Here, boy, carry these and accompany me." Turning he walked slowly out of the room in the wake of the golden robed lama.

The golden robed lama moderated his step so that the aged one following him should not be unduly distressed. For long they traversed endless corridors, monks and lamas scurrying about their business stood respectfully aside with heads bowed as the Chief Astrologer went by them.

After a considerable walk, and mounting from floor to floor, the golden robed lama and the Chief Astrologer reached the topmost floor wherein were the apartments of the Dalai Lama himself, the Thirteenth Dalai Lama, the Inmost one, the one who was to do more for Tibet than any other Dalai Lama.

The two men turned a corner and encountered three young monks behaving in an apparently riotous manner; they were skating about with their feet wrapped in cloth. Respectfully they ceased their gambols and stood aside as the two men passed. These young men had a full-time job; there were many floors to be kept spotlessly polished, and the three young monks spent the whole of their working hours with heavy cloths around their feet, they walked and ran and slid across the vast areas of flooring, and as a result of their efforts the floor had a wondrous gleam together with the patina of antiquity. But—the floor was slippery. Considerately the golden robed lama stepped back and took the arm of the old Astrologer, knowing full well that a broken leg or a broken arm at his age would be virtual sentence of death.

Soon they came to a large sunny room in which the Great Thirteenth himself was sitting in the lotus position gazing out through a window at the panorama of Himalayan mountain ranges stretching before him and, in fact, all around the Valley of Lhasa.

The old Astrologer made his prostrations to the God-

King of Tibet. The Dalai Lama motioned for the attendants to leave, and soon he and the Chief Astrologer were alone sitting face to face on the seat-cushions used in Tibet in place of chairs.

These were old acquaintances, well versed to the ways each of the other. The Chief Astrologer knew all the affairs of State, knew all the predictions about Tibet for he, indeed, had made most of them. Now the Great Thirteenth was looking most serious because these were momentous days, days of stress, days of worry. The East India Company, a British Company, was trying to get gold and other items out of the country, and various agents and leaders of British military might were toying with the idea of invading Tibet and taking over that country but the threat of Russia in the near background prevented that drastic step being taken. It will suffice to say, though, that the British caused much turmoil and much trouble for Tibet at that stage, just as in much later years the Chinese Communists would do. So far as the Tibetans were concerned there was little to choose between the Chinese and the British, the Tibetans merely wanted to be left alone.

Unfortunately there was another more serious problem in that in Tibet at that time there were two sets of priests, one was known as the Yellow Caps and the other was known as the Red Caps. Sometimes there were violent disputes between them, and the two leaders, the Dalai Lama who was the head of the Yellow Caps, and the Panchen Lama who was the head of the Red Caps, had no love whatever for each other.

Really there was little sympathy between the two sects. The Dalai Lama's supporters at the time had the upper hand, but it had not always been so, at other times the Panchen Lama—who was soon to be forced to leave Tibet—had been in the forefront and then the country had been plunged into chaos until the Dalai Lama had been able to reinforce his claims with the aid of the Tartars and because on religious grounds the Yellow Caps had what one might term “superior sanctity.”

The Inmost One—the Dalai Lama who was given that

title, and was well known as The Great Thirteenth-made many questions concerning the probable future of Tibet. The old Astrologer fumbled around in the portfolio he had with him and produced papers and charts, and together the two men pored over them.

“In less than sixty years,” said the Astrologer, “Tibet as a free entity will be no more. The hereditary enemy, the Chinese, with a new form of political government will invade the country and will virtually do away with the Order of Priests in Tibet.”

At the passing of the Great Thirteenth, the Dalai Lama was told, another would be chosen as a palliative to Chinese aggression. A child would be picked as being the Reincarnation of the Great Thirteenth, and irrespective of the accuracy of the choice it would first and foremost be a political choice because what would be known as the Fourteenth Dalai Lama would come from Chinese held territory.

The Inmost One was most gloomy about the whole affair, and tried to work out plans of how to save his beloved country, but, as the Chief Astrologer so accurately pointed out, much could be done to circumvent the bad horoscope of an individual but there was no known way of substantially altering the horoscope and the destiny of a whole country. A country was composed of too many different units, too many individuals who could not be moulded, nor commanded, nor persuaded to think along the same lines at the same time for the same purpose. So the fate of Tibet was known. The fate of the Wise Sayings, the Holy Books and the Holy Knowledge was not yet known, but it was thought that by suitable means a young man could be trained, given special knowledge, given special abilities, and then sent forth into the world beyond the confines of Tibet so that he could write of his knowledge and of the knowledge of Tibet. The two men continued talking, and then at last the Dalai Lama said, “And this boy, the Rampa boy, have you yet prepared the horoscope for him? I shall want you to read it at a special party at the Rampa household in two weeks from this

day.” The Chief Astrologer shuddered. Two weeks? He would not have been ready in two months or two years if he had not been given a firm date. So, in a quavering voice, he replied, “Yes, Your Holiness, all will be ready by two weeks from this day. But this boy is going to have most unfortunate conditions during his life, suffering and torture, disowning by his own countrymen, illness—every obstacle that one can imagine is being placed in his way by evil forces and by one particular force which I, as yet, do not completely understand but which appears to be connected in some ways with the newspaper workers.

The Dalai Lama sighed noisily, and said, “Well, let us put that aside for the time being because what is inevitable cannot be altered. You will have to go through your charts again during the next two weeks to make absolutely sure of that which you are going to declaim. For the moment—let us have a game of chess, I am tired of the affairs of State.”

A silver bell was tinkled, and a golden robed lama came into the room and received the order to bring the chess set and the chess board so that the two men could play. Chess was very popular with the higher intellects of Lhasa, but it is a different sort of chess from that which is played in the West. In the West when a game is started the first pawn of each party moves two steps instead of the normal one as in Tibet, and in Tibet there is no such thing as castling in which when a pawn reached the back line it could become a castle, nor was the stalemate status used, instead it was considered that a state of balance or stasis had been reached when the king was left alone without a pawn or without any other piece on the board.

The two men sat and played with endless patience, each in the warm glow of love and respect which had grown between these two, and above them on the flat roof just above the Dalai Lama's quarters the prayer flags flapped in the high mountain breeze. Further down the corridor the prayer wheels clattered, churning out their endless imaginary prayers. On the flat roofs gleams blindingly golden shot from the tombs of the previous Incarnations

of the Dalai Lama, for in Tibetan belief each Dalai Lama as he died merely went into transition and then returned to Earth in the body of some small boy. In Tibet transmigration was such an accepted fact of religion that it was not even worthy of comment. So up on the flat roof twelve bodies lay in twelve golden tombs, each tomb having an intricately designed roof with many spirals, whorls, and convolutions designed to delude and throw off “evil spirits.”

From the golden tombs one could see across to the gleaming building of the College of Medical Science Chakpori on Iron Mountain, the home of medicine for Tibet. Beyond there was the City of Lhasa, now on this day shining bright under the high noon sun. The sky was a deep purple, and the mountains ringing the Valley of Lhasa had spumes of pure white snow blowing from their peaks.

As the hours rolled on, marked by the growing shadows from the Western mountain range, the two men in the State apartments below sighed and reluctantly pushed aside their chess pieces for now was the time of worship, the time when the Dalai Lama had to attend to his devotions, the time when the Chief Astrologer had to return to his computations if he were to meet the dead line imposed by the Dalai Lama of two weeks.

Again the silver bell was tinkled, again a golden robed lama appeared, and with a few muttered words was directed to assist the Chief Astrologer to return to his own quarters three floors below.

The Chief Astrologer rose creakily to his aged feet, made his ritual prostrations, and left the presence of his Spiritual Chief.

## CHAPTER TWO

“Oo-ee! Oo-ee! Ay-yah! Ay-yah!” said the voice in the dusk of that pleasant day. “Did you hear about that Lady Rampa? She's at it again!” There was the shuffling of feet on the road, the sound of little pebbles being rolled underfoot, and then a sigh. “Lady Rampa? What has she done now?”

The first voice answered with ill-disguised glee. It seems that for a certain type of woman, no matter her class, no matter her nationality, if she be a bearer of tidings—preferably bad—her day is made.

“My step-son's aunt has heard a strange tale. As you know, she is going to get married to that customs man who works down at the Western Gate. Her boy friend has been telling her that for months past Lady Rampa has been ordering all manner of things from India, and now the traders in their caravans are beginning to deliver the goods. Have you heard anything about it?”

“Well, I did hear that there was a special going to be held in their gardens in the near future, but you must remember that the Great Lord Rampa was our Regent when the Inmost One went to India during the invasion of the British that did so much harm. I suppose its only natural that one of the leading ladies of our country should want that, do you?”

The informant exhaled gustily and then drew a deep breath and declaimed, “Ahh! But you don't know the whole of it, you don't even know the half of it! I've heard tell from one of my friends who serves one of the waiting-monks down at the Kesar—he comes from the Potala, you know—that a very very thorough horoscope and life read-

ing is being prepared for that little fellow, you know the little runt who's always getting into trouble and who seems to be such a sore trial to his father. I wondered if you had heard anything about that?"

The second lady thought a moment and then she replied, "Yes, but you must remember that Paljor died recently—I saw his body being carried out with my very own eyes. The Body Breakers carried him out very reverently from the house, and the two priests accompanied him as far as the gate, but with my very own two eyes I saw that as soon as the two priests turned back the poor little body was unceremoniously dumped, belly down, on the back of a pony and was taken off to the Ragyab so that the Disposers of the Dead could break him up and feed him to the vultures. He had to be disposed of."

"No, no, no!" expostulated the exasperated informer, you miss the whole point—you cannot have much experience of these social matters; with the death of the older boy that little fellow, Lobsang, is now the heir to the Lhalu family estates and fortunes, they are millionaires you know. They've got money here, they've got money in India, and they've got money in China. I think they must be our wealthiest family. And this little fellow, why should he inherit it all? Why should he have such a life of luxury before him when we have to work—my husband said to me that, never mind, one of these days there will be a change, we shall take the residences of the upper parties and we shall live in luxury and they will work for us. We shall see what we shall see if we only live long enough, praise be the day.

There had been the sound of slow footsteps coming through the gloaming, Now a faint blur of face could be discerned and the black, black tresses of a Tibetan woman. "I could not help hearing what was said," the newcomer announced, "but we have to remember that this little lad Lobsang Rampa, he's going to have a hard life ahead of him because all those with money have a very, very hard life indeed".

"Oh well then," replied the informer, "all of us should

have a very very easy time indeed. We've no money at all, have we?" With that she burst into cackles of witch-like laughter.

The newcomer went on, "Well, I've heard it said that a big affair is being planned so that the Great Lord Rampa can proclaim his son, Lobsang, to be his heir. I've heard too, that the boy is going to be sent off to India to be trained, and the trouble then will be to keep him out of the hands of the British because the British are trying to get control of our country, you know, and look at the damage they've done. But, no, that boy, rich or poor, he's got a hard life ahead of him, you mark my words—you mark my words." The voices drifted off as the three women went carefully along the Lingkor Road, passing along by the Snake Temple, passing along by the Kaling Chu to cross the Chara Sanpa Bridge.

Just a few yards away—or perhaps a few yards more than that!—the subject of their discussion, a small boy not yet seven years of age, tossed restlessly on the hard hard floor of his room. He was asleep more or less, having fitful dreams, having also frightful nightmares; he was thinking of kites and how awful it would be if it was ever found out that he was the one who was flying the kite that swooped down on the travellers and scared their ponies so much that one of the riders fell off and rolled straight into the river, such an important man that rider was, too, as assistant to an Abbot of one of the Lamaseries. The poor boy turned and writhed in his sleep as in his dream-state he thought of all the dire punishments that would be inflicted upon his protesting body should he ever be revealed as the culprit.

Life was quite hard for young boys of the leading families in Lhasa. Those boys were supposed to set an example to others, they were supposed to endure hardship to toughen them for the battles of life, they were supposed to have greater hardship than those of lowly birth, to act as an example, to show that even the sons of the wealthy, even the sons of those who ruled the country, could endure pain, suffering, and privation. And the discipline for

a boy not yet even seven years of age was something which Western boys of any age would never endure.

From beyond the Bridge there came the mumble, mumble of female voices as the three women stopped for a last chat before each departed to her own home. There came on errant breezes the words "Rampa," "Yasodhara," and then a mumble of voices until at last the gravel beneath their feet stirred restlessly as the women bade each other goodnight and went each her own respective way.

In the great Lhalu residence, whose massive front gate had so well withstood the assaults of the British infantry that they could gain access only by breaching the stone wall, the family were asleep, all except the "Guardians of the Night", those who stood watch and called out the night hours and the state of the weather so that any who by chance should be awake should know of the progress of the night.

Adjacent to the chapel of Lhalu residence were the Stewards' quarters. The highest class Tibetan officials maintained their own chapels in their residence staffed by one or two priests; the Rampa residence was of such importance that two priests were considered absolutely necessary. Every three years the priests—monks from the Potala—would be replaced by others so that those in household service should not become too effete through their domestic domicile. One of the lamas, for these monks were indeed lamas, had but recently joined the household. The other was soon to leave to return to the stern discipline of the lamasery, and the latter was tossing restlessly, wondering how he could prolong his stay for it was indeed the chance of a lifetime to see the heir of a great family have his horoscope proclaimed to the public so that all might know in advance what manner of man he would grow up to be.

This was a young lama, one who had come to the Lhalu estate with high recommendations from his Abbot, but he had proved to be a sorry disappointment. His amusements were not wholly ecclesiastical, not wholly priestly, for he was one of those who had that which is termed "the wan-

dering eye,” and his glances strayed ever and again to the young and comely members of the domestic staff. The Steward who lived to the left of the chapel had noticed this and had registered a complaint, and so the poor young lama was facing dismissal in some disgrace. His successor had not yet been appointed and the young man was wondering how he could delay matters so that he could have the fame of being one of the participants in the celebrations and religious services to follow.

The poor wretched Steward, also, was having much distress. Lady Rampa was indeed a difficult woman, very harsh in her judgment at times, apt to condemn without giving a man a chance to explain that some of these difficulties were not of his making. Now he had goods on order for some three months, and-well, everyone knew how slow the Indian traders were—but Lady Rampa was making a terrible commotion and saying that the Steward was endangering the success of the whole enterprise by his inefficiency in getting supplies. “What can I do?” he muttered to himself as he tossed and turned on his blanket on the floor. “How can I persuade the dealers to bring the goods on time?” So muttering he rolled over on to his back, his mouth fell open, and he emitted such horrendous snores that one of the night watchmen looked in to see if he was dying!

Lady Rampa was turning restlessly too. She was very socially-conscious. She was wondering if the Steward was absolutely sure of the order of precedence, wondering if all the messages had been written, all the invitations on the special hand-made paper tied up with ribbon and then placed in a cleft stick which fast riders would carry mounted on their ponies. It had to be done just right, she thought, one could not have an inferior receiving an invitation before his superior had received one. These matters leak out, there are ever people anxious to pull down a hard working hostess who is trying to do the best for her family prestige. Lady Rampa twisted and turned, wondering about the food supplies, wondering if by any chance things would not arrive on time.

Nearby in a little room, sister Yasodhara was fretting bit. Her mother had already decreed what she would wear at the party and it wasn't at all what Yasodhara wanted to wear, she had different ideas altogether. After all, as she said to herself, this is the one time in the year to really look over the boys and see which one of them would be suitable as a husband in later years, and to look over the boys meant that she too must have something to attract them—clothing, it must be suitable clothing, her hair must be well brushed with yak butter, her clothes must be dusted with the finest of jasmine. She had to do everything possible to attract what she hoped would be a good husband for the future, but her mother—mothers never understood, they were of a bygone age, they didn't understand at all how young girls had to go along nowadays, they had forgotten such things. Yasodhara lay back and thought and thought, and planned could she add a ribbon here or a flower there, how could she improve her appearance?

As the night grew older and older and the new dawn, the dawn of a new day, was ready to be born the booming of conches and the blare of trumpets awakened the fitfully sleeping household. The youngest Rampa opened a sleep-bleared eye, grunted, and turned over again to be fast asleep before the turning motion was completed.

Down near the Steward's office the night watchmen were going off duty while a fresh shift were taking their places. The most menial of the servants awakened with a start at the blaring noises from the surrounding temples and jumped to their feet, struggling into half-frozen clothes. Theirs was the task of seeing that the smoldering fires were raked and stirred into fresh life, theirs was the task of polishing the rooms, cleaning the place, before the family got down to see it in its over-night state of untidiness.

In the stables where the many horses were kept, and in the farm buildings at the back where the yaks were housed servants rummaged around, scooping up the manure deposited there by the animals overnight. Dried and

mixed with a few scraps of wood this would provide the staple fuel of Tibet.

The cooks reluctantly turned out to face another day, they were tired, they had been busy for several weeks past preparing food in fantastic quantities and having the additional task of trying to protect the food from the depredations of light-fingered small boys and light-fingered small girls, too. They were tired, they were sick of the whole affair, they were saying to each other, "Why doesn't this thing get started and finished so that we can have some peace again. The Mistress has gone off her head even worse with all the preparations."

The Mistress—the Lady Rampa—had indeed been busy. For days she had been in her husband's office plaguing his secretaries to provide lists of all the most important people living in Lhasa, and some chosen few from other nearby centres. As well she made the hard demand that suitable foreigners who could be of beneficent influence later be invited, but here again there was the question protocol and the order of seniority, who came before whom, who would be insulted in THIS position when they felt that they should be in THAT position. It was all a great task, a great trial a great tribulation, and the servants were tired of getting a list one day and finding that the next day a fresh list would supersede the one issued the day before.

For days now the whole place had been scoured, fine gritty sand had been used to shine up stonework mellowed by age, strong men servants with cloth around their feet and heavy blocks of stone wrapped in cloth trudged around the house pushing their heavy stone burden across floors that were already mirror-bright.

In the gardens weary gardeners on hands and knees went over the ground removing weeds, even removing little stones which were of the wrong colour. The mistress of the house was a hard task mistress indeed, this was the high point of her life, the son and heir of the Lhalu establishment, one who could be a prince or—what?—was to be launched and only the astrologers would tell what was

to be his life, but the astrologers would give no hint, would give no forewarning of what their Reading would reveal.

The lady of the house, the wife of one of the most powerful men in lay-life of Tibet, hoped and hoped that her son would leave the country and be educated elsewhere, she hoped that she would be able to persuade her husband that she should make frequent visits to her son studying in a different country. She hoped to visit different countries, for long she had surreptitiously glanced at some of the magazines brought to Lhasa by itinerant traders. She had her plans, she had her dreams and her ambitions, but everything depended on the verdict of the Chief Astrologer and everyone knew how uncaring of one's social position astrologers could be.

Now the time was fast approaching when this great Party was to be held. Traders were entering by the Western Gate and making fast footsteps toward the Lhalu residence, the wiser ones—or those with greater business acumen—knew that the Lady Rampa would soon fall prey to their wiles if they could produce something new, something that hadn't been seen in Lhasa before, something which would make her neighbors and social competitors exclaim in feigned awe which really concealed frustration and jealousy that They had not had it first.

So many a trader made his slow way from the Western Gate along the Lingkor Road, around the back of the Potala, past the Snake Temple to the Lhalu residence, there to attempt to beguile the lady of the house with strange exotic items with which she could entertain and amaze her guests. Some took their yak trains and brought their whole stock-in-trade to the residence so that the lady in person could see precisely what they had to sell, and of course for such an important occasion the prices must be inflated because no lady who was indeed a lady would even dare to bargain or quibble at the prices asked for fear that the traders would mention to the neighbors that Lady Rampa could not pay the proper price but wanted a discount, or concessions, or samples.

Day after day the yak trains went by, day after day the

men from the stables scooped up the bounty from the yaks and added it to the pile of fuel which was so rapidly growing, and indeed much extra fuel would be needed for the cooking, for the heating, and for the bonfires, because who could possibly have a good party without a good bonfire?

The gardeners, having satisfactorily cleared the ground of all weeds, turned their attention to the trees, making sure that there were no broken branches, making sure that there were no dead branches which could appear unsightly and lead to an accusation of an ill-kept garden. Even more disastrous would be if some small branch fell upon some noble lady and disarranged her hairstyle which over hours would have been piled on a special lacquered wooden framework. So the gardeners were tired of parties, tired of work, and yet they dare not slack for the Lady Rampa seemed to have eyes everywhere, no sooner would a man sit down for a moment to rest an aching back than she would appear screaming with rage that he was delaying things.

At last the order of precedence was decided upon and approved by the Great Lord Rampa himself who personally affixed his seal to each of the invitations as they were carefully prepared by monk-scribes. The paper was specially made for the occasion, it was thick paper with a rough edge, almost a deckle-edge, in fact. Each sheet was roughly twelve inches wide by two feet long. These invitations did not follow the normal size or pattern as used in lamaseries; in lamaseries the paper is wider than it is long, but when there were very important invitations they were written on a narrower paper which was about twice as long as it was wide because after the invitation was accepted the paper would be fastened to two bamboo rods richly decorated at the ends, and then the invitation would be carefully suspended from a string and used as a decoration to show how important the recipient was.

The Lord Rampa was one of the Upper Ten families in Lhasa. The Lord Rampa himself was actually one of the Upper Five, but Lady Rampa was one of the Upper Ten,

otherwise they could not have married. In view of the fact that each of them had such high social status two seals had to be affixed to the invitation, one for His Lordship and one for Her Ladyship, and then because they were married and had such an extensive estate they had a third seal which was known as the Estate Seal, and that too had to go upon the document. Each seal was of a different colour, and the Lady Rampa and the Steward were in a state bordering on frenzy lest the messengers were clumsy and did something which would crack the fragile, brittle seals.

Special message-sticks were prepared. These had to be of exactly the same length and very nearly the same thickness, each had a special slot at one end which would receive and hold the message. Then just below that slot there was a piece fixed on which bore the family coat of arms. Below the coat of arms there were narrow strands of a very tough paper on which were printed prayers, hoping for protection for the messenger and for a safe delivery of the messages, and hoping that the recipient would be able to accept the invitation.

For some time the messengers were carefully drilled in the most imposing manner to ride and deliver the messages. They sat upon their horses waving their message sticks in the air as if they were spears, then on the signal they would charge forward and one by one would approach the Captain of the Guard who was drilling them. He, pretending to be the householder or the householder's steward, would graciously accept the message from the message stick which was extended and inclined toward him. He would with great respect take the message and bow toward the messenger who was, after all, the representative of "the family." The messenger would bow back, would wheel his horse, and would gallop off from whence he came.

When all the messages, or invitations, were prepared they were placed in order of precedence, and the most imposing messenger took the most important message, and so on, and then off they galloped to deliver the invitations.

Other messengers would come forward, each take a message, and lodge it in the cleft of the stick and gallop off. Soon they would return and the whole procedure would be gone through again until, at long last, all the invitations had gone out, and now was the trying time when the Steward and the others had to sit back and wait and wait, and wonder how many would accept the invitations. Had they too much food? Had they not enough? It was most wearing to the nerves.

Some of the guests would be content to stay in the gardens, particularly if they were not of sufficient social status to be accepted into the house itself, but others—well, they were more important and they would have to enter the house, and the representatives of the clergy would also want to see the chapel. So all the lacquer was stripped from the altars and from the altar rails, and men worked with handfuls of cloth which were dipped in moist sand and scraped, and scraped, and scraped until the wood beneath the lacquer was bright and as new. Then a special priming coat was put on, and when that was dry lacquer, many layers of it, was most carefully painted on to the altars and the railings so that in the end the surface shone like the surface of still water on a sunny day.

The poor wretched servants were each called before the lady of the house and the Steward, and they were carefully inspected to see that their clothing was suitable and to see that everything was clean. If their clothing did not pass muster then it had to be carefully washed, for which purpose great cauldrons of hot water were prepared. At last, when the tension was reaching its height, all the invitations were answered, all the servants had been inspected, and all their special clothing had been put aside, not to be worn until The Day. So a tired household sat back in the late evening to await the dawn of a new day when Fate would be revealed.

Slowly the sun sank behind the Western mountains sending up a myriad of scintillating points of light from the ever-present spume blowing from the highest peaks; the snow glowed blood-red, and then darkened to blue, and on

to purple. At last there was only the faint loom of the darkness of the sky and the glittering pin-points of light which were the stars.

At the Lhalu residence mysterious points of light appeared amid the well-kept trees. A chance traveller along the Lingkor Road slowed his step, hesitated, made as if to go on again, and then turned and walked back so that he could see what was afoot, or, more accurately, what was a tree!

Excited voices came from the gardens, and the wayfarer just could not resist the temptation to pursue the matter further and to find out what it was that was causing such raised voices and what was, apparently, an altercation. As quietly as he could he shinned up the rough stone wall and rested his chest on the top with his arms supporting him, then he could see a novel sight indeed. There was the lady of the house, Lady Rampa, plump, short, almost square, in fact. At either side of her she had two tall servants, each carrying a lighted butter lamp and trying to shield the wavering flame so that it should not be extinguished and arouse Her Ladyship's ire.

Disgruntled gardeners moved disconsolately amid the trees fixing little butter lamps to certain of the lower branches, and then with flint and steel sparks ignited the tinder. Vigorous blowing produced a flame, and from the flame a piece of well-soaked-in-butter stick was used to transfer the flame to the butter lamps. The lady was not at all sure where she wanted the lamps, there was endless fumbling about in the darkness with the little flickering lights merely intensifying the purple night. At last there was a commotion and a very large figure came prancing out, shouting with rage: "You're ruining my trees, my trees my trees—you re ruining my trees. I will not have this nonsense. Extinguish those lamps immediately The Lord Rampa was mighty proud of his wonderful trees, trees and gardens which were famed throughout Lhasa. He was indeed in a frenzy of excitement in case damage should have been caused to some of the newly budding flowers on the trees.

His wife, Her Ladyship, turned to him with lofty mien and said, "You are indeed making a spectacle of yourself, my lord, in front of the servants. Do you not think I am capable of managing this affair? It is my home as well as yours. Do not disturb me." The poor Lord snorted like a bull, one could almost imagine fire coming from his nostrils. He turned angrily on his foot, and hurried away back to the house, there was the sound of a door slamming, a sound so intense and heavy that any less substantial door would surely have been shattered with the shock.

"The incense brazier, Timon, the incense brazier. Are you altogether stupid man? Put it over there, never mind about lighting it now—put it over there." Poor Timon, one of the housemen, struggled along with a heavy brazier, but it was more than one brazier, there were several. The night grew darker and darker, and still the lady of the house wasn't satisfied. But at last the wind blew chill and the Moon appeared and cast a frosty light over the proceedings. The man peering over the wall chuckled to himself and dropped down to the road to continue his journey muttering to himself, "Well! well! If that is the price of being a noble, then glad I am indeed to be merely a humble trader." His footsteps died away in the darkness, and in the garden the butter lamps were extinguished one by one. The staff and the lady of the house departed. In the garden a night bird sniffed the strange unusual smell which came from one of the butter lamps, the wick of which was still smoldering, and flew off with a startled cry of protest.

In the house there was sudden commotion; the boy had disappeared, the heir to the estates, the young princeling—where was he now? He was not in his bed. There was panic. The mother thought he must have run away, being frightened by the severity of his father. The father thought he must have run away, being frightened by the anger of mother, for that day nothing that the poor boy did was right. He had been in trouble the day long, first for getting then for tearing his clothes, then for not being where should have been at a certain time, then for not being

present punctually for meals; everything was wrong for him.

Servants were roused, the grounds were searched, butter lamps flared, and flint and tinder smoked. A procession of servants went around the gardens calling for the young Master, but without avail, he wasn't to be found. Sister Yasodhara was awakened to ask her if she could account for the movements of her brother, but—no—she wiped her bleary eyes with the back of her hand, lay down again and was asleep while she was still sitting.

Servants hurried down the road in the darkness to see if the boy had gone away. Other servants searched the house from top to bottom, and eventually in a storeroom Lob-sang was found, asleep on a bag of grain with a cat at each side of him, and all three were snoring mightily. But not for long! The father rushed forward with a roar of rage which almost seemed to shatter the walls, certainly it made the dust from the grain bags jump and dance in the air. The lamps carried by servants flickered, and one or two went out. The poor boy was grasped tightly by the neck while one mighty hand lifted him up high. The mother rushed forward expostulating, "Stop!, Stop! Be very sure you don't mark him because tomorrow he will be the cynosure of all the eyes of Lhasa. Just send him to bed." So the poor boy was given a hearty thump and pushed forward so violently that he fell on his face. One of the men servants picked him up and carried him away. Of the cats there was no sign.

But in the great Potala, at the level assigned to the Astrologers, the activity still continued. The Chief Astrologer was carefully checking his figures, carefully checking his charts, rehearsing what he was going to say, practicing the intonation which he would find necessary. Around him lama-astrologers took each sheet of paper and with two other lamas checking every sheet was placed in its correct order, there could be no possibility of error here, no possibility of reading from the wrong page and bringing the College of Astrologers into disrepute. As each book was completed its wooden cover was placed on top and the

book was held together with twice the customary number of tapes just so that everything would be doubly sure. The monk assigned to be the personal attendant of the Chief Astrologer was carefully brushing his best robe, making sure that the zodiacal signs with which it was embellished were bright and fixed on securely. Then, as he was an old man, he used two sticks and those two sticks were carefully examined for any unsuspected flaws or cracks, after which they were passed to a polishing-monk who polished them until they shone like burnished copper.

From the temple areas the gongs boomed, the trumpets blared, and there was a susurrant of scurrying feet as the religious monks went about their first night service. The astrological monks had been excused attendance because of the importance of the task allotted to them, because they could not risk dropping everything to go to service and then finding on the morrow that some error had crept in.

So at last the butter lamps were extinguished one by one. Soon there was no light except the light of the heaven, the starlight and the moonlight, but the starlight and the moonlight were augmented by the brilliant reflections from the lakes and rivers which traversed and criss-crossed the Plain of Lhasa. Every so often a dazzling sheet of water would cascade in a burst of glittering silver, like molten silver, as some great fish rushed up to the surface for a gulp of air.

All was silent except for the croaking of bull frogs and the cries of night birds in the distance. The Moon sailed in solitary splendor across the purple sky, the light of the dimmed as clouds from India obscured their glimmer. Night was upon the land, and all those except the creatures of the night slept.

## CHAPTER THREE

The first faint light appeared over the jagged Eastern horizon. Great mountain ranges stood up in the starkest black and behind them the sky was becoming luminous.

On the topmost floor of the lamaseries monks and lamas stood ready to greet the new day, the topmost floor—the roof—in each case had a special platform or parapet on which great conches and trumpets some fifteen to twenty feet long stood on stands.

The Valley of Lhasa was a pool of inky black. The Moon had long since set, and the stars were diminished by the paling of the sky beyond the Eastern mountains. But the Valley of Lhasa still slept, still lived in the deepest darkness of night, not until the Sun lifted well above the mountains would the deep-lying lamaseries and houses welcome daylight.

Here and there dotted randomly throughout the Valley infrequent pinpoints of light appeared as a lama or a cook or a herdsman had to prepare for a very early start to his work. The faint, faint gleams served merely to accentuate the velvet blackness, so black that not even the trunk of tree could be distinguished.

The light beyond the Eastern mountains increased. First there was a vivid flash of light, then a red beam shot up, followed immediately by what appeared to be an absolutely green shaft of light which was one of the features of the early morning sunrise and the late night sunset. Soon there came broader shafts of light, and within minutes there was a startling golden glow outlining the high peaks, showing the ever-present snow reflecting off high glaciers and projecting down into the Valley the first signs that the day had appeared. With the first appearance of the sun

over the topmost edge of the mountains the lamas blew hard into their trumpets, and others sounded into the conches so that the very air seemed to shake with the sound. There was no immediate reaction to the noise, though, for the people of the Valley were well used to the sound of trumpets and conches and could ignore it just as people in cities can ignore the roaring of aircraft, the clattering of garbage collections, and all the rest of the noises of "civilization."

Here and there, though, a sleepy night bird uttered a startled chirp before putting his head beneath his wing again and going off to sleep. Now was the time of the creatures of the day. Gradually the day birds came awake, cheeping sleepily and then flapping their wings to get rid of the stillness of the night. Here and there a feather drifted down and was blown at the whim of the vagrant breeze.

In the waters of the Kyi Chu and at the Snake Temple fish were stirring lazily from their night time drifting near the surface. Fish in Tibet could always rise near the surface because Buddhists do not take life and there were no fishermen in Tibet.

The old man twisted at the sound of the bugles and the roariug of the conches, twisted and sleepily sat upright. From his low angle he peered upwards at the sky, and then a sudden thought struck him and he rose creakily to his feet. His bones were aged, his muscles tired, so he rose with circumspection and made his way to a window and looked out—looked out across the now-awakening City of Lhasa. Below him in the Village of Sho little lights were beginning to appear, one after another, as butter lamps were being lit so that official who were going to be busy this day would have ample time for their preparations.

The aged Astrologer shivered in the early dawn chill, and pulled his robe more tightly around him. Inevitably thoughts turned to the Lhalu estate which could not be seen from his vantage point for he looked out over the village of Sho and the City of Lhasa, and the Lhalu residence was at the other side of the Potala facing the wall

with the carved figures which was so much an attraction for wandering pilgrims.

The old man slowly lowered himself again to his blankets, and rested while he thought of the events of the day. This day, he thought, would be one of the high points of his career, perhaps the culminating point of his career. Already the old man could feel the hand of approaching death upon him, he could feel the slowing down of his body processes, he could feel that already his Silver Cord was thinning. But he was glad that there was yet one more function he could perform and bring credit to. the office of Chief Astrologer of Tibet. So thinking he dozed off, to be awakened with something of a start as a lama bustled into the room exclaiming: "Honorable Astrologer, the Day is upon us, we have no time to lose, we have again to check the horoscope and the order in which the points are to be presented. I will assist you to rise, Honorable Astrologer". So saying, he bent down and put an arm around the shoulders of the old man and gently raised him to his feet.

By now the was increasing rapidly, the sun was clear of the Eastern mountain range and was reflecting light to the Western side of the Valley; while those houses and lamaseries right beneath the Eastern range were yet in darkness, those on the opposite side were in almost full daylight.

The Potala was coming awake. There was the strange stir which humans always make when they are getting themselves into motion at the beginning of a day, there was a feeling of awareness that here were humans ready to continue the sometimes tedious business of living. Little silver bells were tinkling, every so often there would come the lowing of a conch or perhaps the brassy blare of a trumpet. The old Astrologer and the others around him were not aware of the clanking and turning of the Prayer Wheels, these were so much a part of their everyday existence that they had long since failed to perceive the noise the Prayer Wheels made, just as no longer did they notice the Prayer Flags which whipped to the morning breeze on

the Potala heights above. Only a cessation of these noises would have been noticed by the startled people.

There was the scurry of feet along corridors, there was the moving of heavy doors. From somewhere came the chanting of psalm, religious psalm, psalms again welcoming the new day. But the old Astrologer had no time to notice things such as these for now there was the business of coming to full awareness and to attending to those functions which are so necessary after a night of sleep. Soon he would be having his morning meal of tsampa and tea, and then he would have to go and attend to the ritual of preparing for the Reading which he was that day to give.

At the Lhalu family residence the servants were awake. Lady Rampa, too, was awake. And Lord Rampa, after a hasty breakfast, gladly mounted his horse and rode off with his attendants to the offices of the government in the Village of Sho. He was indeed glad to get away from his wife, get away from her bustling officiousness and her overzealous approach to the events facing them. He had to make an early start to his work because later in the day it would be utterly incumbent upon him to return to play the part of the gracious host who was a Prince of Lhasa.

The heir to the Rampa estates was awakened and came to life most reluctantly. Today was "his" day, yet, he thought with some confusion, how could it be his day when Mother was planning to make such a social advantage from it. If he had his way he would forget the idea and disappear to the banks of the river so that he could watch the boatman ferrying people across the river, and perhaps when there were not many people to be ferried he could manage to con the ferryman into giving him free passage backwards and forwards, always with the excuse, of course, that he would help pole the ferry.

The poor wretched boy was most unhappy at the hard-hearted man servant who was thoroughly smearing his ail with yak butter, and then plaiting a tight pig-tail with curious twist in it. The yak butter was kneaded into the

pig-tail until the latter was almost as still as a willow rod.

At about ten in the morning there was the sound and clatter of horses and a party of men rode in to the courtyard. The Lord Rampa and his attendants had returned from the government offices because it was necessary that the family should go to the Cathedral of Lhasa to give thanks for whatever mysteries were to be revealed on this day and, of course, to show to priests ever ready to believe that “blackheads” were irreligious that these were specially religious “black heads.” In Tibet monks have shaven heads, while the ordinary people, the laity, had long hair, most times it was black hair, and because of the black hair they were referred to as black heads.

People were waiting in the courtyard, Lady Rampa already upon a pony, and her daughter Yasodhara. At the last moment the heir of the family was grabbed and unceremoniously hoisted upon a pony who appeared equally reluctant. The gates were again opened and the party rode out with the Lord Rampa at the head. For about thirty minutes they rode in strange silence until at last they came to the small houses and the shops which surrounded the Cathedral of Lhasa, the Cathedral which had stood there for so many hundreds of years to afford a place of worship for the pious. The original stone floors were deeply grooved and scored by the footsteps of pilgrims and sight-seers. All along the entrance to the Cathedral were lines of Prayer Wheels-big things indeed-and as each person went by they turned the Wheel as was the custom so that a most curious tinkling clatter was set up which had an almost hypnotic effect.

The inside of the Cathedral was heavy—overpowering in its heaviness—with the scent of incense and the memory of incense which had been burned during the past thirteen or fourteen hundred years. The heavy black beams of the roof seemed to have clouds of incense growing from them, bluish smoke, grey smoke, and occasionally a smoke of a brownish hue.

There were various Gods and Goddesses represented in

golden figures, wooden figures, and porcelain figures, and before each were the offerings of pilgrims. Every so often the offerings would be swept behind a metal net to protect them from pilgrims whose piety was overcome by the desire to participate in the wealth of the Gods.

Heavy candles burned and made flickering shadows throughout the dim building. It was a sobering thought even to a small boy not yet seven years of age to reflect that these candles had been kept alight by pouring on butter throughout thirteen or fourteen hundred years. The poor boy gazing wide-eyed around him thought, "Let's get this day over and perhaps I shall be able to go to some other country, away from all this holiness." Little did he know what was in store for him!

A big cat strolled lethargically forward and rubbed against the legs of the heir of the Rampa family. The boy stooped and dropped to his knees to fondle the big cat who roared with delight. These were the guardian cats of the temple, astute students of human nature who could tell at a glance those who would be likely to attempt to steal and those who could be trusted. Normally such cats would never, never approach anyone other than their own particular keeper. For a moment there was stunned silence among the onlookers, and some of the monks faltered in their chanting as their eyes wandered to the sight of the boy on his knees by the big cat. The picture was soon spoiled, however, because the Lord Rampa, his face suffused with rage, bent down and picked up the boy by the scruff of his neck, shook him like a housewife shaking out a duster, gave him a slap on the ear which made the boy think there was a thunderstorm, and then dumped him on his feet again. The cat turned toward His Lordship and uttered a very long, loud hiss, and then turned with dignity and strode away.

But the time had come to return to the Lhalu residence for soon the guests would start arriving. Many of the guests came early so that they could get the pick of what was offered, and the pick of what was offered included the best place in the garden. So the party left the confines of

the Cathedral and went out into the street again. The boy raised his eyes and saw the flags fluttering over the road which led to India, and he thought, "Shall I soon be on that road going to another count I shall soon know I suppose, but, my goodness, I would like something to eat.

The party rode on retracing their footsteps, and after twenty-five to thirty minutes they were again entering the courtyard of the house where they were greeted by an anxious Steward who thought that there might have been some delay and that he would have to explain to irate guests that the host and hostess had been unaccountably delayed at the Cathedral.

There was time for a hurried meal, and then the heir to the estates rushed to the window at unexpected noises approaching up the road. Monk-musicians were arriving, their musical instruments were clattering as they rode along the road on their ponies. Every so often a monk would give an experimental blow to his trumpet or clarinet to make sure that it was in tune. Now and again a monk would give a hearty bonk to a drum to make sure that the skin was at the correct tautness. Eventually they entered the courtyard and went by the side path into the gardens, carefully depositing their instruments on the ground. The instruments deposited, they reached for the Tibetan beer gladly. The beer was there in some profusion to prepare them-to get them in the right mood to make jovial music instead of sombre classical stuff.

But there was no time to deal with the musicians, the first of the guests were arriving. They came in a body. It seemed as if all Lhasa was moving on to the Lhalu residence. Here came a small army of men on horseback, all heavily armed, it was something like the invading army sent by the British, but this army was armed only because ceremony and protocol demanded it. They rode with men on the outside, and between the lines of men the women rode where they were adequately protected from any imaginary attack. The armed servitors had their spears and pikes gaily decorated with flags and with pennants. Here and

there, as a monk was in the party, Prayer Flags fluttered from a staff.

In the courtyard itself there were two lines of servants, headed by the Steward on one side and the Chief Household Priest on the other. There was much ado with bowing, returning bows, and bowing again as the guests were ushered in. Each guest was helped off his horse as if-as the heir to the household thought-they were all a lot of paralyzed dummies. Their horses were led away and given ample food. Then, depending upon the status of the guests, they were either shown into the garden and left to fend for themselves, or shown into the house where they would exclaim over this or that article, articles which had been put out especially to impress the guests! Of course, in Tibet scarves are given and received, and there was much confusion as the arriving guests presented scarves and then received scarves in return. Sometimes there was a most awkward incident when some bemused servant would unthinkingly hand back to the guest the scarf which he or she had just presented, there would be embarrassed smiles and muttered apologies, but soon the matter would be straightened out.

Lady Rampa was red of face and perspiring freely. She was terrified that the old Astrologer—the Chief Astrologer of all Tibet—must have died, or fallen into the river, or been trampled upon by a horse, or some similar mishap because there was no sign of him, and the purpose of the whole party was to have the Reading of the future for the heir to the household. Without the Chief Astrologer that could not be done.

A servant was dispatched at the run to ascend to the highest point in the house and to look out toward Potala, to see if there was any sign of the approaching cavalcade which would herald the impending arrival of the Astrologer. The servant departed and soon was seen on the top-most roof, he was gesticulating with his arms, and dancing little jig in his excitement.

Lady Rampa was furious, absolutely frustrated, she had no idea what the servant was trying to convey, it looked as

if he were drunk more than anything else. So hastily she sent a fresh servant to get a report as to what was happening. Soon the two servants arrived together and explained that the Astrological cavalcade was just crossing the Plain of Kyi Chu. That was the signal for increased fervor. Lady Rampa ushered everyone out of the house and into the garden, telling them to take their places because the great Chief Astrologer was arriving any moment. The monk-musicians straightened up and started to play, making the air shake and vibrate with the excitement that they put into the event.

The Lhalu estate gardens were large and very well kept. There were trees from all over Tibet, even some from India, from Bhutan and Sikkim. Bushes, too, grew in great profusion with exotic blooms entrancing the eye. But now the wonderful showpiece of a garden was thronged with avid sightseers, people who had no thought for horticulture, people who were there for SENSATION. The Great Lord Rampa wandered disconsolately about, chewing on his knuckles with an agony of anguished frustration and at the same time trying to smile amiably at those people whom he felt he should beam upon.

Lady Rampa was almost wearing herself shorter by the amount of running about she was doing; she was in a continual bustle, trying to see the Lord Rampa wasn't too austere, trying to see what the heir to the estate was doing, what the servants were doing-and keeping a ready eye for the arrival of the Chief Astrologer.

There came the sound of horses' steps. The Steward hurried to the main gate which was carefully shut behind him. He stood ready to order its opening at just the right moment to make the maximum effect.

Guests had heard the horses and were now streaming from the garden into a very large room which, for the occasion, had been converted into a refectory-reception room. Here they found buttered tea waiting for them and, of course, delicacies from India, very sweet sticky cakes which would effectively glue them up and prevent them from talking so much!

There came the sound of a deep-toned gong, its voice echoing and reverberating around the building, a mighty gong some five feet high and which was only used on the most solemn occasions. Now a highly placed man servant was standing by it giving it the special strokes which he had been practicing on a smaller gong for days past.

The gong boomed, the gate swung open, and into the courtyard wheeled a cavalcade of young monks, lamas, and the Chief Astrologer. He was an old man, wizened, small, some eighty years of age. Close beside him, almost leg to leg, in fact, rode two lamas whose sole duty it was to make sure that the aged man did not topple off and get trampled underfoot.

The horses came to a stop, knowing full well that the end of the journey had come and now they would be well fed. The two lama-attendants jumped off their horses and carefully lifted the old Astrologer. Then the Lord Rampa came forward and there was the customary exchange of scarves, the customary bowing, and bowing in return. Then the Chief Astrologer and the Lord Rampa entered the reception room where all the assembled people bowed.

For a few moments there was a certain amount of confusion and turmoil. Then the Chief Astrologer, having politely tasted the proffered buttered tea, motioned to two lamas who carried the notes and charts.

The deep-toned gong sounded again, boom, boom, boom-boom. The far end of the reception room was flung open and the Chief Astrologer and his two lama-attendants walked forward through the door, out into the garden to where a great marquee—especially imported from India—had been erected. One side of the marquee was open so that the maximum number of people should be able to see and hear what was going on. Inside the marquee of dais had been erected with rails on three sides and near the front were four seats.

The Chief Astrologer and his two lama-attendants approached the dais and then four servants appeared carrying upright poles, or flambeau, because at the distal end

there were large flares showing that these men were recognising that here in this marquee there were the flames of knowledge.

Four trumpeters next appeared. They sounded a fanfare. They were to draw attention to Lord and Lady Rampa because their son, the heir to the Lhalu estate, was the cause of all the "commotion," as one onlooker said. The Lord and Lady slowly mounted the dais, and stood behind the four chairs.

From another direction, and with their own retinue, there came two very very old men from the Lamasery of the State Oracle. These two old men from the Lamasery of Nechung were, after the Chief Astrologer, the most experienced astrologers in the country, they were collaborators with the Chief Astrologer, they had gone over the figures and charts and computations, and each of the sheets of the horoscope contained the seals of approval of each of these men.

The Chief Astrologer stood. The others sat. Suddenly there fell a hush upon the assembled company. The Chief Astrologer gazed out at the throng, and built up suspense by remaining quite silent for some moments, then at a gesture the two lamas moved forward, one to each side of him. The one on the right held the assembled book of the horoscope, the one on the left carefully removed the top wooden plaque, and the Chief Astrologer read his remarks.

People had to strain because, with age, the Astrologer had a thin, high voice which to those in the background blended with the birds who chirped in the topmost branches.

His opening remarks were the ritual remarks on such occasions; "Gods, devils, and men all behave in the same way," he said, "so the future can be foretold, but the future is not immutable. The Future can, within certain limits, be changed. Thus it is we can forecast only the probabilities, and having forecast the probabilities, predicted the good and the bad, then indeed we must leave the rest to those whose horoscopes we are reading. He

stopped and looked about him, and the lama on the left removed the top sheet, leaving the second one exposed. The Astrologer took a deep breath and continued, "Here we have the most remarkable horoscope that the three of us have ever computed." He turned and bowed slightly to his two collaborators. Then, clearing his throat, he continued, "This is the horoscope of a young boy just six years of age. It is the most difficult horoscope and the hardest Life which we have encountered."

Lord and Lady Rampa shifted uneasily. Certainly this wasn't turning out as they expected, they weren't at all happy. But, with the training of their caste, they maintained an inscrutable expression. Behind them the cause of all the trouble, the heir to the estate, Lobsang Rampa, felt gloomy indeed. All this waste of time. How many people would have been crossing the river? What was the boatman doing? Were the cats all right? He felt he had to stand there like a stuffed dummy while three ancient, almost fossilized men decided what he would have to do with his life. Surely, he thought, he should have some say in what he was going to do. People had been telling him how wonderful it was to be the heir to such an immense estate, saying what a credit he could be to his parents. Well, he thought, he wanted to be a ferryman, he wanted to look after cats somewhere; certainly he didn't want to work.

But the Astrologer was droning on, and there was a complete silence from the audience, they were indeed enthralled. "This boy must go to the Medical Lamasery at Chakpori, he must do his penance and his homage before he can be permitted to enter, and having entered he must start as the lowest of the low and work his way up. He must learn all the Medical arts of Tibet, he must for a time do that which is almost unmentionable; he must work with the Disposers of the Dead that, in cutting up bodies, he may understand the structure of the human body. Having done this he will return to Chakpori, and study yet again. He will be shown the innermost mysteries of our land, of our Belief, and of our Science."

The old man held out his hand, and an attendant

quickly gave him a small silver beaker containing some liquid which he looked at and then swallowed. The attendant carefully took back the silver beaker and refilled it ready for the next demand.

The Astrologer went on: "Then shall come the time when no longer may he remain in this land of ours, instead he must journey to China to study medicine according to the Western style, for there is a Western School of Medicine in Chungking. At that School of Medicine he shall take a fresh name for let it not be known that the heir to Lhalu's shall be dealing with the bodies. Later he shall learn something which is quite incomprehensible to us at present, it is something which has not yet come about, something which is not yet properly invented. To our experienced brains it seems that he may do something which entails flying through the air, yet which is not the levitation which some of us can do here in Lhasa. So upon this particular aspect I must be obscure because indeed it is most obscure to the three of us. The boy, who then will be a young man, will have to work this out for himself, he will fly through the air by some means. Our pictures show something like the kites with which we are familiar, but this particular kite is not tethered to the ground by rope, instead it appears to be controlled by those who ride on it."

There was much muttering and urgent whispering from the congregation. This was wonders piled on wonders, never before had such things been spoken of. For a moment there was the uneasy shuffling of feet, and then the Astrologer took another drink and turned back to the, by now, diminishing sheets of paper.

"He shall have immense suffering, immense hardship, he shall enter a war against evil forces, he shall for some years be confined and undergo suffering such as few have undergone, the purpose of which will be to purify and to drive away the dross of any sensuality, and to build the power of the brain to endure. Later he shall get away from his captors after some immense explosion which throws a whole country, or a whole world, maybe, into confusion.

He shall travel by means which we cannot identify across a vast continent, and at the end of that travel he shall again be incarcerated unjustly, suffering will come upon him there with at least as great measure as it did in the other confinement. At last, by the intervention of unknown people, he shall be released and forced out of that great continent. He shall wander into many countries, meeting many people, seeing many cultures, learning many things. And then at last he shall go to a country where once again he shall not be welcomed because of his difference. The suffering will have changed him enormously so that he no longer seems of our own kind, but different. And when humans meet anything which is different they fear that thing, and that which they fear they hate and try to destroy.”

The old man was looking tired. At last the senior attendant stepped forward, muttered to the Astrologer, and then said, “We will have a few minutes rest while our Chief Astrologer recuperates for the second half of this Reading. Let us, then, for the moment concentrate upon that which has been said so that we may the more easily assimilate that which is to follow.” The Chief Astrologer sat down, refreshments were brought to him, and he watched the throngs of people. And as he sat watching the throngs of people he thought of his boyhood, he thought of the times he had climbed the high mountains in the deepest of the night so he could gaze upon the stars arrayed in the Heavens above. He had pondered long upon the significance of those stars, did they have influence on people? He decided to find out. By various means, and probably because he was fated to do so, he entered the Lamasery of the State Oracle and he was found to have quite abnormal ability at Astrology, an Astrology, of course, which is far superior to that of the Western world, far more complete and far, far more accurate. It includes more variables and could be projected at greater depth. The young man who was destined to be the Chief Astrologer of the whole of Tibet progressed rapidly, studying, studying, studying. He obtained the ancient texts of India,

the texts of China, and almost re-wrote the Science of Astrology in Tibet. As his skill rose his fame increased so that he was called upon by the heads of all the great houses of Lhasa, and then of other cities of Tibet. Soon he was called upon to do predictions for the government and for the Great Thirteenth himself. Always he was strictly honest. If he did not know, he said he did not know. He had predicted the British invasion, he had predicted the departure of the Great Thirteenth to another country, and his safe return, and he had made the prediction that there would be no real Dalai Lama after the Thirteenth had gone to the state of transition; there would be another but he would have been selected as a matter of political expediency in an attempt to assuage the territorial ambitions of the Chinese. He had made the prediction that in sixty years, or so, there would be the end of Tibet as it was then known, a completely fresh order would come into force which would cause extreme hardship and suffering, but might, if it were handled correctly, have the effect of sweeping away an out-moded system and bringing, after a hundred years or so, benefits to Tibet.

The Chief Astrologer sipped his buttered tea and looked at the people before him. He watched the way some of the young men looked at the young women, and the way in which the young women glanced back, coyly, invitingly. He thought of his long years as a celibate monk, nearly eighty years, he thought, and he hardly knew in which way a woman differed from a man. His knowledge was of the stars, of the influence of the stars, and of men and women as they were affected by the stars. He looked at comely young women and wondered if it really was right for monks to be celibate. Surely, he thought, mankind should consist of two parts, the male and the female principle, and unless the two parts are united there cannot be a complete Man. He thought of all the tales he had heard of how women were becoming more and more arrogant, more trying to rule. He looked about at some of the older women with their harsh faces, and he noted their domineering attitude. And then he thought, well, perhaps it is

that the time is not yet ripe for man and woman to be united to form one whole, to form one complete entity. But that will come, although not until the end of this Round of existence. So thinking, he gave up his cup to an attendant, and signaled that he was ready to continue.

A hush again fell upon the assembly, people were looking up toward the dais. As the old man was assisted to his feet the books were again placed before him. He looked around once more, and said, "Some of the experiences which will befall the subject of this Reading are so far beyond our own experience that they cannot be predicted in a sufficiently accurate form to be worthwhile. It is known definitely that this person has a great, great Task to do, it is a Task which is of the utmost importance to the whole of humanity, not of Tibet alone. It is known that there are evil forces, very evil forces indeed, who are working hard to negate that which he must do.

"He will encounter hatred, he will encounter every form of hardship and suffering, he will know what it is to be at the point of death and have to undergo the ordeal of transmigration into another body so that the work may go forward. But here in this other body fresh problems will arise. He will be disowned by his own people because of that political expediency which I have already mentioned. It will be considered to the benefit of a people as a whole that he be disowned, that he be not supported by those who should support him, by those who could support him, and I say again that these are probabilities because it is quite possible for our own people to support him and give him an opportunity to speak before the nations of the world so that, first, Tibet may be saved, and secondly, that great Task whose exact nature may not be mentioned may be the more speedily accomplished. But weak people in temporary abridged authority shall not be strong enough to assist him and so he shall battle alone against the forces of evil, and against the uncaring people whom he is trying to help."

The old man looked around and motioned to the left-hand attendant to remove the next sheet. The attendant

blushed a little at having to be reminded, and speedily did as he was bade. The Astrologer went on: "There is a special association or group which gives information to peoples of the world beyond our confines. They are of insufficient spiritual stature to understand the Task which has to be accomplished, and their sensational hatred shall make the Task immeasurably more difficult. As well as this there is a small group of people who will be filled with burning hatred and will do everything possible to ruin the subject of this horoscope and cause him every distress."

The old man paused and put his hand on the topmost sheet as a signal that he had finished with the books. Then he turned and addressed the congregation, "With the years of my experience I say to you this; no matter how great the struggle, no matter how severe the suffering, the Task is worthwhile. The only battle that matters is the final battle. It does not matter who wins or who loses, the wars that continue until the final battle, and in the end the final battle shall be won by the powers of good, and that which has to be done shall be done." He bowed three times to the people, and then turned and bowed three times to the Lord and Lady Rampa. Then he sat down to rest his legs which were shaking with the weight of years.

The audience, whispering among themselves, quickly dispersed and went into the gardens in search of entertainment, and there was much entertainment offered-music, acrobats, jugglers, and, of course, food and drink. After the Astrologer and his two collaborators had rested awhile they rose and went into the great house where they had more to say to the parents of Lobsang Rampa. They had more to say to Lobsang as well, to say privately, alone with him.

Soon the Chief Astrologer departed on his way back to the Potala, and his two collaborators departed on their journey to the Lalnasery of the State Oracle.

The day wore on. There came the dusk, and at the warning of dusk the assembled people wended their way out of the great gate and along the roads so they may

reach their own homes before night and the perils thereof came upon them.

The darkness fell and out in the road beyond the great gate a lonely little boy stood looking down the road at the last of the departing guests and the carousing which they were making. He stood with hands clasped, thinking of a life of misery which had been predicted, thinking of the horrors of war which he did not understand, thinking of the insensate persecution yet to come. He stood there alone, alone in all the world, and no one had such a problem. He stood there and the night grew darker, and no one came to seek him and to lead him back. At last, as the Moon was full above, he lay down by the side of the road-the gate was shut anyhow-and in minutes there came a purring beside his head and a great big cat lay down beside him. The boy put his arms around the cat, the cat purred louder. Soon the boy drifted off to a troubled sleep, but the cat was alert, watching, guarding.

So ends the First Book,  
the Book of As It Was In The Beginning.

## BOOK TWO

The First Era.

## CHAPTER FOUR

“Oh Lobsang, Lobsang,” quoth Mother, her face pale with anger. “You have brought us absolute disgrace, I am ashamed of you. Your Father is ashamed of you, he is so angry with you that he has gone to the office and will be there all day, that has upset all my engagements, and its all you, Lobsang!” So saying she turned abruptly and hurried off as if she couldn’t bear to look at me any longer.

Ashamed of me? Why should she be ashamed of me? I didn’t want to be a monk, I didn’t want all the horrible things predicted for me. Anyone with a grain of sense would know that. The predictions of yesterday had filled me with horror. It had been like the ice devils trailing their fingers up and down my spine. So she was ashamed of me, was she?

Old Tzu hove into sight almost like a moving mountain, he was so large. He looked at me and said, “Well, young man, you’re going to have a rough life, aren’t you? I think you’ll make it. If you could not have stood all the strains and temptations you would not have been chosen for such a task. The craftsman chooses his tools according to the task to be done. Perhaps—who knows?—the craftsman who chose you to be his instrument may have chosen better than he knew.” I looked at old Tzu somewhat cheered, but only “somewhat,” and then I said, “But, Tzu, how have I disgraced Mother, how have I disgraced Father? I haven’t done anything. I didn’t want to become a monk. I just don’t understand what they mean. Everyone today seems to be full of hate for me. My sister won’t speak to me, my Mother reviles me, and my Father won’t even stay in the house with me, and I don’t know why.”

Old Tzu painfully lowered himself to sit cross-legged on the floor, his wounds inflicted by the British were sorely

troubling him. He had had damage to a hip bone and now—well—he had pain all the time. But he sat on the floor and talked to me.

“Your Mother,” he said, “is a woman of great social ambition. She thought that as a son of a Prince of Tibet, later to be a Prince in your own right, you would have gone to a big city in India and there you would have learned much of the affairs of the world. Your Mother thought that you would be a social asset to her, she thought that if you went to India and perhaps to other countries, then she also could have gone on visits, and that for years, even before your birth, has been her all-consuming ambition. Now you have been chosen for a special Task, but that’s not what she wanted, it’s not what your Father wanted. They wanted a shining figure in the political arena, a socialite, not a monk who is going to have to struggle all his life, not a man who would wander the face of the Earth like a pariah, shunned by his fellows for telling the truth ostracized by those around him because he was trying to do a Task at which others have failed.” Old Tzu snorted loudly.

All this seemed too utterly strange for belief. Why should I be penalized, victimized, for something I hadn’t done and something I didn’t want to do? All I wanted was to hang around the banks of the river and watch the ferry-men with their skin boats poling their way across the waters. All I wanted was to practice with my stilts and to fly my kites. But now—well, I just did not know what to make of things, I did not know why it had to be ME.

The days sped all too quickly, and at last as foretold I had to leave my home and go up the hill to the Chakpori Lamasery. There I had to undergo the ordeal of waiting, waiting outside the cynosure of all eyes. Small boys clustered around me as I sat cross-legged in the dust outside the great gates. The days were unendurably long, but I endured. The nights were unbearably tedious, but I bore them until at last that ordeal ended. I was admitted to the lamasery as the lowest of the low, a new boy, one who was fair game, one who was there to be picked on, who

could have any manner of joke played upon him. The lowest of the low.

Time crawled, and I was homesick. I missed my home, I missed Tzu, I missed my sister Yasodhara; for the Mother who now had no love for me—well, I had strange sensations about her. Frankly, I missed her. Even more frankly, I felt guilty. How had I failed? Why were they so disappointed with me? How could I help that an astrologer had said I should go and suffer this and endure that? It wasn't my choice, no one in their right senses, I thought, would pick such a load of trouble as that which had been allocated to me.

I thought of my Father the last time I saw him before leaving home. He looked at me frozen-faced, he spoke to me harshly as if I were a stranger now, no longer with a home of my own, and no longer with parents of my own. He treated me more severely than he would have treated a convict who came to the door begging for food. He told me that I had disgraced the family by having such a karma that I had to be a monk, a lama, a wanderer, who would be mocked, sneered at and disbelieved.

Yasodhara—well, I just didn't know what to make of her attitude. She changed. We used to play together like any normal brother and sister, we used to get on passably well, just, in fact, like normal brothers and sisters do get on "passably well." But now she gave me such strange glances as if I were a stray dog that had crept in to the house and left an unwanted gift in some corner. The servants no longer showed me respect, the respect due to the heir of the Lhalu estates. To them I was just something which was lodged there for a few days until the seventh birthdate should come. Then on the seventh birthdate I would wander off alone without a word of good-bye from anyone, up the long and lonely path leading toward a career which I would not have wished upon my worst enemies.

At Chakpori there was the constant reek of drying herbs, the constant swish of herbal tea. Here much time was devoted to the herbalist code, and less time to reli-

gious disciplines. But we had very good tutors, all of them elderly men, some in fact had even been as far away as India.

I remember one elderly monk, or I should say lama, who was giving us a lecture, and then he got on to the subject of transmigration. "In the days of long ago," he said, "in fact long before recorded history began, giants walked upon the Earth. They were the Gardeners of the Earth, those who came here to supervise the development of life on this planet, because we are not the first Round of Existence here, you know, but like gardeners clearing a plot of land all life had been removed and then we, the human race, had been left here to make our own way, to make our own development." He stopped and looked around to see if his pupils were at all interested in the subject which he was propounding. To his gratified astonishment he found that people were indeed deeply interested in his remarks.

"The Race of Giants," he went on, "were not very suitable for life on Earth, and so by magical means the Race of Giants shrank until they were the same size as humans, thus they were able to mingle with humans without being recognized as the Gardeners. But it was often necessary for a different senior Gardener to come and carry out special tasks, it took too long to have a boy born to a woman and then wait out the years of his babyhood and childhood and teenage. So the science of the Gardeners of the Earth had a different system; they grew certain bodies and made sure that those bodies would be compatible with the spirit who would later inhabit them."

A boy sitting in the front suddenly spoke up: "How could a spirit inhabit another person?" The lama teacher smiled upon him and said, "I was just about to tell you. But the Gardeners of the Earth permitted certain men and women to mate so that a child was born to each, and the growth of that child would be most carefully supervised throughout, perhaps, the first fifteen or twenty or thirty years of life. Then there would come a time when a highly placed Gardener would need to come to Earth within a

matter of hours, so helpers would place the trained body into a trance, into stasis, or, if you like, into a state of suspended animation. Helpers in the astral world would come to the living body together with the entity who wanted to go to Earth, with their special knowledge they could detach the Silver Cord and connect in its place the Silver Cord of the entity who was the Gardener of the Earth coming to the Earth. The host would then become the vehicle of the Gardener of the Earth, and the astral body of the host would go away to the astral world just as he would do in the case of a person who had died.

“This is called transmigration, the migration of one entity into the body of another. The body taken over is known as the host, and it has been known throughout history, it was practised extensively in Egypt and it gave rise to what is known as embalming because in those days in Egypt there were quite a number of bodies kept in a state of suspended animation, they were living but unmoving, they were ready for occupancy by higher entities just as we keep ponies waiting for a monk or lama to mount the animal and ride off somewhere.”

“Oh my!” exclaimed one boy, “I expect friends of the host were mightily surprised when the body awakened and the one they had thought of as their friend in the past was possessed of all knowledge. My! I wouldn’t like to be a host, it must be a terrible feeling to have someone else take over one’s body.”

The teacher laughed and said, “It would certainly be a unique experience. People still do it. Bodies are still prepared, specially raised so that if the need arises a different entity can take over a fresh body if it becomes necessary for the good of the world as a whole.”

For days after the boys had discussed it, and in the way of boys some of them pretended that they were going to be taking over bodies. But to me, thinking back on that dread prediction, it was no joke, it wasn’t amusing to me, it was an ordeal to even think about it. It was a continual shock to my system, so great a shock that at times I thought I would go insane.

One tutor in particular was intrigued by my love of cats and the cats' obvious love for me. The tutor knew full well that cats and I conversed telepathically. One day after school hours he was in a very good mood indeed, and he saw me lying on the ground with four or five of our temple cats sitting on me. He laughed at the sight and bade me accompany him to his room, which I did with some apprehension because in those days a summons to a lama's quarters usually meant a reprimand for something done or not done, or extra tasks to be accomplished. So I followed him at a respectful distance, and once in his rooms he told me to sit down while he talked to me about cats.

"Cats," he said, "are now small creatures, and they cannot speak in the human tongue but only by telepathy. Many, many years ago, before this particular Round of Existence, cats populated the Earth. They were bigger they were almost as big as our ponies, they talked to each other, they could do things with their forepaws, which then they called hands. They engaged in horticulture and they were largely vegetarian cats. They lived among the trees and their houses were in the great trees. Some of the trees were very different from those we now know upon the Earth, some of them, in fact, had great hollows in them like caves, and in those hollows, or caves, the cats made their homes. They were warm, they were protected by the living entity of the tree, and altogether they were a very congenial community. But one cannot have perfection with any species because unless there is some competition unless there is some dissatisfaction to spur one on, then the creature having such euphoria degenerates."

He smiled at the cats who had followed me and who were now sitting around me, and then he went on, "such happened to our brothers and sisters Cat. They were too happy, too contented, they had nothing to spur their ambition, nothing to drive them on to greater heights. They had no thought except that they were happy. They were like those poor people we saw recently who were bereft of sanity, they were content just to lie beneath the trees and let the affairs of the day take care of themselves. They

were static, and so being static they were a failure. As such the Gardeners of the Earth rooted them out as though they were weeds and the earth was allowed to lie fallow for a time. And in the course of time the Earth had reached such a stage of ripeness that again it could be restocked with a different type of entity. But the cats—well, their fault had been that they had done nothing, neither good nor bad. They had existed and that alone—existed. And so they were sent down again as small creatures like those we see here, they were sent to learn a lesson, they were sent with the inner knowledge that THEY had once been the dominant species, so they were reserved, very careful to whom they gave their friendship. They were sent to do a task, the task of watching humans and reporting the progress or the failures of humans so that when the next Round came much information would have been provided by cats. Cats can go anywhere, they can see anything, they can hear anything, and, not being able to tell a lie, they would record everything precisely as it occurred.”

I know that I was quite frightened for the time being! I wondered what the cats were reporting about me. But then one old tom, a champion of many a fight, gave a “Rrrr” and jumped on my shoulders and butted his head against mine, so I knew everything was all right and they would not report me too badly.

Sometime after I lay upon my face on my blanket on the floor of the infirmary because I had been very badly burned at the top of my left leg, the scars are with me yet, and the disfunction occasioned by the burn is one from which I still suffer. I was lying upon my face because I couldn't lie upon my back, and a well-loved lama entered and said, “Later, Lobsang, when you are healed and mobile I am going to take you to a certain peak in the mountains. I have there something to show you because, you know, the Earth has undergone many changes, the Earth has changed, the seas have altered, the mountains have grown. I am going to show you things which not more than ten people in the whole of Tibet have seen during the

past hundred years. So hurry up and get better, hurry up and heal, you have something of interest before you.”

It was some months later when my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, who meant so much to me and who was more than mother and father and brother to me, led me along a path. He went a few feet ahead on a strong horse, and I rode behind him on a pony who was as wary of me as I was of him. He recognized me as a bad rider and I recognized him as a horse who recognized a bad rider. We had what in later years I would have called an armed neutrality, a sort of—well, if you don’t do anything I won’t either, we’ve got to live together somehow. But we rode on, and at long last my Guide stopped. I leaned over and slithered sideways off the pony. The trail ropes were dropped and the horse and pony would not then wander away, they were too well-trained.

My Guide lit a fire, and we sat down to a very sparse supper. There was desultory talk for a time about the wonders of the Heavens spread out above us. We were in the shadow of the mountains and strong purple patches of darkness were sweeping across the Valley of Lhasa as the Sun sank down beyond the Western range. At last all was dark except for the faint twinkling butter lamps from a myriad of houses and lamaseries, and except for the glory of the Heavens above which sent forth their faint twinkling speckles of light.

At last my Guide said, “Now we must go to sleep, Lobsang, there are no temple services tonight to disturb you, no temple services in the morning for which you have to awaken. Sleep well for on the morrow we shall see things that you have never before dreamed possible.” So saying, he rolled himself up in his blanket, turned on his side—and went to sleep—just like that. I lay for a time trying to scoop a hole in the rock because my hip bone seemed to stick out a long way, and then I turned on my face for my scars were still causing pain, and then I too eventually went to sleep.

The morning dawned bright. From our altitude in the mountains it was fascinating to watch how the early morn-

ing rays of the Sun seemed to shoot horizontally across the valley and illuminate the peaks on the Western horizon with what appeared to be golden fingers of fire. Indeed for a time it looked as if the whole mountain range was afire. We stood and watched, and then simultaneously we turned and smiled at each other.

After a light breakfast—the breakfast always seemed too light for me!—we watered the horses at a small mountain stream, and then, providing them with ample forage which, of course, we had brought with us, we tied them together with about thirty feet space between them. They had plenty of room in which to roam and graze off the sparse grass.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup led the way up the trackless mountainside. By an immense boulder which seemed set immovably into the cliff face, he turned and said, “In your travels you are going to see much which appears to be magic, Lobsang. Here is a first sample of it.” Then he turned, and to my horrified amazement he wasn’t there any longer! He just disappeared in front of my eyes. Then his voice came from “somewhere” bidding me to step forward. As I did so I found that what appeared to be a strip of moss hanging on the cliff face was, in fact, some loose liands. I approached, and the lama held the fronds aside for me so that I might enter. He turned and I followed him, gazing about me in awe. This seemed to be a wide, wide tunnel, and light was coming in from some source which I could not discern. I followed his receding footsteps, chiding myself for my tardiness, for, as I well realised, if I was going to be too slow I might get lost in this mountain tunnel.

For a time we walked on, sometimes in pitch darkness where I had to feel with a hand lightly brushing the wall at one side. I was not bothered about pits or low hanging rocks because my Guide was very much larger than I and if he had room, well then, there would be room for me.

After some thirty minutes of walking, sometimes in a stifling dead air atmosphere, and sometimes in a bracing mountain breeze, we came to what appeared to be a

lighted area. My Guide stopped. I stopped, too, when I reached him and looked about me. I caught my breath in astonishment. This seemed to be a large chamber, I suppose fifty or sixty feet across, and on the walls there were strange carvings, carvings which I failed to understand. It seemed to be very strange people dressed in remarkable clothing which appeared to cover them from head to foot, or, more accurately, from neck to foot because on their heads they had a representation of what seemed to be a transparent globe. Above us, as I looked up, there seemed to be an immense cube, and at the end of that I could just discern a fleecy cloud floating by.

My Guide broke into my thoughts: "this is a very strange area, Lobsang," he told me, "thousands and thousands of years ago there was a mighty civilization upon this Earth. It was known as the time of Atlantis. Some of the people of the Western world to which in later years you will go think of Atlantis as a legend, as an imaginary place dreamed up by some great story-teller. Well," he mused, "to my regret I have to tell you that many people will think that you have dreamed up your own true experiences, but never mind how much you are doubted, never mind how much you are disbelieved, you know the truth, you will live the truth. And here in this chamber you have proof that there was Atlantis."

He turned and led the way yet further into this strange tunnel. For a time we walked in absolute inky darkness, our breath coming hard in the stale, dead air. Then again there came the freshness, from somewhere a pleasant breeze was blowing. The deadness vanished and soon we saw a glimmer of light ahead of us. I could see my Guide's figure bulking in the tunnel, limmed by light ahead of me. Now with fresh air in my lungs I hurried to catch up with him. Again he stopped in a large chamber.

Here there were more strange things. Someone had apparently carved great shelves in the rock, and on those shelves there were strange artifacts which were without any meaning whatever to me. I looked at them, and gently touched some of these things. They seemed to me ma-

chines. There were great discs with strange grooves on them. Some of the discs appeared to be of stone and they were, perhaps, six feet across with an undulating wave on their surface and in the centre of the disc a hole. It meant nothing to me. So I turned from fruitless speculation and examined the paintings and the carvings which adorned the walls. They were strange pictures, large cats who walked on two legs, tree houses with curled cats inside, there were things which seemed to be floating in the air and below on what was obviously the ground humans were pointing upwards at these things. It was all so much above me that it made my head ache.

My Guide said, "these are passages which reach to the ends of the Earth. The Earth has a spine, just as we have Lobsang, but the spine of the Earth is of rock. In our spine we have a tunnel, it is filled with liquid in our case, and our spinal cord goes through. Here this is the spine of the Earth, and this tunnel was man-made in the days of Atlantis when they knew how to make rock flow like water without generating heat. Look at this rock;" he said, turning and rapping on a wall. "this rock is fused to almost total hardness. If you take a great stone and slam it against this rock face you would do no harm whatever except to the stone which may shatter. I have traveled extensively and I know that this rocky spine extends from the North Pole to the South Pole."

He motioned that we should sit, so we sat cross-legged upon the floor right beneath the hole which extended up to the open air and through which we could see the darkness of the sky.

"Lobsang," said my Guide, "there are many things on this Earth which people do not understand, there are things inside this Earth too because, contrary to common belief, the Earth is indeed hollow and there is another race of people living inside this Earth. They are more developed than we are, and sometimes some of them come out of the Earth in special vehicles." He stopped and pointed to one of the strange things in the pictures, and then he continued, "these vehicles come out of the Earth and they

fly around on the outside of the Earth to see what people are doing and to ascertain if their own safety is jeopardised by the folly of those whom they term the “outsiders”.

Inside the Earth, I thought, what a strange place to be living, it must be frightfully dark down there, I don't like the thought of living in the dark, a butter lamp is such a comfort. My Guide laughed at me as he picked up my thoughts, and he said, “Oh, its not dark inside the Earth, Lobsang. They have a Sun something like we have but theirs is much smaller and very much more powerful. They have much more than we have, they are very much more intelligent. But in the days before you, you shall know more about the people of the Inner Earth. Come!”

He rose to his feet and went off through a tunnel which I had not seen, a tunnel diverging to the right, it sloped down, down. We seemed to walk endlessly in darkness. Then my Guide bade me stop where I was. I could hear him fiddling and fumbling about, and there was a clatter that sounded like a rock being moved. Then there were a few sparks as he struck the flint upon steel. There came a dull glow as the tinder ignited, he blew upon it, and then as the tinder burst into small flame he thrust the end of some sort of stick into the flame where it burst into brilliant light.

He held his torch at arm's length slightly above him and called me to come to his side. I did so and he pointed to the wall in front of us. The tunnel ended and in front of us was an absolutely smooth impenetrable surface which gleamed brightly in the flickering light of the flare. “that Lobsang,” said my Guide, “is as hard as diamond, in fact some of us came here years ago with a diamond and we tried to scratch the surface and we ruined the diamond. This is a passage which leads to the world inside. It was sealed, we believe, by the inside-worlders to save their civilization during a great flood which struck this Earth. We believe that if this was opened—that is, if we could open it—people would come pouring out and overwhelm us for daring to intrude upon their privacy. We of the

higher lama class have often visited this place and tried to commune with those below by telepathy. They have received our messages but they want nothing to do with us, they tell us that we are warlike, that we are as ignorant children trying to blow up the world, trying to ruin peace, they tell us by telepathy that they are keeping check on us and if necessary they will intervene. So we can go no further here, this is the end, this is the blocked line between the upper and the inner worlds. All right, we will go back to the chamber.”

He carefully extinguished the flare, and we felt our way back to where the glowing light from the sky above shone down through the hole in the roof.

In that chamber again the lama pointed in another direction, and said, “If we had the strength and the time we could walk right away to the South Pole by following that tunnel. Some of us have covered miles and miles, bringing ample food with us and camping by night, or what we deemed to be night. We traveled endless miles over six months, and at times we came up through a tunnel and found that we were in a strange land indeed but we dared not show ourselves. Always the exits were very very carefully camouflaged.”

We sat down and ate our small meal. We had been traveling a long time and exhaustion was setting in for me although my Guide seemed to be immune from exhaustion or even ordinary tiredness. He talked to me and told me all manner of things. He said, “When I was being trained as you are being trained now I too went through the Ceremony of the Small Death, and I was shown the Akashic Record, I was shown the things that had been, and I saw that our Tibet was once a pleasant watering place beside a glittering sea. The temperatures were warm, perhaps even excessively so, and there was profuse foliage and palm trees and all manner of strange fruits which then meant nothing at all to me. But from the Akashic Record I saw a truly wondrous civilization, I saw strange craft in the sky, I saw people with remarkable cone-shaped heads who walked about, who had their entertainments, who

made love, but also made war. Then, as I saw in this Record, the whole country shook and the sky turned black the clouds were as dark as night, their undersides lit with flickering flames. The land shuddered and opened. It seemed that everything was fire. Then the sea rushed in to the newly opened land, and there were tremendous explosions, explosion after explosion, it seemed that the Sun stood still and the Moon rose no more. People were becoming overwhelmed by tremendous floods of water, people were being seared to death by flames which appeared from I know not where, but the flames flickered with a vile purplish glow, and as they touched people the flesh fell from their bones leaving the skeletons to fall to the ground with a clatter.

“Day succeeded day and the turmoil increased, although one would have said that such a thing was impossible, and then there came a ripping, searing explosion, and everything turned dark, everything was as black as the soot which comes from too many butter lamps burning untrimmed.

“After a time which I could not calculate,” he said, “the gloom became lighter, the darkness was diminishing and when the light of day finally appeared after I know not how long I looked at the picture with utter terror. Now I found that I was looking at a vastly different landscape, the sea was no more, a ring of mountains had sprung up in the darkness and encircled what previously had been the city of a most high civilization. I looked about me in fascinated horror, the sea had gone, the sea—well, there was no more sea, instead there were mountains and ring upon ring of mountains. Now I could tell that we were thousands of feet higher, and although I was seeing the Akashic Record I was sensing as well, I could sense the rarity of the air, there was no sign of life here, no sign whatever. And as I looked the picture vanished and I found myself back from whence I had started, in the deepest levels of the mountain of Potala where I had been undergoing the Ceremony of the Little Death and given much information.”

For a time we sat there meditating upon the past, and my Guide said to me, "I see you are meditating, or attempting to meditate. Now there are two very good ways of meditating, Lobsang. You must be content, you must be tranquil. You cannot meditate with a disturbed mind, and you cannot meditate with a whole gathering of people. You have to be alone or with just one person whom you love."

He regarded me, and then said, "You must always look at something black or at something which is white. If you look at the ground you may be distracted by a grain of pebble, or you may be doubly distracted by some insect. To meditate successfully you must always gaze at that which offers no attraction to the eye, either entire black or pure white. Your eyes then become sick of the whole affair and become, as it were, disassociated from the brain, so then the brain having nothing to distract it optically is free to obey what your sub-conscious requires, and thus if you have instructed your sub-conscious that you are going to meditate-meditate you will. You will find in that sort of meditation that your senses are heightened, your perceptions more acute, and that is the only meditation worthy of the name. In the years which will come to you, you will encounter many cults proffering meditation at a price, but that is not meditation as we understand it nor is it meditation as we want it. It is just something which cultists play with, and it has no virtue."

So saying he rose to his feet exclaiming, "We must get back for the day is far advanced. We shall have to spend another night in the mountains for it is too late to start off for Chakpori."

He set off down the tunnel and I jumped to my feet and scurried after him. I had no desire to be left in this place where inside-worlders, or whatever they liked to call themselves, could perhaps pop up and take me down with them. I did not know what they would be like, I did not know how they would like me, and I certainly did not want to stay alone in the dark of that place. So I hurried,

and at last we reached again that entrance by which we had entered.

The horse and the pony were resting peacefully, and we sat down beside them and made our simple preparations for our meal. The light was already far gone, much of the Valley was in darkness. At our altitude the Western Sun was yet shining upon us, but the orb itself was dipping ever more deeply beneath the mountains on its path to illumine other parts of the world before returning to us.

After some small talk we rolled ourselves in our blankets again and committed ourselves to sleep.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Life at Chakpori was hectic. The amount of things I had to learn really shocked me; herbs—where they grew, when to gather them, and be sure that if they were gathered at the wrong time they would be quite useless. That, I was taught, was one of the great secrets of herbalism. The plants, or the leaves, or the barks, or the roots could only be gathered efficiently within the span of two or three days. The Moon had to be right, the stars had to be right, and then the time had to be right also. One must also feel tranquil when gathering such herbs because, so I was told, one who gathered herbs when in a bad mood would make the herbs not worth the taking.

Then we had to dry the things. That was quite a task. Only certain parts of herbs were useful. Some needed to have just the tips of the leaves removed, others needed to have stalks or bark, and each plant or herb had to be treated in its own individual way and regarded with respect.

We took the barks and rubbed them between hands specially cleaned for the purpose—an ordeal in itself!—and so the bark would be reduced to a certain size, sort of

granular powder. And then everything had to be laid out on a spotlessly clean floor, no polish on this floor, just rub, rub, rub until there was no dust, no stain, no mark. Then everything was left out and left to Nature to “dry-seal” the virtues of the herb within that which we had before us.

We made herbal tea, that is, infusions of steeped herbs, and I could never understand how people could get the noxious stuff down their throats. It seemed to be an axiom that the worse the taste and the stronger the smell the more beneficial the medicine, and I will say from my own observation that if a medicine is sufficiently evil-tasting the poor wretched patient will get better out of fright rather than take the medicine. It is like when one goes to the dentist, the pain will have vanished so that one hesitates on the doorstep wondering whether one should go through with it. It reminds me rather of the pallid and anxious young man—a recent bridegroom—who was accompanying his very, very pregnant bride to the hospital for “her time was upon her.” As he turned before the Reception Desk he said, “Oh gee, honey, are you sure you really want to go through with this?”

As a special student, one who had to learn more, faster, I was not confined only to Chakpori. My time was also devoted to studies at the Potala. Here I had all the most learned lamas, each to teach me his own specialty. I learned various forms of medicine. I learned acupuncture, and in later years, with the weight of many years of experience, I came to the inescapable conclusion that acupuncture was a wondrous thing indeed for those of the East, those who have been long-conditioned to acupuncture. But when, as I found in China, you get sceptical Westerners to deal with—well, unfortunately, they were hypnotised by their own disbelief of anything that didn’t come from “God’s own country.”

There were sacred passages to be seen deep, deep below the mountain of Potala. Down below there was an immense cave with what seemed to be an inland sea. That, I was told, was a remnant of the time so long ago when Tibet was a pleasant land beside the sea. Certainly in that

immense cave I saw strange remnants, skeletons of fantastic creatures which much, much later in my life I recognised to be mastodons, dinosaurs, and other exotic fauna.

Then in many places one would find great slabs of natural crystal, and in the natural crystal one could see kelp different types of seaweed, and occasionally a perfectly preserved fish completely embedded in clear crystal. These were indeed regarded as sacred objects, as messages from the past.

Kite flying was an art at which I excelled. Once a year we went into the high mountains to gather rare herbs and to generally have recreation from the quite arduous life of a lamasery. Some of us—the more foolhardy of us—flew in man-lifting kites, and I thought first that here was that which had been described in the prophecy, but then I came to my senses and realized it could not be a man-lifting kite because these kites were connected to the Earth by ropes, and should a rope be broken or escape from the clutches of the many monks then the kite would fall and there would be the death of the person riding it.

There were quite a number of interviews with the Inmost One, our Thirteenth Dalai Lama, and I felt such love and respect for him. He knew that in a few more years Tibet would be an enslaved state, but “the Gods had foretold” and the Gods must be obeyed. There could be no real form of resistance because there were no real weapons in Tibet. You cannot oppose a man with a rifle when all you have is a Prayer Wheel or a string of beads.

I received my instructions, my sacred orders, from the Great Thirteenth. I received guidance and advice, and the love and understanding which my own parents had completely denied me, and I decided that come what may I would do my best.

There had been times when I had seen my Father. Each time he had turned away from me frozen-faced as if I was the lowest of the low, beneath his contempt. Once, almost at the end of my stay in the Potala, I had visited my parents at home. Mother sickened me by her excess formality, by the manner in which she treated me purely as a

visiting lama. Father, true to his belief, would not receive me and shut himself in his study. Yasodhara, my sister, looked at me as if I was some freak or figment from a particularly bad nightmare.

Eventually I was summoned again to the Inmost One's apartments and told much that I do not propose to repeat here. One thing he did tell me was that on the very next week I would go to China to study as a medical student at the University of Chungking. But, I was instructed, I must take a different name, I could not use my own name of Rampa or certain elements of a Chinese rebellion would seize me and use me as a bargaining tool. There was in existence in China at that time a faction devoted to the overthrow of the government and who were prepared to adopt any methods whatever to achieve their objective. So—I was told to pick a name.

Now, how could a poor Tibetan boy, one just approaching manhood, admittedly, but how could he pick a Chinese name when he didn't know anything about China? I pondered on that awful question, and then unbidden, unexpectedly, a name appeared in my mind. I would call myself KuonSuo which in one dialect of China meant priest of the hill. Surely that was an appropriate name. But it was a name which people found difficult to pronounce—Western people, that is—and so it soon became shortened to Ku'an.

Well, the name was settled. My papers were in order. I was given special papers from the Potala testifying to my status and to the standards I had reached because, as I was told and as I found to be absolutely correct later, Western people would not believe anything unless it was "on paper," or could be felt or torn to pieces. So my papers were prepared and handed to me with great ceremony.

Soon came the day when I had to ride all the way to Chungking. My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and I had a most sad farewell. He knew I would not see him again while he was in the body. He gave me many assurances that I would meet him often in the astral.

I had a party of people going with me to protect me from Chinese brigands and to be able to report my safe arrival at Chungking. We started off and rode steadily all along through the Highlands of the Plain of Lhasa, and then we descended to the Lowlands, a place which was almost tropical in the exotic flora-wonderful rhododendrons. We passed many lamaseries, and quite frequently we spent the night in them if they happened to be on our path at a suitable time. I was a lama, actually I was an abbot, and a Recognized Incarnation, thus when we went to a lamasery we were indeed given special treatment. But I did not welcome such special treatment because each time it reminded me of the hardships of my life yet to be endured.

Eventually we left the borders of Tibet and entered China. Here, in China, every large village seemed to be infested with Russian Communists-white men who were standing up usually on an ox cart telling the workers of the wonders of Communism and how they should rise and massacre those who were land-owners, telling them how China belonged to the people. Well, now apparently it does, and what a mess they have made of it!

The days passed, and our seemingly endless journey became shorter. It was quite annoying to be accosted by certain of the Chinese peasants who gaped at me because I looked somewhat like a Westerner. I had grey eyes instead of brown, and my hair was very dark but still not shiny black, so the story went about that I was a Russian in disguise! Nowadays, since my life in the West, I have had all manner of strange tales told about me; one tale which amused me immensely was to the effect that I was really a German who had been sent to Lhasa by Hitler so that I could learn all the secrets of the occult and then I would come back to Berlin and win the war for Hitler by magical means. Well, in those days I didn't even know there was such a man as Hitler. It is a most remarkable thing how a Westerner will believe everything except that which is utterly true; the more true a matter the more difficult the Westerner finds it to believe. But while on the

subject of Hitler and Tibetans, it is a fact that a small group of Tibetans were captured by the Nazis during the war and were compelled to go to Berlin, but they certainly did nothing to help him win the war, as history proves.

At last we turned a corner in the road, and then we came in sight of the old city of Chungking. This city was built on high cliffs and far down below the river flowed. One of the rivers was particularly familiar to me, and that was the Chialing. So the high city of Chungking with its stepped streets with many a cobble was washed at its base by two rivers, the Yangtse and the Chialing. Where the two met a fresh branch was formed, and so the city appeared from afar to be an island.

Seven hundred and eighty steps we climbed up to the city itself. We gazed like yokels at the shops and what to us seemed to be brilliantly lit stores containing articles which were completely beyond our understanding. Things in windows glittered, from many stores came noises, foreigners speaking to each other out of boxes, and then there came blasts of music out of other boxes. It was all a complete marvel to us, and I, knowing that I would have to spend a long time in such surroundings, began almost to quake with fear at the thought.

My retinue were embarrassing me by the manner in which they gaped. Each of the men was shaking with nervousness, and each of them had his mouth open and eyes wide open too. I thought we must look a sorry bunch of country bumpkins gazing like this. But then I thought we weren't here for that, after all. I had to register at the University and so we made our way there. My companions waited in the grounds outside while I entered and made my formal appearance, producing the envelope which I had so carefully safeguarded all the way from Lhasa. I worked hard in the University. My form of education had been quite different from that which was demanded by the University system and so I had to work at least twice as hard. The Principal of the University had warned me that conditions would be difficult. He said that he had been qualified in the latest American systems and with his

very capable staff he was bringing a mixture of Chinese and American medicine and surgery to the students.

The academic work was hard because I knew nothing of Electricity, but I soon learned! Anatomy was easy; I had studied that quite thoroughly with the Disposers of the Dead in Lhasa, and it amused me greatly when first we were ushered into the dissecting rooms where dead bodies lay about to find so many of the students turn a pale green and become violently sick, while others just fainted away on the floor. It was such a simple matter to realize that these dead bodies would not feel anything by our amateurish efforts upon them, they were just like a suit of old clothes which had been discarded and which would be cut up perhaps to make other garments. No, the academic matter was difficult at first, but eventually I was able to take my place quite near the top of the class.

At about this time I noticed that there was a very very old Buddhist priest who was giving lectures at the University, and I made some inquiries and was told, "Oh, you don't want to bother about him, he's just an old crackpot, he's weird!" Well, that persuaded me that I would have to do extra work and attend the "old crackpot's" lectures. It was well worthwhile.

I formally requested permission to attend and was gladly accepted. A few lectures later we were all sitting down and our lecturer entered. As was the custom we rose and remained standing until he told us to be seated. Then he said, "there is no death." No death, I thought, oh, there is going to be a lecture on the occult, he is going to call death "transition" which, after all, is what it is. But the old lecturer let us stew in our own impatience for a time, and then he chuckled and went on, "I mean that literally. If we only knew how we could prolong life indefinitely. Let us look at the process of aging, and then I hope you will see what I mean."

He said, "A child is born and follows a certain pattern of growth. At a varying age, it varies according to each person, real development is stated to have stopped, real worthwhile growth has stopped, and from then on there is

what is known as the degeneration of old age where we get a tall man becoming shorter as his bones shrink". He looked about to see if we were following, and when he saw my particular interest he nodded and smiled most amiably. He continued:—

“A person has to be rebuilt cell by cell so that if we get a cut, part of the brain has to remember the pattern of the flesh before the cut, and then must supply identical, or near-identical, cells to repair the defect. Now, every time we move we cause cells to wear out, and all those cells have to be rebuilt, replaced. Without an exact memory we should not be able to rebuild the body as it was.”

He looked about again, then pursed his lips, and said, “If the body, or rather, if the brain forgets the precise pattern then the cells may grow wild, they grow according to no previous pattern and thus those wild cells are called cancer cells. It means that they are cells which have escaped from the control of that part of the brain which should regulate their precise pattern. Thus it is, you get a person with great growths on his body. That is caused by cells growing in haphazard fashion and which have escaped from the brain’s control.”

He stopped to take a sip of water, and then continued, “Like most of us the growth and replacing centre of the brain has a faulty memory. After reproducing cells for a few thousand times it forgets the precise pattern and with each succeeding growth of cells there is a difference so eventually we have that which we call aging. Now, if we could remind the brain constantly of the exact shape and size of each cell to be replaced then the body would always appear to be of the same age, always appear to be the same condition. In short, we would have immortality, immortality except in the case of total destruction of the body or damage to the cells.”

I thought of this, and then it came to me in a flash that my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, had told me the same thing in somewhat different words and I had been too young, or too stupid, or both, to understand what he really meant.

Our lectures were interesting. We studied so many subjects not studied in the West. In addition to ordinary Western type of medicine and surgery we studied acupuncture and herbal remedies, but it wasn't all work and no play, although nearly so.

One day when I was out with a friend we wandered down to the shore of the rivers and there we saw an aeroplane which had been parked and just left for some reason. The engine was ticking over and the propeller was just revolving. I thought of the kites I had flown, and I said to my friend, "I bet I could fly that thing." He roared with derision, and so I said, "All right, I'll show you." I looked around to see there was no one about and I got in that contraption and, to my own surprise and to the surprise of many watchers, I did fly the thing but not in the manner prescribed, my aerobatics were quite involuntary and I survived and landed safely only because I had keener reflexes than most.

I was so fascinated with that highly dangerous flight that I learned to fly—officially. And because I showed more than average promise as an airman I was offered a commission in the Chinese forces. By Western standards the style and rank granted to me was Surgeon-Captain.

After I had graduated as a pilot the commanding officer told me to continue my studies until I had graduated also as a physician and surgeon. That was soon done, and at last, armed with quite a lot of official looking papers, I was ready to leave Chungking. But there came a very sad message concerning my Patron, the Thirteenth Dalai Lama, the Inmost One, and so, obeying a summons, I returned to Lhasa for a very brief time.

Destiny called, however, and I had to follow the dictates of those in authority above me and so I retraced my steps on to Chungking and then on to Shanghai. For a time I was on the reserve as an officer of the Chinese forces. The Chinese were having a most difficult time because the Japanese were trying to find an excuse to invade China. All manner of indignities were being heaped upon foreigners in the hope that the foreigners would make

trouble for the government of China. Men and women were being stripped naked in public and given a body search by Japanese soldiers who said they were suspecting the foreigners of taking messages. I saw one young woman who resisted; she was stripped naked and made to stand for hours in the centre of a busy street. She was truly hysterical, but every time she tried to run away one of the sentries would prod her obscenely with a bayonet.

The Chinese people watching could do nothing, they did not want an international incident. But then one old Chinese woman threw a coat to the young woman so that she could cover herself; a sentry jumped at her and with one slash cut off the arm that had thrown the coat.

It amazes me now, after all I have seen after all I have suffered, that people the world over seem to be rushing to the Japanese offering them friendship, etcetera, presumably because they offer in return cheap labour. The Japanese are a blight upon the Earth because of their insane lust to dominate.

In Shanghai I had my own private practice as a doctor, and a quite successful one too. Perhaps if the Japanese war had not started I should have made my living in Shanghai, but on the 7th July, 1937, there was an incident at the Marco Polo Bridge, that incident really started the war. I was called up and sent to Shanghai docks to supervise the assembling of a very large three-engine aeroplane which had been stored there ready for collection by a firm which had proposed to start a passenger airline.

With a friend I went to the docks and we found the aeroplane in pieces, the fuselage and the wings all separate. The undercarriage was not even connected, and the three engines were separately crated. By dint of much psychometry and even more attempts at the use of commonsense I managed to direct workers to assemble the aircraft on a very large open space. As far as I could I checked everything over, I examined the engines, made sure they had the right fuel and the right oil. One by one I started those engines and tried them out, let them idle and let them roar, and when I was satisfied after many adjust-

ments that they would keep going, I taxied that three-engined plane up and down that large tract of land so that I would get used to the feel of the thing because one doesn't stunt too long in a three-engined plane!

At last I was satisfied that I understood the controls and could handle them quite well. Then with a friend who had a tremendous amount of faith in me, we got into the plane and taxied to the extreme edge of the wide open space. I had coolies put large chocks in front of the wheels with instructions to pull on the ropes to move the chocks immediately I raised my right hand. Then I opened all three throttles so the plane roared and shook. At last I raised my hand, the chocks were pulled out and we cavorted madly across the ground. At the last moment I pulled back on the control and we went up at what I believe was a truly unorthodox angle, but we were flying, and we flew around for an hour or two to get the feel of the thing. Eventually we came back to the landing space and I was careful to note the direction of smoke. I came in slowly and landed into the wind, and I confess that I was bathed in perspiration; my friend was, too, in spite of all his faith in me!

Later I was told to remove the plane to another area where it could be guarded day and night because the international brigade was becoming very active, and some of these foreigners thought they could do just what they liked with the property of the Chinese. We did not want our big aeroplane damaged.

At a secluded base the plane was altered. Much of the seating was removed and stretchers were put in on racks. At one end of the plane there was a metal table fitted and this was going to be an operating theatre. We were going to do emergency operations because now—at the end of 1938—the enemy were approaching the outskirts of Shanghai, and I had instructions to close my practice which I had still been carrying on part-time. I was told to take the plane to a safe area while it could be re-painted all white and with a red cross. It also was to have “Ambulance Plane” painted on it in Chinese and Japanese characters.

But when painted the paint was not destined to last very long. Bombs were dropping over Shanghai, the air was full of the acrid stench of explosives, full of particles of grit which stung the nostrils, irritated the eyes—and scoured the paint from Old Abie, as we called our aeroplane. Soon there came a greater “crump” and Abie jumped into the air and collapsed flat on the underside of the fuselage, a near bomb burst had blown off the undercarriage. With immense labour and considerable ingenuity we repaired the undercarriage with lengths of split bamboo, like putting splints on a broken limb, I thought. But with the bamboo lashed firmly in place I taxied up and down the bomb-pitted ground to see how the ship would manage; it certainly seemed to be all right.

We were sitting in the plane when there was a great commotion and an irate Chinese general—full of pomp and self-assurance—came on to our airfield surrounded by subservient members of his staff. Brusquely he ordered us to fly him to a certain destination: He would not take our statement that the plane really was not fit to fly until further repairs had been carried out. He would not accept our statement that we were an ambulance plane and were not permitted by international law to carry armed men. We argued, but his argument was stronger; he just had to say, “take these men and shoot them for failing to obey military orders,” and that would have been the end of us. We would have gone flying off without him!

The troop of men climbed into the plane tossing out medical equipment—just scattering it out of the open door—to make room for their own comforts. Out went our stretchers, out went our operating table, our instruments, everything. They were just tossed away as if they were garbage and would never be wanted again. As it happened they weren't.

We took off and headed toward our destination, but when some two hours away from our point of departure Red Devils came out of the Sun, Japanese fighter planes, hordes of them like a load of mosquitoes. The hated red symbol glowed brightly from the wings. They circled our

ambulance plane with the red crosses so prominently displayed, and then quite callously they took turns to pump bullets in us. Since that time I have never liked the Japanese, but I was to have more fuel for the flame of my dislike in days to come.

We were shot down and I was the only one left alive. I fell into about the most unsalubrious place in China—a sewage ditch where all the waste matter was collected. And so I fell into the sewage ditch and went all the way to the bottom, and in that incident I broke both ankles.

Japanese soldiers arrived and I was dragged off to their headquarters and very, very badly treated indeed because I refused to give them any information except that I was an officer of the Chinese services. It seemed to annoy them considerably because they kicked out my teeth, pulled off all my nails, and did other unpleasant things from which I still suffer. For instance, I had hoses inserted in my body and into the water supply was put mustard and pepper, then the taps were turned on and my body swelled enormously and tremendous damage was caused inside. That is one of the reasons I suffer so much even now, all these years later.

But there is no point in going into detail because an interested person can read it all in “Doctor from Lhasa. I wish more people would read that book to let them see what (well, YOU know what) sort of people the Japanese are.

But I was sent to a prisoner-of-war camp for women because this was considered to be degrading. Some of the women had been captured from places like Hong Kong. Some of them were in truly shocking condition because of continual rapes.

It is worth mentioning that at this time there were certain German officers who were “advising” the Japanese, and these officers were always provided with the best looking of the women, and the perversions—well, I have never seen anything like it. It does seem that the Germans excel not merely at making war but at other things as well.

After a time, when my ankles had healed and my nails

had regrown, I managed to make an escape, and I made my slow painful way back to ChungKing. This was not yet in the hands of the Japanese and my medical colleagues there did wonders in restoring my health. My nose had been broken. Before being broken it had been —according to Western standards—somewhat squat, but now through the exigencies of surgery my nose became quite a large affair which would have done credit to any Westerner. But war came to Chungking, the violent war of Japanese occupation. Once again I was captured and tortured, and eventually I was again put in charge of a prison camp where I did the best I could for patients among the prisoners. Unfortunately a senior officer was transferred from another area, and he recognized me as an escaped prisoner. All the trouble started again. I had both legs broken in two places to teach me not to escape. Then they put me on a rack and pulled my arms and legs very tight indeed. In addition, I had such a blow across the lower spinal region that grave complications were caused which even now are making my spine degenerate, so much so that I can no longer stand upright.

Once again, after my wounds healed, I managed to escape. Being in an area where I was well-known I made my way to the home of certain missionaries who were full of “tut tut’s” and great exclamations of sorrow, compassion—the works. They treated my wounds, gave me a narcotic—and sent for the Japanese prison guards because, as they said, they wanted to protect their own mission and I was not “one of them.”

Back in the prison camp I was so badly treated that it was feared that I should not survive, and they wanted me to survive because they were sure I had information they needed, information which I refused to give.

At last it was decided that I escaped far too easily, and so I was sent to the mainland of Japan to a village near the sea, near a city called Hiroshima. I was again put in charge—as medical officer—of a prison camp for women, women who had been brought from Hong Kong, Shanghai, and other cities, and who were being kept there with

some dim view on the part of the Japanese that they could be used as hostages when bargaining later because the war was going very badly for the Japanese now, and the leaders knew full well that they had no hope of winning.

One day there was the sound of aircraft engines, and then the ground shook and an immense pillar appeared in the distance, a pillar the shape of a mushroom with rolling clouds spreading high into the sky. About us there was utter panic, the guards scattered like scared rats, and I, ever alert for such an opportunity, vaulted over a fence and made my way down to the waters edge. A fishing boat was there—empty. I managed to climb aboard and with a pole just had enough strength left to push the boat into deeper water. Then I collapsed into the stinking bilge. The boat swept out to sea on the tide which was receding, but I—up to my neck in water in the bottom of the boat—knew nothing about it until at last I dizzily awakened and it came back to me with a start that once again I had escaped.

Painfully I dragged myself up a bit higher out of the water and looked anxiously about. The Japanese, I thought, would be sending out speedboats to capture a many-time runaway. But no, there were no boats at all in sight, but on the skyline over the city of Hiroshima there was a dull, evil red, glow and the sky was black, and from that blackness there dropped “things”, blood-red splotches, sooty masses, black greasy rain.

I was aching with hunger. I looked about and found a locker in the side of the bulkhead toward the bows, and in that locker there were pieces of stale fish which presumably were meant to be used as bait. They were sufficient to maintain a certain amount of life in me, and I was most grateful to the fisherman who had left them there.

I lay back across the seats of the boat and felt great unease because the boat was rocking in a most strange manner, the sea itself seemed strange, there were waves of a type I had not seen before almost as if there was an underwater earthquake.

I looked about me and the impression was eerie. There

was no sign of life. Normally on such a day there would have been innumerable fishing boats about because fish was the staple food of the Japanese. I felt a great sense of unease because being telepathic and clairvoyant I was obtaining remarkable impressions, so confused and so many that I just could not understand them.

All the world seemed to be quiet except for a strange sighing of the wind. Then high above me I saw a plane, a very large plane. It was circling about and through being observant I could see the large lens of an aerial camera pointing down. Obviously photographs were being taken of the area for some reason which I then did not know.

Soon the plane turned about and went off beyond the range of my vision, and I was alone again. There were no birds in sight; strange, I thought, because sea birds always came to fishing boats. But there were no other boats about either, there was no sign of life anywhere, and I had these peculiar impressions coming to my extra-senses. At last I suppose I fainted because everything suddenly went black. The boat with my unconscious form drifted on into the Unknown.

## CHAPTER SIX

After what seemed endless days, and actually I had no idea how long it was, but after this indeterminate period I suddenly heard harsh foreign voices and I was lifted by arms and legs and swung in an arc and let go. I landed with a splash just at the edge of the water and opened bleary eyes to find that I had reached some unknown shore.

Before me I saw two men pushing frantically on the boat, and then at the last moment jumping aboard. Then sleep, or coma, claimed me again.

My sensations were rather peculiar because I suddenly

had the impression of swaying, and then a cessation of motion. After—I was told later—five days I returned to the Land of the Living and found myself in a spotlessly clean hovel which was the home of a Buddhist priest. I had been expected, he told me haltingly, for our languages were similar yet not the same and we found difficulty in making ourselves understood.

The priest was an old man and he had had dreams (he called them dreams, anyway) that he had to stay and render assistance to a “great one who would come from afar.” He was near death through starvation and age. His brownish-yellow face looked almost transparent he was so under-nourished, but from somewhere food was obtained and over several days my strength was built up. At last, when I was thinking that I must be making my way on through life’s path, I awakened in the morning to find the old monk sitting beside me cross-legged—and dead. He was stone cold, so he must have died in the early part of the night.

I called in some of the people from the small hamlet in which the hovel was and we dug a grave for him, and gave him a decent burial complete with Buddhist ceremonial.

With that task done I took what scant supply of food was left and set out on my way.

Walking was awful. I must have been far weaker than I had imagined because I found myself left sick and dizzy. But there was no turning back. I did not know what was happening, I did not know who was an enemy or who was a friend, not that I had had many friends in my life. So I pressed on.

After what seemed to be endless miles I came to a frontier crossing. Armed men were lounging about near a frontier station, and I recognized their uniforms from pictures I had seen; they were Russians, so now I could place my location, I was on the road to Vladivostok, one of the great Russian sea-ports of the far East.

At the sight of me the frontier guards set great mastiffs they loose and they came snarling and slavering at me, but then, to the amazement of the guards, they jumped at me

with affection because they and I recognized each other as friends. Those dogs had never been talked to telepathically before and I suppose they thought I was one of them. Anyway, they jumped all around me and welcomed me with wild yelps and barks of joy. The guards were most impressed, they thought I must have been one of them and they took me into their guard room where they gave me food. I told them that I had escaped from the Japanese, so, as they were at war with the Japanese as well, I automatically became "on their side."

Next day I was offered a ride to Vladivostok so that I could look after the dogs who were being taken back to the city because they were too fierce for the guards. Gladly I accepted the offer and the dogs and I rode in the back of a truck. After a rather bumpy ride we arrived at Vladivostok.

Again I was on my own, but as I was turning away from the guard room in Vladivostok a tremendous noise of screams, howls, and snarling barks rent the air. Some of the dogs in the large compound had suddenly been afflicted with blood-lust and were attacking guards who were trying to control them. A Captain came and after hearing what his frontier men had told him he ordered me to control the dogs. By good fortune I managed to do just that, and by telepathy I got the dogs to understand that I was their friend and they would have to behave themselves.

I was kept in that camp for a month while the dogs were being retrained, and when the month was over I was permitted to go on my way again.

My task now was to satisfy that terrible urge I had of moving on, moving on. For a few days I hung about Vladivostok wondering how to reach the main city, Moscow. At last I learned about the Trans-Siberian railway, but one of the dangers here was that many escapees wanted to get to Moscow and for quite a distance by the sidings there were pits in which guards lay in wait so they could see beneath the trains and shoot off anyone clinging to the rods.

At last one of the men from the Vladivostok border patrol with whom I had been for the last month showed me how to circumvent the guards, and so it was that I went to Voroshilov where there were no checks on the railway. I took food with me in a shoulder bag and lay in wait for a suitable train. Eventually I managed to get aboard and I lay beneath, between the wheels, actually I tied myself to the bottomside of the railroad car floor so that I was quite high up above the axles and hidden by the grease boxes. The train started and for about six miles I endured being held by ropes until I decided it was safe to climb aboard one of the railroad cars. It was dark, very dark, the Moon had not risen. With extreme effort I managed to slide open one of the railroad car doors and painfully climb inside.

Some four weeks after, the train came to Noginsk, a small place about forty miles from Moscow. Here, I thought, was the best place to get off, so I waited until the train slowed for a bend and then I dropped safely to the frozen ground.

I walked on and on, and it was a disturbing sight indeed to see corpses beside the road, the corpses of people who had died from starvation. An elderly man, tottering in front of me, dropped to the ground. Instinctively I was about to stoop and see what I could do for him when a whispered voice came, "stop Comrade, if you bend over him the police will think you are a looter and will shoot you. Keep on!"

In time I reached the centre of Moscow, and was gazing up at the Lenin Monument when suddenly I was felled to the ground by, I found, a blow from a rifle butt. Soviet guards were standing over me just kicking me and repeatedly kicking me to get me to rise to my feet. They questioned me, but they had such a "big city" accent that I was completely unable to follow what they were talking about, and at last, with two men guarding me, one at each side, and a third man with a huge revolver poking into my spine, I was marched off. We reached a dismal building, and I was just shoved into a small room. Here I was

interrogated with considerable roughness, and I gathered that there was a spy scare in Moscow and I was considered to be some sort of a spy trying to get into the Kremlin!

After some hours of being kept standing in a small closet the size of a broom cupboard, a car arrived and I was taken off to the Lubyanka Prison. This is the worst prison in Russia, it is the prison of tortures, the prison of death, a prison where they have their own built-in crematorium so that all the evidence of a mutilated body could be burned.

At the entrance to Lubyanka, or in a small vestibule, I had to remove my shoes and go barefooted. The guards with me put thick woolen socks over their boots and then I was marched in dead silence along a dim corridor, a corridor that seemed miles long. There was no sound. A strange hiss sounded, and the guards pushed me in the back with my face against the wall. Something was put over my head so that no light could be seen. I sensed rather than felt someone passing me, and after some minutes the cloth over my head was roughly jerked away and I was pushed forward once more.

After what seemed to be an impossible time a door was opened in utter silence, and I was given a very violent push in the back. I stumbled forward and fell. There were three steps but in the pitch darkness of the cell I could not see them; so I fell and knocked myself unconscious.

Time passed with incredible slowness. At intervals there came screams ululating on the quivering air, and dying off with a gurgle.

Some time later guards came to my cell. They gestured for me to go with them. I went to speak and was smashed across the cheeks, while another guard put a finger to his lips in the universal sign of "No talk!" I was led out along those endless corridors again, and eventually found myself in a brilliantly lit interrogation room. Here relays of questioners asked me the same questions time after time, and when I did not vary my story two guards were given special instructions; I was given an abbreviated tour of the

Lubianka. I was taken along the corridors and I was shown torture rooms with poor unfortunate wretches undergoing the tortures of the damned, both men and women. I saw such tortures, such bestial performances, that I would not dare repeat them because, knowing Western people, I know that I would be disbelieved.

I was shown into a stone room which had what appeared to be stalls. From a blank wall stone stalls extended about three feet from the wall, and the guards showed me how a man or woman was pushed naked into a stall with hands upon the wall in front. Then the prisoner would be shot through the back of the neck and would fall forward, and all the blood would run into a drain and so no unnecessary mess was caused.

The prisoners were naked because, according to Russian thought, there was no point in wasting clothing, clothing which could be used by the living.

From that place I was hurried out along another corridor and into a place which looked like a bake-house. I soon saw that it was not a bake-house because bodies and pieces of bodies were being cremated. As I arrived a very burned skeleton was being removed from a furnace and was then dumped into a great grinder which revolved and ground up the skeleton with a horrid crunching noise. The bone dust, I understood, was sent to farmers as fertilizer, as was the ashes.

But there was no point in keeping on about all the tortures that I underwent, but it will suffice to say that at long last I was dragged before three high officials. They had papers in their hands which, they said, testified to the fact that I had helped influential people in Vladivostok and another that I had helped his daughter escape from a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp. I was not to be killed they told me but would be sent to Stryj, a city in Poland. Troops were going there from Russia and I would go with them as a prisoner and then in Stryj I would be deported from Poland also.

Eventually after a lot more delay because I was really too ill to be moved and so had to be given time to recover

—eventually I was handed over to a Corporal who had two soldiers with him. I was marched through the streets of Moscow to the railway station. The weather was freezing cold, bitterly cold, but no food was offered although the three soldiers wandered off one at a time to get food. A big detachment of Russian soldiers came into the station, and a sergeant came across saying that the orders had been changed and I was going to Lwow instead. I was loaded aboard the train which went off with many a shudder and jolt, and at long last we arrived at the city of Kiev.

Here I and some of the soldiers entered a troop carrier, to be accurate, forty soldiers and I were crammed into one. And then the troop carrier raced off, but our driver was too fast and too inexperienced, he caroomed into a wall and the troop carrier exploded in fire from the broken fuel tank. For quite a time I was unconscious. When I did recover consciousness again I was being carried into a hospital. Here I was X-rayed, and it was found that I had three broken ribs, one broken end had perforated my left lung. My left arm was broken in two places, and my left leg was broken again at the knee and at the ankle. The broken end of a soldier's bayonet had penetrated my left shoulder, only just missing a vital place.

I awakened from an operation to find a fat woman doctor smacking my face to bring me back to consciousness. I saw that I was in a ward with forty or fifty other men. The pain I had was incredible, there was nothing to ease the pain, and for quite a time I hovered between life and death.

On the twenty-second day of my stay in the hospital two policemen came to the ward, ripped the blanket off my bed, and bawled at me: "Hurry up, you're being deported, you should have left three weeks ago!"

I was taken to Lwow and told that I would have to pay for my hospital treatment by working for a year repairing and rebuilding the roads of Poland. For a month I did that, sitting beside the road breaking stones, and then because my wounds were not properly healed I collapsed

coughing blood, etcetera, and was taken off to a hospital again. Here the doctor told me that I would have to be moved out of the hospital as I was dying and he would get into trouble if any more prisoners died that month because he had “exceeded his quota.”

So it was that I was deported and, once again, became a wanderer. For the first of many times I was told that I had only a little while to live, but like many times since, I did not die.

Walking along a road I saw a car in distress, with a very frightened man standing beside it. Well, I knew quite a lot about cars and aircraft engines, so I stopped and found there was nothing much wrong with the car, nothing I couldn't put right, anyhow. So I managed to get it going and he was so extremely grateful that he offered me a job. Now, that is not so strange as it may seem because that car had passed me some time ago, we had been crossing a river bridge together, crossing just where the border guards were stationed. He had been stopped a long time, and I suppose he had been watching the pedestrians and wondering what they were doing, where they were going—anything to pass away idle moments. I got over the border in very quick time—about the only time in my life that I have! But, he offered me a job and I could see by his aura that he was a reasonably honest man, as honest as he could afford to be, in other words. He told me that he needed to have cars taken to different locations, so I took his offer and it afforded me a truly wonderful opportunity of seeing Europe.

He knew the location quite well and he had “contacts” He looked at my papers and shuddered at the sight of them, telling me that I couldn't possibly get anywhere except prison if I had papers marked “Deportee”. So he left me by the roadside for a time, after which he came back for me and drove me to a place—I will not say where—where I was fitted out with fresh papers, a forged passport, and all the necessary travel documents.

So I drove for him. He seemed to be scared of driving and it was fortunate for me that he was. I drove to Bratis-

lava and on to Vienna; Vienna, I could see, had been a very wonderful city indeed but now it was knocked about a lot because of the aftermath of war. We stayed there two or three days, and I looked around the city as much as I could although it wasn't easy because the people were inordinately suspicious of foreigners. Every so often a person would sidle up to a policeman and there would be whispered conversation, and then the policeman would make sure his gun was in order and then he would approach me and demand, "Papers!" It gave me a good chance to check that my papers were quite "authentic" because there was never any query at all about them.

From Vienna we went to Klagenfurt. There was only a slight delay there, I waited about eight hours and got thoroughly frozen in the drizzling rain which came teeming down. I also got quite hungry because there was rationing and I hadn't got the right sort of coupons. But hunger was a thing to which I was well accustomed, so I just put up with it.

We drove through the night to Italy and made our way to Venice. Here, to my regret, I had to stay ten days, unhappy ten days they were, too, because I am gifted or cursed with an absolutely exceptional sense of smell and, as possibly everyone knows, the canals of Venice are open sewers. After all, how can you have closed-in sewers when the whole darn place is flooded? So it certainly was not a place to swim!

The ten days dragged, the place seemed to be full of Americans who were very full of money and drink. It was an everyday sight for Americans to flash an immense roll of money which would have kept most of the Italians for a year. Many of the Americans, I was told, were deserters from the U.S. army or air force who had quite big businesses in black market goods.

From Venice we went on to Padua, a place rich in history and redolent of the past. I spent a week here, my employer seemed to have a great amount of business to do and I was dazzled by the different girl friends he picked up

as other people pick flowers by the roadside. No doubt it was because he had such a big bank roll.

In Padua my employer had a sudden change of plans, but he came to me one day and told me all about it, saying he had to fly back to Czechoslovakia. But—there was an American, he said, who very much wanted to meet me, a man who knew all about me, so I was introduced to this man. He was a great beefy man with thick blubber lips, and a girl friend who did not seem to mind whether she was draped or undraped. The American was another man dealing in cars, trucks, and various other types of machinery. I drove a big truck for a time in Padua, my load was different official cars, some taken from high-ranking Nazis and others from Fascist officials who had lost life and cars. These cars—well, I just could not understand what was happening to them, but they seemed to be exported to the U.S.A. where they fetched fabulous prices.

My new employer, the American, wanted me to take a special car to Switzerland, and then take another car to Germany, but, as I explained, my papers were not good enough for that. He pooh-poohed my arguments, but then said, “Gee, I got the very thing for you, I know what we can do. Two days ago a drunken American drove into a concrete abutment and he was splattered all over the place. My men got his papers before they were even touched by the blood which came out of him; here they are.” He turned and rifled through his big bulging briefcase and fished out a bundle of papers. I jumped to instant alertness when I saw that they were the papers of a ship's Second-Engineer. Everything was there, the passport, the Marine Union card, work permits, money—everything. Only one thing was wrong; the photograph.

The American laughed as if he would never stop and said, “Photograph”? Come on with me, we'll get that done right away!” He hustled me out of the hotel room and we went to some peculiar place which meandered down many stone steps. There were secret knocks on the door and sort of password, and then we were admitted to a sleazy room with a gang of men lounging around there. I could

see at a glance that they were counterfeiters although I couldn't tell what sort of money they were forging, but that was nothing to do with me. The problem was explained to them, and my photograph was speedily taken, my signature was taken as well, and then we were ushered out of the place.

The following evening there came a knock on the hotel door and a man entered carrying my papers. I looked through them and I really could believe that I had signed the things and filled in all the details with my own handwriting, they were so perfect. I thought to myself, "Well, now I've got all the papers I should be able to get aboard a ship somewhere, get a job as an Engineer and go off to the U.S.A. That's where I have to be, the U.S.A., so I'll do what this fellow wants in the hope I'll get to some big seaport."

My new employer was delighted with my change of attitude so the first thing he did was to give me a large sum of money and introduce me to a Mercedes car, a very powerful car indeed, and I drove that car to Switzerland. I managed to get through Customs and Immigration, and there was no trouble at all. Then I changed the car at a special address and continued on to Germany, actually to Karlsruhe, where I was told that I had to go on to Ludwigshafen. I drove there, and to my surprise found my American employer there. He was delighted to see me because he had had a report from his contacts in Switzerland that the Mercedes had been delivered without a scratch on it.

I stayed in Germany for some three months, a little more than three months as a matter of fact. I drove different cars to different destinations, and frankly it simply did not make sense to me, I didn't know why I was driving these cars. But I had plenty of time to spare so I made good use of it by getting a lot of books to study marine engines and the duties of a ships Engineer. I went to Maritime Museums and saw ship models and models of ships' engines, so at the end of three months I felt quite confi-

dent that I could turn my engineering knowledge to marine engineering also.

One day my boss drove me out to a deserted airport. We drew up in front of a disused aircraft hangar. Men rushed to open the doors, and inside there was a truly weird contraption which seemed to be all yellow metal struts, the thing had eight wheels and at one end was a truly immense scoop. Perched at the other end was a little glassed-in house, the driving compartment. My employer said, "Can you take this thing to Verdun?" "I don't see why not," I replied. "Its got an engine and its got wheels so it should be derivable." One of the mechanics there showed me how to start it and how to use it, and I practised driving up and down the disused aeroplane runways. An officious policeman rushed into the grounds and announced that the thing could only be used at night and it would have to have a man at the rear end to watch out for coming traffic. So I practiced while a second man was found. Then, when I was satisfied that I knew how to make the machine move and, even more important, I knew how to make the thing stop, my look-out and I set off for Verdun. We could only drive by night because of German and French road regulations, and we could not exceed twenty miles an hour so it was a slow journey indeed. I had time to watch the scenery. I saw the gutted countryside, the burned-out wrecks of tanks and aircraft and guns, I saw the ruined houses, some with only one wall still remaining, "War," I thought, "what a strange thing it is that humans treat humans so. If people only obeyed our laws there would be no wars. Our law: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, a law which would effectively prevent wars."

But I saw some very pleasant scenery too, but I was not getting paid to admire the scenery, I was getting paid to get that clattering hunk of machinery safely to Verdun.

At last we arrived at that city, and early in the morning before there was much traffic I drove it into an immense construction yard where we were expected. Here a very grim looking Frenchman who seemed to be more or less

square rushed out at me, and said, “Now take this thing to Metz!” I replied, “No, I have been paid to bring it here and I am driving it no further.” To my horrified amazement he whipped out one of those awful knives which have a spring—you press a button and the blade slides out and locks in place. He came at me with that knife, but I had been well trained, I wasn’t going to be stabbed by a Frenchman, so I did a little karate throw which sent him down on his back with one awful clatter, his knife spinning from his hand. For one awful moment he lay there dazed, then with a bellow of rage he jumped to his feet so fast that his feet were moving before they touched the ground, and he dashed into a workshop and came out with a three foot bar of steel used for opening crates. He rushed at me and tried to bring the bar down across my shoulders. I dropped to my knees and grabbed one of his legs, and twisted. I twisted a bit harder than I intended because his leg broke with quite a snap at the knee.

Well, I expected to get arrested by the police at least. Instead, I was roundly cheered by the man’s employees, and then a police car drove up with the police looking very grim indeed. When they were told what had happened they joined in the applause, and to my profound astonishment they took me off for a good meal!

After the meal they found accommodation for me, and when I was in that accommodation a man came along and told me that he had heard all about me and did I want another job. Of course I did, so he took me out to a cafe in which there were too elderly ladies obviously waiting for me. They were very very old and very very autocratic, they did a bit of the “my man” talk until I told them that I wasn’t their man, I didn’t want anything to do with them in fact. And then one of them laughed outright and said she really did admire a man with spirit.

They wanted me to drive them in a very new car to Paris. Well, I was all for that, I wanted to go to Paris, so I agreed to drive them to Paris even though there was the stipulation that I must not exceed thirty-five miles an

hour. That was no problem to me, I had just driven from Ludwigshafen at twenty miles an hour!

I got the two old ladies safely to Paris and they paid me very well for the trip, and gave me many compliments on my driving, actually they offered to take me in their service because they said they liked a man with spirit to be their chauffeur, but that was not at all what I wanted. My task had not yet been accomplished, and I did not think much of driving old ladies about at thirty-five miles an hour. So I refused their offer and left them to try to find another job.

People with whom I left the old ladies' car suggested accommodation for me, and I made my way there arriving just as an ambulance arrived. I stood outside waiting for the commotion to end and I asked a man what it was all about. He told me that a man who had an important job taking furniture to Caen had just fallen and broken his leg, and he was worried because he would lose his job if he could not go or find a substitute. As he was carried out on a stretcher I pressed forward and told him that I could do his job for him. The ambulance men halted a moment while we talked. I told him I wanted to go to that city, and if he could fix it he could get paid for the trip and I would go just to get that transport. He looked overjoyed in spite of the pain in his leg, and said that he would send a message to me from his hospital, and with that he was loaded into the ambulance and driven away.

I booked in at the lodging house, and later that night a friend of the furniture remover came and told me that the job was mine if I would go to Caen and help unload furniture and load a fresh lot. The man, he told me, had accepted my offer that he would have the money and I would have the work!

At the very next day, though, I had to be off again. We had to go to one of the big houses in Paris and load up this great pantehnicon. We did so—the gardener of the estate and I—because the driver was too lazy. He made excuse after excuse to leave. At last the pantehnicon was loaded and we departed. After we had done about a mile,

or less, the driver stopped and said, "Here, you take on driving, I want to get some sleep." We shifted positions, and I drove on through the night. In the morning we were at Caen and drove to the estate where the furniture and luggage had to be unloaded. Again one of the house staff and I unloaded because the driver said he had to go else where on business.

In the late afternoon when all the work was done the driver appeared and said; "Now we must go on and load a fresh lot." I got into the driving seat and drove on as far as the main railroad station. There I jumped out, taking all my possessions with me, and said to the driver, "I've been working all the time, now you do some for a change!" With that I went into the station and got a ticket for Cherbourg.

Arrived at that city I wandered about a bit and eventually took a room at the Seamen's Lodgings in the dock area. I made quite a point of meeting as many ships Engineers as I could and making myself agreeable to them, so with a little prodding on my part I received opportunities to see their engine rooms aboard their ships, and I received many many hints and pointers which could not easily be obtained from text books.

Day after day I went to shipping agents showing "my" papers and trying to get a berth as second engineer on a ship going to the U.S.A. I told them that I had come to Europe on vacation and had been robbed of my money and now I had to work my way back. There were many expressions of sympathy, and at last a good old Scottish Engineer told me that he would offer me a job as third Engineer going that night to New York.

I went aboard the ship with him, and down the iron ladders to the engine room. There he asked me many questions about the operation of the engines and about the keeping of records and watches. Eventually he expressed himself as entirely satisfied and said, "Come on up to the Master's quarters, and you can sign the ship's articles. We did that and the ship's Master looked a grim sort of fellow; I didn't like him at all, and he didn't like me either,

but we signed the articles and then the ship's First Engineer told me: "Get your dunnage aboard, you take first duty, we sail tonight." And that was that. And so, very probably for the first time in history a lama of Tibet, and a medical lama at that, posing as an American citizen, took a job aboard an American ship as Third Engineer.

For eight hours I stood engine room watch. The Second was off duty, and the First Engineer had work to do connected with leaving port, so I had to go immediately on duty without any opportunity to have a meal or even to change into uniform. But eight hours duty in port was a blessing to me. It enabled me to get accustomed to the place, to investigate the controls, and so instead of being displeased and unhappy about it as the Chief expected me to be, really I was well content.

After the eight hours was up the Chief Engineer clattered down the steel ladder and formally relieved me of duty, telling me to go and have a good meal because, he said, I looked famished. "And be sure," he commanded, "to tell the cook to bring down cocoa for me."

It was not a happy ship by any means. The Captain and the First Officer thought they were commanding a first-class liner instead of a beat-up old tramp steamer, they insisted on uniform, they insisted on inspecting one's cabin, an unusual thing aboard ship. No, it was not a happy ship indeed, but we thudded along across the Atlantic, rolling and swaying in the North Atlantic weather. At last we reached the light-ship at the approach to New York harbour.

It was early morning and the towers of Manhattan seemed to be agleam with reflected light. I had never seen anything like this before. Approaching from the sea the towers stood up like something out of one's fevered imagination. We steamed on down the Hudson and under a great bridge. There I saw the world-famed Statue of Liberty, but to my astonishment Liberty had her back to New York, had her back to the U.S.A. This shocked me. Surely, I thought, unless America was going to take all and sundry then the liberty should be in the U.S.A.

We reached our berth after much shoving and towing by small tugs with a big “M” on the funnel. Then there was the roaring of motors, great trucks arrived, the cranes started to work as a shore crew came aboard. The Chief Engineer came and begged me to sign on, offering me promotion to Second Engineer. But no, I told him, I had had enough of that ship, some of the deck officers had indeed been an unpleasant lot.

We went to the shipping office and signed off, and the Chief Engineer give me a wonderful reference saying that I had shown great devotion to duty, that I was efficient in all branches of engine room work, and he made a special note that he invited me to sign on again with him at any time in any ship because, he wrote, I was a “great ship-mate.”

Feeling quite warmed by such a farewell from the Chief Engineer and carrying my heavy cases I went out of the docks. The din of traffic was terrible, there were shouting people and shouting policemen, and the whole place seemed to be absolutely mad. First I went to a ships hostel, or, more accurately it should be described as a seamen’s hostel. Here again there was no sign of hospitality, no sign of friendship, in fact with quite average politeness, I thought, I thanked the person for handing me the key to a room. He snarled back at me, “Don’t thank me, I’m just doing my job, nothing more.”

Twenty-four hours was the limit that one could stay in that hostel, forty-eight if one was going to join another ship. So the next day I picked up my cases again, went down in the elevator, paid off the surly reception clerk, and walked out into the streets.

I walked along the street being very circumspect because I was, frankly, quite terrified of the traffic. But then there was a terrific uproar, cars sounding their horns, and a policeman blowing his whistle, and at that moment a great shape mounted the sidewalk, hit me and knocked me down. I felt the breaking of bones. A car driven by a driver under the influence of drink had come down a one-

way street, and as a last attempt to avoid hitting a delivery truck had mounted the sidewalk and knocked me over

I awakened much later to find myself in a hospital. I had a broken left arm, four ribs broken, and both feet smashed. The police came and tried to find out as much as they could about the driver of the car—as if I had been his bosom friend! I asked them about my two cases and they said quite cheerily, “Oh no, as soon as you were knocked down, before the police could get to you, a guy slithered out of a doorway, grabbed your cases and went off at a run. We didn’t have time to look after him, we’d got to get you off the sidewalk because you were obstructing the way.”

Life in the hospital was complicated. Because of the rib injuries I contracted double-pneumonia and for nine weeks I lingered in that hospital making a very slow recovery indeed. The air of New York was not at all like that to which I was accustomed, and everyone kept all the windows closed and the heat turned on. I really thought I was going to die of suffocation.

At last I made enough recovery to get out of bed. After nine weeks in bed I was feeling dreadfully weak. Then some hospital official came along and wanted to know about payment! She said, “We found \$260 in your wallet and we shall have to take two hundred and fifty of that for your stay here. We have to leave you ten dollars by law, but you’ll have to pay the rest.” She presented me with a bill for over a thousand dollars.

I was quite shocked and complained to another man who had come in after her, a man who appeared to be some senior official. He shrugged his shoulders and said, “Oh well, you’ll have to sue the man who knocked you down. Its nothing to do with us.” To me that was the epitome of foolishness because how could I trace the man when I hadn’t seen him? As I said, I had more money in my cases, and the only reply was, “Well, catch the man and get your cases back from him.” Catch the man—after nine weeks in hospital, and after the police apparently had failed to make any worthwhile attempt to catch him. I was

quite shocked, but I was to be shocked even more. The man—the senior official—produced a paper and said, “You are being released from hospital now because you have no money for any further treatment. We can’t afford to keep you foreigners here unless you can pay. Sign here!” I looked at him in shock. Here was I, the first day out of bed for nine weeks, I had had broken bones and double-pneumonia, and now I was being turned out of hospital. There was no sympathy, no understanding, and instead I was literally—and I mean this quite literally—turned out of hospital, and all I had was a suit of clothes I was wearing and a ten dollar bill.

A man in the street to whom I explained my problem jerked a thumb in the direction of an employment agency, and so I went there and climbed up many stairs. At last I got a job with a very very famous hotel indeed, a hotel so famous that almost anyone in the world will have heard of it. The job—washing dishes. The pay—twenty dollars a week and one meal a day, and that one meal a day was not the good stuff that guests had, but the bad stuff left by guests or which was not considered fit for the guests. On twenty dollars a week I could not afford a room, so I did not bother about such things, I made my home wherever I happened to be, trying to sleep in a doorway, trying to sleep beneath a bridge or under an arch, with every so often the prod of a policeman’s night stick in my ribs, and a snarling voice bidding me to get out of it and keep moving.

At last, by a stroke of luck, I obtained a job with a radio station. I became a radio announcer, talking to the whole world on the short waves. For six months I did that, and during that six months I obtained from Shanghai papers and belongings which I had left with friends there. The papers included a passport issued by the British authorities at the British Concession.

But, as I began to feel, I was wasting my time as a radio announcer, I had a task to do, and all I was earning now was a hundred and ten dollars a week which was a great advance over twenty dollars a week and one meal, but I decided to move on. I gave the radio station adequate time

to obtain a suitable replacement for me, and when I had trained him for two weeks I left.

Fortunately I saw an advertisement wanting people to drive cars, so I answered the advertisement and found that I could take a car and drive it all the way to Seattle. There is no point in recounting the journey now, but I drove safely to Seattle and got a bonus for careful driving and for turning in the car without a single scratch on it. And then—I managed to go on to Canada.

So ends the second book  
The First Era.

## BOOKTHREE

The Book of Changes.

“Let not thy sorrows obtrude on to  
those who have left this World of Man.”

“Name no names, for to name those who  
have passed beyond this realm is to  
disturb their peace.”

“Wherefore it is that those who are  
mourned suffer greatly from those who  
mourn.”

“Let there be Peace.”

....

It also makes Good Sense,  
the Law of Libel being what it is!  
Wherefore I say unto you—  
Names shall not be named.

PAX VOBISCUM.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

There is little point in describing how I made my way through Canada, all the way through the Rocky Mountains, and all along to Winnipeg, to Thunder Bay, Montreal, and Quebec City. Thousands of people—tens of thousands of people—have done that. But I did have some unusual experiences which I may yet write about, although that is not for this moment.

In my journey through Canada it was borne upon me that I should make my way to England. I was convinced that the task which I still had to do had to start in England, a little place which I had seen only from afar from the porthole of a ship leaving Cherbourg and heading out into the English Channel before turning for the U.S.A.

In Quebec I made inquiries and managed to obtain all necessary papers such as passport, work permit, and all the rest. I also managed to obtain a Seaman's Union card. Again, there is no point in going into details of how I obtained these things. I have in the past told bureaucrats that their stupid system of red tape only strangles people who have all papers legitimately; in my own case I state emphatically that the only time I have had any difficulty at all entering a country was when my papers were in order. Here in Canada, when I used to be more mobile and could go to the U.S.A., there was always difficulty with my papers; there was always something wrong, something for the Immigration officer to quibble about. So, bureaucrats are parasites who should be eliminated like lice. Hey! That would be a good idea, too, wouldn't it?

I made my way back to Montreal and there, with my papers perfectly in order I was able to get aboard a ship as a deckhand. The pay was not wonderful, but my own idea

was that I wanted to get to England, and I had no money for a ticket, therefore any pay was better than having to pay.

The work was not too hard, it consisted merely of re-arranging cargo and then knocking wedges into hold covers. Soon we were steaming up the English Channel, and not too long after we turned into the Solent on our way to Southampton. I was off duty at the time and was able to sit in the stern and look out across the English scenery which attracted me considerably, the English scenery seemed to me to be of the greenest of greens—at that time I had not seen Ireland which can beat the English scenery any time—and so I was quite entranced.

The Military Hospital at Netley intrigued me vastly. I thought from the water that it must be the home of a king or someone of such status, but a member of the crew with quite a loud laugh soon told me that this was just a hospital.

We went up past Woolston on the right, and Southampton on the left. I was interested to see at Woolston the home of the supermarine flying boats which were making very much of a name for themselves in the Far East.

Soon we docked in Southampton, and officials came aboard, checked the ship's papers and examined the crews' quarters. Finally we were given clearance to go ashore and I was on the point of leaving but was called back for Immigration check once again. The officer looked at my papers and was very friendly and approving when in answer to his question, "How long are you staying?" I replied, "I am going to live here, sir." He put the necessary stamps on the passport and gave me directions for seamen's lodgings.

I walked out of the Immigration office and stood for a moment taking a last look at the old freighter on which I had arrived from the New World to the Old. A Customs officer started to move across with a smile on his face, and then suddenly there was a stunning blow at my back and I reeled against a wall, dropping my two cases as I did so.

Gathering my scattered wits I turned around and saw a man sitting at my feet. He was a senior Customs officer who had been hurrying to work and had misjudged his distance trying to get in the door. I went to help him up and he struck my outstretched hands with a fury of hatred. I recoiled in complete astonishment, the accident was not my fault, I was just standing there inoffensively. But I picked up my cases to move on when he yelled at me to stop. He called two guards to detain me. The Customs officer I had seen in the office hurried out and said, "Its quite all right, sir, quite all right. His papers are in order." The senior official seemed to go black in the face with fury, and no one could get a word in. On his orders I was taken to a room where my cases were opened and everything thrown on to the floor. He found nothing wrong here. So he demanded my passport and other papers. I gave them to him and he leafed through them and then snarled that I had a visa and a work permit and I didn't need both. With that he tore my passport across and threw it in the garbage bin.

Suddenly he stooped, picked up all the papers and crammed them in his pocket so that, I suppose, he could destroy them elsewhere.

He rang a bell and two men came from the outer office. "this man has no papers," said the senior officer, "he will have to be deported. . . ." "But," said the officer who had stamped my papers, "I saw them, I stamped them myself." The senior turned to him enraged and said such things that made the poor man turn pale. And so eventually I was taken to a cell and left there.

The next day a simpering young idiot from the Foreign Office came, stroked his baby face and agreed with me that I must have had the necessary papers. But, he said, the Foreign Office could not have trouble with the Immigration Office so I would have to be sacrificed. The best thing I could do, he said, would be to agree that my papers had been lost overboard, otherwise I should be lodged in prison for quite a time and after the end of my sentence I should still be deported. Two years in prison

was a thought that did not suit me at all. So I had to sign a paper saying that my passport had been lost at sea.

“Now,” said the young man, “you will be deported to New York.” This was too much for me because I had left from Montreal and Quebec, but the answer was quick; I had to go to New York because if I went to the Province of Quebec and told my story the press might get hold of it and make a commotion, because the press were always avid for anything sensational—not from a point of view of doing anyone any good but just because the press thrived—and thrive—on sensation and on trouble.

I was kept in a cell for a time, and then one day I was told I was to be deported the next day. In the morning I was led out of the cell and the senior officer was there beaming with joy that he, petty little bureaucrat that he was—had managed to subvert justice to his own wishes.

In the afternoon I was taken to the ship, and told that I would have to do work, and it would be the hardest work aboard ship, trimming coal in the bunkers of one of the oldest of old coal burners.

Then I was taken back to the cell because the ship was not yet ready to leave and the Captain could not accept me aboard until an hour before departure time. Twenty-four hours later I was taken to the ship and locked in a very small cabin where I was kept until the ship sailed beyond territorial limits.

After a time I was released from the cell, for that is what the small cabin was, and then given a battered shovel and rake and told to clean out the clinkers, etcetera.

So I sailed back across the Atlantic, back toward New York, and as the first loom of land appeared in the morning the Captain sent for me and spoke to me alone. He told me that he agreed I had been unjustly treated. He told me that the police were coming aboard to arrest me and I would be sentenced for illegal entry into the U.S.A., and then after serving a sentence I would be deported to China. He looked about him, and then went to a drawer in his desk saying, “A man like you can easily escape if you want to. The biggest difficulty is the handcuffs. Here is a

key which will fit American handcuffs, I will turn away and you can take the key. As you can understand I cannot give you the key, but if you take it—well, I need know nothing about it.”

So saying he turned, and I quickly pocketed the key. That Captain was a very decent man indeed. As the U.S. police came aboard checking their handcuffs he told them that I was not likely to cause any trouble, he told them that in his own opinion I had done nothing wrong and I was just being framed by an unpleasant immigration officer. The senior policeman laughed cynically and said that he quite agreed, every man was being framed by someone else, and with that he snapped the handcuffs on my wrists and gave me a rough punch toward the Jacob's ladder—the ladder by which pilots and policemen enter and leave ships still at sea.

With some difficulty I managed to get down the ladder although the police were expressing hopes that I would fall in and they would have to fish me out. Aboard the police launch I was roughly pushed down in the stern. Then the two policemen went about their job of filling in a report and turning their launch towards the shore.

I waited my chance until the wharves were near, and then when the police were not looking in my direction I just jumped over the side.

The water was dreadful. There was a thin, scum of oil and filth on the surface, filth which was the sewage of the ships and liners docked there, filth which had blown off the wharves, floating newspapers, floating boxes, bits of coke, all manner of strange pieces of wood just floating by. I dived deep and managed to get hold of the key and unlock the handcuffs which I let drop to the bottom of the harbour.

I had to come up for air, and as I broke surface there was a fuselage of shots quite close to me, so close that one of the bullets splattered water in my face. So, with a quick gulp of air, I sank down again and struck out not for the closest ward-pilings, but one rather more distant with the

thought that the police would expect me to swim for the nearest.

Slowly I let myself rise to the surface until only my mouth and chin were above water. Then again I took a deep breath, and another, and another. No shots came my way, but I could just barely see the police launch cruising about in front of the nearer wharf.

Gently I let myself sink again and swam slowly—to conserve my air supply—to the wharf.

There was a sudden bump, and instinctively my hands went out and clasped on that which I had bumped my head. It was a mess of half-sunken timbers which apparently had fallen from the partly ruined wharf above me. I clung to that with just my face out of the water. Slowly, as I could hear no sound, I sat up and in the distance I could see the police launch which had been joined by two others prowling about beneath the piles of the other wharf. On top of the wharf armed police were dashing around searching various buildings.

I kept still because suddenly a boat came along with three policemen in it. They were rowing silently. One of the policemen had a pair of binoculars and he was scrutinising all the wharves in the area. Slowly I slid off the beam and let myself sink in the water so that only my nose and mouth were above the surface. Eventually I raised my head a bit and the boat was a long way away. As I looked I heard a shout, “Guess the guy’s a stiff by now, we’ll pick up his body later.”

I lay again on the beam shivering uncontrollably in the coldness of wet clothing and the stiff breeze which blew across me.

When darkness was falling I managed to get on to the top of the wharf and darted for the shelter of a shed. A man was approaching and I saw he was a Lascar, and he looked quite friendly so I gave a low whistle. He strolled nonchalantly on and, quite without purpose it seemed, he edged toward my hiding place. Then he stooped to pick up some pieces of paper which were lying about. “Come out

cautious like,” he said, “a coloured gentleman is waiting with a truck, he’ll get you out of this.”

Well, eventually I did get out of it, but I was in a sorry state indeed, I was suffering from exhaustion and from exposure. I got into the garbage truck, a tarpaulin stretched over me, and a whole load of garbage dumped on top!

The coloured man took me to his home and I was well looked after, but for two days and nights I slept the sleep of the totally exhausted.

During my exhaustion, while the physical body was repairing itself, I made an astral journey and saw my beloved Guide and friend, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. He said to me, “Your sufferings have truly been great, too great. Your sufferings have been the sour fruit of man’s inhumanity to Man, but your body is getting worn out and soon you will have to undergo the ceremony of transmigration.”

In the astral world I sat and my companion sat with me. I was told more.

“Your present body is in a state of collapse, the life of that body will not continue much longer. We feared that such conditions would prevail in the wild Western world that you would be impaired, and so we have been looking about for a body which you could take over and which in time would reproduce all your own features.

“We have determined that there is such a person. His body is on a very very low harmonic of your own, otherwise, of course, a change could not take place. The bodies must be compatible, and this person has a body which is compatible. We have approached him in the astral because we saw that he contemplated suicide. It is a young Englishman who is very very dissatisfied with life, he is not at all happy with life, and for some time he has been trying to decide on the most painless method of what he calls ‘self-destruction.’ He is perfectly willing to leave his body and journey here to the astral world provided he doesn’t lose by it!

“We persuaded him a little time ago to change his name

to that which you are now using, so there are a few more things to be settled and then—well, you will have to change bodies.”

It was very, very necessary, I was instructed, that I should return to Tibet before I could undergo the necessary process of transmigration. Careful instructions were given to me and when I felt well enough I went to a shipping office and took passage to Bombay. Once again was subjected to all manner of harassment because my luggage consisted of just one case. But at last I got aboard the ship and when I was in my cabin two detectives came to visit me to find out why I had only one case. Assured that I had adequate luggage in India they smiled happily and went away.

It was most strange being a passenger aboard ship. Everyone avoided me because I was a pariah who had only one case of luggage. The others, of course, seemed to have enough luggage to stock a whole store, but I—apparently the poorest of the poor—must be a fugitive from justice, or something, to travel as I did, and so I was avoided.

The ship went from New York all the way up along the coast of Africa and through the Straits of Gibraltar. Then we made another stop at Alexandria before entering the Suez Canal, and so on to the Red Sea. The Red Sea was terrible, the heat was murderous, and I almost got heat stroke. But finally we passed the coast of Ethiopia crossed the Arabian sea, and docked at Bombay. The noise and smell in Bombay was terrible, fantastic in fact, but I had a few friends, a Buddhist priest and a few influential people, and so my weeks stay in Bombay was made interesting.

After the week in which I tried to recover from all the shocks and strains I had had I was put on a train and crossed India to the city of Kalimpong. I managed to drop off the train before it actually entered Kalimpong because I had been warned that the place was absolutely thronged with Communist spies and newspaper men, and new arrivals were stopped and questioned by newspaper men

and as I found to be true later—if one would not give an interview the newspaper men “invented” one without any regard whatever to the truth.

I knew Kalimpong slightly, certainly I knew enough to get in touch with some friends and so “went underground” away from spies and away from newspaper men.

By now my health was deteriorating very rapidly, and there were serious fears that I would not live long enough to undergo the ceremony of transmigration. A lama who had been trained at Chakpori with me was in Kalimpong and he came to my assistance with very potent herbs.

I moved on in the company of this medical lama —and after ten weeks of hard travel we reached a lamasery overlooking the Valley of Lhasa. It was high and inaccessible, it was inconspicuous, and Communists would not bother about such a small insignificant place. Here again I rested, I rested for some seven days in all. On the morrow, I was told one day, I should journey into the astral and meet the astral body of the man whose physical vehicle I was going to take over.

For the present I rested, and mused upon the problems of transmigration. This person’s body was not of much use to me because it was HIS body and had a lot of vibrations incompatible with my own. In time, I was told, the body would conform exactly to my own body when at that same age, and if Westerners find this a difficult matter to believe or understand, let me put it like this; the Western world knows about electro-plating, and the Western world also knows about electro-typing. In the latter system an article can be immersed in a certain fluid and a special “connector” is applied opposite the article, and when current is turned on at the correct rate and amperage an exact duplicate of the original item is built up. This is known as electro-typing.

Again, it is possible to do electro-plating. One can plate in a variety of metals, nickel, chromium, rhodium, copper, silver, gold, platinum, etcetera. One merely has to know how to do it. But the current flows from one pole to another through a liquid, and the molecules of one pole

are transferred to the other pole. It is a simple enough system, but this is not a treatise on electro-plating. Transmigration and the replacing molecule by molecule of the “fabric” of the host by that of the— what shall I say?— new occupant is very real, it has been done time after time by those who know how. Fortunately those who know how have always been people of reliable character, otherwise it would be a terrible thing indeed if one did just take over another person’s body and do harm. I felt rather smug, foolishly so perhaps, when I thought that—well, I am going to do good, I don’t want to take over anyone else’s silly body, all I want is peace. But it seemed there was to be no peace in my life.

In passing, and as one who has studied all religions, I must point out that Adepts did it for life after life. The Dalai Lama himself had done so, and the body of Jesus was taken over by the Spirit of the Son of God, and it had been common knowledge even in the Christian belief until it was banned because it made people too complacent.

From my high viewpoint in this remote isolated lamasery I could look out upon the distant city of Lhasa; quite a powerful telescope had somehow been smuggled out of the Potala and brought here, so one of my idle amusements was to use the telescope and look at the surly Chinese guards at the Pargo Kaling. I saw the troops rushing about in their jeeps, I saw through that telescope many unspeakable things done to men and to women, and I recalled with great horror that I had fought on the side of the Chinese as had many others, and now the Chinese were not behaving according to their promises, according to their avowed principles. All they thought of was violence.

It was hard to believe, looking out of the glassless window, that this was the same Tibet, the same Lhasa, that I had known before. Here the golden Sun still struck gleaming rays through ravines in the mountains, the silvery Moon still traversed the blackness of the night sky, and the distant pinpoints of coloured light which were the stars still stabbed down through the roof of Heaven. Night birds

did not call, though, as of yore because the Chinese Communists killed everything on sight. To my horror I found that they were extinguishing the life of those creatures I loved so much. Birds, they say, ate the grain which would cause humans to starve. Cats were killed, so no longer, so I was told, were there any cats left in Lhasa. Dogs were killed and eaten by the Chinese. It seemed to be a Chinese delicacy. So not only poor humans were being subjected to death at the hands of the Chinese Communists, animals too, the pets of Gods, were being exterminated for no worthwhile reason. I was sick at heart at all the horrors being perpetrated on a harmless, innocent people. As I gazed out at the darkening sky I was overcome with emotion, overcome with sorrow, and then I thought, well I have this job to do, much evil has been forecast in my life. I hope I am strong enough to endure all that which has been foretold.

For some time I had been dimly aware of much excitement, of an air of expectancy, and my attention had been drawn again and again to Lhasa. The telescope was wonderful. But it was difficult looking out through a slit window with such a cumbersome article so I turned to a pair of twenty magnification binoculars which also had been brought and which offered greater maneuverability for views beyond the angle of the telescope in the window.

My attention was suddenly distracted from looking out for three men entered, two of them supporting the one between them. I turned and looked at him in horror; he was blind, his eyes had been gouged out leaving red pools. His nose was missing. The two men with him gently helped him to a sitting position, and in fascinated horror I recognised him as one that I had known before, as one who had helped me with my studies at Chakpori. The two attendants bowed and left. The lama and I were facing each other, and he spoke in a low voice: "My brother," he said to me, "I can well discern your thoughts. You wonder how I got in a condition like this. I will tell you. I was out about my lawful occasion and I happened to glance up toward Iron Mountain. A Chinese Communist officer sud-

denly turned from where he was sitting in his car and accused me of staring at him and thinking evil thoughts towards him. Naturally I denied the charge for such was not the truth, I was merely looking at our beloved home. But no, the officer said that all priests were liars and reactionists, and he gave abrupt orders to his men. I was seized and knocked down, and then a rope was put around my chest and knotted behind my back. The other end was tied to the rear of the car in which the officer sat. Then, with a whoop of joy, he drove off dragging me face down on the road.”

The old lama stopped and lifted his robe. I gasped with horror because all the skin and much of the flesh had been torn off from head to foot, shreds of flesh hung down, and the inside of his robe was just a bloody mess. He carefully lowered his robe again, and said, “Yes, the roughness of the road tore off my nose, it tore off other things too, and now I am waiting to pass over to the Land Beyond. But before I can have that release I have one more task to do.”

He paused for a moment or two, getting back some energy, and then said, “this matter of transmigration and the possibility that we might have to use it has been known for many years, and I was in charge of the project, I had to study the ancient manuscripts to find out as much as I could about it. I had to consult the Akashic Records and I had to amass as much knowledge as I could.” He paused again, but then went on, “the Chinese eventually released me from my bonds but the officer had one more evil deed to do. He kicked me as I lay on my back in the dirt and said, “You stared at me and you wished me evil, for that you shall stare no more.” One of his men picked up a sharp narrow flint from the roadway and stuck it in my eyeballs, one after the other, and just flipped my eyeballs out so that they dangled on my cheeks. Then with a laugh they went away and left me as I was, with my nose ripped off, my body ripped and torn, no longer would one be able to say if I was a man or a woman because such parts had been torn off, and on my cheeks rested my

blinded eyes with the orbs perforated and the fluid spilling out and running down to my ears.

“When they were able to, shocked people came to my aid and I was lifted up and carried into a house. I fainted, and when I recovered consciousness I found that my eyes had been removed and I had been well treated with herbal packs. Stealthily by night I was carried up into the mountains to await your coming, now I have to tell you much, and to accompany you into a journey into the astral from which I shall not return.”

He rested yet awhile that he might regain a little of his strength, and then when a slight colour was returning to his cheeks he said, “We must go into the astral.”

So we went the familiar route again. Each of us was sitting in the lotus position, that position which we of the East find the easiest to maintain. We said our suitable mantras with which our vibrations were so heightened that with the almost imperceptible jerk which accompanies such transition we departed from our bodies, I temporarily and my companion permanently.

The greyness of Earth and the white of the eternal snows departed from our sight. Before us there appeared a veil, a veil which shimmered bluish-white, a veil which as one first approached it appeared to be an impenetrable barrier, but those who knew how could enter without hindrance. This we did, and found ourselves in an area of glorious light with impressions of joy.

At that point of the astral world which we entered we were upon a green sward, the grass was short and springy beneath our feet. “Ah!” breathed the lama with me, “How wonderful to see again, how wonderful to be without pain. Soon my task will be finished then I shall be Home for a time at least.” So saying he led me along a pleasant path.

There were trees about, many many trees, all in green and red and yellow leaf. To the side of us there swept a majestic river, mirroring in its watery surface the deep blue of the sky above. Faint fleecy clouds drifted lazily across the sky and there was an atmosphere of bubbling life, of vitality, of health, of happiness.

In the trees birds sang, birds of a type which I had not seen on Earth for these were glorious creatures indeed, birds of many different colours, birds of many different plumage.

The old man and I walked on among the trees, and then we came to an open space which was indeed a garden, a garden of brilliant flowers, none of a type that could be recognized by me. The flowers seemed to nod toward us as if greeting us. In the distance I could see people wandering about as if they were luxuriating in this glorious garden. Every so often a person would bend and sniff a flower. At times others would reach up skywards, and a bird would come and land on his outstretched hand. There was no fear here, only peace and contentment.

We walked on a while, and then before us we saw what seemed to be an immense temple. It had a cupola of shining gold and the walls which supported it were of a light fawn colour. Other buildings stretched away from it, each in a pastel shade, all in harmony, but at the entrance to the temple a group of people were waiting. Some of them wore the robes of Tibet, and another—I could not understand what he was wearing for the moment, it looked as if he was wearing black or something very dark. And then I saw as we approached that it was a man of the Western world attired in Western raiment.

At our approach the lamas turned and spread their hands in our direction, spread their hands in welcome. I saw that one of them was my Guide and friend, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, so I knew that all would be well for this man was good and good only. Another figure I saw was even more eminent when upon the earthly plane, but now he was just one of the welcoming “committee” awaiting us.

Our happy greetings were soon exchanged, and then as one we moved into the body of the great temple, traversing the central hall and moving further into that building. We entered a small room the existence of which was not easy to discern, it appeared as if the walls slid away and, admitting us to its presence, closed solidly behind us.

My Guide, obviously the spokesman, turned to me and said, "My brother, here is the young man whose body you are going to inhabit." I turned and faced the young man aghast. Certainly there was no resemblance at all between us, he was much smaller than I, and the only resemblance between us was that he was bald the same as I! My Guide laughed at me and shook an admonitory finger at my nose: "Now, now, Lobsang," he laughed, "not so quick with your decisions. All this has been planned, first I am going to show you some pictures from the Akashic Record." And this he did.

Upon completing our viewing of the Record he said, addressing the young man, "Now young man, I think it is time that you told us something about yourself, for if one is to take over your body then it certainly is time for the one taking over to know that with which he is faced."

The young man, so addressed, looked very truculent indeed and replied in sullen tones, "Well, no, I have nothing to say about my past, it has always been held against me. Whatever I do say about my past it will only be used to pull me down." My Guide looked sadly at him and said, "Young man, we here have vast experience of these things and we do not judge a man by what his parentage is alleged to be but what that man is himself." My Guide sighed and then said, "You were going to commit the mortal sin of suicide, a sin indeed, a sin which could have cost you dear in many many lives of hardship to atone. We offer you peace, peace in the astral, so that you may gain understanding of some of those things which have troubled you throughout your life. The more you cooperate the more easily can we help you as well as helping that task which we have before us." The young man shook his head in negation, and said, "No, the agreement was that I wanted to leave my body, you wanted to stuff someone else in it, that's all the agreement was, I hold you to it".

Suddenly there was a flash and the young man disappeared. The old lama with me, who was now a young man full health, exclaimed, "Oh dear, dear, with such trucu-

lent thoughts he could not stay with us here on this astral plane. Now we shall have to go to where he is sleeping in a room alone. But for this night we must let him sleep, we do not want to injure the body, so I shall have to return somehow to Lhasa with you until the next night.”

Time passed, and I could see that the old lama was failing rapidly, so I said to him, “time we went into the astral.” “Yes,” he replied, “I shall not see this body of mine again. I must go, we must go, for if I die before I am in the astral that will delay us.”

Together we encountered that jerk and soared on and upwards, but not into the astral world we had visited before. This time we soared across the world to a house in England. We saw in the physical the face of the man whom I had previously seen only in the astral. He looked so discontented, so unhappy. We tried to attract his attention but he was sleeping very soundly indeed. The old lama whispered, “Are you coming?” I whispered, “Are you coming?” And we kept it up, first one and then the other, until at last very very reluctantly the astral form of this man emerged from his physical body. Slowly it oozed out, slowly it coalesced above him in the exact shape of his body, then it reversed its position, head of the astral body to the feet. The form tilted and landed on his feet. He certainly looked very truculent and, I could see, he had absolutely no recollection of seeing us before. This was astounding to me, but my companion whispered that he had been in such a bad temper and had slammed back in his body so violently that he had completely obliterated all memories of what had happened to him.

“so you want to leave your body?” I asked. “I most certainly do,” he almost snarled back at me. “I absolutely hate it here.” I looked at him and I shuddered with apprehension and, not to put too fine a point upon it, with pure fright. How was I going to take over the body of a man like this? Such a truculent man, so difficult. But, there it was. He laughed and said, “so YOU want my body? Well it doesn’t matter what you want, it doesn’t matter who you

are in England, all that matters is who do you know, how much have you got.”

We talked to him for a time and he grew calmer and I said, “Well, one thing, you will have to grow a beard. I cannot shave my beard because my jaws have been damaged by the Japanese. Can you grow a beard?” “Yes, sir,” he replied, “I can and I will.”

I thought for a moment and then I said, “Very well, you should be able to grow a suitable beard in a month. In one month’s time, then, I will come and I will take over your body and you shall be allowed to go to an astral world so that you may recover your tranquillity and know that there is joy in living.” Then I said, “It would help us greatly, greatly, if you would tell us your life story because although we have seen much in the astral by way of the Akashic Records there still is a boon to be derived by hearing the actual experiences from the person concerned.”

He looked dreadfully truculent again, and said, “No, no I cannot bear to speak of it, I am not going to say another word.”

Sadly we turned away and went into the astral world so that we could again consult the Akashic Record to see much of his life, but in the Akashic Record one sees all that has happened, one does not necessarily get the unspoken opinions of a person, we see the act but not the thought which preceded the act.

But let us now take a leap forward from those days many years ago. The young man now, many many years in the astral world, has mellowed somewhat and to some small extent appreciates the difficulties with which we are confronted. He has, then, agreed to tell us his own life story. He upon the astral world, and I, Lobsang Rampa, here upon the world of Earth trying to write down precisely as dictated those things which the young man tells. We will have his story shortly, but it is necessary to emphasise that names will not be given for they cause distress to others. This is not a story of vengeance, this is not a story of bitterness. Actually, it is a story in this book of triumph over seemingly impossible obstacles. There have

been many attempts to stop my books but I have ever been mindful of the way a man steps forth, even though dogs be yapping at his feet; I have ever been mindful that a man can continue his work even though midges and blowflies swarm about him. So I say, I have no need for bitterness for that which I wanted to do is now possible, and my present task is just to complete the task of another who “fell by the roadside.”

Again, I say with the utmost sincerity at my command that all these books of mine are true, utterly true, they are written without authors’ license, they contain the truth as these things happened to me. All the things that I write about I can do, but not for public exhibition because I am neither charlatan nor showman. The things I do are for the completion of my task.

So now let us turn the page and read what there is that the young man said.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

This is the story of the life of the Host. It is a story which is difficult in the telling because the teller is on the astral plane and the one who has to transcribe it is upon the earth plane in the city of Calgary, Alberta, Canada. This life story is out of context, it interposes a break between that which has already been written and the part which naturally would continue, but when one is dealing with affairs of the astral then one has to make some concessions in the matter of time because time on the astral plane is not the same as time on the earth plane. Hence this life story is being given now, and the explanation as to why it is being now is made here to avoid a spate of letters asking all manner of questions. From this point on, then two and until I so indicate everything written is dictated by the one whom we will call the “Host.”

Grandfather was a very important man indeed; at least in the rural district of Plympton which, so far as I remember, included Plympton St. Mary, Plympton St. Maurice, Underwood and Colebrook, together with quite a number of other sub-locations.

Grandfather was Chief of the Waterworks of Plympton. Every day he used to go in pony and trap all the way up the hill until a mile or so uphill he came to an enclosed mound with a little hut on it, the reservoir was covered in. Grandfather used to go up there with a four foot stick, one end of which was saucer shaped and the other rounded. He used to walk about with his ear to the saucer shaped end, the other end he put in contact with the ground and he could hear the water rushing through the pipes below to feed the taps of Plympton, Underwood, Colebrook, and other districts.

Grandfather also had quite a thriving business, employing several men and a lot of apprentices. He taught them plumbing—hence the scurrilous tales which later were to arise—tinsmithing, and general engineering. In those days, right at the start of the century, people did not rush to supermarkets to obtain kettles, saucepans, frying pans, and all the rest of it; these things were made by hand, and Grandfather's men made them.

Grandfather lived at Mayoralty House in Plympton St. Maurice, the house really had been the house of the Mayor and it was right opposite the Guildhall and the Police Station.

Mayoralty House consisted of four to five acres of land divided into three sections. The first section abutted from the four story house and formed a walled garden of probably just under an acre. In that garden near the house there was a grotto built of very large pebbles and with windows of various coloured glasses. Outside that there was a small lawn with flowers and plants all along the edges. In the middle there was a large fish pond nicely tiled and with a fountain and with waterwheels at the ends. A jet of water could be turned on and the waterwheels would spin around. Then there was a little bob

which went down into the water, and at certain times of the day fish would pull on that bob and a bell would ring and then they would be fed.

Facing the fish pond there were two large wall aviaries, very carefully maintained and thoroughly cleaned. In these there were two dead trees fixed against the wall and it provided an ideal spot for the very tame birds. The birds were so tame that when Grandfather went into the aviaries, by opening the doors of course, none of the birds flew out.

Further down to that first part of the garden there was a greenhouse, one of Grandfather's joys. And beyond that a small orchard.

Outside that walled garden there was a private roadway which left the main street and went down under part of Mayoralty House—which went as a bridge across that roadway and at the bottom there were what had been malshouses in days gone by. The malshouses were not used when I knew them because it was much cheaper, apparently, to ship malt in to Plympton from a few hundred miles away.

By the malshouse there was the Fire Station. Grandfather owned the Fire Brigade and he had horses which drew the fire engines to the scene of the fire. He did all this as a public service, but if businesses or big households were saved from burning down then Grandfather, of course, charged them a reasonable fee. But for poor people he made no charge. The fire engines were very well maintained and they were manned by volunteers or by his own staff.

Here, too, there were the yards where much of his outdoor equipment was kept, wagons and things like that. Here, too, he had two peacocks which were his pride and joy and which always came to him when he made certain noises.

One went through that yard and through a gate into a garden which was, I suppose, about two and a half or three acres in extent. Here he grew vegetables, fruit trees, and the whole garden was extremely well cared for.

Beneath the house—beneath that four story house—there were workshops without any windows but seemingly well ventilated. Here master craftsmen, tinsmiths, coppersmiths, and apprentices worked, and they had to work quite hard too.

Grandfather had two sons as well as a daughter. Both sons were thrust willy-nilly into apprenticeship. They had to learn general engineering, tinsmithing, coppersmithing—and the ubiquitous plumbing, and they had to stay at their studies until they could pass all the tests and get a certificate of registration.

My Father was quite a good engineer but after a time he broke away from Grandfather saying that Grandfather's control was too strict, too domineering. My Father went away to a different house still in St. Maurice but it was called Brick House because it was the only red brick house in that street. Father married and for a time lived in St. Maurice. First a son was born who shortly died, and then a daughter was born, and quite a time after I was born, and I have always believed that I was the unwanted accident, certainly I was never favoured in any way, I was never popular, never permitted to have friends. Everything I did was automatically wrong, everything my sister did was automatically right. It makes one rather disgruntled after a time to always be the unwanted one and to see the favourite get everything, to see her with her friends and her parties and all the rest of it. Even second best was considered to be too good for me.

Mother and Father moved to Ridgeway in the Parish of St. Mary. There they started a business—no, not plumbing—an engineering business which included electricity which was only then coming into popular use. My Father was a very nice man indeed so far as he could afford to be a very nice man. He was a Scorpio, and my Mother was a Virgo. She had come from an extremely good family in another part of Devonshire. The family had had a lot of money previously and a lot of land, but her father and a neighbour fell to quarreling over a right-of-way, and—well—eventually they went to law. A verdict was given and was

appealed, and so it went on until they had hardly any money left, certainly they had no money to continue litigation, and so the land which had been the cause of all the trouble was sold.

Mother and Father did not get on. Mother was too domineering, she was known locally as ‘the Lady’ because of her high ambitions. She had been made very bitter by the loss of the family fortunes. Unfortunately she seemed to take her bitterness out on her husband and on me.

Grandfather had a brother who was a most talented artist, he was a Royal Academician and had made a very satisfactory name for himself. I remember one painting of his in particular always enthralled me. It was a picture of the Old Barbican, Plymouth; the Barbican as it was when the Mayflower sailed for the U.S.A. This was a wonderful picture, it glowed with living colour, it was mellow, and one could look at it and actually soon find that one was “there.” Uncle Richard, as we called him, always said that that picture would go to one of us children. It did, to my sister and it is one thing which I really, really coveted, it was the thing that I wanted above all else except a few years later when I had been promised a model train—a blue train—and to my juvenile eyes it was the most wonderful train in the whole world, I had been solemnly promised it, and then on the day I was to have it I was told “Oh no you can’t have it. Your sister wants a piano. Your Father and I are going to get it now.” Yes, I really wanted that train as I wanted the picture.

Things like that were always happening. My sister had a wonderful bicycle, I was left to walk. But that is not the purpose of this writing, I am having to tell all this because, I am told, it was part of the agreement when I consented to have my body taken over. I was sick of the damned body anyhow. It was all wrong.

I was born sickly, and my birth made my mother very ill. She seemed to get some sort of poisoning when I was born, and for some strange reason it was held against me just as if I had poisoned her. There was nothing I could

do about it, I was too young to know anything about it. Anyway she was very ill, so was I and I was ill all my life on Earth. I was sickly. We had a doctor, Dr. Duncan Stamp, he was one of the real doctors, always studying, always getting different letters after his name. He hadn't much sympathy, but he had plenty of knowledge. He didn't like me and I didn't like him. But I remember one extraordinary thing; one day I was—well, they said I was dying. This Dr. Stamp came along to my bed and he seemed to hang something up from a light fixture and run tubes down to me. To this day I don't know what he did but I made a recovery, and I always thought of him after as the miracle worker.

I remember in the Great War, that is the First Great War. My parents and I and my sister were on North Road Station, Plymouth. We had had to visit somebody in an area called Penny-Come-Quick. It was late at night and suddenly we heard gunfire and searchlight beams flickered across the sky, and in the beam of searchlight I saw my first Zeppelin. It flew over Plymouth and then went out to sea again, but that is another incident I have never forgotten, how that ship looked in the crossed beams of light.

Plympton is an old old place full of history. There is the great church of St. Mary's at the foot of Church Hill. As one went down the hill the church spire seemed to be still higher than the top of the hill. One went down and went along by the churchyard, and then turned left. If one passed the church one came to the priory and various old religious houses, the use of which had been discontinued by the clergy because, apparently, some division of power had taken place and the head offices of the church had been removed to Buckfast.

Behind the priory there was a pleasant stream in which there were reeds and osiers. Here people used to get reeds and rushes for the making of baskets and other containers. Here, too, a hundred or so years before, they used to make mead which was the drink of the time.

The church was a most imposing place, of grey stone with a great tower with four little pillars at each corner of

the tower. The bells were wonderful when properly played and campanologists used to come from all over Devon to ring the changes, as they called them, and the Plympton bell ringers used to go around in their turn showing their own skill.

St. Maurice church was not so grand as that of St. Mary. It was smaller and was obviously a satellite church. In those days St. Maurice and St. Mary's were separate communities with hardly any social movement between them. Colebrook and Underwood had no churches, they had instead to go to St. Maurice or St. Mary.

Plympton had its share of great houses, but most of them had been badly damaged by Oliver Cromwell and his men. Many of them had been demolished by the order of Judge Jeffreys, but Plympton Castle, that was a place that fascinated me. There was a great mound with the remnants of sturdy stone walls on it, and the walls were so thick, and some of us found that there was a tunnel going through the walls lengthwise. Some of the more hardy boys said they had been in to a strange chamber below the walls in which there were supposed to be skeletons, but I never got to be that venturesome, I just accepted their word. Plympton Castle stood on an amphitheater, a big round space with a raised bank around it. The raised bank was a very nice place as a promenade, but the sunken piece in-between—as if in the centre of a saucer—was much used by circuses and other forms of public entertainment.

I was sent to my first school to a place called—of all unlikely names—Co-op Fields. It was so named because originally it was property owned by the Plympton Co-operative Wholesale Society. The land had been sold to raise funds for other development and a few houses had been built there, then a few more, and a few more, so that in the end it became a separate community, almost a small village on its own. And here I went to school. It was—well, I think it would be called a Dames School. It was Miss Gillings and her sister. Together they ran what purported to be a school, but really it was more to keep

unruly children from plaguing their unwilling parents. The walk from Ridgeway right out to Miss Gillings school was a terrible ordeal for me in my sickly condition, but there was nothing I could do about it, I just had to go. After a time, though, I was considered to be too big to go to that school any longer so I was transferred to a Preparatory School. It was called Mr. Beard's school. Mr. Beard was a nice old man, a really clever old man, but he could not impose discipline.

He had retired from school life and then, getting bored with retirement, he had opened his own school, and the only premises he could find was a big room attached to the George Hotel. The George Hotel was at the top of George Hill and was quite well known. One entered under an archway and the ground was paved, and then to get to Mr. Beard's school one had to go all the way through the courtyard, past all the former stables and coach houses. At the far side of the yard there were wooden steps going up to a room which looked as if it had been an assembly hall. That was the first school where I started to learn anything, and I did not learn much, but that was my fault not the fault of old Beard. Actually, he was far too gentle to be a schoolmaster, people took advantage of him.

After a time the Plympton Grammar school reopened in a fresh location. Plympton Grammar School was one of the most famous Grammar Schools of England, many famous people had been there including Joshua Reynolds. In the old Grammar School in St. Maurice his name and the names of many other very famous people were carved into the desks and into the woodwork, but that school building had had to be closed down because the ravages of time had attacked the building and the upper floors were considered to be unsafe.

After a long search a very large house was secured which was in the shadow of Plympton Castle, in the shadow, actually, of that round part where the circuses use to come.

Vast sums were paid for its conversion, and I was one of the first pupils to be enrolled in that school. I didn't like

it a bit, I hated the place. Some of the teachers had been demobilized from the forces and instead of treating children as children they treated children as bloody-minded troops. One teacher in particular had a most vicious habit of breaking sticks of chalk in half and throwing each half with all his might at some offender, and although you might think that chalk couldn't do much damage I have seen a boy's face lacerated by the impact. Nowadays, I suppose the teacher would have gone to prison for bodily assault, but at least it kept us in order.

For recreation we had to go to the playing fields of the old Grammar School which gave us a walk of about a mile, a mile there, then all the exercise, etcetera, a mile back.

Eventually time came to leave school. I hadn't done anything too good but, then, I hadn't done anything too bad either. In addition to schoolwork I had to take some correspondence courses, and I got a few little bits of paper saying I was qualified in this, that, or something else. But when the time came to leave school my parents, without any such frivolities as asking me what I would like to be, apprenticed me to a motor engineering firm in Plymouth. So almost to the day on which I left school I was sent to this firm in Old Town Street, Plymouth. They sold a few cars, etcetera, but they were more concerned with motorcycles, in fact they were the South Devon agents for Douglas motorcycles. Again, it was an unsympathetic place because all that mattered was work. I used to leave Plympton early in the morning and travel by bus to Plymouth, five and a half miles away. By the time lunch time came I was famished, so whatever the weather I used to take my sandwiches—there was nothing to drink except water—and went to a little park at the back of St. Andrew's church, Plymouth. There I used to sit in the park and get my sandwiches down as fast as I could, otherwise I should have been late.

It was very very hard work indeed because sometime we apprentices were sent out as far away as Crown Hill to fetch a heavy motorcycle. Well, we went to Crown Hill or

other places by bus—only one of us to one place, of course—and then we were faced with the problem of getting the blasted bikes back. We couldn't ride them because they were faulty, so the only ride we got was going downhill.

I remember one time I had to go to Crown Hill to fetch a very big Harley Davidson motorcycle. The owner had telephoned in and said the bike could be picked up right outside, so I went there, got off the bus, saw this motor bike, pushed it off its stand and pushed it away. I had done about three miles when a police car pulled up right in front of me. Two policemen got out and I thought they were going to kill me! One grabbed me by the neck, the other grabbed my arms behind me, and all so suddenly was propped up by the side of the road and I was bundled into the back of the police car and whisked off to Crown Hill Police Station. Here a shouting Police sergeant threatened me with all manner of terrible deaths unless I told them who were my fellow gangsters.

Now, I wasn't very old at this time and I just didn't know what he was talking about, so he gave me a few cuffs about the ears and then put me in a cell. He wouldn't listen to my explanation that I had come to fetch a motorcycle as instructed.

About eight hours later one of the men from the firm came and identified me, and confirmed that I had been quite legitimately collecting a faulty motor bike. The police sergeant gave me a cuff across the face and told me not to get in trouble again and not to bother them. So I don't like policemen, I have had trouble with police all through my life, and I would swear this: Never have I done anything which warrants police persecution. Each time it has just been police slovenliness, such as that time when they wouldn't let me explain what had happened.

The next day, though, the owner of the bike came into the firm and laughed like a maniac. He was quite unsympathetic, he didn't seem to think what a shock it was to be hauled off and taken to a police cell.

One day I could hardly get out of bed, I felt ill, I felt so ill I just wanted to die. It was no good, my Mother insisted on getting me out of bed. So eventually I had to go without any breakfast, the day was wet and the day was cold. She went with me to the bus stop and shoved me on the old Devon Motor Transport bus so roughly that I fell to my knees.

I got to work, but after about two hours there I fainted and somebody said I ought to be taken home, but the man in charge said they didn't have time to run around after apprentices in trouble, so I was kept there until the end of the day, no breakfast, no lunch, nothing.

At the end of the working day I made my way most dizzily along the street toward the bus stop in front of St. Andrew's church. Fortunately there was a bus waiting and I collapsed into a corner seat. When I got home I just had enough strength to totter into bed. There wasn't much interest in any welfare, nobody asked how I was feelings, nobody asked why I couldn't eat my dinner, I just went off to bed.

I had a terrible night, I felt I was on fire and I was wet through with perspiration. In the morning my Mother came along and awakened me quite roughly—for I had fallen into an exhausted sleep—and even she could see that I wasn't well. Eventually she phoned Dr. Stamp. Half a day later he came. He took one look at me and said, "Hospital!" So the ambulance came—in those days the ambulance was run by the local undertaker—and I was taken off to the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital. I had very bad lung trouble.

I stayed in that hospital for about eleven weeks, and then there was great discussion as to whether I should be sent to a Sanatorium or not because I'd got T.B.

Father and Mother were opposed to it because, they said, they wouldn't have time to come and visit me if I was sent to a Sanatorium a few miles away. So I stayed at home and I didn't get much better. Every so often I had to go back to hospital. Then my sight went wrong and I was taken to the Royal Eye Infirmary, Mutley Plain, which

wasn't so far from the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital. This was quite a pleasant hospital, if one can say anything is pleasant when one is blind. But eventually I was released from the hospital with greatly impaired sight and I went home again.

By now wireless was well known—it used to be wireless before radio. My Father had a crystal set and I thought it was the most marvelous thing I had ever seen in my life. Father studied a lot about radio and he made vast radio sets with many valves to them, and then he set up in business building radio sets for people and doing electrical work for people.

At this time it was decided I should go away for a change, and so, as sick as I was, I was put on an old bicycle and sent with a workman to Lydford where I had an aunt. I often wished that this aunt had been my mother. She was a very good woman indeed, and I loved her as I certainly did not love my Mother. She looked after me, she really treated me as if I were one of her own children, but, as she said, its not much to have a sick child ride twenty-five miles when he can hardly draw breath. But eventually I had to return home and the journey was much easier this time. Lydford is up in the Devonshire moors, up in Dartmoor beyond Tavistock, not too far from Okehampton, and the air was pure there and the food good.

Back at home in Plympton I started studying other correspondence courses, and then my Mother told me I ought to work. So my Father had a lot of radio sets and electrical stuff so I had to travel about selling the things to small dealers. I went all along Elburton, Modbury, Okehampton, and other places like that selling accumulators, radio parts, and electrical stuff. But after a time the very very harried life proved to be too much for me and my health broke down. I was driving a car at that time and I went blind. Now, it is a thoroughly unpleasant thing to lose one's sight completely and utterly when driving. Fortunately I was able to stop the car without any damage and I just stayed where I was until somebody came to see

what was happening and why I was blocking traffic. For a time I couldn't convince people that I was ill and that I couldn't see, but eventually the police were called and they had me taken by ambulance to hospital. My parents were informed and their first thought was about the car. When the car was driven home it was found that all the stuff I had had in it was stolen, radio sets, batteries, test equipment, everything. So I was not popular. But a spell in hospital put me right for a time, and then I went home again.

I studied some more and eventually it was decided that I should try to get training as a radio operator. So I went to Southampton and outside Southampton there was a special school which trained one to be radio operator aboard aircraft. I stayed there for some time, and passed my examinations and got a license as a first-class wireless operator. I had to go to Croydon to take the examination, and I was successful. At the same time I learned to fly aircraft and managed to get a license at that as well. But—I could not pass the medical examination for a commercial license and so I was grounded before my career started.

Back at home I was blamed quite a lot for having bad health and for wasting money in taking these courses when my health was so poor that I had been rejected. I felt a bit irritated by that because I was not to blame for my bad health, I didn't want to be ill. But there was a big family conference and my parents decided something would have to be done, I was just wasting my life.

At that identical moment the local sanitary inspector who was very friendly with my parents said there was a great opening for smoke inspectors, particularly in the big cities, people were getting worried about the ecology and there was too much smoke pollution from factories and industrial concerns so a new category of smoke inspectors had been started. There were, of course, sanitary inspectors and sanitary inspectors who were meat inspectors, but now there was a new category—smoke inspectors. The chief sanitary inspector said it would be just the thing for

me, it was a good job, well paid, and I would have to take a special course, naturally. So a new correspondence course had just been brought out for smoke inspectors. I studied it at home and passed very quickly, in three months actually, and then I was told I would have to go to London to study with the Royal Sanitary Institute in Buckingham Palace Road. So not too happily my parents advanced the money and I went to London. Every day I attended classes at the Royal Sanitary Institute, and often we went out on field trips going to factories, power stations, and all manner of queer places. At last, after three months, we had to go to an immense examination hall where there seemed to be thousands of people milling around. We were all in little groups; one who was going to take a particular examination would be isolated from others taking the same type of examination. Anyway, I passed the examination and got a certificate as a smoke inspector.

I returned to Plympton bearing my certificate and thinking that now everything would be plain sailing. But it was not to be. I applied for a job in Birmingham, and I went to Birmingham—to Lozelles—for interview. There I was told that I couldn't get the job because I was not a resident of that county.

Back to Plympton I went and tried for a job in Plymouth. But the Plymouth city council would not employ me for much the same reason except I was in the right county, but not in the right city. So it went on, and after a few years like this in which I did anything that I could do—anything to bring in enough money to keep body and soul together and to keep me in some sort of clothing—my Father died. He had been in very poor health for years. Most of the time he had been in bed, and about a year before he died his business had been sold off and the shop had been made into a doctor's surgery. The glass windows were painted green and the shop itself was the surgery with our living part being used as the consulting room and dispensary. My Mother and I lived in what had been our workrooms.

But after Father's death the doctor-combine decided to move to a fresh area and so we would have no income at all. My health was not at all good, so my Mother went to her daughter, my sister, and I had been a prize student of a correspondence college so I got a job with a surgical appliance firm in Perivale, Middlesex. I was appointed first as works manager, but when the owner of the firm found that I could write good advertising copy then he made me advertising manager as well.

I had to take courses in surgical fitting, and after that I became a surgical fitter consultant.

I was considered so good at this work that I was moved from Perivale to the heart of London, and I was the chief fitter in the London offices.

Just before I left work at the London offices war was declared between England and Germany. Everything was blacked out and I found the journey to London from Perivale and back every day to be absolutely exhausting, it tried my strength to the utmost, and during this time I got married. Well, I do not propose to say anything about this because I understand that the press on Earth have already said too much, nearly all of it untrue. I have been asked to talk about my life, so I will confine myself strictly to my life.

We could not continue to live in Perivale because conditions in traveling were too bad, so we managed to find an apartment in the Knightsbridge area of London. It was a blessing to be able to go on the tube every day to my office.

The war was hotting up, things were becoming difficult, there was heavy rationing and food shortages. Bombs were dropping heavily on London. Much of my time was spent on fire watch, I had to climb rusty iron ladders going to the top of buildings and watch out for approaching German bombers, and if I saw them in time I had to give warning to the work people below.

One day I was riding through Hyde Park on my bicycle going to work and I saw bombers approaching. One dropped bombs which seemed as if they were going to

come uncomfortably close to me, so I dropped my bicycle and ran for some trees. The bombs fell, they missed the Park and landed in Buckingham Palace where they did a fair amount of damage.

Everywhere, it seemed, bombs were dropping. One day I was having to go out on a special surgical fitting case and was approaching Charing Cross Station when suddenly a great bomb dropped out of the clouds, went into the station and right through the station to the Underground which was crowded with people. I can see even now the cloud of dust and scattered pieces of—what?— that were blown out of the hole in the station roof.

One night there was a terrific air raid and the place where my wife and I lived was bombed. We had to get out in the night just as we were. For a long time we wandered about in the darkness, other people were wandering about as well, everything was chaotic. Bombs were dropping and the sky was lurid with the flames of the burning East End. We could see St. Paul's Cathedral outlined in flame and great clouds of smoke went up. Every so often we would hear the rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire, and occasionally spent cartridges would fall down around us. Everywhere there was shrapnel falling and we wore our steel helmets cause the smoking fragments hurtling down would have gone through an unprotected body.

At last the dawn came and I phoned my employer to say that I had been bombed out. He said, "Never mind about that, you must come to work. Other people are bombed out too." So, dirty and hungry, I got on a train and went to my office. At the approach of our street there I found that it was cordoned off. I tried to go past the barrier but a most officious policeman came up and accused me of looting—tempers were quite rough at that time. Just at that moment my boss stepped out of a car and came up to me. He showed his identification papers to the policeman and together we crossed the barrier and went to our office.

Water was rushing out of everywhere. The place had been hit by a bomb and the water supply had been broken

to shards. From the roof, many floors above, water was cascading over the stock. The basement was neck-deep in water and everywhere there was glass, everywhere there were stone fragments, and we turned and found a bomb casing lodged in a wall.

It was a state of chaos. There was not much worth saving. We managed to get out some records and just a few pieces of equipment and we all set to and tried to clean up the place a bit, but it was hopeless—there was no chance of getting the place working again. Eventually my employer said he was going to move to another part of the country, and he invited me to accompany him. I could not do so because I hadn't the money. It was very difficult indeed to buy things, and to have to set up a fresh home in some remote part of the country was an expense which I just could not contemplate. So—because I was unable to go I was out of a job, unemployed in England in wartime.

I went to various labour exchanges trying to get any employment. I tried to become a wartime policeman, but I could not pass the medical examination. Conditions were becoming desperate; one cannot live on air, and as a last resort I went to the offices of the correspondence school where I had taken so many courses.

It just so happened that they wanted a man, some of their own men had been called up, and I had—so I was told—an enviable record, and so I was told that I could be given a job in the advisory department. The pay would be five pounds a week, and I would have to live at Weybridge in Surrey. No, they said, they couldn't advance anything to help me get there. I would have to go there first for interview with one of the directors. So I made inquiries and found that the cheapest way was by Green Line Bus, so on the appointed day I went to Weybridge but there was a terrific wait, the director had not come in. I was told, "Oh, he never comes in the time he says, he might not be in until four o'clock. You'll just have to wait." Well, eventually the director did come in, he saw me and he was quite affable, and he offered me the job at five pounds a week. He told me there was an unoccupied fiat over the garage

and I could have this by paying what was really quite a high rent, but I was in a hurry to get employment so I agreed to his terms. I returned to London and we got our poor things, such as they were, to Weybridge, up the worn old wooden steps to the flat above the garages. The next day I started my work as a correspondence clerk, which is what it really was, to a correspondence school.

There are such a lot of high falutin terms; we now have garbage collectors called sanitation experts when all they are is garbage collectors. Some of the correspondence clerks call themselves advisory consultants or careers consultants, but still all we did was correspondence clerks' duties.

It seems to be a crime to be of a certain category. I have always been told that my Father was a plumber; actually, he wasn't, but what if he had been? Certainly he served an apprenticeship as a plumber but, like me, he had no choice. I served an apprenticeship as a motor engineer. And anyway, how about the famous Mr. Crapper, the gentleman who invented water closets as they are today? They have not been improved since the day of old Crapper. Crapper, if you remember, was a plumber, a jolly good one, too, and his invention of the flush tank and the flush toilet endeared him to King Edward who treated Mr. Crapper as a personal friend. So, you see, a plumber can be a friend of royalty just as can a grocer; Thomas Lipton was alleged to be a grocer. Certainly he was, he had a big grocery firm, and he was a friend of King George V.

Surely it doesn't matter what a person's father was, why is it such a disgrace to have a parent who was a tradesman? Nowadays daughters of royalty are married to tradesmen, aren't they? But I am always amused because Jesus, it is said, was the son of a carpenter. How was that a disgrace?

Well, all this is taking me a long way from my story, but I will just say here and now that I would rather be the son of a plumber than the son of those poor sick people who call themselves pressmen. To me there is no sicker job than that of pressman. A plumber clears up the messes of people. A pressman makes messes of people.

Since I have been over here I have found various things of interest, but one thing in particular which intrigues me is this; I bear quite an honoured name not merely through “Uncle Richard” but through others who went before him one who was a colleague of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and another was the Lord Lieutenant, or whatever they call him, of the Tower of London. And it was at the time when an attempt was made to steal the Crown Jewels, an attempt which was thwarted.

There is much to see over here, much to learn, and I am told I have a lot yet to learn because, they say, I have not learned humility, not yet learned how to get on with people. Well, I am doing my best in dictating all this stuff which I will swear upon a stack of Bibles is the truth and nothing but the truth.

## CHAPTER NINE

Life at Weybridge was not happy. I became an air raid warden. One other warden became very jealous and did everything he could to cause me harm. I offered to resign but it was not wanted for me to resign.

One night there was an air raid while I was at Weybridge and after the air raid a policeman came to the door, It seemed that a small light—hardly large enough for any one to notice from a hundred feet away—was showing. There was a faulty switch in the flat, on the landing, it was one of those old brass switches with a great knob, and I suppose the vibration caused by the banging and all that, had shaken it just to the “on” position. The policeman could see for himself that if a fly sneezed the light would come on because the spring in the tumbler was defective. But, no, the light was showing, that’s all there was to it. So there was a Court appearance and a fine. And that is a thing I have resented ever since because it was so utterly

unnecessary, and “the enemy” warden was the one who had reported it. After that I resigned from the A.R.P. believing that if people could not work together then it was better to break up “the party.”

At Weybridge I was supposed to do everything, answer letters, persuade people to take correspondence courses, maintain the boss’s cars—and he was always changing the darn things—act as unpaid messenger boy and do anything which came to hand. All for five pounds a week!

People were getting called-up, conditions were becoming more difficult, food was getting shorter and shorter, and from the aircraft factory at Brooklands there were always strange noises. One day a Wellington was being flight-tested and it crashed just beside the village of Weybridge. The pilot saved the village at the cost of his own life because he crashed that plane upon the electrified railway line. The plane was like a toy that had been snapped into a thousand pieces, it was scattered all over the place, but the people of Weybridge were saved because of the self-sacrifice of the pilot.

Just at this time I received my call-up papers. I had to go before a Board of Medical Examiners as a formality before entering one of the Services.

On the appointed day I went to the great hall where there were crowds of other men waiting to be examined. I said to an attendant there, “I’ve had T.B., you know.” He looked at me and said, “You look a bit of a wreck, I must say lad. Sit over there.” So I sat where directed, and I sat, and I sat. Eventually when nearly everyone else in the place had been examined, the panel of doctors turned to me. “What’s this?” said one, “You say you’ve got T.B. Do you know what T.B. is?” “I certainly do, sir,” I said. “I’ve had it.” He asked me a lot of questions and then grumphed and grumphed. Then he had a word with his associates. At last he turned back to me as if he was making the greatest decision in the world.

“I am sending you to Kingston Hospital,” he said. “they will examine you there, they will soon find out if you’ve got T.B. or not, and if you haven’t—God help

you!” He carefully filled out a form, sealed it, put it in another envelope and sealed that, and then flung it at me. I picked it off the floor and made my way home.

Next day I told my employer that I had to go to hospital for examination. He appeared absolutely bored, I got the impression that he thought, “Oh why does the fellow waste my time, why doesn’t he join up and get out of my sight.” However, I got through my work that day, and the day after, as directed, I took the bus to Kingston-on-Thames. I made my way to a hospital there. I had all sorts of tests and then I was X-rayed. After the X-ray I was shoved in a drying cupboard where a lot of wet X-rays were hung up to dry out. After half an hour a woman came and said, “Okay, you can go home!” That was all, nothing more was said, so I just went home.

Next there came a summons to go to the T.B. Clinic at Weybridge. Of course, this was about three or four weeks later, but the summons came and off I went to the T.B. Clinic like a good little boy. By now I was heartily sick of the whole affair. At the T.B. Clinic I was seen by a most wonderful doctor who was indeed all that a doctor should be. He had my X-rays there, and he agreed with me that it was utterly stupid that I should be shunted from one department to another. He said it was perfectly obvious that I had bad lung scars through T.B., and, he said if I got in the Army, I would be a liability, not an asset. Surely England hadn’t come to a state when they are called upon to enlist those who are obviously ill. “I shall send a report in to say that you are unfitted for service of any kind,” he said.

Time went by, and at last I received a card in the post telling me that I would not be required for military service because I was classed as Grade Four—the lowest grade there was .

I took the card to my employer and showed it to him and he seemed to think that—well, he’d got somebody to carry on with the work if all the others were called up. There was a frantic scramble in those days of people trying to get deferment, everybody was trying to get deferment.

The man who was manager under the employer left to get another job and another man was appointed as manager but he and I didn't get on at all, we just did not at all. He was of a type that I thoroughly disliked and I seemed to be of a type that he thoroughly disliked. However, I did the best I could, but things were becoming more and more difficult because there was more and more work without any increase in pay. It was obvious that someone was rushing around to the employer telling tales, etcetera, not necessarily true tales either.

One day after work I was just meandering through the garden. We had a garden of three and a half acres and I was passing through a little wooded copse. It was evening and growing dusk. Somehow I tripped over an exposed root and went down with a horrible thunk. Literally it jerked me out of myself!

I stood upright, but then—God bless my soul! I found that “I” wasn't “me” because I was standing upright and my body was lying flat on its face. I looked about in utter amazement, and I saw some strange looking people around me. Monks, I thought, what the devil are monks doing here? I looked at them, and I looked at—well, I suppose it was my body on the ground. But then I got a voice or something in my head. First I had the impression that it was some strange foreign lingo, but as I thought about it I discovered that I could understand what was being said.

“Young man,” the voice said in my head, “you are thinking of an evil matter, you are thinking of doing away with your life. That is a very bad thing indeed. Suicide is wrong, no matter the cause, no matter the imagined reason or excuse, suicide is always wrong .”

All right for you,” I thought, “you haven't any troubles like I have. Here I am in this—well, I had an awful job not to put in words the exact description of the place—and I can't get a rise, and my boss seems to have taken a dislike to me, why should I stay here? There are plenty of trees about and a nice rope to throw over.”

But I am not saying too much about this because a

thought was put in my mind saying that if I wanted to I could get release from what I considered to be the tortures of Earth. If I wanted to, if I was really serious, I could do something for mankind by making my body available to some ghost or spirit which wanted to hop in almost before I had hopped out. It seemed a lot of rubbish to me, but I thought I would give it a whirl and let them talk on. First, they said, as a sign of genuine interest, I had to change my name. They told me a strange name they wanted me to adopt, but—well, I told my wife only that I was going to change my name, she thought I was a bit mad or something and let it go at that, and so I did change my name quite legally.

Then my teeth started giving trouble. I had a horrible time. At last I couldn't stick it any longer and I went to a local dentist. He made an attempt to extract the tooth but it wouldn't come. He made a hole in the thing so he could use an elevator—not the type people use to travel to different floors, but the type which is meant to elevate a tooth by leverage. This dentist got on the phone to some specialist in London, and I had to go to a nursing home in a hurry.

My wife told my employer that I had to go to a nursing home, and she was met with the statement, "Well, I have to work when I have toothache!" And that was all the sympathy we got. So I went to this nursing home, at my own expense, of course, there was no such thing as health schemes like you seem to have now, and I had this little operation which was not so easy after all. The dentist was good, the anesthetist was even better. I stayed in the nursing home a week and then returned to Weybridge.

There were quite a number of unpleasant little incidents, needlings and all that sort of thing, and unjust accusations. There is no point in going into all the details, raking up muck, because, after all, I am not a pressman. But there were false accusations, so my wife and I talked it over and we decided that we couldn't stick it any longer, so I handed in my notice. From that moment I might have been a leper, or I might have had an even worse form of;

plague, because for the rest of the week I sat in my office, no one came to see me, they apparently had been told not to, and no work of any kind was given to me. I just stayed there like a convict serving out time. At the end of the week that was it, I was finished.

We left Weybridge with joy and we went to London. We moved about a bit, oh gracious, I forget how many places we tried, and anyway it doesn't matter, but then we found that conditions were intolerable and we moved on to another place, a suburb of London called Thames Ditton.

Oh, I am so anxious to get this silly affair over because I do not enjoy talking about this, but I was in such a hurry that I have forgotten one bit. Here it is: I had been told sometime before that I would have to grow a beard. Well, I thought, what's it matter? Just as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, so while I was at Weybridge I grew this beard and was jeered at quite a bit by my employer and by those who worked with me. Never mind, I thought, I wouldn't be with them much longer.

We moved to Thames Ditton; for a very short time we stayed in a lodging house which was run by a funny old woman who just could not see dirt. She thought she lived in a ducal mansion, or something, and was quite incapable of seeing immense cobwebs high up in the corners of the stairway. But she was too ladylike and so we looked for another place. Down the road there was such a place, a house which was being rented as an upper and lower flat. We took the place, we had no thought of how we were going to get money because I had no job, no job at all. Instead I was just doing anything to earn odd bits of money to keep us alive. I went to the Unemployment Exchange but because I had left my employment instead being fired I was not able to get any unemployment benefit. So that never have I had any unemployment money, I managed without, to this day I don't know how, but I did.

I had an old bicycle and I used to ride around trying to get work, but no, no work was available. The war had

ended, men had come back from the Forces, and the labour market was saturated. It was all right for them, they had unemployment benefit and perhaps a pension; I had nothing.

Then one night I was approached by a group of men. They hoiked me out of my body, and talked to me, and they asked me if I still wanted to get out of my body into what I then thought was Paradise. I suppose it is Paradise, but these people called it the astral world. I assured them I wanted to get out even more than before, so they told me that the very next day I must stay at home. One man, he was all done up in a yellow robe, took me to the window and pointed out. He said, "that tree—you must go to that tree and put your hands up on that branch, and go to pull yourself up and then let go." He gave me the exact time at which I must do this, telling me it was utterly vital to follow instructions to the letter, otherwise I would have a lot of pain, and so would other people. But worse, for me—I would still be left on the Earth.

The next day my wife thought I had gone bonkers or something because I didn't go out as usual, I potted about. And then a minute or two before the appointed time I went out into the garden and walked over to the tree. I pulled on a branch of ivy, or whatever it is that ivy has, and reached up to the branch as directed. And then I felt as if I had been struck by lightning. I had no need to pretend to fall, I did fall—whack down! I fell down, and then, good gracious me, I saw a silver rope sticking out me. I went to grab it to see what it was but gently my hands were held away. I lay there on the ground feeling horribly frightened because two people were at that silver rope, and they were doing something to it, and a third person was there with another silver rope in his hand, and, horror of horrors, I could see through the whole bunch of them, so I wondered if I was seeing all this or if I had dashed my brains out, it was all so strange.

At last there was a sucking sort of noise and a plop, and then I found—oh joy of joy—I was floating free in a beautiful, beautiful world, and that means that having

gone so far I fulfilled my part of the contract, I have said all I am going to about my past life, and now I am going back to my own part of the astral world. . .

I am Lobsang Rampa, and I have finished transcribing that which was so unwillingly, so ungraciously, told to me by the person whose body I took over. Let me continue where he left off.

His body was upon the ground; twitching slightly, and I—well, I confess without too much shame, that I was twitching also but my twitches were caused by fright. I didn't like the look of this body stretched out there in front of me, but a lama of Tibet follows orders, pleasant orders as well as unpleasant ones, so I stood by while two of my brother lamas wrestled with the man's Silver Cord. They had to attach mine before his was quite disconnected. Fortunately the poor fellow was in an awful state of daze and so he was quiescent.

At last, after what seemed hours but actually was only about a fifth of a second, they got my Silver Cord attached and his detached. Quickly he was led away, and I looked at that body to which I was now attached and shuddered. But then, obeying orders, I let my astral form sink down on that body which was going to be mine. Ooh, the first contact was terrible, cold, slimy. I shot off in the air again in fright. Two lamas came forward to steady me, and gradually I sank again.

Again I made contact, and I shivered with horror and of repulsion. This truly was an incredible, a shocking experience and one that I never want to undergo again.

I seemed to be too large, or the body seemed to be too small. I felt cramped, I felt I was being squeezed to death, and the smell! The difference! My old body was tattered and dying, but at least it had been my own body. Now I was stuck in this alien thing and I didn't like it a bit.

Somehow—and I cannot explain this—I fumbled about inside trying to get hold of the motor nerves of the brain. How did I make this confounded thing work? For a time I lay there just helpless, just as if I were paralyzed. The body would not work. I seemed to be fumbling like an

inexperienced driver with a very intricate car. But at last with the help of my astral brothers I got control of myself. I managed to make the body work. Shakily I got to my feet, and nearly screamed with horror as I found that I was walking backwards instead of forwards. I teetered and fell again. It was indeed a horrendous experience. I was truly nauseated by this body and was in fear that I should not be able to manage it.

I lay upon my face on the ground and just could not move, then from the corner of an eye I saw two lamas standing by looking highly concerned at the difficulty I was having. I growled, "Well, you try it for yourself, see if you can make this abominable thing do what you tell it to do!"

Suddenly one of the lamas said, "Lobsang! Your fingers are twitching, now try with your feet." I did so, and found that there was an amazing difference between Eastern and Western bodies. I never would have thought such a thing possible, but then I remembered something I had heard while a ship's Engineer; for ships in Western waters the propeller should rotate in one direction, and for Eastern waters it should rotate in the opposite direction. It seems clear to me, I said to myself, that I've got to start out all over again. So I kept calm and let myself lift out of the body, and from the outside I looked at it carefully. The more I looked at it the less I liked it, but then, I thought, there was nothing for it but to try once again. So again I squeezed uncomfortably into the slimy, cold thing which was a Western body.

With immense effort I tried to rise, but fell again, and then at last I managed to scramble somehow to my feet and pressed my back against that friendly tree.

There was a sudden clatter from the house and a door was flung open. A woman came running out saying, "Oh! What have you done now. Come in and lie down." It gave me quite a shock. I thought of those two lamas with me and I was fearful that the woman might throw a fit at the sight of them, but obviously they were completely invisible to her, and that again was one of the surprising things of

my life. I could always see these people who visited me from the astral, but if I talked to them and then some other person came in—well, the other person thought I was talking to myself and I didn't want to get the reputation of being off my head.

The woman came toward me and as she looked at me a very startled expression crossed her face. I really thought she was going to get hysterical but she controlled herself somehow and put an arm across my shoulders.

Silently I thought of how to control the body and then very slowly, thinking a step at a time, I made my way into the house and went up the stairs, and flopped upon what was obviously my bed.

For three whole days I remained in that room pleading indisposition while I practiced how to make the body do what I wanted it to do, and trying to contain myself because this was truly the most frightening experience I had had in my life. I had put up with all manner of torments in China and in Tibet and in Japan, but this was a new and utterly revolting experience, the experience of being imprisoned in the body of another person and having to control it.

I thought of that which I had been taught so many years ago, so many years ago that indeed it seemed to be a different life. "Lobsang," I had been told, "in the days of long ago the Great Beings from far beyond this system and Beings who were not in human form, had to visit this Earth for special purposes. Now, if they came in their own guise they would attract too much attention, so always they had bodies ready which they could enter and control, and appear to be the natives of the place. In the days to come," I was told, "you will have such an experience, and you will find it to be utterly shocking."

I did!

For the benefit of those who are genuinely interested let me say a few things about transmigration because really I have so much to tell the world, and yet because of the vilification of the press people have been hocused into believing my story. I will tell you more about that in the

next Book, but one of the things I was going to do was to show people how transmigration worked because there are so many advantages to it. Think of this, which I am going to put to you as a definite possibility; man kind has sent a messenger to the Moon, but mankind does not know how to travel in deep space. In relation to the distances in the Universe the journey to the Moon pales into utter insignificance. It would take many millions of years for a space ship to travel to some other stars, and yet there is a much simpler way, and I say to you absolutely definitely that astral travel could be that way. It has been done before, it is being done now by creatures (I say “creatures” because they are not in human form) who come from a completely different galaxy. They are here now at this moment, they have come by astral travel, and some of them occupy human bodies such as did the Ancients of Old.

Humans, if they knew how, could send astral travelers anywhere transcending time and space. Astral travel can be as quick as thought, and if you don’t know how quick thought is I will tell you—it would take a tenth of a second to go from here to Mars by astral travel. But in days to come explorers will be able to go to a world by astral travel and there, by transmigration, they will be able to enter the body of a native of that world so that they may gain first hand experience of what things are like. Now, this is not science fiction. It is absolutely true. If other people on other worlds can do it, then Earth people can do it also. But sadly I have to say that purely because of the false doubt which has been cast upon my word this particular aspect has not been able to be taught to people.

Unfortunately when one takes over a body there are certain grave disabilities. Let me give you an illustration; I found soon after I had taken over a body that I could not write Sanskrit, I could not write Chinese. Oh yes, definitely I knew the language, I knew what I should be writing, but—the body which I inhabited was not “geared” for making those squiggles which are Sanskrit or Chinese. It was only able to reproduce, say, letters such as English, French, German or Spanish.

It is all to do with muscular control. You have had the same things even in the West when you find that a well educated German with a better education than most English, let us say, still cannot pronounce English as the natives do. He cannot “get his tongue around” the sounds. So no matter how highly he is educated he still cannot say the sounds correctly. It is said almost universally that you can always tell if a man is a native of a district or not by the manner in which he pronounces his words, that is, can he manage his vocal chords as the native would, or does habit bring in certain dissonances which the native lacks. In transferring to a different body one can do all the sounds, etcetera, because the body is producing sounds to which it is accustomed, English, French or Spanish, for example. But when it comes to writing that is a different matter.

Look at it this way; some people can draw or they can paint. So let us say that these people—the artists—have an ability to produce certain squiggles which have a definite meaning. Now, most people, even of the same race, cannot do that, and even with training—even with immense practice—unless a person is a “born artist” the art forms are not considered acceptable. The same type of thing happens when an Eastern entity takes over a Western body. He can communicate in speech and he can know all that could be done in writing, but no longer can he write in that which was his original language such as Sanskrit or Chinese or Japanese because it takes years of practice, and his attempts are so fumbling, so crude, that the ideographs have no intelligible meaning.

Another difficulty is that the entity is Eastern and the body or vehicle is Western. If you find that strange let me say that if you were in England you would be driving a car with right hand controls so that you may drive on the left hand side of the road, but if you are in America you drive a car in which the steering wheel is on the left hand side, and then you drive on the right hand side of the road. Everyone knows that, eh? Well, you take some poor wretch of a driver who has been used to driving along the

lanes of England, suddenly lift him out and put the poor soul slap into an American car and without any teaching at all let him loose on the American roads. The poor fellow wouldn't have much chance, would he? He wouldn't last long. All his built-in reflexes which may have been trained for half a lifetime would scream at having to be reversed suddenly, and in the emergency he would immediately drive to the wrong side of the road and cause the accident which he was trying to avoid. Do you follow that clearly? Believe me, I know this, it all happened to me. So transmigration is not for the uninitiated. I say in all sincerity, there could be a lot done in transmigration if people could get the right knowledge, and I am surprised that the Russians who are so far ahead in so many things have not yet hit upon the idea of transmigration. It is easy—if you know how. It is easy—if you can have suitable precautions. But if you try to teach these things, as I could, and you have a lot of mindless children, or press people, then the whole thing becomes negated almost before one can start.

Another point which has to be considered is obtaining a suitable vehicle or body, because you cannot just jump into any body and take over like a bandit entering a car stopped at a traffic light. Oh no, it is much harder than that. You have to find a body which is harmonious to your own, which has a harmonic somewhere, and it doesn't mean to say that the owner of the body has to be good or bad, that has nothing to do with it at all; it is to do with the vibrational frequency of that body.

If you are interested in radio you will know that you can have, let us say, a super-heterodyne receiver which has three tuning condensers. Now if the set is working properly you get one station clearly, but as you get on harmonics you actually pick up the same signal on different wavelengths or different frequencies—it is all the same thing. In a frequency one just counts the number of times the wave changes from positive to negative, etcetera. But when you take a wavelength you just measure the distance between adjacent wave-crests. It is the same as calling a

rose by another name, but what I am trying to tell you is is it possible, but it is going to be an everyday thing in the distant future here on Earth.

But back to Thames Ditton. It was quite a nice little place, one of the suburbias of the great city of London. I believe it is also called one of the dormitories of London. There were a number of trees in the place, and every morning one could see businessmen scurrying away to Thames Ditton station where they would get a train taking them to Wimbledon and other parts of London so they could do their daily work. Many of the men were from the City of London, stockbrokers, insurance men, bankers, and all the rest of it. Where I lived was right opposite the Cottage Hospital. Much further on to the right one came to a sort of sports ground, and adjacent to the sports ground was a big building called the Milk Marketing Board.

Thames Ditton was “better class” and some of the voices I could hear through my open window were too much “better class” because I found some of the heavily accented voices difficult indeed to understand.

But speech was not easy for me. I had to think before I could utter a sound, and then I had to visualize the shape of the sound I was trying to say. Speech to most people comes naturally. You can babble forth without any difficulty, without any great thought, but not when you are an Easterner who has taken over a Western body. Even to this day I have to think what I am going to say, and that makes my speech appear somewhat slow and at times hesitant.

If one takes over a body, for the first year or two the body is basically the body of the host, that is, it was taken over. But in the course of time the body frequency changes and eventually it becomes of the same frequency as one’s original body, and one’s original scars appear. It is, as I told you before, like electro-plating or like electro-typing because molecule changes for molecule. This should not be too difficult to believe because if you get a cut

and the cut heals then you've got replacement molecules, haven't you? They are not the same molecules that were cut but new cells that were grown to replace the cut ones. It is something like that in transmigration. The body ceases to be the alien body taken over, instead molecule by molecule it becomes one's own body, the body which one has grown.

Just one last piece of information about transmigration. It makes one "different." It gives associates a peculiar feeling to be close to one, and if a transmigrated person touches another person unexpectedly that other person may squeak with shock and say, "Oh now you've given me goose pimples!" So if you want to practice transmigration you will have to consider the disadvantages as well as the advantages. You know how strange dogs sniff around each other, stiff-legged, waiting for the first move by the other? Well, that is how I have found people in the Western world toward me. They do not understand me, they don't know what it is all about, they feel that there is something different and they do not know what it is, so often they will have uncertainty about me. They do not know if they like me or if they thoroughly dislike me, and it really does make difficulties, difficulties which are made manifest in the way that policemen are always suspicious of me, customs officials are always ready to believe the worst, and immigration officers always want to inquire further as to why, how, and when, etcetera, etcetera. It makes one, in effect, unacceptable to 'the local natives.'" But we must get on to the next Book, but before we do here is a final word in case you find it difficult to understand that which I have written about Easterners who have transmigrated being able to write their own language; if you are right-handed write this paragraph with your right hand, then try to do the same thing with your left!

So ends the third book  
The Book of Changes.

## BOOK FOUR

As it is Now!

## CHAPTER TEN

Sunlight glanced off the placid river sailing so majestically by, sweeping along down to the sea like the Akashic Record sweeping along down to the sea of Universal Knowledge. But here THIS river was engaging my attention. I looked through half-closed eyes at all the little sparklets, at the dappled surface as occasionally a leaf went floating by. There was a sudden rustle and flutter, and three water birds alighted with great splashing on the surface of the water. For some moments they splashed around, throwing water over themselves, digging beneath their wings and generally having a good avian time. Then, as if at a sudden signal, they spread their wings, paddled their feet and took off in formation leaving three increasing circles of ripples behind them.

Sunlight through the leaves of the trees put contrasting spots of light and shadow on the waters edge before me. The sun was warm. I lay back and became aware of a buzzing noise. Slowly I opened my eyes and there right in front of my nose was a bee looking at me with great interest. Then, as if deciding that I would not be a suitable source of nectar, or whatever it is that bees seek; it buzzed the louder and veered off to some flower sheltering in the shade of a tree. I could hear it droning away there as it busily probed into the flower, and then it came out backwards and I saw that its legs and body were covered in yellow pollen.

It was pleasant here, reclining beneath the trees by the side of the river Thames at Thames Ditton, facing the great Palace of Hampton Court. My attention wandered and I suppose I dozed. Whatever it was I suddenly became aware of a noise in the distance. I had visions of the Royal

Barge coming down from the Tower of London and carrying Queen Elizabeth the First with her then-favorite boyfriend and the retinue of servants which seemed inevitable in royal circles.

There was music aboard the Royal Barge, and it seemed incongruous to me to have such music when coming up the Thames, but I could hear the splashing of oars, and the creaking of rollocks. There was much giggling and I thought to myself in my half-sleep state that surely people in early Elizabethan days did not behave as modern teenagers so.

I opened my eyes and there just coming around the bend was a large punt filled with teenagers and with a gramophone aboard as well as a radio, both were blaring out different tunes. They rowed along chattering away, everyone seemed to be talking on a different subject, no one was taking any notice of anyone else. They went along past Hampton Court and disappeared from my sight, and for a time again all was peace.

I thought again of the great Queen Elizabeth and of her journeys from the Tower of London to Hampton Court; nearly opposite to where I lay on the bank was the site where they used to have a landing jetty. The rowers used to come close and then ropes would be thrown and the Barge pulled in gently so as not to upset the Queen's balance because she was not a very good sailor, not even on the Thames! Hampton Court itself was a place that I found fascinating. I visited it often, and even under some unusual conditions, and I could see clearly that the place was indeed haunted with the spirits of those whose bodies had so long ago departed.

But there was much talking going on behind me, and I turned round and saw four people there. "Oh my goodness," said a woman, "you were so still—you haven't moved for the last ten minutes—that we thought you were dead!" With that they moved on, talking and talking and talking. The world, I thought, had too much noise, everyone had too much talk and too little to say. With that thought in mind I glanced about me. There were a few

boats on the river Thames in front of me. Just down to the left of me was an old man who looked as if he might have been Father Time himself. He was stuck there like an old tree trunk. He had a pipe in his mouth and a faint haze of smoke was coming from it. Tied to a stick in front of him he had a fishing rod, the float of which—red and white—bobbed about just in front of me. I watched him for a short time, he didn't move either, and I wondered what people really saw in fishing. I came to the conclusion that it was just an excuse on the part of some elderly people so that they could keep still and meditate, think of the past, and wonder what the future held for them.

The future? I looked at my watch in alarm, and then hurried to get to my feet and mount the old bicycle which had been lying beside me on the bank.

With more haste than usual I pedaled off down the road and around to the right, and so on the way to West Molesey where the Unemployment Exchange was.

But no, there was no employment for me, no offer of a job. It seemed there were too many people and too few jobs, and as one man told me so bluntly, "Well mate, you left your job and you didn't have to, so as you left it and you didn't have to, you don't get paid nothing, see. So it stands to reason that the government ain't going to pay a fellow what left 'is job because he had a job before he left it, so you won't get no dole, and so long as you don't get no dole this here Exchange won't get you no job. The Exchange keeps its jobs for those who've got dole because if they get the fellow a job they don't have to pay him dole and so their statistics look better."

I tried commercial employment agencies, those places where you go and pay money, and where in theory they find you a job. My own experience may have been particularly unfortunate, but in spite of trying quite a number none of them ever offered me a job.

I managed to get just odd things to do around Thames Ditton and the district. I was able to do certain medical work which the orthodox physician could not do or would not do and I thought—well, I am a fully qualified medical

man and I've got the papers to prove it so why don't I try to get registered in England?

Sometime later I approached the General Medical Council unofficially. Actually I went to their place and told them all about it. They told me that—yes, I had all the qualifications but unfortunately Chungking was now in the hands of the Communists and, they said, I just could not expect my qualifications to be recognized as they were obtained in a Communist country.

I produced my papers, and shoved it straight under the Secretary's nose. I said, "Look, when these papers were prepared China was not a Communist country, it was an ally of England, France, the U.S.A., and many other countries. I fought for peace just the same as people in England fought for peace, and just because I was in a different country does not mean to say that I haven't got feelings the same as you have." He hummed and hawed and grunted around, and then he said, "Come back in a month's time. We'll see what can be arranged. Yes, yes, I quite agree, your qualifications are such that they should be recognized. The only thing impeding such recognition is that Chungking is now a city in a Communist country."

So I left his office and went to the Hunterian Museum to look at all the specimens in bottles, and I thought then how amazing it was that humans everywhere were—humans everywhere, they all functioned in roughly the same way and yet if a person was trained in one country he was not considered qualified to treat people in a different country. It was all beyond me.

But jobs were difficult indeed to obtain, and the cost of living at Thames Ditton was quite excessive. I found that as a married man, which in theory I was, expenses were far, far more than when I had to manage alone.

At this stage of the book perhaps I might take a moment to answer some of those people who write to me horribly offensively asking why should I, a lama of Tibet, live with a woman—have a wife. Well, all you "ladies" who write so offensively let me tell you this; I am still a monk, I still live as a monk, and possibly some of you

“ladies” have indeed heard of celibate bachelors who have a landlady or a sister with whom they live without necessarily thinking of THAT! So “ladies,” the answer is—no, I don’t!

But the time had come to leave Thames Ditton, and we moved nearer into London because by my own efforts I had made a job available for myself. I came to the conclusion that as the body that I now occupied was living “overtime” there were no opportunities for it. The former occupant of the body, I saw by the Akashic Record, really and truly had been going to commit suicide, and that would have completed all the opportunities which his vehicle, his body, would have had. Thus, no matter how hard I tried I could never take a job which another person could do; the only employment that I could take would be that which I generated for myself. Now, I don’t propose to say what employment that was, nor where I did it because it is nothing to do with this story, but it proved to be adequate to supply our immediate wants and to keep us going. But I must tell you one thing which irritated me immensely, again it was connected with my old enemies the police. I was driving through South Kensington with an anatomical figure in the back of a car. It was one of those figures which appear in dress shops or which are sometimes provided for the training of surgical fitters. This figure was in the back of the car, and when I had started out it had been covered up with cloth but I drove with the window open and I suppose the draught had blown part of the cloth off the figure.

I was driving along quite peacefully thinking of what I was going to do next when suddenly there was a loud blare beside me, which nearly made me jump through the roof. I looked in the mirror and I found two figures gesticulating at me, pointing me to pull in to the side of the road. There were a lot of cars parked at the side of the road so I drove in a little to try to find a place where I could stop. The next thing was, this police car—for such it was—tried to ram me thinking, they said, that I was attempting to escape—at fifteen miles an hour in traffic!

Well, I stopped just where I was, holding up the traffic, and I couldn't care less about how cross the people in the other cars were, so I just stopped there. The police motioned for me to get out and come to them, but I thought —no, they want to see me, I don't want to see them, so I just sat. Eventually one policeman got out with his truncheon all ready in his hand. He looked as if he was going to face a firing squad or something, he really did look frightened. Slowly he came up to my side of the car walking more or less sideways presumably to make less of a target in case I started shooting. Then he looked into the back of the car and turned a bright red.

“Well, officer, what is it? What am I supposed to have done?” I asked him. The policeman looked at me and he really did look silly, he looked absolutely sheepish. “I'm sorry, sir,” he said, “but we were told that a man was driving around and a naked woman's legs were showing through the back window.”

I reached in to the back and pulled the cloth right off the figure, and then I said, “Well, officer, show me any sign of life in this model. Show me how she has been killed. Take a good look at her.” And then I covered the figure more carefully. The policeman went back to his car and all the cars behind us were hooting away as if they were trying to fill a concert hall or something. Feeling thoroughly bad tempered I drove off.

There was another occasion with the police which may raise a smile; I had an office in London and it was very near an underground tube station. My wife often used to come and visit me round about lunch time, and when she was leaving I used to look out of the window just to see that she safely crossed that busy London street.

One day I was just getting ready to finish up and go home when there was a loud official knock at the door. I got up and went to the door and there were two very large policemen. One said, “We want to know what you are doing here.” I turned and let them come into my office. He looked about with interest and his associate got ready

to act as witness. Everywhere the chief policeman looked his associate looked also.

I invited them to be seated, but no, they would not be seated, they were there on official business they told me. They said they thought I was engaged in some illicit activity and that I was giving signals to some gang.

This really shocked me, in fact I was almost stunned with amazement, and I just could not understand what they were talking about. "Whatever do you mean?" I exclaimed. The chief policeman said, "Well, it has been reported to us that you make strange signals at about mid-day and we have kept watch and we have seen those strange signals. To whom are you signaling?"

Then it dawned on me and I started to laugh. I said, "Oh good God, whatever is the world coming to? I am merely waving to my wife when I watch to see that she crosses the road safely and enters the tube station."

He said in reply, "that cannot be so, you cannot see the station from here." Without another word I got up from my chair, opened the window which was just to my right, and said, "Look and see for yourself." They looked at each other and then together they went to the window and looked out. Sure enough, just as I said, there was the underground station opposite. They both changed colour a bit, and I said—to make them change colour a bit more—"Oh yes, I've seen you two fellows, you were in that block of flats opposite, I saw you trying to hide behind the curtains. I wondered what you were up to."

The chief policeman then said, "You occupy the floor beneath this office. We have information that you are engaged in sexual activities in that flat below." I had had enough of this, and I said, "All right, come downstairs with me and see all the naked females for yourself." They were not at all happy with my attitude and they wondered what they had done wrong.

Together we went down a flight of stairs and I unlocked a big showroom, the windows of which were heavily curtained with expensive lace net.

Above the curtained windows there were small venti-

lators about a foot square which, of course, were not curtained.

I went to one lay figure and picked it up, and said, “Look, if a person is carrying this around, putting it from here to here”—I demonstrated— “a prying nosey-parker of an old woman who lives in that flat opposite might think it is a nude body.”

I rapped on the figures and said, “All right, take a look at them, do they look obscene to you?”

The policemen changed their tune completely, and the senior one said, “Well, I am sorry you have been troubled, sir, I really am most sorry, but we received a complaint from the sister of a very senior police officer saying that strange things are happening here. We are quite satisfied with what we have seen. You will not be troubled again.”

Well, I was! I had to go to my office one evening at about seven o’clock and I unlocked the doors and went in, as I had a perfect right to do. I did the bit of work that I had to do, and then left. As I locked the door behind me two policemen seized me quite roughly and tried to hustle me to a police car. But I knew my rights and I asked for an immediate explanation. They told me that it had been reported (yes, it was the same woman!) that a sinister-looking man (that’s me!) had been seen to break into the building, so they were waiting for me. They would not believe that I had a right to be there, so I unlocked the office again and we went in, and I had actually to call the estate agent who had rented me the place, and he identified me by my voice. Once again the police looked silly and departed without a word.

Soon after that I decided that there was no point in staying in such an office where it was obvious that the old biddy opposite had nothing better to do with her time than imagine that she was a policewoman reporting all manner of imaginary criminal offences. So I left that office and went elsewhere.

Again, I did certain psychological work among people who could get no assistance from orthodox medicine and I did quite well, I really did. I cured a number of people but

then one day there was a man who tried to blackmail me. So I learned that unless one was actually registered one was too much at the mercy of people who would gladly get all the assistance they could and then try to blackmail one. But the blackmailer—well, he didn't get his way after all!

Just at this time a young lady came into our life, came into our life of her own accord, of her own free will. We regarded her as a daughter and still do, and she is still with us. But her destiny, she felt, was such that she had to live with us, and that she did. Later the press were to make much of this, trying to say that it was a case of the eternal triangle; nothing could have been firmer than the truth. We were standing "on the square" instead of "in the eternal triangle."

At about this time I was introduced to an authors' agent. I thought I was going to get a job with him reading and commenting upon authors' typescripts, but no, he knew a bit of my story and very very much against my own will I allowed myself to be persuaded into writing a book. One cannot be too particular when starvation is just around the corner, you know, and starvation wasn't just around the corner, it was knocking hard on the door.

So I wrote a book, and then certain authors who were jealous at my knowledge of Tibet tried to trace me up. They got all manner of detective agencies, and one agency indeed put an advertisement in either The Times or The Telegraph of London advertising for Lobsang Rampa; he should write to such-and-such an address where something very good was waiting for him.

I knew this was a catch, and so I told my agent, Mr. Cyrus Brooks. He got his son-in-law to phone to see what it was all about. Yes, it was indeed a catch. An author in Germany was mightily peeved that I had written about Tibet when he thought that was his own private inviolable province, and so he tried to have me traced up so that he could decide what action he could take against me.

At about this time people connected with the young lady who was living with us took a dislike thinking that I had led her astray—I hadn't—and they also had a private

detective trying to find out about me. But this poor fellow—well, it seems to me that he wasn't very bright, he never even tried to get in contact with me. I wonder if he was afraid or something. But instead of asking me outright as a man he relied on hearsay evidence, and as anyone should know, hearsay evidence is not legal evidence is it? But the two sides came together and they went to some press reporter who wasn't very popular with his fellows. They tried a few traps which I saw through, but when later we had moved to Ireland these people made a great campaign against me in the press, saying that I was doing black magic rites in the bottom of the house, that I had a secret temple; that I was guilty of all manner of sex orgies, etcetera, and that at some time in my career I had been in trouble with the police. Well, that was easy, I had always been in trouble with the police, but I had never been charged with anything, and I had never truly done anything worth police attention. But there is no point in stirring up old troubles and raking up ashes which should be burned out, but I want here to pay testimony to the husband of the young lady. He was and is a gentleman, he is a very good man, he is still our friend, and as he well knew and, indeed, as he testified, the statements about me were quite quite wrong.

No, I am saying no more about this, nothing about the press, nothing about the relatives of the young lady. She is still with us, still with us as a loved daughter. So there you are, that's all there is to that.

When all this happened we had moved to Ireland, and one thing and another had conspired to ruin my health. I had coronary thrombosis, and it was thought that I was going to die, but the press made life so hideous that we had to leave Ireland, which we did with extreme reluctance. I had many friends there, and I still have those self-same friends.

We left Ireland and went to Canada where we are now. We moved about Canada quite a lot, we went to different cities, went to different provinces. But at last we had a letter in the mail which offered a lot.

In the mail one day there came quite a thick letter. The stamps were from a country of which I knew—at that time remarkably little. It was from Uruguay, the country in South America which rests between Argentina and Brazil.

The letter was interesting. It told me that the writer was the head of a big company where they did printing, book publishing—everything. I was asked to go to Montevideo at the expense of that company, and I could continue my work there, I would be provided with secretaries, typists, translation services—in fact everything that I wanted. The writer sent me a photograph of himself looking quite impressive behind a big desk with an I.B.M. typewriter in front of him, a lot of books behind him, and, I think, a Phillips dictating machine there as well.

We discussed it, “we” being my wife and our adopted daughter, and after quite a time we thought that it would be a good idea. So we made all the necessary inquiries and at long last, because formalities took a time, we got on a train at Fort Erie, Ontario, Canada, for the trip to New York. We were told that we were going to be passengers aboard a Moore McColmack freighter, one which normally took twelve passengers.

In New York everything, as usual, was bustle and commotion. We stayed the night at one of the big hotels and the next morning we set off for the Moore McCormack dock in New York Harbour, and I was highly amused when I found that that dock was one right opposite the one to which I had made my swim so many years ago, it seemed. However, I said nothing, because there is not much point in raking up bitter memories, but, I confess, I kept quite a look out for river police.

We went aboard the ship and found our staterooms, and so late that night with four locomotives loaded aboard on the deck we steamed away to first Vittoria in Brazil. There we went up a long inlet before we arrived at a very picturesque, very hot little community. That was our first port of call. Then we went down to a place nearby so that

the locomotives—they were diesel locomotives for the Brazilian railroads—could be unloaded.

There were two or three more stops in Brazil until we were cleared for Montevideo in Uruguay. But as we approached Montevideo, actually we were at Punta del Este, the Captain was informed by radio that we could not land in Montevideo because there was a dock strike on, so we went to Buenos Aires first and we stayed in that port for about a week. It was quite a busy port, and we saw an enormous number of foreign ships come in. German ones seemed to be the most popular ones, and quite a lot of ships, it seemed, were going straight up the river which forms the frontier between Argentina and Uruguay. We were told that a few miles further up there was a great meat packing plant, the plant of Fray Bentos.

At last, though, we were cleared to leave port and down we went along the Rio de Plata, and at long last we came to Montevideo, our destination. We got into the outer harbour and the ship had to drop anchor. There had been a strike and a whole fleet of ships was assembled, and they had to be attended to first because they were there first, so we stayed aboard ship for about a week. At last the ship was allowed to enter harbour and we went ashore.

Our hopes were completely dashed, however, because we found that the man with an immense business did not have such an immense business after all. Instead—well, to put it at its kindest, he was a man with ideas which did not always work out.

It was very expensive living in Montevideo. They seemed to have a peculiar idea there that everything had to be paid for in American dollars so, in effect, taking into consideration the rate of exchange, we were paying fantastic sums for even basic items. However we stayed there for a year and a half, then we found there were all manner of strikes and increasing restrictions on foreigners, so we decided to leave.

It is most unfortunate that we had to leave because Montevideo was a nice place indeed. The people for the most part—except for the strikers!—were very pleasant,

very courteous, and it was like being in a European city. It was a beautiful city with a wonderful harbour and beaches. For a very short time we stayed at a place called Carrasco, quite near the airport. This had one terrible defect in that very fine sand from the immense beaches was always getting blown into the houses, so as we were also too far from the city centre we moved to an apartment building which overlooked the lighthouse.

A few miles out in the approaches to the harbour there was a wrecked ship. It had been a quite large passenger liner and for some reason the ship had been sunk just off the main entrance, and there it remained. At low tide one could just see the main deck, at high tide the bridge and the bridge deck was still above water. We saw quite a lot of smuggling going on here because the ship was used as a “drop” for smugglers.

There were many beautiful sights in Montevideo including a high eminence just across the other side of the harbour. This was known as “the Mountain” and there was a sort of fort, which was a local tourist attraction, right at its peak.

The British had done much to modernize Montevideo. They had started its bus service, and they had also started the gas works, and one of the advantages of that was that so many people had a smattering of English.

One day when we had moved to yet another apartment closer into the city centre the sky turned black and for a time everything turned bitterly cold. Then there came a cyclone. Three of us struggled to close our open window and as we were there congregated, pushing our shoulders hard against the window, we saw an amazing sight indeed; the bus station roof just below us suddenly vanished, all the sheets of corrugated iron were flying through the air as if they were made of tissue paper. We looked down and saw all the buses there and workers were gazing up wide-mouthed and with wide eyes.

A really amusing sight—for us—was when hens, which had been kept on the flat roofs of houses in Montevideo were blown straight up in the air and crossed street after

street in probably the only flight they ever had in their lives. It really is an astonishing sight to see hens go flying by with their wings tight to their sides!

A sight which really made me amused was when a whole clothes line laden with newly-washed clothes went sailing by. The line was as tight and as stiff as an iron bar, and sheets and “unmentionables” were hanging straight down as if in still air. I have seen many cyclones, whirlwinds, etcetera, but this from my point of view was quite the most amusing.

But Montevideo was losing its charm, so we decided to return to Canada because of the various groups of Communists who were making trouble. In many ways I am sorry for it because I think I would rather live in Uruguay than in most other places. They have a different mentality there. They call themselves the Oriental Republic of Uruguay. It is a poor country with wonderful ideals, but ideals so idealistic that they were impractical.

We returned to Canada by sea, and then there was the question of making money so I had to write another book. My health was deteriorating a lot, and that was the only thing I could do.

During my absence I found that a person had written a book on material I had written for an English magazine some years previously. He was a very peculiar sort of person, whenever he was tackled or threatened with a law case he conveniently went bankrupt and friends or relatives “bought” his business, so there was not much redress, in fact there was none.

One of the big troubles I have had since “the Third Eye” is the number of people who write “Approved by Lobsang Rampa,” and just put labels to that effect on the goods they supply. All that is quite intense; I do not “approve” things. Many people, too, have impersonated me, in fact, on quite a number of occasions I have had to call in the police. There was, for example, a man in Miami who wrote to a bookseller in San Francisco in my name, he actually signed my name. He wrote a lot of “Holy Joe” stuff, which I never do, and he ordered a lot of books to

be sent to him. Quite by chance I wrote to the bookseller at the same time from Vancouver and he was so amazed at getting a letter apparently from me and in British Columbia that he wrote to me and asked how I was moving so quickly. So it came out that this fellow had been for some time ordering goods in my name and not paying. As I said, if anyone is fool enough to take as "me" the gobblegook that this fellow had been writing deserves to get caught. There have been others such as the man who retired to a mountain cave, sat cross-legged with darn little clothing on him, and pretended to be me. He advised teenagers to have sex and drugs, saying that it was good for them. But the press, of course, seized on such incidents and made quite a commotion, and even when it was proved that these impostors were impersonating me the press never got round to reporting the actuality of what happened. I am utterly, utterly, utterly opposed to suicide. I am utterly, utterly opposed to drugs, and I am utterly, utterly opposed to the press. I think that the average pressman is not fitted to report things on metaphysics or the occult, they do not have the knowledge, they do not have the spirituality, and, in my opinion, they just do not have the brain power.

After a time in Fort Erie, to which we returned from South America, we went to Prescott, Ontario, where we lived in a small hotel. The Manager of that hotel was an extremely fine man indeed. We stayed there a year, and during the whole of that year there was never at any time the slightest disagreement or slightest lack of harmony between "management" and us. His name was Ivan Miller, and he was a real gentleman and I wish I knew his address now to again express my appreciation of all the efforts he made. He was a great big man, huge in fact, and he had been a wrestler, yet he could be more gentle than most women.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

It was good to be back in Canada to get what was then a reliable mail service. There had been quite a lot of trouble in Uruguay and one particular incident which really made me foam with fury was when, as an author, I had a lot of mail sent to me and the post office in Montevideo would not let me have it. I had my adopted name, and I also had the name under which I wrote, T. Lobsang Rampa, and the post office officials in Montevideo were quite adamant in not letting me have mail for two names. Their idea was that a person must be a crook if they had to have two names, and so I gave the matter much thought and came to the conclusion that I was far better known as T. Lobsang Rampa. Then I went to the post office and said I wanted the mail for T. Lobsang Rampa and they could retrain the rest.

Then they had to see my papers. My papers had the wrong name on them, so I was unable to get my mail. Eventually I had to go to a lawyer—an “abogado”—and have a Change of Name Deed drawn up. It had to be done legally, and there were many many stamps on the document, after which notice had to be given in an Uruguayan legal newspaper all about the name change. When all those formalities were completed then I could get mail in the name of T. Lobsang Rampa but I was forbidden to use the other name.

Now, of course, my name has been legally changed in Canada as well to T. Lobsang Rampa, and while we are on the subject of officialdom, bureaucracy, etcetera I am now a Canadian subject. I took out Canadian naturalization and, here again, the formalities were truly amazing. But there seem to be formalities in everything nowadays, I have been trying to get the Old Age Pension, to which I

am entitled, but bureaucracy is such that apparently I cannot get it—or so the officials tell me unless I give the exact address and the exact dates of arriving and leaving every place I have been in Canada. Well, I have been to an amazing number of places from Windsor to Prescott, to Montreal, Saint John, New Brunswick, Halifax, all the way on to Vancouver back to Calgary, etcetera, and I should have thought that I was well enough known as a Canadian citizen and with a passport, etcetera, but apparently that does not suit the bureaucracy—mad officials. So the matter is “still pending.” It sounds more like a rotten apple than anything else, doesn’t it?

Last night I was very unwell indeed and late in the night I awakened from an uneasy doze and found clustered around me a group of those who were my associates, lamas from Tibet. They were in the astral, and they were agitating for me to get out of the body and go over and discuss things with them. “What is the matter with you all?” I asked. “If I feel any worse than I do now I shall be over there permanently.” The Lama Mingyar Dondup smiled and said, “Yes, that’s what we are afraid of. We want you to do something else first.”

When one has done astral travel for as many years as I have there is nothing to it, it is easier than stepping out of bed, so I just slipped out of this body and went into the astral. Together we walked to the side of a lake on which there were many water birds playing. Here in the astral, you know, creatures have no fear whatever of Man, so these birds were simply playing in the water. We sat on a moss-covered bank, and my Guide said, “You know, Lobsang, there isn’t enough detail given about transmigration. We wanted you to say something about peoples who have used transmigration.” Well, the day in the astral was too pleasant to be much of a cross-patch, so I indicated that on the morrow I would get to work again before the book was finished.

It was very pleasant, though, being in the astral, away from pain, away from worries and all the rest of it. But, as I was reminded, people do not go to Earth for pleasure,

they go because they have something to learn or something to teach.

Today, then, is another day, the day when I have to write something even more about transmigration.

In the days of Atlantis and—oh yes!—there really was Atlantis, it is not just a figment of a writer's imagination; Atlantis was real. But, in the days of Atlantis there was a very high civilization indeed. People “walked with Gods.” The Gardeners of the Earth were ever watching developments on Atlantis. But those who are watched are wary of the watchers, and so it came about that the Gardeners of the Earth used the process of transmigration so that they could keep a more subtle form of watch.

A number of bodies of suitable vibrations were used by the spirits of Gardeners, and then they could mingle with humans and find out just what the humans really thought of the Gardeners and were they plotting.

The Gardeners of the Earth who looked after that mysterious civilization known as the Sumerians also had tutors come to the Earth by transmigration. It was altogether too slow to have great space ships cross the void taking such a long time. By transmigration it could be done in a matter of seconds.

The Egyptians, also, were largely controlled and entirely taught by higher Entities who entered into specially cultivated bodies, and when those bodies were not actually being used by the Entities they were carefully cleaned, wrapped up, and put aside in stone boxes. The ignorant Egyptian natives catching brief glances of the ceremonies came to the conclusion that the Gardeners were preserving the bodies, and so those who had witnessed such proceedings rushed home to their priests and told all that they had seen.

The priests then thought that they would try such things, and when a high enough person died they wrapped him up in bandages, coated him with spices, and all the rest of it, but they found that the bodies decayed. Then they came to the conclusion that it was the intestines, the heart, liver and lungs which caused the decaying, so all those parts

were removed and put in separate jars. It is a good thing they were not preparing the hosts for incoming spirits because the hosts would indeed have been a gutless lot, wouldn't they?!

Of course, some of the embalming—so called—was when a sick space man or space woman was being put into the state of suspended animation so that he or she could be removed to a space ship and taken elsewhere for treatment.

There have been quite a number of well-known leaders on this Earth who were Entities transmigrated into Earth-bodies, Abraham, Moses, Gautama, Christ, and then that well-known genius of geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci. The inventions of Leonardo da Vinci are legend, and he enhanced the knowledge of this world very very greatly. He, as I suppose anyone would agree, possessed skills and sciences far beyond the knowledge of Earth people. The person known as Leonardo da Vinci had been an illegitimate child without any special advantages. Who knows? He might even have been the son of a plumber! The body of the person who became Leonardo da Vinci was of such a degree of vibration that a very high Entity could take it over and do all those things which no human could have done.

In all seriousness, I say that if the people of this world would only listen to those who can actually do transmigration there would be a wonderful chance of space exploration. Think of all the worlds there are. Think of being able to visit a world in a matter of seconds. Some of the worlds can never be visited by orthodox humans because the atmosphere may be wrong, the climate may be wrong, or the gravity may be wrong. But when a person is doing transmigration he can take over the body of any native of the planet, and so then can explore the planet without any difficulties whatever.

Humans, well versed in the science of transmigration could enter the bodies of animals so that they could be studied effectively. This has been done before, it has been done frequently before, and because of a racial memory

there are certain false beliefs that humans are reborn as animals. They are not—ever. Nor are animals born as humans. Animals are not inferior to humans, either. But because there is a racial memory of Gardeners of the Earth taking over the bodies of certain animals, the knowledge of that has lingered on in a distorted form. Thus it is that good religions are debased.

We have traveled extensively in Canada. I have been from Windsor, Ontario, to Fort Erie and on to Prescott, and then we went to Saint John, N.B. For a time, as you can read in others of my books, we lived quite happily in New Brunswick, in the very pleasant city beside the sea. But as my accountant said, an author must travel, so we moved to Montreal and we lived in Habitat for some time. Habitat is that funny looking collection of houses piled one on top of the other like children's building bricks. Anyway, it was quite a nice place to live, and in fact we liked it so much that after we had left it we later returned to it. Here again, in Montreal there were always strikes, there was a language difficulty, too, because the French-Canadians were not at all friendly to those who did not speak French, and my own firm opinion has always been that Canada was an English speaking country and I refused to speak French.

Soon came the time when we moved again, this time to Vancouver, British Columbia, where we lived in a hotel, actually a hotel which also had apartments to it. Vancouver has gone down a lot lately under what I consider to be a most horrible form of government. And another complaint against Vancouver is that "no pets" was the sign everywhere, and as one hotel keeper once said, pets had never hurt his business but children had and so had drunks and so had people who smoked in bed and set the place on fire.

I have moved about a lot in my life. I have learned much, and there are certain things I "wish" could be—

I wish, for instance, that there could be a censorship of the press because I have seen so much misery caused by inaccurate press reports. I am glad to note that now many

many more people are obviously agreeing with me on this, because the accuracy of the press is often in doubt nowadays.

The predictions made about me so very very long ago have been utterly accurate. It was predicted that even my own people would turn against me. Well, they have—they have indeed, because in my time of trouble no one came forward to help me or to attest the truth of my story, and true that story is.

I had so many hopes about helping Tibet. I thought, for example, that with recognition I would be able to speak for Tibet before the United Nations. I hoped that with recognition I could have had a radio program about free Tibet, but no, no help whatever has been given to me by the people of Tibet who have left that country. Sadly enough it is their loss as well as mine. So much good could have been done. My name is widely known, it has been conceded that I can write, it has been stated also that I can talk. I wanted to use both in the service of Tibet, yet they have not been at all anxious to recognize me, just the same as in the past a Dalai Lama would not recognize the Panchen Lama and vice versa. It is just the same, we will say, as one political leader ignoring the existence of another. But I get a vast number of letters, on this day, for example, I had one hundred and three. It has often been much more, and the letters come from all over the world. I learn things which are closed to many, and I have been told, rightly or wrongly, that the present people who escaped from Tibet cannot “recognize” me because another religious faction who is helping them would be cross. I have all the evidence that that is so, actually. But—well—there is no point in starting a miniature religious war, is there?

It is mainly the lower orders of refugees who seem to be opposed to me. I had a letter some months ago from an important man who had been to see the Dalai Lama and had discussed me. The Dalai Lama, it was reported to me, had extended an invitation to me to return to the Potala when it was freed from Communist aggression.

And just a few weeks back our adopted daughter (we “name no names,” remember?) received a letter saying that the Dalai Lama was very concerned about Dr. Rampa’s health, and the Dalai Lama was praying for him daily. That letter is now in the possession of my publishers.

Another “wish” I have is this; there are quite a number of occult bodies about, some of them claiming to be very very ancient even though they were started again by an advertising man just a few years ago. But my complaint is this; if all these people are so holy—so good—so devoted to spiritual enlightenment then why cannot we all get together because if they are truly genuine they would realize that all paths lead Home.

A number of students from some of these cult-colleges have asked me why I did not get in touch with Group so-and-so or Group something else, and the answer is that I have done, and I have had some shockingly insulting replies from these groups all because they are jealous or because they have been poisoned by the press. Well, I do not see it that way at all. I maintain that it does not matter what religion one belongs to, it does not matter how one studies the occult. If people are genuine they would be able to work together.

Some years ago I was approached by a man who was the founder of a so-called Tibetan Science. He wrote to me and suggested that we could make a lot of money if I joined with him and he used my name. Well, I do not do things like that, I do not go in for this work as a money-making gimmick. My beliefs are my everyday beliefs and I live according to the code under which I was taught.

I would like to see many of these so-called metaphysical societies or Orders licensed after careful examination. So many of them are fakes just out to gather money. I know of one particular group who admit quite freely that they take what they consider to be the best from a whole load of writers and hash it up as something quite different. Well, that is dishonest.

This is a good opportunity to tell you once again—in case you start at the back end of this book instead of the

front, as so many do—that all my books are absolutely true. Everything that I have written is fact. Every metaphysical experience I write about I can do, and it is my most sincere wish that there will come a time when people will indeed recognize the truth of my books because I still have a lot to teach people. Nowadays, because of the lies propagated by the press, I have been treated as a leper or pariah. Many people “dip into” my books and then write things as if it was their own idea. Some time ago I listened with great satisfaction on short waves to a long extract from one of my books, and then at the end of the reading I was almost stunned to hear that authorship has been ascribed to some woman who can hardly sign her name! Believe me, then, all my books are true, and I believe I have the system whereby peoples of this world can visit other worlds in safety.

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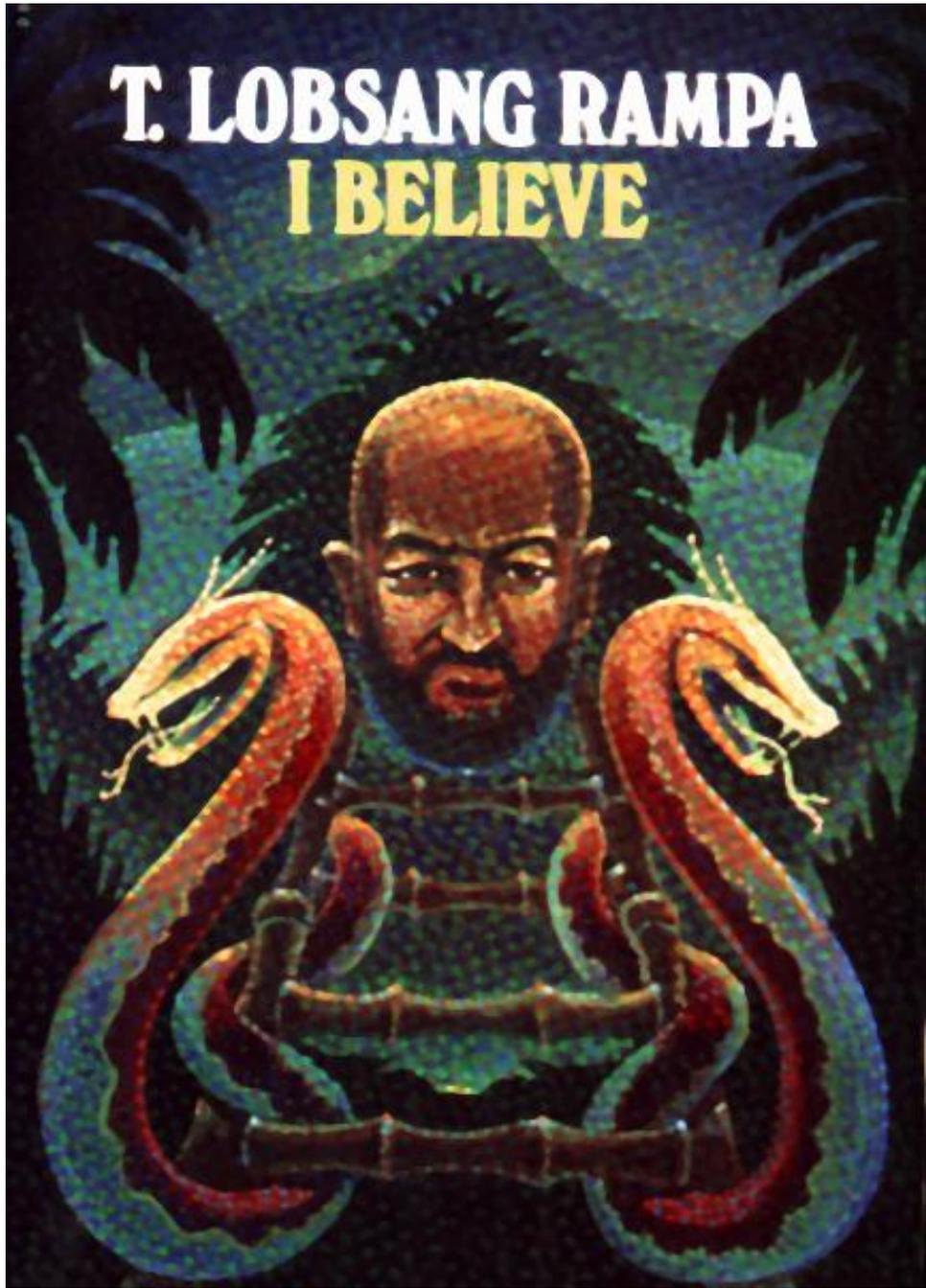
I want to thank Mrs. Sheelagh M. Rouse who has typed fifteen of these books. I typed the first one. She has typed them without a groan, too.

Another thing in which you may be interested is this: Mrs. Rampa has now nearly completed a book giving her side of all this affair. If you want to know about it—well, you will have to watch for advertisements, won't you? or you can write to:-

Mr. E. Z. Sowter,  
A. Touchstone Ltd.,  
33 Ashby Road,  
Loughborough, Leics.,  
England.

So ends Book Four  
As It Is Now

**T. LOBSANG RAMPA**  
**I BELIEVE**



## CHAPTER ONE

MISS MATHILDA HOCKERSNICKLER of Upper Little Puddle-patch sat at her half opened window. The book she was reading attracted her whole attention. A funeral cortege went by without her shadow falling across the fine lace curtains adorning her windows. An altercation between two neighbors went unremarked by a movement of the aspidistra framing the center of the lower window. Miss Mathilda was reading.

Putting down the book upon her lap for a moment, she raised her steel-rimmed spectacles to her forehead while she rubbed at her red-rimmed eyes. Then, putting her spectacles back in place upon her rather prominent nose, she picked up the book and read some more.

In a cage a green and yellow parrot, beady-eyed, looked down with some curiosity. Then there was a raucous squawk, 'Polly want out, Polly want out!'

Miss Mathilda Hockersnickler jumped to her feet with a start. 'Oh, good gracious me,' she exclaimed, 'I am so sorry my poor little darling, I quite forgot to transfer you to your perch.'

Carefully she opened the door of the gilt wire cage and, putting a hand inside, she lifted the somewhat tattered old parrot and gently drew him through the opened cage door. 'Polly want out, Polly want out!' squawked the parrot again.

'Oh, you stupid bird,' replied Miss Mathilda. 'You ARE out, I am going to put you on your perch.' So saying, she put the parrot on the crossbar of a five foot pole which at its distal end resulted in a tray or catch-pan. Carefully she put a little chain around the parrot's left leg, and then made sure that the water bowl and the seed bowl at one end of the support were full.

The parrot ruffled its feathers and then put its head beneath one wing, making cooing chirping noises as it did so. ‘Ah, Polly,’ said Miss Mathilda, ‘you should come and read this book with me. It’s all about the things we are when we are not here. I wish I knew what the author really believed,’ she said as she sat down again and very carefully and modestly arranged her skirts so that not even her knees were showing.

She picked up the book again and then hesitated half-way between lap and reading position, hesitated and put the book down while she reached for a long knitting needle. And then with a vigor surprising in such an elderly lady—she gave a wholly delightful scratch all along her spine between the shoulder blades. ‘Ah!’ she exclaimed, ‘what a wonderful relief that is. I am sure there is something wrong with my liberty bodice. I think I must have got a rough hair there, or something, let me scratch again, it’s such a relief.’ With that she agitated the knitting needle vigorously, her face beaming with pleasure as she did so.

With that item behind her, and her itch settled for the moment, she replaced the knitting needle and picked up the book. ‘Death,’ she said to herself, or possibly to the unheeding parrot, ‘if I only knew what this author REALLY believed about after death.’

She stopped for a moment and reached to the other side of the aspidistra bowl so that she could pick up some soft candies she had put there. Then with a sigh she got to her feet again and passed one to the parrot which was eyeing her very fiercely. The bird took it with a snap and held it in its beak. Miss Mathilda, with the knitting needle now in one hand again and candy in her mouth and the book in her left hand, settled herself again and continued her reading.

A few lines on she stopped again. ‘Why is it that the Father always says that if one is not a good Catholic—a good Church—attending Catholic—one is not able to attain to the Kingdom of Heaven? I wonder if the Father is wrong and if people of other religions go to Heaven as well.’ She lapsed into silence again except for the faint mumbling that she made as she tried to visualize some of the more un-

familiar words. Akashic Record, astral travel, the Heavenly Fields.

The sun moved across the top of the house and Miss Mathilda sat and read. The parrot, with head beneath a wing, slept on. Only an infrequent twitch betrayed any sign of life. Then a church clock chimed away in the distance and Miss Mathilda came to life with a jerk. ‘Oh my goodness me—oh my goodness me,’ she exclaimed, ‘I’ve forgotten all about tea and I have to go to the Church Women’s Meeting.’ She jumped rapidly to her feet, and very carefully put an embroidered into the paperback book which she then hid beneath a sewing table.

She moved away to prepare her belated tea, and as she did so only the parrot would have heard her murmur, ‘Oh, I do wish I knew what this author really believed—I do wish I could have a talk with him. It would be such a comfort!’

On a far off sunny island which shall be nameless, although, indeed, it could be named for this is true, a Gentleman of Color stretched languorously beneath the ample shade of an age-old tree. Lazily he put down the book which he was reading and reached up for a luscious fruit which was dangling enticingly nearby. With an idle movement he plucked the fruit, inspected it to see that it was free of insects, and then popped it in his capacious mouth.

‘Gee,’ he mumbled over the obstruction of the fruit. ‘Gee, I sure doan know what this cat is getting at. I sure do wish I knew what he really believed.’

He stretched again and eased his back into a more comfortable position against the bole of the tree. Idly he swatted at a passing fly, missing he let his hand continue the motion and it idly picked up his book again.

‘Life after death, astral travel, the Akashic Record.’ The Gentleman of Color rifled through some pages. He wanted to get to the end of the stuff without the necessity of all the work involved in reading it word by word. He read a paragraph here, a sentence there, and then idly turned to another page. ‘Gee,’ he repeated. ‘I wish I knew what he believed.’

But the sun was hot. The hum of the insects soporific.

Gradually the Gentleman of Color's head sank upon his chest. Slowly his dark fingers relaxed and the paperback book slithered from his nerveless hands and slid down to the gentle sand. The Gentleman of Color snored and snored, and was oblivious to all that went on about him in the mundane sphere of activity.

A passing youth glanced at the sleeping Negro and looked down at the book. Glancing again at the sleeper the youth edged forward and with prehensile toes reached and picked up the book which with bent leg he quickly transferred to his hand. Holding the book on the side away from the sleeper he moved away looking too innocent to be true.

Away he went into the little copse of trees. Passing through he came again into the sunlight and to a stretch of dazzling white sand. The boom of the breakers sounded in his ears but went unnoticed because this was his life, the sound of the waves on the rocks around the lagoon was an everyday sound to him. The hum of the insects and the chittering of the cicadas were his life, and, as such, unnoticed.

On he went, scuffling the fine sand with his toes for there was always a hope that some treasure or some coin would be unearthed for hadn't a friend of his once picked up a golden Piece of Eight while doing this?

There was a narrow strip of water dividing him from a spit of land containing three solitary trees. Wading he soon traversed the interruption and made his way to the space between the three trees. Carefully he lay down and slowly excavated a little pit to hold his hip bone. Then he rested his head comfortably against the tree root and looked at the book which he had filched from the sleeper.

Carefully he looked around to make sure that he was not observed, to make sure that no one was chasing him. Satisfied that all was safe, he settled back again and rubbed one hand through his woolly hair while with the other he idly turned over the book, first to the back where he read what the publisher had to say, and then he flipped the book over and studied the picture through half-closed slitted eyes and with furrowed brows and puckered lips as he muttered things incomprehensible to himself.

He scratched his crotch and pulled his pants to a more comfortable position. Then, resting on his left elbow, he flipped over the pages and started to read.

‘Thought forms, mantras, man-oh-man, ain't that shore sumpin! So maybe I could make a thought form and then Abigail would have to do whatever I wanted her to do. Gee man, yeh, I shore go for that.’ He rolled back and picked at his nose for a bit, then he said, ‘Wonder if I can believe all this.’

The shadowed recesses of the room exuded an atmosphere of sanctity. All was quiet except that in the deep stone fireplace logs burned and sputtered. Every so often a jet of steam would shoot out and hiss angrily at the flames, steam generated by moisture trapped within imperfectly dried logs. Every so often the wood would erupt in a little explosion sending a shower of sparks upwards. The flickering light added a strange feeling to the room, a feeling of mystery.

At one side of the fireplace a deep deep armchair stood with its back facing the door. An old fashioned stand lamp made of brass rods stood beside the chair, and soft light was emitted from the medium powered electric light bulb concealed within the recesses of a green shade. The light went down, and then disappeared from sight because of the obstruction of the back of the chair.

There came a dry cough and the rustling of turning pages. Again there was silence except for the sputtering of a fire and for the regular fingering of paper as read pages were turned to reveal new material.

From the far distance there came the tolling of a bell, a tolling of slow tempo, and then soon there followed the shuffling of sandal-shod feet and the very soft murmur of voices. There was a clang of an opening door, and a minute later a hollow thud as the door was shut. Soon there came sounds of an organ and male voices raised in song. The song went on for some time and then there was rustling followed by silence, and the silence was destroyed by mumbling voices murmuring something incomprehensible but very well rehearsed.

In the room there was a startling slap as a book fell to the floor. Then a dark figure jumped up. 'Oh my goodness me, I must have fallen asleep. What a perfectly astonishing thing to do!' The dark robed figure bent to pick up the book and carefully opened it to the appropriate page. Meticulously he inserted a bookmark, and quite respectfully placed the book on the table beside him. For some moments he sat there with hands clasped and furrowed brow, then he lifted from the chair and dropped to his knees facing a crucifix on the wall. Kneeling, hands clasped, head bowed, he muttered a prayer of supplication for guidance. That completed he rose to his feet and went to the fireplace and placed another log on the brightly glowing embers. For some time he sat crouched at the side of the stone fireplace with head cupped between his hands.

On a sudden impulse he slapped his thigh and jumped to his feet. Rapidly he crossed the dark room and moved to a desk concealed in the shadows. A quick movement, a pull at a cord, and that corner of the room was flooded with warm light. The figure drew back a chair and opened the lid of the desk, and then sat down. For a moment he sat gazing blankly at the sheet of paper he had just put before him. Absently he put out his right hand to feel for the book that wasn't there, and with a muttered exclamation of annoyance he rose to his feet and went to the chair to pick up the book deposited on the chairside table.

Back at the desk he sat and rifled through the pages until he found that which he sought—an address. Quickly he addressed an envelope and then sat and pondered, sorting out his thoughts, wondering what to do, wondering how to phrase the words he wanted to use.

Soon he put nib to paper and all was quiet except for the scratching of a nib and the ticking of a distant clock.

'Dear Dr. Rampa,' the letter commenced, 'I am a Jesuit priest. I am a lecturer in the Humanities at our College, and I have read your books with more than the normal interest.

'I believe that only those who follow our own form of religion are able to obtain Salvation through the blood of

Our Lord Jesus Christ. I believe that when I am teaching my students. I believe that when I am within the Church itself. But when I am alone in the dark hours of the night, when there is none to watch my reactions or analyze my thoughts then I wonder. Am I right in my Belief? Is there no one except a Catholic who may be saved? What of other religions, are they all false, are they all works of the devil? Or have I and others of my Belief been misled? Your books have shed much light and enabled me greatly to resolve the doubts of the spirit in which I am involved, and I would ask you, Sir, will you answer me some questions so that you may either shed some new light or strengthen that in which I believe.'

Carefully he appended his name. Carefully he folded the letter and was inserting it in the envelope when a thought occurred to him. Quickly, almost guiltily, he snatched out the letter, unfolded it, and indited a postscript: 'I ask you of your honor as one devoted to your own Belief not to mention my name nor that I have written to you as it is contrary to the rules of my Order.' He initialed it, dried the ink, and then quickly inserted the folded letter in the envelope and sealed it. He fumbled among his papers until he found a book, and in that he made a note of the postage to Canada. Searching in drawers and pigeonholes eventually produced the appropriate stamps which were affixed to the envelope. The priest then carefully tucked the letter in the inner recesses of his gown. Rising to his feet he extinguished the light and left the room.

'Ah Father,' said a voice out in the corridor, 'are you going into the town or can I do anything for you there? I have to go on an errand and I should be happy to be of service to you.'

'No thank you, Brother,' replied the senior professor to his subordinate, 'I have a mind to take a turn in the town and to get some much needed exercise, so I think I will just stroll down to the main street.' Gravely they took a half bow to each other, and each went his own way, the senior professor went out of the age-old building of gray stone stained with age and half covered with climbing ivy. Slowly he walked

along the main drive, hands clasped about his crucifix, mumbling to himself as was the wont of those of his Order.

In the main street just beyond the great gate people bowed respectfully at his appearance, and many crossed themselves. Slowly the elderly professor walked down the street to the letter box outside the post office. Guiltily, surreptitiously he looked about him to see if any of his Order were nearby. Satisfied that all was secure he removed the letter from his robes and flicked it into the letter box. Then with a heartfelt sigh of relief he turned and retraced his steps.

Back in his private study, again by the side of the sparkling fire and with a well-shaded light casting illumination on his book, he read and read deep into the hours of the night. At last he closed the book, locked it away, and went off to his cell murmuring to himself, 'What should I believe, what should I believe?'

The lowering sky gazed dourly upon night-time London. The teeming rain swept down upon the shivering streets scurrying passers-by with grimly held umbrellas braced against the wind. London, the lights of London, and people hurrying home from work. Buses roared by, great giant red buses scattering water all over the sidewalks, and shivering groups of people trying to avoid the dirty spray.

In shop fronts people huddled in groups waiting for their own buses to come along, dashing out eagerly as a bus came along and then slinking back despondently as the indicators showed the wrong numbers. London, with half the city going home and another half coming on duty.

In Harley Street, the heart of London's medical world, a gray haired man paced restlessly on a bearskin rug in front of a roaring fire. Back and forth he strode, hands clasped behind his back, head bowed upon his chest. Then on impulse he flung himself into a well-padded leather armchair and pulled a book out of his pocket. Quickly he flipped through the pages until he found the passage he needed, a passage about the human aura. He read it again, and having read it turned back and read it once more. For a time he sat gazing into the fire, then he nodded in resolution and

jumped to his feet. Quickly he left the room and went into another. Carefully he locked the door behind him and went to his desk. Pushing aside a lot of medical reports and certificates yet to be signed, he sat down and took some private notepaper from a drawer.

‘Dear Dr. Rampa,’ he wrote in an almost indecipherable handwriting, ‘I have read your book with absolute fascination, a fascination heightened very greatly by my own belief — by my own knowledge — that what you write is true.’

He sat back and carefully read what he had just written, and to be quite sure he read it once again before resuming, ‘I have a son, a bright young fellow, who recently had an operation to his brain. Now, since that operation, he tells us that he is able to see strange colors around human bodies, he is able to see lights about the human head, but not only the human head, not only the human body - animals as well. For some time we have thought deeply on this matter, wondering what it was that we did wrong in the operation, thinking perhaps that we had disorganized his optic nerve, but after reading your book we know better; my son can see the human aura, therefore I know that you write the truth.

‘I should very much like to meet you if you are in London because I think you may be able to be of enormous assistance to my son. Yours very sincerely.’

He re-read what he had written, and then, like a priest before him, was about to fold the letter and insert it in an envelope, but his eyes fell upon the bust of a medical pioneer. The specialist started as if he had been stung by a bee and quickly grabbed his pen again and added a post-script to his letter. ‘I trust that you will not reveal my name or the contents of this letter to anyone because it would injure my status in the eyes of my colleagues.’ Carefully he initialed it, folded it and put it in its envelope. Carefully he extinguished the lights and left the room. Outside his very expensive car was waiting. The chauffeur jumped to attention as the specialist said, ‘To the post office in Leicester Square.’ The car drove off and soon the letter was dropped into the letter box and eventually reached its destination.

And so the letters came in, letters from Here, letters from There, letters from Everywhere, from the North to the South, and from the East to the West — letters, letters, letters, an unending shoal of letters all demanding an answer, all asserting that their own problems were unique and no one ever before had such problems. Letters of condemnation, letters of praise, letters of supplication. From Trinidad came a letter written on the cheapest form of school exercise paper in an absolutely illiterate handwriting; ‘I am a Holy Missionary, I am working for the good of God. Give me ten thousand dollars and a new station wagon. Oh yes, and while you are about it send me a free set of your books and then I shall believe what you write.’

From Singapore came a letter from two young Chinese men: ‘We want to become doctors. We have no money. We want you to pay our first class air fare from Singapore to your home, and then we will talk to you and tell you how you can give us the money so that we may be trained as doctors and do good for mankind. And you might send us extra money so we can see a friend of ours in New York, America. Do that for us and you will be doing good for people, and then we will believe.’

The letters came in in their hundreds, in their thousands, all demanding an answer. Few, a pitiful few, even thought of the expense of writing, of stationery, of postage. They wrote, ‘Tell us more about what happens after death. Tell us more what IS death. We don't understand about dying, you don't tell us enough, you don't make it clear. Tell us everything.’

Others wrote, ‘Tell us about religions, tell us if we have a hope after this life when we are not Catholics.’ Yet others wrote, ‘Give me a mantra so that I can win the Irish Sweepstake, and if I win the first prize of a million in the Irish Sweepstake I'll give you ten percent.’

And yet another person wrote, ‘I live in New Mexico, there is a lost mine here. Tell me where is the lost mine — you can go into the astral and find it — and if you tell me where it is and I find it and make it mine I will give you a present of some money for your services.’

People wrote that I should tell them more, tell them all, tell them more than all so that they would know what to believe.

Mrs. Sheelagh Rouse sat grimly at her desk, her gold rimmed glasses were perched precariously on the bridge of her nose and every so often she would put a finger up and push them back into place.

She looked at the wheelchair passing her door and said, somewhat fiercely, ‘You've only written sixteen books, why not write another, the seventeenth, telling people what they CAN believe? Look at all the letters you've had asking for another book, asking you to tell them what they can believe — I'll type it for you!’ she concluded brightly.

Miss Tadalinka and Miss Cleopatra Rampa sat in the corridor in front of the wheelchair and smiled contentedly. Miss Taddy, deep in thought, had to scratch her left ear with her left foot while she concentrated on the implications of yet another book. Satisfied she rose to her legs and waddled away back to her favorite chair.

Mama San Ra'ab Rampa looked up with a rather pale bemused expression on her face. Without a word — perhaps she was speechless! — she handed me a piece of blue card with a heading of ‘Mama San Ra'ab Rampa, Pussywillow’, and then in the center of the page I saw my own face in blue just as if I had been dead for too long and dug up too late. And below that, the weirdest looking Siamese cat face I have ever seen. Well, for a time it left me speechless, but I suppose that it is nice to see the first cover of one's first book. I am biased because this is my seventeenth and there is no longer any novelty. But, ‘Mama San,’ I said, ‘what do YOU think of another book? Is it worth all the effort with me stuck in bed like a stupid dummy, or shall I give it up?’

Mama San metaphorically uncrossed her eyes after the impact of her first book cover, and said, ‘Oh yes, of course you should write a book. I am thinking of writing my second!’

Miss Cleo Rampa and Miss Taddy Rampa took a good sniff at the cover and walked away with their tails in the air. Apparently it met with their approval.

Just then the telephone rang and it was John Henderson, away in the wilds of the U.S.A., at the confluence of many waters. He said, 'Hi Boss, I've been reading some very good articles in praise of you. There's a good one in the magazine I've sent on to you.'

'Well, John,' I replied, 'I couldn't care two hoots, or even one hoot what magazines or newspapers write about me. I do not read them whether they are good or bad articles. But, what do YOU think of another book, a seventeenth?'

'Gee, Boss,' said John H., 'that's what I've been waiting to hear! It's time you wrote another book, everyone is anxious, and I understand the booksellers are getting many inquiries.'

Well, that was quite a blow; everyone seemed to be gang-ing up, everyone seemed to want another book. But what can a poor fellow do when he is approaching the end of his life and he has a ferocious tax demand from a wholly un-sympathetic country - and something has to be done to keep the home fires burning, or to keep the income tax jackals from the front door.

One of the things I feel bitter about — the income tax. I am very disabled and most of my time is spent in bed. I am not a charge on the country but I pay a most vicious tax without any allowances because I am an author working at home. And yet some of the oil companies here do not pay any tax at all because some of them are engaged upon entirely mythical 'research' and, as such, are tax exempt. And then I think of some of these crackpot cultists who set up as a non-profit organization paying themselves, their relatives and their friends high salaries, but they pay no tax because they are registered as a non-profit organization.

So it came about that unwillingly it was necessary for me to write a seventeenth book, and so the consensus of opinion was, after perusal of letter after letter after letter, that the title should be 'I believe'.

This book will tell of life before birth, life on Earth, and the passing from Earth and return to Life Beyond. I have the title of 'I believe', but that is wholly incorrect; it is not a question of belief, it is KNOWLEDGE. I can do everything I write about. I can go into the astral as easily as another

person can go into another room - well, that's what I cannot do, go into another room without fiddling about on crutches and a wheelchair and all the rest of it, but in the astral one does not need crutches, wheelchairs or drugs. So what I write about in this book is the truth. I am not expressing an opinion, but just telling things as they REALLY are.

Now is the time to get down to it. So — on to Chapter Two.

## CHAPTER TWO

ALGERNON REGINALD ST. CLAIR DE BONKERS fell to the floor of the bathroom with a soggy scrunch. Algernon lay upon the floor and from him there came bubbling, mewling sounds. Out in the corridor a chambermaid who was passing stopped in her tracks and felt the icy fingers of fear crawl up and down her spine. Tremulously she called through the door, 'Are you all right, Sir Algernon? Sir Algernon, are you all right?' Receiving no reply she turned the door handle and entered the bathroom.

Immediately her hair stood up on her neck, and drawing a tremendous breath she let go with the most marvelous scream of her career, and continued to scream, getting higher and higher up the scale as she did so. Thoroughly out of breath, she collapsed in a dead faint by the side of Algernon on the floor.

There came the sound of excited voices. There came the sound of pounding feet up the stairs and along the corridor. The first-comers stopped with such abruptness that they tore the carpet from its fastening, then clustered together as if to give each other confidence they peered in the open doorway.

Algernon Reginald St. Clair de Bonkers lay upon his face on the bathroom floor, blood pouring from a gash across his throat and soaking the unconscious body of the chambermaid lying beside him. Suddenly she took a quick gasp, twitched, and opened her eyes. For seconds she looked at the pool of blood beneath her, shuddered, and then with an eldritch scream which jarred the nerves of those around she slumped again into her faint, this time her face well immersed in the alleged blue blood of her employer.

Algernon lay upon the ground. He felt that everything

was spinning, everywhere was fantastically unreal. He heard a keening, mewling noise and then hideous bubblings which gradually became less bubbly as the blood seeped out of his mutilated body.

Algernon felt very strange workings within him. Then there was a terrific screech and the chambermaid fell down beside him, bumping his body in the process. With the sudden jar Sir Algernon was pushed right out of his body and jumped upwards like a balloon on a string.

For some seconds he looked about, amazed at the strange, strange viewpoint. He seemed to be floating face down from the ceiling, and then, as he gazed down at two bodies beneath him he saw a Silver Cord extending from his 'new' body to the old one lying supine. As he watched the Cord turned dark gray, hideous spots appeared where it joined the body on the floor, and then it withered and dropped away like an umbilical cord. But Algernon stayed there as if glued to the ceiling. He made loud shouts for help not realizing that he was out of a dead body and into the astral plane. He stayed there, stuck against the ornamental ceiling of the ancestral home. He stayed there invisible to the gawking faces which peered into the bathroom, took an inordinate time to look around, and then disappeared to be replaced by others. He saw the chambermaid recover consciousness, gaze at the blood into which she had fallen, screech and faint again.

The heavy studied voice of the butler broke the silence. 'Now, now,' he said, 'let us not have panic. You, Bert,' pointing to a footman, 'go and call the Police, call Dr. Mackintosh, and I think you should call the Undertaker as well.' Having concluded that oration, he gestured imperiously to the footman and turned to the two bodies. Pulling up his trousers so they should not crease over his knees, he stooped down and very gingerly caught hold of the wrist of the chambermaid, exclaiming in extreme distaste as his hand encountered blood. Quickly he removed his hand and wiped the blood off on the chambermaid's skirt. Then, grasping the poor maid by one leg — by one ankle — he pulled her straight out of the bathroom. There were subdued titters as the poor maid's skirt rolled up around her waist and up to her

shoulders, titters which were quickly suppressed at a glare from the butler.

The housekeeper stepped forward and demurely bent down, and in the interests of modesty rearranged the chambermaid's skirts around her. Then two menservants lifted the chambermaid and hurried down the corridor with her, trailing blood from her blood-soaked clothes as they did so.

The butler eased further into the bathroom and looked cautiously around. 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'there is the instrument with which Sir Algernon ended his life.' He pointed to a blood-stained open razor which had skidded along the floor to the side of the bath.

He stood like a monolith in the bathroom doorway until the sound of galloping horses was heard outside. Then there came the footman who said, 'The Police are here, Mr. Harris, and the doctor is on his way.'

There were excited voices in the hallway and then a very heavy, very majestic tread came up the stairway and down the corridor.

'Well, well, and what have we here?' said a rough voice, 'I understand that there has been a suicide, but are you sure it is not murder?' The speaker, a policeman in blue uniform, poked his head into the bathroom, automatically reaching for the notebook ever-ready in his breast pocket. Taking the stub of a pencil, he licked it and then carefully opened the notebook. Then there came the sound of a fast-trotting horse, and more commotion at the doorway, followed by a much lighter, much quicker tread on the stairs. A slim young man came along carrying a black case: 'Ah, Mr. Harris,' said the young man who was, in fact, the doctor, 'I understand you have some illness here, some tragedy maybe, eh?'

'Now, now, doctor,' said the red-faced policeman, 'we have not finished our investigations yet. We must find the cause of death—'

'But, sergeant,' said the doctor, 'are you sure that he really is dead? Shouldn't we see to that first?'

Mutely the sergeant pointed to the body and to the fact that the head was almost cut off from the neck. The wound

gaped wide now that all the blood had drained out of the body and seeped all over the bathroom floor and all along the carpet in the corridor. The sergeant said, 'Now, Mr. Harris, let's have your account of it. Who did it?'

The butler licked his nervous lips as he was not at all happy at the way things were turning. He felt as if he were being accused of murder, but even the meanest intellect would have seen that the injuries on the body were self-inflicted. But he knew he had to keep in with the Law, and so he started:

'As you well know, my name is George Harris. I am the head butler to this household. The staff and I were startled to hear a chambermaid — Alice White — screaming, her voice going higher and higher until we thought that our nerves would break under the strain, and then there was a thud and nothing more. So we raced up here and we found—' he paused dramatically, and then thrust his hands in the direction of the bathroom and said, 'this!'

The sergeant mumbled to himself and chewed at his moustache, a long drooping affair which had trailers at each side of his mouth. Then he said, 'Produce this Alice White. I will interrogate her now.'

The housekeeper came bustling down a corridor saying, 'Oh no you won't, sergeant, we are having to bath her, she is covered in blood and she has a fit of hysterics. Poor soul, I don't wonder at it either. Now don't you think you can come here bullying us because we did not do this thing, and I'll have you remember all the times you've come to my back kitchen of a night to have a good meal!'

The doctor moved forward very gingerly, and said, 'Well, we'd better have a look at the body, we seem to be wasting a lot of time and getting nowhere in the process.' So saying, he stepped forward and carefully took the links out of his starched cuffs, put them in his pocket, and then rolled up his sleeves, after passing his jacket to the butler for his care.

Stooping down, the doctor carefully examined the body without touching it. Then, with a quick movement of his foot, he flipped the body right over until it was facing up with the staring eyes gazing up.

The entity who had been Sir Algernon was looking down in fascination at all this. He felt very strange about it, for a moment he could not understand what had happened. but some force kept him pinned to the ceiling upside-down, the living Algernon gazing down into the dead, glazed, bloody eyes of the dead Algernon. He rested upside-down against the ceiling in rapt attention, spellbound at the strange experience. His attention was riveted at the words of Mr. Harris.

‘Yes, poor Sir Algernon was a subaltern in the Boer War. He fought very nobly against the Boers and he was badly wounded. Unfortunately he was wounded in a most delicate place which I cannot describe more adequately in front of the ladies present, and increasingly of late his inability to — ah — perform has led to bouts of depression, and on numerous occasions we and others have heard him threaten that life without his necessities was not worth living, and he threatened to end it all.’

The housekeeper gave a sniff of commiseration, and the second housemaid sniffed in sympathy. The first footman muttered assent that he, too, had heard such things. Then the doctor gazed at all the towels so neatly arrayed on the racks and with a quick movement spread them all on the bathroom floor. With a foot he swept away the blood which even now was commencing to coagulate. Then, turning his eyes to the bath rail, he saw a bath mat there, quite a thick thing. He placed it on the floor beside the body and knelt down. Taking his wooden rod stethoscope he unbuttoned the clothing of the corpse and put the wooden button end to the chest and applied his ear to the recess shaped in the wood at the other end. Everyone was still, everyone held their breath, and then at last the doctor shook his head in negation saying, ‘No, life is extinct, he is dead.’ With that, he removed his wooden stethoscope, tucked it inside his trousers in a special pocket, and stood up, wiping his hands on a cloth handed to him by the housekeeper.

The sergeant pointed to the razor and said, ‘Doctor, is that the instrument which ended this body's life?’ The doctor glanced down, moved the razor with his foot, and then

picked it up through the folds of the cloth. 'Yes,' he said, 'this has severed from the carotid through the jugular and on to the carotid. Death must have been almost instantaneous. I estimate that it took about seven minutes to die.'

Sergeant Murdock was very busy licking his pencil and writing copious notes in his book. Then there came a heavier rumble as of a wagon being drawn by horses. Again the doorbell pealed in the kitchen. Again there were voices in the hall, and then a dapper little man came up the stairs, bowed ceremoniously to the butler, to the doctor, and to the sergeant in that order. 'Ah, is the body ready for me?' he asked. 'I was asked to come here and collect a body, the body of a suicide.'

The sergeant looked at the doctor, the doctor looked at the sergeant, then they both looked at Mr. Harris. 'Do you have anything to say about this, Mr. Harris? Do you know if any of the corpse's relatives are coming?' asked the sergeant.

'No, sergeant, they would have no time to come here so quickly. I believe the nearest relative lives about half an hour's journey by fast horse, and I have already sent a messenger. I think it would be in order to have the undertaker take the body away to his parlor because, obviously, we cannot have the relatives seeing Sir Algernon in such a deplorable condition, can we?'

The sergeant looked at the doctor and the doctor looked at the sergeant, and then simultaneously they said, 'Yes.' So the sergeant as the representative of the Law said, 'All right, take away the body, but let us at the Station have a very full report at the earliest possible moment. The Superintendent will want it before the morning.'

The doctor said, 'I shall have to inform the Coroner of this, it is probable that he will want to conduct an autopsy.' The doctor and the sergeant moved away. The undertaker gently shooed away the butler, the footmen, the house-keeper and the maids, and then two of his men came up the stairs carrying a light casket. Together they put the casket on the floor outside the bathroom and removed the lid. Inside it was about a quarter full of sawdust. Then they

moved into the bathroom and lifted up the body, dropping it unceremoniously into the sawdust in the casket, carefully putting the lid back into position.

Perfunctorily they rinsed their hands under the tap and, not finding any clean towels, they wiped their dripping hands on the curtains. Then out they went into the corridor, treading half congealed blood all over the corridor carpet.

With many a grunt they lifted the casket and proceeded towards the stairs. 'Bear a hand here, you men,' called the undertaker to two footmen, 'take the lower end, we mustn't tip him out.' Two men hurried forward, and carefully the casket was eased down the stairs and out into the open, and slid into a black covered wagon. The undertaker got inside, the two assistants got up on the box, the reins were picked up and the horses ambled off at a leisurely pace.

Sergeant Murdock moved ponderously up the stairs again and went into the bathroom. With a cloth he picked up the open razor and put it aside. Then he carried out an inspection to see if anything else of use as evidence could be found.

The spirit of Sir Algernon, glued to the ceiling, looked down in utter fascination. Then for some reason Sergeant Murdock turned his eyes to the ceiling, emitted a bellow of fright, and fell down with a honk that cracked the toilet seat. With that the spirit of Sir Algernon vanished, and he himself lost consciousness, being aware only of a strange humming, a weird swirling, and clouds of rolling blackness like the smoke from a paraffin reading lamp which had been turned too high and left unattended in a room.

And so darkness fell upon him, and the spirit of Sir Algernon took no further interest in the proceedings, at least for the time being.

Algernon Reginald St. Clair de Bonkers stirred uneasily in what seemed to be a deeply drugged sleep. Strange thoughts swarmed across his half-submerged consciousness. There came bursts of heavenly music followed by wild outpourings of hellish sound. Algernon stirred fretfully, and in one period of greater consciousness he stirred and found to his astonishment that his movements were sluggish, torpid, as though he were immersed in a gooey mess.

Algernon Reginald St. Clair de Bonkers woke up with a start and tried to sit erect but found his movements constricted, he could only move in slow motion. Panic struck and he tried to flail about in his anguish but found his movements were slow, turgid, and it calmed him down quite a lot. He felt for his eyes to see if they were open or shut because he could see no light. It did not matter if his eyes were open or shut, there was no sensation of light. He put his hands down to feel the texture of the bed, but then he shrieked in shock because there was no bed beneath him, he was suspended — as he himself put it — ‘like a fish stuck in syrup in a fish tank’.

For a time he feebly flailed with his arms as does a swimmer, trying to push against something so he would have the satisfaction of getting somewhere. But as hard as he pushed with his wide-spread hands and arms and his thrusting feet, so did ‘something’ hold him back.

To his astonishment all his efforts failed to make him breathless, failed to make him tired, so, having seen the uselessness of an attempt at physical effort, he just lay still and thought.

‘Where was I?’ he thought back. ‘Oh yes, I remember, I decided to kill myself, I decided that it was useless going on as I had been going on, bereft of female society because of the nature of my disability. How unfortunate it was,’ he muttered to himself, ‘that the filthy Boers should have shot me THERE!’

For some moments he lay there thinking of the past, thinking of the bearded Boer who had raised his rifle and deliberately, quite deliberately, aimed at him not with a view to killing him, but with the definite objective of what must politely be termed robbing him of his manhood. He thought of the ‘dear Vicar’ who had recommended Algernon's house as a very safe refuge for servant girls who had to earn a living. He thought, too, of his father who had said while the young man was still a schoolboy, ‘Well, Algernon, m'lad, you have to get to learn the facts of life, you have to practice on some of the servant girls we have here, you'll find them quite useful to play with but be sure you do not

take things too seriously. These lower classes are there for our convenience, aren't they?'

'Yes,' he thought, 'even the housekeeper had smiled a peculiar little smile when a particularly comely young maid servant was engaged. The housekeeper said, "You'll be quite safe here, dear, the Master will not bother you at all, he's like one of those horses in the field, you know, they've been doctored. Yes, you'll be quite safe here," and the housekeeper had turned away with a sly little chuckle.'

Algernon reviewed his life in some detail. The shattering impact of the bullet and how he had doubled up and vomited in anguish. Still in his ears he could hear the raucous laughter of the old Boer farmer as he said, 'No more gels for you, m'lad, we'll stop you from continuing the family name. Now you'll be like them there eunuchs we used to hear about.'

Algernon felt himself grow hot all over with the shame of it, and it reminded him of the long-term plan he had made, a plan to commit suicide following the decision that he could not go on living under such strange conditions. He found it quite intolerable when the Vicar called upon him and made oblique references to his ailment, and said how glad he would be to have such a safe young man help with the Women's meetings and the Sunday afternoon sewing sessions and all that sort of thing because — the Vicar said — 'We cannot be too careful, can we? We must not impugn the good name of our Church, must we?'

And then there was the doctor, the old family doctor, Dr. Mortimer Davis who used to ride up of an evening on his old horse Wellington. Dr. Davis would sit down in the study and together they would have a comfortable glass of wine, but the comfort was always ruined when the doctor would say, 'Well, Sir Algernon, I think I should examine you, we have to make sure you do not develop feminine characteristics because unless we exercise the most extreme supervision you may find that your facial hair will fall out and you will develop — ahem - female breasts. One of the things for which we must be most observant is for any change in the timbre of your voice because now that you have lost

certain glands the chemistry of your body has changed.’ The doctor looked at him most quizzically to see how he was taking it, and then said, ‘Well now, I think I could do with another glass of wine, you have most excellent wine here, your dear father was a great connoisseur of the luxuries of life especially with the distaff side of the luxuries, heh, heh, heh!’

Poor Algemon had all that he could take when one day he heard the butler talking to the housekeeper, ‘A terrible thing, you know, how it happened to Sir Algernon, such a lively virile young man, such a credit to his class. I know well how, before you came here and before he went to the War, he used to ride to hounds and made a very favorable impression on the matrons of the district. They were always inviting Sir Algernon to parties, they always looked upon him as a most eligible young man and a very desirable suitor for a daughter who had just come out. But now — well, the mothers of the district look upon him with commiseration but at least they know he doesn't need a chaperone when he goes out with their daughters. A very safe young man, a very safe young man indeed.’

‘Yes,’ thought Algernon, ‘a very safe young man indeed. I wonder what they would have done in my place, lying there on the battlefield bleeding with my uniform breeches soaked in red, and then the surgeon coming along in the field and cutting off my clothing and with a sharp knife just amputating the tattered remnants of what made him different from a woman. Oh! The agony of it. Nowadays there is this thing they call chloroform which is stated to relieve pain, to give one surcease from the agony of operations, but on the field, no, nothing but a slashing knife and the bullet between one's teeth so one can bite down on the bullet and stop oneself from screaming. And then the shame of it, the shame of being deprived — THERE. The sight of one's fellow sub-alterns looking embarrassed and, at the same time, uttering salacious stories behind one's back.

‘Yes, the shame of it, the shame of it. The last member of an old family, the de Bonkers who came over with the Norman invasion and who settled in that very salubrious

part of England and built a large manor house and had tenant farmers. Now he, the last of the line, impotent through service to his country, impotent and laughed at by his peers. And what is there to laugh at?' he thought, 'in a man becoming maimed in the service of others? He thought that now, because he had fought for his country, his line would fall into desuetude.'

Algernon lay there, neither in the air, neither on the ground. He could not decide where he was, he could not decide what he was. He lay there flapping like a newly-landed fish, and then thought, 'Am I dead? What is death? I saw myself dead, then how am I here?'

Inevitably his thoughts turned again to events since his return to England. He saw himself walking with some difficulty, and then carefully noting the expressions and the actions of his neighbors, of his family, and of his servants. The idea had grown that he should kill himself, that he should end a useless life. He had at one time locked himself away in his study and got out his pistol, carefully cleaned it, carefully loaded it and primed it. Then he had put the muzzle to his right temple and pulled the trigger. Just a sodden thunk had resulted. For moments he had sat there bemused, unbelieving, his trusty pistol which he had carried and used throughout the War had betrayed him at last, he was still alive. He spread a sheet of clean paper on the desk in front of him and lowered the pistol on to it. Everything was as it should be, powder, ball, and cap, everything was perfectly in order. He assembled it again, powder, ball, and cap, and without thinking he pulled the trigger. There was a loud bang, and he had shot out his window. There came running feet and a pounding on the door. Slowly he had risen to his feet and unlocked the door to admit a white-faced, frightened butler. 'Oh, Sir Algernon, Sir Algernon, I thought some dreadful mishap had occurred,' said the butler in considerable agitation.

'Oh no, it's quite all right, I was just cleaning my pistol and it went off — get a man to replace the window, will you?'

Then there had been the attempt at horse riding. He had taken an old gray mare and had been riding out of the

stables when a stable boy had tittered and murmured to an ostler, 'Two old mares together now, eh, what d'you think of that?' He turned and struck at the boy with his riding crop, and then flung the reins over the horse's neck, jumped to the ground and hastened back to his home, never to ride a horse again.

Then another time he thought of that strange plant which had come from the almost unknown country of Brazil a plant which was supposed to give instant death to those who chewed its berries and got the poisonous juice down one's throat. He had done that, he had such a plant which had been presented to him by a world traveler. For days he had carefully watered the plant, nourished it like a first-born child, and then when the plant was blooming and healthy he had taken off the berries and stuffed them in his mouth. 'Oh! The agony of it,' he thought, 'the shame of it. No death, but things a thousand times worse than death. Such a gastric disturbance! Never in all history,' he thought, 'had there been such a purge, such a purge that he could not even take himself in time to the littlest room. And the shock of the housekeeper when she had to take his very soiled clothes and pass them to the laundry woman.' His face burned red at the mere thought of it.

And then this latest attempt. He had sent up to London to the finest swordsmith of that city, and there had been obtained for him the best and sharpest of razors, a beautiful instrument deeply engraved with the maker's name and crest. Sir Algernon had taken that wonderful blade and stropped it and stropped it and stropped it. And then, with one quick slash, he had cut his throat from ear to ear so that only the support of the spine in the neck had kept his head upon his shoulders.

So he had seen himself dead. He knew he was dead because he knew he had killed himself, and then he had looked from the ceiling and seen himself on the floor with rapidly glazing eyes. He lay there in the darkness, in the turgid darkness, and thought and thought and thought.

Death? What WAS death? Was there anything after death? He and his fellow subalterns and other officers in the

Mess had often debated the subject. The Padre had tried to explain about the life immortal, about going to Heaven, and one dashing Hussar, a major had said, 'Oh no, Padre, I am sure it's absolutely wrong. When one is dead one is dead and that's all there is to it. If I go and kill a Boer are you telling me that he'll go straight to Heaven or the Other Place? If I kill him with a bullet through his heart and I am standing there with my foot on his chest, I can tell you that he's very much under me, dead, dead as a stuffed pig. When we're dead we're dead and there's nothing more to it.'

He thought again of all the arguments for life after death. He wondered why anyone could say there was life after death. 'If you kill a man — well, he's dead and that's all there is to it. If there was a soul then you'd see something leave the body at death, wouldn't you?'

Algernon lay there and pondered the whole matter, wondering what had happened, where was he? And then he had the terrible thought that perhaps it was all a nightmare and he had had a brainstorm and was confined in an asylum for the mad. Carefully he felt about him to see if there were any restraining straps. But no, he was floating, that's all there was to it, he was floating like a fish in water. So he returned to wonder what it was. 'Death? Am I dead? Then if I am dead where am I, what am I doing in this strange condition floating idly?'

Words of the Padre came back to him: 'When you leave your body an angel will be there to greet you and to guide you. You will be judged by God Himself, and then you will have whatever punishment God Himself decrees.' Algernon wondered about that whole matter. 'If God was a kind God why did a person have to be punished as soon as he was dead? And if he was dead how could a punishment affect him? He was here now; he thought, 'lying quietly, no particular pain, no particular joy, just lying there quietly.'

At that moment Algernon started with fear. Something had brushed by him. It was like having a hand put inside one's skull. He got an impression, not a voice, but an impression, a sensation that someone was thinking at him, 'Peace, be still, listen.'

For a few moments Algernon flailed away, trying to run. This was too mysterious, this was too unsettling, but he was stuck there. And so once again he had the impression, 'Peace, be still, and be freed from this.'

Algernon thought to himself, 'I am an officer and a gentleman, I must not panic, I must be an example to my men.' So, confused though he was, he composed himself and let tranquillity and peace enter within him.

## CHAPTER THREE

ALGERNON suddenly shuddered with shock. Panic took hold of him. For a moment he thought that his brain was going to burst out of its skull.

About him the blackness grew even blacker. Although he could not see in the total darkness he could inexplicably FEEL turgid clouds of blacker than blackness swirling around, enveloping him.

Through the darkness he seemed to see a brilliant ray of light, pencil-thin, reaching out to him and touching him, and along the pencil-thin ray of light came the impression 'Peace, peace, be still and we will talk to you.'

By superhuman efforts Algernon got a grip on his panic. Gradually he calmed down and once again rested more or less placidly awaiting developments. They were swift in coming; 'We are willing to help you — we are very anxious to help you but you will not let us.'

Algernon rolled the thought around in his brain. 'You will not let us,' he thought, 'but I haven't said a word to them, how can they say that I won't let them help me? I don't know who they are, I don't know what they are going to do, I don't even know where I am. If this is death,' he thought, 'well, what is it? Negation? Nothingness? Am I to be condemned for eternity to live in darkness like this? But even that,' he thought, 'poses a problem. Live? Well, do I live?' Thoughts swirled about him and his brain was in turmoil. Teachings of his early youth came to him: 'There is no death — I am the Resurrection — In my Father's house there are many mansions, I go to prepare a Way for you — If you behave you will go to Heaven — If you misbehave you will go to Hell — Only Christians have a chance for Heaven.' So many contradictory statements, so much misunderstanding,

so much of the blind teaching the blind. The priests and the Sunday School teachers, people blind themselves trying to teach others who they thought were even blinder. ‘Hell?’ he thought. ‘What IS Hell? What is Heaven? IS there Heaven?’

A strong thought broke in on his cogitations: ‘We are willing to help you if you will first accept the premise that you are alive and that there is life after death. We are willing to help you if you are prepared unreservedly to believe in us and believe in that which we can teach you.’

Algernon's brain railed at the thought. What was this rubbish about accepting help? What was this stupid nonsense about believing? What COULD he believe? If he was to believe then it implied there was a doubt. He wanted facts not beliefs. The facts were that he had died by his own hand, and the second fact was that he had seen his dead body, and the third fact was that he was now in total blackness apparently immersed in some sticky, turgid substance which prevented much movement. And then stupid people from he knew not where were sending thoughts into his head saying that he should believe. Well — WHAT should he believe?

‘You are in the next stage after death,’ the voice, or thought, or impression, or whatever it was, said to him. ‘You have been misinformed, mistaught and misled upon the Earth, and if you want to come out of your self-imposed prison then we will get you out.’ Algernon rested quietly and thought over the matter, and then he thought back. ‘Well,’ he thought strongly, ‘if you want me to believe, first of all you should tell me what is happening to me. You say I am in the first stage after death, but I thought death was the end of everything.’

‘Precisely!’ broke in the thought or the voice very strongly. ‘Precisely! You are surrounded by the black clouds of doubt, by the black clouds of unreason. You are surrounded by the blackness of ignorance, and this isolation is self-made, self-imposed and can only be self-destroyed.’

Algernon did not like that a bit. It seemed to be blaming him for everything. Then he said, ‘But I have no reason to believe, I can only go by what I have been taught. I have been taught various things in churches, and while a mere

boy I was taught by Sunday School teachers and by a Governess, and now do you think I can scrap all that just because some unknown, unidentified impression comes to my mind? DO something to show me that there is something beyond this blackness.'

Suddenly a break appeared in the darkness. Suddenly the blackness rolled aside like curtains on a stage rolling aside that the actors could make their debut. Algernon was almost struck senseless by the influx of bright light and by the wondrous vibrations in the atmosphere. He almost screamed in the ecstasy of the moment, and then — doubt, and with the doubt came the rolling in of the blackness again until once more he was engulfed in turgid darkness. Doubt, panic, self-recrimination, railing against the teachings of the world. He began to doubt his sanity. How could things like this be possible? He was certain by now that he was insane, certain that he was suffering hallucinations. His mind went back to that very potent Brazilian plant which he had ingested; supposing there had been side-effects, supposing he was suffering from long-delayed hallucinations. He had seen his dead body on the floor — but had he? How could he see himself if he was dead? He thought of looking down from the ceiling, he thought of the bald spot on the top of the butler's head. Well, if it were true why had he not noticed that bald spot before? If it were true why had he not noticed that the housekeeper obviously wore a wig? He pondered on the problem and wavered between the thought that life after death was possible and the thought that he was undeniably insane.

'We will leave you to come to your own decision because the Law is that no person may be helped unless that person is willing to receive help. When you are ready to receive help, say so and we will come. And, remember, there is no reason whatever for you to continue this quite self-imposed isolation. This blackness is a figment of your imagination.'

Time had no meaning. Thoughts came and went. But what, Algernon wondered, was the speed of thought? How many thoughts had he had? If he knew then he could work out how long he had been in this position and in this con-

dition. But no, time no longer had meaning. Nothing had meaning as far as he could see. He reached his hands down and could feel nothing beneath him. Slowly, with infinite effort, he swept his arms up at full length. There was nothing, nothing at all that he could feel, nothing except the strange dragging as if he was pulling his arms through syrup. Then he let his hands rest upon his body and felt. Yes, his head was there, his neck, his shoulders, obviously his arms were there because he was using his hands to feel himself. But then he really jumped. He was naked, and he started to blush at the thought. What if some person should come in and find him naked? In his strata of society one simply did not appear naked, it was 'not done'. But so far as he could tell he still had his human body. And then his wandering, probing fingers stopped suddenly and he came to the definite conclusion that he was indeed mad — mad — for his searching fingers encountered parts which had been shot at by that Boer marksman and the remnants removed by the surgeon's knife. So he was intact again! Obviously it was imagination. Obviously, he thought, he had looked down at his dying body and he was still dying. But then the inescapable thought occurred to him that he had looked down. Well, how COULD he look down if he was indeed the body that was dying? And if he could look down then obviously some part of him, his soul or whatever one calls it, must have got out of the body, and the mere fact that he could look down upon himself indicated that there was 'something' after death.

He lay there pondering, pondering, pondering. His brain seemed to be clicking like a machine. Gradually little bits of knowledge picked up in various parts of the world slipped into place. He thought of some religion — what was it? Hindu? Moslem? He didn't know, one of these outlandish foreign religions which only the natives believed in, but still, they taught that there was life after death, they taught that good men who died went to a place where there were unlimited willing girls available. Well, he could not see any girls available or not available, but it set him on a train of thought. There MUST be life after death, there must be

something, and there must be someone otherwise how could he have got such a searchlight-bright thought in his mind? Algernon jumped with amazement. 'Oh! The dawn is coming,' he exclaimed. Indeed the darkness was less dark now, the turgidity around him was less as well, and he found himself sinking down gently, gently until his outstretched hands hanging down below the body felt 'something'. As the body sank even lower he found that his hands were clutching — no, it couldn't be! But further probings confirmed that, yes, his hands were in contact with soft grass, and then his unresisting body was resting upon short, cropped turf.

The realization flooded in that he was at last in some material place and there were other things besides darkness, and as he thought, as he realized this, so the darkness became less and he was as one in a light mist. Through the mist he could see vague figures, not clearly, not enough to distinguish what the figures were, but 'figures'.

Looking up he found a shadowy figure looming over him. He could just see two hands raised as though in benediction, and then a voice, not a thought inside his head this time, but an undeniable honest-to-goodness English voice obviously from one who had been to Eton or Oxford!

'Rise to your feet, my son,' said the voice. 'Rise to your feet and take my hands, feel that I am solid like you, and in so feeling you will have one more item of proof that you are alive — in a different state admittedly, but alive, and the sooner you realize that you are alive and that there is life after death then the sooner will you be able to enter the Great Reality.'

Algernon made feeble attempts to get to his feet, but things seemed to be different somehow, he didn't seem able to move his muscles as he used to, but then the voice came again: 'Picture yourself rising, picture yourself standing.' Algernon did that and, to his amazement, found that he was standing upright being clasped by a figure which was becoming brighter and plainer and brighter and plainer until he could see before him a middle-aged man of remarkably bright aspect and clad in yellow robes. Algernon gazed

down at the length of the figure and then his range of vision encountered himself. He saw that he was naked. Immediately he let out a shriek of fright, 'Oh!' he said, 'where are my clothes? I cannot be seen like this!'

The figure smiled at him and gently said, 'Clothes do not make the man, my friend. One is born to the Earth without clothes, and one is reborn to this world without clothes. Think of the type of clothes you would like to wear and you will find them upon you.'

Algernon thought of himself as a gay young subaltern clad in dark navy blue trousers, the legs reaching right down to the heels, and a bright red jacket. Around his waist he pictured a dazzlingly white blanched belt with ammunition pouches. He pictured the brilliant brass buttons polished so sharply that one could see one's face in each. And then upon his head he pictured the dark pill box hat with the leather strap going down his cheek, beneath his chin, and up the other cheek. He pictured the scabbard at his side, and then he smiled to himself a secret inward smile as he thought, 'Let them produce THAT!' To his ineffable astonishment he found his body constricted by uniform, by the tightness of a belt, by the tightness of military boots. He found the tug at his side where the weight of the scabbard and the weight of the pistol holster tried to drag the belt down. He felt beneath his chin the pressure of the chinstrap. And then, as he turned his head, he could see the glittering epaulets upon his shoulders. It was too much — too much. Algernon fainted and would have tumbled to the turf had not the middle-aged man gently lowered him.

Algernon's eyelids fluttered and weakly he murmured, 'I believe, oh Lord, I believe. Forgive me my sins, forgive me the trespasses which I have committed.'

The man with him smiled benignly upon him, and said, 'I am not the Lord, I am just one whose task it is to help those who come from the Earth life to this, the intermediate stage, and I am ready to help you when you are ready to receive the proffered help.'

Algernon rose to his feet, this time without difficulty, and said, 'I am ready to receive such help as you can give me.'

But, tell me, did you go to Eton, were you at Balliol?’

The figure smiled and said, ‘Just call me friend, and we will deal with your questions later. First you have to enter into our world.’

He turned and waved his hands in a sweeping motion, as if he were drawing curtains, in fact, and indeed the result was the same. The clouds of darkness dissipated, the shadows vanished, and Algernon found that he was standing on the greenest of green grass. The air about him was vibrant with life, pulsating with energy. From unknown sources there came impressions — not sounds, but impressions of music, ‘music in the air’ he would have described it, and he found it remarkably soothing.

People were walking about just as people would walk about in a public park. It gave him, at first glance, an impression that he could have been walking about in Green Park or Hyde Park, London, but a very specially beautified Green Park or Hyde Park. Couples were sitting on seats, people were walking about, and then once again Algernon had a terrific impulse of fear because some people were moving along inches above the ground! One person was absolutely racing across the countryside at about ten feet above the ground, and was being chased by another person, and there were joyful shouts of happiness coming from both of them. Algernon felt a sudden chill along his spine and he shuddered, but his Friend gently took him by the arm and said, ‘Come, let us sit over here because I want to tell you a little of this world before we go any further otherwise the sights that you will see beyond might indeed impede your recovery.’

‘Recovery,’ said Algernon. ‘Recovery indeed! I am not recovering from anything, I am perfectly healthy, perfectly normal.’ His Friend smiled gently and said, ‘Come, let us sit over here where we can watch the swans and the other water fowl, and we can give you an insight into the new life which is before you.’

Somewhat reluctantly, and still bristling with anger at the thought that he was ‘ill’, Algernon permitted himself to be led to a nearby seat. They sat down and the Friend said,

‘Rest comfortably, I have much to tell you because now you are upon another world, you are now in another plane of existence, and the more attention you pay to me the more easily will you progress through this world.’

Algernon was highly impressed that the park seat was so comfortable, it seemed to be form-fitting, quite unlike the parks he had known in London where, if one was unfortunate, one could obtain a splinter if one shuffled about on the seat.

Before them the water shone blue and on it dazzling white swans glided majestically. The air was warm and vibrant. Then a sudden thought struck Algernon, a thought so sudden and so shocking that he almost jumped from the seat; there were no shadows! He looked up and found there was no sun either. The whole sky was glowing.

The Friend said, ‘Now we should talk about things because I have to teach you about this world before you enter the Rest Home.’ Algernon broke in, ‘I am absolutely amazed that you should be wearing a yellow robe. Are you the member of some cult or society, or of some religious Order?’

‘Oh good gracious me, what an extraordinary attitude of mind you have! What does it matter the color of my robe? What does it matter that I wear a robe? I wear a robe because I want to wear a robe, because I find it suitable for me, because it is a uniform for the task I do.’ He smiled and pointed at Algernon's attire. ‘You wear a uniform, dark blue trousers, bright red jacket, and a peculiar pill box hat upon your head. You wear a white belt around your waist. Well, why are you dressed in such a remarkable fashion? You dress as you want to dress. No one here will take you to task for the way you dress. Similarly I dress in the style which suits me and because it is my uniform. But — we are wasting time.’

Algernon felt definitely chastened by it, and as he looked about he could see certain other yellow-robed persons in conversation with men and women who wore quite outlandish attire. But his companion was speaking: ‘I must tell you,’ said his companion, ‘that upon Earth you are gravely misinformed about the truth of life and about the truth of

life hereafter. Your religious leaders are like a gang of people who have got together, or like a gang of advertisers, each advertising his own wares and everyone of them completely oblivious to the truth of life and after life: He paused and looked about, and then continued, 'Look at all these people here, can you tell who is a Christian, who a Jew, a Buddhist or a Moslem? They all look the same, don't they? And, in fact, all these people that you see in this park except those with yellow robes have one thing in common; they have all committed suicide.'

Algernon recoiled in shock — all committed suicide— Then, he thought, possibly he was in a Home for the insane and perhaps the man in the yellow robe was a Keeper. He thought of all the strange things that had happened to him and which imposed a strain upon his credulity.

'You must be aware that to commit suicide is a very, very grave crime. No one should commit suicide. There are no reasons whatever for suicide, and if people knew what they have to endure after suicide they would have more sense. This,' the companion said, 'is a reception center where those who have committed *felo de se* are rehabilitated, counseled, and returned to Earth in another body. I am going to tell you first about life on Earth and in this plane of existence.'

They settled themselves more comfortably on the seat, and Algernon watched the swans idly gliding about on the pond. He noted there were many birds in the trees, squirrels too, and he also observed with interest that other yellow robed men and women were talking to their charges.

'Earth is a school of learning where people go to learn through hardship when they will not learn through kindness. People go to Earth as people on Earth go to school, and before going down to the Earth the entities who are going to take over an Earth body are advised on the best type of body and the best conditions to enable them to learn that which they have gone to learn, or to be more precise, to learn that for which they are actually going to Earth because, of course, they are advised before departing. You will experience this yourself, so let me tell you about this particular plane. Here we have what is known as the lower astral. Its

transient population is made up exclusively of suicides because, as I said, suicide is a crime and those who commit suicide are mentally unstable. In your own case you committed suicide because you were unable to become a father, because you had been mutilated, but that is a condition which you went to Earth to endure and to learn to surmount. I say to you very seriously that before you did go to Earth you arranged that you would be mutilated, and so it means that you have failed your test, it means that you have to start again and go through all that suffering once more, or more than once if you fail another time.'

Algernon felt decidedly gloomy. He had thought that he was doing the noble thing in terminating what he imagined to be a useless life, and now he was told he had committed a crime and would have to atone for it. But his companion was speaking—

'This, the lower astral, is very close to the Earth-plane. It is about as low as one can get without actually returning to the Earth. Here we shall place you in a Rest Home for treatment. It will be an attempt to stabilize your mental state, it will be an attempt to strengthen you for your quite definite return to Earth as soon as conditions are suitable. But here on this astral plane you can walk about if you want to, or if you so desire you can fly through the air by merely thinking of it. Similarly if you come to the conclusion that your attire is absurd, as indeed it is, then you can change that dress merely by thinking of what you would like to wear.'

Algernon thought of a very nice suit which he had once seen in a hot clime. It seemed to be off-white, lightweight and smartly cut. There was a sudden rustle and he looked down in alarm as his uniform vanished from him leaving him naked. With a shout of alarm he jumped to his feet clasping his hands over a strategic area, but no sooner was he on his feet than he found that other clothing adorned him, the clothing of his imagination. Sheepishly, blushing profusely he sat down again.

'Here you will find that you need no food although if you have gluttonous impulses you can have food, any food you wish. You merely think about it and it is materialized out of

the nourishment in the atmosphere. Think, for instance, of your favorite dish.'

Algernon pondered for a moment or two, then he thought of roast beef, roast potatoes, Yorkshire pudding, carrots, turnips, cabbage, a very large glass of cider, and a big cigar with which to end the repast. As he thought about it a vague shape appeared in front of him, solidified and hardened into a table covered with a dazzling white table cloth. Then hands and forearms appeared and dishes were placed before him, silver tureens, crystal decanters, and one by one the lids were lifted from the tureens and Algernon saw before him — and smelled — the food of his choice. His companion just waved his hands, and all the food and table disappeared.

'There really is no need for such theatrical things, there is no need for this coarse type of food because here upon this astral plane the body absorbs food from the atmosphere. There is, as you see, no sun shining in the sky, but the whole sky is glittering and from the sky every person gets all the nourishment needed. Here we have no very thin people, no very fat people, but everyone is as the body demands.'

Algernon looked about and found that that was undeniably correct. There were no fat people, there were no thin people, there were no dwarfs, there were no giants, everyone appeared to be remarkably well formed. Some of the people strolling by had deep furrows of concentration on their foreheads wondering, no doubt, about the future, worrying about the past, and regretting foolish actions.

The companion rose to his feet and said, 'Now we must go to the Home of Rest. We will continue our talk as we stroll along. Your arrival was somewhat precipitate and, although we are always alert for suicides, you had thought about it for so long that you — ah — took us rather unawares when you made that last desperate gash.'

Algernon rose to his feet and reluctantly followed his companion. Together they strolled along the path flanking the pond, together they went by little groups of people engaged in conversation. Every so often one pair would rise to their feet and walk off just as Algernon and his companion had risen to their feet and walked off.

‘Here you have comfortable conditions because in this stage of the proceedings you have to be, as it were, reconditioned for a return to the hardships and the sufferings of Earth, but remember that life upon Earth is just as the blink of an eyelid in what is actually the Real Time, and when you have completed your life upon Earth, completed it successfully, you will note, you do not return to this place again but you bypass it and go to another phase of the astral planes, a plane depending upon your progress on Earth. Consider going to school on Earth; if you just get through your examinations you may be retained in the same class, but if you make a more successful grade in the examinations then you can be promoted, and if you make what we might term a cum laude then, indeed, you might be promoted even two grades. The same applies in the astral planes. You can be removed from the Earth at what you call “death” and taken to a certain astral plane, or if you do extremely well you can be taken to a much higher plane, and, of course, the higher you rise the better the conditions.’

Algernon was greatly diverted by the changing scenery. They left the area of the pond and passed through a gap in a hedge. Before them stretched a beautifully kept lawn and sitting in chairs were groups of people listening to someone standing before them and obviously lecturing. But the companion made no pause, he continued straight on and soon they came to a rise in the ground which they ascended, and before them there was a most beautiful building, not white but slightly green-tinted, a restful color, a color that engendered tranquility and peace of mind. They arrived at a door which opened automatically in front of them, and they went into a well lighted hall.

Algernon looked about him with vast interest. He had never seen such a beautiful place, and he, one of the upper crust of English society, thought he was rather a connoisseur of the beauty of buildings. There seemed to be soaring columns and many corridors leading off this main reception vestibule. In the center of the space there seemed to be a round desk at which a number of people were sitting. The companion with Algernon went forward and said, ‘This is

our friend, Algernon St. Clair de Bonkers. You were expecting him and I believe you have assigned a room to him.'

There was a quick riffling of papers and a young woman said, 'Yes, that is correct, sir, I will have him shown to his room.' Immediately a young man got up and walked towards them. 'I will take you to your room, please follow me,' he said. The companion bowed briefly in Algernon's direction, turned and left the building. Algernon followed his new guide along a softly carpeted corridor and then turned into a very spacious room, a room which contained a bed, table and had two other smaller rooms adjoining.

'Now, sir, you will kindly get into bed and a medical team will come and examine you. You are not permitted to leave this room until the doctor assigned to you so permits.' He smiled and left the room. Algernon looked about him, and then went into the other two rooms. One seemed to be a living room with a comfortable couch and chairs, and the other — well — it was a very bare little room with a hard floor and a hard chair, and nothing more. Algernon suddenly thought, 'Oh, apparently there are no toilet facilities here.' And then the thought occurred to him why should there be toilet facilities — he certainly had not felt any urge to use such facilities and perhaps they did not do such things in this place!

Algernon stood beside the bed and wondered what to do. Should he try to escape from the place? He went to the French windows and found that they would open freely, but when he tried to move out — no — there was some invisible barrier preventing him. Incipient panic departed from him and he moved back to the bed and started to remove his clothing. Then he thought, 'What shall I do without night attire?' As he thought that he heard and felt again that rustling, and looking down he found that he was dressed in a long white nightgown suitable to the period of his sojourn upon Earth. He raised his eyebrows in considerable astonishment, and then slowly, thoughtfully, got into bed. Minutes later there was a discreet knock at the door. Algernon called 'Come in', and three people did so, two men and a woman. They introduced themselves as members of a rehabilitation

team assigned to him. They sat down, and to Algernon's astonishment no stethoscope or sounding sticks were used, no pulse was felt. Instead they just looked at him and one started to talk:

'You are here because you have committed the grave crime of suicide whereby the whole of your life upon Earth has been wasted, and so you will have to start again and undergo fresh experiences in the hope that this next time you will succeed without committing the crime of suicide.' The man went on to say that Algernon would be subjected to special soothing rays in the hope that his health would speedily improve. He was told that it was necessary for him to return to Earth as quickly as possible. The sooner he returned to Earth the easier it would be for him.

'But how can I return to Earth?' exclaimed Algernon. 'I am dead, or at least my physical body is dead, so how do you think you can put me back in it?'

The young woman answered, 'Yes, but you are under grave misconceptions because of the perfectly appalling stuff you have been taught upon the Earth. The physical body is merely a garment which the spirit dons in order that specially low tasks may be accomplished, in order that certain hard lessons may be learned because the spirit itself cannot experience such low vibrations and so has to take on garb which permits it to experience things. You will go to Earth and be born to parents who will be chosen for you. You will be born in conditions which will enable you to most profit by your Earth experience, and,' she said, 'remember that what we imply by profiting does not necessarily mean money because some of the more spiritual people on Earth are poor, while the wealthy are wicked. It depends on what one has to do, and it is thought that in your case you have been brought up to such wealth and comfort and it failed you that this time you should have poorer conditions.'

They talked for some time, and Algernon gradually got a grasp of the very different conditions from those which he had been led to believe. Soon he could realize that Christianity was just a name, Judaism was just a name, as were the names of Buddhism, the Moslem, the Islamic and other

beliefs, and really there was only one religion, a religion which as yet he could not comprehend.

The three people departed, and within the room the light faded. It was as though night had closed in on Algernon. He rested comfortably, he lost consciousness, and slept, and slept, and slept for he did not know how long, it may have been minutes, it may have been hours, it may have been days. But Algernon slept, and as he did so his spirit was revived and health flowed into him.

## CHAPTER FOUR

ALGERNON awakened in the morning to bright sunshine and the sounds of birds singing in the branches of trees - bright sunshine? Algernon remembered with a start that this was not sunshine. Here there was no sun, the air itself was alive. He pushed aside the coverlet and swung his feet out on to the floor, and walked to the window. Outside everything was as bright and as cheerful as it had been yesterday — WAS it yesterday? Algernon was completely disoriented, he did not know if there were days or nights, there seemed to be no record of the passing of time. He went back to his bed and lay down upon the coverlet with his hands at the back of his head while he thought of all that had happened.

Again there came a discreet knock at the door, and at his bidding a man entered, a very serious looking man, one who appeared most thoroughly to know his duties. 'I have come to talk to you,' he said, 'because we fear that you are in grave doubt as to the reality of what you are experiencing.'

Algernon put his hands by his side and with his military training he almost 'lay to attention' as though he were in a military hospital. 'Everything I have seen, sir,' he said, 'contradicts the teachings of the Christian Church. I expected to be met by angels, I expected them to be playing harps, I expected to see Pearly Gates and cherubim, but instead I find that the place might well be a glorified Green Park or Hyde Park, or any well-kept park. I might also,' he said, 'have been experiencing hallucinations in Richmond Park.'

The new doctor laughed and said, 'Well, you are not a particularly strong Christian. If you had been, let us say, a Roman Catholic and you really BELIEVED in your religion then you would have seen angels when you came here, and you would have seen those angels until the falsity of their

appearance made you instead realize that they were but phantoms of your imagination. Here we deal in reality. Because you are an experienced man of the world, because you have been a soldier and have seen death as well as life, you could see us as we really are.'

Algernon thought of some of the scenes from his past. 'Death,' he said, 'I am most intrigued by this matter because death is such a thing of terror on Earth, people are desperately afraid to die. And a matter which has always amused me greatly is that the more religious a person, the more greatly they feel terror at even the thought of death.' He smiled and clasped his hands and continued. 'I have a very revered friend, a most ardent Catholic, who, whenever he hears that a person is ill and near death will always say how glad he is that poor Mr. So-and-So is getting better and is in such good health! But tell me, sir,' said Algernon, 'why is it that if there is life after death that people fear death?'

The doctor smiled at him rather quizzically and said, 'Well, I should have thought that a man of your education and experience and perceptions would have realized the answer. As obviously you have not, let me explain; people go to Earth to accomplish certain things, to learn certain things, to experience certain hardships that the spirit or soul or Overself — call it what you will — may be purified and strengthened thereby. So if a person commits suicide then it is a crime against the program, against the plan of things. And if people saw how natural death is and how it is just birth into another stage of evolution then they would be wanting to die all over the place and the whole purpose of Earth and other worlds would be lost.'

Certainly this was a new thought to Algernon although, indeed, a logical one. But still he was not satisfied; 'Then am I to understand that the fear of death is artificially induced and is wholly illogical?' he asked.

'Yes indeed,' said the doctor. 'It is a provision of Nature that everyone shall fear death, everyone shall do everything they can to preserve life so that the experiences on the Earth may be maintained and carried through to their logical and predetermined result. So if a person commits suicide then

they are throwing everything out of gear. Mind you,' he said, 'when the time for a natural death comes there is normally no fear, there is normally no pain because people in another realm of the astral can say when a person is due to die or, as we prefer, undergo transition, and as that time approaches a form of anesthesia is generated and instead of the pangs of death there are pleasant thoughts, thoughts of release, thoughts of going Home.'

Algernon started up in some indignation. 'Oh, but that cannot be,' he said, 'for people who are dying often twitch and throb about and are obviously in very great pain indeed.'

The doctor shook his head sadly; 'No, no,' he said, 'you are in error. When the person is dying there is no pain, but release from pain. The body may twitch, the body may groan, but that is merely an automatic reaction from certain stimulated nerves. It does not at all mean that the person is enduring pain. The onlooker usually is no judge of what is going on. The conscious part which is about to undergo transition is divorced from the physical part which is the mere animal being. So — wait!' he said, 'when you committed suicide you felt no pain, did you?' Algernon rubbed his chin deep in thought, and then he replied hesitantly, 'Well, no, I suppose I did not. I cannot remember having felt anything except an extremely cold sensation and then nothing more. No sir, perhaps you are right, come to think of it, no, I did not feel any pain, I felt bemused, I felt wondering.'

The doctor laughed and wrung his hands saying, 'Ah, now I have you! You admit you felt no pain, and yet you were screaming like a stuck pig. And, by the way, with a stuck pig all you get is the air in the lungs being expelled rapidly and agitating the vocal chords so that one gets a high pitched squeal. There was the same sort of reaction with you, a long high pitched squeal interrupted by the bubbling of your blood as it emerged copiously from the slash in your throat. It was the high pitched squeal which brought the unfortunate serving maid into the bathroom.'

Yes, it seemed logical enough now. Algernon was beginning to see that this was not hallucination but fact, and

then he said, 'But I understood that when a person died he would immediately be taken before God to be judged. He would immediately see Jesus and perhaps the Holy Mother and the disciples.'

The doctor shook his head sadly, and replied, 'But you say you thought you would see Jesus; supposing you had been a Jew, supposing you had been a Moslem, supposing you had been a Buddhist, would you still expect to see Jesus or do you think that in Heaven the place is divided up into separate countries where people of each religion go? No, the whole idea is absurd, nonsense, criminal folly, and foolish preachers on Earth really pollute the population with their horrendous legends. People come here and they think they are in hell. There IS no hell — except Earth!'

Algernon really jumped. He felt his body twitch as though on fire. 'Oh, then am I in Heaven?' he asked.

'No, indeed not,' replied the doctor. 'There is no such place. There is no Heaven, there is no hell, but there is purgatory. Purgatory is a place where you purge your sins and that is what you are doing here. Here you will shortly be met by a committee who will help you to decide what you are going to do when you return to Earth. You have to return to Earth to live out the plan which you yourself have made, and, actually, that is why I came here now, to see if you are ready to be presented before the committee.'

Algernon felt a twinge of fear, he felt as though icy fingers were going up his spine. It sounded worse than an army medical board in which doctors probed and prodded and asked the most embarrassing questions about one's reactions to this and that, and how one was going to manage about a sex life, and was he married, had he a girl friend? No, Algernon could not summon any enthusiasm whatever for going before a board of — what?

'Well,' he said, 'surely I am to be given time to recover somewhat from the extreme trauma of passing over from life to This. Admitted that I came here of my own volition through committing suicide which appears to be such a heinous crime, but I still think that I should be given some time to recover and to see what I want to do. And while I

am on the subject,' he said, 'how can suicide be such a heinous crime if people do not know that they are committing a crime? I always understood that if a person was not conscious of doing ill then he could not be punished for so doing.'

'Oh nonsense!' exclaimed the doctor. 'You are like all those of your ilk who think that because you come of a higher class you are entitled to special consideration. You always try to rationalize. It seems to be a vice of your type. You knew perfectly well that it was wrong to commit suicide, even your own peculiar form of religion as taught down there instills in you that self-destruction is a crime against the person, against the state, and against the church.'

Algernon looked frightfully sour and said, 'Then how do you account for Japanese who commit suicide if things go wrong with them? If a Japanese man thinks he has lost face then he disembowels himself publicly. That's suicide, isn't it? He is doing what he believes, isn't he?'

The doctor looked most distressed and replied, 'It does not alter the matter in the slightest that it has become a social custom in Japan to destroy oneself rather than face embarrassment. Let me tell you; let me get this rammed into your sub-conscious; suicide is NEVER right. Suicide is ALWAYS a crime. There are never any extenuating circumstances for committing suicide. It means that a person is not evolved enough to continue that which they took on of their own volition. But let us waste no more time,' he said, 'you are not here for a holiday, you are here so that we may help you make the most of your forthcoming life on Earth. Come!'

He rose abruptly and stood over Algernon who bleated plaintively, 'Well, don't I get a chance to have a bath? Don't I have any breakfast before I am dragged away?'

'Bosh!' exclaimed the doctor in irritation. 'Here you do not need a bath, here you do not need food. You are cleansed and fed by the atmosphere itself. You are begging the question because you appear to be not much of a man, just one who tries to evade all his responsibilities. Come with me.'

The doctor turned and made for the door. Very, very

reluctantly indeed Algernon rose slowly to his feet and followed him. The doctor led the way out. They turned to the right and entered a garden which Algernon had not previously seen. The atmosphere was wonderful, there were birds in the air and many pleasant animals lying around, and then as the doctor and Algernon turned a corner there appeared another building. It looked as though it were a cathedral, there were spires to it, and this time instead of a ramp going up there were many, many steps. They climbed the steps and went in to the cool recesses of a mighty building. Many people occupied the entrance, there were people sitting on comfortable benches around the walls. Again, in the center of the vestibule, there was what seemed to be a reception desk, circular as before but this time it was staffed by much older people. The doctor led Algernon up and said, 'We have come to go before the Council.'

One of the assistants rose to his feet and said, 'Please follow me.' With the assistant leading the way, the doctor and Algernon followed. After a short walk down a corridor they turned left into an ante-room. The assistant said, 'Wait here, please,' while he continued and knocked on a door and entered when bidden to do so. The door closed behind him and there could be heard the very faint murmur of voices.

Some moments later the assistant came out again and held the door open, saying, 'You may enter now' The doctor jumped to his feet and took Algernon by an arm and led him in.

Involuntarily Algernon stopped in astonishment when he entered the room. It was a very large room indeed, and in the center there was a globe slowly turning, a globe with blues and greens. Instinctively Algernon knew that this was a simulacrum of the Earth. He was both fascinated and intrigued to see that the Earth-globe was turning, turning without visible means of support. He seemed to be in space gazing down upon the Earth which was illuminated by some unseen sun.

There was a long table, very highly polished, very intricately carved, and at one end of the table a very old man was sitting, white-haired, white-bearded. He looked benign

but yet at the same time he gave an impression of sternness. He gave the impression that should the occasion warrant it he could be a very tough person indeed.

Algernon took a fleeting glance, and there seemed to be eight other people sitting at the table, four were men and four were women. The doctor led him to a seat at the foot of the table. The table, Algernon saw, was so arranged, so shaped that the other members could all see him without even turning in their chairs and briefly he wondered at the craftsmanship which could have worked out such intricate geometry.

The doctor said, 'This is Algernon St. Clair de Bonkers. We have determined that he has reached a state of recovery which will enable him to profit by your advice. I present to you Algernon St. Clair de Bonkers.'

The old man at the head of the table nodded briefly for them to sit down. Then he said, 'Algernon St. Clair de Bonkers you are here because you have committed the crime of suicide. You killed yourself in spite of the plans you had made and in defiance of Higher Law. Do you wish to say anything in your defense first?'

Algernon cleared his throat and shivered. The doctor leaned across and whispered, 'Stand up!' Reluctantly Algernon got to his feet and said rather defiantly, 'If I made an arrangement to do a certain task, and if conditions not of my choosing made it impossible for me to do that task then surely, my life being my own, I have every right to terminate it if I so choose. I did not decide to come to this place. I decided merely to terminate my life.' So saying he sat down with a defiant thump.

The doctor looked at him sadly. The old man at the head of the table looked at him with great sorrow, and the four men and the four women looked at him with compassion as if they had heard it all before. Then the old man said, 'You made your plan, but your life is not your own. Your life belongs to your Overself — that which you call your soul — and you have injured your Overself by your recalcitrance and by your foolish method of depriving your Overself of its puppet. Because of this you will have to return to Earth and

live a whole life again, and this time be sure you do not commit suicide. Now we have to decide the best time for you to return, and the best type of conditions for you, and to find suitable parents.'

There was considerable rustling of papers, and one member rose from his seat and moved closer to the globe. For some moments he stood there looking at the globe but saying nothing. Then, still silent, he moved back to his place at the side of the table and made a notation on his papers.

'Algernon,' said the old man, 'you went down to Earth in conditions of great comfort. You went down to an old established family where all your creature comforts were attended to. You had every possible consideration. Money was no object. Your education was of the very best obtainable in your country. But have you thought of the harm that you have done in your life? Have you thought of the brutality, have you thought how you used to strike servants? Have you thought of the young maid servants you have seduced?'

Algernon jumped to his feet in indignation. 'Sir!' he exclaimed heatedly, 'I was always told that the maid servants were there for an unmarried son's convenience, to be his playthings, to learn about sex. I have done no wrong no matter how many maid servants I have seduced!' He sat down, fairly seething with indignation.

'Algernon, you know better,' said the old man, 'you know yourself that class, as you believe in it, is merely an artificial thing. On your world if a person has money or comes from an old family which has been favored then they have a lot of concessions. Whereas if a person is poor and has to work for one of these other families they are denied concessions and treated as inferior creatures. You know the law as well as anyone, for you have lived many times and you have all this knowledge within your sub-consciousness.'

One of the women sitting at the table pursed her lips as though she had just tasted an extremely sour gooseberry, and she said primly, 'I wish to put on record my opinion that this young man should restart his life as one of the under-privileged. He has had everything his own way. I

think he should start again as the son of a lesser tradesman or even the son of a cowherd.'

Algernon jumped to his feet in fury. 'How dare you say things like that!' he shouted. 'Do you know that blue blood runs in my veins? Do you know that my ancestors went on the Crusades? My family is one of the most respected families.' He was interrupted in mid-stream of his speech, as it were by the elderly chairman who said. 'Now, now, let us not have arguments here. It will do you no good at all. It will merely add to the load which you have to bear. We are trying to help you, not to add to your Karma, but to help you to lessen it.'

Algernon broke in truculently, 'Well, I am not having anyone say things about my forebears. I suppose yours,' pointing an irate finger at the woman who had spoken, 'came from brothel keepers or whore house managers, or something. Pah!'

The doctor firmly grasped Algernon's arm and pulled him down into the chair, saying, 'Be quiet, you clown, you are making things so much worse for yourself. You don't know the first thing about this place yet, keep quiet and hear what is said.'

Algernon subsided with the thought that he was indeed in purgatory as he had already been told, but then he listened to the chairman who said, 'Algernon, you are treating us as though we were your enemies. Such is not the case. You are not here as an honored guest, you know. You are here as one who has committed a crime, and before we go any further in this matter there is one thing I want to make clear; there is no such thing as blue blood in one's veins. There is no such thing as inheriting class or caste or status. You have been brain-washed, you are bemused by the legends and fairy tales that you have been told.' He stopped for a moment to take a sip of water, and then he looked at the other members of the Board before continuing.

'You must have in your mind the definite, definite thought that entities from many many worlds, from many many planes of existence go down to Earth, one of the lowest of the worlds, to learn by hardship that which they seem

incapable of learning by kindness. And when one goes down to the Earth one adopts the body most suited for the fulfillment of one's task. If you were an actor you would realize that you are just a man, the actor, and you may be called upon to play many many parts in a lifetime. So during a lifetime as an actor you may have to dress as a prince or a king or as a beggar. As a king you may have to pretend that you are of the Blood Royal, but it is pretence only. Everyone in the theater really knows it. Some actors get carried away so much – as you have – that they really believe they are princes or kings, but they never want to be beggars. Now no matter who you are, no matter how high your degree of evolution, when you come here it is because you have committed the crime, and indeed a crime it is, of suicide. You come here so that you can atone for your crime. You come here so that we, in touch with higher planes, and also in touch with the Earth itself, can suggest how best that atonement may be fulfilled.'

Algernon did not look at all happy. 'Well, how did I know it was wrong to commit suicide, and what are you going to say about the Japanese who commit suicide for honor?' he asked, still with considerable truculence. The chairman said, 'Suicide is never the correct thing to do. It is not even correct when Buddhist priests or Shinto priests set themselves on fire or disembowel themselves or throw themselves off cliff tops. Manmade laws can never override the laws of the Universe. But listen to me.'

The chairman looked down at his papers and said, 'You were going to live until you were a certain age, and you ended your life on Earth thirty years before that age, and thus it is that you have to return to Earth to live thirty years and then die to the Earth, and the two lives, the one which you terminated and the one to which you are now going, will merely count as one – what shall I call it? Let us call it a class session.'

Another of the women fluttered a hand to attract the chairman's notice; 'Yes, madam?' he queried. 'You have a comment?'

'Yes I do, sir,' she said, 'I think the young man doesn't at

all realize his position. He thinks he is so terribly superior to everyone else. I think perhaps he should be told of the deaths he has caused. I think he should be told more of his past.'

'Yes, yes, but as you are so very well aware, he is going to see his past in the Hall of Memories,' said the somewhat irritated chairman.

'But Mr. Chairman,' said the woman, 'the Hall of Memories interlude comes after, and we want this young man to listen to us now sanely – if such a thing is possible in such a young man,' she said, darting a dark glance at Algernon. 'I think that he should be told more of his position now.'

The chairman sighed, shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'Very well, as it is your wish we will alter our routine and I suggest that we take the young man to the Hall of Memories now so that he can see what makes us less than enamored of his self-styled attainments.'

There was a shuffling of chairs as they were pushed back, and the members of the Board rose to their feet. The doctor also rose in some dismay and said, 'Come on, you've asked for it,' to Algernon. Algernon looked quite indignantly from one to the other and rasped, 'Well, I didn't ask to come to this place. I don't know what you are all making such a commotion for. If I have to get back to Earth let me get back and get on with it.'

The chairman said, 'We will now accompany you to the Hall of Memories. There you will be able to judge whether we are exceeding our authority as you seem to imagine, or whether we are being lenient. Come!' So saying he turned and led the way out of the large chamber, and into the open again. It was so refreshing out in the open, the living atmosphere, the birds and the friendly bees which went buzzing by. Here there were no insects to bite or to pester, but only insects which added what one might term a familiar music to the surroundings.

The chairman and the other members of the Board let the way, almost like a school treat, thought Algernon, except that it's no treat for me. And then he glanced sideways at the doctor and said, 'It seems you are my gaoler, eh?' The doctor

did not reply. Instead he just grasped Algernon's arm more firmly and together they walked on.

Soon they came to another building. Algernon at first sight exclaimed, 'Oh, the Albert Hall, how did we get back in London?' The doctor laughed — he really was amused — 'This is no Albert Hall,' he said, 'look at the difference in architecture. This place is BEAUTIFUL!'

Together they entered the Hall, and it was, as the doctor had said, 'beautiful'. The chairman led the way in to some inner recesses. Algernon guessed from the time that they were walking that they must be right in the heart of the building. Then a door was opened and Algernon gasped and drew back in such a hurry that he bumped into the doctor who laughed and said, 'Oh no, this is not the edge of the Universe, you can't fall, its perfectly normal. Just compose yourself, there is nothing dangerous to happen.'

The chairman turned to Algernon and said, 'Walk forward, young man, walk forward, you will know when to stop, and pay great attention.'

For a moment Algernon stood stock still, really frightened that he was going to fall over the edge of the Universe and tumble down along the stars at his feet. Then a very firm push in the small of his back propelled him forwards, and having started he found he couldn't stop.

Algernon walked forward, propelled by some force beyond his ken. He moved and as he did so shadows, forms and colors slid by him, shadows becoming more solid until in the end there was a definite obstruction. He came to a dead stop, again of no volition of his own. He looked about him in some confusion, and then a voice said, 'Enter.' Again through no conscious effort on his part Algernon moved forward and through what had seemed to be an impenetrable wall. There was a terrible traumatic feeling of falling. Then Algernon seemed to be disembodied, he was looking down at a scene. A nurse was holding out a baby which had just been delivered of his mother. A fierce looking gentleman was looking down at the baby, and then suddenly he twirled his moustaches and said to the nurse, 'Hmm, horrible little creature, isn't it? Looks more like a drowned rat than what I

hope will be a man. All right, nurse, take him away.' The scene swirled, and then Algernon saw himself in a class room being taught by a tutor. He saw himself playing rather mean tricks on the tutor who could not say much about it because Algernon's father was an extremely autocratic aristocrat who regarded tutors and governesses and all employed people as menials beneath contempt. Algernon looked down with horror at some of the things he had done, things which made him blush now. Then the picture changed again. He was older now, perhaps fourteen — he guessed himself to be between fourteen and fifteen — and he saw himself looking somewhat furtively out of a doorway in what was a fairly deserted part of the family manor. A pretty young maid servant came along and Algernon ducked back, and as she passed the door he leapt out and grabbed her around the throat, dragging her into the room. Quickly he locked the door and, still holding the maidservant by her throat to stop her from screaming, he ripped off her clothing. Algernon grew hot at the thought of what he had done. Then again the scene changed. He was standing in his father's study, the weeping maidservant was standing there as well. Algernon's father was twirling his moustaches and listening to what the girl had to say, and then he laughed harshly and said 'My good heavens, woman, don't you understand that a young gentleman has to find out about sex, why do you think you are here? If you cannot accept a little thing like that get out of my house!' Imperiously he raised his hand and slapped the girl across the face. She turned and ran weeping from the room. The father turned to Algernon and said, 'Hmm, so you've been blooded, young man, you are no longer a virgin, eh? Well, keep up the good work, get in your practice. I want to see many strong sons born to this house before I depart this world.' So saying the father dismissed Algernon at a gesture.

The picture changed, and changed again. Eton, rowing on the river. Oxford, the Army, drilling men, and then overseas. War against the Boers. Algernon looked with horror at the pictures, he saw himself giving orders to his men to mow down a defenseless frightened family who did nothing but

fail to understand an order in English because they spoke only Afrikaans. He saw the bodies flung in the ditch at the side of the road, and he saw himself laughing callously as a young girl was speared through the abdomen with a bayonet and tossed aside.

The pictures continued. Algernon was bathed in cold perspiration. He felt sick, he felt the most urgent desire to vomit but could not. He saw the total of deaths mount, seventy, seventy-four, seventy-eight. Seventy-eight deaths, and then just as he was going to kill the seventy-ninth another man, a sniper rose up and shot Algernon so that he was no longer a man.

The pictures went on until they seemed to have no more meaning for Algernon. He reeled away and leaned against a wall, and then without knowing how, without having made a movement of his own volition, he found himself again in company of the doctor and the members of the Board. They looked at him quizzically and then for a moment a flicker of compassion crossed the face of the chairman. But he merely said, 'Well, let us get back to our discussion.' He turned and led the way out of the Hall of Memories and back to the Board Room.

Again in the room the chairman said, 'You have seen incidents of your life. You have seen that, blue blood or red blood, you have committed many crimes ending up by the crime of suicide. Now we have to decide, or rather we have to help you to decide what will be the best vocation by which you can atone for the harm that you have done in the viciousness of war and the crime which you have committed in suicide. Do you have any ideas what you would like to be?'

Algernon was very chastened. He felt very shaky, he felt worse than he could ever remember feeling before. He took his head in his hands and leaned his elbows on the table. The room was silent completely silent. Algernon sat there for an indefinite time thinking of all that he had seen, worse, thinking of all the things that he had seen of the acts which he had done, and he pondered what should he be? The thought occurred to him that possibly he should become a priest,

clergyman, possibly a bishop, and with a bit of influence he might even rise to be an archbishop. But then from somewhere he got such an impelling feeling of negation that he changed his line of thinking very quickly.

A veterinarian, he thought. But no, he did not like animals that much, and there wasn't much status in being a veterinarian, was there? It would be such a come-down, he thought, to one of his caste to be a mere veterinarian.

From somewhere he got the impression of silent laughter, laughter which mocked him, laughter which indicated to him that he was still on the wrong track. And then he thought that he would become a doctor, a fashionable doctor, he would work among the nobility, and possibly he could save seventy or eighty lives in his career and then he would have a clean sheet with which to start another life at the end of this, the impending one.

One of the men spoke for the first time. 'We have, of course, been watching your thoughts in this globe,' and he gestured to a globe let in to the table which Algernon had not seen before because it had been covered up, but now it was glowing and showing Algernon's thoughts. As Algernon blushed deeply at the realization that all he had thought had been revealed so the image in the globe blushed deeply also.

The chairman spoke, 'Yes, I can thoroughly recommend that you become a doctor but I do not at all recommend that you become a society doctor. This is the plan which I would recommend in your case'

The chairman stopped and riffled through some papers, and then said, 'You have taken life you have maimed and mutilated others.' Algernon rose to his feet. 'No! I have not maimed, I have not mutilated—' The chairman interrupted, 'Yes, by your orders others have been killed, others have been maimed and mutilated, and you bear the blame quite as much as the persons who actually did the acts. But you are listening to me, and you had better listen carefully for I shall not repeat what I am saying. You should become a doctor, but a doctor in a poor district where you can work among the poor, and you will start your life under poor conditions, no longer a member of the aristocracy but one who has to

claw his way up. And in the thirtieth year of that life your life will be ended and you will return here if you repeat your suicide, or, if not you will go to a higher plane of the astral where you will be prepared according to how well you have performed in the life which you are about to undergo.'

There was considerable discussion for some time, and then the chairman knocked with his gavel and said, 'We will meet again to plan the parents you will have, to plan the area to which you shall be born, and to arrange the date. Until that time you may return to the House of Rest. The meeting is now adjourned.'

Algernon and the doctor walked somberly along the garden paths, neither saying a word, and then the doctor took Algernon into the House of Rest and showed him a suitable room, saying, 'I will come back for you later when I am so instructed.' With the briefest of nods he turned away and left, and Algernon sat in a chair with his head in his hands, the picture of misery, thinking of all that he had seen, thinking of all that he had done, and thinking, 'Well, if this is purgatory thank goodness there is no hell!'

## CHAPTER FIVE

ALGERNON ruffled his hair between his clenched fingers. He felt decidedly unhappy. Yes — well - he had committed suicide. Fine, he did it, now he was paying for it and he was going to pay for it some more. He sat there wondering where it was going to end, how it was going to end. He reviewed in his mind all the incidents which had occurred since he arrived on this, the plane of purgatory.

‘So it's wrong to be an aristocrat, eh? It's wrong to be of blue blood, eh?’ he muttered aloud to himself glowering down at the floor. Then he spun around at the opening of the door. At the vision which entered - a most attractive nurse — he rose to his feet his face beaming like the morning sun. ‘Ah!’ he exulted, ‘an angel come to take me away from this benighted place!’ He eyed the nurse with unconcealed eagerness saying, ‘What pulchritude in a place like this. What—’

‘Stop!’ said the nurse, ‘I am quite immune to your blandishments. You men are all the same, you think of one thing only when you come to this plane, and I can tell you we women are thoroughly tired of all the come-ons which you try.’

‘Sit down,’ she said, ‘I have to talk to you and take you to a different place. But first of all I could not help hearing what you were mumbling about when I came in.’

‘After you, miss,’ said Algernon with much gallantry. The nurse sat and Algernon hastened to take his seat beside her. He was most piqued when she quickly moved her seat away so that she was facing him.

‘Now, Fifty-Three,’ she said. Algernon held up his hand. ‘You are mistaken, miss, I am not Fifty-three; I am Algernon St. Clair de Bonkers,’ he said. The nurse sniffed audibly and

tossed her head, 'Don't be stupid,' she replied, 'you are not in a play now, you are here on this plane between acts as one might phrase it.' She held up her hand to stop him from speaking, and then said, 'There are two things in particular which I want to talk to you about first. One is that here you are not Algernon Whatever-It-Is but you are Number Fifty-Three. You are near enough a convict here, you have been convicted of the crime of suicide, and here you are referred to by the last two figures of your basic frequency, in your case Fifty-Three.'

Poor Algernon felt his mind boggle. 'Basic frequency?' he said, 'I am afraid you are talking completely above my comprehension. I have not the slightest idea of what you are talking about. My name is Algernon and not Fifty-Three.'

'You have a lot to learn, young man,' the nurse retorted with some asperity. 'You seem to be remarkably ignorant for a person who professes to be of near-royal blood, but let us deal with that first. You seem to think that because a particular act upon Earth made it necessary for you to be as a titled person that you carry it on over here. You do not!'

'Oh!' Algernon burst out, 'you must be a Communist or something. You are adopting a Communist theme if you think that no one is entitled to their status — that all men are equal!'

The nurse sighed with resigned exasperation, and then tiredly said, 'You are indeed ignorant, I am going to tell you here and now that Communism is a crime at least the equal of suicide because, whereas a person who commits suicide commits a crime against himself, yet Communism is a crime against the whole race, a crime against humanity. Communism, in fact, is as a cancer in the body of the world. We are not in favor of Communism, and in time — after much time — Communism will eventually be stamped out because it is founded on false precepts. But that is not what we are discussing.'

She referred to some papers in her hands, raised her head and looked straight at Algernon saying, 'We have to get you away from this dreadful idea that you have that because you were a titled person once you are always going to be a

titled person. Let us consider things in the terms of the Earth. Think of a writer who was down on that world some time ago; his name was Shakespeare. He wrote plays which are very familiar to you, and people act the parts which he wrote. Sometimes there will be a villain in the play, sometimes there will be a king portrayed, but I am going to put it to you quite bluntly that people would laugh to scorn any actor who, having played the king in Hamlet, went about for the rest of his life imagining that he was still a king in reality. People go down to the Earth to take that particular part in the play of life which will enable them to learn the tasks which they have to learn, and having learned their task and returned to the astral world, then, of course, they discard the imaginary identity and revert to their own natural identity which is determined by their own superior Over-self.'

Algernon — or rather, Fifty-Three from now on — shuddered, and replied 'Oh dear, oh dear! I really do dislike blue-stockings. When one has a beautiful young girl who starts preaching and teaching then really my emotions become quite turned off.'

'Oh, how delightful!' said the nurse, 'for I found your thoughts to be highly unpleasant, and I am glad indeed that I have dampened your very obvious lust.'

She again referred to her notes, checking one paper against another, and then she said, 'You have been sent to the wrong Home of Rest. I have to take you to another one which is of a more temporary nature because you are having to go back to the Earth at the earliest possible moment, you are, in fact, just a transient here and there is little that we can do for you except pass you on as quickly as we may. Please follow me.' With that she rose to her feet and led the way to the door. Fifty-Three — ex Algernon! darted ahead of her and held the door open with a slightly mocking bow; 'After you, madam, after you,' he said.

The nurse swept in high dignity through the door and bumped into the doctor who was just about to enter. 'Oops! Oh, I am so sorry, doctor, I did not see you,' exclaimed the nurse.

‘Oh, think nothing of it, nurse, think nothing of it. I was coming to collect number Fifty-Three because the Board wants to see him again. Do you have anything to say to him first?’

The nurse smiled at the doctor, and replied, ‘No, I shall be glad to get rid of him. He seems to be rather fresh for a man in his position. I have been trying to teach him that blue blood does not count here but at least it is a bit higher than one with Communist blood. But, doctor,’ the nurse said quickly, ‘after the Board has finished with him he has to go to the Home for Transients, there was a mix-up in the orders and I believe that that is why you brought him here. Will you see that he goes to the Home for Transients?’ The doctor nodded and said, ‘Yes, nurse, I will attend to it.’ Then he nodded to Fifty-Three and said, ‘Come along, we are late already.’ With that he turned and led the way down another corridor which Algernon? No, Fifty-Three, had not seen before. He, poor fellow, looked decidedly downcast and muttered, ‘Purgatory? This is purgatory all right, I’m sure I shall be several inches shorter by the time I get out of here. I’ve walked myself down to my knee joints almost!’ The doctor, who had caught his mutter, laughed delightedly and retorted, ‘Yes, indeed, you will be very, very much shorter when you leave here because you will be an infant inside its mother!’

The doctor and Fifty-Three turned into a long corridor. Two guards sat one on each side of the entrance. One nodded briefly to the doctor and said, ‘Is this Fifty-Three?’

‘Yes it is,’ said the doctor. ‘Are you the one who is going to accompany us?’

The guard on the right-hand side rose to his feet and replied, ‘I am the one who goes with you so let’s not waste any more time, shall we?’ Turning he strode down the corridor at quite a smart pace. Fifty-Three and the doctor had to step out briskly in order to keep up with him. They walked for quite a long way, Fifty-Three was horrified to see that no matter how far they walked the corridor seemed to stretch on endlessly, endlessly. But there came a diversion; there was a branching of the corridor. The guard, or guide,

Fifty-Three wasn't sure which he was, took the left turn and went on a little further and then knocked smartly at a door, and stood back. 'Come in,' said a voice, and the guard quickly threw open the door so that first the doctor, then Fifty-Three and lastly the guard entered, the latter shutting the door firmly behind him. 'Come and sit here, please,' said a voice. Fifty-Three moved forward and took the seat indicated.

'Now we have to discuss your future. We want you to get back on Earth at the very earliest possible moment compatible with a woman's biological functions!' said the voice. Fifty-Three looked about him — he had been rather dazzled by the amount of light in the building, it seemed to be a very light building indeed and there were many flashing lights all over the place. One wall, he saw with some astonishment, appeared to be of frosted glass over which at intervals flickering colored lights passed quickly and vanished. He saw that he was in a room, the like of which he had never before envisaged. It appeared to be of a clinical austerity, not white but a very restful shade of green. About him there were five or six — he could not count them precisely — people dressed in greenish overalls. He was quite uncertain of the exact number of people about because it seemed at intervals some people came into the room and others disappeared from the room, but this was no time to be paying attention to trivia because the first man was speaking again.

'I have very carefully examined and considered all the information which has been put before me. I have gone very thoroughly into your past, your past before you went down to the Earth, and I find that although according to your lights you did fairly well on the Earth yet according to the mores and penates of the real life you were a failure and you compounded your failure by committing the crime of suicide. So now we want to help you.' Fifty-Three looked dreadfully sour, and could not help bursting out, 'Help me? Help me! Since I have been here I have been criticized, I have been reprimanded for almost everything, I have been reprimanded for being one of the upper class and I have been reprimanded for saying that perhaps I should have

been a Communist. What AM I to believe? If I am here for punishment then why not get on with it?’

The elderly slender man with the gray hair sitting in front of Fifty-Three looked really distressed, and remarkably compassionate. ‘I am so sorry indeed that you feel like this,’ he said, ‘it is your attitude which is making everything so difficult for us because we have come to the inescapable conclusion that as you went to the Earth as a player in a rather exalted status that has affected your psyche, and so that makes it necessary that when you are sent back you will have to be sent back to rather poor conditions otherwise you are going to be quite intolerable and you are going to give your Overself absolutely false impressions. Do I make myself clear?’ he asked.

Fifty-Three glowered and retorted, ‘No, definitely not, I just don't know what you are talking about when you talk about the Overself and all that. So far all I have been told is just a mass of gibberish, and I have no sense of guilt for what I have done. Therefore, according to English law, I have done no wrong!’

The elderly man felt his determination harden. It seemed to him that this man — this number Fifty-Three — was just being difficult for the sake of being difficult. ‘You are completely wrong in your reference to English law,’ the interrogator said, ‘Because if you knew anything at all about English law you would know that one statement is to the effect that ignorance of the law is no excuse, so that if you break the law of England and then you claim you did not know there was such a law then you are still found guilty because you should have acquainted yourself with the existence of such a law. And please do not try to be truculent with me because I am one of those who hold your destiny in my hands, and if you antagonize us too much then we can make your conditions hard indeed. Just pay attention and keep your truculence in check.’

Fifty-Three shuddered at the tone of the voice and recognized when he was defeated. He said, ‘Sir, but what am I to do when terms are used which have no meaning for me? What, for instance, is the Overself?’

‘Later,’ said the interrogator, ‘you will be taught all about this. It will suffice for the moment if I say that your Overself is what you would refer to as your eternal, immortal soul, and you now are just a puppet or extension of that Overself, almost, as one might say, like a pseudopod — an extension from your Overself materialized into material substance so that you may learn by actual hard physical experience that which is unobtainable to the far more tenuous Overself.’

Poor Fifty-Three felt his head reeling. He did not really understand any of this but he thought that as he had been told he would be instructed later he had better cut things short and now he should just listen. So he nodded dumbly in answer to the interrogator’s raised eyebrows.

The interrogator, or perhaps a better word to use would be counselor, looked down at his papers and then said, ‘You have to return as a child of poor parents, those who are without social status, because the act which you have been called upon to play in your previous life seems seriously to have warped your understanding and your perceptions, and you place yourself into a class to which you are not entitled. We are going to suggest — and you have the right to refuse — that you are born to parents in London, in the area known as Tower Hamlets. There are some very suitable parents-to-be near Wapping High Street. You will have the advantage of being born quite close to the Tower of London and to the Mint and to very famous dock areas where there is shocking poverty and suffering. Here, if you agree, and if you have the moral and mental fiber, you can work your way up to be a physician or surgeon, and in saving the lives of those around you you can atone for the lives that you have taken and caused to be taken. But you will have to decide quickly because these women who we have chosen as prospective mothers for you are already pregnant, and that means we have no time to waste. I am going to show you,’ he said, ‘the area which will be your locale.’

He turned and waved his hand to the wall which Fifty-Three had taken to be of glass, of frosted glass. As he did so it sprang into life, life in color, and Fifty-Three could see an area of London which he knew only indifferently. The River

Thames, yes; Southwark Bridge London Bridge, and then the Bascules of Tower Bridge moved on to the screen. And to the side the Tower of London itself could be seen. He sat there quite enthralled, looking at the absolutely clear pictures, seeing traffic on the streets. He was most intrigued to see horseless carriages and very, very few horse-drawn vehicles indeed. He exclaimed on the matter, and the counselor said, 'Oh yes, horse-drawn traffic has almost disappeared, things have changed considerably since you have been here, and you have been here quite a time, you know. You were unconscious for about three years. Now everything is motorized, motor buses, motor vans, and motor cars. Things are supposed to have improved but I personally deplore the passing of the horse from the streets.'

Fifty-Three turned his attention to the picture again. Mint Street, Cable Street, Shadwell, East Smithfield, the Highway, Thomas More Street, St. Catherines, Wapping High Street, and Wapping Wall.

The counselor said, 'Well, we have five women who are pregnant. I want you to choose which area you prefer of that shown. Of the five women one is the wife of an inn keeper, or I believe you might call him a publican. The second is the wife of a greengrocer. The third is the wife of an ironmonger. The fourth is the wife of a motor bus driver. And the fifth, she is again a lodging house keeper. I say again because the first one is an inn keeper. Now, you have a right of choice and no one will influence you. I can give you a list of them and you will have twenty-four hours upon which to meditate over this matter, and if you need any advice you merely have to ask.'

Fifty-Three sat back and gazed at the living pictures on that wall, seeing people move about, seeing the strange costumes that women were now wearing, marveling at the horseless carriages going along, marveling too at the amount of building going on. Then he turned to the counselor and said, 'Sir, I would ask you particularly that I be permitted to see the ten people, five fathers and five mothers, from whom I am expected to pick my parents. I would like to see them, I would like to see their home conditions.'

The counselor, or interrogator, shook his head slowly with real regret: 'Ah, my friend,' he mourned, 'that is a request beyond my ability to grant for we never, never do such a thing. We can merely give you the details and you make your choice. You are not permitted to see your parents for that would be an invasion of their privacy. Now I suggest you return to your Transit Hotel and think about the whole matter.' So saying he bowed slightly to the doctor and to Fifty-Three, picked up his papers and left the room. The doctor said, 'Come, let us go,' and rose to his feet. Fifty-Three rose reluctantly and followed him from the room. Together they retraced their steps accompanied by the guard. Together they went along that corridor which seemed so endless and which now seemed even longer.

At last they came out into the open again, and Fifty-Three took a deep breath inhaling energy and life as he did so.

The guard left them to return to his post, and the doctor and Fifty-Three continued on to a fairly dull gray building which Fifty-Three had vaguely noticed before but passed off as of no interest. They entered the front door and a man at a desk said, 'Third on the left,' and took no more interest in them. They went on to 'third on the left' and entered a bare room. There was a bed and a chair, and a small table on which Fifty-Three was interested to observe a large folder with the number 53 stamped on.

'Well, there it is,' said the doctor. 'You have twenty-four hours from now to ponder upon your decision and after that time I shall come for you and we will have to go and see what can be seen, and prepare you for going back to the Earth. Good-bye!' The doctor turned and made his way out of the room, shutting the door behind him, shutting the door on Fifty-Three who stood disconsolately in the middle of the room apprehensively fingering the pages enclosed within the folder marked 53.

Fifty-Three glowered at the closing door and put his hands behind his back. With head sunk upon his chest he paced the room, and paced, and paced. Hour after hour he walked about the room and then quite tired with the exertion he flung himself into a chair and gazed dourly through the

window. 'Fifty-Three, eh?' he muttered to himself. 'Like a convict, and all for doing something which I thought was good. What was the point of living a life as neither man nor woman?' He put his chin in his hands and crossed his legs and looked a typical picture of misery. Then he thought, 'Or DID I think I was doing the right thing? They may have something in what they say, after all. I think it's very likely that I was giving way to self-pity, but here I am now given a number like a convict at Dartmoor and saddled with the decision of saying what I am going to be next. I don't know what I'm going to be. I don't know that it matters at all anyway, I shall probably end up again in this place.

He jumped to his feet again and went to the window, and thought he would take a walk around the garden. Carefully he pushed and the window swung open easily to his touch. He went to step outside and it was like stepping into a thin invisible sheet of rubber. It stretched enough to prevent him from getting a bruise, and then to his astonishment it just contracted and he was propelled gently and effortlessly back into the room. 'Convict after all, eh.' he said to himself. And then he sat down in the chair again.

For hour after hour he sat there thinking, wondering, in a state of complete indecision. 'I thought that after death I would go to Heaven,' he said to himself, and immediately followed by it, 'Well no, I suppose I didn't think it at all. I didn't know what to think. I have seen so many people die and there has been no sign of a soul leaving the body, so I came to the conclusion that all this that the parsons yammer about, life after death etc., was hogwash.' He jumped to his feet again and started the endless marching up and down the room thinking all the time and unconsciously talking to himself. 'I remember in the mess one evening we were discussing it, and Captain Broadbreeches expressed the very determined view that when you were dead you were dead and that's all there was to it. He said of the men, women, children and horses he'd seen killed, but never, he told us, had he seen a soul rise out of a dead body and get winging heavenwards'

In his mind's eye he saw again life as it was in England

while he was a schoolboy, and then when first he was a cadet. He saw himself as a newly commissioned officer, proudly getting on a ship to go and fight the Dutch. He used to think of the Boers as the Dutch because that was their original ethnic group — Dutch. But as he looked back he could see that the Boers were merely a group of farmers fighting for what they believed to be the right to choose their own way of life unfettered by domination from England.

The door opened and a man came in: 'I do suggest, Number Fifty-Three, that you try to get some rest. You are merely wearing yourself out with this endless pacing around. In a few hours you will have to undergo a quite traumatic experience. The more rest you get now the easier will it be for you later on..' Fifty-three turned sullenly towards him and in his best military manner said, 'Get out!' The man shrugged his shoulders, turned and left the room, and Fifty-Three went on with his brooding and his pacing.

'What was this about the Kingdom of Heaven?' he said to himself. 'The parsons always had this talk about other mansions, other planes of existence, other forms of life. I remember our Padre saying that until Christianity came to the Earth everyone was condemned to damnation, to eternal suffering, to eternal torments, and that only the Roman Catholics would go to Heaven. Now, I wonder how long the world has been in existence and why should all those people before Christianity be condemned when they didn't know that they had to be saved?' March — march — march. He went across the room, back again, across again, and back again endlessly. If he had been on a treadmill, he thought, he would have covered quite a number of miles going up steps, at least that would have been harder work than walking backwards and forwards across the room.

At last, angry and frustrated, he flung himself on the bed and lay there sprawling. This time no darkness descended, he just lay there full of hatred, full of bitter resentment, and the hot salt tears came spurting from his eyes. Furiously he tried to brush them away with the back of his hands, and

then at last he turned on his face and had a spasm of sobbing into a pillow.

After what seemed to be several eternities there was a knock on the door which he ignored. The knock came again, and again he ignored it. After a decent interval the door was slowly opened and there was the doctor. He glanced in for a moment, and then said, 'Ah, are you ready? Twenty-four hours have now elapsed.'

Fifty-Three put a leg over the side of the bed, then lethargically put the other one over. Slowly he sat up. 'Have you decided to which family you are going.' asked the doctor.

'No dammit, no, I haven't given it a thought.'

'Ah!' said the doctor, 'so you are fighting every inch of the way, eh? Well, it doesn't matter to any of us, you know, although you will find it hard to believe. We are indeed trying to help you, and if you, by your procrastination miss this opportunity you will find that opportunities are fewer and fewer and the families get less and less'.

The doctor went to the table and picked up the folder marked 53, and idly he flipped through it. 'You have a choice of five families here,' he said, 'and some get no choice at all, some are just directed. Let me tell you something.' He eased himself into the chair, leaned back and crossed his legs gazing sternly at Fifty-Three. Then he said, 'You are like a spoilt child giving way to immature rage. You committed a crime, you messed up your life, now you have to pay for it, and we are trying to arrange that you pay for it on the most comfortable terms. But if you will not co-operate with us, and if you just insist on behaving like a spoilt baby then eventually you will come to the point when you have no choice where you can go. You may find yourself as the child of some under privileged black family in Mombassa, or possibly sent as a girl-child to a family in Calcutta. Girls in Calcutta are not worth much, people want boys — they can help - and as a girl-child you might find yourself sold into prostitution or into conditions where you are a virtual slave.'

Poor Fifty-Three sat bolt upright on the edge of the bed, his hands very tightly grasping the edge of the mattress, his

mouth wide open and his eyes wild and staring. He looked much like a wild animal that had just been captured and put in a cage for the first time. The doctor looked at him, but there was no sign of recognition, no sign that Fifty-Three had heard the remarks.

‘If you persist in your stupid recalcitrant attitude and make it so much more difficult for us, then as a last resort we may send you to an island where only lepers live. You have to live out the other thirty years which you skipped before, there are no two ways about it, there is no way of overcoming it, it is the Law of Nature. So you'd better come to your senses.’

Fifty-Three sat there in an almost catatonic state. So the doctor got up, went to him and slapped his face, first one side and then the other. Fifty-Three jumped to his feet in rage and then slumped. ‘Well, what CAN I do?’ he said, ‘I am being sent back to Earth as a member of one of a deplorably low form of life. I am not used to being of such low status.’

The doctor looked truly sad, and then sat down on the bed beside Fifty-Three saying, ‘Look, my boy, you are making a grave mistake, you know. Supposing you were on Earth now and you were a member of the theatrical community. Suppose that you had been offered the part of King Lear, or Hamlet, or someone like that; well, possibly you would jump at such an opportunity. But then after the play was over, after the audience had gone, and after the producers had decided upon a new production, would you insist that you were King Lear or Othello or Hamlet? If you were offered the opportunity of being, for example, the Hunch back of Notre Dame or Falstaff, or someone of lesser status, would you say that such was unworthy of a person who had been King Lear or Hamlet or Othello?’ The doctor stopped speaking. Fifty-Three sat on the bed idly scraping the floor - scuffling the carpet - with a foot, and then he said, ‘But this is not play-acting, I was living on Earth, I was a member of the upper class, and now you want me to be — what is it? The son of a publican, the son of a bus driver, or whatever!’

The doctor sighed, and then said, ‘You were upon Earth to live out a part. You picked, before you went to Earth, what

you thought would be the best conditions for you to enable you to be a successful actor. Well, you failed. The act was a flop, so back you go to a different condition. You've gotta choice, in fact you have five choices. Some have no choice.'

He jumped to his feet saying, 'Come, we have dallied too long already and the council will be becoming impatient. Follow me.' He moved to the door and then, on an impulse, turned back to the table and picked up the file marked 53. Tucking it under his left arm he reached out his right hand and grasped Fifty-Three by the arm, shaking him roughly. 'Come!' he said, 'be a man. You are thinking all the time of how important you were as an officer. Surely an officer and a gentleman doesn't behave like this cowardly slobbering person that you have become?'

Sullenly Fifty-Three got to his feet and together they went to the door. Outside a man was just coming down the corridor. 'Oh!' he said, 'I was coming to see what had happened. I thought perhaps our friend was so overcome with sorrows that he couldn't get off his bed.'

'Patience, friend, patience,' admonished the doctor, 'we have to show tolerance in a case like this.'

Together the three men walked along the corridor, back through that long tunnel again, past the watchful guards who this time just inspected them, and then they went on to the door.

'Come in,' said the voice, and the three men entered the room. This time there was the elderly gray-haired man sitting at the head of the table and on either side of him there were two other people, one man and one woman, dressed in their long green coats. The three turned to look at Fifty-Three as he entered. The man at the head of the table raised his eyebrows and said, 'Well? Have you decided which you should be?'

The doctor nudged Fifty-Three who was standing there in sullen silence. 'Speak up,' he whispered. 'Can't you see they are losing patience with you?' Fifty-Three stepped forward and without being invited to do so slammed himself down in a chair.

'No,' said he. 'How can I decide? I have only the briefest

details of these people. I have no idea of what conditions I will encounter. I know I find a publican as extremely distasteful, but possibly an ironmonger would be even more distasteful. I am quite ignorant of such people, never having encountered them on a social basis in my life. Perhaps you, sir, with your undoubted experience, would be prepared to advise me.' Fifty-Three looked insolently at the man at the head of the table, but he just smiled tolerantly and said, 'You are extremely class conscious, and I agree with you that the honorable trade of inn keeper or public house manager or ironmonger would be too much for your sub-conscious. I could indeed, though, very strongly recommend that eminent public house in Cable Street, but for one of your type given to too much snobbishness I will, instead, suggest another family, that of the greengrocer. The father is Martin Bond and the wife is Mary Bond. Mary Bond is almost of full term and if you are to take over the body of her as yet unborn child you must lose absolutely no more time, you must come to your senses and decide, for only you can decide.'

'Greengrocer!' thought Fifty-Three. 'Rotten potatoes, stinking onions, overripe tomatoes. Faugh! However did I get in a mess like this?' He twiddled his fingers, scratched his head and squirmed miserably in the chair. The others in the room kept quiet, they knew of the desperate state which one got into at having to make such a decision. At last Fifty-Three raised his head and said defiantly, 'Well, I will take that family. They might find they've got a better man in their family than they ever had before!'

The woman sitting at the side of the table said, 'Mr. Chairman, I think we should run a series of checks on him again because we have to see that he is still compatible with the mother. It would be a terrible thing for the woman if after all she has gone through her baby was stillborn.'

The man at the other side of the table said, 'Yes,' and he turned to look at Fifty-Three. 'If the child is stillborn that still does not help you because you would be returned here on the grounds that your lack of co-operation and your intransigence will have caused the woman to lose her child. I

do suggest for your own sake — it really doesn't matter to us — that you co-operate more, that you try to make a more equable temperament, or you may find that we shall have to send you anywhere like garbage being thrown out.'

The woman rose to her feet, hesitated a moment, then turned to Fifty-Three and said, 'Come with me.' The chairman nodded and also rose to his feet. The doctor touched Fifty-Three's arm and said, 'Come along, this is it.'

Reluctantly, like a man facing execution, Fifty-Three climbed sluggishly to his feet and followed the woman into a side room. Here things were very different. The whole walls seemed to be flickering lights behind frosted glass. There seemed to be a remarkable number of knobs and buttons and switches. Fifty-Three thought for a moment that he had got himself into an electric power station, but then directly in front of him was a peculiarly shaped table, a very peculiarly shaped table indeed. It seemed to be the outline of a human figure, arms, legs, head and everything. The woman said, 'Get on that table.' For a moment Fifty-Three hesitated, then shrugging his shoulders he climbed on to the table brusquely brushing off the kindly hand of the doctor who tried to assist him. As he lay on the table he found a most peculiar sensation overtook him; the table seemed to mould itself to him. He had never felt more comfortable in his life. The table was warm. Looking up he found his sight was not so good as it had been, it was blurry. Faintly, indistinctly, he could make out shapes on the wall in front of him. Vaguely and strangely uninterested he gazed at the wall and thought he could distinguish a human form. It seemed to be a female form. At a rough guess Fifty-Three thought she was in bed, then as he watched through lacklustre eyes he had an impression that someone was pulling back the bedclothes.

A distorted voice came to him, 'It seems to be all right. I say he is compatible.' It was very strange, very strange indeed. Fifty-Three had an impression that he was 'going under' an anesthetic. There was no struggling, no apprehension, there was not even clear thought. Instead he lay there on that form-fitting table, lay there and gazed up uncom-

prehendingly at the people whom previously he had known so well. The doctor, the chairman, the woman.

Vaguely he was aware that they were saying things: 'Compatible basic frequency.' 'Temperature inversion.' 'A period of synchronization and stabilization.' And then he smiled drowsily and the world of purgatory slipped away from him and he knew no more of that world.

There was a long sounding silence, a silence which was not a silence, a silence when he could feel but not hear vibrations. And then suddenly it was as though he were thrust into a golden dawn. He saw before him a glory such as that which he could never remember having seen before. He seemed to be standing bemused and half-conscious in a glorious, glorious countryside. In the distance there were tall spires and towers and about him there were many people. He had the impression that a very beautiful Figure came and stood beside him saying, 'Be of good heart, my son, for you are going down to the world of sorrow again. Be of good heart for we shall be with you keeping contact. Remember you are never alone, never forgotten, and if you do that which your inner conscience dictates no harm will befall you but only that which has been ordained, and at the successful conclusion of your time upon the World of Sorrows you will return to us here triumphant. Rest, be tranquil, be at peace.' The Figure turned away and Fifty-Three turned over in his bed or table, or wherever he was, and slumbered, and was at peace. And he knew no more in his consciousness of that which had happened.

## CHAPTER SIX

ALGERNON shuddered violently in his sleep. Algernon? Fifty-Three? Whoever it was now, he shuddered violently in his sleep. No, it was not sleep, it was the most terrible nightmare he had ever in his life experienced. He thought of an earthquake which had happened near Messina, Salonika, where buildings had toppled and where the earth had yawned and people had fallen through to be squashed flat as the earth, yawning, closed again.

This was terrible — terrible. This was the worst thing he could ever experience, the worst thing he had ever imagined. He felt that he was being mashed and squashed. For a time in his confused nightmare state he imagined that he had been caught by a boa constrictor in the Congo and was being forced willy nilly down the snake's throat.

All the world seemed to be upside-down. Everything seemed to be shaking. There was pain, convulsions, he felt pulverized, terrified.

From a distance away there came a muffled scream, a scream as heard through water and thick swadding. Barely conscious in his pain he made out, 'Martin, Martin, get a taxi quickly, it's started.'

He mulled over the name. 'Martin? Martin?' He had a vague, but only a very vague recollection that at some time somewhere in some life he had heard that name before, but no, try as he would he could not bring back into his memory's recall what the name meant or to whom it was applied.

Conditions were just terrible. The squeezing went on. There was the horrid gurgling of fluids. For a moment he thought he had fallen into a sewer. The temperature increased and it was truly a shocking experience.

Suddenly, violently, he was upended and he was conscious of terrible pain in the back of his neck. There was a peculiar sensation of motion, nothing that he had ever experienced before. He felt suffocated, stifled, he felt as though immersed in fluid. 'But that can't be, can it?' he thought, 'Man can't live in fluid, not since we emerged from the sea anyhow.'

The joggling and jolting continued for some time, and then at last there came a jolt and a very muffled bubbly voice snarled, 'Careful man! Careful! Do you want her to have it here in the taxi?' There was some sort of mumble in reply but it was all dreadfully muffled. Algernon was nearly out of his mind with confusion, none of this made any sense to him, he just did not know where he was, did not know what was happening. Things had been quite fantastically terrible of late and it was no longer possible to act as a rational being. Dim memories floated into his consciousness. Something about a knife somewhere, or was it a razor. That had been a terrible dream! He had dreamt that he had half hacked off his head, and then he had looked at himself while he was hanging half-way through the ceiling, upside down he was, too, looking at himself lying dead on the floor. Ridiculous, completely absurd, of course, but — and what was this other nightmare? What was he now? He seemed to be some sort of a convict accused of some sort of a crime, he did not know what it was at all. The poor fellow was nearly out of his mind with confusion, with distress, and with fearful apprehension of impending doom.

But the joggling went on. 'Careful now, careful I say, go easy there bear a hand behind will you'. It was so muffled, so unreal, and the tones were so coarse. It reminded him of a costermonger he had heard once in some back street of Bermondsey in London. But what had Bermondsey got to do with him now, where was he? He tried to rub his head, tried to rub his eyes, but to his horror he found there was some cable or something encircling him. Once again he thought that he must be in a lower astral because his movements were constricted - this was just too terrible for contemplation. He seemed to be in a pool of water. Before it had

seemed to be a sticky mess when he had been in the lower astral - or had he been in the lower astral? Dazedly he tried to force his reluctant aching mind to search along the paths of memory. But no, nothing was right, nothing would focus with clarity.

‘Oh God!’ he thought worriedly, ‘I must have gone mad and be in an asylum for that condition. I must be having living nightmares. This just can't possibly happen to any person at all. How could I, a member of such an old and respected family, have come down to this? We have always been respected for our poise and our sanity. Oh God! What has happened to me?’

There was a sudden jolt, a most inexplicable occurrence, a sudden jolt, and then the pains came again. Dimly he became aware of someone screaming. Normally, he thought, it would have been a high-pitched scream but now everything was muffled, everything was so incredibly strange, nothing made any sense any more. He lay back in wherever he was and found that this time he was on his face, and then a sudden convulsion of ‘something’ whirled him about, and then he was on his back again shuddering with the whole fiber of his being, trembling in terror.

‘I tremble?’ he asked himself in horror. ‘I am nearly out of my mind with fear, I am an officer and a gentleman? What is this evil thing which has befallen me? Of a verity I must be suffering from some grave mental affliction. I fear for my future!’

He tried to clear his mind, he tried with all the mental power at his command to think what had happened, what was happening. All he got was confused improbable sensations, something about going before a Board, something about planning what he was going to do. And then he had been resting on a table — no, it was useless, his mind recoiled at the thought, and for a moment went blank.

Again there came a violent movement. Again he was convinced that he was in the coils of a boa constrictor being prepared for crushing and digestion. But there was nothing he could do about it. He was in a state of utter terror. Nothing seemed to be going right. How had he got in the

clutches of the boa constrictor first, and how would he be in a place where there were such creatures? It was all beyond him.

A terrible screech muffled badly by his surroundings shook him to the core. Then there came a violent wrenching and tearing and he thought that his head was being torn from his body. 'Oh my God!' he thought, 'then it IS true, I DID cut my throat and my head is now falling away from me. Oh my God, what shall I do?'

Shockingly and with terrifying suddenness there was a gushing of water, and he found himself deposited on something yielding. He found himself gasping and struggling. He seemed to have a warm wet blanket over his face, then to his horror he found pulsations, pulsations, pulsations, strong urgings were forcing him through some very narrow, cloying, clinging channel, and something — it seemed to be a cord fixed around his middle — tried to hold him back. The cord he could feel twisting around one of his feet. He kicked violently to try to free it because here he was suffocating in humid darkness. He kicked again, and a wild screech, louder now, burst out from somewhere above and behind him. There was a further terrific convulsion and twisting and he shot out of the darkness into a light so dazzling bright that he thought he had been struck blind on the spot. He could see nothing but from the very warm surroundings he had had now he was precipitated on to something rough and cold, the cold seemed to seep into his bones and he shivered. To his amazement he found that he was sopping wet, and then 'something' grasped him by the ankles and whisked him up into the air upside-down.

There was a sharp 'slap, slap!' across his buttocks and he opened his mouth to protest at the indignity, at the outrage perpetrated upon the helpless body of an officer and a gentleman. And with his first scream of rage all memory of the past faded from him as a dream fades at the opening of a new day, and a baby was born.

Of course not every baby has experiences such as this because the average baby is just an unconscious mass of protoplasm until it is born, and only when it is born does consciousness take over. But in the case of Algernon, or

Fifty-Three, or whatever you want to call him, the matter was somewhat different because he had been a suicide, because he had been a very difficult 'case' indeed, and there was an extra factor; this person - this entity — had to return with a special purpose in mind, he had to take up a special vocation and so the knowledge of what was that vocation had to be passed on from the astral world through the being-born baby and straight on to the mental matrix of the new-born baby.

For some time the baby lay, or was moved about. Things were done to the baby, something attached to its body was cut away, but the baby was oblivious to it all. Algernon had gone. Now there was a baby with no name. But after a few days in the hospital vague shapes came and moved in front of the infant's blurry vision. 'Coo,' said a somewhat crude voice, 'runty little devil, ain' 'e? What you going to call 'im, Mary?'

The mother, fondly gazing down at her first born, looked away and smiled up at the visitor and said, 'Well, Alan I think we are going to call him. We decided if it was a girl we'd call her Alice, and if it was a boy we'd call him Alan, so Alan it's going to be.'

After a few more days Martin called for his wife at the hospital and together they left carrying the small bundle which was starting out a fresh life upon the Earth, a life which none of them knew at that time was destined to end thirty years on. The baby boy was taken away to a home in what was a fairly presentable part of Wapping, well within sound of the hooting of the tugs on the Thames where the great ships in the Pool of London came and hooted their welcome at getting back into a port, or screamed farewell with their sirens as they left the Port of London to go out again on a journey perhaps to the other side of the world. And in that little house, not too far from Wapping Steps, a baby boy slept in a room above the shop where later he was going to wash potatoes, toss out bad fruit, and cut away rotten leaves from cabbages. But now the baby boy had to rest, had to grow a little and learn a different life style.

Time went on as time will — it has never been known to

stop! — and the little boy was now four years of age. On this warm Sunday afternoon he was sitting on Grandpa Bond's knee when suddenly Grandpa leaned down towards him and said, 'Well, what are you going to be when you grow up, boy?'

The boy mumbled to himself and carefully examined his fingers, and then he said in a childish treble, 'Doctuh, doctuh.' Having said that he slithered off his grandfather's knee and ran shyly away.

'Well granfer,' said Mary Bond, 'it's a funny thing, you know, and I don't understand it at all, but he seems dead keen on anything to do with medicine and 'im just four years of age. When the doctor comes he won't let go the doctor's — you know, thing around the neck, that tube thing.'

'Stethoscope,' said grandpa.

'Well, yes, that's what I said — stethoscope,' quoth Mary Bond. 'Can't understand what it is. He seems to have got a real obsession about it and how can he think of being a doctor with us in our position?'

Time still went on. Alan Bond was now ten years of age, and for a boy of ten years of age he was studying quite hard at school. As a teacher said, 'I don't understand about Alan, Mrs. Bond, he really does study and it's absolutely abnormal, it's not natural for a boy to study like this. All the time he is wanting to talk about doctoring and things like that. It's a tragedy really because — no offence intended, Mrs. Bond — but how can he expect to be a doctor?'

Mary Bond thought about it all the time. She thought about it in the long stillnesses of the night when only the roar of traffic — to which she was immune — and the hooting of craft upon the Thames — to which she was accustomed — broke the night stillness. She thought long and hard and then, at last, in conversation with a neighbor she had an idea come to her. The neighbor said, 'Well, you know Mary, there's a scheme out nowadays that if you get 'em young enough you can get a child insured. You pay so many pence every week, every week for sure you've got to pay, and then at a certain age, you decide that with your insurance man, at that certain age a boy can get a big sum of

money which will put him through medical school. I know there's such a scheme, I know of a boy who's done it already, he's a lawyer. I'll get Bob Miller to come along and see you, he'll talk to you about it, he knows all there is to know about these insurance schemes.' The neighbor rushed away full of good intentions, full of planning another person's future for him.

The years went on, and at last Alan Bond entered a grammar school. The Headmaster interviewed him on the first day at school, 'Well, my boy, and what do you propose to be in your life when you leave school?'

'I am going to be a doctor, sir,' said Alan Bond confidently looking straight at the Headmaster.

'Oh well, my boy, there's no harm in having these high aspirations, but you will have to study very hard to be a doctor and you will have to get many scholarships because your parents definitely cannot afford to pay your way through medical school and provide all the extra expenses which are incurred. I suggest, my boy, that you try to have something as a second string, as it were, to your ambitions.'

'Damn you, boy!' said Martin Bond, 'Can't you put down that blasted book for a minute? Haven't I told you to scrub those potatoes? Mrs. Potter will take her custom elsewhere if we let her have potatoes with great gobs of soil on them. Put your book down, I say, put it down, and get busy with them there spuds. I want 'em spotless and when they're spotless you go and deliver them to Mrs. Potter up in the High.' The father moved away in exasperation muttering to himself, 'Damn it all, why do kids have ideas all the way beyond their station nowadays? That's all he thinks of, thinks of nothing else but being a doctor. How the devil's 'e think I'm going to get the money to pay for 'im being a doctor? Still, though' he thought to himself, 'e's a real whizz at school they say, and when it comes to brains he was in the first line when they were handing 'em out. Yes, 'e's working hard at school studies, really trying to get a scholarship. Guess I've been a bit hard on 'im. 'E can't study properly when 'e's got a book propped up in front of 'im and I make 'im scrub the spuds. I'll go and give 'im a hand.'

Father Bond went back to where his son was sitting on a three legged stool in front of a bath. In his left hand the boy had a book, with his right hand he was groping wildly to find a potato and then he would just drop it in the bath of water and swish it around a bit and then flip it out on to some folded newspapers.

‘I’ll give you a hand for a bit, boy, then we’ll get these things done up and you can go off and do your studying again. I’ve no wish to be hard on you, boy, but I’ve got a living to get. There’s you to keep, there’s your mother to keep, and there’s me as well. And we’ve got to pay our rent, we’ve got to pay our taxes, we’ve got all manner of things to pay and the Government don’t care a damn about us. Come on, let’s get ‘em cleaned up.’

It was the end of the school term. The Headmaster and the teachers stood upon a dais. There were members of the School Board there, too, and in the Great Hall children sat done up in their very best Sunday clothes, scrubbed, uncomfortable, and embarrassed. Beside them fidgeting in the unaccustomed surroundings sat parents and relatives. Here and there a thirsty man would sneak longing eyes out of the window and across at a nearby pub, but this was Prize Day, Speech Day, and all the rest of it and they had to stay here. One man thought to himself, ‘Well, bejabbers, I’ve only got to come here once a year, the brats, they’ve got to come here every day!’

The Headmaster rose to his feet and carefully adjusted the glasses upon the bridge of his nose. He cleared his throat and gazed blindly at the congregation before him. ‘I have much pleasure,’ he intoned in a most scholastic voice, ‘in telling you that Alan Bond has made quite phenomenal progress during this last school year. He has proved to be an absolute credit to our tutorial methods, and it gives me much pleasure to announce that he has been awarded a scholarship to the pre-medical school of St. Maggots.’ He stopped, waiting for the wild applause to die down, and then raising his hand for silence he said again, ‘He has been awarded this scholarship which is the first to be so awarded to any boy in this parish. I am sure that all of us wish him the very best of

success in his career for, in the four years he has been at this school, he has consistently and persistently asserted that he was going to be a Doctor of Medicine. Now he has his chance.'

He fumbled at the papers on the lectern before him, and a whole bunch of papers fell off and the sheets became airborne and went fluttering over the dais. Teachers hurriedly bent down and retrieved the falling sheets, carefully sorting them and placing them again on the lectern.

The Headmaster riffled through some papers and then seized upon one. 'Alan Bond,' he said, 'will you come to me to receive this Diploma and the Award of the Scholarship which has just been confirmed.'

'Ay, ah dunno!' said Father Bond when they got home and Alan was showing them the recommendation. 'It seems to me, Alan me boy, that you're getting ideas far above your station in life. We are just greengrocers, we don't have no doctors nor lawyers in the family. Dunno why you get these wild ideas.'

'But father,' cried a despairing Alan, 'I've been talking about becoming a doctor for as long as I could speak, and now all my school life I've worked, I've slaved, and I've denied myself all pleasures to study and to win scholarships. And now I've got a scholarship and you are raising objections again.'

Mary bond, Alan's mother, sat silent. Only the way her hands could not keep still betrayed the difficulty she was having. Father and mother looked at each other and then the father said, 'Look, Alan, we are not trying to keep you back, boy, we are not trying to harm your chances, but 'ere you got a bit of paper, well what's that paper mean? It just means that you can go to a certain school and your schooling will be free, but how about all the other stuff, how about all the books, all the instruments, and all the rest of it?' He looked helplessly at his son and then went on, 'Oh sure, you can still live with us, boy, you won't have to pay us board, you can work a bit when you come back from school and eke things out that way. But we just don't have the money to pay for a lot of expensive things. We re living hand to

mouth now, barely making a do of it, so think it over, boy, think it over. I think and your mother thinks it'd be a wonderful thing if you could be a doctor, but it would be an awful thing to be a poor doctor because you haven't got enough money to keep going.'

Mary Bond said, 'Alan, you know what happens to failed doctors, don't you? You know what happens to doctors who are struck off, don't you?'

Alan looked at her sourly and said, 'I only know what rumors I have been told to try to discourage me. I have been told that if a medical student fails or if a doctor is crossed off he just becomes a hack traveler for some scruffy pharmaceutical firm. Well, what of it?' he queried. 'I haven't failed yet, I haven't even started, and if I do fail I still have to earn a living and if I can earn a living as a medical salesman then it will be a darn sight better living than slinging potatoes in a bag and weighing them up, or counting pineapples, or muck like that!'

'Stop it, Alan, stop it,' said his mother. 'You are making fun of your father's trade, and it's your father who is keeping you now, remember, you show no respect at all, you are getting way above yourself. Why not come down to earth?' Then she said after a long pregnant silence, 'Alan, Alan, why not take that job Uncle Bert offered you in the insurance office. It's a real steady job, and if you work hard at it you might even be able to work your way up to be a claims adjuster. Think about it, Alan, will you?'

The boy morosely left the room. His parents silently looked at each other and then there was the sound of his footsteps going down the wooden stairs beside the shop. There came the slamming of the street door and the sound of his feet on the sidewalk outside. 'Dunno what got hold of that boy,' said Martin Bond. 'I don't know how we came to produce such a fellow. Ever since 'e could talk 'e's been on and on endlessly, monotonously about becoming a doctor. Why the hell can't he settle down like other boys and do some decent job? That's what I want to know, why the hell can't he do it, eh?'

His wife silently went on with her task of darning the

already much-darned socks, and there were tears in her eyes as at last she looked up and said, 'Oh, I don't know Martin, I sometimes think we're too hard on him. It's right, after all, to have an ambition and there's nothing so dreadful about being a doctor, is there?' Martin snorted and replied heatedly 'Well, I dunno about that, the good earth and the produce thereof is good enough for me. Never did 'old with these boys muckin' about with a woman's innards. Don't seem right to me. I'm going down to the shop.' With that he angrily jumped to his feet and stamped down the back stairs.

Mary Bond threw down her darning and sat still gazing out of the window. Then at last she got up and went into the bedroom and got down on her knees by the side of the bed, praying for guidance and for strength. After many minutes she rose to her feet again sniffing and saying to herself, 'Funny thing, all the parsons say about praying when one is in trouble, and I do just that but I've never in my life had a prayer answered. Guess it's all superstition, that's what I think.' Sniffing she left her bedroom, and then wiping her eyes upon her apron she started preparing the supper.

Alan walked gloomily along the sidewalk. Idly he kicked a can which was in his way. By chance — or was it chance? — he kicked a bit hard and the can flew up at an angle and made a tinny clank as it hit a metal plate. Alan looked guiltily around and prepared to run for it, and then he looked at the metal plate. 'R. Thompson, M.D.' he read. He went to the metal plate, the brass plate with the incised black wax-filled letters, and rubbed it caressingly with his hands. For some time he just stood there, bowed in thought over the plate let into the wall.

'What's the matter, old man?' asked a kindly voice, and a warm hand fell lightly to his shoulder. Alan jumped off the ground in fright and spun around to look up to the smiling face of a big doctor.

'Oh, I'm so sorry, Dr. Thompson, I wasn't meaning to do anything wrong,' said the boy in some confusion.

The doctor laughed at him and said, 'Well, well, what a

face of misery. Have you taken on all the cares of the world, or what?’

‘Just about, I guess,’ replied Alan in a tone of deep despondency.

The doctor glanced quickly at his watch and then put an arm around the boy's shoulder. ‘Come on, lad, come inside, let's talk about it, what have you done? Got a girl in trouble, or something? Is her father after you? Come inside, let's see what we can do about it.’ The doctor gently led the hesitant boy through the gate, up the little path and into the surgery. ‘Mrs. Simmonds,’ he called going to the door, ‘how about rustling up some char for us and have you got any of those sweet biscuits or has that lazy husband of yours scoffed the lot?’ From somewhere in the depths of the house a muffled voice answered. The doctor went back into his surgery and said, ‘Okay, boy, get yourself composed, we'll have a cup of tea together and then we'll see what there is to be done.’

Mrs. Simmonds soon appeared with a tray on which were two cups, a jug of milk, a basin of sugar and the very best silver teapot plus, of course, the inevitable silver jug of hot, hot water. She had thought long on the question of should she produce the best silver teapot or an ordinary china one, but then she thought — well, the doctor obviously had something of great importance there or he would not have called down like that, it wasn't surgery time or anything, not yet, she didn't even know what the doctor was doing at home at such a time. So — the best china and the best teapot, and the best smile on her face as she entered the room. But then her jaw dropped, she thought there would be a lord at least there, or perhaps a lady, or perhaps one of the big businessmen at the Pool of London, but what she saw was a remarkably despondent looking, underfed schoolboy. Well, she thought, he was a schoolboy in spite of the fact that he was getting on to be an old schoolboy, but she thought firmly it wasn't her business, so carefully she put down the tray in front of the doctor, bowed a little in her confusion, and went out shutting the door behind her.

The doctor poured out some tea saying, ‘How do you like

it, lad, milk first? Or do you like it like me, anything so long as it's wet and warm and fairly sweet?

Alan nodded dumbly. He did not know what to do, he did not know what to say, he was so engulfed in misery, so overcome with the thought that had he failed again? Then he caught himself — again? — now what did he mean by that? He did not know. There was something pressing at the back of his mind, something he ought to know, or was it something he ought not to know? Bemused he rubbed his head between his hands.

'What is it lad? You ARE in a state, aren't you? Now just drink this tea and nibble a few of these sweet biscuits and tell me what it's all about. There's plenty of time, I'm supposed to be having a half day off, so let's make it a project to see what's wrong with you and what we can do for you.'

Poor Alan was not much accustomed to kindness nor to consideration. He had always been considered as the odd one in the family, the odd one in the district, referred to as 'that young son of a greengrocer who's got such grand ideas'. Now the words of the kindly doctor 'got through' to him and he burst into bitter tears. Sobs wracked his frame. The doctor looked at him with great concern, and said, 'All right, boy, all right, have out your tears, there's nothing wrong in that. Get it out of your system, go on, weep all you want to, there's nothing wrong with it. Do you know, even old Winny Churchill sheds tears, and if he can you can, eh?'

Shamefacedly Alan mopped his face with his handkerchief. The doctor was impressed to notice how clean the handkerchief was and, as the boy held the handkerchief to his eyes Dr. Thompson also noticed that his hands were clean, his nails were trimmed and there was no dirt in the nails either. The boy went up several points in the doctor's estimation. 'Here, lad — drink this,' said the doctor as he put a cup of tea in front of Alan. 'Stir it up well, there's a great dollop of sugar in it. The sugar will give you energy, you know. Come on get with it.'

Alan drank the tea and nervously nibbled a sweet biscuit. Then the doctor filled up the cups again and moved beside the boy saying, 'If you feel like it, lad, get the load off your

mind, it must be something dreadful, and a load shared is a load halved, you know.'

Alan sniffed and wiped away errant tears again, and then everything tumbled out of him. How since the very first thing he had known he had the strongest of strong impressions that he had come to be a doctor, how almost the first words he had been able to string together in a sentence had been, 'I be doctor.' He told Dr. Thompson how all the time he had put aside boyish things, he had studied and studied. How instead of reading adventure stories and science fiction and all that he had got technical books from the library to the consternation of the woman librarian who thought it was most unhealthy for a young boy to want to know so much of anatomy.

'But I couldn't help it, doctor, really I couldn't.' said Alan in dismay. 'It was something beyond me, something driving me on. I don't know what it is. I know that all the time I get the urge, an impossible urge, that I've got to be a doctor, no matter what, and tonight my parents have been at me, telling me I've got above myself, that I'm no good.' He lapsed into silence again. The doctor put a hand on the boy's shoulder, and softly said, 'And what started the outburst tonight, lad?'

Alan squirmed in his seat and said, 'Doctor, you'll never believe it but I'm top boy of the class, top boy of the grammar school. This has been the end of term and the Headmaster, Mr. Hale, has told me that I have been recommended for a special scholarship at St. Maggots pre-med school and my parents – well,' then he nearly broke down again and twisted his handkerchief into knots between his fingers. 'Eh lad, it was ever thus.' said the doctor. 'Parents always think that they can control the destiny of those whom they produce, sometimes as the result of an accident too. But never mind, lad, let's see what we can find out — you said you were at grammar school? You said the Headmaster, Mr. Hale — well, I know Mr. Hale very well indeed, he's one of my patients. Okay, let's see what he can tell us.'

The doctor looked up his index and soon found the name of the Headmaster and the telephone number, and then

quickly he made a phone call. 'Good evening Hale,' said Dr. Thompson, 'Thompson here. I've got a young lad in front of me, he seems a very bright young lad and he tells me that you have recommended him for a special scholarship — good heavens!' said the doctor in some amazement, 'Hale, I've forgotten to ask the boy's name!' At the other end of the line the Headmaster chuckled and said, 'Oh yes, I know him, Alan Bond, a very bright lad indeed, exceptionally bright. He's worked like a slave throughout his four years here, and I thought he was going to be a failure when he joined in the first case but I was never more wrong. Yes, it's quite true, he is the top boy in the school, the highest marks we have ever had, and the most progress this school has seen, but—' and the Headmaster's voice faded for a moment, and then he continued, 'I am sorry for the boy. His parents, his parents you know, they are the trouble. They've got that little green-grocer's shop down the street, they are making hard going of it, they are strapped for money and I can't see how that boy is going to manage. I wish I could do something to help him. I've helped him to get a scholarship but he needs more than that.'

'Well, thanks a lot, Hale, I appreciate your remarks,' said Dr. Thompson putting down the phone and turning to Alan.

'Boy,' he said, 'I had much the same sort of trouble as you have had, I had to fight every bloomin' inch of the way, scratch with tooth and nail to make a do of it. Okay, tell you what we'll do, let's go along now and see your parents. I told you it's my half day off and what better way to spend what's left of it than helping some other poor devil who also is having a bad time. Come on lad, stir your stumps.' The doctor rose to his feet and Alan got up as well. At the door Dr. Thompson gave two rings and then said, 'Oh, Mrs. Simmonds, I shall be out for a time, just take any messages, will you?'

Down the road they strode, the big tall doctor and the under-nourished boy who was making a late approach to manhood. Down the street they went and as they approached the shop they saw the light was on. Through the window they could see Father Bond weighing out bags of

produce. The doctor strode to the door, rapped sharply, and put his hands beside his face so he could peer in free of reflections.

Martin Bond looked up sourly and then shook his head in negation. He mouthed the word 'Closed,' but then he saw his son there and he thought to himself, 'Oh my God, what's the boy done now? What trouble has he brought us now?' And then he hurried to the door and drew back the bolt. The doctor and Alan moved inside, and Martin Bond hastened to slide the bolt shut again.

'Good evening, so you're Martin Bond, eh?' said Dr. Thompson. 'Well, I'm Dr. Thompson and I live down the street, you know, I've got my practice there. I've been talking to your boy and he's a bright young lad, too. I think he deserves a chance.'

'All right for you to talk, doctor,' said Martin Bond truculently. 'You don't have to scabble for money in a place like this, you're set up pretty good I reckon. You get enough from your fees and from the Friendly Societies to keep you living high off the hog, I've got to dig in the ground. But anyway, what's the boy done now?' he asked.

The doctor turned to Alan and said, 'You told me you got this special diploma, you told me you got a special letter from Mr. Hale, the Headmaster, will you slip upstairs and get them and bring them down for me?'

Alan darted away and could be heard running up the wooden stairs. Dr. Thompson turned to the father and said, 'Bond, you've got a bright boy there, he might even be a genius. I've been talking to his Headmaster.' Martin Bond turned on him in a fury, 'And what's it got to do with you? How do YOU come into it? You leading the boy into trouble, or something?' he asked. For a moment the doctor's face clouded with wrath and then controlling himself with an effort he said, 'Every so often, Bond, somebody comes to this Earth perhaps with some carry-over from a previous life, I don't, know what it is, but people have strong impulses, very strong impressions — well, they don't get it for nothing. Your son seems to be one of those. His Headmaster was very emphatic that the boy was bright and that he was born to be

a doctor. If you think I'm leading him astray, well, you think again. I'm trying to help him.'

Alan dashed into the shop again, just about breathless with the speed of running. Meekly he held out to the doctor the diploma and the copy of the letter from the Headmaster together with the acceptance of the Headmaster's recommendation from the Dean of the pre-med school of St. Maggots. Without a word the doctor took the papers and read them from start to finish. There wasn't a sound except the rustling of papers as he turned over a page and put the read page on the bottom. Then, finished, he said, 'Well, this convinces me, I think you ought to have your chance, Alan. We'll see what we can do.'

He stood for a few moments wondering what was the best course to take, and then he turned to the father and said, 'Why can't you, your wife and I have a talk about this? The boy is brilliant, the boy definitely has a mission. Can I talk to you somewhere?'

Martin turned sourly to Alan and said, 'Well, you started all this, you brought all the trouble here, get on with that weighing up and I'll have the doctor talk to your mother and me.' So saying he led the way out of the shop and up the stairs, being very careful to close the stair door after him and calling up, 'Mother! I'm bringing Dr. Thompson up, he wants to talk to us about Alan.'

Upstairs Mary Bond hastened to the top of the staircase muttering to herself. 'Oh, heavens, oh my God, what HAS that boy done now?'

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Mary Bond felt all fluttery inside as if a whole load of butterflies had got into her somehow. She looked with apprehension from the doctor to her husband and then to Alan who had crept up the stairs behind them. Helplessly she showed the doctor into their sitting room where only favored visitors ever went. Father Bond said, 'Okay, Alan, off to your room.'

The doctor instantly interrupted saying, 'Oh, but Mr. Bond, Alan is the most interested person in this arrangement. I definitely think that he should be here in this discussion. After all, he's not a child now, he's approaching an age when many others would be at college and we hope that he's going too!' Reluctantly Martin Bond nodded his head in acquiescence and the four of them sat down, the mother with her hands folded demurely in her lap.

'Dr. Thompson seems to think our boy has got a lot of goods up in his attic,' said Martin Bond, 'he wants to talk to us about him because he thinks Alan should become a doctor. I dunno what to say about it.'

The mother sat still and said nothing, and then Dr. Thompson spoke, 'You know, Mrs. Bond,' he said, 'there are some very strange things in life and people get impressions that they have to do a thing without knowing why. Alan here, for instance,' he gestured in the boy's direction, 'has a very very strong impression that he has to enter medicine. The impression is so strong that it is almost an obsession, and when we get a boy, or a girl either, for that matter, who insists on a special career almost from the first words they can utter then we have to be convinced that the Good Lord maybe is getting a message through or is trying to work a miracle or something. I don't profess to understand it, all I

know is this,' he looked around at them to see if they were following him, and then continued, 'I was an orphan, I was brought up in an orphanage and, to put it in its mildest form, I had a very hard life in the orphanage because the people there thought that I was different in some ways because I, too, had a definite vocation, and that was that I should enter medicine. Well, I did enter medicine and now I'm doing quite well at it.'

The parents sat still, their brains almost obviously clunking over as they tossed thoughts around inside their skulls. At last Martin Bond said, 'Yes, doctor, yes I agree with everything you say, the boy should have his chance in life, I had none neither and I'm having to fight to pay bills. But, tell me doctor,' he looked really hard at Dr. Thompson and continued, 'we are poor people, we have a hard job to pay our bills every month and if we don't pay our bills every month then we don't, get our supplies, and if we don't get our supplies then, by golly, we're out of business. So tell us, how are we going to provide for Alan? We can't afford it and that's all there is to it.' Martin Bond slapped his knee vigorously to emphasize that here was 'finis', 'the end', and all the rest of it. Alan sat there downcast, looking glummer and glummer.

'If I was in the U.S.A.,' he thought, 'I'd be able to take a part time job and study the other part time and I'd get through that way, but this country — well, there doesn't seem much hope for poor lads like me.'

Dr. Reginald Thompson was thinking. He put his hands in his trouser pockets and stretched out his legs, and then he said, 'Well; as I told you, I've had a hard life and I've done what I believe I had to do. Now, it may be that I've got to help Alan, and so I'll make this offer to you.' He looked around to see if they were paying attention, and indeed they were; Alan was looking straight at him, Father Bond was looking less dour, and Mother Bond had stopped fiddling with her fingers. Satisfied with what he saw the doctor continued, 'I am a bachelor, never had any time for the women, you know, been too interested in study, research, and all the rest of it, so I stayed a bachelor and I saved a lot of money

by doing so. I am prepared to invest some of that money in Alan if he can convince me that he really will make a good doctor.'

Mary Bond said, 'That would be a wonderful thing, doctor. We tried to take out an insurance policy which would help Alan pay expenses but there was no such policy suitable to people of our means, or rather, lack of means.' The doctor nodded silently, and said, 'Well, he's all right in the educational line because the Headmaster of his school spoke very highly indeed about him, and he has a free scholarship to enter St. Maggots pre-med school — just the same as I had, but that doesn't pay his living expenses, and it would be better for him to live in college, and it doesn't pay for various other expenses. So this is what I'll do.'

He sat there sucking in his cheeks and blowing them out, then he turned to Alan and said, 'This is what I'll do, Alan. I'll take you to the Hunterian Museum up at the Royal College of Surgeons and we'll spend a day going through the Museum and if you can stick it out without fainting or anything then we can be sure that you will make a success as a doctor.' He was silent for a few moments and then continued, 'I can take a step more than that. I can take you to a dissecting room where they have bodies and bits of bodies all over the place. If you go and be sick all over them then you're out of the doctor line. If you can convince me, okay, we'll have a partnership — you've got your scholarship, I'll pay all the expenses. And when you are a qualified doctor able to pay back then you do the same for some other unlucky soul who is trapped between what he knows he has to do and his inability to do it through lack of money.'

Alan nearly fainted with relief and happiness, but then Father Bond said slowly, 'Well now, doctor, we rely on the boy to do our deliveries for us, you know. We've kept him all this time, it's only right he should do something for us and if, as you say, he's going to be stuck away somewhere in some college living in luxury then what about his poor parents? Do you think I'm going out after hours and deliver?'

Mrs. Bond looked shocked and said, 'But Martin! Martin!

Surely you remember that we managed before Alan came on the scene?’

‘Yes, of course I know,’ said Martin angrily, ‘I’m not likely to forget, but I’m also remembering all the boy’s been to us all these years. We’ve ‘ad to provide for him, and now when ‘e’s ‘ad all ‘e can get from us ‘e’s going to rush off and be a doctor if you please, and I suppose that’s the last we shall ever see of him. Bah!’

Martin Bond’s hands were working together as if he was longing to strangle somebody and then he burst out, ‘And what do YOU get out of it Dr. Reginald Thompson? Why have you suddenly taken such an interest in the boy? That’s what I want to know. People just don’t do things for others, you know, unless they’ve got some motive behind it. What are you getting out of it?’

Dr. Thompson laughed out loud and then said, ‘My goodness me, Mr. Bond, you’ve convinced me that your son is quite exceptional. All you think about is what you can get out of things, and all he thinks about is how he can help others by being a doctor. You want to know what I’m getting out of it, Mr. Bond? Well, I’ll tell you; I have impressions just the same as your son has impressions. I have the strongest impression that I’ve got to help him. Don’t ask me why, I don’t know why, and if you think that I am after him sexwise well, then, Mr. Bond you are a bigger fool than I thought you were. I can get plenty of boys, and girls too, if I want them, but this time I want to help Alan for the sake of something that I know, something at the back of my mind and won’t come forward. But if you don’t want to have him helped, Mr. Bond, then we will wait until he is twenty-one and, although it will be a bit late, well, we’ll take it from there. Now, I’m not here to argue with you. If you don’t want to go on with this, say so and I’ll get out.’ Dr. Thompson got to his feet looking a very truculent individual indeed. His face was red and he looked as if he would like to throw Martin Bond through his own front window.

Martin Bond twisted his hands about and fiddled with the end of his jacket, and then he said, ‘Well, maybe I was a bit hasty in what I said, but I’m wondering how we can manage

to get the spuds taken out at night and things like that. We've got to live, you know, as well as the boy.'

Mary Bond broke in very hurriedly: 'Shush, Martin, shush, we can arrange that all right. We can soon get a schoolboy come along and do it for us. It won't cost much, it won't cost as much as keeping Alan here.' Martin Bond slowly nodded his head. 'All right, all right,' he said with some reluctance. 'You can go. You're not twenty-one yet and I still have control of you, and you make a success of that doctoring job you're going to do or you'll hear from me about it.' With that the father turned abruptly and clattered down the stairs to the shop. Mary Bond turned apologetically to Dr. Thompson and said, 'I am so sorry about this, doctor. My husband sometimes is a bit impetuous. He is Aries, you know!'

So it was arranged. Dr. Thompson would take Alan to the Hunterian Museum on his day off next week. With that arranged the doctor went home and Alan returned to his room to study.

'Hello there, Alan,' said Dr. Thompson as Alan presented himself at the surgery a week later. 'Come on in, we'll have a cup of tea and then we'll get in the car and we'll go off to Lincoln's Inn Fields.' They had their tea and some biscuits, and then the doctor said, 'You'd better go in there, boy, all the excitement might stir you up and I don't want you taking a leak in my nice clean car!' Alan blushed and hurried off to the littlest room where, we are told, even a king must go on foot!

Dr. Thompson led the way out around a path going along the back of the house. There he had his car parked, a good old Morris Oxford. Unlocking the doors he said, 'Get in,' and Alan thankfully got in the passenger seat. Alan was not very used to private cars, all his traveling had been done on clattering trams or rattling buses. He watched with avidity as the doctor started the engine, waited a few moments for it to warm up and then checked the charge rate and oil pressure, and drove out. 'Do you know the best way to go Alan?' asked the doctor quizzically.

'Well sir,' replied Alan, 'I've looked it up on a map and all

I can say is you go along the East India Dock Road and then go over London Bridge, and I suppose.’ he said rather tremulously, ‘we have to go over Waterloo Bridge as well.’

‘Nope,’ said the doctor, ‘I’ve got you this time, we’re not going across any bridges, you follow the route carefully because if my plans come right you’ll be doing this journey quite a few times.’

Alan was quite enthralled looking at all the places outside his own locale of Tower Hamlets. He had not been able to move about much, and yet he had a most uneasy feeling that many of these districts through which they were driving had been well known to him at some time. At last they turned right and went up Kingsway in Holborn, up Kingsway for quite a distance, and then they turned into Sardinia Street which led to Lincoln’s Inn Fields. Dr. Thompson suddenly drove through some iron gates to the right and parked his car smartly. Switching off the engine and taking out the key he said, ‘Here we are, lad, out you get.’

Together they walked into the entrance of the Royal College of Surgeons’ building and Dr. Thompson nodded with easy familiarity to one of the uniformed people standing inside. ‘Okay Bob?’ he asked one of them, and then nodding cheerfully he went on into a dark entrance lobby. ‘Come on, we turn left here — oh, wait a minute, I forgot, I’ve got to show you this.’ He stopped and grabbed Alan’s arm saying, ‘Now, here’s something which will make your teeth ache. Here are some early dental instruments. D’you see them there in that glass case? Now how would you like to have your molars yanked out with things like that?’ He slapped Alan playfully on the back and said, ‘Come on, let’s get in here.’

‘Here’ was a large space, quite a large space, littered with cabinets and closets and, of course, shelf after shelf of glass bottles. Alan looked about in awe at the bottled babies, floating foetuses, and all the extremely peculiar organs which surgeons had thought it advisable to save for the purposes of examination and student tuition.

They walked down one room and stopped at a well-polished walnut case. Dr. Thompson pulled out a drawer and

Alan could see that it was two sheets of glass sandwiched together, and inside between the two sheets was an awful mess of 'something'. Dr. Thompson laughed and said, 'This cabinet represents a brain, a brain which has been sliced up so that you can open a drawer and look down and you can see any particular part of the brain. Look at this—' he reached for another drawer and pulled the handle and out came another glass sandwich, and the doctor pointed at it saying, 'That is supposed to be where you get psychic impressions. I wonder what's going on in yours?' Then he added, 'I wonder what's going on in mine too!'

The doctor and Alan spent all the morning in the Hunterian Museum and then Dr. Thompson said, 'Well, I guess it's time we had something to eat, don't you?' Alan had been feeling rumbling pains and he nodded as he thoroughly agreed. So they left the Museum and got in the car and drove off to a club where Dr. Thompson was obviously well known. Soon they were sitting at a table having lunch. 'After this we'll go along to a hospital and I'll take you into a dissecting room and we'll see what we can see there.'

'Oh, can one just walk into a dissecting room like that?' asked Alan in some astonishment.

Dr. Thompson laughed and said, 'Oh dear me, no, of course not but I am known as a specialist and I had a place in Harley Street for some time but I just couldn't stand all the bowing and scraping there, I couldn't stand a lot of the old matrons who thought that if they paid enough money they would be cured immediately. And anyway, they treat doctors as the lowest form of life,' he said as he finished his meal.

Soon the car drove up to a hospital entrance and parked in the space reserved for doctors only. Dr. Thompson and Alan got out and walked into the main entrance to a reception desk. Dr. Thompson went forward and said to one of the staff there, 'I want to speak to Professor Dromdary-Dumbkoff,' he said. The attendant turned away and spoke into a telephone returning to Dr. Thompson and saying, 'Yes, sir, the professor has asked me to bring you and your visitor to him. Will you come this way, please?' Together

they walked through hospital corridors for what to Alan seemed to be endless miles. At last they reached an office with the professor's name on the outside. The attendant knocked and pushed the door open. Dr. Thompson and Alan entered. The first thing they saw was half a human on a table and two people in white coats were busily cutting down into it. For a moment Alan felt strange things happening inside him, but then he thought quickly that if he were to be a doctor he would have to become used to sights like this, so he swallowed quickly, closed and opened his eyes two or three times, and then everything was all right.

'This is the boy I told you about, Prof, he's good stuff, you know,' said Dr. Thompson introducing Alan. The professor gazed hard at him and said, 'Ach, right it is that you may be already, we shall see what we shall see, eh?' and then he broke into such a girlish chuckle that poor Alan felt highly embarrassed.

For some time they just stood there chatting while the professor watched the two students at work, and then Alan was taken down to a dissecting room, a huge room remarkably cold and frightfully smelly. For a moment poor Alan thought that he was going to disgrace himself by either fainting or vomiting on the floor, but again he remembered that he had a job to do and the spasm of nausea quickly passed. The professor moved from body to body - it was not lecture time so no students were here — pointing out various things of interest, and Dr. Thompson was closely observing Alan's reactions.

'Ach, de dunderheaded fool!' exclaimed the professor angrily as he stooped down and picked up a severed arm which had dropped off a table and rolled beneath it. 'Students nowadays, they are not as they were in Germany, they are so careless. How would they like to have an arm dropped?' Mumbling to himself and grumbling away he moved to another body and reaching out a hand caught Alan by the arm and said, 'Take that scalpel and make an incision from here to here, you should know what cutting flesh is like.' Alan numbly took the proffered scalpel and

then with an inward shudder which he hoped was not too obvious he pressed the point of the knife on to the dead flesh and pulled it down. 'You have the touch, you have the touch,' said the professor excitedly. 'Yes, you will be all right as a medical student.'

Later Dr. Thompson and Alan had tea, and the doctor said, 'Well now, so you can still eat in spite of all you've seen. I half expected to see you rolling under the table green in the face or something. What are you going to do when you get kidney on toast next time? Throw it up?' Alan laughed. He was very much more at ease now, and he said, 'No sir, I feel quite at home.'

Slowly they drove back to Wapping through the evening crowds, Dr. Thompson talking all the time saying what he wanted to do, how he was getting old and he was tired, saying how he would look after Alan and provide him with his own bank account so that he would be independent of his parents. He said, 'I never knew my parents, I was an orphan, but if my parents had gone on like your parents did — well, believe me, I think I should have run for it!'

That evening there was great talk in the Bond household. Father Bond was trying not to show his interest but at the same time he was listening with avidity to everything being said, and then at the end he said gruffly, 'Well, you can go when you like, lad, we've found a boy to take over when you leave us.'

And so, speedily, it was all arranged. Alan was to go to the pre-med school of St. Maggots Hospital, and after that if he was successful he would become a medical student at St. Maggots. And Alan was successful at pre-med school, he did well, he was of the first three and became a well-favored student beloved of his tutors. And then the time came for him to leave pre-med and enter the hospital as a proper medical student. He did not really look forward to that which was to take place on the next day because change is ever strange and there had been many, many changes in Alan's life.

St. Maggots was an old hospital built mainly in the shape of a 'U'. One arm of the 'U' was for medical cases, and what

would be the bottom of the 'U' was for psychiatric, paediatric and similar, while the other arm of the 'U' was for surgical cases. Of course Alan during his pre-med studies had been into the hospital on many occasions but it was with a decided feeling of trepidation that he went there on that first Monday morning. He went up to the main entrance and said who he was, and the attendant sourly remarked, 'Oh, one of them, eh?' Then he turned to a ledger and took his time fumbling through the pages, licking his thumb and leaving decided nicotine stains on the paper. Then at last he straightened up and said, 'Ah yes, I know all about you. Go straight up them stairs, turn right, turn left, and it's the second door on the right. It's Dr. Eric Tetley that you have to see, and you'd better be careful, he's in a poor mood this morning.' With a shrug of his shoulders the attendant turned away. Alan paused for a moment in some astonishment, he thought there would be a bit more respect for a man who was going to serve in the hospital for three or four years as a medical student. But he, too, shrugged his shoulders, picked up his cases, and walked up the stairs.

At the top of the staircase in a little vestibule around to the right there was a table and a man was sitting at it. 'Who are you?' he asked. Alan identified himself and the attendant checked through a book and then wrote something on a card, saying, 'You can leave your cases here, just take this along to Dr. Eric Tetley's office, knock once — not too loud, mind! — and then enter. What happens next is up to you.' Alan thought this was a most peculiar system of dealing with new entrants, but he took the card from the man and went to the office as directed. He knocked, waited a discreet second or two, and then quietly entered. There was a desk littered with papers, surgical instruments, and photographs of women. A black nameplate lettered in white, 'Dr. Eric Tetley', stood on the corner of the desk and the doctor himself sat square in an office swivel chair. He had his arms out wide, big fat hands spread on the edge of the desk.

Alan walked forward to the desk being somewhat unnerved by the unmoving stare of Dr. Tetley, then he said, 'Sir, I have come to join St. Maggots. I have to give you this card.'

The doctor made no move to take it, so Alan put it on the desk in front of him and stood back under that quite unnerving stare.

'Hrmph!' grunted the doctor. 'Yes, old Thompson was right, I think you've got the makings of a good man in you, but you need straightening out a bit, eh?' Then he raised his voice, not in song, but to bawl, 'Paul! Bond is here, come in will you?' Only then did Alan see that the doctor had his finger now pressed on a button and was using an office intercom system. Soon there was a flurry of noise and a small untidy looking doctor with hair all over the place bounced into the room. He had on a white coat which reached down to his ankles and his sleeves were so long that they had to be rolled and rolled again. He did look a rag-bag of a doctor. 'Oh, so this is Bond, eh? What am I supposed to do with him — kiss him?' Dr. Eric Tetley snorted and said, 'You get a go at him first, you've got to make a good man out of him.' Dr. Paul grunted as he leafed through Alan's papers and said, 'Oh, so now St. Maggots has come down to this, eh? We've got the son of a spud seller who is going to be a specialist surgeon or practicing physician, or something. What do you make of that? No more old school ties, spud sellers, bah!'

Alan was shocked. He really was shocked down to the core of his being to think that this scruffy untidy looking wretch could say such unkind things, but he was there to learn, he thought, so he said nothing. But then he turned to look at Dr. Paul and saw the twinkle in the gray eyes. The doctor said, 'But there it is, boy, they say that Jesus was the son of a carpenter, don't they? Don't place much faith in 'em myself, I'm a good follower of Moses.' And with that he laughed and held out his hand.

Shortly after Alan was shown to a room right up in the center tower of the building, right over the main door. He had to share that with two other student doctors, and the conditions were cramped in the extreme. All they had to sleep upon was canvas camp beds.

The attendant who had shown him to the room and let him put his cases down on a bed said, 'Okay doc, now I've

got to take you to the Maristow Ward over in the medical wing, that's a thirty-five bed ward, by the way, with two beds in a private room attached. Sister Swaine is in charge, and boy oh boy, is she ever a bitch. Mind your p's and q's there!

Sister Swaine in charge of the Maristow Ward did indeed appear to be a formidable dragon, about six foot tall, about two hundred pounds in weight, she scowled at everything and everybody. Her skin was so dark that she looked almost like a half-caste, but she came from a very old English family and it was astounding to Alan when she opened her mouth and spoke and the voice was that of one of the most cultured people he had met. But familiarity with Sister Swaine soon showed that she was no dragon, and when she saw that a student was working hard then indeed she went out of her way to help that student. For shirkers she had no time whatever, and really hastened to the Matron's office to report a student who fell down on the job.

A medical student's life in a hospital is always much of a muchness, much the same. Alan worked hard, he loved to work, and he made a very favorable impression. At the end of his third year he was called in by Dr. Eric Tetley. 'You're doing well, my boy, better than I thought you would. I thought first, no matter what old Thompson said, you'd be back scrubbing spuds. You've got a good record all the way through, and now I want you to be my personal assistant in the coming year. Take it?' He looked up at Alan and, not waiting for a reply he said, 'Okay, take a half day off and go and tell old Thompson from me that he was right, I owe him a case of—' he said.

Alan walked to the door and then was called back. 'Hey — you — wait a minute!' Alan turned back wondering what was happening now, and then Dr. Tetley said, 'Got a car?'

'No sir,' said Alan. 'I'm just an ex-spud seller turned medical student. I can't afford a car.'

'Hrmph!' grunted Dr. Eric Tetley. 'Well, I suppose you can drive?'

'Oh yes, Dr. Thompson taught me, and I've got my licence.'

‘Well then,’ said Dr. Tetley, fiddling about in the right hand drawer of his desk, mumbling about and saying shocking words as he turfed out all manner of papers, instruments, etc., at last pouncing with glee upon a ring with two keys attached. ‘Here it is, the key to my car. I want you to drop a parcel in to a lady — here's the address, can you read the writing? — well, okay, drop this in to her and don't stop and have any chit chat with her, mind, and then go straight on to old Thompson. Be sure you're back here by nine o'clock tonight. My car is in bay 23, that's just below the Matron's office. Oh!’ he said, ‘I'd better give you a note saying that you can take the car otherwise some bally copper'll come along and pinch you for stealing it or something, I had it happen once before.’ He scribbled something on a piece of paper, put his official stamp on it, and then thrust it at Alan saying, ‘Now beat it, don't come around here until nine o'clock tonight.’

The years went by, years of great success for Alan Bond, but years of trouble as well. His father died; he had an attack of rage one day and just dropped dead in the shop because a customer was complaining about the price of asparagus. So Alan had to provide for his mother because there was nothing left worth selling in the shop, and, of course, the property had been rented. So Alan put his mother in a couple of rooms and made sure that she was adequately looked after. Unfortunately his mother took a violent dislike to Alan, saying that he had killed his father by running out on him and trying to live in a station above himself, so, apart from providing for her, Alan never went to see her. Soon there came talk of war. The awful Germans, as was the awful Germans wont, were sabre rattling again and boasting with all their bumptious brashness of what they were going to do to the rest of the world. There came the invasion of this country, and the invasion of that country, and Alan, now a fully trained doctor with M.D. after his name, tried to join up but he was deferred because of the good work he was doing in his locality and for shipping companies near the Pool of London.

One day Dr. Reginald Thompson phoned Alan at the

hospital where he was now on the hospital staff and said, 'Alan, come over and see me when you've got a few moments, will you? I want to see you urgently.'

Alan, of course, looked upon Dr. Thompson with real love so he soon arranged with the ageing Dr. Tetley to go off for the rest of the day. Now he had his own car and soon he was back parking his car in Dr. Thompson's driveway.

'Alan,' said Dr. Thompson, 'I'm getting old, boy, I haven't much longer to live. Give me a check-up, will you?'

Alan stood there in stupefaction, and then Dr. Thompson said again, 'What's wrong with you, boy, forgotten you're a doctor or something? Get with it, will you.' And he started taking off his clothes. Alan soon got hold of Dr. Thompson's instruments, ophthalmoscope, blood pressure apparatus and all the rest of it, and, of course, he always carried his own stethoscope. A check of Dr. Thompson revealed hypertension and acute mitral stenosis.

'You'd better look after yourself,' said Alan, 'You're not in such good shape as I thought. Why don't you come into St. Maggots and we'll see what can be done for you?'

'No, I'm not coming into that flea-ridden dump,' said Dr. Reginald Thompson. 'What I want to do is this; I've got a very successful practice here, it brings in a lot of money, so Tetley tells me that you work for him very well and have done for five years, and I say now is the time for you to take over my practice while I'm here to help you and to show you the ropes. You've been stuck in St. Maggots so long that you're getting round-shouldered and you're almost myopic. Snap out of it and come and live with me.' Then he said, 'Oh, of course, I shall be leaving this practice to you and until I kick the bucket you and I can work as equal partners. Okay? Shake on it.'

Alan felt quite upset. He had been for some time definitely in a rut, he'd got an obsession, the obsession that he had to save life, save life at all costs no matter how sick, no matter how incurable the patient. Alan was not much good as a surgeon, he had no interest in that, but ordinary medicine, that was his forte and he was on the way to making a big name for himself. And now his friend and benefactor, Dr.

Reginald Thompson, wanted him to enter private practice. The doctor broke in on his thoughts saying, 'Go back to St. Maggots, talk about it to Eric Tetley and ask your friend Dr. Wardley what he thinks about it. You can rest assured that that pair will give you honest advice. Now get out of my sight until you've made up your mind, you're looking almost seasick there.'

Just then Mrs. Simmonds, now quite elderly, came in with the tea on a wooden trolley saying, 'Ah, Dr. Thompson, I saw that Dr. Bond was here so I thought I'd save you the trouble of shouting down for the tea, here it is,' and she smiled broadly at Alan who was now very much her favorite for the good job he was making of his life.

Back at St. Maggots Alan was able to discuss things with Drs. Tetley and Wardley. Dr. Wardley said, 'Well, I shouldn't be telling you this, Alan, but Reginald Thompson has been a patient of mine for years, he's been having series of cardiograms and he could go out like a light. You owe everything to him. you know, and you'd better think seriously if you shouldn't go to him.'

Dr. Tetley nodded his head in agreement and said, 'Yes, Alan, you've done a good job here at St Maggots but you're too limited, you're becoming too institutionalized. We're going to have a war and it needs somebody to get out there in the streets, we can always call you back in emergency. I'll release you from your contract.'

So it came to pass that a month later Dr. Alan Bond became an equal partner with Dr. Reginald Thompson, and they made a very successful practice. But all the time in the papers and on the radio there was talk of war, talk of bombings, reports of the failure of one country after another to withstand the attacks of the hated Huns, who with typical Boche brutality were sweeping across Europe. At last Neville Chamberlain returned from Germany with a lot of inept, inane, asinine talk about 'peace in our time' , and from Germany, of course, there came reports of loud raucous laughter at the lanky Englishman who had come there with his furled umbrella thinking that he could settle the peace of the world. Soon after a ranting Hitler went on radio full of

brash bombast and a day or two after England declared war. Months rolled by, and the war was not getting anywhere, it was the period of the phoney war. One day a policeman came to Alan, carefully ascertained that he was Dr. Alan Bond, and then said that his mother, Mary Bond, had committed suicide and the body was now in the Paddington Mortuary.

Alan was shocked almost out of his mind, he did not know why but this was the most terrible thing he had ever heard. Suicide! For years he had been preaching against suicide and now his own mother had committed such an insane act.

Soon there came a stepped-up war with bombs dropping on London. All the time there were reports of German successes, the Germans were winning everywhere and in the Far East the Japanese were sweeping all before them. They took Shanghai, they took Singapore. Again Alan tried to join one of the Services, and again Alan was rejected being told he was of more use where he was.

The raids became worse. Night after night German bombers came across the coast and made for London. Night after night the dock areas were bombed and the East End of London was set afire. Alan worked very closely with the A.R.P. people — the Air Raid Precautions people — and indeed had an A.R.P. post in the basement of the house. Night after night the raids continued. Fire bombs rained down, thermite bombs bounced off rooftops, and sometimes going right through to set an entire house on fire.

There came the night of a very bad raid indeed. The whole area seemed to be on fire, the wailing, moaning of the sirens went on continuously. Hoses from fire appliances snaked over the roads and made it impossible for the doctors to use their cars.

The night was a moonlit night, but the moon was obscured by the red clouds going up from the fires, showers of sparks flying about everywhere and all the time the hellish scream of falling bombs, some fitted with sirens to their tail fins to increase the din and increase the terror. Alan seemed to be everywhere, helping pull bodies out of wrecked shel-

ters, crawling through holes which had been forced in basements to bring relief from pain to shattered bodies inside. On this particular night Alan stood getting his breath and getting a cup of tea from one of the emergency canteens. 'Whew!' The A.R.P. warden with him looked up and said, 'That was a close one.' Alan looked away and saw the whole skyline in flames, billowing smoke was everywhere. Above it all there came the 'thrum-thrum-thrum' of the uneven, unsynchronized engines of German aircraft. At times there came the 'chatter-chatter-chatter' of British night fighters shooting their machine guns at the invaders outlined by the fires below.

There was a sudden 'Woomph' and the whole world seemed to tilt. A whole house leapt up in the air, disintegrated and came down in pieces. Alan felt screaming agony envelop him. The air raid warden who was untouched looked around and screamed, 'Oh my God, the doc's hit!' Frantically the A.R.P. men and the rescue squad tried to pull blocks of masonry off Alan's legs and lower abdomen. Alan seemed to be in a sea of fire, the whole of his being was apparently being consumed by running fire. Then he opened his eyes and said weakly, 'No point in bothering with that, men, I'm finished, just let me be and go on and look for someone not so badly injured.' With that he closed his eyes and lay for a time. He seemed to be in a peculiar state of ecstasy. 'his isn't pain,' he thought to himself, and then it occurred to him that he must be hallucinating because he was floating above himself upside-down. He could see a bluish-white cord linking his body in the air to the body on the ground, and the body on the ground, he saw, was completely smashed from the navel down, he was just a smear as though raspberry jam had been spread on the ground. And then it flashed across his mind that today was his thirtieth birthday. With that the silver cord seemed to wither and fade and Alan found himself floating up just as though he were in one of the barrage balloons floating above London. He floated upwards, he could see shattered London receding from his gaze, he was upside-down. Suddenly he seemed to bump into a dark cloud and for a time he knew no more.

‘Fifty-Three! Fifty-Three!’ a voice seemed to be dinning into his head. He opened his eyes and looked about, but everything was black. He seemed to be in a black fog. Then he thought to himself, ‘I don't know about this, seems familiar somehow, wonder where I am? Must be having an anaesthetic or something.’ And as he thought that the black cloud became gray and he could see shapes, moving figures, and then it all came back to him. He was in the astral, so he smiled, and as he smiled the clouds, the fog and the mist all vanished and he saw the glory of the real astral plane. About him were his friends for only friends could be on such a plane. He looked down at himself with shock for a moment and then hastily thought of the first garment he could think of — the white coat he had used in St. Maggots. Instantly he was clad in a white coat, but he was shocked for a moment at the gales of laughter which greeted him, then he looked down and remembered that his last white coat had been waist length because in the hospital he had been a specialist.

The real astral was very very pleasant. Alan was taken off by joyous friends to a Rest Home. Here he had a room which was a very pleasant room indeed, he could look out on to glorious parkland with trees such as he had never seen before. There were birds and tame animals wandering about, and no one harmed any other creature.

Alan soon recovered from the trauma of death on Earth and rebirth into the astral, and then a week later, as was always the case, he had to go to the Hall of Memories where alone he sat and watched everything that had happened in his last life. At the end of that period of time which could not be measured a gentle voice said from ‘Somewhere’, ‘You have made good, you have done well, you have atoned. Now you may rest here for a few centuries before planning what else to do. Here you can do research or anything you wish. You have done well.’

Alan walked out of the Hall of Memories to be greeted again by his friends, and together they went off so that Alan could find a home where he could enjoy himself and think what would be the best to do.

I believe that all people, no matter who they be, should be

taught that there is no death, only transition. And when the time of transition comes a beneficent Nature smooths the way, eases the pain, and makes conditions tranquil for those who BELIEVE.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

THE old house was still, as still as an old house ever can be. Occasionally in the darkness of the night there came a mutter from an aged floorboard as it rubbed against its neighbor and apologized for the intrusion into its privacy. The old house was at rest after a trying day. No longer was it possible for it to slumber its life away through a warm noontide. The old house had fallen upon evil times, taxation, demands, expenses for expensive restorations. The old house was unhappy at the throngs of mindless visitors who came surging through the corridors, flocking through the rooms like, a herd of demented sheep. The old house felt its floorboards groan and its timber sag slightly under the unaccustomed load after so many years of quietude. But The Family had to go on and had to raise the money somehow, so after much soul-searching and much internal strife parties had been taken to tour the historic mansion.

Hundreds of years ago the house had been built as a manor for a man of high class, a man who had served his king nobly and well, and had been elevated to the peerage for his devotion. The house had been built lovingly and well by sturdy workmen who lived upon ale and cheese and hunks of bread, and who did everything properly for the pride of doing a proper job. So the house survived, survived the baking heat of summers and the chilling draughts of winter when every timber wanted to shrink away in the icy blasts which swept around it. Now the gardens were still well-kept, the main fabric of the house was still well secured, but some of the boards began to creak, some of the archways had the sag of old age, and now after a day of being trodden on and littered by the sticky papers of careless children the old house had reverted again to quietude.

The old house was still, as still as an old house ever could be. Behind the wainscot little mice squeaked and scampered in their play. Somewhere, high above, an owl hooted at the moon. Outside the chill night wind rustled among the eaves and occasionally tapped a long branch of a tree against the windows. But no one lived in that wing, 'The Family' lived now in a smaller house in the grounds, a house where in more prosperous times the head butler and his wife had had their domain.

The highly polished floor shone in the moonlight making weird reflections against the paneled walls. In the sightless eyes as they had peered down throughout the centuries.

At the far end of the Great Hall the stately grandfather clock chimed the quarter to twelve. Somewhere on a sideboard cut glasses tinkled gently as in echo they whispered the chimes to each other. From another room not so far away there came the higher tones of a granddaughter clock repeating the quarter to the hour.

All was still for a moment and then the grandfather said, 'Granddaughter clock, are you there, can you hear me?'

There was a click and a whirr as a cog slipped, and then came the high voice of the Grandfather clock: 'Yes, Grandfather, of course I can hear you. Do you have aught to tell me this night?'

The grandfather clock carried on its muted voice, 'tick tock, tick tock, tick tock', and then raising his voice he spoke, 'Granddaughter, I was born at the end of the seventeenth century, my long case was polished first in 1675, and since my pendulum was first set swinging I have pondered on the mystery of life, long have I lived, long have I pondered. The humans around us have such a short span of life, they have no time to think, really, of all that there is to know about life. Are you interested, granddaughter?' The granddaughter clock, sitting in state in a ladies retiring room, nodded her head slightly to the tremor of a passing heavy locomotive and its attendant trail of freight cars. And then she said gently, 'Of course, grandfather clock,

of course I am interested in hearing of that of which you have thought so long throughout the centuries. Tell me and I will listen, and I will not interrupt until such time as my Purpose makes it necessary for me to call the hours. Speak, grandfather clock, knowing that I am listening.'

The grandfather clock muttered in his throat, his long case was magnificent, more than seven feet tall he loomed in the semi-darkness above the highly polished floor. No finger-marks marred his case for a special footman had the task of keeping these wonderful antiques in good health, clean and of strong voice. Grandfather clock had his face to the moonlight. Looking out of the window beside him he could gaze over spacious parklands with age-old trees spaced like rows of soldiers on parade. Around the trees were the close cropped lawns and here and there bushes, rhododendrons, and many bushes brought from far far lands.

Beyond the bushes, although grandfather clock had never seen so far, there were pleasant meadows where the horses and the cows of the estate cropped the sweet grass and, like the old house, dreamed their life away.

Closer, just out of sight of grandfather clock, there was, he had been told, a very very pleasant pond about thirty feet across, it was, so a traveling clock had told him. The surface had many broad lily pads on which at the right time of the year fat frogs sat and croaked. Grandfather clock had indeed heard their croaking and thought maybe their mechanism needed oiling, but the traveling clock had explained it all to him, had explained, too, about the fish in the pond, and abutting the far end of the pond there had been a large enclosed aviary, some thirty feet long and about ten feet high, in which multi-colored birds led their life.

Grandfather clock mused upon all this. He looked back along the centuries seeing the lords and the ladies coming towards him in their gorgeous garb so different from the drab denims with which humans seemed to be uniformly clad during these decadent days. Grandfather clock pondered until he was aroused from his reverie by, 'Grandfather clock, grandfather clock, are you well? I am waiting to hear from you, grandfather clock, you were going to tell me

many things of the past, of the present and of the future, and of life and of the meaning thereof.'

Grandfather clock cleared his throat and his pendulum went, 'tick tock, tick tock, tick tock', and then he spoke: 'Granddaughter clock,' he said, 'humans do not realize that the swinging pendulum is the answer to the riddle of the Universe. I am an old clock and I have stood here for so many years that the base of my case is becoming warped and my joints creak with the change of the weather, but I want to say this to you; we, the clocks of ancient England, know the riddle of the Universe, the Secret of Life, and the Secrets Beyond.'

The tale which he told to the granddaughter clock was a new tale, a tale which had been in the making for centuries, a tale which started far far beyond living memory. He said that he had to blend modern technology with ancient science because the modern technology is as yet ancient science. 'The trees told me,' he said, 'that many many thousands of years ago there was another science, another civilization, and all that which is now considered to be modern and modern inventions and developments were even then obsolete.' He stopped a moment, and then said, 'Oh, I must strike the hour. The time has come.' So he stood firm and tall in the Great Hall and from his long case there came the preliminary click and the whirring and the chimes, and then he struck the midnight hour, the hour of twelve when a day dies and a day is born, when yet another cycle starts. And as he finished the last stroke of twelve and his hammers stopped and quivered he waited patiently for granddaughter clock to repeat her message to all who listened in the stillness of the night.

Granddaughter clock was tall and slender, not more than about a hundred years of age. She had a very pleasant voice and a remarkably clear chime, free of unwholesome vibrations, free of clatters and clicks. But, of course, that is as one would expect from just a young person who had endured not much more than a hundred years. Now she stood with the beams of moonlight partly filtered by the waving branches outside making their way through the tall

window, and flickering fingers of light over her case, embellishing the ornaments on her pinnacles, and at times touching the hands which stood together upright like hands of a person in prayer praying for help during the newborn day. She gave a little cough and then her wheels started to revolve, the hammers raised and fell upon the rods. She hammered out the notes of her song. That completed, the strike of the hours came, one, two, three, and all the way on to twelve. At the final twelfth stroke she quivered slightly with all the effort she had expended, her hammers shivered and the weights at the end of her chains rumbled a bit as they sought a fresh footing in the case. She said meekly, 'Sorry, grandfather, I am sorry I have kept you waiting, I am a minute late I know, but soon that will be put right. Will you continue?'

Grandfather clock smiled to himself, 'It was right; he thought, 'that young people should pay respect and should show deference to those who were so much older.' He smiled and said, 'Yes, granddaughter clock, I will continue.'

'Throughout the ages,' said grandfather clock, 'humans have sought religion to console them in the hardship of their unnatural life. They have always sought a God to be as a personal Father looking after them, watching over them, looking at them only and giving them preferential treatment over all other humans. There always has to be a God,' he said, 'someone who is omnipotent, someone who can be prayed to and from whom one hopes to obtain a favorable answer to the prayer.'

Granddaughter clock nodded her agreement, nodded in sympathy with passing distant heavy traffic, and somewhere a clumsy mouse bumped into an ornament and sent it skittering upon the table. With a squeak of terror the mouse jumped off the table and raced for the nearest hole, diving down with tail waving frantically in the air.

Grandfather clock resumed his story: 'We must also bring into consideration,' he said, 'modern technology which, of course, is merely a recrudescence of old technology. Everything that exists, everything that IS is just a series of vibrations. A vibration is a wave which first goes up and then

goes down, and goes up again and down again throughout eternity just as our pendulums keep swinging first to one side, where it stops for a fraction of a fraction of a second, and then swings down to the other side.' Grandfather clock was silent for a moment, then he chuckled to himself as the chain moved down one tooth over the brass wheel inside and the weight at the bottom gave a little jiggle of joy at being one tooth further down toward the ground.

'I know,' he said, 'that all things that exist have their positive and their negative phases, first to one side and then to the other side. I know,' he said with increasing solemnity, 'that at one period of time when the Pendulum of Life is to one side of its swing the God in charge is the God of Good. But the God of Good in such a position gets lulled into complacency and he doesn't pay enough attention to what is going on around him and the Pendulum of Life, which was stopped for its change of swing, starts again and swings down. The God of Good is lulled into a sense that all is well, but the Pendulum goes down and starts up to the other side of its swing, and there the God of Ill, whom the humans call Satan, is waiting with avidity the swing of power which is now his turn. Evil is such a strong force,' said grandfather clock, 'it is such a very, very strong force. Good will not believe the bad which evil is, so Good doesn't fight hard enough, doesn't struggle hard enough, and so we have the bad force that we call Satan making the most of its opportunity. The Pendulum of Life swings up, and at the end of its swing, as with the end of all swings of all pendulums, it stops for the fraction of a fraction of a second before starting down again, and the God of Evil does his greatest evil during such time. And then when the Pendulum starts down again gradually he loses power, and as the Pendulum goes up again towards Good then Good takes the throne once more.'

'Ah, grandfather clock,' said a small voice from the shadows, and like a shadow itself a sleek black and white cat eased out from the blackness and sat in a moonbeam gazing up at the old old clock. Moving forward the cat reached up and with soft paws rubbed at the bottom of the case. 'Grandfather clock,' said the cat, 'I could climb up your case and sit

on your head, but I like you so much I would not be disrespectful. Tell us some more.' The cat moved back to the moonbeam and sat facing the clock, but not to waste any time she decided to wash her face and her ears. From time to time she looked up at the old clock who, gazing down fondly at the cat, said, 'Wait little cat, I am a clock and my time is circumscribed. I have to wait now and chime the quarter so that all humans who are conscious may know that we are fifteen minutes into the newborn day. Little cat, hear me, and then a minute later hear my granddaughter. We will tell the time and then we will talk again.'

On the still night air the chimes of fifteen minutes past the hour rang out. Outside the window a stealthy poacher who was moving silently to try to steal eggs from the nearby hen roost froze in his tracks for a moment, and then smiled complacently as he moved on, moved on towards the window where granddaughter clock was ready. As the shadow of the poacher crossed her window she, with much higher voice, chimed the minutes. Once again the poacher stopped and then, with hands shielding his face from the side-light, he tried to peer into the room. 'Bloomin' clocks,' he said, ' 'nuff to scare the livin' daylights out of any good thief!' So saying he moved on past the window and into the shadows, and some minutes after there came the sleepy murmur and protests of disturbed hens.

There was silence in the house, as much silence as there could be in such an old house. Boards creaked, stairs whispered their complaint at having to remain in such a position so long. Throughout the house there was the vague scurry of tiny feet, and, of course, the ever-present ticketty, ticketty, ticketty, and tock, tock, tock. Or the bigger tick tock, tick tock of the grandfather clock. All these were the normal sounds of a living house.

The night wore on. Outside the moon went on her way leaving dark shadows around the house. Night creatures came out and went about their lawful occasion. Small foxes ventured out of their dens and took an early look at nightlife upon earth.

Night wore on, with the night civilization of nocturnal

creatures going about their allotted path. Stealthy cats stalked their prey, and often there was a sudden spring and a muttered curse in feline as the unlucky cat missed.

At last the eastern sky showed a lightening of the shadows, and then faint streaks of red appeared as the probing fingers of the sun felt out the way ahead, lighting up the tops of distant hills and even exaggerating the darkness in the valleys beneath. Then nearby a rooster crowed raucously at the first sign that there would be another day. For a shocked moment all Nature stood still, and then there was a sudden rustle and scurry as the creatures of the night accepted their warning that dawn was about to break, accepted and hastened off to their homes in various parts of the undergrowth. Night birds found their perches in dark corners, bats returned to steeples, and the creatures of the day started that uneasy stirring which preceded the full awakening.

In the Great Hall grandfather clock went 'tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.' He was not talking now, this was the wrong time of the day to talk, there might be humans about and clocks did not reveal their secret thoughts to unheeding, unbelieving humans.

In the past grandfather clock had commented about humans saying, 'Oh humans always want proof of everything, they even want proof that they are humans, but how can you prove a thing?' asked grandfather clock. And then he continued. 'If a thing is true it needs no proof because it is self-evident that the thing is there, but if a thing is not true and if it is not there then no amount of "proof" will prove that it is there so there is no point in trying to prove anything.'

The light became brighter, the day became older. Soon there was much activity about the house, cleaning women came and with mechanical devices brought uproar to the quiet old mansion. There was the clatter of dishes and the hum of voices from the servants' quarters below the main floor. Then well-known footsteps came along the hall, a footman: 'Good morning, grandfather clock,' he said, 'I am going to give you your daily rub and wipe your face for you.' The footman went to the old clock and carefully

cleaned the glass and checked the time. Then he opened the front of the long case and gently raising the weights one by one he pulled on the chains so that the clock should be wound without placing undue strain upon the antique teeth. Closing the clock case he patted it lovingly and then set to work to polish an already highly polished surface.

‘Well, grandfather,’ he said, ‘you’re all done up nice and tidy ready for the gaping idiots who will come. I’ll just put the barrier in front of you and then we’re done.’ He picked up his cleaning cloth and his polish and moved back, and then very carefully he put one eye of the red rope into a hook in the wall and went across to place the other eye in the corresponding hook at the other side so that no one could approach grandfather clock without stepping over or under the red rope barrier.

The day moved on as days usually do, and soon there came the roar of motors and the yelling of undisciplined children, accompanied by shrieks from bad-tempered mothers and slaps to try to keep the children in order.

The main doors were opened. The footmen stood back, and there was a surge of smelly humanity reminiscent of a herd of elephants during the period of must, which of course, is the elephants’ mating season and when they go very wild indeed. The tide of humanity surged into the Great Hall.

‘Mama, Mama, wanna go, wanna go!’ yelled a small boy.

‘Sssh!!’ cautioned the mother. Then suddenly there was a much louder yell from the child, ‘Mama, Mama, gotta go, gotta go!’ Mama just reached down and gave the boy a sound slap with the fat flat of her hands. For a moment there was silence, and then a strange trickling sound. Sheepishly the little boy said, ‘Mama, I’ve bin!’ and he stood there with dripping trousers and a spreading puddle around him. From the side one of the footmen, with a resigned sigh, moved forward with a mop and a bucket as if such things were everyday occurrences.

From the darkness beneath a deep over-stuffed sofa two green eyes peered out with interest. The black and white cat had her favorite station there, beneath that sofa, and almost every day she would watch with fascinated interest

the undisciplined children and the sluttish matrons who thronged into this old house commenting upon this, ruminating about that, and all the time leaving chocolate papers, cardboard cups — anything — on the furniture and on the floor regardless of the work it caused to others.

Grandfather clock at the end of the Great Hall looked on with an impassive face. He was somewhat disconcerted, though, when another small boy rushed up the hall and was stopped only by the red braided cord stretched across its width. An attendant moved forward quickly and grasped him by his collar just as he was about to duck under the rope. ‘Get out of it, can't you!’ growled the man, turning the boy about and giving him a shove in the back to get him moving.

The throng grew thicker, thicker mentally too. They gazed at the pictures on the wall, mouths wide open, chewing and chewing the great gobs of stuff dangling from rooftop to tongue. It was all strange to them, they could hardly believe that they were having a great privilege in getting a glimpse of the past. All they wanted was a glimpse of next week's pay check!

All things must end, even bad things, although bad things seem to last much much longer than do good things. One has a good experience and it seems to be over almost before one knows it has started, but a bad experience — ah! that is something different. It seems to be prolonged, it seems to be dragged out unendingly. But, of course, an end to it does eventually come. So it was on this day. As the darkening shadows fell across the windows the crowds thinned and there was the roar of many motors as great chartered buses pulled away. Then the mass of people grew thinner still until there were two or three, and then one or two, and later none. Thankfully the cleaning staff moved like a swarm of locusts throughout the building, picking up papers, cartons, Popsicle sticks, all the variegated litter which untidy humans want to deposit on any available spot.

Outside in the grounds much broken glass had to be picked up, soft drink bottles, cartons, and from under certain well favored bushes ladies' underwear could be hooked

out. The animals who looked on often wondered how a person could remove certain garments and then be so careless as not to put them on again. But then, of course, the animals wondered also why people should have these garments in the first case. They were born without them, weren't they? Still, as the animals said to themselves so frequently, there is absolutely no accounting for the oddity of human misbehavior.

At long last night had fallen and the lights had been turned on while 'The Family' gathered around to assess the day's takings and to balance the day's profits against the day's losses in damage done, plants uprooted, and windows broken because it was a rare day indeed when some snotty-nosed little lout did not heave a brick through a greenhouse window. Eventually all the work was done, all the accounting was over. The night security man went around with his flashlight and his time clock booking in to various points in the building at pre-allotted times. The lights were extinguished and the nightwatchman — one of several — moved down to the communal security office.

The black and white cat crept into the Great Hall through a partly opened window, and walked sedately up to grandfather clock. 'I have just had my supper, grandfather,' she said, licking her lips. 'I don't know how you keep going without having any food except a pull on your chains every so often. You must feel hungry! Why don't you come out with me and we'll chase a bird or two and I'll catch you a mouse.'

Grandfather clock chuckled deep within his throat, and said nothing. The time was not yet for everyone knows that no grandfather clock speaks before a quarter to midnight for that is leading up to the witching hour when all is magic, when the whole world seems different, and when those who are normally voiceless find the wherewithal with which to voice their thoughts. Grandfather clock for the time being could only think and say — as was his wont — 'Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.'

Away in what had been a very important ladies' retiring room granddaughter clock mused upon the happenings of the day. She was extremely fortunate, she thought, that she

was not pushed off her base when two fighting hooligans had tripped over the rope barrier and fallen at her feet. Fortunately two wary attendants seized the men and bundled them unceremoniously out the door where they were grabbed by outside security people and bounced out of the grounds. Granddaughter clock thought of it with a shudder of horror which raised a metallic clatter in her throat. She thought, too, how pleasant it had been in the early morning when the young footman had come to her, attended to her attire, and fed her by raising her weights and then had very very carefully adjusted the time so that now she chimed and struck in exact synchronization with grandfather clock.

Everything was still, as still as things can be in an ancient house. The clocks went on with their monotonous tick tock, the traveling clock said ticketty, ticketty, ticketty, and longed for the quarter to midnight so that he could tell of some of his adventures. And the black and white cat looked at the hands of grandfather clock and sighed with resignation thinking the time is not yet, we'll never get the old clock to talk until a quarter to midnight. The black and white cat walked across the Hall and leaped lithely on to an old chest. There upon a drape she stretched out and went to sleep but not for long. Incidents outside the window kept awakening her and she had to crouch and make mewing noises as foolish birds came fluttering by the window. 'Oh! If I could only open this window' exclaimed the exasperated cat, 'I would teach you disturbing birds a lesson or two — not that you would live to profit by it.' The bird saw the black and white shadow inside the room and flew off with squawks of alarm.

At last grandfather clock chimed and chimed again, and struck the half hour of eleven at night. Granddaughter clock chimed and struck as well. The traveling clock seemed to go faster with its ticketty, ticketty, ticketty, and the black and white cat opened one eye — the right one this time — and looked up at the clock face to see if the hands were indeed at half past eleven.

Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock, went the clocks in unison,

and then at last there was the metallic rattle in grandfather clock's long case, a metallic rattle and then the rumble as a chain started to move and a weight descended. It was a quarter to midnight. Grandfather clock sang out the chime with gusto. A quarter to midnight, nearly the time when a day dies and a day is born, nearly the time when one cycle turns and becomes the reverse cycle. 'And now is the time,' thought grandfather clock, 'for TALK!'

'Grandfather clock! Grandfather clock!! I bags first talk.' said the black and white cat who had leapt to her feet, jumped to the ground, and raced to a position in front of the well polished long case.

Outside the moon was shining a little brighter than it had the night before because it was approaching its full and this was a quieter night. No storm clouds scudded across the sky, there was no wind to rattle the branches in the trees outside, all was quiet, all was still, and the moon shone brightly inwards.

'Well now, young cat,' said Grandfather clock, 'so you claim to talk first, eh? Well, it seems to me you have already talked first with what you said. But what do you want to talk about, young cat?'

The black and white cat interrupted her toilet and sat up straight and said, 'Grandfather clock, I have been thinking a lot of what you told us last night. I have been thinking of what you said about the Pendulum. Now, grandfather clock, if good and bad alternate with each swing of the Pendulum then they don't have much chance to do good and bad, do they, because they only get about a second for each swing, or so I understand. How do you account for that, grandfather clock?'

The black and white cat sat back on her haunches with tail spread straight out behind her. She was sitting squarely as though she expected a blast of wrath from grandfather clock to upset her balance. But no, grandfather clock had the wisdom of old age and the tolerance of old age too. He merely cleared his throat again with a metallic tinkle and said, 'But my dear little cat, you do not think that the Pendulum of the Universe beats at one second intervals, do you?'

It beats over a period of thousands and thousands of years. Time, you know, little cat, is entirely relative. Now here we are and it is fourteen minutes to twelve here in England, but in other countries it is a different time, and even if you went to Glasgow instantly you would find that it wasn't fourteen minutes to twelve but it might be fifteen minutes. It is all very mysterious, really, and of course my own figuring is limited to my own particular output of pendulum strokes.' Grandfather clock stopped speaking for a moment while he drew breath in the form of another link of the chain going over the tooth cog inside the case. Then when the weight had stopped its descent he spoke again.

'You must remember, little cat, that our unit — the unit of us clocks, that is — is twenty-four hours. Now in each hour there are sixty minutes, and in each minute there are sixty seconds, so that means three thousand six hundred seconds in an hour. So in twenty-four hours a one second pendulum beat will have moved eighty-six thousand four hundred times.'

'Whew!' said the cat, 'that IS a lot of strokes, isn't it? Oh my, I could never work out a thing like that!' And the black and white cat looked at the grandfather clock with renewed admiration.

'Yes,' said grandfather clock, warming to his subject and his pendulum beating even louder, 'but the Pendulum of the Universe has a completely different system because we are dealing with twenty-four hour periods in our assessment, but we must remember that in the real time beyond this Earth the world goes through a period of one million seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand years in each cycle, and all cycles go in groups of four as does my strike of the hour, the quarter, the half and the three-quarters. So, you see, we are following a good tradition. The Universe goes in fours and so do we striking clocks.'

The black and white cat nodded wisely as if she understood everything that was being said, as if all this profound knowledge was well within her capacity, and then she said, 'But, grandfather clock, how about when the Pendulum is at the end of its swing? You said it stops for a fraction of a

fraction of a second. What about in what you termed “the real time”?’

Grandfather clock chuckled to himself and said, ‘Ah! Yes, of course, but when we have one million seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand years to play with then we can afford to allow the Pendulum to stop at each end of the swing for many years, can't we? But it is all so profound that not many humans can comprehend it, and not many clocks can understand it either. We do not want to give you a burst brain, little cat, with all this knowledge so perhaps we should drop that particular subject.’

‘But, grandfather clock, there is one thing I particularly want to ask,’ said the little black and white cat, ‘if God is at one side of the swing and Satan at the other then how do they find time to do any good or any bad?’

The glass on the front of grandfather clock's face shone brightly in the moonlight, and then after an instant or two he answered, ‘When we have all these years for a swing then we can afford to have about two thousand years at the end of each swing, so that at one two thousand years interval we have good, at the next two thousand years we have bad, and then the next swing will bring good again, and the swing after that brings bad. But,’ said grandfather clock hastily, ‘I must stop, the time has come for granddaughter clock and I to strike together the hour of midnight when all Nature is free to make a change, when the day dies and a new day is born, and when the Pendulum swings it goes first from good and then to bad, and from bad to good — excuse me.’ And grandfather clock stopped abruptly in his speech while the wheels within him whirred and the descending weight rumbled, and from grandfather clock's long case came the chiming of the hour of midnight followed by the deep toned strike of the twelve. And then close by granddaughter clock echoed and faithfully repeated the chime and the strike.

On the little table to the side the traveling clock grumbled to itself and said, ‘What a windy garrulous pair they are. They hog all the speaking time for themselves. Bah!’

## CHAPTER NINE

‘A VIRUS is too small to be seen through a microscope and there are more living organisms, viri, bacteria, etc., resident on the skin of a human being than there are humans alive on the Earth. About four thousand of these organisms are crowded into every square centimeter of the arms, and on the head, armpits and groin the figure may be in excess of two million.’

Vera Virus sat in her Pore Valley thinking of all the problems which beset the people of the world called human. Beside her Brunhilde, her closest virus friend, sat. They quivered pleasantly as only jelly-like viri could do. Then Vera said, ‘Oh, I am in such a state of confusion, I have been asked for my vital statistics and how can I get over to the people that I am a glorious 25nm? Oh, why don't we change to the metric system and have it done with, that would be so much simpler.’

Brunhilde wobbled violently and that was meant to be a laugh. Then she said, ‘Well, you just need to tell people the vital statistics of the nm. Just tell them that one nm is a billionth of a meter, and if they are still so stupid that they don't know what a meter is — we all know it is a thing the electricity man reads — just say that it is equal to one millimicron. Frankly, Vera, I think you are making a mountain out of a molehill.’

‘How can you be so asinine, Brunhilde?’ retorted Vera with very considerable acerbity, ‘you know there are no molehills here, and as for moles, well, they haven't been invented yet.’ She sniffed — if a virus can sniff — and relapsed into jelly-like silence.

The world called human was a very peculiar place. All the inhabitants of the world lived in the valleys or pores

because, for some remarkable reason which none could ever understand, the world was covered except for certain places with a very strange blanket or cloud or something. It seemed to be immense pillars criss-crossed with such space between it that any agile virus, given a few years, could climb straight up through that barrier and look at space from the surface of this strange material. But it was truly remarkable because every so often the whole world would endure a Flood. Millions of virus people would be instantly drowned and only people like Vera, Brunhilde, and certain friends of theirs who had seen the wisdom of living in pore valleys survived.

It used to be a devastating sight to raise one's antenna above the valley and look at all the bodies littering the plane between adjacent valleys. But no one could ever explain what it was. They knew that at certain intervals of time the great barrier covering most of the world would be removed and then would come the Flood, and then would come another barrier which was violently agitated. After that there would come yet another barrier, and for a time peace.

Vera Virus and her friends were sitting in their Valley of the Pore in a site which was never covered by this barrier, they could look up at the skies above, and Vera, looking up on this occasion, said, 'I often wonder, Brunhilde, if there are any other worlds besides ours?'

A new voice broke in, a gentleman virus called Bunyanwera who had been born from a Ugandan culture, or at least that had been in the racial memory of his ancestors, now he was just another inhabitant of the world called human. He said, 'Oh nonsense, Vera, nonsense, you know perfectly well there are thousands, millions, of worlds like ours. Haven't we glimpsed them in the distance at times? But then, we don't know if they have any life upon them, do we?'

A fourth voice called out, 'Well, I think this world was made specially for us. There is no other world in existence with life on like ours. I think the whole world was made by God just for us viruses, look at the advantages we have, there is no form of intelligence to be compared with ours, we have special valleys dotted about and if they are not

made specially for us how did they come about?' The speaker, Catu Guama, was an erudite sort of fellow, he had been around a bit, he had even moved as far as the next Valley of the Pore, so the others listened to his opinion with respect. But then suddenly Bunyanwera burst out, 'Oh nonsense, nonsense, there's no such thing as a God, of course there isn't a God. I've prayed time after time for little things to be done for me, and if there was a God do you think He would allow one of his children to suffer? Look at me, I've got part of my jelly crushed, it happened when I got too close to the top of the Valley and a piece of the barrier scraped my backside. No, of course there isn't a God, if so He would have healed me.'

There was an embarrassed silence for some time, and then Vera said, 'Well, I don't know about it, I've prayed too but I've never heard an answer to my prayers and I've never seen any angel-viruses floating about in the air. Have you?' The others sat in silence for a moment, and then a most dreadful catastrophe occurred; from out of space a great 'something' swooped down and scraped all the great pillars on which they relied for shade. 'Oh my goodness me, my goodness me,' said Brunhilde as the great 'something' swept by, 'that was a close shave, wasn't it? We were nearly wiped out that time!'

But having escaped one danger from outer space - it must have been a U.F.O., they thought — another matter happened. A sudden stinging flood fell upon them and they had a shockingly antiseptic smell pour over them, and all of a sudden Vera, Brunhilde, Bunyanwera and Catu Guama ceased to exist as the world called human dabbed astringent on his face.

Miss Ant sat placidly on a great stone. Carefully she brushed her antennae and made sure that all her legs were clean and tidy. She had to be sure she was looking absolutely as perfect as she could be because she was going out walking with a soldier ant who had been given unexpected leave. She turned to her friend, Bertha Blackbeetle, who was snoozing in the heat of the noonday sun. 'Bertha, you great oaf!' she

said, 'give me a good examination, will you? Make sure everything is as it should be.'

Bertha roused up and opened one eye, and looked with care at Miss Ant. 'My, oh my, you sure do look swell.' she said, 'our soldier boy will be knocked straight off his legs when he sees you. But it's too early, you know, sit down and enjoy the sunlight.'

Together they sat and looked out on the desolate world before them. There were great boulders, immense boulders which reared up twenty times the height of Miss Ant, and in between there was dry, dry earth, not a blade of grass was to be seen, not a bit of weed, nothing but desolation and vast peculiar marks in the soil.

Miss Ant looked up at the sky and said, 'Bertha, all my life I have wanted a soldier boy of my own, and I prayed that I should have such a friend. Do you think my prayer has been answered?'

Bertha wobbled one of her antennae, and then said slowly and carefully, 'Gee, I don't know, I don't believe in a God myself. If there is one He's never heard any of my prayers. When I was much younger, in fact when I was in the grub stage, I often used to pray to a God I had been told about but the prayers were never answered, and I came to the conclusion that I was — well, you know — wasting my time. What's the good of believing in a God if He is not godlike enough to give us a bit of proof? That's what I say.' Idly she turned a complete circle and sat down again.

Miss Ant carefully knitted with her front legs, and then said, 'It really is a problem, you know Bertha, it really is a problem. I wonder if all those points of light we see at night are other worlds, and if they are other worlds do you think anyone lives on them? Funny to think if this is the only world and we are the only people on it. What do you think, eh?'

Bertha heaved a sigh of exasperation, and then said, 'Well, I don't know that there are other worlds or not. I think it's something quite different. I met another insect some months ago and he said — he was a winged insect — that he had flown a long long way and then he came to a tremendous pillar, oh such a vast pillar that I couldn't even believe what he was

telling me. And he said that at a certain time every night the top of the pillar went bright. Now I can't believe that there would be a world which only came bright when our world was getting dark. What do you think?'

Miss Ant was getting more and more confused. Well, I always was taught that this world was made for us insects. I was always taught that there is no form of life greater than us insects. That's you and me, Bertha. So if that is true, if our priests are right, then surely there can't be anything more clever than us, and they'd have to be a lot more clever than us if they could turn their world to existence only when this world went dark. I don't know what to believe, but I think there is a big Purpose behind it all, and, like you, I am getting a bit tired of praying to a God who never bothers to answer.'

Time went on and the shadows began to lengthen. From a short distance away an ant-voice called out, 'Hey, Miss Ant Miss Ant, where are you? I've got a message for you.' Miss Ant got to her legs and moved forward over to the edge of the big stone. 'Yes, yes, what is it?' she called down looking at another ant standing some distance away.

The other ant looked up and wiggled with her two antennae, and then she said, 'Your soldier boy has gone and left you. He said that after all he thought you weren't the right ant-girl for him, so he's gone off with that fast young hussy who lives way up there,' and she turned pointing. Miss Ant sat down with a thud, her whole world collapsed about her. She had been praying for a soldier boy to come and make love to her, and then they would make a nest together. But now — what did life have for her now?

Miss Ant and Bertha started suddenly as a tremendous thudding came along the ground, thudding like an approaching earthquake. They stood to the full extent of their legs trying to see what was happening, but before they could move dark shapes swooped out of the distance and Miss Ant and her friend and the messenger ant, too, were squashed into pulp as schoolboys just leaving afternoon classes swept across their playground on their way home.

Away in the country the grass was standing tall. It was

beautiful there, healthy grass as green as green could be, the suns had warmed it, the rains had nourished it, and now it was a field worthy of anyone's delight.

Deep in the depths of a field which seemed to be a veritable forest to its inhabitants two little field mice played about among the stalks of grass, played about on the earth, and then ran up the thicker stalks and jumped from one to the other. One jumped high and leapt right up above the top of the grass. As he came tumbling down with shrieks of merriment he fell at the feet of an old, old mouse. 'Be careful, youngster,' the old mouse said, 'you're being too gay, you know. There's no gaiety like that in this world. Soon a great Mystery will occur, all our forest will tumble down before the onslaught of such a vast Machine that none of us can even guess what it is. By the state of this grass I can see that we haven't much longer, so we'd better return to our burrows.' The old mouse, a wise old she-mouse, turned and toddled off. The two young mice looked at each other and then looked at her — looked at her retreating form. Then one said, 'Oh, isn't she a miserable old spoil sport.' The other said, 'Yes, I guess she doesn't like children, she wants to keep us as slaves bringing nuts and stuff like that, and getting nothing for it.'

For some time the young field mice played about together, and then a rustling chill in the air reminded them that evening was starting, so with one startled glance up at the darkened sky they hurried along together to their home.

They sat in the dusk at the mouth of their burrow communing in spirit, nibbling a piece of grass, looking up occasionally to be very sure that night owls did not see them. After a time the round orb of the silvery moon started its glide across the dark sky. One little mouse said to the other, 'Wonder what it's like up there? I wonder if there are any field mice on that big thing that we see so often?' 'Oh don't be stupid,' said the other field mouse, 'of course there is nothing except this world.' Then he added with a note of uncertainty in his voice, 'Oh yes, I often think the same as you, I often think, well, there must be worlds with field mice on besides this world. I know our priests tell us that this

world was made especially for field mice and there is no higher form of life than us field mice.'

'Ah yes,' said the other field mouse, 'but then the priests tell us we should pray. Well, goodness me, I prayed hard enough, I prayed for fresh cheese and things like that, but never, never have I had a prayer answered. I think if there had been a God then it would be such a simple matter to put down a bit of fresh cheese for a young field mouse every so often. What do you think?' He turned to his companion expectantly, but the other said, 'Well, I don't know, I'm sure. I prayed as well but I've never had any proof that there is a field mouse God nor have I ever seen any field mice angels flying about.'

'No,' said the other, 'only these night owls and people like that.' On that solemn thought they turned on the instant and dived down into their burrow.

The night wore on and various creatures of the darkness came out looking for food, but the little field mice were safely hidden in their burrow. In the morning the day dawned bright and there was warmth in the air. The little field mice set about their daily task. They left their burrow and off they went into the green forest of grass to see what food they could get for the day.

All of a sudden they crouched against the earth, their blood feeling as if it had turned to ice within them. A most hellish unearthly uproar was coming toward them, a noise such as they had never heard before. They were too frightened to move. One whispered hurriedly to the other, 'Quick, quick, let us pray for protection, let us pray for salvation.' And those were the last words the little field mouse said because the farmer with his reaping machine drove straight over them and their bodies were cut to shreds and flung among the cut grass.

From the great pyramid with its flat top and turreted sides came the blare of trumpets, their brazen voices echoing and re-echoing through the valley at the foot of the pyramid, which was indeed a holy temple.

People looked at each other in affright. Were they late?

What was happening? Such a blaring occurred only in times of crisis or when the fat slovenly priests had something to say to the people. With one accord they dropped what they were doing and hastened along the well-trodden path leading to the plinth of the pyramid. Here there were broad, broad steps leading perhaps a third the way up the pyramid, and all the way around there were extrusions, extensions, almost like balconies, or perhaps a better term would be walled walks, and along these walled walks or balconies the priests were wont to take their leisure. Two by two they would go along, hands clasped behind their backs or held within their ample sleeves. Two by two they went along thinking of the words of God, pondering upon the mysteries of the Universe. Here in the clear atmosphere so high up in the Andes it was so easy to see the stars at night, so easy to believe in other worlds, but the population of the valley was now coming in force up the great steps and surging into the main body of the Temple.

Within the dim interior so highly charged with incense smoke people coughed a little, and here and there a countryman used only to the freshest of fresh air rubbed his eyes as they started to water and smart as the acrid smoke of the incense attacked them.

The lights were dim, but at one end of the Temple stood a vast idol of polished bronze, a sitting human figure, and yet no — it was not quite a human, it was ‘different’ in subtle ways. It was super-human, but it towered many stories high, and the people at its base walking about could only reach up to half knee height.

The congregation entered, and then when the priest in charge saw that the great Hall was almost full there came the deep booming of a gong. Sharp eyes, unaffected by the incense smoke, could see the great gong quivering, quivering at the right hand of the godlike figure. The booming continued, but no one was hitting the gong, no one was doing anything within yards of it, but the booming continued. And then, without human hands, the great doors of the Temple closed. For a moment there was silence, and then upon the knee of the God there appeared the High Priest

clad in flowing robes. His hands and arms were raised above his head, he looked down at the people and said, 'God hath spoken to us, God is dissatisfied with the help you give your Temple. So many of you withhold your tithe, God will speak to you.' With that he turned and went on his knees facing the torso of the great figure. Then the mouth of the figure opened and from it came a booming. People dropped to their knees, people closed their eyes and clasped their hands together, and then the booming gave way to a strong, strong voice, 'I am your God,' said the figure. 'I am disappointed at the increasing lack of respect shown to my servants, your priests. Unless you are more obedient and more generous in your offerings you will be afflicted with plagues, with murrains, and with many sores and boils, and your crops shall wither before your eyes. Obey your priests. They are my servants, they are my children. Obey, obey, obey.' The voice faded out and the mouth closed. The High Priest got to his feet again and turned to face his congregation. Then he presented a fresh set of demands, more food, more money, more services, more young women for the Temple Virgins. Then he disappeared. He did not turn and walk away, he disappeared, and the Great Temple doors opened again. Outside there were lines of priests on each side, and each had a collecting bowl in his hands.

The Temple was empty. The idol lay silent. But no, no, not so silent because a visiting priest in the Temple was being shown around by a very very close friend. From the idol came whisperings and rustlings, and the visiting priest commented upon it. His friend replied, 'Oh yes, they are just giving a check of the acoustics. You haven't seen inside our idol, have you? Come along and I'll show you.'

Together the two priests moved to the back of the idol and the resident priest pressed his hands in a certain pattern on an ornamentation. A hidden door opened and the two priests entered. The idol was not solid, it was a series of chambers. They went in and climbed a series of stairways until they got up to chest level. Here was a very strange room indeed; there was a bench and a seat before it, and in front of the seat there was a mouthpiece which led to a

series of tubings intricately convoluted which led upwards to the throat.

At one side there were two seats and a series of levers. The resident priest said, 'Those two levers are operated by two priests, they activate the jaws and we have had so much practice that we can move the jaws exactly in time with the speech.' He moved over and said, 'Look out here, the speaker can see the congregation at all times without being seen himself.'

The visitor moved over and looked out through narrow eye slits. He could see the Great Temple, he could see cleaners busy sweeping the floors. Then he turned to see what his friend was doing. His friend was sitting in front of the mouthpiece, he said, 'We have a special priest who has a very authoritative voice, he is never allowed out to mix with other people because he is the voice of our God. When required he sits here and he says his message through this mouthpiece. First of all he removes the slide here and then his voice goes out through the mouth and so long as this slide is in place nothing one says here can be heard outside.'

Together they moved down into the main body of the Temple again, talking all the time. The resident said, 'We have to do this, you know. I don't know if there is a God or not, I often wonder, but I am very sure that God does not answer our prayers. I have been here now for forty years and I have never yet known a prayer answered, but we have to keep our authority.'

The visitor replied and said, 'Yes, I stand upon our high peak at night and I look up at the sky, and I see all the little pinpoints of light, and I wonder if they are holes in the floor of heaven or if it's all imagination. Is there heaven? Or are those pinpoints of light other worlds? And if there are other worlds then how do they go on there?' The resident replied, 'Yes, I have many doubts myself, there must be some controlling entity but it does seem to me from my own experience that he never answers prayers. That is why a thousand years or more ago this metal figure was built, so that we priests could maintain our power, our hold, over people, and possibly help them where God ignored them.'

I BELIEVE that all life is made up of vibrations, and a vibration is just a cycle. We say a thing shakes. Well, we mean it goes up and it goes down, and it goes up and it goes down. If you draw a line on a piece of paper then you can draw another line curving up from your first line, curving over, and coming down again and going the same distance down before turning to go up. Here we have a cycle, a vibration, a pictorial diagram of a vibration similar to that used in biorhythm or in symbols for electric current of the alternating variety. But all life is like that. It is like the swinging of a pendulum. It goes from one side of a neutral point, through the neutral point, and up an equal distance to the other side. And then the pendulum swings again and goes through the procedure time after time after time.

I BELIEVE that all Nature goes through cycles. I believe that everything that exists is a vibration, alternating from up to down, from positive to negative, from good to bad, and, if you come to think about it, without having bad there would be no good because good is the opposite of bad as bad is the opposite of good.

I believe in a God. I believe very firmly in a God. But I also believe that the God may be too busy to deal with us on an individual basis. I believe that if we pray we pray to our Overself, to our superior soul, if you like, but that is not God.

I believe that there are two Gods, the God of Good - positive, and the God of Bad — negative. The latter we call Satan. I believe that at very definite intervals — at opposite swings of the pendulum — the good God rules the Earth and all things living and then we have a Golden Age. But the pendulum swings, the cycle moves on and then the power of the good God, the positive side, wanes and after it passes a neutral point where the powers of good and bad are equal then it goes up to favor the other side of the swing, the bad, Satan. And then we have what is so often called the Age of Kali, the age of disruption, the age when everything goes wrong, and looking about the Earth today at vandals, wars, politicians, can you deny that we are now in the Age of Kali? We are. We are coming up to the peak of the swing

and conditions will get worse and worse until at last the swing will be at its topmost point for bad and conditions will be very bad indeed. Wars, strikes, earthquakes, the powers of evil let loose unchecked. And then, as always, the pendulum will change direction, will fall, and the powers of evil will wane and there will be a resurgence of better feeling upon the Earth.

Once again the neutral point when good and bad are equal will be reached and passed, and the pendulum will climb up to good, and as it climbs up things will be better and better. Perhaps then when we have a Golden Age the God of this Universe will be able to listen to our prayers and will, maybe, afford us some proof that He does care about those lodged down here on this world.

I believe that at the present time the press, the media, television and all the rest of it contribute very largely to the increase of evil because we read even in the press itself how children of seven years of age are taught to commit murder, children of ten years of age set up murder gangs in Vancouver. I believe that the press should be suppressed, and television, radio, and films should be censored.

But about Gods. Yes, I believe there is a God, in fact I believe there are different grades of Gods. We call them Manus, and people who cannot understand the concept of Gods should look at conditions in a big departmental store. It doesn't matter what name you choose for the store, let us say a big chain of super-market stores. At the very top you have God, the President or General Manager — depending on which country you live in and the terminology employed. But the man at the top is the all-powerful one who dictates what shall be done. Yet this man, this Chairman of the Board of Directors or President or General Manager, is so busy with his immense power that he does not have time to deal with the smallest office boy or the smallest minor clerk who hands out food and puts it in bags. This particular man, the God of the supermarket, represents God Himself, the Head Manu of our Universe, the one who has control of many different worlds. He is so important, so powerful, so busy that he is not able to deal with individual worlds, not able to

deal with individual countries, and definitely not able to deal with individuals — individual humans, individual animals, for animals have as many rights as humans in the celestial scheme of things.

The supermarket President or Manager cannot see to everything himself so he appoints under managers and supervisors and overseers, and that corresponds in the spatial system to Manus. There is God the Almighty, and in our own scheme there is the Manu of Earth, the Manager who is responsible for the overall management of this Earth. Under him there are subordinate Manus, supervisors if you like, of each continent of the Earth. Supervisors or Manus of each country of the Earth. They guide the destiny of the countries, they influence what the politicians are doing although the politicians can make enough mess without any Manus to help them!

There is one creature who is known as 'the Eye of God'. The cat. The cat can go anywhere, do anything, see anything, for who takes much notice of a cat strolling around? People say, 'Oh it's only the cat, it's nothing.' And the cat goes on watching and reporting good and bad. Evil forces cannot control cats. Cats have a divine barrier which prevents evil thoughts, that is why in one century cats are venerated as Divinities, and in another century they are execrated as disciples of the devil because the devil people want to get rid of cats who report on evil deeds, and there is nothing the devils can do about it.

At the present time the Manu controlling the Earth is Satan. At the present time Satan is very well in control of the Earth, not much good can happen at the present time. Look for yourself at that evil Satan-like group, the Communists. Look at all the cults with their misleading 'religion' and how they try to gain dominance over those who are foolish enough to join their evil cults. But eventually Satan will be forced to abandon the Earth, forced to withdraw his minions just as a business which fails has to close down. Soon there will become a time when the pendulum will reverse its direction and with its reverse of direction evil will weaken, good will strengthen, but that time is not yet. We

face increasingly bad times until the pendulum really swings. Think of this; you look at the pendulum, you think it is always moving but it is not, you know, it is not even moving at the same speed because the pendulum is at its height on, let us say, the right side, and then it falls down with increasing speed until it is at its bottommost point. There it has its maximum speed. But then the weight of the pendulum climbing up to the other side slows the arm of the pendulum and at the end of the stroke the pendulum stops, quite definitely the pendulum stops for an appreciable time before falling again to climb up the other side.

Depending upon our time reference we are able to say that with the average clock the stoppage is for a fraction of a second only. But if we go to a different time where seconds are years or perhaps even thousands of years, then the time the pendulum is stopped may itself be two thousand years. And if the pendulum is stopped on the bad side a lot of bad can be done before the pendulum and its cycle goes down, down, down, and up again to the other side to provide good and equal opportunity.

The Golden Age will not be in the time of any who are living now. Conditions will worsen very definitely and will continue to worsen throughout the years left to those of us who are senior citizens. But children or grandchildren will indeed live to see the start of the Golden Age and they will partake of many of the benefits there from. But one of the great things which needs to be done is to overhaul the religious system. Now Christians fight against Christians, and the Christian religion indeed, since it was so distorted in the Year 60, has been the most warlike religion of all. In Northern Ireland Catholics are murdering Protestants and Protestants are murdering Catholics. Again, there is war between Jews and Moslems, and what does it matter what 'religion' one follows? All paths should lead the same way Home. We may have to diverge a bit here and there, but all religions should lead the same way Home. What does it matter that one person is a Christian and another person is a Jew? What does it matter that the Christian religion as it was in the time of Christ was formed from a combination of Far Eastern

religions? A religion should be tailored to the exact need of the people to whom it is going to be preached.

Religion should be very different indeed. It should be taught by dedicated men, not by those who want an easy living and a comfortable sure income as now seems to be the case. There should be no discrimination and definitely no missionaries. I know to my own bitter cost that missionaries are the enemies of the true believers. I know that in China, India, and many other places — especially in Africa — people pretended to be converted to Christianity just because of the free hand-outs which the missionaries gave. We must also remember that those missionaries with their prudish minds insisted on native peoples being clothed in unsuitable garments, and those missionaries indeed brought tuberculosis and other dread diseases to people who previously in their own natural state were quite immune to such illnesses.

We should also remember, perhaps, the Spanish Inquisition where people of different religions were tortured, burned alive, because they would not believe in the same imaginations as the Catholics believed in, or thought it was policy to pretend to believe in.

The Golden Age will come. Not in our time, but later. Perhaps when the God of our world has more leisure during the period of that good cycle He may consider investigating humans and animals a bit more. The Gardeners of the Earth are well intentioned, no doubt, but everyone will agree that at times it is necessary for the owner of the property to step in and see what his gardeners are doing and perhaps order a change or two here and there.

I believe in God. But I also believe that it is useless to pray and pray and pray for our own trivial wants to God. He is too busy, and, in any case, at this period of time our cycle or rhythm or pendulum is at its negative aspect, and during the negative aspect evil, negativeness, bad is in force. And so it is — well, if you want something pray to your Overself instead. And if your Overself thinks it is good for you — and good for the Overself! — you may get it. By that time you probably will not want it.

## CHAPTER TEN

MARGARET THUGGLEWUNK cautiously opened one eye and peered apprehensively at the full light of day. 'Oh my God!' she groaned, 'what a girl has to do for a living!' Slowly she opened her other eye and then got the full impact of the full light of day. Pain shot through her head so that she thought it would split. Then she groaned as she put her hands on the small of her back. The ache was dreadful. For some moments she lay there trying to recall what had happened the night before. 'Oh yes,' she recalled, 'I was after that Beamish contract and the awful man said I'd have to stay the night with him if I wanted any more contracts from him. Oh my goodness, whatever happened to me? Straight sex I can take but I feel I've been in bed with a bad-tempered elephant.' She groaned and groaned and at last tottered off into the bathroom and flopped on to the seat. After much retching and vomiting she bathed her head in a wet towel oblivious of what was happening to her hairdo in the process. At last she felt somewhat recovered and looked about her. As she did so her face grew dark with rage, 'That no-good bum of a husband,' she said, 'I told him to get the place cleaned up before he left for work this morning.' At the thought of her husband she stirred again and tottered out of the bathroom into the kitchen.

Bemusedly she looked about, and then her eyes spotted a note propped up against a milk bottle. 'I am tired of living with a liberated woman,' the note said. 'Equal opportunities can go too far, and when you are sleeping around night after night that lets me out. You'll never see me again.'

She took the note in her hands and looked at it intently. Then she turned it over, held it up to the light, and at last turned it upside-down as if some inspiration would come to

her. But no, no inspiration, no joy, no sorrow either. She was just another of those females who call themselves liberated women, the worst curse of civilization.

I am one of those who have utter contempt and loathing for these women. They are not wives, they are just useless ullaage which are dragging down the race.

In 1914 or so a great tragedy occurred in Britain. Oh yes, the Great War started, the Great World War, but another war started as well; the so-called battle of the sexes. Women were designed to bear the children which continued the race of Man, but in 1914 women went to the factories and donned men's attire. Soon they were drinking and smoking and using such foul language that no man would ever use, no matter how depraved. Soon women were griping and bellyaching saying they had had a raw deal, but no woman has ever said what she wants. She wants, it seems, to be an unmitigated savage and have no thought at all for the continuance of the race.

Then there are those who put 'Ms' which doesn't mean a thing in the world science, but, actually, if they took an occult warning from it it would show that women are becoming masculine and soon they will be becoming impotent.

It really is too dreadful for words how some young women go to bed with any man who takes their fancy. Sometimes it is almost a case of raping the man in the process. And then when a child is born in or out of wedlock the mother rushes back to the factory or the store or whatever it is almost before the child is born, and the child is farmed out or left to the tender mercies of a baby sitter. As the child grows up he or she is turned out on the streets to become dominated by stronger and older children. Soon there are gangs going around — listen to this which is from *The Alhertan* for July 15th 1976. This is just an extract, of course. It says, 'Hit-boys for Hire.' After the usual blurb etc., the article goes on to say, 'Somewhere in the Vancouver area is a ten year old boy who has made himself available to the underworld for contract killings.'

It appears that this young fellow, a ten year old, leads a

gang of a hundred boys who will kill to order for payment.

A few weeks ago there were reports in a paper that a boy even younger had committed murder, and now since that there is another case where a boy killed his alleged friend.

In the old days the mother used to stay at home and raise a family, and she made sure that they were decent citizens, made sure that they were children who would obey, and what greater task can there be than to have the mother who will stay at home and raise a suitable family and make sure that the family is looked after. It is clear that many of these women who will not stay at home are just being influenced by evil forces.

In the First World War women went to factories, offices, and even joined the Forces, and so advertising people found that there was now a doubled source of income for those for whom they advertised. And soon the economy was geared so that it was necessary for women to work - or so it appeared on the surface. All the advertising stressed that women could do so much by buying this, that, and something else, and, of course, they fell for it hook, line, and sinker.

The Governments, too, found that when women worked and earned high money then there was more income tax, more money from purchase tax, and all the rest of it. And women still go on being so utterly stupid that they miss their natural vocation and, instead, just go out to work to get into debt, to buy things which are no earthly use to them.

Some women nowadays have no taste at all, they haven't the vaguest idea of dress sense, they think that the height of fashion is to get out in a fresh blouse and skirt every day, stuff which has been bought on the never-never and usually is the cheapest material possible, material with gaudy patterns on it.

Have you looked at women lately, the younger women, that is? Have you seen their flat chests and their narrow hips? How are children going to be born? With the aid of forceps, no doubt, and then they will get their brains distorted and pinched.

Have you seen how marriage is deteriorating nowadays? Some women want to just shack up with a man and have as much sex as they want, and then if the man crosses them in any way at all they just pick up their traps and out they go to the nearest man who will have them.

In the esoteric world there is the male principle and the female principle, two opposite poles, and for the continuance of the world as an inhabited place it is necessary that men and women be unlike each other, otherwise women will become sterile and no matter how many times they try, no matter how hard they try, there still will be no offspring.

Perhaps we should go out and do violent things to the advertising people, the ones who lure women on to the path of racial destruction. Oh yes, it could be so. It is made clear in the Akashic Record of Probabilities that such a thing can happen. It happened millions of years ago.

Far, far beyond even a racial memory there was a civilization which reached quite a high standard. The people were purple and they were not necessarily human, not quite human, in fact, because the women had six breasts, not two as they do now, and there were other subtle differences.

There was a very high standard of civilization, and a very warm family life, but then women decided that they should not stay at home and raise the family, they should not bother about a husband or children, they were being persecuted — they never said how, nor did they ever say what they really wanted, but obviously something had gone wrong in their minds. And so they broke away from marriage, and as soon as the baby was born it was shoved off to any home that would take an unwanted child. Soon the quality of the race deteriorated, degenerated, and became moronic.

In time women became completely sterile - and the race died out.

Do you know anything about gardening? Have you ever seen a very choice apple tree which has been neglected? At one time that apple tree produced prize apples, prized for their firmness, their sweetness, their color and everything.

But then if it is neglected for a time you get a thing like a crab apple, wizened, warped, shriveled.

Have you ever seen thoroughbred horses which have been neglected and allowed to breed with wild moorland ponies? Well, I will tell you what the result is after a few generations the animal result is the lowest of the low because all these things seem to breed down, breed down to the worst parts of everything.

And so it is with humans. Children are neglected, they have no discipline, and so we get armed gangs, we get vandals - anything which is evil and ugly. We get rapists, and we get old people slashed and mutilated. Quite recently there was a case where two women found an old man who was disabled, he had artificial legs, so for the few cents which the man had in his pockets the women beat him up and broke his artificial legs and left him more than half naked in a deserted street.

Quite recently there was another case involving women; two women went to a house occupied by an old-age pensioner woman. They forced their way in and then they beat up the old lady, and she only escaped with her life by pretending to be dead. The women — if women they can be called — robbed the house and took all the money the old lady had, leaving her quite destitute. Old-age pensioners do not have much to live on!

Do you know what undisciplined children grow up to be? Do you know what happens when children are allowed to grow up into teenage state without any discipline, without any thought of trying to get a job?

Willy the Wolf loped along the midnight street. The garish gleam of the neon lights flickered and flared in the night wind as the lamp holders swayed, bowed, and swayed again. This had been payday and even at this late hour many people were still about. The shopping malls, ever ready to take advantage of payday, stayed open very late when the money was ready to flow.

Willy the Wolf was a shady character, one of those very undesirable people who seem to creep out of the woodwork on a Sunday morning, slouching and lurching like a drunken

moron along the early morning avenues. Even his parents had no time for him, and eventually had turned him from the shelter of the parental roof.

Father worked, mother worked. Willy stayed at home filching whatever he could. If his father's pocket book fell into his hands when the old man came back in a drunken stupor he took what he could. Willy was ever ready to purloin his mother's purse and sneak whatever currency he could — and blame it on his father when accused.

Willy had quite a reputation in the neighborhood. He was always slouching around in dark streets, trying car doors to see which was locked, and those which were not locked — well, Willy was there to see what could be stolen from the glove compartments or even taking hub caps from the wheels.

His parents were sick of him. At last finding that Willy would not listen to them, finding that he would not do anything about getting a job after he was thrown out of school, they locked the doors against him and changed the locks, and made sure the windows were locked too. So Willy went away just a few streets. He went to the unemployment agency and was able to fake reasons for not taking work, and then with a different name obtained from a stolen pocket book he also got money from the Welfare people. But — Willy the Wolf loped down the street with predatory eyes aswivel for opportunity, his head turned this way and that way. He looked to the front and then he looked back. As he turned frontways again he suddenly stiffened and increased his pace. Just turning the corner ahead of him was a young woman carrying a heavy handbag, a late worker from one of the many busy offices.

Willy loped on, taking it easy. He saw she was waiting to cross the road, and just as she was about to cross the light against her turned red Willy loped on and drew level with her. He slid one leg in front of her and with his right hand he pushed on the nape of her neck. Like a log she fell, face down, hitting her forehead against the curb of the sidewalk. Willy grasped her handbag from her nerveless hand and without breaking his stride loped on. Turning a corner into a

dark lane going alongside an apartment building, he looked over his shoulder briefly to see if there was any pursuit. He saw the young woman on the ground with a spreading stain of red, red which looked black under the greenish neon lights. With a chuckle he just slid her handbag under his leather jacket, zipped up the front of the jacket, and sauntered along as if he had not a care in the world, as if he were the most innocent person in the world. Then he came to an even darker part of the back lane. Here there was a garage which had been deserted for some time. It was locked up quite securely, but the garage people had gone out of business and they were waiting to have the property sold. The garage was locked up but many weeks before it had closed down Willy had stolen a spare key, he had gone into the garage and demanded the key to 'the gents' and as the assistant turned to unhook the key Willy had snatched up the door key which was lying beside the cash register.

Now Willy went into the garage and crouched down inside the front door. There was plenty of light here because a street light just outside shone brightly through the garage window. Willy crouched on the floor and tipped the contents of the handbag on the ground. Chuckling to himself he put away all the money he could find, and then he rummaged through the other contents, gazing at the peculiar things which women keep in their handbags, reading with great difficulty the pile of letters which also were in that purse. At last, deciding that nothing more was worth having, he kicked the remaining items aside in a pile of rubbish.

On the uncaring sidewalk the young woman lay stunned and bleeding. Past her swirled the heavy night traffic, traffic coming from night clubs and cinemas, late workers returning home, and other workers going to their shift. Drivers gaped from passing cars and speeded up so that they should not become involved. The few pedestrians on the sidewalk hesitated, stopped to stare, and then walked away. From a store doorway a man stepped forward. He had seen it all, he could have apprehended Willy but, then again, he did not want to be involved, he had nothing to thank the Police for, why should he help them? Come to think of it, why should he help the young woman? He did not know her. So leisurely

he strolled forward, stopping by her he bent down and looked at her having a guess at her age, wondering who she was, and then he reached down and felt through her pockets to see if anything was there. Nothing was in the pockets, so he looked at her hands and saw that there was an engagement ring and a dress ring on two fingers. Roughly he pulled them off and slipped them in his pocket. Then, straightening up, he prodded her tentatively with a foot — wondering if she was alive or not — and then he moved back into the shadows.

In the slums of Calgary the turgid half life of the populace swirled uneasily on for day after day with a mounting crime rate, and with the newspapers shouting in great headlines that something should be done. There were articles about the increasing rapes, the increasing muggings, but the general population were unconcerned, they were concerned only if THEY became involved. Calgary night life went on as before, troubled, troubled, with seething crime below the surface ready to break out into the open at any time. There was talk of closing the parks by night, talk of increased patrols by night, talk, and nothing more. The city went on as before and day followed day, and night followed night.

Again the midnight hour. In the distance a clock was chiming. Nearby a car horn shrilled insistently. Some burglar breaking into a parked car had set off an alarm so the car shrilled away and the shrilling went unheeded, no one cared, no one wanted to become involved.

Again the midnight hour. Willy the Wolf loped along the midnight street. His once-white turtle-necked jersey stained with the remnants of many a meal swayed and stretched as he loped and, as before, gazed around for prey.

Sighting what he desired he tensed to alertness and increased his pace. A little way in front of him a small old lady carrying a heavy bag shuffled along into the night. Obviously she was disabled, handicapped, arthritic maybe, but she was shuffling along as if she could hardly put one foot before the other, shuffling along as though she were having difficulty in completing her journey. 'Well, she won't!' chortled Willy to himself.

Quickly he caught up with her. With practiced ease — a

skill developed with many a successful encounter - he slid a leg in front of the poor old lady and then a hand poised at her back to push her forward, to trip her on to her face and grab her bag. But — oh, surprise! — the little old lady ducked and swung her heavy brick-laden bag at Willy's head.

For a sick moment Willy saw it coming. Then with a smashing crash it caught him beside the head. He saw bright lights. He had an excruciating pain and he shrieked, and then the whole world went black before him, and like all his victims before he tumbled down to the ground and rolled over on his face.

The callous, careless onlookers on this busy night stared in torpid astonishment as the little old lady placed a foot on the small of Willy's back, crowed her pleasure like a rooster on a dung heap at break of dawn, then she did it again and walked away with a jaunty step.

The night wore on. A minute, an hour? It was of no moment to Willy. At last a police car patrolling around stopped at the untidy bundle on the sidewalk. The car door opened and an old policeman got out, hand on his gun. He moved over and with a careless foot just flopped the body over on to its back. The policeman gazed down and then — recognition. He called over to his companion still in the car, 'Oh, it's Willy, he's met it at last.'

Returning to the car, for he was the observer, he picked up the microphone and called for the ambulance to come and collect one badly injured person.

In the darkness of a nearby apartment facing that crossing the little old lady sat at her window peering through the curtain, and as she saw Willy thrown quite unceremoniously into the ambulance — the ambulance men knew him as well — she laughed and laughed and laughed before undressing and going to bed.

The Akashic Record which certain people can see when they go into the astral plane is a record of all that has ever happened upon the world to which it applies. It shows the origin of the world from the first gaseous ball on to the semi-molten state. It shows everything that has happened. It is just as though the world were a person, and that person had

parents who had a cine camera working from the moment of birth all through the person's life until the moment of death, so at any time a person with the necessary knowledge could turn to the reel of film and find out what happened, when, where, and how. That is how it is with all worlds.

In addition there is a Record of Probabilities, a Record showing what is HOPED will happen, but the behavior of individual countries can modify what will happen. For instance, now there has been a big earthquake in the Far East and China has been cracked. Well, I personally believe that that is caused to a large extent by all the atom bomb tests underground, performed in America and in Siberia. It is like hitting a certain structure and finding that apparently no harm has been done, but then at some remote part of the structure cracks or fractures appear. Aircraft engineers know this when a bad landing of an aircraft can cause damage whereby cracks will appear in the tail!

Many years ago I was asked by a cultist to come in on a scheme that he had. He was going to sell people the idea that he would go into the astral - with his briefcase, presumably — consult the astral and come back with the information which he would then sell to the inquirer for a very large sum of money. He wrote to me about it and tried to get me in on the scheme saying that we would be millionaires in no time. I refused, and that is why I am still poor!

The Akashic of women shows that these things about Women's Lib should not have happened. There should not have been all the hate, all the bitterness which women have shown about it. Now, most women are decent people, as I am well aware, and if they go in for this liberation movement it is just for fun and they do not take it too seriously. But there are a certain number of crackpots, women who stuff 'Ms.' in front of their name meaning, I suppose, 'Mostly Stupid,' and that is very suitable because that is what they are — mostly stupid. But in putting that 'Ms.' in front of their name instead of 'Miss' or 'Mrs.', or putting nothing in front of the name, they are invoking wrong vibrations, and vibrations are the essence of all existence. They are invoking bad vibrations FOR THEMSELVES.

If things go on like this as these women seem to want soon other forces will make fresh arrangements, they will think that they will give people of Earth a real taste of their own foolishness, and then it will be a reversion to a state which happened in a far-gone civilization, a civilization which existed so long ago on Earth that there is no record of it except on the Akashic.

In that civilization when all the people wore purple skins instead of black, yellow, brown, or white, women betrayed mankind to a certain sect of the Gardeners of the Earth, the super-beings who look after this world, or who are supposed to. It seems they have fallen down on the job pretty badly of late. But, anyway, women led astray some of the male Gardeners and that made a lot of discord with the Gardeners wives. But a new race was formed by their union on the Earth, and it was dominated by women. Women took all the jobs, and there were few jobs available for men other than as menial servants — slaves almost — for men who were impotent. But in special luxury houses there were very virile ‘studs’. They were there for the sole purpose of providing the necessary babies.

Oh yes, all this is perfectly true, it is so absolutely true that I tell you most sincerely that if you read my books — all seventeen of them — and you practice the things I tell you, then if your intentions are pure you can go into the astral and you can see the Akashic Record of this world. You cannot see the Akashic Record of individuals because — well, that would give you an unfair advantage over ‘the competition’. You have to have special dispensation, as I believe they say in the Roman Catholic Church, before you can see the personal Akashic Record of any individual nearer than a thousand years. But in that long bygone Age when there was a matriarchy women were busy working much the same as Communist slaves have to work, and then the most beautifully formed, the most healthy of the women or those who were very well-in with the leaders, could go to the stud house for pleasure or, in the necessary cases, for procreation as well.

Can you imagine how it would be on Earth nowadays if there was such a thing? Can you imagine what the adver-

tising people would put out for gullible women? 'Polly's House of Pleasure — the Most Powerful Men Available, take your choice, what color you like, what shade you like, dimensions to suit your own choice. Reasonable fees, special terms for club membership.'

But, anyway, as is always the case, an unnatural society eventually ends. So it was that the matriarchy ended. It was so unbalanced that it eventually toppled and that whole civilization died out.

Do you know why it was unbalanced? Think of your car battery, think of a battery in your radio, or anything which has a positive and negative. Supposing in some peculiar unknown way you could make the negative more powerful than the positive, then the whole thing would be unbalanced, wouldn't it, and wouldn't work after a time? That is what happened with that particular purple race. Life demands that there shall be equal positive and there shall be equal negative, there shall be equal good and equal bad to balance. There shall be equal masculine and equal feminine without which there cannot be any balanced coherent life, and the liberationists are trying to upset the balance of Nature, they are trying to ruin human ecology, and it just will not work, it is just making a lot of very bad Karma for the instigators because look at the troubles they are causing; they are greedy, and greed is one of the big curses of this world. The Golden Rule is that we should do unto others as we would have others do unto us. It is also better to give than to receive. If you give you add to your good Karma, but if you are trying to stir up disharmony and strife then it makes a very bad Karma indeed.

I am always highly amused at women who get married but then will not take their husband's name so as to make a balanced unit. Here in Canada we have an aspirant to the holy office of Prime Minister of Canada and that fellow has a wife who will not use his name, she calls herself 'Ms.' I believe it's MacTear or something like that, and its enough to make anyone shed a tear. But how can you have a balanced family at the head of a country when the two chief members of the family do not form a unit? You can't.

Then again, if women do not want to be wives, then why

get married? If they do not want to be wives and they still want children — well, set up breeding stations the same as there are for cattle, because if women are like that then indeed they are cattle. I believe that there is more in bringing up children than just ten minutes or so of dubious pleasure. I believe that women were ordained by Nature to be mothers who could raise children, and if they just have children and then dump them on the sidewalk almost as soon as they can talk then they are breeding a race of loveless creatures, which is what we have at present. Now we have gangs of children willing to murder, gangs of children who go about in the parks breaking down trees, uprooting plants, doing anything they can to raise hell. In days gone by wives were indeed wives, they would stay by their husbands, they would help their husbands. The husband went out to earn the living, the wife stayed at home to raise the family and to train the newest members of the race of humanity.

Of course capitalists must pay for a lot of all this because these money-hungry people think that if women work there will be twice as much money. Sure, it is just fine to have money — I have never had much of it myself, but I would rather be honest than be like these capitalists who ruin civilization for the sake of grabbing a few bucks. Advertising men make such tempting offers with their credit cards and their installment systems and all that, that weak-willed people are tempted, and tempted they fall and get head over heels in debt, debt which they can only keep up with by taking one job or two jobs, or even three jobs. When I lived in Windsor I knew a man who had four jobs and he worked himself into an early grave. His wife had two jobs so that between them they had six jobs, and they were so heavily in debt that when the man died everything they had was seized by creditors. So why will people not live more reasonably, more economically instead of grabbing at anything they see just as a spoilt child grabs and yowls like a mad thing if anything is withheld.

I feel very strongly opposed to Women's Lib, as I hope I have made clear, because I have seen the results of this

awful cult or whatever one calls it. I have seen it in the Akashic Record, and I have had thousands of letters telling me what misery some of these women have caused.

We now have arrived at a crossroads in the destiny of humanity, and if people do not take the right decision then there will not be a stable society. There will have to be a return of religion to life, it does not matter which sort of religion, I am not thinking of Christianity or the religion of the Jews, or the religion of Islam or Hinduism, or anything specific. It doesn't matter which religion it is, it doesn't matter what religion it is. We need a fresh religion because the old ones have failed so miserably. In Christianity, for example, what IS Christianity? Is it the Catholic faith? Is it the Protestant. And which one IS Christianity? If both are Christian then why are they fighting in Northern Ireland? Then, again, there is the fighting between Christians and Moslems in Beirut, and then there are the Russians, whose only form of God is Communism. And according to what we hear of conditions in China, well, I don't think I would like to go out and see what things were like either. But there will have to be a better religion, there will have to be priests who ARE priests instead of just people who want a soft living without having to do much to get their money. That is what they are nowadays.

We are, as I said before, at a crossroads. We have to choose whether we shall have a balanced society, one in which men and women work together equally as partners and in which women look after their children instead of tossing them out for older and, possibly, more depraved children to teach. That is going to topple society. In Russia it used to be that all children were taken and put in homes to be raised by the State while the fathers and mothers were working in factories or on farms and communes. Well, it has been proved that that is not so good, Russian mothers now want to be with their children, they want to stay at home, and they are raising an awful commotion in Russia to get control of their children. No one knows what the result will be.

Old Hitler, who really did have some crackpot ideas, had

special breeding stations. You probably have read all about it, but if some of you have not here is a brief idea of what it really was:

Party leaders were on the lookout at all times for very loyal, very healthy members of the Party who would make good parents. And then when a loyal, healthy young man and a loyal young woman were found they were sent off to great mansions in the country. There they were well-fed, well looked after, and after they had been built up a bit because German rations were pretty scruffy at that time, young men and young women were allowed to meet and pick their partners. When they had picked their partners and they had both undergone another medical examination they were allowed to stay together for a whole week. Well, you know what happens when a young man and a young woman stay together for a whole week with no holds barred, so to speak, and everything they did approved by the Government. Well, when the child was born of such a union it was taken away from the mother and put in a special Home to be brought up with all the skill and science and Nazi know-how available at the time. It was intended that they should form the nucleus of a super-race.

Twenty-five years after all this certain investigators went into the question of what had happened, and many of the children, now, of course, grown up, were traced, and almost without exception these children were found to be of lower mentality. Some, indeed, were morons which shows that not even Hitler could put a man and woman together, shake them up a bit and produce even a normal child!

By the time we reach the Year 2000 it will be known if the people of this Earth have to be wiped out like a lot of weeds and fresh stock planted. But if women will stay at home and be wives and mothers, as intended, then this particular race can continue into the Golden Age. It depends, ladies and Women's Libbers — who are not ladies — on you. What is your choice going to be? Classed as weeds? Or to carry on into the Golden Age with stability in the family?

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

IT seems to me that we are dealing with metaphysics in this book, spirits, ghosts, etc., so perhaps it might be of interest to tell you — not too seriously — of the Tale of the Inn Keeper's Cat.

This inn keeper was quite a nice man and a real stickler for obeying the law. He had a good old tomcat who had been with him for many years, and this good old tomcat — I think it was a tortoiseshell cat or something like that — but, anyway, he used to sit on the bar near the cash register. One day the cat died and the inn keeper, who was very fond of him was absolutely desolated, and then he said to himself, 'I know what I'll do! I'll have old Tom's tail cut off and mounted in a glass case and we'll keep it on the bar in memory of him.'

So the inn keeper had a friend who was a taxidermist cut off old Tom's tail, and the rest of old Tom was buried.

Old Tom, the inn keeper's cat, had led a very good life. He had listened to all the people's talk as they came into the bar and he had sympathized with the men who said their wives did not understand them, and all that sort of thing. So old Tom, being such a very good cat, went to heaven: He got up to the Pearly Gates and knocked on the door and, of course, they were delighted to admit him. But then — oh misery, misery, oh what a shock! — the Guardian at the Door said, 'Oh my goodness me, Tom, you haven't got your tail on. We can't admit you here without your tail, now, can we?'

Old Tom looked around and was absolutely shocked to find that his tail was missing and his jaw dropped down so much that he nearly made a furrow in the heavenly pastures. But the Guardian of the Door said, 'Tell you what, Tom, you go back and get your tail and then we'll glue it on for you

and you can come into heaven. But be off with you now, I'll wait for you.'

So the inn keeper's cat looked at the watch on his left arm and he saw it was nearly midnight. He thought, 'Oh gee, I'd better be hurrying because the Boss closes at midnight, puts up the bar and all that, I must hurry.'

So he rushed off back to Earth and scurried along the path to the inn. Then he knocked hard at the door and, of course, the inn was closed. So old Tom knocked again in the way he had heard certain favored customers knock. After a 'few moments the door was opened and there stood the inn keeper. The man looked shocked and said, 'Oh Tom, what are you doing here? We buried you today, you can't come back like this, you're dead, don't you know?'

Old Tom looked sadly at the inn keeper and said, 'Boss, I know it's nearly midnight and very late for you but I've been up to heaven and they wouldn't let me stay there because I haven't got my tail, so if you'll just give me my tail back — you can tie it on if you like — I'll get back to heaven and they'll let me in.'

The inn keeper put his hand to his chin, an attitude he often adopted when he was deep in thought. Then he cast one eye on the clock (but, of course, only metaphorically because he wouldn't have liked to cast his eye, he might have lost that and broken the clock as well), and then he said, 'Well, Tom, I'm ever so sorry lad and all that but you know how law abiding I am and you know it's well after hours; and the law will not allow me to retail spirits after hours.'

Well, after that, we should get back to the very serious business of writing this, which is the last chapter of this book. So—

The gentleman from one of those ancient little countries bordering upon the Mediterranean — it was Greece or Rome or somewhere like that, I don't know where it was for the moment - but this gentleman stood upon his soapbox. Plinius Secundus was his name and he was a very clever man indeed, he had to be, you know, he had to be very clever

because as his name implies — Secundus — he was not the first but the second. You have probably read of these car rental firms who advertise so glowingly in the papers, there is one in particular who advertises that they are second and so they have to work harder. Well, Plinius Secundus did the same. He had to work harder to be cleverer than Plinius Primo.

He stood upon his soapbox. I don't know what brand of soap it was because the advertising men hadn't got around to labeling everything so much in those days, but he stood there teetering somewhat uncertainly because the box was flimsy and Plinius Secundus was not. For a moment he looked about him at the uncaring throng, and then he said, 'Friends,' but there was no reply, no one looked. So he opened his mouth again and this time he absolutely roared, 'Friends, lend me your ears!'

He thought it was much wiser to ask people to lend him their ears because he knew them so well he knew they would not cut off their ears and walk on, if their ears stopped so would the owners and then they would have to stay and he wanted them to listen to what he had to say.

Still no response. He stopped for a moment again, looking at the scurrying crowds, all hell-bent on getting here, there, and everywhere else. Then he had a fresh approach; 'Friends Romans, Greeks, Americans,' but then he stopped in confusion, his mouth still open, he had suddenly remembered with a blush of shame that America would not be discovered for centuries yet. Then, as no one seemed to have caught the mistake he went on with his speech.

Now, I am a very kind person, really, some people think I am an old grouch, some people think I am a hard-faced old so-and-so. I know that because they write and tell me so. But, anyway, here following is a translation of what Plinius Secundus said. It is translated for you because, of course, you would not understand his language and nor would I!

'There is no law against the ignorance of doctors. Doctors learn upon their patients' shuddering bodies at the patients' risk. They kill and maim with impunity, and they blame the patient who succumbs, not their treatment. Let us do

something to keep in check those doctors who would not obey the dictum that they should do no ill, that they should console the patient while Nature effects the cure.'

Do you ever stop to think what a mess medicine is in? It is, you know, it really is a shocking mess. Nowadays the average doctor takes nine minutes to deal with the average patient from the time the patient comes before the doctor to the time the patient leaves the doctor, nine minutes. Not much time for personal contact, not much time to get to know the patient.

Yes, it is a very strange thing nowadays. It was meant that doctors should do so much for the sufferer, but now, after five thousand years of recorded medical history, no doctor can treat a head cold. If a doctor treats a head cold the cold can be considered to have ended two weeks after, but if the wise patient does not go to the doctor and just leaves the matter to Nature then the cold may be cured in fourteen days.

Have you ever thought how the average doctor weighs up his patient? He looks at a patient carefully for all of one minute, trying to work out how much the patient knows because years, and years, and still more years ago Aesculapius the Wise, came to the conclusion that the more a patient knows the less confidence he has in the doctor.

If things had gone right on this world and if the reign of Kali had not made such progress supported by the enthusiastic teenagers, Women's Libbers, etc., great developments in medicine would have taken place. For example there would have been aura photography which would enable any trained person to diagnose illness even before that illness attacked the body and then, by applying suitable vibrations or frequencies or cycles — call it what you will — the patient could have been cured before he was ill, so to speak.

But money did not come in enough to enable me to carry on adequately with research. It is a curious fact that any crummy lawyer can charge forty dollars an hour for his time, charge it and get it, and a typist can charge three dollars for typing a short one page letter, she can get that

too. And people will pay oodles of cash for drink, entertainment, etc., but when it comes to helping in research - no, they 'gave at the office', or something like that. So the science of aura reading has not been able to continue as I had hoped. I can see the aura at any time on any person, but that is not YOU seeing it, is it? It is not your doctor seeing it, is it. And I had worked with the idea that anyone with suitable equipment would have been able, to see the human aura.

When one can see the aura you can see schizophrenic people, how they are divided into two. It is like getting one of those long balloons inflated and then suddenly divide it in the middle so you have two balloons. Or one can see the approach of cancer to the body — through the aura, of course — and then by applying the correct antidote by way of vibration, color, or sound then the cancer could be stopped before it attacks the body. There is so much that could have been done to help the patient.

One of the big troubles seems to be that everyone nowadays is suffering from money-hunger. You get young people at school or college, they compare notes so they can decide which profession — the law, the church, or medicine — will offer them the most money and the most leisure, and as things are nowadays with medicine the dentists seem to have the most money!

What was really intended in this part of the cycle of life was that doctors should be truly dedicated people, people who had no thought of money, in fact, it was intended that there should be 'medical monks,' men and women who had no thought other than to help their fellow men and women. They would be provided for by the State, given all they could reasonably want. They would be secure from income tax demands and things like that, and then they would be on call and they would do house calls, too.

Have you ever thought that a doctor who gets a patient to the office keeps him there perhaps four hours waiting and then sees him for a total of nine minutes — how can that doctor have an intimate knowledge of the patient's history? How can that doctor know of the patient's hereditary pat-

terns? And it is not a doctor-patient relationship, it is more like damaged goods being taken to the factory for repair. It is quite as impersonal as that, and if the doctor thinks the patient is going to be more than nine minutes of bother, well, he just slaps the patient in hospital which is much the same as being an article sent back for repairs and being stuck on the shelf for some time. The whole system of medicine is wrong, and in a Golden Age to come there will have to be something of what I have suggested, that is that all doctors shall be priests or at least attached to a religious Order. They will be dedicated people and they will be on call with regular shifts because no one would expect them to work twenty-six hours a day, but people do expect them to work more than six hours a day, as they do now.

One of the dreadful, dreadful things now is how doctors have several examination rooms. A doctor will sit in his office at one end of a corridor and stretched along the length of the corridor there may be four, five or six little cubicles each with a patient in. The doctor has a very hurried consultation with a patient and then directs him or her to a cubicle. While that patient is undressing or getting ready the doctor makes hurried visits to all the other cubicles, and it really is a mass production affair, just like battery hens where hens are confined in cages, tier after tier, row after row, and they are fed and fattened — food goes in one end and the egg drops out the other end. Well, it seems much the same with the patients. The doctor's words of wisdom go in at one end, that is the ears, and payment, either from Medicare or from the patient, flows in in a continuous stream. Now this is not medicine.

The doctor does not always keep to his oath. Often he will go to the Club House and discuss the affairs of old Mrs. So-and-So, or laugh with his friends at how that old fellow wanted to and couldn't so what's going to happen to his marriage? You know how it is!

It seems to me that doctors get their license to practice and then they shut their text books for ever and ever and any further learning comes only by way of the pharmaceutical representatives who go around from doctor to

doctor and try to drum up sales. The representative, of course, boosts all the favorable aspects of his firm's medications, but never, never does he tell about all the weird side-effects which might occur. Look at that affair in Germany when that dreadful drug was given to pregnant women and the resulting children were deformed, perhaps missing arms or legs or something else.

One gets the same thing with birth control pills. Women get themselves hocused and hypnotized by all the talk that they can have their fun and not have to pay the piper, by taking such-and-such birth control pills. Well, actual practical tests on the patients shows that there can be serious side-effects, cancer, nausea, and all that type of thing. So now the pharmaceutical firms have gone back to their metaphorical drawing boards and they are trying to devise other methods of baulking the nimble sperm, and preventing him from shaking hands with an eager ovum.

When the time comes there will be a quite infallible birth control method — no, I didn't say abstain! — the real method will be a form of ultrasonic emitter which will be tuned to the exact frequency of the man or the woman, and it will have the effect of knocking the sperm on the noggin so that it will not be virile, in fact, the sperm and the ovum can both be neutralized by ultrasonics if one knows how, and that will not cause any trouble to either of the participants 'he' nor 'she', but that is something which will come in the Golden Age, if there is a Golden Age.

Pain is a terrible thing, isn't it? And really, the doctors or the pharmaceutical people have not come up with any real solution for the control of pain. A few aspirins doesn't do it. Demerol is only a very temporary thing with possible side-effects. And then you get into the morphine or morphia range and you may get addiction. But I believe that the researchers should first of all take into consideration the theory that pain can be felt only by creatures with a nerve system, so they have to do something to put a barrier between the site of the pain and the receptor nerves.

My own experiences in hospital as a patient have not made me admire the medical world because I was taken sud-

denly very ill with truly horrible pains, and we were in a state of confusion because at the nearest hospital there was a technicians' strike or a nurses' strike, or something of that nature and they were not taking patients, so Mama San Ra-ab got in touch with the ambulance people.

Now, as I have said before, the Calgary Ambulance Service is quite definitely unsurpassed. The ambulance men are highly trained and courteous, not only that, they also have great consideration for a patient. I cannot too highly praise our ambulance men. I am sure that Cleo and Taddy Rampa ought to kiss each one of them and then they could say they had been kissed by Siamese cats which would bring a blessing to them, wouldn't it?

Soon there came the screaming of sirens which stopped with a choke as the ambulance braked outside the door. Very speedily two ambulance men came in carrying big black bags. They were not the ordinary ambulance men, they were paramedics and the paramedics are the best of the whole bunch. They asked a few questions and then did not bother to open their bags, instead they wheeled in their stretcher and put it beside my bed. With every care I was moved on to the stretcher, and then we went down in the elevator and out into the street where almost as quick as it is to tell I was put in the ambulance. Mama San Rampa sat in the front with the driver and the other paramedic sat beside me. I was fortunate in having a brand new ambulance. It was the first time it had been used and it still smelled a bit of new paint and new disinfectant.

We drove along the streets of Calgary, and I am not going to tell you the name of the hospital because, in my opinion, it is the worst hospital in Alberta, so let us call it St. Dogsbodys. That is as good or as bad a name as any. I could think of a very suitable name but I am afraid that my Respected Publisher would blush (CAN a Publisher blush?) and would want alterations made.

Soon the ambulance drove into what appeared to be a dark, dismal cavern. From my viewpoint, flat on my back, it seemed that I was being taken into an unfinished factory with a loading bay just to the side. It was darn cold there,

too. But as soon as our eyes got used to the gloom the ambulance men took me out of the ambulance and wheeled me along a dismal corridor, and everyone I saw seemed to have a fit of the blues. I thought, 'Oh goodness! They must have brought me to a Funeral Home by mistake.'

Mama San Ra'ab disappeared somewhere into a crummy little office where she had to give all details about me, and then I was pushed into the Emergency Section which seemed to be a long hall with a few plated bars supporting curtains which were not always drawn, and then I was transferred to a sort of hospital cot thing in the Emergency Department.

One of the paramedics, knowing my difficulties, said, 'Nurse, he needs a monkey bar.' A monkey bar, by the way, is a thing that extends about three feet over the head of the bed and it has a triangular shaped piece of metal, plastic coated, depending from a short chain. It is to help paraplegics such as me raise themselves to a sitting position. I have had one for years, and I have always had one when I have been in hospitals, but this time when the paramedic said that I needed a monkey bar the nurse looked even more sour than normal and said, 'Oh, he needs a monkey bar, does he? Well, he won't get one HERE!' And with that she turned and walked out of the little cubicle. The two paramedics looked at me sympathetically and shook their heads saying, 'She's always like that!'

Now there came the period of waiting. I was stuck in this minute cubicle and each side of me there were other beds. I never got round to being able to count how many beds there were but I could hear a lot of voices, everyone was being made to discuss their problems and hear the answers in public. Some of the cloth screens were not drawn, and, in any case, they were open at the top and open at the bottom. There was no privacy at all.

There was one frightfully funny incident — funny to me. In the next bed to the right there was an old man, he had just been brought in off the street, and a doctor went in to him and said, 'Oh grandfather, God, not YOU again? I told you to stay off the drink, you'll be picked up dead soon if you don't stay off the drink.'

There came much rumbling and muttering and croaking, and then the old man burst out with a roar, 'I don't want to be cured of the drink, damn you! I just want to be cured of the shakes!' The doctor shrugged his shoulders in resignation — I could see it all quite clearly — and then he said, 'Well, I'll give you an injection, that will straighten you out for the time being and then you can go home, but DON'T COME BACK HERE AGAIN.'

Some minutes later, as I was lying on my hospital cot, a harassed nurse came skittering down the corridor. She dashed into my open cubicle and without a word to me — without even checking to see who I was or what I needed — she ripped back the sheet covering me, grabbed my pajamas and pulled, and jabbed a hypodermic into my unsuspecting rump. Then, almost without breaking stride, she yanked out the hypodermic, turned on her heel and was gone. Now this is absolutely true; I have ever since been wondering if I got the shot meant for the old drunk in the bed next to me. No one told me what was going to be done, no one said a word to me, but all I know is I got a shot of SOMETHING straight into the — well, there may be ladies present, but you'll know where I was stuck.

Some time later a porter came and without a word to me just grabbed the end of the cot and started pulling me out. 'Where am I going?' I asked, quite reasonably as I thought. But he just glowered at me and pulled me along a long, long corridor. 'You'll see when we get there,' he said. 'Mind you, I'm not an ordinary porter, I'm just helping out. Really I'm in—' and he mentioned another department.

I have always believed and always been taught that one of the duties of a doctor or nurse or anyone connected with treatment is to tell a patient why a thing is being done and what is being done, because, after all, it is quite a serious matter to stick needles into patients' posteriors and leave them wondering whatever it's all about.

We were going down the corridor and some sort of a clergyman was coming along. He saw me and he turned into a frozen-faced robot and averted his face. I was not one of his flock, you see, so he hurried off in one direction and I was

pulled away into another. The bed-stretcher-cot stopped and a squeaky voice said, 'That him?' The porter just nodded and walked away and I was left outside what proved to be the X-ray department.

Some time later someone came along and just gave my bed a push — like a locomotive shunting trucks — and I rolled into an X-ray room. The bed was pushed against the table and I was told, 'Get on there.' Well, I managed to get the top half of me on to the table and then I turned to a little girl who was there — I looked at her and wondered what such a young creature would be doing in such a place. She had on white stockings and her mini-skirt was micro-mini-skirt and was right up to her — the place on which I had been poked, with a hypodermic. I said, 'Do you mind lifting my legs on for me, I can't do it myself.' She turned and looked at me in open-mouthed astonishment, then she said, very haughtily, 'Oh no!' her tone turned to awe and reverence and she said, 'I am a TECHNICIAN — I am not one to help you!' So it caused me extreme pain — pain amounting to agony even - but I managed to grasp my ankles with my right hand and pull them on to the table.

Without a word the TECHNICIAN just slammed about with her X-ray machine, setting buttons, etc., etc., and then she went behind a leaden-glass screen and said, 'Breathe in — HOLD IT! Breathe out.' I stayed there for about ten minutes while the film was developed, and then without a word someone came along and pushed the hospital bed back against a table. 'Get in,' she said. So again, with extreme effort, I managed to pull myself on to the hospital bed, after which this female pushed the bed out of the X-ray department and let it roll against a wall.

There was another wait and then eventually someone came along, looked at the card on the bed, and without a word pushed me back to the Emergency Department where I was slid into a cubicle just as one would push a cow into a stall.

Eventually after three or four hours I was seen by a doctor but it was decided they could not do anything for me, there was not a vacant bed in the hospital — except one

in the women's department. My suggestion that I would take that was not well received.

So I was told to go home again because there was nothing they could do for me and I would be 'better off at home'. 'You'll be looked after better there,' said another one and, believe me, I needed no convincing on that.

Mama San Ra'ab had been sitting in a cold, cold waiting room on a hard seat the whole of the time feeling, I suppose, like a castaway on a desert island, but at last she was able to come in to the Emergency Department and then the ambulance was sent for to take me home. From here to St. Dogsbodys is one and a half miles, and from St. Dogsbodys back to my home was another one and a half miles, three miles in all, if I can multiply correctly. But that little useless trip cost seventy dollars, not the ambulance men's fault, but that is what the city charges for an emergency call.

So I am now looking for another place outside of Calgary, preferably in some other Province because I am devastated by the crudity of medical treatment in Calgary. I am shocked by the cost of things in the medical world in Calgary.

That brings me to another point. I believe that medicine should be practiced only by dedicated people. I believe there should be a weeding out of scrimshankers and shirkers among the patients because too many patients like to go to hospital emergency and sit in the waiting room as if it were a country club except that no country club was ever so uncomfortable. I also believe that doctors and nurses — yes, and even porters — should have more consideration for patients, and if they took the Golden Rule and practiced 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you' then it wouldn't be such a bad world, after all, would it?

I would also have emergency departments where there was privacy because I heard the story of the old man to the right of me, and I also heard the story of the young woman to the left of me; she had what I can only delicately refer to as sex problems with her husband, and she had been a bit, let us say, torn. So the doctor examining her — who did not bother much about privacy either — was giving her advice in

a loud voice and asking her the most intimate questions in a loud voice, and I am sure the poor woman was as embarrassed as I was.

But home again with Mama San Ra'ab, Buttercup Rouse, Cleo and Taddy I had 'a call' to get busy and write another book, the seventeenth which has the title of 'I Believe'. Well, you know, I believe that this is a good point to finish the book, don't you?

THE END

CORGI

**THREE LIVES**  
**T. LOBSANG RAMPA**



## FOREWORD

This book is NOT presented to you as fiction for a very special reason; it is NOT fiction!

Of course, we can readily agree that some of the words in the book about life on this world are ‘artistic license’, but accept my statement that EVERYTHING about the life on ‘The Other Side’ is definitely true.

Some people are born with great musical talent; some people are born with great artistic talent, they can paint and captivate the world. Other people may be highly gifted through their own hard work and assiduous devotion to study.

I have little in the material side of this world—no car; no television, no this and no that—and for twenty-four hours a day I am confined to bed because, for one thing, I am paraplegic—no use in the legs. This has given me great opportunity for increasing talents or abilities which were granted to me at birth.

I can do everything I write about in any of my books—except walk! I have the ability to do astral travel and because of my studies and, I suppose, because of a peculiar quirk in my make-up, I am able to astral travel to other planes of existence.

The characters in this book are people who have lived and died on this world, and because of special provisions I have been able to follow their ‘Flights into the Unknown’.

Everything in this book about the After Life is utterly true, therefore I will not label the book as fiction.

Lobsang Rampa

## CHAPTER ONE

‘Who is that old geezer?’

Leonides Manuel Molygruber slowly straightened up and looked at the questioner. ‘Eh?’ he said.

‘I asked you, who is that old geezer?’

Molygruber looked down the road to where an electrically propelled wheelchair was just going into a building. ‘Oh him!’ said Molygruber expertly expectorating upon the shoe of a passing man. ‘He’s a guy that lives around here, writes books or something, does a lot of stuff about ghosts and funny things, and then he does a lot of writing about people being alive when they’re dead.’ He snorted with superior knowledge and said, ‘That’s all rot you know, not a bit of sense in that rubbish. When you’re dead you’re dead, that’s what I always say. You get them there priests come along and they say you’ve got to do a prayer or two and then perhaps if you say the right words you’ll be saved and you’ll go to Heaven, and if you don’t you’ll go to Hell. Then you get the Salvation Army come along, they make a hell of a racket of a Friday night, and then fellows the likes of me have got to come along with our little barrows and sweep up after them. They’re there yelling and banging their tambourines or whatever you call the things, shoving them under the noses of passers-by, screeching out they want money for the work of God.’ He looked about him and blew his nose on the sidewalk. Then he turned to his questioner again and said, ‘God? He never done nothing for me—never—I got my own bit of the sidewalk here which I’ve got

to keep clean, I brushes and I brushes and I brushes, and then I takes two boards and I picks up the stuff and I puts it in me barrow, and every so often we get a car come along—we call 'em cars but they're really trucks, you know—and they comes and they takes me barrow and they upends it with all the stuff inside and all the stuff is taken away and I've got to start all over again. It's a never ending job, day after day, no stopping. You never know what Council man is coming by in his big flash Cadillac and if we ain't bent over our brooms all the time, well, I guess they go along to somebody in the Council and that somebody makes a racket with my Boss, and my Boss comes down and makes a racket on me. He tells me never mind if I don't do any work, the tax payer will never know, but make a show of working, you get your back down to it.'

Molygruber looked about him a bit more and gave a tentative push at his broom, then he wiped his nose with a horrid sound on his right sleeve and said, 'You're asking the time, mister, if anybody says what are you saying to that there cleaner, but what I'm saying is this; no God ever came down here and done me brushing for me, me wot's having my back breaking with bending over all the day long and pushing all the dirt that people drops around. You'd never believe what I get down in my patch, pantyhose and other things wot goes in pantyhoses—everything—you'd never believe what I finds on these street corners. But, as I was saying, no God ever came down here and pushed my brushes for me, never picked up any of the dirt on the roads for me. It's all me poor honest self wot can't get a better job that's got to do it.'

The man making the enquiry looked sideways at Molygruber and said, 'Bit of a pessimist, aren't you? Bet you're an atheist!'

'Atheist?' said Molygruber. 'No, I'm no atheist, me mother was Spanish, me father was Russian, and I was born in Toronto. I dunno what that makes me but I still ain't no atheist, don't know where the place is anyhow.'

The questioner laughed and said, 'An atheist is a man who doesn't believe in a religion, doesn't believe in anything

except the present. He's here now, and he dies, and he's gone—where? No one knows but the atheist believes that when he dies his body is just like the garbage you pick up there. That's an atheist!

Molygruber chuckled and replied, 'That's 'im! That's me! I got a new thing wot I am now, I'm an atheist and when the guys wot works with me asks me what I am I can always tell 'em, no, I'm no Russian, I'm no Spaniard, I'm an Atheist. And then they'll go away chuckling, they'll think old Molygruber got a bit of wit left in him after all.'

The questioner moved on. What's the point of wasting time talking to an old creep like this, he thought. Strange how all these street cleaners—street orderlies they call themselves now—are so ignorant, and yet they really are a fount of knowledge about people who live in the district.

He stopped suddenly and struck himself on the forehead with his open hand. 'Fool that I am!' he said, 'I was trying to find out about that fellow.' So he turned and went back to where old Molygruber was still standing in contemplation, apparently trying to emulate the statue of Venus except that he hadn't the right form, the right sex, or the right implements. A broom wasn't a very good thing to pose with, after all. The questioner went up to him and said, 'Say, you work round here, you know about people who live around here, how about this?' He showed him a five dollar bill, 'I want to know about the fellow in the wheelchair,' he said. Molygruber's hand shot out and grabbed the five dollar bill and snatched it from the questioner's hand almost before he knew it was gone. 'Know about that old fellow' asked Molygruber. 'Why sure I know about him. He lives down there somewhere, he goes in that alleyway and then he goes down and then he turns right, that's where he lives, been living there about two years now. Don't see him about much. He's got an illness to his terminals or something, but they say he ain't going to live much longer. He writes books, he's called Rampa, and the things he writes about, they're just plain ridiculous life after death. He's no atheist. But they do say a lot of people reads his stuff, you can see a whole display of his books in that store down there, they

sells a lot of them. Funny how some people makes money so easy, just by writing out a few words, and I've got to sweat me guts out pushing this broom, ain't it?'

The questioner said, 'Can you find out just where he lives? He lives in that apartment building you say, but tell me—find out for me—WHERE DOES HE LIVE? You tell me the apartment number and I'll come back here tomorrow and if you've got the apartment number and you've got what time he comes out about then I'll give you ten dollars.'

Molygruber ruminated a bit, took off his hat and scratched his head and then pulled at the lobes of his ears. His friends would say they had never seen him do that before but Molygruber only did it when he was thinking and, as his friends would tell him, he never thought much. But he could put in a bit of effort at thinking if there was ten dollars to be made for so little work. Then he spat and said, 'Mister, you got a deal, you shake hands on it and you come here tomorrow at this very same time and I'll tell you the number of where he lives and when he comes out if he don't come out earlier. But I got a friend wot knows the caretaker there, they packs up the garbage together. The garbage comes out in those big blue things, you see. Well, my friend he'll find out for me and if you like to spring a bit more I could find out some more things for you.'

The questioner raised his eyebrows a bit and shuffled his feet, and then said, 'Well, does he send out garbage, letters, things like that?'

'Oh no, oh no,' said Molygruber. 'I know this, he's the only one in this street that got a thing wot cuts up all his papers. He learned that trick away in Ireland. Some of those press people got hold of some papers of his and he's a guy, so they say, who doesn't make the same mistake twice. He got a thing wot turns out letters which looks like strips of confetti stuff which hasn't been cut off in pieces, comes out in ribbons, I've seen it meself in green garbage bags. Can't find any garbage for you because they're very careful up there, they don't leave nothing to chance and they never turn out a thing which can be traced.'

'Okay then,' said the questioner., 'I'll be around here

tomorrow at the selfsame time and, as promised, I'll give you ten dollars if you can give me the apartment number and about what time he can be intercepted when he comes out. So long!' And with that the questioner half lifted his hand in greeting and moved on his way. Molygruber stood still, so still that one would have thought he was indeed a statue, thinking it all over, trying to work out how many pints he would get for ten dollars. And then slowly he shuffled along pushing his old barrow and making a pretense of brushing up rubbish from the road as he went.

Just then a man in black clerical dress swung around the corner and almost fell over old Molygruber's barrow. 'Hey there, hey there!' exclaimed Molygruber crossly. 'Don't you go and upset all my garbage, I've spent all the morning loading it in that barrow of mine.' The parson brushed off some specks from his jacket and looked down at old Molygruber. 'Ah, my good man,' he said. 'You are the very man who can help me. I am the new incumbent to this district and I want to go on visitations. Can you tell me of new people in this area?'

Old Molygruber put his finger and his thumb to his nostrils, bent over, and did a hearty blow, clearing his nostrils and just missing the feet of the parson who looked shocked and disgusted.

'Visitations is it?' said the old garbage man. 'I always thought that visitations were what the devil did. He visits us with visitations and then we comes out in pimples and boils and all that, or we've just paid our last cent for a pint and somebody knocks it out of our hands. That's what I thought visitations was.'

The parson looked him up and down with real distaste. 'My man, my man,' he said, 'I would surmise that you have not been inside a church for a very long time for you are singularly disrespectful to the brethren of the Cloth.' Old Molygruber looked him back straight in the eye and said, 'No, mister, I ain't no God's boy. I just been told right what I am; I'm an atheist, that's what I am.' And he smirked alarmingly as he said it. The parson shifted from foot to foot and looked about him, and then he said, 'But, my good

man, you must have a religion, you must believe in God. You come to church on Sunday and I will have a sermon specially for you, one of my unfortunate brothers who has to sweep garbage for a living.'

Molygruber leaned complacently on the end of his broom and said, 'Ah now, parson, you'll never convince me that there is a God. Look at you there, you get a real packet of money, that I know, and all you do is to shoot out some words about a thing that doesn't exist. You prove to me Mr. Parson, that there's a God, bring him here and let me shake hands with him. No God has ever done anything for me.' He stopped and fidgeted about in his pockets until he found a half smoked cigarette, then he flicked a match out of his pocket and struck it on his thumb nail before continuing, 'My mother, she was one of those dames wot does it—you know what I mean—for money. Never did know who my father was, probably a whole gang of fellows responsible really. But I've had to fight my way since I was a little lad knee-high to a grasshopper, and nobody's never done aught for me, so don't you, from your comfortable house and your comfortable job and your great big car, preach to me about God. Come and do my job on the street first and then see what your God does for you.'

Old Molygruber snorted with rage and jerked into action with unaccustomed speed. He swept his broom onto the top of his barrow, grabbed the handles of the barrow, and almost trotted down the road. The parson looked after him with an expression of utter surprise on his face, and then he shook his head and walked off muttering, 'Good gracious me, good gracious me, what an ungodly man, what has the world come to?'

Later in the day Molygruber got huddled up close with a couple of janitors, cleaners, managers—call them what you will—of some of the apartments around. They had a habit of meeting like that and exchanging juicy bits of knowledge. In his own way Molygruber was one of the most knowledgeable men on the block; he knew everybody's movements, he knew who was going into apartments and who was coming out. So then he said to one of the men,

‘Who’s that old fellow in the wheelchair? Writer, ain’t he?’ The caretakers turned to look at him, and one laughed out loud and said, ‘Don’t tell me YOU are getting interested in books, old fellow. I thought you were above all those things. Anyway, this guy is writing something about what they call “thanatology.” Don’t quite know what it is myself, but I did hear some backtalk about it being how you live when you die. Seems ridiculous to me but there it is. Yes, he lives up in our place.’

Molygruber rolled his cigarette in his mouth and squinted down his nose and said, ‘Good apartment he got, eh? Bet it’s all dolled up with the latest. Like to see inside one of those places myself.’

The caretaker smiled and said, ‘Nope, you’re wrong there. They live very modestly up there. You don’t have to believe all he writes, mind, but I do say as how he lives what he preaches. He’s looking pretty bad enough to soon be going to see the truth of this thanato—something that he writes about.’

‘Where does he live? What apartment, I mean?’ said Molygruber.

The caretaker looked about him and said, ‘Oh, it’s a very secret, secret thing. People don’t get to know his number, but I know where he lives. And what do you know about it, eh?’

Molygruber said nothing and they went about their ordinary desultory conversation for a time, and then he said, ‘Did you say nine-nine-o-something, his apartment?’ The caretaker laughed and said, ‘I know you’re trying to trick me, you sly old dog, but as its you I’ll tell you what his number is. It’s—’

Just at that moment one of the garbage trucks rattled into the lane and the automatic loader came into action, and the whining noise drowned out what the caretaker was saying. But being wise where money was concerned, Molygruber picked up an empty cigarette packet and fished out a pencil saying, ‘Here y’are, write it on there. I won’t tell who gave it to me.’ Obliging, but rather wondering what the old cleaner was up to, the caretaker did so and passed

it back to Molygruber who glanced at it, touched his hand to his head, and slipped the packet in his pocket. 'I have to be going now,' said the caretaker. 'Got to push out a few of these containers, it's our turn to get cleaned out next. See you.' With that he turned and went back into the garbage room of his building. Old Molygruber walked on.

Soon the garbage truck came around and two men got out, grabbed Molygruber's barrow and lifted it up to the back of the truck. 'Get in, old fellow,' said one of the men—the driver maybe, 'and we'll drive you back to the depot.' Molygruber got in, not minding at all that he was about fifteen minutes early, and back they drove to the garbage disposal station.

'Say, you fellows,' said Molygruber, 'do you know the writer named Rampa in my beat?'

'Yes,' said one of the men. 'We collect a lot of stuff from his block, he sure does seem to spend a lot on medication. We get an awful lot of empty cartons, bottles, and the like, and I see now he's been having a lot of injections or something, he's got needles what's marked "Tuberculin." Don't know what it is but that's what they're marked. Had to stop a caretaker, a relief one, from getting in touch with the police because how come anyone would want these things? Is the old fellow taking drugs, they wondered.' The garbage collector stopped while he carefully rolled a cigarette, then when he was quite satisfied he resumed, 'Never did believe in people getting in touch with the police on wild cases. I mind a little way back, last year it was, there was a real humdinger of a fuss, a relief caretaker had found an old oxygen cylinder among the garbage and in spite of the cylinder being quite, quite empty without even a valve on it she got in touch with the police, she got in touch with the hospitals until eventually after a lot of trouble it was found there was a perfectly legal explanation. After all, people don't have oxygen cylinders unless they're ill, do they?'

They glanced up and jumped into activity. It was a minute past the hour—they were working overtime and not getting paid for it. Quickly, quickly they tore off their over-

alls, put on their everyday jackets, and rushed off to their cars to spend an idle time lounging around the street corners.

Next morning Molygruber was a little late getting to work. As he moved into the depot to get his barrow a man gave him a hearty greeting from the cab of an incoming truck. 'Hey, Moly,' he shouted. 'Here's something for you, you've been asking so much about the guy here's something wot he writes. Get your head into it.' And with that he tossed a paperback book at Molygruber. The title was 'I Believe'. 'I Believe,' muttered Molygruber. 'Don't give me none of that rot. When you're dead you're dead. Nobody's ever going to come along to me and say "Hi Molygruber, you done pretty well in your life, old man, here's a special throne made for you out of old garbage cans."' But he turned the book over in his hands, fumbled through a few pages, and then shoved it into an inside pocket. 'What you doing there, Molygruber? What you stealing now?' a coarse voice asked, and out of a little office a squat, thickset man emerged, extended his hand, and said, 'Give.' Molygruber silently unbuttoned the top button of his jacket and fished out the paperback book, then passed it over. 'Hum,' said the superintendent, or foreman, or whatever he was. 'So you're going in for this type of thing now, eh? Thought you didn't believe in anything except your pints and your pay packet?'

Molygruber smiled up at the squat man who, although short, was still taller than Molygruber, and said, 'Ay, ay, Boss, you get a load of that book yourself and see if you can tell me how they make out, if there's any life after this. If I go along and I see a fishhead in the corner of one of the lanes I picks up that fishhead and nobody's ever going to tell me the fish is going to live again.' He turned and spat expressively on the floor.

The superintendent turned the book over and over in his hands and then said slowly, 'Well, you know, Molygruber, there's a lot of things about life and death, we don't understand it at all. My missus, she's real sold on this feller, she's read all his books and she swears that what he writes

about is the truth and nothing but. My wife's a bit of a seer, you know, she's had a few experiences and when she talks about 'em it sure scares the hell out of me. In fact, only a couple of nights ago she frightened me so much about the ghosts she claims to have met that I went out and had a drink or two and then a drink or two too many, and by the time I got home that night—well, I was afraid of my own shadow. But get on with your work, lad, get down on your beat, you're late. I won't book you this time because I've been delaying you myself, but get a move on. Make one foot get in front of the other a bit faster than usual. Git!

So old Molygruber grabbed his barrow, made sure it was empty, made sure the brush was his, and off he ambled down the road, starting another day as a street garbage collector.

It was boring work all right. A whole bunch of school kids had come by and left their filthy litter in the gutters. Old Molygruber muttered cross imprecations as he bent down to pick up toffee papers, chocolate papers, and all the litter which 'a bunch of kids' make. But his little barrow was soon full. He stopped awhile, leaned on the end of his broom, and watched some building construction. Then tiring of that he moved on to something else. A broken down car was being towed away. Then a clock struck and Molygruber straightened up a bit, shifted the cigarette to the other side of his mouth, and moved off down to the shelter in the little park—lunch time. He liked to go in there and have his lunch away from the people who sat on the grass outside just making more litter for him.

He walked down the road pushing his barrow before him, and then reaching the little shelter he fished a key out of his pocket and unlocked the side door, and in he went. With a sigh of relief he pushed his barrow out of the way and sat down on a load of flower crates, crates in which flowers for the garden had been packed. He was just rummaging about in his 'lunch pail' for his sandwiches when a shadow fell across the doorway. He looked up and saw the man he had been hoping to see. The thought of the money greatly attracted him.

The man walked into the shelter and sat down. He said, 'Well, I have come for the information you were getting for me.' As he spoke he got out his wallet and fiddled with the notes. Old Molygruber looked at him dourly and said, 'Well, who be you, mister? We street orderlies don't just give information to anybody who comes along, you know, we got to know who we're dealing with.' With that he took a hearty bite at one of the sandwiches and squashed tomato, pips and all, came spurting out. The man sitting on the boxes opposite hastily jumped out of the way.

What could the man tell him about himself? Could he say that anyone would have known that he was an Englishman and a product of Eton even though he had been to Eton for only rather less than a week through an unfortunate mistake when, during the darkness of one night, he had mistaken the wife of one of the house masters for one of the room maids with quite disastrous consequences. So he had been expelled almost before he had arrived, thus establishing some sort of a record. But he liked to claim that he had been to Eton, and that was perfectly true!

'Who am I?' he said. 'I should have thought the whole world would know who I am. I am the representative of a most prestigious English publication, and I wanted the in-depth life story of this author. My name is Jarvie Bumblecross.'

Old Molygruber just sat there munching away, spraying sandwich all over the place and mumbling to himself as he did so. He had a cigarette in one hand and a sandwich in the other; first he would take a bite of the sandwich, then he would take a draw at the cigarette and so on. Then he said, 'Jarvie, eh? That's a new name to me. How come?' The man thought for a moment and then decided that there was no harm in telling this fellow. After all, he would probably never see him again. So he said, 'I belong to an old English family which goes back for many generations and many years ago my maternal great-grandmother eloped with a cabman in London. In those days cabmen were called "jarvies", and so to commemorate what was a rather unfortunate affair, male members of the family have had the

name of Jarvie ever since.'

Old Molygruber thought it over for a time and then said, 'So you want to write about this fellow's life, do you? Well by what I've been hearing he's had too much written about his life. Seems to me from what the other fellows and I have heard that you pressmen are making life a misery for him and his likes. He's never done any harm to me, and look at this now—' He extended one of his sandwiches. 'Look at it dirty newsprint all over the bread. How am I supposed to eat that? What's the good of buying these papers if you don't use an ink which stays put? Never did like the taste of newsprint.'

The man was getting crosser and crosser by the minute. He said, 'Do you want to impede the work of the mass media? Do you not know that they have a perfect right to go anywhere, to enter anywhere, and to question anyone? I was being very generous in offering you money for information. It is your duty to give it freely to a member of the press.'

Old Molygruber had a sudden flush of rage. He couldn't stick this smooth-talking Englishman who thought he was one higher than God himself, so he rose to his feet saying, 'Git you gone, mister, git yourself off—beat it—scram—mosey or I'll pack you up in my barrow and take you back to the depot for the other fellows to give a working over.' He grabbed up a leaf rake and advanced on the man who got up quickly, moved backwards and tripped over all the crates. He went down in what seemed to be a welter of arms and legs and flying wood, but he did not stay down. One look at old Molygruber's face and he was up in a flash and he did not stop running for quite a time.

Old Molygruber moved slowly around picking up crates and odd pieces of wood, mumbling irritably to himself, 'Jarvie—cab driver—whatever sort of yarn do they expect me to believe—and if he had a great-grandmother, or whoever it was, married a cab driver then how come this fellow is such a stupid dope? Ah, for sure,' he went on, his face getting darker and darker with anger, 'it must be because he's an Englishman that he's got this manner.' He sat down

again and had a go at the second lot of sandwiches, but no, he was too angry to continue so he bundled the rest of his food back into his lunch pail and went out to the park to get a drink from the tap there.

He moved about looking at the people. After all, this was his lunch time. And then around the corner of a path where they had been hidden by a tree two parsons approached. 'Ah, my good man,' said one, 'can you tell me where there are er, er, public facilities for men?' Old Molygruber, in a bad mood, said, 'Nay, there ain't none of them things here, you'll have to get off to one of them hotels and say you've got to do it in a hurry. You come from England where they have 'em in the streets. Well, we don't have 'em here, you'll have to go to a gas station or a hotel or the like.'

'How extraordinary, how extraordinary,' said one of the parsons to the other, 'some of these Canadians seem to be intensely averse to we of England.' They went on in some haste to get up to the hotel just a block further on.

Just then there were screams coming from the direction of the little lake in the center of the garden. Molygruber turned in a hurry to see what was the excitement. He walked down the path toward the pond and saw a small child of about three floating in the water; her head kept going under the water and bobbing up again. Around the side of the little pond a group of on-lookers stood idly, no one making the slightest attempt to go to the rescue and pull the child out.

Old Molygruber could move fast sometimes. He did now. He charged forward and knocked some old woman flat on her back and another one went reeling sideways. Molygruber jumped over the little stone wall and floundered through the shallow water. As he did so his foot slipped on some slime at the bottom of the pond and he went down head first, cutting his scalp rather badly, but—he got up, scooped up the child in his hands and held her upside-down as if to pour the water out of her. Having done that, he stepped gingerly along the slippery bottom and then climbed over the wall again on to dry land. A woman came rushing toward him yelling, 'Where's her hat? Where's her hat? It was a new

one I only just bought at the Bay, you'd better get it.'

Molygruber crossly thrust the child, so wet and dripping, in her mother's arms. The woman reeled back to think of her dress being spoiled by the water. Old Molygruber moved on back to his little shelter. For some time he stood there glumly with water leaking down his clothes and oozing into his shoes and overflowing out on to the floor. But then, he thought, he didn't have any clothes to change into: it would be all right though, the clothes would soon dry on him. Wearily he grabbed the handles of the barrow, moved out with it and locked the door after him.

He shivered because a cold wind had come blowing from the North, and everyone knows that a wind from the North is a cold wind indeed. Old Molygruber shivered and went to work a bit harder in an attempt to generate some warmth and so dry out his clothes.

Soon he began to perspire freely but his clothes didn't seem to be drying much. He was slopping and squelching along, and it seemed to be an absolute eternity until at last the time came for him to go back to the depot.

The other men were somewhat astonished at old Molygruber's silence. 'What's wrong with old Moly?' asked one. 'He looks as if he'd lost a dollar and found a cent, not like him to be so quiet, is it? Wonder what happened?'

His old car was hard to start and then just as he did start and was ready to drive off he found that one of his rear tires was flat, so with a very loud curse he stopped the engine, got out, and went through the laborious task of changing his wheel. With that done he got into his car again and once more experienced great difficulty in getting the thing started. By the time he got home to his lonely room he was sick of the whole thing, sick of saving people, sick of work, sick of loneliness, sick of everything. Quickly he peeled off his clothes, mopped himself dry with an old towel, and climbed into bed without bothering to have anything more to eat.

In the night he found that he was sweating profusely. The night seemed to be endless, he was having difficulty in breathing and his body seemed to be on fire. He lay there

in the darkness breathing harshly and wondering whatever could be wrong with him but thinking that in the morning he would go along to the drug store and get some cough tablets or something to ease the trouble in his chest.

Morning was long acoming, but at last the red rays of the sun shone in his small window to find him still awake with a red face and a burning temperature. He tried to get up but collapsed on the floor. How long he stayed there he did not know, but eventually he was awakened to movements. He opened his eyes and looked up and found two ambulance men just lifting him on to a stretcher. 'Double pneumonia, that's what you've got, old man,' said one of the ambulance men. 'We're taking you to the General. You'll be all right.' The other said, 'Any relatives? Who do you want us to get in touch with?'

Old Molygruber closed his eyes in weariness and lapsed into a troubled sleep. He did not know when he was carried out to the ambulance, he did not know when the ambulance drove in to the hospital Emergency entrance, nor when he was carried up to a ward and put into a bed.

## CHAPTER TWO

'Come on, now, come on, stick out your arm and no nonsense with you. Come on, get a move on!' The voice was commanding, shrill, and insistent. Leonides Manuel Molygruber stirred slightly and then came to a blurred awareness as his arm was roughly grasped and pulled from under the sheets. 'I don't know what you are putting up such a resistance for,' the voice said irritably, 'I've got to get some

blood out of you. Now come on, no nonsense.’ Old Molygruber opened his eyes a bit wider and peered around him. Above him on his left hand side a woman was standing scowling down at him. He turned his glance to a wire basket thing standing on the table by his bedside. The basket was something like the things milkmen carry around, he thought, but where the milkmen had bottles of milk stashed away, this basket had a lot of test tubes with cotton on the top of them. ‘Well, you’ve returned to us, eh? Well, come on with you, you’re wasting my time.’ With that the woman roughly pulled up his pajama sleeve and put something around his arm, it looked like a bit of black rubber to him. Then she tore open a little packet and took something out of that and vigorously scrubbed his skin. There was a sharp pain and he jumped, and the woman said, ‘Oh damn and blast it, why can’t you have your veins up properly? Now I’ve gone and stuck it right through.’ She pulled out the needle, tightened up the tourniquet around his arm and then took another jab.

Molygruber looked down bemusedly and saw a big tube—a glass test tube—attached to a needle going into his arm. As he watched, the tube filled up. Quickly, with the deftness of long practice, the woman detached that tube and put on another which also filled. Then, satisfied at last with the supply of blood, she yanked out the needle and slapped an elastoplast patch over the perforation. With a grunt she put the two tubes in her wire basket after carefully writing his name on them.

The woman moved on to another bed and her snarling, whining voice rasped the other patient's nerves. Molygruber looked about him and saw that he was in a room with five other patients. Then his sight blurred and his breath became difficult and for a time again he knew nothing.

The clattering noise disturbed him. There seemed to be the clatter of dishes and the rumble and squeak of a big trolley being pushed along. Slowly, painfully, he opened his eyes again and just outside the door of the ward—right opposite his bed—he saw a gleaming chromium contraption which seemed to be loaded with chromium-plated cabinets.

As he looked a nurse came from somewhere and started handing out little trays on which were food, each tray labeled with the name of a patient.

An orderly came over to him, looked down and said, 'Well, how do you feel now?'

Old Molygruber grunted in reply because he just felt too worn out to talk, and, as he vaguely thought to himself, surely any fool could see that he was feeling pretty sick. The orderly unhooked some things from the back of the bed and said, 'Just put your left arm out straight, I'm going to take your blood pressure.' He felt an increasing constriction around his upper arm, and then he saw the orderly with stethoscopes in his ears. In his right hand he had a rubber bulb which he was squeezing. Molygruber dozed off again and awakened once more as the pressure around his upper arm was released. 'Okay,' said the orderly, 'Dr. Phlebotum will be along soon. I believe he's just starting his rounds. See you!' The orderly moved about, going from patient to patient. 'Well, what's wrong with you, old fellow, what's wrong with your breakfast this morning, eh?' he asked one man: Molygruber saw that the man had a long pole thing beside him on which was suspended a bottle with tubes coming from it. He asked feebly, 'What's that guy's having done?' 'Oh, that's an I.V. drip,' said the orderly, 'he's having a saline solution put into him to buck up his ideas.'

The room faded again and Molygruber could hear his own rasping breath which seemed to be echoing in a vast distance. Once again he was disturbed. He felt a hand at his throat and then he realized that his pajama buttons were being unfastened. 'What's wrong with this fellow?' asked a male voice, and Molygruber opened his eyes and looked up. He saw what was obviously a doctor with his white coat on and above his left breast he had the words 'Dr. Phlebotum' written in embroidery stitches.

'Oh, doctor, this man was brought in and the paramedic said he had double pneumonia, so we are waiting for you to examine him.' The doctor scowled and said, 'Oh, so the paramedics are setting themselves up as diagnosticians now,

eh? I'll look into that!' He bent down and applied his stethoscope to Molygruber's chest, then letting the earpiece dangle, he tapped hard with a forefinger and quickly listened-in to the sound.

'I think he'll have to go for X-ray, his lungs seem to be pretty full of fluid. See to it, will you nurse?' The doctor bent down over what was obviously Molygruber's chart and then wrote something, and went on to the next patient. Molygruber dozed.

There was the sound of voices and Molygruber opened his eyes again and looked up. There was a nurse and an orderly bringing a wheeled stretcher to the side of his bed. Somewhat roughly he was pushed to one side of the bed and the edge of the stretcher was slid under him. Then with a quick flip—'like a man landing a big fish,' he thought—he was eased on to the stretcher and the orderly quickly shoved a sheet over him, and they went trundling away down a long corridor. 'What happened to you, old fellow?' asked the orderly.

'Oh, I dunno,' said Molygruber, 'I went into cold water yesterday and didn't get a chance to dry off after, so then I got too hot and then I got too cold, and I fell down or something because when I woke up I found I was in that ward. Gee, I do get a pain in my chest, isn't anyone going to do anything for me?'

The orderly whistled through his teeth and then said, 'Oh yes, for sure, we're going to do something for you all right and you'd better believe it, we're taking you to X-ray now, aren't we? What do you think we're doing it for if we're not going to help you, eh?'

There was a clatter and a bump and the stretcher came to rest against a wall. 'There you are,' said the orderly backing off, 'they'll come and wheel you in when they're ready for you, it's been a busy day already. Looks to be one of those rush-rush-rush days, dunno what I stay in this racket for.' With that he turned and hurried off down the corridor with the glass sides. Old Molygruber just lay there for what seemed hours. All the time it was getting more and more painful to breathe. At last a door opened violently and a

nurse came out pushing another stretcher. 'It's back to the ward for you,' she said to the woman on the stretcher, 'I'll leave you here and someone will collect you when they've got time.' With that she took the stretcher past old Molygruber and turned to him saying, 'Well, you're the next, I suppose, what's wrong with you?'

'Can't breathe, that's what wrong with me,' said Molygruber. The woman grabbed the stretcher and with what seemed to be unnecessary force swiveled it around, through the doorway, and into a dark, dark room. There was barely enough light to see your hand in front of your face, but Molygruber peering about could see that there were strange metal tubes and chromium pieces and wires going everywhere, and at one side of the room there was what seemed to be a cashier's desk in a cinema. The woman pushed him up against what appeared to be a table but instead of being a straight table it was curved a bit.

'What's wrong with this one?' asked a voice, and a young girl came out from behind the glass cabinet thing.

'I've got his chart here. Suspect double pneumonia. Chest X-ray, back and front'. Together the young girl and the nurse grabbed old Molygruber, pushed the stretcher tighter against the table, and with a sliding swoosh he was pushed straight on to that chromium-plated table with the curving surface.

'Ever been X-rayed before ?' asked the young girl.

'No, never, dunno anything about it,' said Molygruber.

'Okay, we'll soon get you fixed,' said the girl. 'There you are, lie on your back, just do what you're told, that's all we want.' She fiddled about altering the height of a big box which seemed to be suspended on chromium tubes. She pressed buttons and there was a little light, and on to his chest she projected what seemed to be an 'X'. Then being satisfied with her adjustments she said, 'Don't move now, you stay there and when I say "breathe" you breathe deeply and hold it. Understand?'

'Yes, I understand, you tell me when to hold it, then,' said Molygruber.

The young girl turned and went away behind the cashier's

desk thing. After a moment or two she yelled out, 'All right, hold it, hold it,' and there came a sort of hissing. Then the young girl said, 'Ookay, breathe.' She came out to the side of the table and she seemed to be opening drawers or something. Molygruber could just see that she had a big metal box in her hands, bigger than his chest. She fiddled about with the metal box and then she took another one and she slipped it under the table on which he lay. She said, 'Now, we've got to turn you over on your face.' She grabbed him and turned him over, jiggling him about so that he was exactly in the right position. Once again there came the fiddling around with that black box, once again there came the little light which projected the 'X' on him. Then, satisfied with that, she walked away to the glass cubicle place and once again came the command to—'Hold your breath. Okay, let it out.' It went on for some time. Molygruber lost count of the number of X-rays that were taken, but at last the woman came back to him and said, 'Okay, I'll just push you outside and you'll have to stay there until we see if these films have come out all right. If not we'll fetch you in again. If they have you'll be pushed back to your ward.' With that she opened the door and just pushed the stretcher out. Molygruber thought it was very much like locomotives shunting trucks, and in this hospital they seemed to have no more compunction or compassion for the patients, everything seemed to be 'slap-bang, slap-bang.'

After what seemed to be a long, long time a small girl—she looked to be about fourteen years of age—came along shuffling her feet and sniffing away as if she had a terrible head cold. Without a word to Molygruber she grabbed the end of his stretcher and pushed. The stretcher moved and with the sniffing girl as his mode of propulsion Molygruber traversed the corridor again, and eventually reached the ward whence he originally came. The girl gave the stretcher a final push and said, 'There y'are—he's all yours.' She walked off.

The stretcher rolled along a bit and ended with a bump against the far wall. No one took any notice, but eventually the orderly came and pushed the stretcher to old Moly-

gruber's bedside, saying, 'Okay, it's all over. The doctor will be along again in about an hour. Hope you last all right 'til then.'

Molygruber was slid along on the stretcher until once again he was in his own bed. The orderly pulled the sheet up to his chin and in a leisurely manner pulled the stretcher out of the ward.

An orderly came rushing in and skidded to a stop by old Molygruber's bed: 'You pull the kid out of the water yesterday?' he asked, in what was meant to be a whisper but which sounded all around the ward.

'Yes, guess I did,' said Molygruber.

'Well, the mother is here, she demanded to see you, but we said you couldn't see her, you were too ill. She's a troublemaker' At that moment heavy footsteps were heard and a woman come into the ward with a policeman. 'You—him there,' said the woman angrily, 'he stole my little girl's hat yesterday.' The policeman moved forward and looked sternly at Molygruber saying, 'This lady tells me that you snatched her child's hat yesterday and threw it in the water.'

'Oh, what a lie!' said the old man. 'I pulled the child out of the water and everyone else was just hanging around watching her drown. The mother did nothing at all to help her. I didn't see any hat, what do you think I done with it, eat it?'

The policeman looked around and then turned back to the old man. 'You saved the child from the water? You were the fellow I've been hearing about?'

'Yes, guess so,' was the reply.

'Well, you didn't tell me about this,' said the policeman turning to the woman, 'you didn't tell me he'd pulled your kid out of the water. What sort of a mother are you to stand by and then make such accusations against the man who saved her?' The woman stood there turning red and white with anger, then she said, 'Well, someone must have got the hat, the child hasn't got it and I haven't got it so therefore he must have had it'

The policeman thought for a moment and then said, 'I

want to go to the nurses' station, I want to phone the Superintendent.' With that he turned and went out to the nurses' station by the elevator bank. Soon after he could be heard talking, saying a lot of 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir' and 'okay, I'll do that, sir.' Then he returned to the ward and said to the woman, 'I'm told that if you persist in this nonsense I am to charge you with effecting a public mischief, so you'd better cancel your charge or you're going to come along with me, and the superintendent is feeling mighty cross with you, I can tell you.' Without a word the woman turned and stalked out of the ward, followed a moment after by the policeman.

Old Molygruber looked absolutely sickened by all the commotion, his breath rasped even more in his throat and the orderly came to him, looked down at him, and then pressed the emergency button at the head of the bed. Soon the chief nursing sister of the floor came in to look at old Molygruber, then she hurried out. Then she could be heard telephoning to the doctor on duty.

Old Molygruber dozed off, having various vivid dreams from which he was disturbed by someone unbuttoning his pajama jacket. 'Pull over the curtains, nurse, I want to have a look at his chest,' said a male voice. The old man looked up and saw a different doctor who, seeing that the patient was awake, said, 'You've got fluid on your lungs, fluid in your pleura. We're going to tap it to get some of the water off.' Another doctor came in, this time a woman, and a nurse wheeled a tray on wheels up to the bed. The doctor said, 'Now, can you sit up, we've got to get at your ribs.' The old man tried but—no, he was too weak. So they fixed him up by having a blanket beneath his feet and what looked like a rolled sheet going under him and tied to the head of the bed, so he was in a sitting position and not able to slip down.

The woman doctor got busy with a hypodermic and kept injecting something around the left hand side of Molygruber. She waited a few moments and then pricked him with a needle. 'No, he doesn't feel it, it's all ready,' she said as she stepped back.

A nurse was busy with a large glass jar which had a nozzle at the top and a nozzle at the bottom. She carefully fixed rubber tubing to the top and the bottom and put spring clips on them. Then as she held the thing up to the light Molygruber saw that it was full with water. When she was satisfied she hung the bottle to the side of the bed, just below the bottom of the mattress. Then she stood by with the end of the tube in her hands; the far end of the tube coming from the bottom of the bottle went to a bucket.

The doctor was busy fiddling with something, he had his back to old Molygruber, and then satisfied with the results of what he had been doing he turned around and the old man nearly fainted with shock when he saw the immense needle or tube which the doctor was handling. 'I am going to put this trochar in between your ribs, and I am going to tap off the fluid in the pleura, then when we've done that we shall give you artificial pneumothorax. That will collapse your left lung, but we've got to get the fluid off first. It won't hurt—much,' he said. With that he approached Molygruber and slowly pushed the steel tube between his ribs. The sensation was awful. The old man felt as if his ribs were caving in, he felt that with every thrust his heart was going up into his mouth. The first place was unsuccessful, so the doctor tried another, and another, until in the end, in a thoroughly bad mood at his failure, he gave a quick jab and a yellow fluid gushed out and on to the floor. 'Quick that tube.' And then he pushed the tube on to the end of the steel needle. 'This trochar seems to be quite blunt,' he remarked as he went on feeling around Molygruber's chest.

The nurse knelt beside the bed and soon after Molygruber could hear water running. The woman doctor, seeing his astonishment, said, 'Oh yes, we use this trochar in between your ribs and we insert it into a pocket of fluid in the pleura, and then when we have struck fluid we release the two clips on that bottle you saw and the weight of the water—distilled sterile water—running out draws the fluid out of your lungs by suction. We'll have you better in no time,' she said with an assurance that she by no means felt.

The old man was getting paler and paler, although goodness knows, he had little enough color before. The doctor said, 'Here nurse, you hold this.' Then he turned away to the table again and there was the clink of metal and glass, after which he came back to the patient and with one quick movement shoved the needle in what Molygruber was sure was his heart. He thought he was going to die on the spot. For a moment he experienced intense shock, and then a feeling of heat and a tingling, and he could feel his heart beating more strongly. A little color came back to his pinched cheeks. 'Well, that made you feel better, eh?' asked the doctor, jovial again.

'Do you think we should give him an I.V.?' said the woman doctor.

'Yes, perhaps we should. Get me the things, nurse, we'll do it now,' said the male doctor as he fiddled about with various tubes.

The nurse bustled away and returned pushing what looked to be a long pole with a crook at the end. The other end had wheels on it. She wheeled it up to Molygruber's right side and then bent and lifted a bottle on to the hook at the top of the rod. She connected some rubber tubing and gave the end to the doctor who carefully inserted another needle in Molygruber's right arm. The nurse released the spring clip and Molygruber had the peculiar sensation of something running from the tube into his veins. 'There,' said the doctor, 'we'll have you better in no time. Just keep quiet.' The old man nodded his head, and then slipped off into another doze. The doctor looked down at him and said, 'He doesn't look too good to me, we shall have to watch him.' With that the two doctors moved out of the ward leaving a nurse to do the rest of the work.

Much later, when the day began to come to a close, a nurse woke up the old man and said, 'There, there, you're looking a lot better now, it's time you had a little something to eat, isn't it?'

The old man nodded dumbly. He did not feel like food but the nurse insisted. She put a tray on the table beside his bed and said, 'Come on, I'm going to feed you, no nonsense

now, we've worked too hard on you to lose you now.' And with that she began to spoon food into Molygruber's mouth, hardly giving the poor fellow time to swallow before she started in with another lot.

At that moment the policeman entered the ward and pushed his way through the curtains to Molygruber's bed. 'I'm keeping the press off you,' he said. 'Those hyenas have been here trying to storm the hospital. They want headlines about "Street Cleaner Saved Child" and we've told them you are too ill to be seen. Do you want to see them?'

The old man nodded as emphatically as he could, and then mumbled, 'No, bad cess to them, can't they let a fellow die in peace?'

The policeman looked at him laughing, and said, 'Oh, you've got plenty of life left in you yet, old fellow, you'll soon be out with that barrow of yours again sweeping up after all these people. But we'll keep the press away from you. We've threatened we'll take action against them if they come here as you are so ill.' He turned and went out of the ward, and the nurse continued with her feeding until the old man thought the food would be coming out of his ears. About an hour later the doctor came back, looked at him, and then bent down to examine the bottle beneath the bed. 'Ah!' he said, 'we seem to have got it all out from that pocket. Now we're going to pump in a little air and that will collapse the lung. You see, we put air in to the pleura and that pushes the lung inwards so you can't breathe with this one, it's got to be rested a bit. I'm going to give you oxygen as well.' He put his head out through the curtains and said, 'You fellows will all have to stop smoking, you can't smoke in here while we've got an oxygen tent going.' There was a lot of angry talk from the other patients. One said, 'Why should we have to give up our pleasure just for him? What's he done for us?' Deliberately the man lit a fresh cigarette.

The doctor went out to the nurses' station and telephoned somewhere. Soon an orderly arrived and old Molygruber in his bed and with the I.V. attachment still in place was

slowly pushed out of the ward and into a private room. 'There,' said the doctor, 'now we can give you oxygen without any of those so-and-so's trying to cause a fire. You'll be all right.'

Soon the oxygen tent was put in place, and a tube was connected to the oxygen outlet in the wall of the room. Soon Molygruber felt the benefits of the oxygen, his breathing improved and he generally felt a lot better. 'We'll keep you on this all night,' said the doctor, 'and tomorrow you should be a lot better.' With that he left the room.

Once again the old man slept, this time more comfortably. But later in the evening another doctor came in, examined him carefully, and then said, 'I'm going to pull this trochar out now, we've properly dried out this particular spot. We'll have you X-rayed again in about an hour's time, and then we can decide what to do next.' He turned and went out, but then came back saying, 'Don't you have any relatives? Who do you want us to get in touch with?'

Molygruber said, 'No, don't have anybody at all in the world. I'm on my own, but I hope my old barrow will be all right.'

The doctor laughed and said, 'Oh yes, your barrow is all right. City Cleaning have taken it back to what they call the depot. Your barrow is being looked after, now we've got to look after you. Have a sleep.' Before he reached the door Molygruber was asleep, dreaming of irate mothers demanding new hats for their children, dreaming of feral press reporters swarming over his bed. He opened his eyes in some astonishment and found a night orderly was disconnecting him from the I.V. apparatus and getting ready to take him down to X-ray again.

'May I come in? I am a priest.' The voice was melancholy in the extreme. Old Molygruber opened his eyes and gazed with some confusion at the figure standing before him; a very tall, exceptionally thin man dressed all in black except for his clerical collar above which his very prominent adam's apple bobbed up and down as if trying to escape from such a scrawny throat. The face was pallid with sunken cheeks and a most prominent red nose. The priest looked down at

Molygruber and then sat on a chair beside the bed. 'I am a priest and I am studying psychology here so that I may minister to the sick in the hospital. I was trained in the Maritimes.' Molygruber frowned and, indeed, scowled, and then he said, 'Oh, I was trained in Calgary—on the city rubbish dump.'

The priest looked at him and said most earnestly, 'I am distressed beyond all measure to note that on your admittance form it was stated that you were of no known religion. Now I have come to bring God to you.'

The old man scowled more and more, and said, 'God? Why do I want to hear your pratings about God? What's God ever done for me? I was born an orphan,' he said with a remarkable disinclination to sort out what could be and what could not be. 'My mother had nothing to do with me and I didn't know who my father was, it could have been one of a hundred men I suppose. I was on my own for as long as I can remember. In the early days I was taught to pray and I prayed. Nothing ever came of it until in the end I got a job shifting garbage at the city dump.'

The priest looked down his nose and twiddled his fingers, and eventually he said, 'You are in a very perilous position with this illness which you have. Are you prepared to meet your Maker?'

Molygruber looked straight at the man and replied, 'How do I know who's my maker, it could have been any one of a hundred men, as I told you. You don't think God came down and fashioned me out of dough, do you?'

The priest looked shocked and scandalized and even more melancholy as he replied, 'You are scorning God, my brother. No good will come of this, you are scorning God. You should be prepared to meet your Maker, to meet your God, for in a short time maybe you will have to go to face God and His Judgment. Are you prepared?'

Molygruber replied truculently, 'Do you really believe all that jive about another life?'

'Of course I do, of course I do,' said the priest. 'It's written in the Bible and everyone knows that you believe what's in the Bible.'

The old man replied, 'Well, I don't. I read quite a bit when I was young, in fact I used to go to Bible Class and then I found what a phony the whole affair was. When you're dead you're dead, that's what I say. You die and you get stuck in the ground somewhere, and if you've got any folks, which I ain't, then they comes along and they puts flowers in a jam pot and shove it on top of you. No, you'll never convince me there's another life after this. I wouldn't want one, anyhow!'

The priest rose to his feet in his agitation and paced backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards across the room until Molygruber was almost dizzy with this black form like the Angel of Death fluttering before his eyes.

'I once looked through the pages of a book by a guy wot lives near where I've been working, fellow called Rampa. He wrote a lot of crap too about living after you're dead. Well, everybody knows it's all rubbish. When you're dead you're dead, and the longer you stay dead the worse you stink. I've picked up a few stiffes in my time, drunks and the like, and after a time—phew!—you can't get near 'em.'

The priest sat down again and solemnly wagged a fore-finger at old Molygruber, and then he said with some anger, 'You will suffer for this, my man, you will suffer for this, you are taking God's name in vain, you are mocking the Holy Book. You can be sure that God will wreak His wrath upon you!'

Molygruber ruminated a moment and then he said, 'How come you guys talk about a good God, a Father God who loves all His children, shows 'em mercy, compassion, and all the rest of the stuff, and then in the next breath you say God will wreak His vengeance. How come, how can you explain that? And another thing you've got to answer mister; your book says unless you embrace God you go to hell. Well, I don't believe in hell either, but if you are only saved if you embrace God, what about all the folks on Earth before your particular form of God? What d'you make of that, eh?'

The priest stood up again, his voice shaking with anger, his face turning red with his emotion. He shook his fist at Molygruber and said, 'Look here, my man, I am not accustomed to being spoken to by people like you. Unless you embrace the teachings of God you will be struck down dead.' He moved forward and Molygruber thought the man was going to strike him. So with a supreme effort he sat up in bed. There was a sudden terrible pain across his chest, as if his ribs were being crushed. His face turned blue and he fell back with a gasping sob and his eyes stayed half closed.

The priest turned pale, and rushed to the door. 'Quick, quick,' he squeaked, 'come quickly, come quickly, the man has died as I was speaking to him. I told him the wrath of God would strike down his Godlessness.' And with that he continued his run and dashed straight into an open elevator. Blindly he stabbed out and managed to hit the 'Down' button.

A nurse put her head around the corner and said, 'What's the matter with that old creep? He's enough to give anybody a heart attack. Who was he talking to, anyway?' The orderly came around the corner from another ward and said, 'Dunno, Molygruber I suppose. Better go and see if he's all right.' Together they went in to the private room. There they found Molygruber still clutching his chest. His eyes were half open, his mouth was sagging down. The nurse moved to the emergency button and pressed it with a special code. Soon the intercom in the hospital was broadcasting for Dr. So-and-So to come in emergency to that particular floor.

'I suppose we'd better tidy him up a bit,' said the nurse, 'or the doctor will be commoting around us. Ah, here is the doctor.' The doctor came into the little room and said, 'Dear, dear, whatever has happened to this man? Look at the expression on his face. I really expected that within a few days we would have him out again. Oh well.' He moved forward and fished out his stethoscope, putting the ear-pieces in his ears. Then he unbuttoned Molygruber's pajamas and put the bell piece to the old man's chest and

listened. His right hand reached out and felt for Molygruber's non-existent pulse. 'Life is extinct, nurse, life is extinct. I will come out and do the death certificate, but in the meantime have him taken down to the mortuary. We must have this bed ready, we have such a shortage, such a backlog of patients.' With that he took the stethoscope out of his ears and let it dangle from his neck down. He turned, made a note on Molygruber's chart, and then left.

Together the nurse and the orderly took the bedclothes off Molygruber, pulled up his pajama trousers and tied them, and buttoned his pajama jacket across his chest. The nurse said, 'You get the stretcher.' The orderly went out and soon came back with the stretcher on which Molygruber had traveled from the wards to the X-ray. Together the nurse and the orderly lifted the sheets on the stretcher to reveal beneath the stretcher proper another shelf. On this they pushed Molygruber's body and strapped him in—because it was not considered good to have dead bodies dropping on the floor—and then they let the sheets fall over the sides of the stretcher concealing the body completely.

The orderly chuckled and said, 'Wouldn't some of the visitors here throw a fit if they knew that this apparently empty stretcher had got a dead body on it?' With that he pushed the stretcher out of the room and went whistling down the corridor to the elevators. He pushed 'Basement' and stood with his back to the stretcher as the elevator stopped at all floors and people got on and got off. Eventually on the ground floor no one else got on, so they went down to the basement where he pulled the stretcher out. Turning it around he went right down another corridor and rapped on a door which was quickly opened. 'Here's another one for you,' said the orderly, 'just died up there. We brought him right down, don't think there'll be an autopsy. You'd better get doing him up properly.'

'Relatives?' asked the mortuary attendant.

'Don't have none,' said the orderly. 'May have to be a Potters Field job, or as he's a city street cleaner maybe the City will pay to get him buried. Doubt it, though, they're a pretty cheap skatish lot.' With that he helped the mortuary

attendant move the body from the stretcher and on to a mortuary table. Snatching up the sheet which had covered the body, the orderly turned and went out whistling on his way.

## CHAPTER THREE

But what happened to Leonides Manuel Molygruber? Did he go out like a light which has suddenly been switched off? Did he expire like a blown out match? No! Not at all. Molygruber lying in his hospital bed feeling sick enough to die, was thoroughly upset by that priest. He thought how unpriestlike it was for the man to turn redder and redder in the face, and from his position lying in the bed it was very clear that the priest intended to jump at him and choke him, so Molygruber sat up suddenly in an attempt to protect himself while perhaps he could scream for help.

He sat up suddenly with a supreme effort and drew the biggest breath that he could under the circumstances.

Immediately he felt a terrible rasping, wracking pain across his chest. His heart raced like the engine of a car, the gas pedal of which has been pushed hard to the floor while the car was standing in neutral. His heart raced—and stopped.

The old man felt instant panic. What was to happen to him? What was the end? Now, he thought, I am going to be snuffed out like the candle I used to snuff out as a boy at home, in the only home he had known as an orphan. The panic was terrible, he felt every nerve was on fire, he felt as if someone was trying to turn him inside out just like he imagined a rabbit must feel—if a dead rabbit could feel—

when its skin is being pulled off preparatory to putting the rabbit's body in a pot for cooking.

Suddenly there was the most violent earthquake, or such is what he thought it was, and old Molygruber found everything swirling. The world seemed to be composed of dots like blinding dust, like a cyclone whirling around and round. Then it felt as if someone had grabbed him and put him through a wringer or through a sausage machine. He felt just too terrible for words.

Everything grew dark. The walls of the room, or 'something', seemed to close in around him. He felt as if he were enclosed in a clammy slimy rubber tube and he was trying to wriggle his way out to safety.

Everything grew darker, blacker. He seemed to be in a long, long tube, a tube of utter blackness. But then far away in the distance in what undoubtedly was the end of the tube he saw a light, or was it a light? It was something red, something changing to bright orange like the fluorescent lifejacket he wore when street cleaning. Frantically, fighting every inch of the way, he struggled along forcing his way up the tube. He stopped for a moment to draw breath and found that he was not breathing. He listened and listened, then he couldn't hear his heart beating but there was a queer noise going on outside like the rushing of a mighty wind. Then while he remained without movement of his own volition, he seemed to be pushed up the tube and gradually he reached the top. For a time he was just stuck there, held in the end of the tube, and then there was a violent 'pop' and he was flung out of the tube like a pea out of a pea-shooter. He spun around sideways and end over end, and there was nothing, no red light, no orange light either. There was not even any blackness. There was—NOTHING!

Thoroughly frightened and feeling in a most peculiar condition he reached out with his arms, but nothing moved. It was just as if he had no arms. Panic set in once again, so he tried to kick out, kick out hard with his legs, trying to touch something. But again there was nothing, nothing at all. He could not feel any legs. He made a supreme effort to have his hands touch a part of his body but so far as he could

tell he hadn't any hands, he hadn't any arms, and he couldn't sense his body. He just 'was' and that is all. A fragment of something he had heard long before came back into his consciousness. It was something referring to a disembodied spirit, a ghost without form, without shape, without being, but existing somehow, somewhere. He seemed to be in violent motion, but at the same time he seemed not to be moving at all. He felt strange pressures, then of a sudden he felt that he was in tar, hot tar.

Long ago, almost beyond the edge of his memory, he had as a small boy been hanging around while some men had been tarring a road. One of the men, perhaps not having very good sight or perhaps in a spirit of mischief, had tipped a barrow of tar from the open top of the barrel and it had fallen all over the small boy. He had been stuck, hardly able to move, and that was how it felt to him now. He felt hot, then he felt cold with fright, then he felt hot again, and all the time there was the sense of motion which wasn't motion at all because he was still, he was still with—he thought—the stillness of death.

Time went on, or did it? He did not know, all he knew was that he was there in the center of nothingness. There was nothing around him, there was nothing to his body, no arms, no legs, and he supposed he must have a body otherwise how could he exist at all? But without hands he could not feel the body. He strained his eyes, peering, peering, peering, but there was nothing to see. It was not even dark, it was not darkness at all, it was nothingness. Again a fragment of thought came into his mind referring in some way to the deepest recesses of the seas of space where nothing is. He idly wondered where he had got that from, but no more thoughts on it came to him.

He existed alone in nothingness. There was nothing to see, nothing to hear, nothing to smell, nothing to touch, and even had there been something to touch it would not have helped him because he had nothing with which to touch.

Time wore on, or did it? He had no idea how long he stayed there. Time had no meaning. Nothing had meaning

any more. He was just 'there', wherever 'there' was. He seemed to be a mote suspended in nothingness like a fly caught on a spider's web, but yet not like a fly for a fly is held by the spider's web. Old Molygruber was caught on nothingness which reduced him to a state of nothingness. His mind, or whatever was in place of a mind, reeled. He would have felt faint, he thought, but there was nothing there with which to feel faint.

He just 'was' a something or possibly even a nothing surrounded by nothingness. His mind, or his consciousness, or whatever it was that now remained to him, ticked over, tried to formulate thoughts, tried to originate something in place of the awful nothingness which was there. He had the thought coming to him, 'I am nothing but a nothing existing in nothingness.'

A sudden thought occurred to him like a match shining in a moonless night; some time ago he had been asked to do a little extra job for pay, a man had wanted his garage cleaned out. Old Molygruber had gone there, fished around and found a wheelbarrow and a few garden tools, and then he opened the garage door as the man had given him the key the day before. He opened the garage door and inside there was the weirdest conglomeration of rubbish old Molygruber had ever seen—a broken sofa with the springs coming out, a chair with two legs broken and moths fluttering out of the upholstery. Hung on a wall was the frame and front wheel of a bicycle. Stacked around were a number of tires, snow tires and worn out tires. Then there were tools rusted out and useless. There was garbage which only very thrifty people can ever accumulate—a kerosene lamp with a cracked shade, and a Venetian blind, and then in the far corner one of those stuffed forms on a wooden stand which women used to use for making dresses. He pulled it all out and carted it down to a bit of waste land, and piled it ready for a garbage collection the next day. Then he went back to the garage.

An old bath fixed in tightly beneath a tattered kitchen table lit his curiosity so he pulled at it but could not move it. Then he decided he would pull the table off the top first;

he pulled and the center drawer fell out. It contained a few coins. Well, old Molygruber thought, it's a pity to throw them away, they could buy a hot dog or two, so he put them away in his pocket for safekeeping. A bit further back in the drawer he found an envelope with some assorted paper money of different countries. Yes, he thought, I can raise a bit on these, a money changer will soon deal with that for me. But back again to the bath. He lifted off the table and pushed it outside the garage doors, then he found a whole load of rotten awnings on top of the bath, and then a broken deck chair came to life. He pulled them all out, threw them all out of the door, and then he could pull the bath into the center of the garage.

That old galvanized bath contained loads of books, weird books some of them were too. But Molygruber dug down until he got all the books out and piled on the floor. Then he found some paperbacks which excited something in his mind—Rampa, books by Rampa. Idly he flicked over a page or two. ‘Ah,’ he said to himself, ‘this fellow must be a load of dromedary's droppings, he believes that life goes on and on for ever. Pah!’ He dropped the books on the pile and then fished out some more books. This fellow Rampa seemed to have written an awful lot of books. Molygruber counted them and was so astonished at the number that he started all over again and recounted. Some of the books had been ruined because obviously a bottle of ink had upset and trickled over a lot of books. There was one book with a beautiful leather binding. Molygruber sighed as he picked it up, ink had soaked right into the binding, marring the leather. What a pity, he thought, he could have got a few bucks for that book just on the worth of the binding alone. But—no point in crying over spilt milk—the book was tossed out to join the others.

Right at the bottom of the bath there was another book resting in solitary splendor, saved from dirt, saved from dust, saved from paint and ink by being in a thick plastic wallet. Molygruber bent down and picked it up, pulling it out of the plastic wallet. ‘You-Forever’ he read. He flipped over the pages, saw there were some illustrations inside.

On some sudden impulse he slipped the book into an inside pocket before going on with his work.

Now in his peculiar state of being in nothingness he recalled some of the things in the book. When he had got home that night he had had a can of beer and a big lump of cheese which he had bought from the supermarket. Then he had put his feet up and read here and there from the book 'You-Forever.' Some of the things seemed so fantastic to him that eventually he had just flung it away into a corner of the room. Now, though, he bitterly regretted not reading more because he thought that had he done so he would have had a key to his present dilemma.

Round and round his thoughts swirled like dust motes in a vagrant breeze. What had the book said? What did the author mean when he wrote this or when he wrote that? Wonder what had happened? Molygruber recalled sourly how he had always opposed the thought of life after death.

One of the Rampa books, or was it a letter which he picked up in the garbage, suddenly came to his mind. 'Unless you believe in a thing it cannot exist.' And another, 'If a man from another planet came to this Earth, and if that man was so utterly strange to humans, it is even possible they would not be able to see him because their minds would not be able to believe or accept something which was so far out from their own points of reference.'

Molygruber thought and thought, and then he thought to himself, 'Well, I'm dead, but I'm somewhere, therefore I must exist so there must be something in this life after death business. I wish I knew what it was.' As he thought that the stickiness or the tarriness or the nothingness—the sensations were so peculiar that he could not even think what they could be, but as he thought of the possibility that he might have been wrong then he was sure that there was something near him, something that he could not see, something that he could not touch. But, he wondered, is it because he could now possibly accept that there was life after death?

Then again he had heard some strange things, the fellows up at the depot had been talking one day about some guy in a Toronto hospital: The guy was supposed to have died

and got out of his body. Molygruber could not recollect exactly what it was, but it seemed to him, as far as he could remember, that a man had been very ill and had died, and had got out of his body and seen some astonishing things in another world. Then, to his rage, doctors had revived his dying or dead body and he had come back and told some newspaper reporter all about it. Molygruber suddenly felt elated, he could almost see forms about him.

Suddenly poor Molygruber sat up violently and reached out his hand to stop that confounded alarm clock. The bell was clanging as it had never clanged before—but then he remembered he was not asleep; he remembered that he could not feel his arms or his hands or his legs either, for that matter, and all about him was nothingness, nothing at all except the insistent reverberating clanging which might have been a bell but wasn't. He didn't know what it was. While he was still pondering the problem he felt himself move, move at terrific speed, incredible speed, but then again it wasn't speed at all. He was not educated enough to know about different dimensions, third dimension, fourth dimension and so on, but what was happening was that he was being moved in accordance with ancient occult laws. So he moved. We will call it moved because really it is very difficult to portray fourth dimensional things in three dimensional terms of reference, so let us say 'he moved.'

Molygruber sped along faster and faster it seemed to him, and then there was 'something' and he looked about him and saw shadowy forms, he saw things as though through smoked glass. A little time before there had been an eclipse of the sun and one of his fellow workers had handed him a piece of smoked glass and said, 'Look through that, Moly, and you'll see what's happening around the sun, but don't drop it.' As he looked the smoke gradually disappeared from the glass and he looked down into a strange room, looked with horror and increasing fright.

Before him was a large room which had many different tables, they seemed to be like hospital tables with all sorts of adjustments to them, and each table was occupied by a corpse, a naked corpse, male and female, all with the bluish

tinge of death. He looked and felt sicker and sicker, horrible things were happening to those corpses, tubes were being stuck in at various points and there was the ugly gurgle of fluid. There was also the rattle and chug of pumps. He looked more closely in terrified fascination and saw that some of the bodies were having blood pumped out, others were having some sort of fluid pumped in, and as the fluid went in the body turned from its horrid bluish tinge and became exaggeratedly healthy in color.

Remorselessly Molygruber was moved on. He passed an annex or cubicle in which a young woman was sitting beside one of the tables making up the face of the female corpse. Molygruber was quite fascinated. He saw how the hair was waved, the eyebrows penciled, and the cheeks rouged, and then the lips were given a rather too vivid red.

He moved on and shuddered as he saw another body which apparently had just come in. On the eyes which were closed there were peculiar cone-shaped metal pieces which he surmised correctly were to hold the eyelids down. And then he saw a vicious-looking needle being pushed through the bottom gum and up through the top gum. He felt decidedly sick as the man who was doing the work suddenly thrust an instrument into the corpse's left nostril and seized the point of the needle jabbing it straight through the septum, after which the thread was pulled tight to hold the jaws together and to keep the mouth shut. He felt definitely queasy, and if he could have he would have been thoroughly sick.

He moved on and then with great shock he saw a body which, with difficulty, he recognized as his own. He saw the body lying there naked on a table, scrawny, emaciated, and definitely in poor condition. He looked with disapproval at his bowed legs and knobbly knuckles. Near him was a coffin or casket, or, more accurately, just a shell.

The force moved him on, and he went through a short corridor and moved into the room. He was moving without any volition of his own. In the room he was stopped. He recognized four of his fellow workers. They were sitting down talking to a well-dressed smooth young man who had

in his mind thoughts all the time of how much money he could get out of this.

‘Molygruber was working for the City,’ said one of his former colleagues, ‘he doesn't have much money; he has a car but that isn't worth more than a hundred dollars. It's a beat up old clunker, I suppose it served him well enough, but that's all he's got. That car which would fetch about a hundred dollars, and he's got a very ancient black and white TV, now that might fetch from twenty to thirty dollars. Apart from that all his other effects—well, I don't suppose they'd fetch ten dollars which doesn't leave much room for paying for a funeral, does it?’

The smooth well-dressed young man pursed his lips and stroked his face, and then he said, ‘Well, I should have thought you would raise a collection for one of your colleagues who died under such peculiar circumstances. We know that he saved a child from drowning, and for that he gave his life. Surely someone, even the City, would pay for a proper funeral?’ His colleagues looked at each other, shook their heads and fiddled with their fingers, and then one said, ‘Well, I dunno, the City doesn't want to pay for his funeral and set a precedent. We've been told that if anything is paid by the City this alderman and that alderman will rise up on their hind legs and bray out a lot of complaints. No, I don't think the City will help at all.’

The young man was looking impatient and trying to conceal it. After all, he was a businessman, he was used to death, dead bodies, coffins, etc., and he had to get money in order to keep going. Then he said, ostensibly as an afterthought, ‘But wouldn't his Union do anything for him?’

The four former colleagues almost simultaneously shook their heads in negation. ‘No,’ said one, ‘we've approached them but no one wants to pay out. Old Molygruber was just an ordinary sidewalk sweeper and there is no great publicity if people give to his funeral.’

The young man rose to his feet and moved to a side room. He called to the men saying, ‘If you come in here I can show you different caskets, but the cheapest we could do an interment would be two hundred and fifty dollars and that would

be the very cheapest, just the cheapest wooden shell and the hearse to take it to the burial ground. Could you raise two hundred and fifty dollars?’

The men looked thoroughly embarrassed, and then one said, ‘Well, yes, I guess we could, we could raise two hundred and fifty dollars but we can't give it to you now.’

‘Oh no, I am not expecting you to pay now,’ said the young man, ‘provided you sign this Form guaranteeing payment. Otherwise, you see, we might be left bearing the expense and that, after all, is not our responsibility.’

The four colleagues looked at each other rather expressively, and then one said, ‘Well, okay, I guess we can spring up to three hundred dollars but we can't go to a cent more. I'll sign the Form for up to that.’

The young man produced a pen and handed it to one of them, and he hastily signed his name and put his address. The other three men followed suit.

The young man smiled at them now he had the Guarantee Form, and he said, ‘We have to be sure of these things, you know, because this person, Mr. Molygruber, is occupying space which we badly need because we have a very thriving business and we want him removed as quickly as possible, otherwise charges will be incurred.’

The men nodded to him, and one said, ‘See ya,’ and with that they moved out to the car which had brought them. As they drove away they were very subdued, very quiet and very thoughtful, then one said, ‘Guess we shall have to get the money together pretty quick, don't want to think of old Mol stuck in that place.’ Another said, ‘Just think, poor old devil, he's worked for years sweeping the sidewalks, keeping his barrow in better condition than any of the others, and now he's dead after saving a life and no one wants to accept the responsibility so it's up to us to show a bit of respect for him, he wasn't a bad fellow after all. So let's see how we can get the money together. Do you know what we're going to do about the funeral?’

There was silence. None of them had given much thought to it. In the end one fellow remarked, ‘Well, I suppose we shall have to get time off to see him properly put under.’

We'd better go and see the foreman and see what he's got to say about it.'

Molygruber drifted along seeing the city that he knew so well. He seemed to be like one of those balloons that sometimes flew over Calgary advertising a car firm or other things. He drifted along and seemed to have no control on where he was going. First he seemed to emerge from the roof of the funeral home. He looked down and saw how drab the streets were, how drab the houses were, how much they were in need of a coat of paint, he said 'a lick' of paint. He saw the old cars parked in driveways and at the roadside, and then moved on downtown and felt quite a twinge as he looked down at his old familiar haunt and found a stranger there, a stranger wearing his plastic helmet, pushing his barrow, and probably wearing what had been his fluorescent red safety jacket. He looked down at the man languidly pushing the broom along in the gutters and every so often reaching for the two boards which he had held in his hands to lift up garbage and deposit it in his barrow. His barrow, too, looked rather drab; it was not as well kept as when he had had it, he thought. He drifted on looking down with a critical and condemnatory eye at the litter in the streets. He looked at a new building site and saw the excavated soil being lifted up and driven across the city by strong breezes which were blowing.

Something impelled him up to the Sanitation Depot. He found himself floating over the city, he found himself dipping down over a sanitation truck which was going to collect the barrows and the men. But he went on, went on to the depot and sank down through the roof. There he found his four former associates talking to the foreman: 'Well, we can't just leave him there,' said one of the men, 'it's a pretty awful thought that he ain't got enough money to get in the ground properly and nobody else is going to do a thing about it.' The foreman said, 'Why don't we take a collection? It's pay day, if we ask each of the men if they'll only give ten dollars each we can get him buried proper with a few flowers and things like that. I've known him since he was a lad, he's never had anything, sometimes I've thought he

wasn't quite right in his head but he always did his job although a bit slower than most others. Yes, that's what we'll do, we'll put a notice up above the paying-out booth asking everyone to give at least ten dollars.'

One of the associates said, 'How much will you give?' The foreman pursed his lips and screwed up his face, and then fumbled in his pocket. He produced his battered old wallet and looked inside. 'There,' he said, 'that's all I have in the world until I get my pay, twenty bucks. I'll give twenty bucks.'

One of the men rummaged around and found amid the garbage a suitable box, a cardboard box. He cut a slot in the middle and said, 'There, that's our collection box. We'll put that in front of the paying-out booth together with a notice. We'll go in and get one of the clerks to write a notice for us now before the others get paid.'

Soon the men came in from their rounds. The barrows were unloaded from the trucks, the men parked them in their allotted places and put their brooms in the racks ready for the next day, and then chattering away idly as men and women will when in a throng they moved to the booth to be paid. 'What's this?' asked one.

'Our late colleague, Molygruber, there isn't enough money to pay for his funeral. How come you guys don't fork out ten dollars each at least? He was one of our own fellows, you know, and he's been on the council staff a long, long time.'

The men grumbled a bit and mumbled a bit, and then the first man moved to get his pay envelope. Every eye was upon him as he took it. He quickly stuffed it in his pocket, then at the glares around him he half heartedly fished it out and reluctantly opened one end of the envelope. Slowly, slowly he put a finger and thumb inside and at last produced a ten dollar bill. He looked at it, and looked at it again turning it over in his hands. Then with a great big sigh he shoved it quickly through the slot in the collection box and moved away. Others collected their pay and under the watchful eye of all the men assembled took out a ten dollar bill and put it in the collection box. At last all the men had been paid, all

the men save one had given ten dollars, and he had said, 'Gee no, I didn't know the guy, I've only been here this week, I don't see why you expect me to pay for a guy I've never even seen.' With that he pulled his cap more tightly on his head, marched out to his old car and drove off with a roar and a rattle.

The foreman moved to the four men who were chiefly concerned in the matter and said, 'How come you don't go and see the Top Brass? Maybe they'll give a bit. Nothing to lose, they can't fire you for it, can they?' So the four men marched into the offices of the senior officials. They were embarrassed, they shifted from foot to foot and mutely one of them held the notice and the collection box in front of one of the managers. He looked at it and sighed, and then took out ten dollars, folded it up and put it in the box. Others followed suit. Ten dollars, no more no less. At last the rounds were done and the four men went back to the foreman. He said, 'Now, you guys, we'll go in to the accountant and we'll get him to count it up for us and give us a proper statement of how much it is. That lets us off the hook.'

## CHAPTER FOUR

Gertie Glubenheimer gazed gloomily around the large room. Bodies everywhere, she thought, bodies to the left of me, bodies to the right of me, bodies in front and bodies behind, what a sick, sick lot they look! She straightened up and looked at the clock at the far end of the room. Twelve thirty, she said to herself, lunch time. So she fished out her lunch pail from beneath the table on which she was working

and, turning, she spread a book and her sandwiches on top of the body beside her. Gertie was an embalmer. She did up bodies in the Funeral Home so that they could be gazed at in the display rooms by admiring relatives. 'Oh gee, look at 'im. Don't Uncle Nick look good at last, eh?' people would say. Gertie was very familiar with dead bodies, so much so that she did not even bother to wash her hands before touching her food after messing about with these bodies. A voice broke in, 'Who was the stupid idiot who left that autopsy case without filling up the chest cavity?' The little man at the end of the room near the door was almost dancing with rage.

'Why boss, what's happened?' asked one man incautiously.

'What happened? I'll tell you what happened! The guy's wife leaned over him to give him a fond kiss of farewell and there was only a piece of newspaper under the sheet, and her elbow went right through into his chest cavity. Now she's having hysterics fit to bust. She's threatening to sue us to our back teeth.'

There was a subdued chuckle around the room because things like that were always happening and no one took such cases too seriously. When it got down to brass tacks the relatives would not like it to be known that they had got their elbows inside their dearest just preparatory to interment.

The boss looked up and came trotting towards Gertie: 'Get your lunch pail off his face,' he roared, 'you just bend his nose and we'll never be able to do him up.'

Gertie sniffed and said, 'Okay boss, okay, keep calm, this fellow is a poorey he's not going on display!'

The boss looked at the number on the table and consulted a list he was carrying saying, 'Oh him, yes, they can't go above three hundred dollars, we'll just box him up and send him off. What are we going to do about clothes?'

The girl looked to where the naked body was beside her and asked, 'What's wrong with the clothes he had on when he came in?'

The boss said, 'They were hardly good enough to put in

the garbage can. Anyway, they've shrunk so much after being washed that they won't go on now.'

Gertie said, 'Well, how about those old curtains we took down and we decided they were too faded to put up again, couldn't we wrap him in one of those?'

The boss glowered at her and replied, 'They're worth ten dollars, who's going to pay ten dollars for it? I think the best thing to do is to put some shavings in the casket, dump him in, and put some more shavings on top. That's good enough, nobody's going to see him anyhow. Do that.' He stamped off and Gertie resumed her lunch.

Over it all hovered Molygruber in his astral form, unseen, unheard but seeing and hearing all. He was sickened at the way his body was being treated but some strange power held him there, he could not move, he could not shift from the spot at all. He watched everything going on, watched some bodies being clothed in absolutely wonderful dresses—the women—and men being done up in what seemed to be evening dress or formals, while he, he thought, would be lucky to get a handful or two of shavings.

'What you reading, Bert?' somebody called out. A young man with a paperback book in one hand and a hamburger in the other looked up suddenly and waved the book at the questioner: 'I Believe,' he answered. 'It's a darn good book, I'm telling you, it's by that fellow Rampa who lives in the city. I've read all his books and one thing's stuck in my mind ever since. It is that you've got to believe something because if you don't believe in anything you're stuck good and fast in the wilderness. Look at that fellow there,' he gestured towards the body of old Molygruber lying cold, still and naked on the table, that fellow is a complete atheist. 'Wonder what he's doing now? Can't be in heaven because he doesn't believe in it, can't be in hell because he doesn't believe in that either. Must be stuck between worlds. This fellow Rampa always says that you don't have to believe what he says but believe in something, or at least keep an open mind because if you don't keep an open mind then helpers, or whatever they are on the Other Side, can't keep in touch with you, can't help you. And somewhere in

one of his books he says that when you pass over you get stuck in nothingness.' He laughed, and then went on, 'He also says that when people get to the stage just out of the body they see what they expect to see. That must be a sight, to see all the angels fluttering about!'

A man moved across and looked at the cover on the book. 'Funny looking guy, ain't he? Wonder what that picture's meant to be?'

'Dunno,' said the book's owner. 'That's one of the things about these books, you get covers and blow me you never know what the covers mean. Never mind, it's the words inside that I buy them for.'

Old Molygruber hovered closer. Through no effort of his own he seemed to be guided to places, as the men were talking about the book he was sent to hover right over them, and it stuck in his mind, 'If you don't believe in a thing then as far as you are concerned it doesn't exist. And then what are you going to do?'

The lunch hour wore on. Some people were reading with books propped up against corpses, and Gertie had her lunch spread out on old Molygruber's body just as though he were a spare table for her convenience. At last the bell went and lunch break was over. The people cleared up the remnants of their food, balled up the paper and put it in the garbage bin. Gertie picked up a brush and brushed the crumbs off Molygruber's body. He looked down in disgust at her uncaring, unfeeling actions.

'Hey, you guys there, get that body ready immediately, toss some shavings in that shell number forty-nine and toss that fellow in on top of the shavings. Then put some more shavings on top. He shouldn't leak any, but we've got to make sure that everything is mopped up.' The boss man again. He danced in to the big room with a sheaf of papers in his hand, and then he said, 'They want the funeral to be at two-thirty this afternoon which is rushing it a bit. I must go and get changed.' He turned tail and fled.

Gertie and one of the men rolled Molygruber's body on to one side and passed loops beneath him and then moved him to the other side so they could get at the loops. Little

hooks were pulled up to engage in eyelets, and then the body was swung up on to what seemed to be a little railway running on rods. They pushed Molygruber's body to a side of the room where what they called a shell, which was numbered 49 in chalk, was standing ready with the lid off. The man assistant went to a big bin and took out a lot of sawdust which he poured liberally into the casket until there was about six inches of sawdust. Then Molygruger's body was lowered into the casket. The girl said, 'There, I think he should be all right, I don't think he'll leak any. I've got him tied off all right down there, and of course I've got him plugged everywhere, too. I don't think he'll leak but let's put in more sawdust instead of shavings, the old man won't know.' So they got another load of sawdust and poured it onto the body until Molygruber was covered. Then together they lifted up the lid and put it on with a slam. The man reached for a pneumatically-powered screw-driver and turned down the screws as the woman put them in the holes with her fingers. She reached out and picked up a damp rag, then carefully wiped off the number in chalk. The casket or shell was hoisted up from the trestles and moved sideways onto a wheeled trolley. A purple pall was placed over it, and the whole affair was wheeled out of the workroom into the showroom and display rooms.

There came shouting and the boss, now done up as a conventional Funeral Director in very formal clothing, black jacket, silk hat, and striped trousers, moved onto the scene. 'Push him out there, get a move on will you,' he shouted, 'the hearse is out there, the door's opened and everyone's waiting. Get a move on!' Gertie and the male assistant 'got a move on' and pushed the casket along to a ramp where there was a special loading device. It consisted of a lot of rollers in a frame extending from the ramp right on to the back of the hearse. They put the casket on the rollers and easily pushed it straight into the hearse. The driver got out of his seat and said, 'Okay doke? Okay, off we go!' The Director got in beside him, and slowly the garage doors were rolled up and the hearse moved out. There was only one car waiting outside, a car with

Molygruber's four associates in it. They were done up in their best Sunday clothes, probably clothes which had been redeemed especially from the pawnbroker. Some of these men had the bright idea that when they were not using their Sunday clothes they would leave them with the pawnbroker because then they would have money to spend until the end of the week when they were paid, and in addition the pawnbroker always cleaned the clothes and had them neatly pressed before putting them in the 'Hold' room.

Poor Molygruber seemed to be attached to his body by invisible cords. As the casket was being pushed along, poor old Molygruber in his astral form was being dragged along, and he had no say in the matter at all. Instead he was kept about ten feet above the body, and he found himself ploughing invisibly through walls, floors and ceilings. Then at last he was moved out into the hearse, and the hearse moved out into the open. The Funeral Director leaned out of the hearse and said to the four men, 'Okay? All right then, let's go.' The hearse moved out of the Funeral Home parking lot, and the four mourners in the one car followed on behind. They had their headlights on to show that this was a funeral, and on the side of the following car there was a little triangular flag fixed from the top of the window reading 'Funeral.' That meant that it could go across traffic lights and the police would not do a thing about it. They moved on and on, through the busy streets, past children playing in school yards, and came to the long climb up to the cemetery. There the Funeral Director stopped, got out and went to the car following. 'Keep close to us,' he said, 'because at the next intersection there is always somebody trying to cut in-between and we don't want to delay things too long, and you may lose the way. We have to take third on the right and first on the left. Okay?' The man driving the other car nodded so the Funeral Director went back to the hearse. They took off again with the following car really tail-gating.

Soon they reached the gates of the cemetery. The hearse and the following car moved in and up a driveway. At the top and off to the side there was a newly dug grave with a

frame over it and the pulleys on the side. The hearse moved up, turned, and backed. Two men waiting by the graveside moved toward the hearse. The driver and the Funeral Director got out, and the four of them opened the back of the hearse pulling out the coffin. They turned it and moved to the grave. The four mourners followed. 'This man was an atheist,' said the Funeral Director, 'and so there will be no service, that will save you certain expense, we will just lower him and cover him up.' The other men nodded and the coffin was eased over the top of the rollers and special web straps were put under, then slowly the coffin was lowered into the ground. The four men moved up to the open grave as one, looked down, and were quite upset, quite sad. One said, 'Poor old Molygruber, nobody in the world to care about him.' Another said, 'Well, I hope he's got somebody where he's going or where he's gone.' With that they went back to their car, backed it, turned, and slowly drove off out of the cemetery. The two men beside the Funeral Director tipped a board and a whole load of earth fell into the casket with a hollow, sickening sound. The Director said, 'Ah well, cover him up, that's that,' and moved to the hearse. The driver got in and they drove off.

Molygruber hovered above powerless to do anything, powerless to move, and he looked down and thought, 'So this is the end of life, eh? What now? Where do I go from here? I've always believed there was nothing after death, but I'm dead and there's my body and I'm here, so what am I and where am I?' With that there seemed to be a loud thrumming sound like the sound of the wind through taut telephone lines on a high hillside, and Molygruber found himself speeding into nothingness. There was nothing before him, nothing behind him, nothing at either side, neither at the front nor at the back, and he sped on unto nothingness.

Silence! Silence, nothing but silence, not a sound. He listened very, very carefully but there was no sound of a heartbeat, no sound of breathing. He held his breath, or thought he did, and then it came to him with a shock that his heart was not beating, and his lungs were not working

either. From force of habit he put his hands out to feel his chest. There was a distinct impression that he had put his hands out, a very distinct impression that everything was working, but there was nothing there—nothing.

The silence grew oppressive. He shifted uneasily, but did he? He was not sure of anything any more. He tried moving a leg. Tentatively he tried to twiddle a toe, but no—nothing. No sensation of feeling, no sensation of movement, no sensation that anything WAS. He lay back—or thought he did—and tried to compose himself, tried to compose his thoughts. How do you think in the midst of nothingness when you have the impression yourself that you are nothing, that you do not even exist? But then you must exist, that is what he thought, because if he had not been existing—well—he could not think. He thought of the casket being lowered down into the hard, hard earth, the earth dried out with days and days of dryness, with no rain, with never a cloud in the sky. He thought.

As he thought there was a sudden sensation of motion. He looked, he would have said, ‘over the side,’ with astonishment and found that he was over his grave, but how could that be when a second ago—a second ago?—what was time, time, how could he measure time here? By habit he tried to look down at his wrist, but no, there was no watch there. There was no arm there either. There was nothingness. As he looked down all he saw was the grave. He saw with considerable astonishment and fright that there was long grass on his grave. How long does grass take to grow? There was every evidence that he had been buried well over a month ago. The grass could not have grown so quickly, could not have grown in any lesser time than a month or six weeks. Then he found his vision slipping, slipping beneath the grass, beneath the earth, he saw the earthworms burrowing and moving, he saw little beetles bustling around. His sight penetrated further and he saw the wood of the coffin. Further—he saw below the lid of the coffin, saw the moldering, decaying mass within. Instantly he recoiled and sprang up with a soundless shriek of terror, or that was the sensation that he had. He found himself quivering, abso-

lutely shaking in every limb, but then he recalled that he had no limbs, he had no body there so far as he could tell. He gazed about him but still there was nothing to see, no light, no dark, only the void, the void of complete emptiness. where even light could not exist. The sensation was terrible, shocking. But then how did he feel a sensation if he had no body? He lay there, or should it be existed there, trying to work out what was.

Suddenly a vagrant thought came creeping across his consciousness. 'I Believe,' the thought came. 'Rampa,' the thought came. What was it those fellows had been talking about the last time he saw them up at the Sanitation Depot? A number of street cleaners were there, a number of garbage truck drivers, too, and they were talking about life and death, and all the rest of it, a talk which had been generated by Molygruber showing a book by Lobsang Rampa.

One of the men had said, 'Well, I dunno what to believe, never did know what to believe. My religion don't help me any, doesn't give us any answers, just says you must have faith. How can you have faith when there's never any proof of anything? Any of you fellows ever had a prayer answered?' he had asked. He looked about and saw the negative shakes of his colleagues' heads. One said, 'Nope, never did, never known anyone, either, who got a prayer answered. When I was a little 'un I got taught the Bible and a thing that stuck in my mind then was all the Old Fellows, great prophets, saints and what-nots, they used to pray their fool heads off but they didn't get any answers, nothing good ever happened. I mind reading one day about the Crucifixion. It said in the Good Book that Christ uttered words on the Cross, "Lord, Lord, why hast thou forsaken me?" But He got no answer.'

There was an uneasy silence among the men as they looked down and shuffled their feet in discomfort and with unaccustomed minds they tried to think of the future. What was there after death? Anything? Do bodies just return to the earth as a putrefying mass and then as sterile bones crumbling into dust? There must be something more than this, they thought. There was a definite purpose to life and a

definite purpose to death. Some of them looked a bit guiltily at their fellows as they recalled strange circumstances, peculiar happenings, and events which could not be explained by anything within their consciousness.

One fellow said, 'Well, that author you've been telling us about who lives downtown, well my missus been reading his books and she's been going on to me something terrible. She said, "Jake, Jake, if you don't believe anything you've not nothing to hang on to when you're dead." She said "If you believe that there is an afterlife then you will experience an afterlife, it's as simple as that, you've got to believe that there is an afterlife otherwise you'll float like a bubble on the wind, just drifting about almost without existence. You've got to believe, you've got to keep an open mind so you can be ready to believe if you have something to stimulate your interest when you pass over." '

There had been a long silence after that utterance. The men had looked embarrassed and fidgeted uncomfortably wondering how they could get away without appearing to run away. Molygruber thought of it all as he lay there, or stood, or sat there—he did not know which—high up in nothingness, being just a disembodied thought so far as he could tell. But then—perhaps that author was right, perhaps people had persecuted him and picked on him and given him unfavorable publicity because they did not know, because they were wrong. Perhaps that author was right, now what was it he was teaching? Molygruber strained and strained to recall the fleeting thought which had barely touched the rippling surface of his consciousness. Then it came to him. 'You must believe in SOMETHING. If you are a Catholic then you believe in a form of heaven, peopled with saints and angels. If you are a Jew you believe in a different form. If you are a follower of Islam then you have a different form again of heaven. But you must believe in something, you must keep an open mind so that even if you do not actually believe now you still have an openness in your mind so that you can be convinced. Otherwise you will float idly between worlds, between planes, float as a drifting thought, as tenuous as a thought.'

Molygruber thought and thought about it. He thought how throughout his life he had denied the existence of a God, denied the existence of a religion, thinking that all priests were money-grabbing Shylocks out to con the public with a lot of fairy tales. He thought about it. He tried to picture the old author whom he had once seen close up. He focused on his rendering of the author's face, and to his terror it seemed that the author's face was right in front of him, speaking, talking to him. 'You must believe, unless you believe SOMETHING you are just a drifting shadow without power, without motivation, and without anchor. You must believe, you must keep your mind open, you must be ready to receive help so that you may be removed from the void, from the sterile emptiness and moved on to another plane of existence.'

Again Molygruber thought, 'I wonder who's using my old barrow now?' And like a flash he saw again the streets of Calgary, saw a young fellow this time pushing along his barrow sweeping the streets, stopping every so often to have a smoke. Then he saw the old author, and he quivered with fright as he looked down and found the old author was looking up with a sort of half smile on his lips. Then the lips formed words, 'Believe something, believe, open your mind, there are people ready to help you.'

Molygruber looked again and felt a surge of rage at the man who was using his old barrow. It was a dirty old barrow now with dirt engrained in the hinges of the lids and around the handles. The broom was worn, too, not even worn evenly but worn unevenly, at an angle, and that to him betrayed that the present user was not a man with pride in his job. He felt a surge of rage, and with that a great speed—frightening, mind-numbing speed. And yet it was all so strange, how could he feel speed when there was no feeling of motion. How could he have speed without the wind on his face? Then he shuddered with terror. Did he have a face? Was he in a place where there was wind? He did not know. Molygruber just WAS. There was no feeling of time, hardly a feeling of being, he just WAS. His mind ticked over, just idle thoughts creeping across the screen of his mental

vision. Then again he pictured the old author and almost heard the words which had not been uttered: 'You must believe in something.' With that Molygruber had a picture of his childhood, the poor, poor conditions under which he had lived. He remembered a picture in a Bible and a sentence: 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, he leadeth me—' He leadeth me. The thought beat an endless refrain in Molygruber's mind or his consciousness or whatever was left to him now, and he thought, 'I wish He'd lead me! I wish somebody would lead me!' With his thought he felt 'something,' he could not tell what it was, he had a sensation that people were near, it reminded him of when he had been sleeping in a doss house and whenever any other person came by in that big room he would be aware of it, not to the point of waking but to the point of being on guard in case they tried to steal the watch beneath his pillow or the thin wallet tucked in the small of his back.

He uttered a thought, 'Help me, help me,' and then he seemed to feel that he had feet. There was a strange tipping sensation and—yes—he had feet, bare feet, and with a sickening sensation of terror he found that his feet were on something sticky, tar maybe, he thought. He recalled a time when he was young and he had rushed out of the house barefooted, and he had walked straight into where the City roadmen had been tarring the highway. He remembered the fright, the terror—he was very young—the thought that he was stuck on the road and would never get away again. It was like that now, he was stuck, stuck in tar. And then he thought that tar was creeping up along his body, yes he could feel a body now, he had arms, hands and fingers, but he could not move them because they were stuck in tar, or if it was not tar it was something sticky, something that inhibited movement, and about him he could swear there were people and the people were watching him. He felt a surge of rage, red, red rage, almost a killing rage, and he sent out the thought, 'Okay, youse guys, what are you gaping at me for, why don't you come and give me a hand? Can't you see I'm stuck, eh?' The thought came back clear and loud, almost like some of the things he had seen on the television

sets which he had watched in the windows of dealers. ‘You must believe, you must believe, you must open your mind before we can help you for you are repelling us with every thought. Believe, we are here ready to help you, believe.’

He snorted and tried to run after the people who were staring at him for he was sure they were staring, but he found that his movements were just floundering. He was stuck in tar, movements were almost imperceptible. He suddenly thought, ‘Oh, my God, what's happened?’ And with the thought of ‘Oh, my God’ he had seen a light in the darkness like the sunlight creeping over the horizon at the earliest part of the morning. He looked in awe, and then again experimentally mumbled ‘God—God—help me!’ To his delight and surprise the light brightened and he thought that he saw a ‘figure’ standing on the skyline beckoning to him. But no, Molygruber was not ready yet, he just mumbled to himself, ‘A strange cloud, I guess, that's what it'll be. Nobody wants to help me.’ So the light darkened, the brightness on the skyline vanished and Molygruber sank more deeply into the tar or whatever it was. Time passed, endless time passed, there was no indication of how much time passed, but the entity that had been Molygruber just rested ‘somewhere’, immersed in the darkness of disbelief, and around him there were those who would help if only he would open his mind to belief, open his mind so that the helpers could do their task and lead him forward to the light—to whatever form of life or existence there was.

He was in considerable turmoil, worse because he could not feel arms, legs, or anything else, and it was—well, disturbing to say the least. For some reason he could not get that old author out of his mind, it was really sticking there and prodding at him. There was something bubbling beneath his consciousness. At last he got it.

A few months before he had seen the old author in the electrically propelled wheelchair. He had been tootling around in the new park which had been made, and there was a man with him. Molygruber, as was his wont, had stopped to listen to the two conversing. There was something the author was saying: ‘You know, the Christian

Bible sheds a lot of light on the matter of life after death and it always strikes me as most remarkable that Christians—Catholics in particular—believe in saints, angels, devils and so on, and yet for some extraordinary reason they still seem to doubt life after death. So how are they going to explain Ecclesiastes 12:5-7 which actually says, “Because Man goes to his eternal home and the mourners go about the streets; before the silver cord is snapped or the golden bowl is broken or the pitcher is broken at the fountain or the wheel broken at the cistern, and the dust returns to the earth as it was and the spirit returns to God who gave it.” Well, the old author had said to the other man, ‘you know what that means, don't you? It means that of the body of a person, one part returns to the dust from which it was alleged to have been made, and the other portion returns to God or to life beyond this. Now, that's the Christian Bible, they acknowledge life after death, but the Christians apparently do not. But then there are a lot of things Christians don't believe in. They'll find out, though, when they get to the Other Side!’

Molygruber really jumped, or rather he felt as if he jumped. How can you jump if you have no body? The words seemed as though they had been uttered just behind him. Somehow he managed to turn around his consciousness but there was nothing behind him, so he mused on the problem for a time, thinking perhaps he had been lost, perhaps he had allowed his early life to distort his thinking, perhaps there was something in the life after the earth-life. There must be, he concluded, because he had seen his body dying, he had seen his body dead, and—he had shuddered and would have been sick if he could—he had seen his body decaying with the skeleton bones showing through the rotting flesh.

Yes, he muttered to himself, if one can mutter without a voice, there must be something in life after death, he must have been misled all these years. Maybe the bitterness he had generated through hardship in his early life had distorted his values. Yes—there must be some sort of life because he was still alive, or he supposed he was, and if he was not alive how was he thinking these things? Yes, he must be having some sort of a life.

As that thought came to him he felt a most peculiar thing happening, he seemed to be prickling all over, prickling to what would have been the outline of a body. He felt that he had arms and hands, legs and feet, and as he twisted a bit he could sense them. And then—oh, glory be to goodness—the light was growing. In the nothingness, in the utter void in which he had been existing light was beginning to penetrate; it was a rosy hue, very faint at first but growing stronger. And then with a suddenness which almost made him sick he tilted and seemed to be falling, falling on his feet. After a short while he landed on something sticky, something gooey, and about him he could see a black fog interspersed with rays of pinkish light. He tried to move and found that while motion was not entirely inhibited it was difficult—difficult. He seemed to be in some viscid material which slowed him up, which made him move in slow-motion, and there he was floundering about, lifting first one foot and then the other. He thought to himself that he was like one of those weird monsters sometimes portrayed on the covers of gaudy science fiction books.

He shouted aloud, ‘Oh God, if there is a God, help me!’ No sooner were the words uttered than he felt a change in his circumstances. The sticky goo disappeared, the material around him became thinner, and he could faintly discern figures moving about. It was a strange, strange sensation. He likened it to being a plastic bag, the plastic being smoke colored. He was there trying to peer out through the hazy plastic and getting nowhere.

He stood there shielding his eyes with his hands and trying to force himself to see whatever there was to see. He got an impression more than vision of people stretching out their hands to reach him but not being able to touch him, there seemed to be some barrier, some invisible transparent wall.

Oh goodness, he thought, if only this unmentionable color would go away, if only I could tear down this wall, or paper, or plastic or whatever it is. I can't see what these people are, they may be wanting to help me, they may be wanting to kill me, but how can they do that when I am dead

already? Or am I dead? He shuddered, and shuddered again as a sudden thought came to him: 'Am I in the hospital?' he said to himself. 'Am I having nightmares after seeing that priest? Maybe I am alive back on Earth and this is all a hideous nightmare. I wish I knew!'

Faintly, faintly, as though from a great distance a voice came to him, so faint, so unclear that he had to strain and strain to resolve what was being said: 'Believe, believe. Believe in life hereafter. Believe, only believe and we can set you free. Pray to God. There is a God. It doesn't matter what you call Him, it doesn't matter what form of religion, every religion has a God. Believe. Call unto your own God for help. We are waiting, waiting.'

Molygruber stood still. No more did his feet continue their ceaseless tramping to try to break through the veil that surrounded him. He stood quietly. He thought of the old author, he thought of the priests, and he rejected the priests out of hand as being nothing but fakes looking for an easy way to get a living by praying on the superstitions of others. He thought back to his early days, thought of the Bible, and then he prayed to God for enlightenment: 'Oh Mighty God, whatever form you adopt, help me, I am stuck, I am lost, I have my being but I have no being. Help me and let others help me.' With that and with a believing heart he felt a sudden shock as if he had touched two bare wires on an electric light standard. For a moment he reeled as the veil rent.

## CHAPTER FIVE

The veil rent; the black surrounding Molygruber split with a jagged tear right in front of him, then he was blinded. Desperately he pushed his hands over his eyes thanking 'goodness' that now once again he had hands. The light was searing, never before had he seen such light, he thought, but then—had he? Well, he thought back to his days as a street orderly or garbage collector, he thought of the big steel buildings he had seen erected and the welding equipment, the vivid light which the act of welding produced, vivid, vivid, searing to the eyes so that the operators had to use dark glasses all the time. Molygruber pressed his eyelids shut, pressed his hands over the eyes, and still he imagined he could see that light beating in through. Then he got control of himself somewhat and very carefully and very slightly uncovered his eyes. It was bright, there was no doubt about that, the light beat in through his closed eyelids. Oh yes, it was bright all right, so he half opened his eyes making them mere slits and peered out.

My! What a wonderful scene he saw. The black had rolled away, disappeared, vanished for ever he hoped, and he was standing near trees. As he looked down he saw vivid lush green grass, he had never seen grass like that before. Then on the grass he saw little white things with yellow centers. He wracked his brain, whatever could it be? It came back to him, of course, daisies, little daisies in the fields. He had never seen them in reality before but only in pictures, and at some time or other on a T.V. program which he had watched through a shop window. But there were more things to see than daisies. He raised his eyes and looked sideways, there were two people there, one each side, and they were smiling down at him—smiling down because Molygruber was quite a small man, one of those insignificant little weasel people, shrunken, shriveled with gnarled hands

and weatherbeaten features. So he looked up at these two people, he had never seen them before but they were smiling at him in a very kind manner indeed.

‘Well, Molygruber?’ said one, ‘And what do you think of it here?’ Molygruber stood mute, how did he know how he felt, how did he know what he thought of the place, he had hardly seen it yet. He looked at his feet and was happy to see that he had feet. Then he let his eyes travel up his body. On that instant he jumped about a foot in the air and he blushed from the roots of his hair to the nails on his toes. ‘Jumping bejeepers!’ he said to himself, ‘and here's me standing in front of these people with nary a stitch on me to cover my nakedness!’ Quickly his hands went down to the immemorial gesture of people caught with their pants off. The two men beside him roared with laughter. One said, ‘Molygruber, Molygruber, what is wrong with you lad, you weren't born with clothes on, were you? If you were then you are about the only person who ever has been. If you want some clothes think them up!’

Molygruber was in quite a panic, for a moment he could not think what clothes were like he was in such a state of confusion. Then he thought of what was called a ‘union suit’ or ‘boiler suit’, a thing which was a combination garment, a suit which went from the ankles up to the neck with sleeves to it, and you put it on through an opening in the front. No sooner had he thought about it than he found he was clad in a union suit. He looked down and shuddered anew, it was a bright red union suit, the color of a perfect blush. The two men laughed again and a woman walking on a path nearby turned toward them and smiled. As she walked toward them she called out, ‘What is this Boris, a new one still afraid of his own skin?’ The one called Boris laughed and replied, ‘Yes, Maisie, we get them every day, don't we?’

Molygruber shuddered as he looked at the woman, he thought, ‘Well, she's been a right one for sure, hope I'm safe in this, I don't know anything about women!’ They all laughed uproariously. Poor Molygruber did not realize that on this particular plane of existence everyone was telepathic!

‘Look about you, Molygruber,’ said the woman, ‘then we’ll take you off and give you a briefing on where you are and all the rest of it. You have been a sore trial to us, you wouldn’t come out of your black cloud no matter what we said to you.’

Molygruber muttered something to himself, and it was such a mutter that it even came out as a garbled mutter by telepathy. But he looked about him. He was in some sort of park, never in his life had he imagined that there would be such a park as this; the grass was greener than any grass he had ever seen before, the flowers—and there were flowers in great profusion—were of more vivid hues than anything he had ever seen. The sun was beating down, it was pleasantly warm, there was the hum of insects and the chirping of birds. Molygruber looked up, the sky was blue, an intense deep blue, with white fleecy clouds. Then Molygruber almost fell with astonishment, he felt his legs grow weak: ‘Cor!’ he said, ‘Where’s the flippin’ sun?’

One of the men smiled and said, ‘You are not on Earth, you know, Molygruber, you are not anywhere near Earth, you are a long, long way away in a different time, in a different plane of existence altogether. You have a lot to learn, my friend!’

‘Cor!’ said Molygruber, ‘How in the name of tarnation can you have sunlight when there ain’t no sun?’

His three companions, two men and a woman, just smiled at him and the woman took him gently by the arm saying, ‘Come on, we’ll take you in and then we will explain a lot of things to you.’ Together the four of them walked across the grass and on to a beautifully paved path. ‘Hey!’ shouted Molygruber, ‘This ’ere path ain’t half stinging my feet, I haven’t got my shoes on!’

That caused a fresh outburst of merriment. Boris said, ‘Well, Molygruber, why don’t you think up a pair of shoes or a pair of boots or whatever you want? You managed it with your clothing, although I must say I don’t think much of the color, you ought to change it’

Molygruber thought and thought; he thought what a sight he must have looked dressed up in the red union suit

and with no shoes. He wished he was free of that wretched suit, and immediately he was! 'Ow,' he screamed, 'and now I'm nekkid in front of a female. Oh sad is me, I've never been nekkid in front of a female before. Oh cor, whatever will she think of me?'

The woman absolutely shouted with laughter and several people on the path turned to watch with amusement what was going on. The woman said, 'Well, well, well, it's quite all right, Molygruber, you haven't much to show after all, have you? But anyway just think of yourself dressed up in your Sunday best with a nice pair of shoes beautifully polished, and if you think about it you will be dressed in those things.' He did, and he was.

Molygruber walked along very gingerly, every time he looked at the woman he blushed anew, he was getting uncomfortably hot under the collar because poor old Molygruber on Earth had been one of those unfortunate people who liked to watch and not do, and that is even worse when you cannot go anywhere to watch and you cannot have anyone with whom to do it! Molygruber's knowledge of the opposite sex, incredible though it seems in this modern age, was confined to what he saw in magazines on the magazine racks of stores and the somewhat lurid pictures which were put out at the front of the local cinemas to titillate the appetites of prospective customers.

He thought again about his past, thought again how little he knew of women. He called to mind how he had thought that women were just about solid from the neck down, all the way to their knees, he had never considered how they walked under such conditions. But then he had seen some girls bathing in the river and he saw that they had legs, arms, etc., just as he had. He was roused from his thoughts by screams of laughter and he found he had collected quite a crowd, people had got his thoughts because thought and speech were much the same on this world. He looked about him, blushed anew, and really took to his heels. The two men and the woman ran after him, absolutely gasping trying to keep up with him, and falling back every so often because they laughed so much. Molygruber ran on and on, until at

last his energy was spent and he sank down with a thud on a park bench. His pursuers caught up with him and they were absolutely weeping with merriment.

‘Molygruber, Molygruber, you'd better keep from thinking until we get you inside.’ They indicated a beautiful building just off to the right. ‘Just keep your mind on keeping your clothes on until we get in that building. We will explain everything to you.’

They rose to their feet and the two men moved one each side of Molygruber and each grasped him by an arm. Together they marched on and turned off the path to the right and entered a very elegant marble entranceway. Inside it was cool and there was a pleasantly subdued light which seemed to be radiating from the walls. There was a reception desk much the same as Molygruber had seen when peering through hotel doors. A man there smiled pleasantly and said, ‘New one?’ Maisie nodded her head and said, ‘Yes, a very green one too.’ Molygruber looked down at himself in horror thinking for a moment that he had gone from red to green, and he was brought back to his senses by renewed laughter.

They moved on across the hall and down a corridor. There were a number of people about there. Molygruber kept on blushing, some of the men and women were clad in clothes of various types, some wore quite outlandish clothes, others wore nothing at all and did not seem to be perturbed in the slightest.

By the time they got Molygruber into a very comfortably furnished room he was sweating profusely, he was sweating as much as if he had just come out of a swimming pool, not that he had ever been in one. He sank into a chair with a sigh of relief and started dabbing at his face with the handkerchief which he had found in his pocket. ‘Phew, phew!’ quoth he. ‘Let me get out of this, let me get back to Earth, I can't stick a place like this!’ Maisie laughed down at him and said, ‘But you have to stay here, Molygruber. Remember? You are an atheist, you do not believe in a God, you do not believe in a religion, you do not believe in life after death. Well, you are still here so there must be some

life after death, mustn't there?'

There were very large windows in the room to which they had taken Molygruber. His eyes kept straying to the windows, looking in fascination to the scene outside, the beautiful, beautiful parkland and a lake in the center with a pleasant river flowing into the lake. He saw men and women and a few children. Everyone seemed to be walking about purposefully as if they knew where they were going, as if they knew what they were going to do. He looked in utter fascination as a man suddenly swerved off a path and sat down on a park bench and took a packet of sandwiches out of his pocket! Quickly he tore off the wrappings and carefully deposited the wastepaper in a bin placed near the park bench. Then he set to demolish the sandwiches. As he watched Molygruber felt faint, he heard horrid rumblings coming from his abdomen. He looked up at Maisie and said, 'By golly, I feel hungry, when do we eat round here?' He felt about in his pocket wondering if he had any money on him, he could have done with a hamburger or something like that. The woman looked down at him with sympathetic understanding and said, 'You can have whatever food you like, Molygruber, whatever you desire to drink also. Just think what you want and you can have it, but remember that you think up a table first or else you have to eat off the floor.'

One of the men turned toward him and said, 'We will leave you for a little time, Molygruber. You feel that you want food, well, think what you want but, as Maisie said, think of a table first. When you have had this food, which truly you don't need, we will come back to you.' With that they went to the wall, which parted; they stepped through, and the wall closed behind them.

It seemed all very peculiar to Molygruber, what was all this about thinking up your food? What was all this about not wanting food? The fellow had said he truly did not need it, what did he mean by that? However, the pangs of hunger were pressing, terribly pressing. Molygruber was so hungry that he thought he was going to faint: it was a familiar sensation, often in early years he had fainted through sheer

hunger and such a thing is thoroughly unpleasant.

He wondered how he had to think. First of all, though, what about this table? Well, he knew what a table was like, any fool would know that, but when he came to THINK about it it was not so easy. His first attempt at thinking up a table was ridiculous in the extreme. He thought of how he had looked in furniture shops while he was sweeping the sidewalks, he thought of a nice round metal table with a sunshade over it, and then his attention had been drawn to another decorated table like a work table for women. Now, to his astonishment, he found that the creation in front of him was a white metal table, or half of it, and half of a ladies' work table which was quite an unstable contraption. He pushed his hands at it and said, 'Phew! Go away, go away fast,' just as he had seen in some film years before. Then he thought again, and he thought of a table in the park that he used to visit, a thing made of planks and logs. He pictured it as clearly as he could and commanded it to be in front of him. Well, it was! It was a rough piece of work indeed, the planks were almost as crude as the logs themselves and he saw that he had forgotten to think up a seat, but that was all right, he could use the chair in the room. He pulled one up to the table and then found that the table he had thought into being had no relation to actual size, he could sit under it complete with the chair.

At last he got everything right, then he thought of food. Poor Molygruber was one of the world's unfortunates, he had lived 'hand to mouth' all his life, lived on coffee, soft drinks, and things like hamburgers, so he thought of a plate of hamburgers and when they materialized in front of him he grabbed one in a hurry and gave a hearty bite. The whole thing collapsed because there was nothing inside! After many trials and many errors he decided that he had to think clearly, clearly, clearly from the ground up, so to speak, and if he wanted a hamburger he had to think of the filling and then put the other pieces outside. At last he got it just right, but as he bit into the finished product he decided that there was not much taste to it. It was even worse when he tried the coffee he had thought up—it looked all right

but the taste was nothing that he had ever tasted before and nothing that he ever wanted to taste again. He came to the conclusion that his imagination was wrong, but he kept on trying, producing this and then that but never going far from coffee and hamburgers and perhaps a piece of bread, but because he had never in his life eaten fresh bread it was always stale moldy stuff.

For some time there was the sound of Molygruber's champing jaws as he devoured hamburgers, and then there was the slurping as he drank his coffee. Then he just pushed away from the table and sat back to think of all the peculiar things that had happened to him. First of all he remembered that he did not believe in life after death, where was he now then? He thought of his decaying body and the involuntary look at it, and he was almost sick all over the floor. Then he thought of the strange experiences, first he appeared to be stuck in a barrel of tar, the tar had vanished and been replaced by black smoke like the time he had had a kerosene lamp and turned it too high before leaving his room and when he got back he thought at first he had gone blind, he could not see anything at all because there were black smuts flying all over the place. He remembered what his landlady had said to him!

But suddenly he turned around. There was Boris standing beside him saying, 'Well, you've had a good meal I see, but why do you stick to these awful hamburgers? I think they are vile things. You can have whatever you want, you know, provided you think of it carefully, provided you build it up stage by stage from the ingredients up to the final cooked thing.' Molygruber looked up at him and said, 'Where do I wash up the dishes?'

Boris laughed at him in honest amusement and said, 'My dear man, you don't wash dishes here, you think up dishes and you think away dishes. All you have to do when you finish is to think of the dishes disappearing and their component parts going back into Nature's reservoir. It's simple, you'll get used to it. But you don't need to eat, you know, you get all the nourishment you need from the atmosphere.'

Molygruber felt really sour about the whole affair, how ridiculous it was to say that you got nourishment from the atmosphere around one, it was too absurd to be believed, what sort of a man did this Boris think he was? He, Molygruber, knew what it was to starve, he knew what it was to fall on to the sidewalk in a faint from lack of food, he knew what it was like to have a policeman come and kick him in the ribs and tell him to get to his feet, get gone or else!

The man said, 'Well, we've got to go, it's no good sticking here all the time, I've got to take you down to see the doctor, he's going to tell you a few things and try to help you straighten out. Come along.' With that he thought at the table and the remnants of the meal and the whole lot disappeared into thin air. Then he led Molygruber up to the wall which parted before them and opened out into a long shining corridor. People were wandering about but they all seemed to have a purpose, they all seemed to be going somewhere, all seemed to be doing something, and yet he, Molygruber, was completely befuzzled about everything.

He and the man walked down the corridor, then they turned a corner and the man knocked at a green door: 'Come in,' said a voice and the man pushed Molygruber in and turned on his tracks leaving them.

Molygruber looked about him in fright. Again it was a comfortable room but the big man sitting at a desk really frightened him, it made him think of a Medical Officer of Health he had seen before—yes, that was it, the Medical Officer of Health who had examined him when he wanted to get the job as street cleaner. The man had been very brusque and had sneered at Molygruber's poor physique and said he didn't think him strong enough to push a broom. But, anyway, he had relented enough to say that, yes, Molygruber was fit enough to do a job of cleaning the sidewalks.

But now this man sitting at his desk looked up and smiled cheerfully saying, 'Come and sit here, Moly, I've got to talk to you.' Hesitating, almost afraid to take a step, Molygruber moved forward and quite shakily sat on a chair. The big man looked him up and down and said, 'More nervous than

most, aren't you? What's wrong with you, lad?' Poor Molygruber did not know what to say; life had been such a terrible thing to him and now it seemed to him that death was even worse, so his story poured out.

The big man sat back and listened. Then he said, 'Now you listen to me for a bit. I know you have had a rough time but you have made it rougher for yourself, you haven't got a mere chip on your shoulder, you've got a log or perhaps the whole forest. You've got to change your conceptions about a lot of things.' Molygruber stared at him, some of the words meant nothing to him and the big man at last asked, 'Well, what is it? What's wrong now?' Molygruber replied, 'Some of the words, I just don't understand them, I didn't get any education, you know, only learned what I picked up by myself.'

The man thought for a moment, apparently reviewing in his mind just what he had said. Then he said, 'Oh, I don't think I said any unusual words, what don't you understand?'

Molygruber looked down and said humbly, 'Conception, I always thought conception was what people did when they were having babies starting up, that's the only meaning I know.'

The big man, the doctor, gazed at Molygruber with open-mouthed amazement, then he laughed and laughed and laughed and said, 'Conception? Well, conception doesn't mean just that, it also means understanding. If you have no conception of a thing you have no understanding of it, and that's all it means—you have no conception of this, that, or something else. Let's make it simpler then, let's say you don't know a darn thing about it, but you've got to.'

All this was a great puzzle to Molygruber, his mind was still on conception and if the man had meant understanding or misunderstanding or not understanding then why in the name of old scrubbing brushes couldn't he say so? But then he realized the man was talking so he sat back and listened.

'You did not believe in death, or rather, you did not believe in life after death. You left your body and you floated around, you didn't seem to get it into your thick

head that you had left a decaying body and you were still alive, you were concentrating on nothingness all the time. So if you can't imagine anywhere you can't go there, can you? If you make yourself so darn sure that there is nothing then for you, there is nothing, you only get what you expect, you only get what you believe, what you can realize, what you can understand, so we tried to shock you and that is why we pushed you back to the Funeral Home to let you see a few stiffs being parked and polished and done up for show. We tried to let you see that you were just a poor stiff with nobody to care a donkey's hoot about you, that's why you got buried in a coat of sawdust, but even that wasn't enough, we had to show you your grave, we had to show you your coffin, and then we showed you your rotting body. We didn't like it but it took even more than that to wake you up to the fact that you weren't dead.'

Molygruber sat there like a man in a trance. He was dimly understanding and trying hard to understand more. But the doctor went on, 'Matter cannot be destroyed, it can only change its form and inside a human body there is a living immortal soul, a soul that lasts for ever and ever and ever. It takes more than one body because it's got to get all manner of experiences. If it has to be fighting experience it takes the body of a warrior, and so on. But when the body is killed it is no more than having a worn out suit of clothes tossed in the garbage bin. The soul, the astral body, call it whatever you like, moves on, moves out of the wreckage, moves away from the garbage and is ready to start again. But if that soul has lost a lot of comprehension or even did not have any comprehension then we've got quite a job teaching it.'

Molygruber nodded and he was dimly thinking of that old author who had written some things which were quite beyond Molygruber's comprehension at the time, but now little bits were fitting in and fitting in and fitting in like a jigsaw puzzle nearing its completion.

The doctor said, 'If a person doesn't believe in heaven or a life hereafter, then when that person gets to the other side of death he wanders about; there is nowhere for him to go,

there is no one to greet him because all the time he is thoroughly convinced that there is nothing, he is in the position of a blind man who says to himself that as he cannot see then things cannot be.' He looked shrewdly at Molygruber to see if he was following, and when he saw that he was he went on, 'You probably wonder where you are. Well, you are not in hell, you've just come from it. The only hell is that place you call Earth, there is no other hell, there is no hellfire and damnation, there is no everlasting torture, there are no devils with burning brands to come and singe you in various indelicate places. You go to Earth to learn, to experience things, to broaden your coarser experiences, and when you have learned that which you went down to Earth to learn then your body falls apart and you come up to astral realms. There are many different planes of existence; this is the lowest, the one nearest the Earth plane, and you are here on this lowest one because you haven't the understanding to go higher, because you haven't the capacity to believe. If you went to a higher realm now you would be blinded on the spot by the intense radiation of their much higher vibration.' He looked a bit glum as he saw Molygruber was hopelessly lost. He thought it over and then said, 'ell, you'd better have a rest for a bit, I don't want to strain your brains such as they are so you'd better have a rest and then later I will tell you some more.'

He rose to his feet and opened the door saying, 'In there with you, have a rest and I'll see you later.'

Molygruber walked into the room which seemed to be very comfortable indeed, but as he passed what might be considered a halfway mark on the floor everything ceased to be and Molygruber, although he didn't know it, was sound asleep, having his 'astral batteries' charged up as they had been seriously depleted by all the strange experiences he had undergone in hearing of things beyond his comprehension.

## CHAPTER SIX

Molygruber came awake with a start of fright, 'Oh my goodness me,' he exclaimed, 'I'm late for work, I'll be fired and then I'll have to go on Unemployment Benefit.' He jumped out of bed and stood as though rooted in the floor. He gazed about him wondering at the beautiful furniture and marveling at the view through the large window. Then slowly it all came back to him. He felt very refreshed, he had never felt better in his life—in his life? Well, where was he now? He did not believe in life after death but he had died all right, no doubt about that, so he must have been wrong and there was life after death.

A man came in wearing a cheerful smile, and he said, 'So you are one of the ones who like breakfast, eh? You like your food, do you?' Molygruber's insides began to rumble and rattle as a reminder. 'I sure do,' he replied. 'I don't know how one would get on without food, I like food, I like a lot of food, but I've never had much.' He paused and looked down at his feet and said, 'I lived on coffee and hamburgers, that was cheap. That's about all I did live on except for a hunk of bread now and again. Gee, I would like a good meal!' The man looked at him and said, 'Well, order what you want, you can have it.' Molygruber stood there full of indecision, there were so many wonderful things he had seen typed on notices outside hotels and restaurants. How was it again? He thought for a minute and then almost drooled as he called to mind a special breakfast he had read posted up outside one of the local better class places. Deviled kidneys, fried eggs, toast—oh, such a lot of things. Some of them were quite beyond his comprehension, he had never even tasted some of them, but the man looking at him suddenly smiled and said, 'Okay, I've got it, you've sent me a clear picture of what you want and there it is.' With that he laughed and turned and went

out of the room.

Molygruber looked after him in some astonishment wondering why he had taken off in such a hurry. What about breakfast, where was it? The man had asked him to order breakfast and then had just walked away.

A most wonderful aroma caused Molygruber to spin around and there right behind him was a table with a beautiful white cloth on it, a serviette, silverware, beautiful crockery and flatware, and then his eyes bulged at the sight of the meal in front of him, a meal covered over with shining metal covers.

Gingerly he lifted one of the covers and nearly fainted with ecstasy at the smell coming from the plate, he had never seen food like this. But he looked about guiltily wondering if all this really was for him, then he sat down and tucked a serviette on his chest and really set to. For quite a time there was nothing but the munch, munch, as Molygruber's teeth bit into sausages, liver, kidneys, fried eggs, and a few other things too. Then there was the crackling as he devoured the toast, followed by a slurping as he drank cup after cup of tea. It was a change from coffee and he found he rather preferred it, he had never tasted tea before.

Much later he rose unsteadily from the chair and went to lie on the bed again. He had had such a meal that he could not stay awake so he lay back, let himself relax, and drifted off into dreamland. In his dreams he thought of the Earth, he thought of the hard time he had had there, he thought of his unknown father and his harridan mother, he thought of leaving home and going to work on the garbage dump and then, as he would have called it, working his way up to pushing a garbage barrow on the streets, sweeping the sidewalks. His thoughts went on and on, the pictures went round and round. Suddenly he opened his eyes to find the table had gone and all the dishes had gone as well, and there sitting opposite to him was the doctor he had seen yesterday. 'Well, my boy,' said the doctor, 'you certainly took a load aboard you, didn't you? Of course, you know, you don't need to have food on any of these worlds on any of these planes of existence, it's just a throwback, just a useless habit

carried over from the Earth where food was necessary. Here we take all our food, all our nourishment, all our energy from our surroundings. You will soon find you are doing the same because this food that you have been eating is quite an illusion, you are merely having energy done up in a different form. But now we've got to talk, you have a lot to learn. Sit back, or lie back, and listen to me.'

Molygruber reclined on his bed and listened to what the doctor had to tell him:

'Mankind is an experiment confined to one particular Universe, the Universe of which the Earth was such a small, unimportant member. Mankind was merely the temporary clothing of immortal souls which had to get experience in hardship and discipline through corporeal existence, because such hardships did not exist on what are called the spirit worlds.

'There are entities always waiting to be born to an Earth body, but things have to be carefully mapped out. First, what does the entity need to learn, then, what sort of conditions should prevail throughout the life so that the entity can obtain the greatest advantage from the life on Earth?'

The doctor looked at Molygruber and then said, 'You don't know much about this, do you?'

Molygruber looked up at him and replied, 'No, Doc, I know that people are born and that's a messy process, then they live a few years of hardship and then they die and are stuck in a hole in the ground, and that's all there is to it—well, that's what I thought until now.' He said it reflectively. The doctor remarked, 'Well, its very difficult, you know, if you have no idea at all of what happens because it seems to me that you think a person comes somewhere or a baby is born, it lives and it dies, and that's all there is to it. But it's not like that at all. I'll tell you about it.'

And this is what the doctor told him:

'Earth is just an insignificant little place in this Universe, and this Universe is an insignificant little place compared to other universes, the universes teeming with life, life of many different kinds, life serving many different purposes. But the

only thing that matters to humans at present is what happens to humans. It is all something like a school. You get a baby born, then for a time it picks up and learns from its parents, it learns the rudiments of a language, it learns some semblance of manners, of culture. Then when the child is of a suitable age he goes to a kindergarten school and in that school the child is kept during school hours while the poor wretched teacher tries distractedly to keep the child fairly peaceful and quiet until the end of the school day. The first term in school doesn't matter much, the same as the first life on Earth doesn't matter much.

'The child progresses from class to class or grade to grade, each one becoming more important than the one before until in the end the school classes or grades lead up to the culmination of one's achievement, whatever it may be, what is coming next—pre-med school? Law school? Or a lowly plumber's mate? No matter what it is the person has to study and pass some examinations, and it is worth noting that some plumbers earn more than some doctors. The status symbolizing on Earth is all wrong, it doesn't matter what a person's parents were, the only thing that matters in the afterlife is what **THAT PERSON HAS BECOME**. You can have an educated gentleman with the kindest of thoughts while he is just the son of a plumber on Earth. Again, you can have another person who might even be the curator of a museum, he might have had all the advantages of a high birth-status and he may be worse than a pig in his manners or lack of manners. Values on Earth are wrong, completely wrong, only the values of the afterlife matter.

'In the early days of this particular Round of civilization things were rather rudimentary and crude, people learned lessons by going out and bonking somebody on the head or by getting bonked on the head instead. Sometimes the two parties would be humble yeomen or farm workers, sometimes they would be high knights jousting at a royal palace; it doesn't matter how you are killed, when you are killed—well—you are dead and then you've got to go on to another life.

‘As the world itself becomes more mature in this Round of existence the stresses and strains which one may have to overcome become more sophisticated. One goes to business and gets all the hatred, the jealousies and the pettiness of office life, all the cut-throat competition in car salesmanship, insurance salesmanship, or any of the other competitive trades or professions. One is discouraged in present-day world life from knocking one's neighbor on the noggin, you have to do it by politely cutting his throat behind his back, or, in other words, getting him framed so that if, for instance, you are an author and you don't like another author then you gang up with a couple of other authors and you frame your victim. You produce a lot of false evidence and then you get a pressman on the job, you pay him a dollop of money and if he is a drinking sort of fellow you wine him and dine him, then he goes and writes an article about the victim and all the other silly creeps in the media—a most low profession or trade—lap it up hook, line and sinker, and they do their best to damn the author they have never even read or met. That is called civilization.’

The doctor paused and said, ‘I hope you're taking all this in, if not you'd better stop me, I've got to teach you something because you seem to have learnt nothing at all in your Earth life.’

Molygruber nodded, he was going a bit cross-eyed by now, and so the doctor continued:

‘After one has decided in the astral world what is needed, then circumstances are investigated and suitable prospective parents are selected. Then when the husband and wife on Earth have done their stuff the entity in the astral is prepared and he “dies” to the astral world and is shoved out into the mundane world as a baby. In almost every instance the trauma of getting born is so severe that he forgets all about his past life and that is why we get people saying, “Oh, I didn't ask to be born, don't blame me for what I've done.”

‘When a person dies to the Earth he or she will have reached a certain status of understanding, he or she may have learned something of metaphysics, and so will have gained knowledge which helps in the next world. In a case

like yours, Molygruber, you seem to be singularly bereft of all knowledge of life after death so this is what it is like.

‘If a person has only lived a very few lives on the Earth plane—the three dimensional plane—then when they leave the Earth, or “die” as it is miscalled, the astral body or soul or whatever you like to call it is received into a low-grade astral world suitable for the knowledge of the person who has just arrived. You can say a human boy or man doesn't know much so he had to go to night classes, he can't climb up in society until he has learned enough to take his place in a higher society. It is quite the same in the astral worlds; there are many, many astral worlds, each one suitable for a particular type of person. Here in this world which is in the low-astral of a fourth dimension you will have to learn about metaphysics, you will have to learn how to think so that you may get clothing, food, and anything else you need. You need yet to go to the Hall of Memories where you will see all that you have done in your past life, and you will judge yourself. And I may say that no one judges one more harshly than one's Overself. The Overself can be likened to the soul. Briefly, there are about nine “dimensions” available in this particular sphere of activity. When one has finally reached embodiment in the ninth body or Overself then one is prepared to go up to higher realms and learn higher things. People, entities, are always striving to climb upwards like plants striving to reach toward the light.

‘This is a low-astral world where you will have many lessons to learn. You will have to go to school and learn many facts of life on Earth, many facts of life in the astral. Then later you will decide what type of lessons you have to learn. When all that has been decided upon you will be able to return to the Earth to suitable parents and it is hoped that this time you will have more opportunities to climb upwards and to get a better status on the Earth, a better soul status, that is, not just one's class on the Earth. It is hoped that in the next life you will learn a lot so that when you leave the Earth body again you will not come to this, low stage but you will move upwards perhaps two, perhaps

three “planes” above this one.

‘The higher you climb in the astral planes the more interesting your experiences and the less suffering you can endure, but you have to approach things like that carefully, gently, and slowly. For example, if you were suddenly put upon an astral world two or three stages above this you would be blinded by the intensity of the emanations from the Guardians of that world, so the sooner you learn that which you have to learn the sooner you can go back to Earth and prepare for a higher stage.

‘Let us say that a very, very good man indeed leaves the Earth, the three dimensional Earth from which you have so recently arrived. If the man is truly spiritual he could go up two or three stages, and then he would not find harsh treatment such as that which you get on this plane, he would not find that he had to imagine food to eat. His body essence would absorb all the energy it needed from the surroundings. You could do that as well but you are uneducated in such things, you cannot understand much about spirituality as witness the admitted fact that until now you have not believed in life after death. Upon this plane, this plane where you now reside, there are many, many people who did not believe there is life after death: they are here to learn that there is!

‘In later incarnations you will strive up and up so that each time you die to the Earth world and are reborn to an astral world, you will climb to a higher plane and will have greater and greater time between incarnations. For instance, in your own case; suppose you were discharged from your employment on Earth. Well, in your particular job there are usually plenty of vacancies, you could get a similar job the next day, but if you were a professor or something, to give you an illustration, you would have to try harder and wait longer to get suitable employment. Similarly, on this plane on which you are now lodged you could be sent back to the Earth world in a month or two, but when one gets to higher planes one has to wait longer in order to recover from the psychic shocks endured on the Earth.’

Molygruber sat up straight and said, ‘Well, it's all beyond

me, Doc, guess I'll have to set to and learn something, eh? But can one speak to people on Earth from here?'

The doctor looked at him for some moments and then said, 'If the matter is considered urgent enough, yes, under certain conditions and circumstances a person on this plane can get in touch with someone on the Earth. What have you in mind?'

Molybruger looked a bit self conscious, he looked at his feet he looked at his hands and he twiddled his thumbs then he said, 'Well, the guy that's got my old barrow, I don't like the way he's treating that barrow, I looked after it, I polished it with steel wool and kept it as clean as clean could be. That fellow's got it all cabbled up with dirt. I wanted to get in touch with the superintendent at the depot and tell him to give the new man what took over my job a kick you-know-where.'

The doctor looked quite a bit shocked and said, 'But, my good man, that is a thing you have to learn, you have to learn not to indulge in violence and not to judge another person harshly. Of course it is extremely laudable that you cleaned your own work vehicle but another man may have a different method of using his time. No, certainly, you cannot get in touch with your superintendent for such a frivolous reason. I suggest you forget about your life on Earth, you are not there now, you are here, and the sooner you learn about this life and this world the sooner will you be able to make progress because you are here to learn and to learn only so that you can be sent back to—if you earn it—a higher status.'

Molygruber sat there on the bed drumming his fingers on his knees. The doctor watched him in some curiosity wondering how it was that on Earth people could live for a number of years and still be 'a soul encased in clay' hardly knowing what went on about them, knowing nothing of the past or of the future. Suddenly he said, 'Well, what is it?' Molygruber looked up with a start and replied, 'Oh, I've been thinking of things and I understand I'm dead. Now if I'm dead, why do I seem solid? I thought I was a ghost?'

Why do you seem solid? If you are a ghost you should be like a whiff of smoke.'

The doctor laughed and said, 'Oh, the number of times I've been asked that! The answer is very, very simple; when you are on Earth you are of basically the same type of material as all the others around you so you see each other as solid, but if a person—me, for example—came from the astral world and went down to the Earth I would be so tenuous to the solid Earth people that either they would not see me or they would see right through me. But here you and I are of the same material, same density of material, so to each other we are solid, all the things about you are solid. And, mark this well, when you get to higher planes of existence your vibrations will be higher and higher so that if a person from, let us say, the fifth level came to us now we should not see him; he would be invisible to us because he would be of finer material.'

Molygruber just could not take it in, he sat there looking uncomfortable, looking embarrassed and twiddling his fingers around.

The doctor said, 'You don't follow me at all, do you?'

'No,' replied Molygruber, 'not at all'

The doctor sighed and said, 'Well, I suppose you know a little about radio, you've listened to radio sets. Now you know you cannot get FM radio on a set designed for AM only, and you cannot get AM on a radio designed for FM only. Well, that should give you a line of thought because you can say that FM is high frequency and AM is low frequency. In the same way you can say that we on this plane of existence are high frequency and the people of Earth are low frequency, and that should enable you to realize that there are more things in heaven and on Earth than you know about, but now you are here you've got a few things to learn.'

Molygruber suddenly had a flash picture of when he used to go to Sunday School—well, for two or three Sundays only, but it still came to his mind. He stopped twiddling with his fingers, he stopped fiddling with his toes, and he

looked at the doctor. 'Doc,' he asked, 'is there any truth in it that people who are real holy Joes get a front seat in heaven?'

The doctor laughed outright and said, 'Oh dear, oh dear, so many people have that crazy idea. No, there is no truth at all in it. People are not judged on which religion they follow, but they are judged on the inner workings of their mind. Do they do good to try to do good or do they do good as a sort of insurance for when they die to the Earth? Well, that's a question one has to be able to answer. When people pass over, at first they see and experience what they expect to see and what they expect to experience. For instance, if an ardent Catholic has been brought up on a diet of angels, heavenly music, and a lot of saints playing harps then that is what they will see when they pass over. But when they do realize that all that is sham—hallucination—then they see the True Reality and the sooner they see it the better for them.' He stopped and looked very seriously at Molygruber before going on, 'There is one good thing to be said for people like you; they have no false ideas about what they are going to see. Many of the people of your type keep an open mind; that is, they neither believe nor disbelieve and that is a lot better than being too slavish in the following of any particular discipline.'

Molygruber sat very still, his face puckered in a frown so deep that his eyebrows almost met, and then he said, 'I was scared out of my pants when I was a youngster. I was always being told that if I didn't do what I was told I would go to hell, and a lot of devils would prod me—well, YOU know where, with red-hot toasting forks and I would suffer a lot of pain. How come if God is so great, if God is our kind benevolent Father, then how come that He wants to torture us for ever and a day? That's what I can't understand!'

The doctor sighed deeply, deeply, and then after some slight pause he said, 'Yes, that's one of the biggest difficulties we have, people have been given false values, they have been told false things, they have been told that you will go to hell and will suffer eternal damnation. Now, there isn't a word of truth in that; hell is the Earth. Entities go to Earth

to experience, mainly through hardship, and learn, again mainly through hardship, all the various things which they have to learn. Earth is usually a place of suffering. If a person has a low state of evolution then usually he or she doesn't have enough of what we call karma to have to suffer in order to learn. They stay on Earth to gain some experience by watching others, and then later they come back for their hardships. But there is no hell after the life on Earth, that is illusion, that is false teaching.'

Molygruber said, 'Well then, how did so much about hell get in the Good Book?'

'Because,' responded the doctor, 'in the time of Christ there was a village named Hell. It was a village on the outskirts of very high land, and outside the village there was a quaking bog which was smoking hot and with a continual stench of sulphur fumes and brimstone. If a person was accused of something he was brought to the village of Hell so that he could endure the ordeal of passing thorough Hell—passing through the smoking bog of sulphur and brimstone—in the belief that if he was guilty the heat would overcome him and he would fall to the ground and be burned up by the heat of the bog. But if he was innocent, or if he had enough money to bribe the priests in charge of the place so that they could put a coating on his feet, then he could go all the way through the bog and emerge safely on the other side, then he would be considered as an innocent man. We get the same thing now, don't we, with the way justice is often bought and the innocent get imprisoned while the guilty go free'

'There is another thing that puzzles me,' said Molygruber. 'I've been told that when one dies there are helpers on the Other Side, wherever that is, who come and help a person get into Heaven or the Other Place. Well, I'm supposed to have died but I sure didn't see any helpers. I had to get there all on my own just like a baby being born unexpectedly. Now, what's all this about helpers?'

The doctor looked at Molygruber and said, 'Well, of course there are helpers helping those who want to be helped, but if a person—you, for instance—will not believe

in anything then you can't believe in helpers either, so if you can't believe in helpers they cannot get close to you to help you. Instead you are encased in the thick black fog of your own ignorance, your own lack of belief, your own lack of understanding. Oh yes, definitely there are helpers who come if they are permitted to come. In the same way, usually one's parents or relatives who have passed over come to greet the one newly arrived in the astral planes of existence. But this particular plane is the lowest plane, that which is the nearest to the Earth, and you are here because you did not believe in anything. So, because you were so ignorant, you find it even more difficult to believe in higher planes than this so you are here in what some people regard as Purgatory. Purgatory means to purge, a place of purging, and until you are purged of your lack of belief then you cannot progress upwards. And so because you are in this plane you cannot meet those who have been friendly with you in other lives, they are so much higher.'

Molygruber stirred uncomfortably and said, 'Gee, I sure seem to have upset the apple cart, so what happens now?' With that the doctor rose to his feet and signaled for Molygruber to do likewise. He said, 'You have to go to the Hall of Memories now where you will see every event of your life on Earth. Seeing those events you will judge what you have done successfully, you will judge what you have done unsuccessfully, and then you will have the nucleus of an idea in your mind as to what you have to do to improve yourself in a next Earth life. Come.'

With that he walked to the wall and an opening appeared. He and Molygruber passed through and moved along to the big hall again. The doctor walked to a man sitting at a desk and they had a short conversation. Then the doctor returned to Molygruber and said, 'This way, we turn down here.'

Together they walked down a long corridor and out into the open to a long grassy sward, at the far end of which there was a peculiar building which looked as if it was made of crystal reflecting all the colors of the rainbow, and many other colors which Molygruber simply could not name.

They stopped outside the door and the doctor said, 'There,

that is the Hall of Memories, there is one on every plane of existence after one gets beyond the Earth plane. You go in there and you see before you a simulacrum of the Earth floating in space. As you walk toward it you will have a sensation of falling, falling, then it will seem as though you were upon the Earth watching all that happens, seeing all but not being seen. You will see everything that you have done, you will see actions you have taken and how they have affected other people. This is the Hall of Memories, some call it the Hall of Judgment, but of course there is no great judge sitting in solemn state who will look you up and down and then weigh your soul in the balance to see if it is wanting, and then, if it is, toss you into eternal fires. No, there is nothing like that. In the Hall of Memories each person sees himself or herself, and each person judges whether he or she has been successful. If not, why not and what can be done about it. Now,' he took Molygruber's arm and urged him gently forward, 'I leave you here. Go into the Hall of Memories, take as much time as is required, and when you come out another person will be waiting for you. Goodbye.'

With that he turned and walked away. Molygruber stayed there with a strange feeling of dread. He did not know what he was going to see, and he did not know what he was going to do about what he was going to see. But he showed no sign of moving, he seemed like a statue—a statue of a street sweeper without his barrow—and at last some strange Force turned him gently and pushed him along in the direction of the Portal of the Hall of Memories. Molygruber entered.

And so it came to pass that Leonides Manuel Molygruber entered unto the Hall of Memories, and there he saw the history of himself and his associates since the beginning of time as an entity.

He learned much, he learned of the mistakes of the past, he learned of things for which to prepare for the future, and by means unknown on the Earth his comprehension was expanded, his character purified, and Leonides Manuel Molygruber left the Hall of Memories at some undetermined

time—it may have been days later, it may have been weeks later, or it may have been months later—and then he sat down with a group of counselors and planned his return to Earth so that, a task having been completed during the next life, he could return again to a much better plane of astral life.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

The great President slumped back in his luxurious swivel chair clutching grimly at his chest. There was that pain again, that awful nagging, gnawing pain which made him think that his chest was being squeezed in a vice. He sat back gasping, wondering what he should do. Should he call the doctor and go to hospital, or should he stick it out for a little longer?

Mr. Hoky MacOgwascher, the president of Glittering Gizmos, was a man in deep, deep trouble, trouble very similar to that which had terminated the life of his father. The firm, founded by his father, was prospering so much that Hoky wished that his father could be with him to witness the success. But Hoky leaned back in his chair and started groping for his amyl nitrate capsules. Breaking it in a paper handkerchief he felt the fumes going into his chest giving him relief, relief for a time. With Hoky's ailment there would be no real relief until life itself terminated the pain, but amyl nitrate kept him going for the time and he was grateful for it. He felt that his work was not finished yet, he thought of his father long dead, thought of how they used to talk together more like two brothers than father and

son. He glanced at his wide picture window with the tinted glass across the top, he thought of the time when his father had stood beside him and put his arm around his shoulder. Together they had looked at the factory building and the father had said, 'Hogy, m'boy, one day all this will be yours. Look after it, look after it well, it's my brainchild, Hogy, it will keep you in comfort and prosperity for all the days of your life.' Then his father had sat down heavily in his chair and—like Hogy now—had clasped his chest with his two hands and groaned with the pain.

Hogy had really loved his father. He remembered how he had sat across from his father one day on the desk which seemed to callers to be acres in extent, highly polished, a wonderful desk indeed, hand-carved by an old craftsman in Europe. Hogy had said, 'Father, how do we get such a peculiar name? I can't understand it. Many people have asked me and I have never been able to tell them. You've got some time this afternoon, Father, the Board meeting went off well, tell me what happened before you came to Canada.'

Father MacOgwascher leaned back in his chair—the chair upon which Hogy now sat—and lit an immense Havana cigar. Then puffing comfortably he swung his feet up onto the desk, folded his hands across his ample stomach and said, 'Vell, vell m'boy, ve comes from Upper Silesia in Europe. Ve vas de Juden but your mutter and I ve vas told that even in Canada there was the discrimination against us Judes so your mutter and I ve said vell ve vill take care of that real fast, ve vill become Katholics, dey seem to have the most money and dey has the most saints to look after them. Your mutter and I, ve looked around and ve talked of different names vat ve should have, and then I thought of your uncle's cousin on your mutter's side. Good man vas he, he make good living too, he vas Jude just like you and me but he made good living vashing hogs. He gots hogs all vashed up real good and clean and proper, he scrubbed de petrol in dey hides and they comed clean just like a baby's backside, they had a rosy glow on them just like a slapped baby's backside, and de judges dey always said, vell, vell, de hog

him must from a certain man have comed, dey vast so good and prettified.’ Hogy's father had swung his feet down to the floor again while he leisurely reached out for his special knife which had a spear point attached to it. With that he jabbed the butt end of his cigar which was not drawing any too well, then having got the smoke flowing as he wanted, he resumed his talk:

‘I said to mine frau dat is vat ve vill do, ve vill call ourselves Hogswascher, dat seems to be a good name American continentwise, de has dey funny names there.’ He had stopped a while and rolled his cigar about between his lips before continuing, ‘Mine frau she say to me ve should do something to make prettified up more Catholic, so she say ve got have a “Mac” like dey do with the Irishers, de Irishers dey had the Mac on dey name which sort of keeps them out of storms people say mit that Irish must be. So I said to mineself and I said to mine frau at the same time dat is vat ve vill do, ve vill call mineself MacOgwascher, and from now on ve have to be the Catholics.’

Again the old man had stopped while he ruminated a bit more. Hogy always knew when his father was in a contemplative mood because the inevitable cigar was rolled backwards and forwards between his parent's lips. And then there came a great burst of smoke again and his father said, ‘Mine friends I told of this and dey said to me saints in plenty you should have, special patron saint you should have like dey do with the Catholics in Ireland. So I did not know vat to have for saints, I'd never spoke nohow to no saints, so my friend he say to me, you vant a good saint? Then a good saint for you your patron saint should be St. Lucre.’

Hogy had looked at his father in amazement and said, ‘Well father, I've never heard of St. Lucre. When I went to the Seminary the Brothers there used to teach us all about saints but they never taught me anything about St. Lucre.’

‘Ya, ya m'boy,’ said Father MacOgwascher, ‘then I vill tell you vhy the saint he got that name. Mine friend he say to me, Moses, he say, you always vas one for running after the filthy lucre, you say to me many times, Moses, money

has no smell, but others say he is running after filthy lucre so vat better saint could you have, Moses, than St. Lucre?' But now Hogy shuddered as a fresh spasm of pain wracked his chest. For the moment he thought he was going to die, he felt that his chest was being crushed, squeezed, the air being squeezed out of his lungs, but once again he sniffed at the amyl nitrate and gradually the pain eased. Gingerly and, oh, so cautiously he moved slightly and found that the main pain had ended, but he decided it would be a good idea to stop for a bit, put work aside for a bit, have a rest, think about the past.

He thought again about his father. Years before his father had started the business on what he called a shoestring. The father and the mother had left Upper Silesia after one of the annual pogroms there and had come to Canada where they had become Landed Immigrants. Father Moses found there was no work for him so he went into farming for a time acting as a farm laborer instead of the skilled jeweler for which he had been trained. One day he saw another farm laborer playing about with a small stone which had a hole in it. The man, on being questioned, had told him that it brought much peace of mind when he played with this stone and so he kept it with him, and when the Boss farmer told him off for being too slow or too dumb he played about with this polished stone and then calmness swept over him.

Hogy's father had thought about that stone for days, and then he came to a great decision. He got together all the money he could, he borrowed money, and he worked like a slave to get more, and then he started a little business called Glittering Gizmos. They made little things which had no earthly use at all but most of them were gilded by the vacuum process and people thought when they had these golden objects in their pockets that they became tranquil. A friend once asked him, 'What IS this thing; Moses, what good does it do?'

Moses replied, 'Ah my friend, that is a good question. Vat is a glittering gizmo? No one knows, but dey vant to know so dey spends good money buying them to find out. No one knows vat it is. No earthly use has ever been found

for one but ve advertise it as “NEW—NEW—NEW,” and it has now become a status symbol to own one, in fact for a special charge ve vill have a person's initials engraved on it. You must remember that here on this American continent anything new is that vat dey vant, anything old it is garbage. Vell, ve takes garbage and ve gild it up a bit to make it look prettified and ve advertise it as the latest thing, guaranteed to do this and guaranteed to do that. But of course it doesn't do a thing, the buyer does the good by the way he or she is thinking, and if dey think there is nothing in it then they don't like to admit they have been conned so they tries to sell the things to show others that have been conned also. I makes for mineself quite a packet.’

‘Good gracious, Moses,’ exclaimed his friend, ‘don’t tell me that you are selling RUBBISH to the unsuspecting public?’

Moses MacOgwascher had raised his gray eyebrows in mock horror and then said, ‘Goodness me, mine friend, you don't think I would be swindling the public, do you? Are you calling me a crook?’

The friend laughed at him and replied, ‘Whenever I meet a Catholic who has the first name of Moses I wonder what made him change from a Jew into a Catholic.’

Old Moses had laughed heartily and told his friend the story of his life, building up a business in Upper Silesia, being famed for good quality, being famed for fair dealing and low prices, and then he said jovially, ‘It all went “pffuft”. The Russians came along and they took everything, they makes me a pauper and they turned me from mine house and I vas an honest man giving good deals and selling genuine articles. So I turn mineself around, I becomes a dishonest man selling junk for high prices and people respect me more! Look at me now, I have mine own business, mine own factory, mine own Cadillac, and I have mine patron saint, St. Lucre!’ He laughed aloud as he went to a little cabinet fixed to one corner of his office. Slowly he unlocked the door, slowly he turned to his friend and said, ‘Kommen Sie hier.’

His friend laughed with glee as he jumped to his feet

crying out, 'Moses. You're speaking the wrong language. You don't speak German now, you are supposed to be a Canadian citizen, you should say, "Get a load of this, bud".'

He walked over to where old Moses was tantalizingly holding the cupboard door barely ajar. Then suddenly the cupboard door was swung wide open and the friend saw an ebony plinth and upon the ebony plinth the dollar sign in gold stood up, and on the top of the dollar sign there was a halo. He looked at old Moses without comprehension and Moses laughed aloud at his expression. 'That is mine saint, mine St. Lucre,' he said. 'Filthy lucre is money, mine saint is clean dollars.'

But now Hogy was feeling a lot better. He pressed his intercom button and called to his secretary, 'Come in, Miss Williams, come in.' A very businesslike young woman entered and sat demurely at the edge of the desk. 'I want you to call my attorney, I want him to come here to see me, I think it is time I made my Will'

'Oh, Mr. Hogy,' said the secretary in alarm, 'You do look pale, do you think I should get Dr. Johnson to come along to see you?'

'No, no, my dear,' said Hogy, 'I think I have been working too hard and one can't be too careful, you know. So you just call the attorney and ask him to come and see me at ten o'clock tomorrow morning here, and that is all the business we will do this afternoon.' He gestured with his hand and the secretary went out again, wondering if Hogy MacOgwascher had a premonition that he was going to die or something.

Hogy sat back in the chair thinking of the past and the future as well, as he supposed his father had sat on numerous occasions. He thought of what he had heard from Miss Williams, and then his mind drifted to the life of Father MacOgwascher; Miss Williams told Hogy about how she had gone into the office and found Father MacOgwascher sitting silent and somber at his desk. As she came in he was looking up at the sky watching wispy clouds as they sped over his factory buildings. Then he moved and uttered a

deep, deep sigh. Miss Williams stopped and looked at the old man, seriously afraid that he was going to die in front of her. ‘Miss Villiams,’ he had said, ‘mine car I should have already. Tell the chauffeur to come to the front right now, home I should go.’ Miss Williams gave her urbane, business-like acknowledgement and Father MacOgwascher sat back with his hands clasped against his ample paunch. Soon his office door opened and Miss Williams came in again looking with great concern as she saw him hunched up at his desk. ‘The car is at the door, sir,’ she said, ‘may I assist you with your coat?’

The old man stood up somewhat shakily and said, ‘Oy, oy, Miss Villiams, you think maybe too old I am getting, hey?’ The secretary smiled and walked across to him carrying his coat. Clumsily he put his arms into the sleeves and she moved around to the front and carefully pulled the coat down and then buttoned it for him. ‘Here is your briefcase, sir,’ she said. ‘I haven't seen your new Cadillac, you know, I will see you down to your car if you don't mind.’ The old man grunted acquiescence and together they moved into the elevator and down to the street.

The uniformed chauffeur had jumped to attention and quickly opened the car door. ‘No, no m'boy, no no, I vill sit in front with you for a change,’ said the old man as he shuffled around and got into the front of the car. With a wave to Miss Williams he settled and the chauffeur drove off.

Mr. MacOgwascher Senior lived away in the country, some twenty-five miles distant from his office, and he looked about him as the car sped through traffic and out into the suburbs beyond—looked about him as though he had never seen the scenery before or as though he were seeing it for the last time. In somewhat less than an hour for the traffic was quite heavy, the car drew up in front of MacOgwascher Mansion. Mrs. MacOgwascher was at the door waiting because Miss Williams, like a good secretary, had telephoned Mrs. MacOgwascher to say that she thought the Boss was having an attack of something.

‘Ah Moses, ah Moses, I have been so worried about

you this day,' said Mrs. MacOgwascher, 'I think you have been doing too much maybe, maybe we should have a vacation. You are seeing too much of that office.'

Old Moses had dismissed the chauffeur and walked somewhat wearily into his house. It was the house of a wealthy man but of a wealthy man who had not got too much taste. There were priceless antiques and garish modern things side by side, but somehow the furnishings and the furniture, old and new, blended together in that almost mystical way which old Jews from Europe had so that instead of a hodge-podge almost like a junk shop the interior was quite attractive.

Mrs. MacOgwascher took her husband's arm and said, 'Come and sit down Moses, you look as if you could fall at any moment. I think I will send for Dr. Johnson.'

'No, no, mamma, no no. Ve have things vat ve got to talk of before Dr. Johnson ve vill call in,' said Moses. Then he relapsed into his chair and put his head in his hands thinking deeply.

'Mamma,' said Moses, 'do you remember the Old Religion? Judes is our family religion. How come I don't call in a rabbi and have a talk with him, there are a lot of things in my mind I should clear.'

The wife busied herself getting a drink for the old man, carefully putting in ice, then bringing the glass over to him. 'But how can we go back to the Jewish religion when we are such good Catholics, Moses?' she asked. The old man mused upon it as he slowly sipped his evening drink, and then he said, 'Vell, vell, mamma, when all the chips are down no more a false front should ve put up. Ve cannot return to the land of our fathers, ve can return to our old religion. I think maybe a rabbi I should see.'

Nothing more was said for quite a time, but at dinner the old man had suddenly dropped his knife and fork with a clatter and leaned back in his chair gasping.

'No, no, Moses, enough of this I have had already,' said his wife running to the telephone, 'Dr. Johnson, I call him now.'

Quickly she ran her finger down the automatic telephone

number indicator and then pressed a button. The latest electronic marvel whirred and buzzed as the machine churned out the home number of Dr. Johnson. After a very short interval a voice had answered and Mrs. MacOgwascher said, 'Dr. Johnson, Dr. Johnson, so quickly you should come, my husband so sick is with the chest squeezings.' The doctor, knowing that he had a very good paying patient, hesitated not one moment: 'All right, Mrs. MacOgwascher, I will be over within ten minutes,' he said. The woman put down the telephone and returned to her husband, sitting on the arm of the chair beside him.

'Mamma, mamma,' said the old man, holding his chest between his two hands, 'do you remember how ve came from the Old Country? Do you remember how ve came by the cheapest vay possible, crammed together like cattle in pens? Ve've vorked hard, mamma, you and me, ve've had a harsh life and I am not sure that ve did the right thing to become Catholics. Ve vere born Judes, Judes ve should always be. Ve should return, maybe, to the Old Religion.'

'But we cannot do that, Moses, we just cannot do it. Whatever would the neighbors say? We'd never live it down, you know. But I suggest we go away for vacation and perhaps you will feel better then. I expect Dr. Johnson can suggest a nurse to go with us to look after you.' She jumped up quickly at the sound of the bell. The maid was already on the way to the door and within seconds Dr. Johnson was ushered into the room.

'Well, well, Mr. MacOgwascher,' said the doctor jovially, 'and what is the matter? You have a pain in your chest? Ah, I expect it is another attack of angina, one of the big symptoms, you know, is a strong, strong feeling that one is going to die.'

Mrs. MacOgwascher had nodded her head gravely. 'Yes, doctor, he has had this feeling for some time, a feeling that he can't go on much longer, so I thought I should call you urgently.'

'Quite right, Mrs. MacOgwascher, quite right, that is what we are here for, you know,' said the doctor. 'But let us get him up to bed and then I will give him a thorough exam-

ination. I have with me a portable cardiograph and we will try it on him.'

Soon old Moses had been ensconced in an immense double bed with the padded quilt in the old European fashion. The doctor soon gave him an examination looking graver and graver as he did so, and then at last he said, 'Well, I am afraid you will have to stay in bed for some time, you are a very sick man, you know, you have been burning the candle at both ends and in the middle as well, and at your age you cannot afford to do that.' He closed the cardiograph machine, put away his stethoscope, and washed his hands in the luxurious adjoining bathroom. Then he shook hands with his patient and together with Mrs. MacOgwascher walked down the staircase. On the ground floor he beckoned to Mrs. MacOgwascher and whispered, 'Can we go into a private room to talk about it?' She led the way into the old man's study and shut the door.

'Mrs. MacOgwascher,' the doctor said, 'I am afraid that your husband is very seriously ill; I am afraid that if there is any more exertion your husband will not last. What about your son Hogy, Mrs. MacOgwascher, isn't he at College?'

'Yes, doctor,' replied Mrs. MacOgwascher, 'he is at Bally Ole College. If you think I should then I will telephone him immediately and ask him to return. He is a good boy, a very good boy indeed.'

'Yes,' replied the doctor, 'I know he is a good boy, I have met him on quite a number of occasions, you know. But now, in my opinion, he should come back to see his father. I fear that it may be for the last time. I must impress upon you that your husband really needs nursing care day and night, and I suggest you may like to have me take care of it. I can send nurses for you.'

'Oh yes, yes, doctor, yes certainly, we can well afford it. We will have whatever you recommend.'

The doctor pursed his lips and pinched them sideways between finger and thumb. Then he looked down the sides of his nose and said, 'Well, of course, I would have liked him in my nursing home, we could have cared for him very thoroughly in my nursing home, but for the moment I

rather fear that such a move might be ill-advised. We shall have to treat him here. I will send a nurse and she will stay for eight hours, and then another nurse will take over for eight hours, and I will come to see him first thing in the morning. Now, I will write a prescription and I will have the drug store send along the medicine by special messenger and you follow the instructions very carefully. Goodbye, Mrs. MacOgwascher,' and the doctor walked sedately to the door and out through the dining room to his car.

For some time Mrs. MacOgwascher had sat with her head in her hands wondering what she should do. But then she was roused from her soliloquy by the arrival of the maid: 'The Master is calling for you, madam,' she said. Quickly Mrs. MacOgwascher rushed up the stairs.

'Mamma, mamma vyfore ve don't have no rabbi come?' he asked. 'A rabbi I should have fast. I have a lot that I should talk of, and maybe arrangements could be made for mine son or an old friend to recite the Kaddish.'

'My, my, Moses!' exclaimed his wife. 'Do you really think you should have a rabbi? Don't forget that you are a professed Catholic. How will we explain to the neighbors that we have suddenly become Jews?'

'But mamma, mamma, how can I die in peace vithout knowing that I have someone to recite the Kadish for me?'

Mrs. MacOgwascher stood in deep, deep thought and then she said, 'I know, I know, I have the solution. We will call in a rabbi as a friend, and after the rabbi has gone we will call in our Catholic Father and in that way we shall be well covered with the two religions and our neighbors.'

The old man laughed and laughed until the tears came to his eyes and the pain started again. But when he recovered he said, 'Oy, oy mamma, so you think so bad have I been altogether that I need to have an insurance so one of the two can make the best bid to get me up to Heaven? Well, well, mamma, so it shall be but for mineself the rabbi I should have real fast, and then ven he has gone ve can have the Catholic Father, and in that way ve can be sure ve have covered mine passing from two sides at once.'

'I have telephoned, Hogy, Moses,' said Mrs. MacOg-

wascher, 'I have told him that you have had a little setback and that I thought it would be a comfort to his father if he returned for a day or two. He is coming immediately.'

Hogy sat back and thought of it all again, he relived it, for the moment his pain was forgotten thinking of those bygone days, thinking of how the big car had raced through the chilly night roaring through small hamlets and big towns. He remembered the startled expression on the face of a policeman as he jumped out of hiding somewhere and tried to flag down the speeding Hogy, and then as the car did not stop the policeman raced for his motorcycle and tried to catch up, but to no avail, Hogy had a good car and Hogy was a good driver. The policeman must have been a rookie because he soon retired from the race.

Hogy remembered reaching his father's home. Dawn was just breaking as away in the East there were the reds and blues and yellows of dawn flaring across the sky. Later that morning, after he had had a little rest so that his father would not see how tired he had been, he went to see the old man.

Father MacOgwascher was in bed wearing his yarmelke, the little skull cap which orthodox Jews wear on certain occasions. About his shoulders he had his prayer shawl. 'Hogy m'boy, I'm glad you've returned in time. I am a Jew and you are a good Christian Catholic. You believe in doing good turns, my boy, so I want you do something for me; I want you recite the Kaddish which, as you know, is the Prayer for the Dead. I want you recite in the old, old way which is almost forgotten. That should not interfere with your Christian Catholic belief, m'boy.'

Hogy hesitated. He had really taken to the Catholic belief, he absolutely believed the Bible and in the saints and all the rest of it. He believed that the Pope and others of the hierarchy of the Catholic Church had Divine Powers so how could he, a good Catholic, suddenly revert even temporarily to the religion of his fathers, the Jewish religion? The old man had been watching his expression, watching him closely. Then he sighed deeply and sank lower in his bed:

‘All right, m'boy,’ said the old man, ‘I will not trouble you further, but I believe that ve all goes the same vay Home, it doesn't matter at all if I'm a Jew and you're a Catholic, ve all go the same vay Home. If ve live a good life ve gets the good reward that's coming to us. But tell me m'boy,’ he said with a faint smile, ‘why do Catholics fear death more than any other religion fears it? Vyfor are Catholics so opposed to all other religions and firmly hold to the belief that unless one is a Roman Catholic no place in heaven there is for them? They must have bought all the tickets in advance, I suppose,’ said the old man with a laugh.

Hogy groaned aloud as he said, ‘Father, father, let me get one of the Holy Fathers here now. If you would be converted now then I am sure you would be considered for a place in Heaven. As it is, as a Jew, you have no chance at all father, you will find yourself lodged in hell just like an old author is going to be. I have been reading, some of his books lately until one of the priests caught me with them and, oh dear, I had to do a penance because I had been reading a book by that fellow Rampa. In the hospital some time ago a very good Catholic Sister wept over him and said that he would go to hell as he was a Buddhist—a Buddhist, mind, can you imagine it?’

Father MacOgwascher looked at his son with compassion, with pity, and said, ‘M'boy, since you've been away and since you embraced the Catholic faith more closely you are indeed becoming bigoted. Never mind, m'boy, I will get one of my old friends, one who has been as a son to me, and I will have him recite the Kaddish so as not to upset your faith.’

The old rabbi came to see Father MacOgwascher and they talked together for quite some time. The old man said to the rabbi, ‘My son is changed so that possibly he is no longer my son, he would not read the Kadesh for me, he would not even tolerate talk of our religion. I am going to ask you, mine friend, if you will recite the Kaddish for me.’

The rabbi placed his hands on his old friend's shoulders and said, ‘Of course I will, Moses, of course I will, but my own son is a very good man indeed and I think it would be

more meet if he did it instead, he is a young man of the same age group as that of your son. But I—well, I am one of your contemporaries, aren't I?'

Old Moses thought about it and then smiled as he nodded acceptance, saying, 'Yes, yes, that is a good suggestion, rabbi, I will accept your advice and your son, if he will, shall recite the Kaddish as if he were mine own son.' The old man stopped and there was silence in the room for a few moments until he spoke again 'Rabbi,' he said, 'this author, Rampa, do you know about him? Have you read any of his books? Mine son say that many Catholics have been forbidden to read his books, what are they about?'

The rabbi laughed and replied, 'I have brought one of them for you, my friend. It tells much about death, it gives one great encouragement. I will ask you to read it, it will give you peace of mind. I have recommended it to many, many people and—yes—I know about him. He is a man who writes the truth, he is a man who has been persecuted by the press, or more accurately by the media. There was quite a little plot about it some years ago; some of the newspapers claimed that he was the son of a plumber, but to my own knowledge—to my own definite knowledge—I know that to be untrue. But I do not understand their point of view, what is there to be ashamed of in being the son of a plumber—if he had been, that is? Their Saviour, Christ, was the son of a carpenter we are told, and then many of the saints of the Catholics came from very humble beginnings. One of their saints, St. Anthony, was the son of a swineherd. Some of the saints have been robbers who have been converted. Oh no, the man tells the truth. As rabbi I get to hear a lot, I get many letters, and yes, the man is true but he got into bad odour with a group of people and has been persecuted ever since, and none of the media has ever offered him an opportunity of explaining his own side of the question.'

'But why does he have to explain anything?' asked old Moses. 'If he has been framed, as is so often the case, why couldn't he do anything about it at the time, why bother now?'

The rabbi looked sad and said, 'The man was in bed with coronary thrombosis when the press people descended in quantities on his place of abode. It was thought he was going to die and the press became even more virulent as there was no one to dispute their story. But enough of that now, we have to deal with you, I will go and talk to my son.'

The days went on. Three days, four days, five days, and on the fifth day Hogy went into his father's room. His father was leaning back against the pillows, his eyes were half open, his mouth was gaping wide, his jaw sagging upon his chest. Hogy rushed to his father and then hastily went to the door and called his mother.

The funeral of Moses MacOgwascher was modest, quiet, peaceful. Eventually, after three weeks Hogy went back to College and finished his instruction so that he could take over his father's business.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Hogy MacOgwascher jerked back to awareness of the present with a start. Guiltily he looked up; how much time had he wasted? Well, time did not matter while he had this awful angina pain. He sat there holding his chest and wondering if he was going the same way as his father.

The door opened stealthily. Hogy looked up with astonishment. What was it now? Was it a robber come to steal from him? Why the stealth? The door opened a little more and cautiously, cautiously half a face appeared around the edge of the door and one eye looked at him, his secretary! Seeing that he was watching her she came into the room

blushing. 'Oh Mr. Hoby,' she said, 'I was so worried about you I came in twice before and I could not get any attention from you. I was just going to phone the doctor for you. I hope you didn't think I was spying on you?'

Hoby smiled gently at her and said, 'No, no, my dear, I know you wouldn't spy and I am upset that I have caused you such concern.' He looked at her expectantly and raised his eyebrows in a good old Jewish symbol of interrogation. 'Well?' he asked, 'You want to ask me something, maybe?'

The secretary looked at him with some concern and then said, 'Mr. Hoby, during the past few days others on the staff as well as I have noticed that you have a considerable amount of pain. Can't you go and get a good medical check-up, Mr. Hoby?'

'I have had a very good check-up and I am suffering from angina pectoris, that is a heart condition, you know, and eventually I suppose I shall have to give up being President—if I live long enough, that is. And so I am going to decide who I can appoint in my place. Perhaps we should call a special Board meeting for tomorrow afternoon, will you notify the Board members?'

The secretary nodded in affirmation, and then said, 'Oh, Mr. Hoby, I do hope everything will be all right. Do you think I should call Mrs. MacOgwascher and tell her you are coming home?'

'Oh no, oh no,' said Hoby, 'My wife is worried enough about me as it is now, but I think you'd better call my chauffeur and tell him to bring the car around. Meantime I'll just wander down and stand in the lobby waiting for him, tell him to come inside as soon as he arrives.'

Leisurely Hoby glanced through some of his papers and on an impulse picked them up and bundled them into his open safe. He looked at his watch and he looked about him, then he closed and locked the safe. He looked in the drawers of his desk, then he closed them and locked each one, after which he wandered out and down the stairs.

Hoby lived in one of the new suburbs, about eighteen miles from his office. It was a long and newly developed area. Hoby looked with astonishment at all the building going

on; he had never taken time to look at it before, on the way to the office and on the way back from the office he had always had his head buried in important papers. But now for the very first time he looked out of the windows and saw the life going on about him, and he thought to himself, well, I suppose soon I'll be dead like my father and the world will go on without me.

'Oh Hoky, Hoky, I think I'd better call for the doctor,' exclaimed Mrs. MacOgwascher. 'I'll call him now, I think we'd better have Dr. Robbins, he knows you better than anyone else.' She bustled away and soon had the doctor's secretary on the phone. First in the well-known way of the doctor's secretary the woman was very aloof and very dictatorial with much of, 'Oh Dr. Robbins is so busy, your husband will have to come to the office.' But Mrs. MacOgwascher knew how to deal with people like that, saying, 'Oh well, Miss, if you can't take a sensible message I'll get in touch with the doctor's wife, I am a personal friend of the family.'

Hoky sat down to a small meal and picked at the food listlessly. He had no heart for a good meal now, he did not feel so well, and he thought that if he had a good meal it might place a strain upon his heart. 'Well, I think I'll go to bed,' he said as he got up from his place at the table. 'I expect Dr. Robbins will be along in two or three hours, strange about these medical boys, isn't it? They seem to have no sympathy for their patients' worries nowadays, all they want is to play golf and see the cheques roll in.' So saying he turned about and walked slowly and laboriously to the staircase. In the bedroom he went through his pockets, put his loose change on the bed table beside him, and then carefully folded his clothes and donning a clean pair of pajamas—he was expecting the doctor!—he got into bed. For a time he lay back just thinking, thinking how almost exactly his experience paralleled that of his deceased father.

'Holy Mary, Mother of God,' intoned Hoky, 'Be with us now and in the hour of our death.' Just at that moment there was the distant tinkling of a bell and hurrying footsteps. There came the sound of the opening door and low-voiced

conversation, then the maid came running up the stairs. 'The doctor is coming, sir. Shall I show him up?' she asked. 'Eh? Oh! Yes, do please, show him up now.'

The doctor came in and after a short greeting pulled a stethoscope out of his pocket and carefully sounded Hogy's chest. 'Yes, Mr. MacOgwascher,' said the doctor, 'you have quite an attack again. Never mind, we'll pull you through as we have done before. Just take things easy.' He sat down on the bed and once again told Hogy that it was a big symptom of angina that the patient was sure he was going to die. 'Well,' he said, 'all people have to die in time, even the doctors. It's not a case of the doctor being able to heal himself, we all have to die, and I have seen a very great number of people die. But I am sure your time is not yet.' He paused and pursed his lips, and then went on, 'It would be better if you had a day nurse and a night nurse. I think it might reassure you and reassure your wife, who really is most concerned—needlessly, I may add—at your condition. Would you like me to arrange for nurses?'

'Ah doctor,' said Hogy, 'I think you will be the best one to arrange for the nurses. Probably you will want the same arrangement as my father had, two nurses by day and one nurse by night. Yes, I shall appreciate it if you will arrange it'

Later a nurse came up the stairs and walked into Hogy's bedroom. He looked at her in dismay, a real frump, he thought, why couldn't I have a glamour puss for a change? Still, the nurse was efficient, she straightened up his room, turned everything about so that poor Hogy did not know if he was on his head or on his feet. Always the same trouble with women, he thought to himself, they get busy in a room and they upset everything so a poor fellow can't find a thing any more. Well, one of the penalties of being ill, I suppose, I'd better put up with it.

The night was very unpleasant. Hogy had pains and medicine and more pains, and it seemed an eternity before the first faint streaks of light came seeping in through the slats of the Venetian blind. Hogy thought that probably he had never had a worse night in his life and as soon as his

wife came in he said, 'I think I'll see the Father today, I'll have a talk with him. I think I might have a confession with him.' His wife went downstairs and picked up the telephone to dial the number of the Roman Catholic priest. There was a lot of lugubrious talk from Mrs. MacOgwascher and then he heard her say, 'Oh I am so glad, Father, I am so very glad, I am sure my husband will be delighted that you will be able to come and see him.'

After tea that same day the priest came. Hoky sent the nurse out and he and the priest had a talk. 'I assure you, Mr. MacOgwascher,' said the priest, 'that you have been an extremely good Catholic, and when the time does come for you to pass over you will undoubtedly go straight to Heaven, you have done much good for the Church and I will add my prayers to yours.' He sank to his knees in the middle of the bedroom and said in doleful tones, 'Shall we pray together?'

Hoky signaled his assent: he always found these things rather embarrassing, He thought of his father, a good old Jew, and never ashamed to admit it, and he thought that after all he was a renegade from his own faith. He had read somewhere that one should not change one's religion without very, very good cause and he did not think it was a very good cause if one changed a religion just because of social status!

That night Hoky lay awake for a long time, just thinking. The pain was definitely much better but still he did not feel as well as he should, there seemed to be a peculiar hollow feeling with his heart and at times he had the most astonishing impression that his heart was—well, he called it BEATING BACKWARDS. But he lay in bed in the darkness gazing out upon the night sky, gazing out across the trees just close to his bedroom window. He marveled at the ways of life, he marveled at the ways of religion. The teachings that had been given to him were that unless he embraced the teachings of Jesus Christ he had no chance whatever of going to Heaven. He wondered what had happened to all the souls who had lived on the Earth for the thousands of years before Christianity, he thought of all the millions of

people on the Earth who were not Christians—what had happened to them, he wondered. Was there any truth in the teaching that unless one was a Catholic one could not go to Heaven? So thinking he sank into a deep, untroubled sleep. For the next few days Hogy seemed to improve enormously. The doctor was highly satisfied with his condition, highly satisfied with the progress he was making. ‘Well, Mr. MacOgwascher,’ said Dr. Robbins, ‘I’ll soon have you out of that bed, soon you will be able to go away for a very, very necessary vacation. Have you decided where you’re going?’

Hogy had thought quite a bit about it, but no, he couldn’t quite decide. Where should he go? Actually he did not want to go anywhere, he felt tired, tired all the time. The pain was less but he could not explain why, he just did not feel ‘right’, there seemed to be something nagging away inside his chest. But the doctor said he was getting better, the nurses said he was getting better, and his wife said he was getting better, and when the Catholic Father came to visit him he too had said that Hogy was getting better through the grace and mercy of God.

Then came the day Hogy was allowed up and out of bed. He put on a nice warm robe and stood for a time beside the bed looking out of the window, watching the passing traffic, watching the neighbors peering—as he was doing—from behind slightly parted curtains. Then he thought, well, no good staying up here in this bedroom, I think I’ll take a trip downstairs.

Slowly he moved to the door and found quite some difficulty in opening it. He held the doorknob but unaccountably he could not seem to work out how to open the door—did you turn the doorknob, did you push it or pull it? He stood there for quite a time trying to work out how to open the door, and at last by chance he turned the knob and the door opened so quickly that he nearly fell over backwards. He moved out to the well-carpeted corridor at the head of the stairs and put his foot on the top stair, on the next stair, and on the next. Suddenly he screamed. There was a shocking, shocking, terrible pain, he turned quickly thinking that

some assassin had stabbed him through the back. With that he lost his balance and fell headlong down the stairs.

The doctor, fortunately, was just coming in. He rushed to Hogy, Mrs. MacOgwascher rushed to Hogy, and the maid rushed to him. They all met in a confused huddle at the foot of the stairs with Hogy lying at their feet. Quickly the doctor bent down and knelt beside Hogy, quickly he tore open the robe and whipped out his stethoscope applying the diaphragm end to Hogy's chest.

He reached for his doctors' bag and opened it in a flash. Inside—this was a very thorough doctor—there was a hypodermic already prepared. Hogy had a confused picture of the hypodermic plunging down and there was a sudden prick of something sharp, and he knew no more.

There was a peculiar buzzing noise, a strange noise, there was a swaying and bumping. Somewhere, somewhere there was the faint murmur of voices. Hogy just could not understand what was happening. Then there was a sudden sharp blast of a car horn. Hogy opened his eyes and found that he was riding in an ambulance, he was strapped on a stretcher. Sitting on a bench beside him was his wife. She looked confoundedly uncomfortable, he thought, and then he fell to wondering why these ambulances had such uncomfortable seating for the friends or relatives of the patients.

Something else attracted his attention; what a peculiar view it was, he thought; going down a hill one's feet are higher than one's head and then going up the other side of the hill—well, it was like being on a see-saw. Things did look most peculiar. People in the streets outside looked avidly through the windows of the ambulance at traffic lights hoping to satisfy morbid curiosity. And then there seemed to be queer colors around some of the people, he did not stop to wonder why, his thoughts were just floating in and out going from one subject to another. Suddenly there was a clash and clatter in front of the ambulance and the vehicle swooped into a dark tunnel then came to quite an abrupt stop. While the ambulance was still rocking on its springs the driver and attendant jumped out and were wrestling with the door. First they helped his wife out, then

with much clatter and confusion they pulled out the stretcher and did something to it which made it rise up to about four feet so it could be pushed easily. One attendant muttered to Hogy's wife, 'Go in there to that little office, you have to give every detail, insurances, age, nature of the illness, doctor, social security—everything. Then when you have done that you come up to Ward XYZ.' Quickly they grasped the two ends of the wheeled stretcher and pushed it up what appeared to be a loading ramp, in fact Hogy had a similar sort of ramp in his factory. The lighting was poor, still they knew the way, they pushed the wheeled stretcher at quite a brisk pace nodding greetings to nurses and interns as they passed.

Hogy lay back gazing humbly up, idly wondering about this and thinking about that. Then they came to an abrupt stop and he could see out of the corner of his eye one of the attendants jabbing a button, an elevator he supposed and—yes—he was right. Soon great doors opened and smartly the two ambulance men pushed the wheeled stretcher in. With a clash the doors closed and there was an 'upward movement.' It seemed to go on for quite a time but at last it stopped and the elevator rocked gently at the end of its cables. The doors opened and quite bright light assailed Hogy's eyes. With some difficulty he focused on the scene before him, the Nurses' Station just outside the elevators.

'Emergency. Heart case. Where shall I put him?' asked one of the men.

'Oh, him, wait a minute, let s see, yes here it is, Intensive Care Unit,' replied the nurse behind the desk. The ambulance men nodded and trundled the stretcher along a smooth passageway. There was muted talk, there was the clink of instruments, metal against glass, and the stretcher was turned sharply into an open doorway.

The stretcher rolled to a stop, Hogy looked about him with some confused interest. This seemed to be a queer sort of place, quite a large room and there were perhaps twelve beds in it. Hogy was quite astonished to see that some of the patients were female and some were male, and he felt hot embarrassment rise as he thought that he was going to be put to bed with some women—well, not exactly that, he

thought, but in the same room as a bunch of women. He muttered something and the rear attendant bent down and said, 'Eh?'

Hogy said, 'I did not know they had wards with men and women together in them?'

The ambulance man laughed and replied, 'Oh, this is Intensive Care Unit, the men and women in here, they're too sick to bother about THAT!' But there was movement again, low voices, unintelligible mutterings, and his stretcher was pushed forward. Then an ambulance man said, 'There, you're up alongside the bed, can you slide yourself over?'

Hogy nodded his head sideways in negation, and the ambulance man said, 'Okay, we'll do it for you, we're going to slide you off the side. The two are about the same height. Here goes.'

Hogy felt himself moving and then there was a little jerk and he was more or less tipped sideways on to a hospital bed. The stretcher was removed and the two ambulance men left the Intensive Care Unit. A nurse bent down and pulled up the sides of the bed so that Hogy was just about in a cage although there was nothing across the top.

'I'm not a dangerous wild animal, you know,' he said.

'Oh, don't be upset about this,' replied the nurse, 'we always put the side rails up in case the patient falls out, it saves a law case after!' Then, as an afterthought, she said, 'Okay, hold on, the doctor will be in to see you as soon as he can.'

Hogy lay there. He did not know how much time passed, he looked up once and was dimly aware that his wife was looking down at him and then she seemed to disappear in the fog or something because all he saw was gray mist. Then he had feelings that people were about him, he felt that his pajamas were being unbuttoned, he could feel the chill of a stethoscope and he felt a prick in his arm after which he could dimly see tubes going from his arm up to something—SOMETHING—in the distance that he could not quite see. There was a strong constriction around the other upper arm and there was the sound of someone pumping. Then a man read out some figures, after which he said, 'Umph!'

Then everything faded.

Time stood still. There was not any time any more. Very dimly Hogy was aware of beds being moved, or perhaps it was wheeled stretchers, there were a lot of strange clinkings going on and smells which really attacked his nostrils, he could not understand what it was.

Dimly he was aware of two people talking by his side, or was it above him? He could not decide which, but vaguely he heard things like, 'Pacemaker?' 'I don't know, perhaps we'd better keep cardiac shock probes ready, don't like the look of it myself. Still, he'll probably pull round. Let's chance it anyway.' The voices drifted off, vanishing like a vagrant breeze. Hogy dozed again and he was partly aroused from his doze by, 'Well, Mr. MacOgwascher? How are you now? Feel all right? Mr. MacOgwascher? Mr. MacOgwascher? Do you hear me? Mr. MacOgwascher, answer me, are you there, Mr. MacOgwascher? Oh dear, oh dear,' the voice continued, 'now I've got to take a blood sample and I can't get his blasted vein up!' 'Try a different tourniquet' said another voice. 'It sometimes works, try a broad band one.' There seemed to be somebody fiddling about at his side, messing about with his arm. There was an uncomfortable tightness around his upper arm, he had a feeling that his fingertips were going to burst and then there came a sharp sting and a voice exclaiming, 'I've got it, I've got it this time, it's okey-doke.'

Time passed on and the ward became more silent, there were fewer people moving about, but somewhere outside a bell was striking: One—two—three—and that was all. Three o'clock? thought Hogy. Wonder if it's afternoon or morning, I don't know, I don't know what's happening. Oh well, it can't be helped.

Voices again. 'Do you think he should have Extreme Unction, Father?' asked a soft voice. 'Well, we shall have to consider it, the signs are not good, are they? We shall have to consider it.' Hogy tried to open his eyes, it was very strange, he seemed to have a black man standing above him. He wondered if he could be in Heaven with a black saint or something, but then he realized that a hospital chaplain

was bending over him.

Time went on. The ward was lit dimly and from strange instruments or machines little lights flickered and went out or suddenly came on. Hogy could not see clearly, there seemed to be yellow lights and then red and then some green lights too, and now and again there would be a white light. Somewhere outside the window a bird began to sing. Soon after there came the soft susurrations of sandals or tennis shoes or something, he could not decide which, and several nurses and orderlies came into the large room. There was muttered talk, and then the night staff went off. The nurses and orderlies prowled among the beds, there were whispered requests for information to the patients and the fluttering of papers as records were turned over. At last a nurse came and looked down at Hogy: 'Ah, you look a bit better this morning, Mr. MacOgwascher,' she said. Hogy wondered at that because the nurse had not seen him before, of course she hadn't, he thought, she's on the night staff. The nurse looked down at him then gave a little pat to the sheets covering him and moved on to the next patient.

The light grew brighter. Daylight came. Out to the East the red orb was gradually climbing up until from just a small ellipse it rose up to a full round, red circle, and as the morning mists dissipated the sun shone bright and clear.

There was renewed bustle in the Intensive Care Unit: some of the patients were having a wash, others were having feedings, perhaps through a vein. Hogy in his turn was troubled; a nurse came along, took another sample of blood, and another nurse came and took his blood pressure. Then there came a doctor who said, 'You're doing fine, Mr. MacOgwascher, you'll soon be out and on your feet again.' And then he was gone.

Several hours, or was it several days, passed and then Hogy was able to sit up in his hospital bed. Two nurses came and said, 'We're moving you out, Mr. MacOgwascher, you are going into a private room, you don't need intensive care any more. Do you have anything in the locker over there?'

'No,' replied Hogy, 'I've only got what I am actually

wearing now.'

'All right, then, we're going to push you out now, hold on.' And with that the nurses stepped on the wheel brakes to release them and carefully wheeled out Hogy's bed with its attached intravenous apparatus and he saw that as they neared the door another bed was being wheeled into the space he had occupied.

Hogy looked about him with the natural interest which comes to those who have to be in hospital or in any form of confinement. He saw it was a pleasant enough little room, a television extended from the ceiling, a bed and a window. At one side there was a closet and a washbasin. On a ledge by the closet there was the emergency call button and he noted with interest that there was a control on the bed so that he could switch on the radio and choose a program or switch on the television and choose a program.

The nurses moved the bed around to get it positioned exactly. Then they stamped their feet on the brake pedals and one nurse left the room while the other fiddled about for a time, then she too went out.

Hogy lay there wondering what next. He was dimly aware of some sort of public address system coming from the corridor outside. He focused his attention on it for a bit and then decided that it was a call system because doctors were continually being asked to report to this or that floor. He noted that his own doctor's name came very frequently, as he listened he heard his doctor's name mentioned again and with some astonishment heard that the doctor was being paged to go to Room So-and-So. Hogy was in Room So-and-So; he lay back and waited.. About an hour later his doctor came in and said, 'Well, Mr. MacOgwascher, I hope you feel a lot better now, you look it, but you gave us quite a fright you know.' Hogy looked up rather wanly and said, 'I don't seem able to focus myself very well, doctor, I seem to be almost in a daze. I can't relate to things. For example, you were being paged to this room about an hour ago and it has taken me all this time to work out why that should be, and I decided that I must have been taken out of Intensive Care rather unexpectedly.'

‘Yes, that's right,’ said Dr. Robbins. ‘There has been a very serious accident and we have had to get a lot of patients brought in, some of them seriously, seriously hurt indeed, and you made such progress that we thought you would rather be in here on your own instead of being with a large group of men and women in Intensive Care.’

Hogy laughed and said, ‘I asked a nurse why men and women were in the same ward and she said that it was quite all right because all the people in Intensive Care were too sick to worry about THAT. How right she was, how right she was!’ he said.

At the head of Hogy's bed, and fixed to the wall or rather built into the wall there were a number of strange devices. One was a blood testing device, another was oxygen supply, and there were various other things which had no meaning for Hogy but he was interested as the doctor unhooked the devices one by one and gave Hogy a thorough check.

‘You'll do, Mr. MacOgwascher—you'll do,’ said the doctor. ‘Your wife is here, I think she would like to come in and see you, she has been very worried, you know.’ The doctor went out and there was silence for quite a time, then Hogy looked up and his wife was standing beside him wringing her hands and looking the picture of misery.

‘The Father is coming in to see you this afternoon, Hogy,’ said his wife, ‘he thinks that you may need a little spiritual consolation. He tells me that you are very afraid to die although—please God—you do not have to worry about that yet. The doctor tells me you will soon be home but that you will have to rest for a while.’

For some time they talked about the idle things and the important things which husband and wife so often have to discuss in times of stress. People do not bother about such things when conditions are good. Hogy wanted to know if she had his Will safely, if his insurance policies were to hand, and then he suggested that his chief assistant at the factory should take over and become manager.

In the afternoon the Father came along and Hogy said to him, ‘Oh, Father, I am so afraid to die. It is such an uncertain thing. I just don't know what to do.’ The Father, like

most parsons and clerics, uttered a lot of platitudes and as soon as he decently could he made his escape, having secured from Hoky the promise of a nice fat cheque for the Church as soon as he was able to write.

The day wore on. The afternoon gave way to early evening, and early evening gave way to the darkening of the night. The lights of the city outside came on and made distorted patterns on Hoky's wall, he watched them with fascination and wove quite a number of fantasies about the patterns. Then he dropped off to sleep.

The telephone was ringing insistently, a harsh metallic clatter, a terrible sound in the darkness of the night when a woman had her husband desperately ill in a hospital. The phone burred and shrilled. Mrs. MacOgwascher sat up with a start in her lonely bed and reached out for the phone: 'Mrs. MacOgwascher—Mrs. Hoky MacOgwascher?' queried a voice.

'Yes, speaking, what is it?' she asked.

The voice replied in solemn tones, 'Mrs. MacOgwascher, your husband has taken a turn for the worse, the doctor thinks it would be advisable if you came to the hospital and if you have any relatives there bring them with you. But drive carefully, Mrs. MacOgwascher, drive very carefully indeed because at such times people tend to drive too fast. May we expect you within the hour?'

'Oh dear, oh dear,' exclaimed Mrs. MacOgwascher, 'Yes, we will be there as soon as we can.' She hung up and slowly got out of bed. Pulling on a dressing robe she went out from her bedroom and knocked sharply at another door just a little down the corridor. 'Mother, mother!' she called, 'Wake up, mother, I think Hoky is dying, we shall have to go to the hospital. Are you awake, mother?' The door opened and the elderly lady who was Hoky MacOgwascher's mother came out. 'Yes, yes, I will dress immediately. You do the same.'

Hoky looked up with a start. His mother and his wife were sitting beside his bed. Was it his mother and his wife? Hoky could not decide. Then what were all the other people? Some of them were floating in the air smiling

benignly upon him. And then—Hogy's eyes widened—he saw an angel flying just outside his window. The angel was dressed all in white, in long robes, her wings were flapping away just like on a mechanical toy, Hogy thought. The angel looked at him, smiled and beckoned. Hogy felt a strong, strong pull, he wanted to follow her.

It was a truly peculiar sensation. The room was growing dark. There seemed to be purple shadows, a purple like purple velvet, and in the purple velvet he could see—well, he supposed it was specks of light, that was what it appeared to be, it appeared to be like dust motes dancing in the sunlight. He looked about; there was his wife to the right of him, there was his mother to the left of him, and what was that man in black doing? Mumbling away, he was. Oh dear yes, Hogy remembered it now, he was being given Extreme Unction by the priest. Hogy was shocked beyond belief because he found to his very considerable dismay that he could read the priest's thoughts, the priest was thinking that if he put on a good show Mrs. MacOgwascher could give a very good donation to the Church. These were rich people, the priest was thinking, they should be good for quite a substantial amount. So as soon as he had done the Extreme Unction he turned to Mrs. MacOgwascher and pronounced a blessing all the time thinking, 'That should be good for at least another hundred dollars.'

Hogy started to tremble. He felt most insecure. The bed seemed to be of a fluffy material and it did not seem able to contain him. His fingers clasped the bedclothes in desperation, he tried to stay in the bed because every instinct that he had was urging him to rise upwards, rise upwards toward the light.

'He's going—he's going—he's slipping,' Hogy heard a voice say, and then there was a strange rustling. He tried to cry out in terror but he found he could not speak, he found—well, he imagined himself to be like a kite. He looked down and saw that he had a sort of shimmering silvery cord stretching from him down to some stupid looking body on a bed. With a start of recognition he realized that he was gazing upon his dead or dying body. He could see the head of his

wife, the head of the priest, the head of his mother. And then the doctor came bustling in, making quite a show. He unbuttoned Hoby's pajama jacket and quite unnecessarily applied a stethoscope, and then gravely nodded his head. With that theatrical gesture he pulled up the sheet to cover Hoby's face. He made the sign of the cross, the priest made the sign of the cross, and the two women did likewise. 'Come with us, come with us,' the voices whispered to Hoby. 'Let yourself go free, we are looking after you. All is well, you are going to Heaven.'

Yes, to Heaven, to Heaven, chorused other voices. Hoby felt a slight jerk and instinctively he looked down. He saw that silvery cord collapsing, fading, dropping away. He saw with quite an amount of vertigo that he was flying high over the hospital, high over the city, and getting higher very quickly. He looked about him and with some astonishment found that he was being borne aloft by four angels, their wings were flapping and they were all gazing upon him with rapt attention. Together they sped up through the dark sky to the chant of, 'We are going to Heaven, we are going to Heaven.'

## CHAPTER NINE

'Borne aloft in the arms of angels. Oh boy, oh boy!' said Hoby to himself. Then suddenly there was a tremendous pull on Hoby and he found himself torn away from the arms of the angels, down, down, down he fell turning head over feet, head over feet through the living darkness. As suddenly as it occurred it ceased and Hoby seemed to be

bouncing on the end of a piece of rubber or acting like a yo-yo. He was confused and quite disoriented, he seemed to be 'somewhere', but where he could not tell. He twisted about and then, as though he were peering through a hole in the ceiling or a hole in the floor, he saw a weird scene.

Hogy was looking down into a Funeral Home. He shuddered with fright as he looked and saw all those naked bodies there on peculiar tables and all having the most diabolical things done to them. Some were having blood drained out, others were having 'body orifices' stopped up to prevent leakage, and off in a little cubicle Hogy saw-HIMSELF! The body which he had left. He was on one of these strange tables and bending over him was a young woman with a cigarette drooping loosely from her lower lip. Hogy really started with astonishment when he observed that the woman was shaving the face of his dead body. As he watched a man hurried across the floor beneath and said, 'Do a good job, Beth, Mr. MacOgwascher was a very important man, we've got to have him on display by this afternoon. Get on with it, will you?' The woman just nodded her head and went on with her work. She shaved him very, very closely indeed, then she applied make-up. She brushed his hair—or what hair he had left on his head—and applied dye to various gray patches. Then she looked critically at his body and walked to the door of the cubicle and yelled, 'Hey boss, this stiff's ready. Come and okay, will ya?'

The boss hurried out of the little cubicle at the far end and rushed toward her screaming excitedly, 'You mustn't say things like that, Beth, you mustn't say things like that. This is the body of Mr. Hogy MacOgwascher, a very important local man. I demand that all these bodies be treated with respect.'

'Well boss, you don't show respect to some of them,' Beth replied. 'I mind some of the stiffs you've tumbled in the sawdust and screwed down quick, they didn't get much, did they? But okay, have it your way, you're the boss. Okay, goodbye Mr. MacOgwascher,' she said as she sauntered jauntily off to another job.

Hogy turned away in amazement. When, after some un-

determined time, he was compelled to look down again he found that his body had vanished and another body was being brought in. It was all wrapped up in a whole mass of cellophane, folded up like a parcel of laundry, he thought. He watched with interest as the cellophane sheeting was unwrapped and the body was exposed. It was a woman and the bossman and male assistant soon got her clothes off. Hogy, a most modest man, averted his eyes and in doing so he looked rather further than he had seen before and he saw one of the 'Display Rooms.' There he was, propped up in a very expensive casket and there were people gazing down on him. They were drinking coffee, he saw. One put his coffee cup down on the casket. Hogy looked down at himself and thought that he looked just like a film star the way he had been painted and powdered and dyed and shaved and all the rest of it. He turned away in disgust. Time passed. How long? No one knows, it must have been two or three days anyway. Time does not matter in the life beyond this. But Hogy was stuck in a certain spot, and then suddenly he was moved again. He looked down and found that he was in a hearse being driven to a Church, he saw the casket taken into the Church and he saw the Roman Catholic Memorial Service. Then he saw the parson go up into his pulpit and give a Eulogy on Hogy MacOgwascher: 'This dearly beloved brother,' intoned the parson, 'is now in the arms of Jesus in Heaven enjoying the rewards of the virtuous.' Hogy turned away and when next he looked it was because of an insistent tugging; downwards his gaze swept to find that he was being carried into the churchyard. Then there followed more service, and he jumped as a great clod of earth came tumbling down onto the casket. But then he felt very foolish indeed as he realized that the body was down 'there' and he was up 'here', wherever there and here was. But with that, with the filling-in of the grave, Hogy felt free. He soared upwards with a force beyond his control and then there was a little 'clunk' and he found to his complete amazement that he was again resting in the arms of these angels. As soon as he was in their arms their wings started flapping and their faces started smiling, they bore

him upwards—well, he did not know which way they were going, he would have said ‘every whichway’—but they traveled at speed through a darkness which seemed to be living, it seemed to be a darkness made of black velvet. But then in the distance light appeared, a glorious golden light. Hogy strained his eyes in the direction from which the light came. They sped onwards and the light became brighter and bigger, leaving Hogy blinking with the intensity of it. Then as the angels emerged from what seemed to have been a long tunnel Hogy saw the Pearly Gates sparkling away in front of him, great golden gates speckled all over with immense pearls. There was a gleaming white wall extending from the Gates to the left and to the right, and through the bars of the Gates Hogy could see immense domes of cathedrals and spires of noble churches.

There was the sound of music in the air, holy music, ‘Abide with me’ music with a few bars of ‘Onward Christian Soldiers’ coming from somewhere else. But they approached the Gates with the angels still clutching him and their wings still flapping.

St. Peter, or some saint, appeared at the Gates and demanded, ‘Who comes in the name of the Lord?’ One of the angels answered, ‘Mr. Hogy MacOgwascher, late of Earth, comes. We demand admission.’ The Gates swung open and Hogy saw his first saint close up. The saint seemed to be clad in a long white robe like an old-fashioned night-gown reaching from his neck down to his ankles. He had a pair of wings stuck on behind which flapped easily, and from somewhere at his back a shining brass rod extended a few inches above his head and from the topmost point there was a shining golden Halo. The saint looked at Hogy, and Hogy looked at the saint; the latter said, ‘You will have to go to the Recording Angel first to make sure that you are indeed entitled to enter. Over there, second door to the right.’

The angels took a fresh grip of Hogy—he felt that he was in the hands of delivery men!—and their wings started to flap. Slowly the angels bore him along the smooth, clean roadway. Along the sides of the roadway there were saints

or heavenly inhabitants sitting on grassy banks practicing harp playing, the noise was quite indescribable because they were all trying different musical pieces. But soon they reached the office of the Recording Angel. Gently the attendants upended Hogy so that he stood on his feet, gently they propelled him forward. 'In there,' said one, 'give all the necessary details, date of death and all the rest of it. We'll wait.' So in Hogy went and he saw a benevolent old saint sitting on a high stool, his wings flapping and looking over gold-rimmed spectacles peering short-sightedly at Hogy. He licked his thumb and pushed over a few pages of an immense ledger muttering to himself as he did so, then he stopped suddenly and held the page while his left hand extended upwards. 'I've got it,' he said, 'name—Hogy MacOgwascher, male, died unexpectedly. Yes, that's him, that's you, I've got your picture here.'

Hogy looked on dumbly. It seemed to be a peculiar process to be going on like this. The old fellow's wings were flapping about and they were making a noise as if the things were rusty. The Recording Angel jerked his thumb over his shoulder and said, 'Thataway, thataway, they're waiting for you outside, they'll do the right thing by you.' Hogy found himself moving, it was nothing to do with him, he was just moving, and he went out without going through a doorway. Outside, as soon as they saw him, his attendants started their wings flapping again and their faces smiling. They caught hold of Hogy and whisked him through the air. 'Now you'll have to go to Church,' said one. 'Yes, just as well get in the swing of things at the start,' said the other. And with that they swooped down and entered the massive front entrance of a Cathedral. Inside there were angels sitting all over the place, their wings flapping in tune to the music. Hogy was becoming more and more shocked, this seemed to be a travesty of things, but he stayed for the service which seemed to go on for an endless time, and all the way through the angels were flapping their wings, crossing themselves, and bowing to the altar. At last it was all over and all the angels flew up like a flock of doves or pigeons and Hogy was left in the empty Cathedral.

He looked about him and marveled. It was impossible that this could be Heaven. He had been misled all the way along. This talk of angels was nonsense, this talk of people singing and going to services all the time—it was too absurd to be believed, and immediately it came to Hoky that the whole thing was ridiculous there was a sound like a clap of thunder and there seemed to be a rippling flash go down from the sky to the ground and it was as though a great curtain was rent and fell away. Hoky looked up astounded. There was his father coming toward him laughing and with his arms outstretched: ‘Oh Hoky my boy,’ said Father MacOgwascher, ‘you did hold to your religion—bred hallucination for quite a time, didn't you? Never mind, I went through all the same thing except that my hallucination led me to see Moses. Well, now you've come out of that we can get together and talk about things. Come with me, my boy, come with me, you have a lot of friends and relatives here, they want to talk to you.’ And Father MacOgwascher led the way out to a beautiful, beautiful park which seemed to be thronged with people.

The park was more beautiful than anything Hoky had ever seen in his life before—his life on Earth, of course. The grass was of a peculiarly pleasant shade of green and there were flowers the like of which he had never seen before, and he knew they were not flowers of Earth. The paths were wonderfully kept and there was not a speck of dust or litter to be seen. To Hoky's amazed delight there were birds singing in the trees and there were small animals about, dogs and squirrels, and some other animals which were quite unknown to Hoky. ‘Father!’ exclaimed Hoky, ‘Do animals come here as well, then?’

Father MacOgwascher laughed, ‘Hoky, my boy,’ he said, ‘you must not call me “Father” any more for to do so would be just the same as calling an actor in a play by the name he used in that play. After the play is over the actor can change his role and change his name. On the last life on Earth I was your father, but in some previous life you have been my father, or perhaps even my mother!’

Poor Hoky's head absolutely reeled under that, it was so

strange to him still. 'But what am I to call you, then?' he asked.

'Oh until we get things settled more—go on, call me "Father" if you want to, it may save complications,' said Father MacOgwascher.

Hogy was looking at his father, and then he said, 'But do tell me, where are we? This is obviously not Heaven because you are a Jew and Jews are not admitted to Heaven.' Father MacOgwascher laughed uproariously. People looked in their direction and smiled, they had seen this sort of thing happen so many, many times. 'Hogy, my boy, Hogy, some of the concepts on Earth are completely wrong. I am a Jew, you say; well, I will tell you that I was a Jew while on Earth, now—well, I belong to the true religion, the only religion, and the only religion is this: If you believe in a God or in a religion then that is a good religion. It doesn't matter here if you are a Jew, a Catholic, a Protestant, a Moslem, or anything else. But the difficulty is that when one is taught all the old fables of a certain religion then when one comes over here one is so hypnotized by what one expects that that is all that one can see. On Earth there are people who go about hallucinating all the time, they think they are this, that, or something else. You may go to a hospital for the mentally afflicted on Earth and you might find a few Napoleons, a few Jesus Christs or perhaps a few who call themselves Moses. These people really do honestly believe that they are what they pretend to be. Take, for instance,' he pointed off into the distance, 'over there—well, over there at present there is a gentleman but newly arrived. While on Earth he was taught that when he went to Heaven he would have everything he wanted, dancing girls by the dozen, etc., etc. He is over there now living in a world of fantasy. There are dancing girls all over the place, and until he can see the fallacy of it all then no one can help him, he may go on for years and years dreaming of this peculiar Heaven which is peopled by dancing girls and loads and loads of food. As soon as he sees the fault—the same as you did with your angels and their wings—then he can be helped.'

‘Food, father, food,’ said Hogy. ‘Now you have said something very sensible indeed, where do we go to get food in this place? I am hungry!’

Father MacOgwascher looked at Hogy and said, ‘Hogy my boy, it should have dawned on you by now—listen—you came here and you thought you were in Heaven with angels all over the place, and more angels playing harps, and singing away and all that, but now you realize that it was mere hallucination. It is the same with our friend over yonder, he thinks he has dancing girls around him: he doesn’t, it is just his uncontrolled imagination, as it was your imagination which led you to see angels. In the same way, if you want food—well, imagine it. You can control your imagination and you can have whatever food you need, you can have roast beef if you want to, you can have hot dogs if you want to, or you can have a bottle of whiskey. It’s merely illusion, of course, but if you do go through with this rubbish that you want food then you’ll have to follow everything through quite logically. You take in food so then later you have to get rid of certain things in the ordinary process of elimination. So you have to imagine toilet facilities, and you have to sit on such an appliance and imagine, imagine, imagine, and that’s all it is. You won’t make progress while you are just bound to the silly things of the world.’

‘Well, I do feel hungry, that’s not imagination, I feel very hungry indeed, so if I am not allowed to have food because it is illusion what am I to do to get rid of my hunger?’ Hogy sounded quite petulant.

Father MacOgwascher responded mildly, ‘Of course you feel hungry because you have had such a pattern all your life. At certain stated hours you used to take in food, and you’ve got a habit of it now. If instead of imagining dead meat going into you you think of healthy vibrations then you won’t feel hungry. Think, Hogy, all around you there is vibrant energy, it’s pouring into you from everywhere. As soon as you realize that this is your food, your substance, you will not feel hungry. To imagine meats and drinks is entirely a backyard maneuver which will delay your pro-

gress quite a bit.'

Hogy pondered the problem, and then he opened his mouth to protest—and found that he was not hungry any more! 'Father,' Hoky said, 'you look precisely as you looked when you were on Earth. How can that possibly be? You have been here some time. Surely you should be looking a lot older and, in any case, as you are presumably just a soul now—well, it's got me so confused I don't know what to believe or what to do.'

Father MacOgwascher smiled a smile of compassion. 'We all go through this, you know Hoky. Some of us can rationalize more quickly than others, but suppose I had appeared to you as—oh, let me say—a young woman or a young man, would you have recognized me as the person you knew on Earth? If I came to you and talked to you with a different voice and with different features and a different frame you would have thought it was just someone practising a confidence trick on you. So here I appear to you as you remembered me, I speak to you in the tone that you remembered. In the same way, your friends who are here, your relatives who are here will all appear as the familiar persons you knew on Earth, appear to you as such because you only see what you want to see. If I look at Mr. X, I know what I see; Mr. X looks in a certain way to me, but your conception of Mr. X. may be quite different and so you will see a different Mr. X. It's as though we were standing facing each other and one of us holds up a coin; one of us will see the head, the other will see the other side; it is the same coin but we shall see different aspects of it. So it is here, so it is on Earth even. No one knows precisely how one sees another person. The thing is never discussed, it is never thought about. So here we appear to others as we did upon Earth.'

Hogy had been looking out across the park and he started with amazement at what he saw; there was a very pleasant lake and on the lake there were boats and there were people in the boats rowing, sculling. Hoky sat there on a park bench absolutely staring across at the boats. Father MacOgwascher turned to him and said, 'Well, why shouldn't

they have some fun, Hogy? They are not in hell, you know, they are doing what they like to do and that is a very good state to be in. Here they can think up a boat, and they can go out on the river and enjoy some of the sensations, although greatly enhanced here, that they enjoyed so much on Earth.'

For a time Hogy could not reply, he was too amazed, too dumbfounded, and then he burst out, 'But I thought we here were spirits, souls floating around. I thought we should go about singing hymns and reciting prayers, this isn't a bit what I expected of Heaven.'

'But Hogy, Hogy, you are not in Heaven, you are in a different dimension in which you can do things you couldn't do on Earth. You are here as a sort of half way station. Some people experience considerable trauma in dying in the same way that babies born to Earth may have considerable trauma when they are born, they may have to be delivered by instruments and then they get some damage as a result. Well, it's the same with dying. Some people, particularly if they have led a bad life, have a hard time in getting over and getting free of the shackles of Earth. A mild illustration is the way in which you have been wanting food—you don't need it, you know, you just think up your food and your clothes.'

Hogy looked down at himself and then he said, 'Bodies—bodies. If we are souls why do we have these bodies, what do we need them for?'

Father MacOgwascher smiled and said, 'If you could appear on Earth now you would be a ghost, although more likely you would be quite invisible. People would walk through you and you would walk through them because of the difference in vibration. Here you see me, you can touch me, I am solid to you and you are solid to me, we've got to have some sort of vehicle in order to have our being, we've come from Earth and now we have a different body on this intermediate plane. Our bodies still have a soul, the soul goes all the way up to the Overself which is many planes above. We have a body here that we may learn things still by suffering as on Earth although of a much milder

nature. But when we get up to, let us say, the ninth dimension we shall still have a body suitable to the ninth dimension. If a ninth dimension person came down here now he would be invisible to us and we would be to him because we are so different. We progress from plane to plane, and wherever we be, no matter the plane, no matter the condition, we always have a body suitable for that condition.'

Father MacOgwascher laughed before saying, 'You think you are talking to me, Hogy, but you're not, you're not, you are doing it all by telepathy. We don't use speech here except under the most unusual conditions. We use telepathy instead. But we have to go, my boy. You have to go to the Hall of Memories, and in that Hall you and you alone will see everything that you have done and thought about doing while on the Earth. You will see what you wanted to do, you will see your successes, and they will appear unimportant, and you will see your failures. You judge yourself, Hogy, you judge yourself. There is no wrathful God sitting in judgment and panting to consign you to hell or to eternal damnation. There is no such thing as hell—well, there is, hell is Earth—and there is no such thing as eternal damnation. On Earth you experience certain things and you try to do certain tasks. You may fail at those tasks but that isn't important. What IS important is how one tried to do a thing, how one led one's life, and you or your Overself will judge how you lived and died on Earth. You will decide what else has to be done to accomplish the task you set out to do and maybe have not completed. But come, we must not stay here chatting idly.'

Father MacOgwascher got to his feet and Hogy rose with him, together they strolled over the green close-cut lawns stopping for a short time by the banks of the lake to admire the boats, to admire the waterfowl playing on the surface, and they then continued on their way.

Hogy laughed out loud as they rounded a bend in the path and came along toward a very pleasant tree which had a bough stretching horizontally from it, for on that horizontal bough three cats were lying full length, tails drooping over the edge of the bough, and the three cats were purring, and

purring, and purring in what Hogy regarded as the warm afternoon sunlight. They stopped for a moment to look at the cats, the latter raised their heads, opened their eyes and smiled at the sight of Hogy's amazement. Then, having had their amusement, the cats put their heads back on the bark of the bough and drifted off to sleep. 'No one here would harm them, Hogy,' said Father MacOgwascher 'here there is peace and trust in each other. This particular plane of existence is not a bad one at all.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Hogy, 'Then there are many planes of existence, are there?'

'Oh yes, there are as many as are needed,' replied Father MacOgwascher. 'People go to the stage most suitable for them. People come here to have a little rest and to decide what they are going to do, what they can do. Some people may be hurried back to Earth to take up a fresh body there, others are sent upwards to a higher plane of existence. it just doesn't matter where one is, one still has lessons to learn and conclusions to draw. But anyway, the afternoon is well advanced, we must hurry because we have to get you to the Hall of Memories on this day. Let's get a move on, shall we?'

Father MacOgwascher walked faster—and it seemed that his feet were not even touching the walks. When Hogy came to think about it he couldn't feel the path under his feet either. It was all so frightfully strange, he thought. But, anyway, the best thing to do, he concluded, was to keep quiet and see what others did, they had been here so much longer.

They rounded a little curve in the path, and straight ahead of them was the great Hall of Memories, a white building which seemed as though it were made of brilliantly polished marble. Father MacOgwascher said, 'Let's sit down here for a few moments, Hogy, we don't know how long you will be in the Hall and it's nice to look at all the people around, isn't it?'

They sat down on what appeared to be a stone park bench. Hogy was fascinated that the bench took up his form, that is, instead of being hard and unyielding it gave a little and

adapted to his shape. He leaned against the back and that too adopted the most comfortable shape for him.

‘Look!’ said Father MacOgwascher. He pointed towards the entrance of the Hall of Memories. Hogy followed his pointing finger and could scarce repress a smile. Slouching along was a big black cat looking as shamefaced and as guilty as could be. The cat looked up, saw them, and made a sharp turn and disappeared behind some bushes. Father MacOgwascher laughed: ‘Do you know, Hogy, here on this plane even the animals have to go to a Hall of Memories. They don’t speak in human terms, of course, but you won’t either when you get there, it’s all done by telepathy.’ Hogy looked at his former father with open-mouthed amazement: ‘Do you mean to tell me that ANIMALS go to the Hall of Memories? You must be joking surely?’

Father MacOgwascher shook his head and laughed outright. ‘Hogy, Hogy you haven’t changed at all, have you? You think that humans are the top of the rung of evolution, you think that animals are inferior creatures, don’t you? Well, you are wrong, you are very wrong. Humans are not the ultimate form of perfection, there are so many, many other forms, everything that IS has a consciousness, everything that IS lives, even this bench upon which we now sit is just a collection of vibrations. It senses high points on your anatomy and it yields to those high points and moulds to you to give you greater comfort. Look!’ He stood up and pointed and Hogy looked at the place where he had been sitting. ‘The bench is returning to its normal state, when I sit down on it.’ He suited the words to the action or the action to the words, whichever way you like to put it, and sat down, and immediately the bench took up his anatomical form. ‘But, as I was saying Hogy, everything has a consciousness, everything that IS is in a state of evolution. Now, cats do not become humans any more than humans become cats, they are different lines of evolution in the same way that a rose does not become a cabbage or a cabbage does not become a rose. But it has been proved even on Earth that plants have feelings; those feelings have been detected, measured and plotted by sensi-

tive electronic equipment. Well, here on this world people come to an intermediate stage, here we are closer to the animals than we are on Earth. Don't think, Hogy, that this is Heaven, it is not, nor is the stage above, or above that, or even above that. Here is what we might term a half way station, a place of sorting where it is decided what people will do—will they go up to a higher plane? Or will they go back to Earth? I have learnt a lot since I have been here, and I know that we are very, very close to the Earth plane, we are the difference between the ordinary AM radio and FM radio. FM is a lot better quality than is AM, it has faster vibrations, finer vibrations, and here on this world our vibrations are much, much better than those on Earth, we can perceive things more, we are in a state between the Earth-physical and the Overself spiritual. We come here because we lose so many inhibitions. That is, on Earth I would have thought anyone was mad if they told me that a cat could talk, could have reason and all the rest of it. Here I learn that—yes, they do have reason, very brilliant reason too in some cases. But on Earth we do not understand that because the precise pattern of reason is different from that of humans.'

They sat there for some moments; they could just see the outline of the cat in the distance. He was looking about rather guiltily and then he seemed to shrug his shoulders and lay down in the bright light and went to sleep. Sunlight? Hogy looked at the sky, and then remembered that there was no sun here, everything was a miniature sun. Father MacOgwascher had obviously been following his thoughts because he remarked, 'Oh no, there is no sun here. We take our energy from our surroundings, it is radiated to us, and here we do not have to eat Earth-type food, we do not have to indulge in the Earth-type form of eliminations. If we take the radiant energy from here we always have as much as we want and no more, but of Earth-type food—well, there is always such a lot of wastage and getting rid of it is one of the big problems of humanity at the present time. So, remember Hogy, you don't need to think up a meal here. Just let yourself be and your body will take all the energy it requires

and you will not get hungry unless you think of Earth-type food, and then, for a short time you will possibly have a craving for it.'

Just at that moment a man came by and Hoky started in real amazement. The man was smoking a pipe! Striding along, swinging his arms, he puffed heartily on a pipe and was belching clouds of smoke. Father MacOgwascher looked at Hoky and laughed again. 'Hoky,' he said, 'I've been telling you that some people crave for Earth-type food, some people crave to have a smoke or a drink—well, they can have it if they want to but there just isn't any point in it. It means that they have not evolved to the stage necessary for them to shuck off old Earth habits. That fellow is smoking; well, okay, he likes it, but at some time he will come to the realization that it is just silly. He thinks of tobacco, then he thinks of a tobacco pouch, then he puts a hand in a suit of clothes which he has thought up and produces an imaginary pouch of tobacco with which he fills an imaginary pipe. Of course it is illusion, it is hallucination, it is self hypnosis, but you get the same in mental hospitals on the Earth. You get a fellow who's got a lot of screws loose, some may even have dropped out, and the fellow being insane to a greater or lesser degree thinks he is driving a car or riding a horse. I remember once going to a big mental hospital in Ireland and there I saw a man in a most peculiar attitude and I asked him what he thought he was doing. He looked at me as if I was an idiot—not realizing that HE was—and said, "Well, what do you think I'm doing? Can't you see my horse? The fool is tired he's lying on the ground and we can't possibly ride along until the fool horse gets to his feet." The insane man then carefully got off his imaginary horse and walked off in disgust talking about all the lunatics there were in the mental home!'

Hoky squirmed. He couldn't understand what was happening to him. He felt most peculiar, it seemed that he was a piece of metal being drawn to a magnet. For some strange reason he grasped the arm of the bench. Father MacOgwascher turned toward him and said, 'The time has come, Hoky, they are calling you to the Hall of Memories you'd

better go. I'll wait here until you come out, I may be able to help you, but when you come out call me Moses, not Father, I am not your father here. But now—go.'

Hogy rose to his feet and even in the process of rising to his feet he found that he had been drawn much closer to the Hall of Memories. In some confusion he turned to face the entrance and then found that he was almost running, he was going faster than he wanted to, anyway. But the great stone steps loomed ahead of him. Now, this close, he was amazed at the size of the Hall, the dimensions of the great entrance thoroughly frightened him. He felt as possibly an ant might feel going through the entrance to some palace on Earth. He ascended the steps, each one seemed to be higher than the one before. Or was it that way? Possibly he was growing smaller with each step he took. Smaller in his own estimation certainly. But he summoned up his courage a bit more and progressed upwards. Soon he reached what seemed to be a vast flat surface, he seemed to be on a plateau, a featureless plateau except that ahead of him there was a great door which seemed to reach up into the heavens. Hogy walked forward and as he approached the great door it opened and Hogy entered into the Hall of Memories. The door closed behind him.

## CHAPTER TEN

The old monk painfully rose from the ground and dusted his faded robes. He looked with compassion at the hulking man climbing back over the fence separating the monastery ground from the public parkway. The man seemed to feel

that the monk was looking at him. He turned around and stopped halfway across the fence and growled, ‘Cyrus Bollywugger, bud, that’s me; top feature writer. If you want to make something of it, get a lawyer.’ The monk walked slowly to a rock and sat down with a heavy sigh.

What a strange thing it was, he thought, he, an elderly monk, just walking in the garden of his monastic home for the last fifty years and in spite of all the signs saying it was private property this coarse, crude fellow had come clambering over, and in spite of the monk’s protestations had come up to him and prodded him in the chest with a thick forefinger: ‘Give us the low-down, bud, what gives in this ‘ere joint? You’re all a lot of gays, eh? Well, you don’t look too gay to me, but give us the low-down, I gotta write an article.’

The old monk had looked the man up and down with rather more contempt than he thought he should have shown, it was not good to be so contemptuous of one’s fellow man, but this one surely was beyond the limit. Old Brother Arnold had been here for years, he had entered as a boy and lived here ever since trying to reconcile the words of the Bible with what he felt to be right and wrong. He had been discussing with himself as was his wont—what it was all about. He could not take everything as the literal truth which was in the Bible; some time ago he had voiced certain doubts to the Abbot, thinking that the Abbot would help him to resolve his doubts and clear his mind but—no, the Abbot had flown into a furious rage and old Brother Arnold had penances for a whole week. Penance—washing all the dishes for the monastery.

Then, as now, after being assaulted by this crude media yokel, he had repeated one prayer to himself over and over: ‘Lord, in Thy Mercy let nothing come too close nor seem too real.’ It calmed him, enabled him to gaze on things in an abstract manner.

He had been wandering around thinking of his past life. There was the work in the mornings and the study in the afternoons, and so much—so much Illuminating to do. The paints nowadays were poor, plastic things, awful paints, and the vellum—well, least said about the vellum the

better. It might be all right for lampshades but for the top grade Illumination for which he was noted modern supplies were useless. And then after the afternoon duties, what was there? The same day after day, week after week, month after month and year after year, the Vespers and then supper in solitary silence, and after supper Compline, the completion of the seventh canonical hour. After that the lonely cell, cold and draughty, with a hard, narrow bed and the inevitable Crucifix at the head of the bed, a cell so small that even a convict in a prison would have gone on strike under such conditions.

He had been walking around thinking of that, then this crude oaf had burst in to the private sanctuary, poking him in the chest, demanding that the old man should give him a sensational article. Gays? Good heavens no! Monks were not gays, they looked upon homosexuals with a certain amount of compassion but with a total lack of understanding. The old man had stood his ground and ordered Cyrus Bollywugger off. The man had lost his temper, he had ranted on about the power of the press saying that with his pen he could destroy the reputation of the monastery, and as the monk stood silent in his inner contemplation Cyrus Bollywugger had suddenly raised a fist the size of a ham and struck the old man heavily in the chest, knocking him down. He lay there in a daze wondering what ailed mankind nowadays, why should a hulking lout like this strike a frail old man almost at the end of his life? He could not understand it. He lay there for a time, then slowly, painfully he climbed on shaky legs to his unsteady feet and tottered to sit on a rack and to regain his equilibrium and composure.

Yelling threats of 'Exposure' Bollywugger finally jumped off the fence and dropped to the ground on the other side, moving off with a rapid shambling gait reminiscent of an inebriated gorilla rather than a specimen of homo sapiens.

Brother Arnold sat there beside the sparkling sea, gazing out with unseeing eyes, with ears untroubled, hardly perceiving in fact the shouts and yells of merrymakers on the public beach, children screaming and quarrelling and

shrill-voiced harridans cursing their men for some imagined slight. At last old Arnold jumped; a hand had descended on his shoulder, a voice said, 'What ails you my brother?' He looked up to find another Brother of equal age gazing down upon him, concern in his brown eyes.

'I have been insulted by a pressman who burst over our fence and struck me in the chest,' said Brother Arnold. 'He demanded that I tell him that we were all gays—homosexuals—in this monastery, and when I denied that with some acerbity—why—he struck me in the chest and knocked me to the ground! Since then I have felt unwell, and I had to rest awhile. But come, let us return to the house.' Stiffly he rose to his feet, and slowly the two old men who had been Brothers in the monastery for many, many years wandered up the path toward the great building that was their home.

That night after Compline when the monks were in their cells Brother Arnold felt considerable pain, he felt that his chest was being penetrated with hot spears. Feebly he used a sandal and banged upon the wall of his cell. There was a rustle and a voice came from outside his door, 'What is it, Brother? Are you ill?' Brother Arnold replied in a feeble voice, 'Yes Brother, will you ask Father Infirmarian if he can come and see me?'

There was a muttered acknowledgement and the sound of shuffling sandals upon the stone floor. It was strange, thought Brother Arnold, that no one monk could enter the cell of another monk, not even from the purest motives, none other except Father Infirmarian could enter and then only in the pursuit of his medical duties. Was there something in it? Are some monks homosexual? Possibly they may be, he thought. Certainly the authorities had enough rules and regulations to make sure that no two monks were together and they could only go about in three's. Brother Arnold lay upon his bed of pain and thought about the matter until he was roused by the opening of his cell door and a gentle voice asking, 'Brother Arnold, what ails you?' And so Brother Arnold told of the events of the afternoon, told of the blow upon his chest and of the falling. Father Infirmarian had been a fully qualified Doctor of Medicine

who had given up the practice of medicine in disgust, not being able any longer to take part in the various rackets which pervaded medical 'science' of the present age. Carefully he parted Brother Arnold's clothing and examined his chest which now was black and blue and yellow, and then his trained eyes picked out—Brother Arnold had some broken ribs. Carefully he recovered the old man's chest, rose to his feet and said, 'I must go to Father Superior and give a report on this, Brother Arnold, you have broken bones, you need X-ray and you need hospital treatment.' With that he turned and went out silently.

Soon there came more shuffling noises and very low-toned voices in the corridor outside. His door was opened and Father Infirmarian and Father Superior entered and looked down upon him. 'Brother Arnold,' said the Superior, 'you will have to go to hospital to be X-rayed and to have your ribs set and put in a cast. I will go and inform Father Abbot so that he may make the necessary arrangements. In the meantime Father Infirmarian will stay with you here in case he can do anything for you.' The Superior turned to leave the cell but Brother Arnold cried, 'No, Father Superior, no Father Superior, I do not want to go to hospital, I have heard so much of the malpractice there and I would rather be treated by Father Infirmarian, and if I am beyond his capacity then I will commend my soul to God.'

'No, that will not do Brother Arnold, I cannot accept that. Only Father Abbot can make a dispensation on this case, I will go to see him,' said the Superior as he left the cell.

There was little Father Infirmarian could do to help the aged Brother, but he moistened a cloth and wiped the old man's brow to try to reduce the fever somewhat. Again he undid Brother Arnold's vestments so that not even that weight should cause further difficulty. Together they sat for the old man was half sitting in his bed now, it being easier for him to breathe in that posture.

Soon there came footsteps again. The cell door opened and in came Father Abbot. The Superior had to wait outside for the cells were so small that they could not take more than

two people when one was on a bed. Father Abbot came and looked down at Brother Arnold and his face showed horror and shock at the state of the old man's chest. There was a low-voiced discussion between Father Abbot and Father Infirmarian, and then the Abbot turned to Brother Arnold saying, 'I cannot accept the responsibility, Brother Arnold, of keeping you here in this condition. You will have to go to hospital.' He stopped for a moment and pursed his lower lip between finger and thumb in deep thought. After some moments he looked at Brother Arnold again and said, 'In view of your condition, in view of your age, I will if you wish, Brother Arnold, telephone for the Bishop and then we can only accept his ruling.'

'I am very loathe to leave this, my home, for the unknown perils of hospitals as they are of this day. I have heard so much against them that I have no confidence, and without confidence I should not benefit from their treatment. My whole faith is with Father Infirmarian.'

'As you will, Brother Arnold,' said Father Abbot, 'I should not say this in your hearing but I cannot help agreeing with you.'

The Abbot left the cell and he and the Superior went away toward the Abbot's office where minutes after he could be heard telephoning the Bishop of the Diocese in which the monastery was located. There were frequent, 'as you say, Father Bishop, as you say. Yes, I will do that, goodbye,' and there was the sound of the telephone being replaced on its cradle .

Father Abbot sat in silence for a while and then, upon a sudden decision, he sent for a Scribe who came to take dictation and to prepare a paper which Brother Arnold would have to sign saying that if he refused to leave the monastery for a hospital he did so upon his own responsibility, and the monastery could not be held responsible for whatever occurred as a result of that decision.

The monastery gleamed cold and white in the brilliant light of the full moon. Light scurrying clouds hurrying across the face of the moon somehow lent a sinister air to the monastic

building. Moonlight reflecting brightly from the many windows glittered and seemed to wink at the clouds as they scudded by. Somewhere, a night owl called loudly in the darkness, nearby there was the gentle hiss of waves lapping the sand, reaching up higher and withdrawing to form the next wave. In the monastery itself all was quiet, hushed as though even the building knew that death was at hand, as if it were waiting for the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death. Occasionally there came all those strange sounds which occur in an old, old building which is feeling the weight of the years. Every so often there came the scurrying pit-a-pat of little mouse feet running across the polished floors, and sometimes a frightened squeak from a mouse. But the building was still and as silent as an old building can ever be. Then from the clock tower the hours rang out across the listening countryside. From the distance there came the roar of a train speeding along on its iron rails toward the metropolis.

Brother Arnold lay upon his bed of pain. By the light of the flickering candle he could see Father Infirmarian gazing upon him with compassion. Suddenly, so suddenly as to make Brother Arnold jump, Father Infirmarian spoke: 'Brother Arnold, we have been so concerned about you, about your future. Sometimes you have beliefs which are so different from those of the orthodox religion. You seem to think it doesn't matter what you believe so long as you believe. Brother Arnold, at this late stage repent, repent let your shriving take place. Shall I call the Father Confessor for you, Brother Arnold ?'

Brother Arnold looked about him and said, 'Father Infirmarian, I am satisfied with my way of life, I go to what I believe will be Heaven, I go according to my own belief, not necessarily a belief according to the book. I believe that our prescribed religion, the orthodox religion, is narrow in its concepts.' He gasped as pain wracked his body, he felt as though his chest was on fire, he felt as though nails were being driven through his chest, and he thought of the nails driven through the hands and the feet of Christ, he thought of the pain of the thrust in the body caused by the guard

below the Crucifix.

‘Father Infirmarian, Father Infirmarian,’ he called, ‘will you pass me the Crucifix that I may kiss the Five Wounds?’

Slowly Father Infirmarian rose to his feet and moved to the head of Brother Arnold's bed. Reaching up, after crossing himself, he touched the Crucifix, lifted it down, and pressed it to Brother Arnold's lips.

‘Father Infirmarian, Father Infirmarian,’ cried Arnold in anguish and amazement, ‘who are all these people who have gathered about me? Ah, I see, here is my mother, she is come to bid me welcome to the Greater Reality, the Greater Life. My mother is here, my father is here, many friends of mine are here too.’ Very quickly Father Infirmarian rose to his feet, moved to the door and rapped suddenly and sharply on the door of the next cell. There was a startled exclamation from within and almost on the instant a shaven-headed monk appeared around the opening door.

‘Quick, quick!’ said Father Infirmarian, ‘Call Father Abbot. Brother Arnold is about to leave us.’

The monk stopped not to don a robe nor to put on his sandals, he sped down the corridor and leapt down the stairs. Soon he returned following Father Abbot who had been waiting alone in his study.

Brother Arnold looked about him wildly, and exclaimed in anguish, ‘Why is it that we who preach religion are afraid to die? Why is it, Father Abbot, why is it that we are so afraid to die?’ An answer appeared in Brother Arnold's brain: ‘You will learn that, Arnold, when you come to us on the Other Side of life. You will be coming shortly.’

The Father Abbot knelt beside the bed holding the Crucifix in his upraised hands. He prayed. He prayed for mercy upon the soul of Brother Arnold who had so often departed from the prescribed script of religion. Beside the bed the guttering candle flared and went low, a vagrant breeze caught the flame and turned it into black carbon. It flared again and in the light of that lone candle they saw Brother Arnold raise up crying, ‘Nunc Dimitis, Nunc Dimitis, Lord now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word.’ With that he groaned and fell back lifeless against

the pillows.

Father Infirmarian crossed himself and said a prayer for the Passing of the Dead. Then reaching over the head of the Father Abbot who was still upon his knees Father Infirmarian closed the eyes of Brother Arnold and put little pads upon them to keep them closed. He put a band beneath the lower jaw and held the gaping mouth shut. Then he tied the band on the top of Brother Arnold's tonsured head. Carefully he raised the dead monk's head and shoulders and removed the pillows. He took Brother Arnold's hands and crossed them upon his breast. Lower he attended to the necessary toilet, and then the sheet was pulled up over Brother Arnold's dead face.

Slowly Father Abbot rose to his feet and went out of the lonely cell, went to his own office and instructed a monk. Minutes later there came the tolling of the bell to signal the passing from life to death. Silently the monks rose from their beds and donned their robes and filed down to the Chapel to recite the Service for the Dead. Later when the sun was rising above the horizon there would be a mass, a mass which all would attend, and then the body of Brother Arnold wrapped in his robe and with his cowl covering his face, with his hands about the Crucifix on his chest, would be carried in solemn procession from the monastery down the garden path and into the little consecrated patch which held so many of the bodies of the monks from times long gone.

Even now two monks were preparing to go out to the consecrated patch and dig the grave, the grave facing the sea, in which Brother Arnold's body would rest until its final dissolution. The two monks went out with spades upon their shoulders, silent, each thinking, wondering maybe what was beyond this life? Holy Writ taught us much but could Holy Writ be depended upon exactly, precisely? Brother Arnold had always said—to the anger of Father Abbot—that one could not take Holy Writ too seriously but only as a pointer of the Way, only as a guide, as a signpost. Brother Arnold had often said that the life hereafter was merely a continuation of the life on Earth. Brother Arnold had been sitting silent and still some time ago in the Refec-

tory. Before him was an unopened bottle of aerated water. Suddenly he had risen to his feet, grasped the bottle in his hands and said, 'Look, my brothers, this bottle resembles the human body, in it we have a soul. As I take off the cap of this bottle there is bubbling, there is turmoil in the water in the bottle and the gases like unto the soul of a human burst forth. That is how, my brothers,' he had said, 'we leave our bodies at the termination of this life. Our bodies are but clothing to the immortal soul, and when the clothing is old and tattered and no longer able to hold together then the soul relinquishes the body and goes elsewhere, and for what happens elsewhere? Well, my brothers, each of us and every one of us will discover that in his turn.' Brother Arnold had tipped the contents of the bottle into a glass and drank it swiftly saying, 'Now the body which was the water has disappeared just as the body which is our body will eventually disappear into the earth and there be resolved at last into its component parts.'

The two monks thought of that as they walked down the path and looked around for a suitable patch in which to dig the grave. Six feet deep by six feet long by three feet wide. Without a word they set to work, carefully removing the turf and putting it aside so that later it might be used to cover a new grave.

In the monastery the body of Brother Arnold was being moved, being moved before rigor mortis supervened because that would have made bending the body around the curves of stairs difficult. Four monks had a canvas sheet with handles at each corner. Carefully they slid it under the body of Brother Arnold and positioned his body exactly in the middle of the canvas sheet. Carefully they drew the sides of the sheet up so that the handles at the top and the bottom could interlock, the head end interlock together and the foot end interlock together. Carefully the monks lifted the body off the bed, carefully they maneuvered it out through the doorway of the cell, and with a little struggle they managed to get it turned in the corridor. Moving slowly and reciting the set phrases of the Ritual for the Dead they carried the body down the stairs and into the Chapel annex. Reverently

they placed the body on the bier, arranging the robes to fall naturally and placing sandals upon the dead monk's feet. Carefully they replaced the Crucifix between the dead hands, carefully they drew down the cowl to cover the features. Then the four monks began their solitary vigil guarding the body of their dead Brother until there would come the light of day when again masses would be sung.

And so Brother Arnold left his body. He felt that he was being borne upwards. Looking down with some trepidation he found a silvery blue cord stretching from his present body to the pallid ghastly corpse resting on the bed below. About him he could half distinguish faces. Surely that was his mother? And there was his father. They had come from beyond the Shades to help him, to guide him on his journey.

The way ahead was dark. It seemed to be a long, endless tunnel, a tunnel or maybe a tube. It seemed to be something like the tube which the monks carried in procession through the village on certain occasions, a tube supported by a pole which they raised up against windows so that people could give their contributions to the mouth of the tube and it would slide down to a collecting bag below.

Brother Arnold felt himself moving slowly up this tube. It was a most peculiar feeling. He turned his head down and saw that the silver cord was thinning and even as he looked the cord parted and was no more, it seemed like a ribbon of elastic which, cut, withdrew under its own elasticity.

Above him as he peered upwards there seemed to be a bright light. He was reminded of when he had gone down the monastery well to help clear the water filters below. Looking up he had seen the bright circle of light which illuminated the top of the well. He had a similar feeling now, the feeling was that he was being borne upwards, upwards to the light, and he wondered—what now?

Suddenly, like a stage devil appearing through a trap, Arnold appeared—where?—he appeared on this other world, or in another plane of existence. He did not know what it was for the moment. The light was so intense that he had to cover his eyes, and after a few moments he cautiously lifted his hands away from his eyes and uttered

a weak, 'Oh, oh my!' at the sight before him. There came an amused chuckle by his side, and he turned and gazed at the one who used to be his father. 'Well, Arnold,' said the other, 'you certainly seem astonished I should have thought you would have remembered it all although I must say—' he gave a rueful smile, 'that it took me long enough.' Arnold gazed around. 'Well, I certainly AM astonished' he said. 'This place appears to be like Earth, oh a much better version of it, I grant you, but it does appear to be an Earth-type world, and I thought we would be going to—well, I don't quite know what, but to a more abstract type of world, not this.' He gestured at the buildings and the parklands. 'This does look like a frightfully posh version of the Earth!'

'Arnold, you have quite a lot to learn, or to re-learn' said his former father. 'Your own studies, your own long experience should have led you to the conviction that if an entity, a human soul, went direct from the Earth world up to high celestial spheres then it would be entirely to destroy that entity's sanity, the change would be so great.' He looked hard at Arnold and said, 'Think of a glass, an ordinary glass tumbler if you like; you cannot place a cold glass straight into very hot water, it would fracture, and there are many things of a like nature, it must be done gently, gently. In the same way with a person who has been ill for a long time and confined to bed—you don't expect him to get out of bed one day and to walk around and run around as if he were a well—trained athlete. It is the same here. You were upon a crude, crude world, the Earth, you were on the upward climb and here is an intermediate stage, let us say a halt where one can pause awhile and get one's bearings.'

Arnold looked around marveling at the beauty of the buildings, marveling at the green of the greenery and the trees without blemish. Here, he saw, animals and birds were in no way afraid of the humans. This seemed to be a world of good rapport.

'Soon, I have no doubt, you will be going up to higher planes, but before that can be decided you have to go to the

Hall of Memories. When there you may recover your flagging memory of your visit here before.'

'I am quite amused at the way we say, "up" ', said Arnold 'I thought the Heavenly Spheres and the Earth Spheres or planes of existence—call them what you will—were intermingled and perhaps even occupied the same space, so why say "up"?'

Another man broke in. He had been watching but saying naught. Now he remarked mildly, 'Well, it is up, there's no doubt about it. We go up to a higher vibration. If we were going to go to a lower vibration then we should be going down, and, in fact, there are such places of lower vibration and people here who have to go down there for some reason, perhaps to help some weary soul, would soon say that he or she was going down to plane So-and-So. But this is an intermediate stage, we come up to it from the Earth. We want to get away from the Earth and if we were going down then you could say we were getting nearer to the Earth's core, and that's what you do not want to do. So up it is, up to a higher vibration, up to get away from the center of the Earth, and soon you, Arnold, will be going up again. Of that I have no doubt for this is just an intermediate stage, people from here go up to a higher plane or they go down to the Earth again to learn more lessons. But now it's time you went to the Hall of Memories, everyone must go there first. Come this way.'

Together they walked along, walked along what seemed to be a very well-kept street. There were no cars, no mechanically propelled vehicles of any kind. People walked and the animals walked as well, often alongside the humans. Soon Arnold and his new friend turned away from the streets and entered a little lane at the end of which Arnold could see much greenery. He walked along with the other, both concerned about their own thoughts. Soon they came to the end of the little lane and there was a beautiful, beautiful park ahead of them with wonderful plants, wonderful flowers of a type which Arnold had never seen before. And there in the center of the park was the great domed structure which the people termed the Hall of Memories. They stood

awhile taking in the picture, the greenery, the vivid colors of the flowers, and the very brilliant blue of the skies which were reflected brightly on the surface of the placid lake near the Hall of Memories.

As of one accord Arnold and his new friend stepped upon the path leading to the Hall. They walked along wondering perhaps about the other people who were sitting on benches or lying on the grass. Frequently they would see a person mount the steps to the Hall of Memories, and they would see others coming out from some hidden exit. Some were looking elated, some were looking chastened beyond expression. Arnold looked and gave an anticipatory shudder at the strangeness of it all. What happened in the Hall of Memories, what would happen to him? Would he pass muster and go on up to a higher vibration, to a more abstract form of life? Or would he be sent down to Earth to start another life all over again?

‘Look, look,’ murmured Arnold's new friend. He nudged Arnold and pointed in a certain direction. His voice sank to a whisper as he said, ‘These are entities from a much higher plane of existence, they have come to observe the people, look at them.’

Arnold looked and he saw two bright golden spheres, they seemed to be made of light, they were so brilliant that Arnold could not even guess at the true shape. The golden spheres were drifting along like golden bubbles in a light breeze. They drifted along and came to the walls of the Hall of Memories. They touched and went straight through without leaving a mark on the structure.

‘I must leave you now,’ said Arnold's friend. ‘But keep cheerful, keep your pecker up, YOU have nothing to worry about, that's for sure. Goodbye. There will be someone here to meet you when you come out. Cheer up, don't look so mournful!’ With that he turned abruptly and retraced his steps.

Arnold, with mounting apprehension—no!—with complete fright, plodded on to the end of the path to where the entrance to the Hall of Memories began. At the foot of the great stone steps he stopped and tried to look around to see

what was happening, but no, he did not stop after all, some force was propelling him, drawing him. He hurried up the steps and stopped a moment before the great entrance door. Suddenly, silently, it opened and Arnold was pushed inside, pushed or dragged inside, it does not matter which, he was inside and the door shut behind him.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Silence, perfect silence, not a whisper of sound, not a rustle, nothing. Silence so great that there was an absolute absence of anything except silence.

Darkness, so dark that Arnold could almost see things in the light. His eyes had been used to light, they must have stored up light patterns because now in the darkness so profound he was getting optic nerve flashes.

An absolute absence of everything. Arnold moved and could not tell that he had moved, everything was emptiness, emptier, he thought, than space itself. But then suddenly a faint point of light appeared 'somewhere', and from it blue rays were flung out like sparks on a red hot horse shoe being beaten by a blacksmith. The light was blue, pale blue in the center deepening to a purple blue further out. The light expanded, it was still blue, and then Arnold saw the world, the Earth which he had so recently left. It seemed to be floating in space. There was nothing but a mass of clouds, it seemed almost like a ball of cotton wool of different colors, black clouds and white clouds, and he had a momentary glimpse of what he thought must be the Sahara Desert, nothing but sand and desolation. Then

through the Earth he saw other globes, all inter-mingling and yet not one of them touching. 'I'm going mad,' thought Arnold, 'let's get out of here!' And he turned to make his escape. Behind him he saw two glowing orbs. He stared back at them and then had an impression: 'It is all right, Arnold, we know all about you, we have been examining your past. You have done very well in this last life other than that you have been so lazy that you did not rise above the deacon stage, you did not bother to get ordained. That was lazy of you, Arnold.'

Arnold stared, and the impression came to him : 'No, you cannot see us, we are of a different vibration. All you can see is a globe of light and that is not at all what we look like. Soon you will be one of us—if you wish—and if you do not so desire then you will have to go back to Earth and clear up a few ends that you left untied such as the business of staying as a deacon when you could have risen so much higher.'

'But what are you like ?' asked Arnold.

'Not everyone knows how a king lives,' thought one of the spheres. 'People have the most weird ideas about kings and queens, some thinking that they live all day sitting on a golden throne with a crown on their head and holding the Orb and the Sceptre. Kings and queens do not live that way at all. Similarly on Earth people have many weird ideas about the immediate life after death, they think there is Heaven with Pearly Gates—well, there is Heaven with Pearly Gates for those who think there is, because here in a land which is controlled by thought people are what they think they are, and if a person thinks there are angels flying about then they will see angels flying about. But it's all a waste, there is no use at all in such a life, and these intermediate stages are so that people can rationalize things and become straightened out.'

There seemed to be some conversation going on between the two globes because there was much bobbing and vibrating between the two. Then from one of the globes there came this thought; 'We are much amused that people on this plane of existence are so tied up with their habits

and customs that they even have to imagine food which they then imagine that they eat. We have seen,' the telepathic voice continued, 'some very religious people here who even have to eat fish on Fridays!'

'Holy mackerel!' said Arnold, 'that does seem a bit far-fetched, doesn't it?'

'But why do people fear death so much?' asked Arnold.

'Although I was a religious and obeyed all the rules of the Order I confess that I was terrified of dying. I thought God would be there ready to smite me down for all the wrongs I had done, and I have always wondered why people feared death so much.'

The telepathic voice came again: 'People fear death because we do not want them to know the truth. Death is pleasant, when one comes to the last stages of dying all fear is removed, all pain, all suffering is removed. But people have to fear death otherwise they would commit suicide and there would be mass suicides; if people knew how pleasant death is and how much better the life here is then they would commit suicide and that would be a very bad thing indeed. They go to Earth as children go to school to learn, and children must be kept in school and not allowed to escape into the joys of the countryside. So it is that people fear death until the last moment, until it is clear that they cannot possibly live longer. Then they embrace the warmth of death, the happiness of death.'

'But we want you to leave the material worlds and come to the worlds of the spirit,' thought one of the globes.

'But why is there a material heaven—even though an imitation one—if people do not need material things?' asked Arnold.

'Because for an Overself or Soul or whatever you like to call it it is necessary to get material experience, and in the hardships of the Earth one can learn hard lessons in just a few years whereas if the lessons had to be absorbed by a spirit living in a spirit world then it would take eons of time. But now we have to show you your past life. Watch!'

The world in front of Arnold seemed to expand, it expanded so rapidly that he thought he was falling over the

edge of a precipice—a precipice in space?—on to the turning world. He fell, or thought that he fell, for thousands of miles and then he found himself living just a few feet above the Earth. In front of him there were strange looking men engaged in mortal combat, wielding spears, axes, and even sticks with heavy stones at the end. Arnold looked at them, and one figure in particular attracted him. The figure suddenly rose up from lying on the ground and put his spear right through the chest of an approaching enemy. The enemy toppled to the ground in a welter of blood. ‘That was a bad deed you did, Arnold,’ said a voice in his head, ‘you had to live many lives to atone for that.’

The pictures went on from the times of the Assyrians on through different periods of Earth history, and then at last he saw the life he had just left, he saw his early days and the little offences he had committed such as robbing an old neighbor’s orchard or taking some coins out of a milk bottle which had been left for collection by the milkman. He saw how he had gone to the market a few times and swiped fruit, apples, pears and bananas.

Later he saw himself as a monk overcome with the fear that he would not be able to pass the examinations for Ordination and so adopting a supercilious attitude to cover up the fear of his own incompetency.

He saw again his dying and his death, and then he seemed to be rocketing out of the Earth, going up and up and up, and then landing upon another plane of existence.

‘You performed very well in that life,’ said the voice in his head, ‘and it would be a mere waste of time for you to go back to the Earth phase again. We think instead you can undoubtedly learn much.’

‘But what about my friends here?’ asked Arnold, ‘My father and my mother and the many people I knew before, isn’t it rather bad to come and take their hospitality and then suddenly go off to a higher plane? Whatever will they think of me?’

The voice in his head had a definite laugh as it replied, ‘If they were worthy of going higher, Arnold, they would

have gone higher, and if you do not come out of this building in a form which they can recognize then they will appreciate that you have gone higher, to a higher plane of existence. When we come out of here the three of us will appear as globes of light to them, and having seen two enter and three come out they will know that the third was you and they will rejoice accordingly at your advancement and your elevation. It will also give them much hope that eventually they may do the same.'

And so it came about that in his mind Arnold thought, 'Yes,' and then to his profound astonishment he found that he felt absolutely vital, more full of life than he had ever felt before, he felt full of energy and looking down he could not see his feet any more, he could not see his hands. While he stared in a somewhat bemused manner the voice came to him again: 'Arnold, Arnold, you are as us now, if you look at us you will see how you are, we are just masses of pure energy taking in extra energy from our surroundings. We can go anywhere and we can do anything entirely by thought, and Arnold, we do not eat food as you know it any more!'

There was a peculiar singing sensation and Arnold found that he was following his two new friends through the wall of the Hall of Memories. He smiled slightly as he saw some of his friends outside, he saw the expression on their faces as they noted that three globes went off but only two had entered.

And the singing noise increased, and there was a sensation of rushing, of speed, and Arnold thought, 'I wonder why we always seem to go upwards and never down?' As he thought that he got the answer: 'Well, of course we go upwards, we go up to a higher vibration. You've never heard of going down to a higher vibration, have you? We go up in the same way on Earth when you want to change your state you get away from the Earth, you go up which is the way; if you went down you would get closer to the center of the Earth, the thing you were trying to avoid, but— pay attention where we are going.'

Just at that moment Arnold experienced a shock or a

jolt. He could not explain exactly the type of sensation but probably if he had thought about it he would have likened it unto a jet plane breaking through the sound barrier. It was definitely a 'peculiar' sensation as if he was entering another dimension, and that is precisely what he was doing. There was this sudden jolt and everything seemed to flare around him, he saw coruscating, scintillating colors of hues which he had never before experienced, and then he looked at the two entities with him and exclaimed, 'Oh! You are humans just like me!'

The other laughed and said, 'But of course we are humans the same shape as you, what should we be? The great Plan of the Universe makes it necessary that people shall adopt a certain shape, for example we are humans no matter if it is sub-human, ordinary human or super-human, we all have the same number of heads, arms, and legs, and the same basic method of speech, etc. You will find that in this particular Universe everything is built on the carbon molecule form so no matter where you go in this Universe humans or humanoids are basically the same as you or us. In the same way, the animal world is basically the same, a horse has a head and four limbs just as we have—and if you look at a cat—well, there is the same again, a head, four limbs and a tail. Years ago humans had tails, fortunately they have done without them. So remember wherever you go in this Universe, no matter in what plane of existence, everyone is of basically the same form, what we call the human form.'

'But, good gracious me, I saw you as a ball of light!' said Arnold in some confusion. 'And now I see you as super, super-human forms although you still have a lot of light around you.'

The others laughed and replied, 'You'll soon get used to it. You're going to be here in this plane for quite a long time, there is a lot to be done, a lot to be planned.' They drifted on for some time. Arnold was beginning to see things he had never seen before. The others were watching him and one said, 'I expect your sight is getting used to seeing things here, you are in the fifth dimension now, you

know, away from the world or plane of material things. Here you won't need to dream up food or drink or things of that nature. Here you exist as pure spirit.'

'But if we are pure spirit,' said Arnold, 'how is it that I see you as human shapes?'

'But it doesn't matter what we are, Arnold, we still have to have a shape. If we were round balls of flame we would have a shape, and now, here, you are getting your fifth dimensional sight in focus and so you see us as we are, human in shape. You see, also, plants, flowers, dwellings around you; to the people of the plane from which you have just come they would be nothing, not that they could come here—if they came here they would be burned by the very high radiations here.'

They drifted on over such beautiful country that Arnold was entranced. He thought how difficult it would be if he ever had to return to the Earth and describe what conditions here were like. On the Earth, or on the fourth dimensional plane there were no words at all to describe life in this fifth dimension.

'Oh, what are those people doing?' asked Arnold as he pointed to a group inside a very pleasant garden. They seemed to be sitting in a circle, and they seemed—although the idea was quite absurd to Arnold—that they were making things by thought. One of his companions turned leisurely and said, 'Oh them? Well, they are just preparing things which will later be sent forth as an inspiration to certain people on the Earth. You see, there are many things originating here which we put into the dull minds of humans to try to raise their spiritual level. Unfortunately the people of the Earth want to use everything for destruction, for war, or for capitalistic gain.'

They were speeding along now up in the air. There were no roads, Arnold was astonished to note, from which he divined that all traffic here was done through the air.

They came to more parkland with a lot of people in the park. These people seemed to be walking about and they had paths just through the park. 'So they can stroll more easily, Arnold,' said one of his guides. 'We use walking as

a pleasure and as a means of getting to places slowly so we only have pathways where we can practice pleasurable walking by the side of a river or lake, or in a park. Normally we go by controlled levitation as we are doing now.'

'But who are all these people?' asked Arnold. 'I have a most uneasy feeling that I—well, I seem to recognize some of them. It's perfectly absurd, of course, perfectly preposterous, it just is not possible that I know any of them or they know me, but I have a distinct and very uncanny feeling that I have seen them before. Who are they?'

The two guides looked about them and said, 'Oh, THEM! Well, that one over there talking to a big man was known on Earth as Leonardo da Vinci and he is talking to the one known on Earth as Winston Churchill. Over there—' pointing to another group—'you will find Aristotle who on Earth in days long gone was known as the Father of Medicine. He had a hard time getting up here because it was held that instead of being the Father of Medicine he delayed the progress of medicine for many, many years.'

'Oh, how is that then?' asked Arnold looking toward the group.

'Well, you see, Aristotle was claimed to know everything there was to know about medicine and about the human body and it was therefore a crime against such a great person to try to investigate further, and so a law was passed making it an absolute death—punishable crime to dissect a body or to make research into anatomical things because in doing so there would be insult to Aristotle. And that delayed progress in medicine for hundreds and hundreds of years.'

'Does everyone come up here?' asked Arnold. 'There seem to be not many people about if that is the case.'

'Oh no, no, no, of course they don't all come up here. Remember the old saying about many are chosen but few succeed. Many fall by the wayside. Up here there is a small number of people of very advanced mentality or spirituality. They are here for a special purpose, the purpose being to try to advance the progress of humanity on Earth.'

Arnold looked very gloomy. He had a terribly uneasy, guilty feeling. Then he said humbly, 'I think a mistake has

been made, you know. I am just a poor monk, I have never aspired to be anything else, and if you say there are people of superior mentality or spirituality here then I must be here under false pretences.'

The two guides smiled at him and said, 'People of good spirituality usually misjudge themselves. You have passed the necessary tests and your psyche has been examined in very great detail, that is why you are here.'

They sped on, leaving behind the pleasure grounds, going up into what in another plane Arnold would have called a high country. He found that with his improving spiritual sight and fifth dimensional insight it would have been impossible for him to explain to anyone else what was happening. Before they came down to a landing in a very special city he had one further question: 'Tell me, do any people of the Earth plane ever come here and then return to the Earth plane ?' he asked.

'Yes, under very special circumstances, very special people who have been chosen to go down there in the first place come up for a time to be, let us say, briefed on how things were at this time and to be given fresh information as to what they should tell people on Earth.'

They swooped down, three together as if tied together with invisible bonds, and Arnold entered into a fresh phase of existence, one which would be beyond the understanding of humans to comprehend or to believe.

## THE OLD AUTHOR'S DREAM

The Old Author dreamed a dream, and this is the way he dreamed that dream. He was sitting propped up in his old hospital bed with the little typewriter on his lap. You know that typewriter? Canary yellow, given to him by his old friend Hy Mendelson, a nice light little thing which had quite a merry clack to it when used properly.

Miss Cleopatra reclined sedately by his side. She was dreaming of whatever Lady Siamese Cats dream of when they are full of food, when they are warm and comfortable. Miss Cleo, not to be too polite about the matter, was snoring like an old trombone, if trombones DO snore. But the clack of the typewriter inexpertly pounded was boring and monotonous, the hum of traffic outside was like the hum of bees harvesting in a field of flowers in the summer.

The Old Author had terrible backache. It felt like broken firewood pressing into the flesh and pinching the nerves. He could not move because he was paraplegic, you know—lacking the use of two legs. And, anyway, to have moved would have meant that Miss Cleopatra would have her beautiful dream disturbed, and a beautiful little cat like Miss Cleo would always have beautiful dreams and they should NOT be disturbed. But eventually the pain dulled and the typing slowed, and at last with a touch of asperity in his tone the Old Author said, ‘Get out of my way, typewriter, I’m sick of the sight of you.’ And with that he slid it onto a table at the side of the bed. Snuggling back as best he could he closed his eyes, and according to later reports from two

biased people HE snored as well, a raucous, thrumming, rasping snore, so he was told. But, anyway, he snored, and as he snored he must have been asleep.

Many pictures formed before his eyes in the dream. He dreamed that he was floating above the streets and he knew that he was in his astral form but he thought, 'Oh my goodness, I hope I have my pajamas on!' because so many people when they astral travel forget that according to civilized convention little pieces of cloth should at least cover certain areas of one's anatomy.

The Old Author floated along and then froze into sudden immobility. There was a two-seater car coming along and the old term 'hell for leather' would be suitable in this instance. It was an open two-seater car, one of those fast English things like an Austin-Healey or a Triumph or something like that, but it was fairly beetling along the road and the driver, a young woman, was not paying any attention at all, her long hair was streaming out behind her and every so often she took a dab at her forehead to wipe away the hair which was obscuring her view. So it was that at the very moment when her right hand was raised to sweep back the obscuring hair a car—a heavy old clunker of a car—came out from an intersection and stopped dead in her path!

There was one awful BONK and the rending of metal, the sound, in fact, was very much like when you crush a match box in your hands. The old clunker was pushed several feet along the road. A man got out of the driver's seat, bent over, and was heartily sick in the road with shock. His face looked a pale puce with fright—if you know what pale puce is. If you do not know what that color is—well, he looked seasick or airsick or, in this case, carsick.

Sightseers with staring eyes and slack jaws appeared from everywhere. Rubbernecks peered out of windows, and small boys came scooting around corners yelling to their colleagues to come and look at the 'beautiful accident.'

A man rushed away to phone the police, and soon there was that cacophony which indicated that the police and an ambulance were coming to pick up the remains, and there

were some remains! First the police car skidded to a stop, and then in this neck-and-neck race the ambulance skidded to a stop. Two policemen jumped out, and two ambulance men jumped out of their vehicle. They converged on the two cars.

There was heaving and shoving and many shouts. A policeman dashed back into his car and grabbed the microphone bawling mightily for a tow-truck. He was shouting so loud that it was hardly necessary to use a radio, it seemed that anyone in the city could have heard.

Soon from the far end of the street there came a flashing amber light, and a tow-truck came roaring along the wrong way down a one-way street. But that was all right, they do such things in moments of crisis. The tow-truck made a nice turn in the road and backed up to the wreckage. Quickly the little car, whatever it was, Austin-Healey, Triumph, or something, was towed back a few feet. As it came to a stop the body of the young woman dropped to the ground. She was still faintly quivering with the last manifestations of her ebbing life.

The Old Author floated above making an astral sound which might be interpreted as, 'Tsk! tsk!' Then he looked anew because above the now almost entirely dead body of the young woman a cloud was forming. And then the silver cord connecting the astral body and the physical body thinned and parted, and the Old Author saw that it was the exact replica of the young woman's body. He went to move after her shouting, 'Hey Miss, hey Miss, you forgot your knickers!' But then he remembered that young ladies nowadays did not seem to wear knickers, they wore briefies or panties or pantyhose or something else like that, and he reflected that one could not, after all, run after a young woman telling her she had lost her pantyhose, her bra, and all that. Then he remembered that he was paraplegic—in the excitement he forgot that he was not paraplegic in the astral. So the young woman drifted off up into the realms above.

Down in the wreckage men were pushing and shoving and scraping up what could have been a couple of bottles of

ketchup or raspberry jam. The Fire Department truck came along and they connected up their apparatus and hosed down the road, hosed down the blood and the gore and the petrol—gasoline on the North American Continent.

There was gabble, gabble, gabble, and still more gabble, and the Old Author got tired of looking at that. Tinpot cars going back to tinpot collections. No, he looked upwards just in time to see the young woman's posterior being obscured by a cloud. He followed.

It was quite a good way, he thought, to spend a little time on a hot summer afternoon. So, having much experience of astral travel, he swept upwards and upwards and ever upwards until he outstripped (sorry, no pun intended!) the young woman and got 'there' before her.

She was dead to the flesh, and she was alive to the 'Other Side', and it was always interesting to the Old Author to see newcomers approaching the metaphorical Pearly Gates. So he entered the realm of what some people call the 'Other Side' and yet others call Purgatory but which in reality was merely what one should call a receiving station. He stood by the side of a road, and suddenly the young woman popped up straight through the center of the road, she popped up a few feet in the air and then sank back to ground level.

A man appeared from somewhere and called to her, 'New Arrival?' The young woman looked at him disdainfully and turned her head away. Then the man called after her, 'Hey Miss, how about your clothes?' The young woman looked down at herself with horror and turned a very fetching shade of pink. It was a good blush, it extended all over her ample form, back and front, top, bottom and sides. She looked at the man and then she looked at the Old Author—yes, he was a man too!—and then she broke into a run, her feet pounding on the smooth road.

She hurried along and then approached a fork in the road. For a moment she stopped and then she muttered to herself, 'No, I won't take the right fork because right is the side of the conservatives, I'd better take the left, I might end up with some good socialists.' And so she galloped on down

the left road. She did not know that both led to the same place like the old song in the Scottish Highlands where ‘You take the high road and I’ll take the low, and I’ll be in Scotland afore you.’ So the two roads were just an experiment so that the recording angel (he liked to be called that) would have some idea of the type of person he was going to meet.

The young woman slowed to a trot, and slowed still more to a walk. The Old Author, being wise in the ways of the astral, just floated along behind her, he was enjoying the scenery, all of it. Then the young woman stopped. In front of her were some shimmering gates, or they seemed to her to be gates because she had been preconditioned to believe in heaven and hell, Pearly Gates, etc. She stopped and a nice old angel came out, opened the Gates, and said, ‘Do you want to come in, Miss?’ She looked at him and snarled, ‘Don’t you call me “Miss” my man, I’m “Ms.” and don’t you forget it.’ The nice old angel smiled and said, ‘Oh, so you are one of THOSE, eh? I thought you were a Miss because you are missing your clothes, you know.’ The young woman looked down again and blushed anew, and the old angel chuckled in his long beard and said, ‘Now, don’t you be nervous of me, young lady, or should it be lady/man, because I’ve seen them all, backways, frontways, and everything else. You just come in, the Recording Angel is expecting you.’ He opened the Gates a bit more and she entered, and then he shut them behind her with quite a clang, an unnecessary clang the Old Author thought as he floated in above the Gates. But the old angel—she knew it was an angel because he was wearing a nice bathrobe and his wings stuck out from his shoulders and flapped feebly as he walked—but, anyway, the old angel led her along a little way and opened a door saying, ‘You go in there, go straight along that corridor and you will find the Recording Angel sitting in the hall at the far end. You’d better be nice to him, now, don’t be too sneering and don’t be too Mss-ing or he’ll mark you down for the nether regions, and what he says is final.’

He turned away and nearly bumped into the Old Author

who said, ‘Hi, Pop, so you've got another one here, eh? Let's go in together and watch the fun.’

The Guardian of the Gateway said, ‘Yes, business has been a bit dull this morning, been so many righteous people coming by I got tired of letting them in. I'll come in with you and we'll watch the fun. The others can wait a bit.’

So together the Angel of the Portal of Death and the Old Author walked arm-in-arm down the corridor, and in the big hall at the end they sat down together on astral seats as they watched the young woman, her behind twitching nervously, walk up to the Recording Angel.

The Recording Angel was a short fat man and his wings did not fit too well because they clattered a lot as he talked, it was much the same as an old woman—when she talks her teeth clatter and nearly fall out. Well, the Recording Angel was like that, every time he moved his wings twitched and, to make the matter even worse, the top sides of the wings kept on nearly knocking off his halo. With some astonishment the young woman saw that the halo was in fact held on with strips of sellotape. She sniffed hard, things were very peculiar, she thought, but just then the Recording Angel looked at her face—he had been looking at everything else first—and he asked, ‘Date of death? Where d'you die? Where did your mother die? And where's your father now, heaven or hell?’

The young woman sniffed and sniffed. She was becoming frightfully embarrassed by all this, the way people were looking at her, and anyway some of the pollen from the flowers in the Heavenly Fields weren't half tickling her nostrils. Suddenly she gave one terrific sneeze and nearly blew the Recording Angel's halo off. ‘Oh pardon,’ she said in embarrassment, ‘I always sneeze like that when I smell strange odors.’

The Angel of the Portal of Death did a wheezy chuckle, and said, ‘Oh yes, him you know,’ jerking a thumb at the Recording Angel, ‘is a bit of a stinker. We get a lot of people sneezing when they get a niff of him.’

The Recording Angel looked at the papers before him and muttered, ‘Oh yes, date of death, date of this, date of

that. Well, we don't want that, I've asked the questions but if the young woman should give me the information I should be the rest of the day filling out forms, this red tape, you know—' Suddenly he looked again at the young woman's face and said, 'Say, did you bring up any spare fag ends? I could do with a smoke and it's a very strange thing but when people come up here first they always throw away their cigarette ends. They are a lot better off down in the hellish quarters because so many smoke there, anyway, before they're finished.'

The young woman shook her head in increasing amazement, indicating that no, she hadn't any cigarettes or anything else smokeable. So the Recording Angel grunted and said, 'Where d'you die? Did you have a good undertaker?' he fiddled about among his papers and picked out a card which read, 'I. Digsem, Buryemall Unlimited. Undertaking our specialty. Cremations a convenience.' 'There,' he said, 'that's where you should have been fixed up, we get a lot of customers from there and we always know just fine how well they've been treated because we look at their scars.'

The young woman was just standing there, and in the end she looked down and let out a shriek of rage: 'Look!' she screamed, 'You've got me down on that form as "Miss." I'm not Miss, I'm Ms. I demand that you alter it now, I won't have this discrimination.' She fumed and fumed, and she went red all over. It was easy to see where she went red because she had no clothes on, so she went red all over and stamped her feet with temper. The Recording Angel made soothing noises and said, 'Whoa, whoa, steady there, now, steady. You know where you are, don't you?' Then he pursed his lips and made that sound known as a raspberry before saying, 'Well, Miss—we don't acknowledge Ms. here you have already decided where you are going to go because any Women's Lib person or any media person is denied the Heavenly experience. Instead they go down to the hellish fields. So there you are, lass, pick up your feet again and keep moving them forward. You'd better get down, I'll phone Old Nick now and say you're on the way down. Be sure you give him my kind regards in person

because we've got a thing going to see who can take most patients from the other. He wins this one fair and square because you're a Libber!' He turned away and reached for his wastepaper basket. Then, scrumpling up her form, he put it in and carefully straightened up his desk and got out a fresh set of papers.

The young woman looked about her uncertainly and then turned to the Old Author saying, 'Aren't they most unhelpful here? There's such a lot of discrimination. I shall certainly complain when I meet the Top Brass, but how do I get to the hellish regions from here?'

The Old Author looked at her and thought what a pity she had to go to hell, they would certainly give her a roasting there with her bad temper and her 'smart Alice's' attitude. But then he said, 'It doesn't matter which way you go, all roads lead to hell, you know, except one and that's the one you've missed. So just start going down that road, you'll find you are going downhill fast.'

The young woman snorted and said, 'Well! Aren't you going to open the door for me? You call yourself a gent?' The Old Author and the Guardian of the Portal of Death looked at her in astonishment, and the Guardian said, 'But you are one of these liberated people, if we open the door for you you will say that we are denigrating you and not giving you free rein to your rights, one of which is that you can open the blasted doors yourself!' The Guardian turned with a snort and bustled off to do his duties at the Gates because someone was trying to get in and rattling the bars.

'Come along, you,' said the Old Author, 'I'll show you the way, I've got quite a few friends down there, and of course an even greater number of enemies. But be careful when you get down there because about fifty percent of the population are ex-media people and they are not very popular. Come on, let's go.'

Together they walked down a road and the path seemed quite endless to the young woman who suddenly turned to the Old Author and said, 'But don't they have a rapid transit system here at all?'

'Oh no, no,' said the Old Author, 'you don't need a rapid

transit system here because everybody is going to hell as fast as they can go. Just look down at the people on Earth now,' and he nudged her to look over the edge of the road and there, to her astonishment, she found she was looking down to the people of Earth. The Old Author continued, 'Look at that man down there, sitting behind his big desk, I'm sure he is a publisher's editor or something, or possibly—' he stopped a moment and fingered his beard before going on, then, 'Yes, yes, I know exactly what it is,' he said excitedly, 'that one down there is an authors' agent. When you get down to the nether regions you might fork out a shovelful of hot coal and drop it on him. It will serve him as "coals of fire." '

Then they turned a curve in the road and before them were the Gates of Hell glowing blood-red and shooting off sparks in the murkiness. As the two came down the path towards the Gates the young woman saw a really hot devil grab his trident and a pair of asbestos gloves. Quickly putting on the gloves he reached for the handle of the Gates and swung them back, smoking and sending out showers of sparks. 'Come along ducks,' he said to the young woman, 'we have been waiting for you, just come in to our party. We know how to deal with young women like you, we'll soon teach you that you are a woman and not just a libber. We'll teach you that you are a sex symbol okay.' He turned and pushed the young woman in front of him, and quite gently put the prongs of his trident to her posterior. She leapt up into the air with an eldritch screech, her feet pumping and running before she hit the ground again. The devil Gate Keeper turned to the Old Author and said, 'No, no, old fellow, you can't come in here, you had your hellish time on the world. Now we'll give some of your persecutors and detractors a bit of a roasting. You go back and stir up some more trouble, we want some more victims here for shoveling coal and carrying out the clinkers. Begone with you, do!'

So the young woman disappeared from the Old Author's dream. She disappears from our pages as well, and we can only surmise, perhaps lewdly or lustily, at the fate of such

a young woman with curves in the right places and bumps in the right places condemned to such a beautifully hellish atmosphere, although she herself would have admitted she was not quite good enough for the heavenly atmosphere.

So the Old Author wandered up the path again keeping his eyes open and his ears open for the sights and sounds which made up such a large amount of the life of the hellish part of the Other Side. As he gazed about he saw behind him the inferno. Great gouts of flame shot up into the sky, and things which looked like fireballs—those things which are such a feature of firework displays. Then there were showers and showers of bright sparks going up describing a parabola and coming down again. Every so often there came hoots, shouts, and screams, and the whole area was of a ruddy hue which was most unpleasant. The Old Author turned away and as he did so there came the clatter of the red hot door opening, and shouts of, ‘Author! Author!’ A hellish crew (what a pity they were not a heavenly horde!) came pouring out of the open gates and rushed up the slope yelling, ‘Author! Author!’

The old man sighed fit to bust the stitches out of his pants—if he had had any on—and turned back. At this point it might be as well, because of the lady readers, to make it clear that although he had no pants on he did have on the appropriate robe so the ladies can go on looking at the print.

There was a lot of beckoning, gesticulating, shouts and all the rest of it as the Author went down the hill again and sat on a bench from which he rose hurriedly because of the heat. From the gates a very large man with a pair of well-polished horns emerged. He had a tail with a barb on the end, and the tail had a very attractive blue bow on it. I suppose the blue was as a contrast to the prevalent red of the atmosphere. He came out and greeted the Old Author saying, ‘I could do with you here, you know, I could do with you here in hell and I sure would offer you a very good job. How about it, eh?’

The Old Author looked about, and then he replied, ‘I

don't know about that, this is sure one hell of a dump, you know.'

The Lord Satan looked even more satanic and picked his teeth with a splinter from some old coffin which he had happened to trip over on his way out. As he picked his teeth the wood charred and gave off tiny sparks as old rotten wood will. Some of the sparks fell in the direction of the Old Author, who fell even more quickly out of their way. Satan said, 'You write a hellish lot, Old Man, that's what I want. I really could do with you and I have a lot to offer you, you know. What do you want Dames or dolls or whatever you call them? Small boys? No, don't vomit here, it'll make an awful stink with the press if you do. Or what else do you want?'

Well, the Old Author was feeling a bit vomitous at the thought of the small boys being offered, but then he thought of the dames or dolls, broads or what—have-you, and that didn't seem very attractive either. After all, everyone knows what trouble women can make—

'I'll tell you what!' said the devil with a gleam in his eye, 'I know what you would like! How about a bunch of liberated females and then you could teach them that this liberation is a stupid thing indeed. Yes, I can give you any number of these ladies, some of them are awful people, too. Just say the word and you shall have as many as you want.' The Old Author scowled and said, 'No, I don't want any liberated women. Send them away as far as you can, keep them out of my way.'

The devil laughed out loud and he had a real devilish gleam in his eye as he shouted, 'I know, I know! How about a few media people, you really could have a hell of a time with them. You could let them write some hot words and then you could make them eat them. Yes, that would be the thing to fetch you in, have your fun with the media, they've had their fun with you. How about it, Old Man, eh?'

The Old Author shook his head once again. 'No, no, I don't want anything to do with those sub-humans, I regard media people as definitely evil, and they should be your

handmaidens or handmen, or whatever you like to call them. Don't let me get near them, I don't like them. I would even like to strike an extra match under their boiling pot or whatever you do with them.'

The devil sat down on a fresh spot and steam rose alarmingly from his rump. He crossed one leg over the other and his tail swished with the intensity of his thought. Suddenly he jumped to his feet with a scream of triumph : 'I know, I know!' he shouted. 'How about having a nice yacht, or, as you have always been interested in paddleboats, how about having a nice paddleboat all on your own? You can have a hellish mixed crew and you can have a hell of a time going around in the hot lakes and all the rest of it. You can have the Red Sea as your playground. It's red with human blood, you know, you'll like it, hot blood tastes really good.'

The Old Author looked disdainfully down and said, 'Devil, you don't seem to know much. Don't you realize that if I had a paddleboat I would be in hot water because the Red Sea of human blood is just about boiling. Isn't that hot water?'

The devil laughed and said, 'You are making mountains out of molehills, or should it be molehills out of mountains. Anyway, what's your beef? Of course, down here the beef would be well cooked. But anyway, what IS your beef? You've been in hot water all your life, haven't you? I should have thought you would have grown accustomed to it by now!'

The Old Author fiddled about in the hot sand with his feet, drew patterns, and the devil looked down and screeched with pain as he spied various religious symbols such as the Tibetan Wheel of Life, etc. He screeched with pain and hopped up and down, and by accident he got one hoof on the symbol and up he went in the air with a whoosh, disappearing right over the red hot gates. When last seen he was flying in the direction of the Red Sea of human blood. The Old Author was so astonished that he sat down on the bench again, and rose a great deal quicker than the devil had because that seat was hot, and hotter now that

the devil had sat on it. But he dusted off his smoldering robe and decided that this was the time to get out of it, hell was no place for him. So once again he moved on up the hill away from the pit. This time he moved a darn sight faster.

At the top of the hill he met a guardian of the pits who greeted him affably and said, 'Hi, cock, haven't seen many coming this way, they're usually going thataway. You must have been too good to be let in.' Then he looked at the Old Author and said, 'Oh, yea man, I recognize you, you sure are some cat, you write them Rampa books, don't you? Well, you're no friend of ours, you've kept many a bad soul from coming to us. You be on your way, man, we don't want any truck with you, off you go.' And then before the Old Author could get going, the guardian called to him saying, 'Wait a minute, wait a minute, I've got something to show you.' And he pointed to some strange device standing beside him, and he said, 'Now, look through that, you'll get a good picture of hell. It's interesting. You'll see all manner of stockades. We've got publishers in one, agents in another, media people in another, and over there to the left we have liberationists. Next door to them we have a special stockade for old Etonians, and, do you know, they don't fraternize a bit, no. But come and look for yourself.'

The Old Author approached gingerly and then changed his mind in a hurry at the amount of heat coming out of the eye pieces. Without another word he turned and made his way up the hill.

At the top he saw again the Pearly Gates. The Guardian of the Pearly Gates was just moving out to close and padlock them for the night. He waved, and said, 'Hiya, bud, did you like it in hell?'

The Old Author waved back and answered with a shout, 'No, there's too much of a hellish atmosphere down there.' The Guardian of the Pearly Gates called back and said, 'It's worse here in our heavenly atmosphere, we've got to mind our "p's" and "q's." We mustn't say a bad word, if we do we have to go down to the pit and stick our tongue

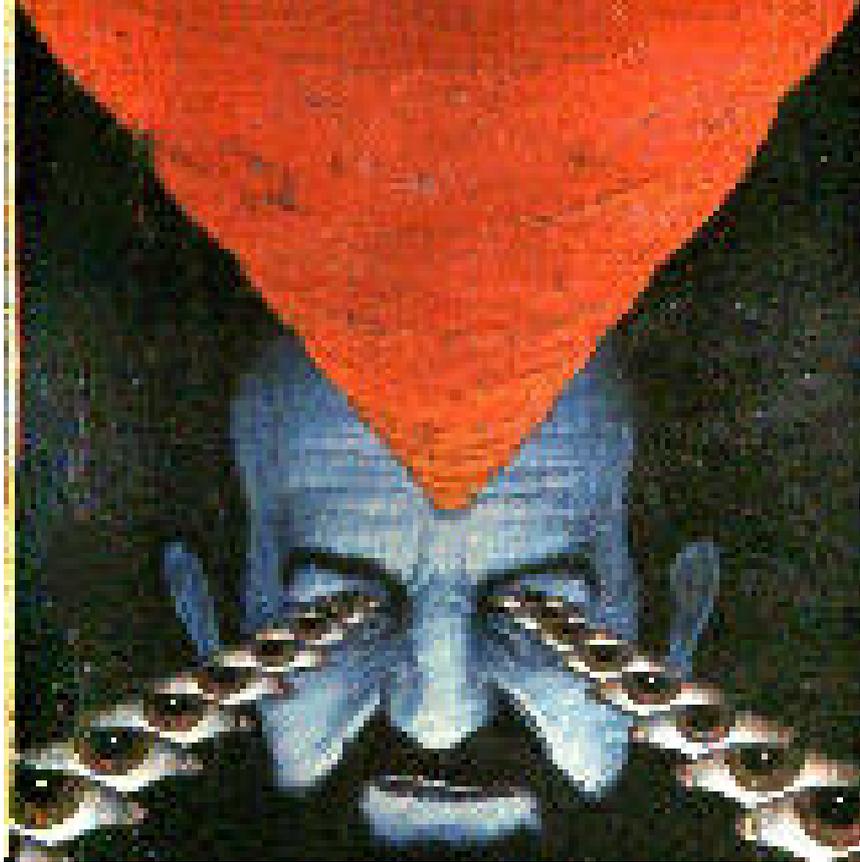
on a hot plate there. I should go back and write another book if I were you.'

And that is what the Old Author did.

He moved along wondering what else he should look at, should he see the Fountain of Pearls or the Pavement of Gold? But as he was thinking that he heard a loud 'clang' somewhere. It sounded like glassware being clattered together. Then he felt a sudden pain, and he jumped back to awareness to hear a voice saying, 'Come on, come on, it's time for your injection.' And as he looked up there was an ugly great hypodermic needle coming down to poke him in the rump. The voice said, 'What, you writing again about the afterlife?'

'No,' said the Old Author, 'I am writing the last of this book, and these are the last words in this book'

**T. LOBSANG RAMPA**  
**TIBETAN SAGE**



## FOREWORD

People hooted and jeered when, some few years ago, I wrote in *The Third Eye* that I had flown in kites. One would have thought that I had committed a great crime in saying that. But now—well, we look about and we can see people flying in kites. Some of them are high above the water being towed by a speed boat. Yet others are kites with a man aboard, he stands on the edge of a cliff or high piece of ground, and then he jumps off and he is actually flying in a kite. Nobody says now that Lobsang Rampa was right, but they certainly did hoot when I wrote about kite flying.

There have been quite a number of things which were ‘science fiction’ a few years ago, but now—well, now they are almost everyday occurrences. We can have a satellite in space, and in London we can pick up the television programs from the USA or from Japan. I predicted that.

We also now have had a man, or rather men, walking on the Moon. All my books are true, and they are gradually being proved true.

This book is not a novel. It is not science fiction. It is the absolutely unvarnished truth of what happened to me, and I again state that there is no author's license in the book. I say this book is true, but you may want to believe it to be science fiction or something like that. Well, fine, you are quite at liberty to have a good laugh and call it science fiction, and perhaps before you have actually finished reading the book some event will occur which will prove my books true. But I will tell you now that I will not answer any questions about this book. I have had such an enormous mail about the other books, and people do not even put in return postage and, with postal rates as they are at present, sometimes it takes more to reply to a reader's letter than he paid for the book in the first case.

Well, here is the book. I hope you like it. I hope you find it believable. If you do not find it believable it may be that you have not yet reached the necessary stage of evolution.

## CHAPTER ONE

“Lobsang! LOBSANG!!” Dimly I seemed to swim up from the depths of a sleep of exhaustion. It had been a terrible day, but now-well, I was being called. Again the voice broke in, “Lobsang!” But I suddenly felt commotion about me, opened my eyes and thought the mountain was falling on top of me. A hand reached out and a quick jerk lifted me from my place of rest and swung me rapidly aside, barely in time, too, because a massive rock with sharp edges slid down behind me and ripped off my robe. Quickly I stumbled to my feet and in a half daze followed him to a little ledge at the far end of which was a very small hermitage.

About us rocks and snow came pelting down. Suddenly we saw the bent figure of the old hermit hurrying as fast as he could toward us. But no, a huge collection of rocks rolled down the mountain and swept away the hermitage and the hermit and the projecting rock on which the hermitage had stood. The rock was about two hundred feet in length, and it was swept away as a leaf is swept away in a gale.

My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, was holding me firmly by the shoulders. About us was darkness, not a glimmer of starlight, no gleam of a flickering candle from the houses of Lhasa. Everything was dark.

Suddenly there was a fresh barrage of immense rocks and sand, snow, and ice. The ledge upon which we so precariously stood tipped toward the mountain, and we felt ourselves sliding, sliding, we seemed to be

for ever sliding, and at last we came to a hearty bump. I think I blacked-out for a time because I suddenly came to my senses again thinking of the circumstances which had caused us to go to this very remote hermitage.

We had been at the Potala playing with a telescope which had been given to the Dalai Lama as a goodwill present from an English gentleman. Suddenly I saw prayer flags waving high up on the mountain side, they seemed to be waving in some sort of a code. Quickly I passed the telescope to my Guide and pointed up to the waving flags.

He stood there with the telescope braced against the wall of the topmost level of the Potala. He stood there for some time staring, and then he said, "The hermit is in need of help, he is ill. Let us inform the Abbot and say that we are ready to go." Abruptly he closed the telescope and gave it to me to put back in the Dalai Lama's storeroom of special gifts.

I ran with the thing, being particularly careful not to trip and not to drop that telescope, the first I had ever seen. And then I went out and filled my pouch with barley, checked that my tinder were adequate, and then I just hung around waiting for the Lama Mingyar Dondup.

Soon he appeared with two bundles, one great heavy bundle which he had on his shoulders and a smaller bundle which he put on my shoulders. "We will go by horse to the foot of that mountain, and then we shall have to send the horses home and climb—climb. It will be quite a hard climb, too, I have done it before." We got on our horses, and rode down the steps to where the Outer Ring of roads surrounds Lhasa. Soon we reached the turning off point and, as I always did, I took a quick look toward the left to the home where I had been born. But there was no time to think about it now, we were on a mission of mercy.

The horses began to labor, to pant and to snort. The climbing was too much for them, their feet kept slipping on the rocks. At last, with a sigh, the Lama

Mingyar Dondup said, "Well, Lobsang, the horses finish here. From now on we depend upon our own weary feet." We got off the horses and the Lama patted them and told them to return home. They turned about and trotted back along the path with renewed life at the thought of going home instead of having to climb further.

We rearranged our bundles and checked over our heavy sticks, any crack or flaw which had developed could prove fatal so we checked them, and checked the other things we were carrying. We had our flint and our tinder, we had our food supply, and so at last without a backward look we started climbing, climbing up the hard, hard mountain rock. It seemed to be made of glass, it was so hard and so slippery. We put our fingers and our toes in any little crevice and gradually, barking our shins and scraping our hands, we made our way up to a ledge. Here we stopped for a time to regain our breath and our strength. A little stream came from a crevice in the rock so we had a drink, and then we made some tsampa. It was not very savory, it had to be made with cold, cold water, there was no room on the ledge for fire-making. But with our tsampa and a drink we felt refreshed again and discussed which way we should climb. The surface was smooth, and it seemed impossible that anyone could ever climb up that face, but we set to as had others before us. Gradually we inched upwards, upwards, gradually the tiny speck which had been visible to us became larger and larger until we could see individual rocks which formed the hermitage.

The hermitage was perched on the very end of a rocky spur which stood out from the side of the mountain. We climbed up under it, and then with immense effort we reached the side of the spur where we sat for several moments gasping for breath because here we were high above the Plain of Lhasa and the air was rarified and bitterly cold. At last we felt able to stand again, and we made our way much more easily this time until we reached the entrance of the hermitage.

The old hermit came to the door. I peered inside and I was absolutely amazed by the smallness of the room. Actually, there would not be room for three people so I resigned myself to staying outside. The Lama Mingyar Dondup nodded his approval, and I turned away as the door closed behind him.

Nature has to be attended to at all times, and sometimes Nature can be very pressing indeed, so I wandered around looking for "sanitary facilities". And, yes, right on the edge of that jutting rock there was a flat rock projecting even further out. It had a convenient hole in it which I could see had been manmade or man-enlarged. As I crouched down over that hole I could find a solution to something that had been puzzling me; on our way up we had passed a peculiar looking heap and what seemed to be yellowish shards of ice, some of them looked like yellowish ice rods. Now I was sure that those very puzzling mounds were evidence that men had lived in the hermitage for some time, and I gleefully added my own contribution.

That taken care of I wandered around and found the rock to be excessively slippery. But I walked along the path and came to what was obviously a moving rock. It was in the form of a ledge, and I wondered without any real interest why there should be a ledge of rock in that particular position. Being inquisitive I examined the rock with more than usual care, and I found my interest mounting because clearly it was manmade, and yet how could it be manmade? It was in such a strange position. So I just gave a desultory kick to the rock forgetting that I was bare-footed, so I nursed my injured toes for a few moments and then turned away from the ledge to examine the opposite side, the side up which we had climbed.

It was absolutely amazing and almost unbelievable to think that we had climbed up that sheer face. It looked like a sheet of polished rock as I gazed down, and I felt definitely queasy at the thought of climbing down.

I reached down to feel for my tinder box and flint,

and jerked to full awareness of my immediate situation. Here I was somewhere inside a mountain without a stitch of clothing, without the vital barley and bowl and tinder and flint. I must have muttered some un-Buddhistlike exclamation because I heard a whisper, “Lobsang, Lobsang, are you all right?”

Ah? My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup was with me. Immediately I felt reassured, and replied, “Yes, I am here, I think I was knocked out when I fell, and I have lost my robe and all my possessions, and I haven't got the vaguest idea where we are or how we are going to get out. We need some light to see what can be done about your legs.”

He said, “I know this passage very well indeed. The old hermit was the keeper of great secrets of the past and of the future. Here is the history of the world from the time it started until the time it ends.” He rested for a few moments and then said, “If you feel along the left hand wall you will come to a ridge. Now if you push hard against that ridge it will slide back and give access to a big recess which has spare robes and ample barley. The first thing for you to do is to open the closet and feel for tinder and flint and candles. You will find them on the third shelf from the bottom. If we have light we can know how we can help each other.” I carefully gazed along the left side of the Lama and then I touched the left hand wall of the passageway. It seemed to be a fruitless search, the wall was as smooth as could be, as smooth as if it had been made by human hands.

Just as I was about to give up I felt a sharp piece of rock. Actually I thumped my knuckles against it and it knocked off a piece of skin, but I pushed and pushed until I thought I would be unable to find the goods in the closet. With an extra special effort, and the rock slid sideways with a terrifying screech. Yes, there was a closet all right, and I could feel the shelves. First I concentrated on the third shelf from the bottom. Here there were butter lamps, and I located the flint and the tinder. The tinder was the driest stuff I had ever used and immediately it flared into flame. I lit the wick of

a candle before very quickly extinguishing the tinder which was already reaching to burn my fingers.

“Two candles, Lobsang, one for you and one for me. There is an ample supply there, enough, if necessary, to last us a week.” The Lama lapsed into silence, and I looked around to see what there was in the closet that we could use, and I saw a stave made of metal, iron it seemed to be, and I found I could hardly lift it. But it seemed to me that with a stave like that we might prise the rock off his legs, so I walked back with a candle and told the Lama what I was going to do. Then I went back for that metal bar. It seemed to me that it was the only means of freeing my Guide and friend from the grip of that boulder.

When I reached the boulder I put down the metal bar and went on hands and knees trying to find how I could obtain leverage. There were plenty of rocks about, but I doubted my own strength, I could hardly lift that bar as it was, but eventually I worked out a scheme; if, I gave the Lama one of the staves he could perhaps push a rock under the boulder if I could elevate the thing a bit. He agreed with me that it might be possible, and he said, “It is the only thing we can do, Lobsang, because if I can't get free of this boulder here my bones will stay, so let's get busy with it now.”

I found a fairly square piece of rock, it was about four hands in thickness. I put it right down against the boulder and then gave a wooden stave to the Lama for him to try with his part of the proceedings. We decided that, yes, if I could lift the boulder the victim should be able to push the square rock in under and that would give us enough room to get his legs out.

I pored over the boulder where it rested on the ground to see if there was any place where I could safely insert the bar. At last I found such a place, and I rammed the claw end in as far as I could under the boulder. It was a simple matter then to hunt around and find another boulder which I could put under the bar near the claw end.

“Ready,” I yelled nearly stunning myself with the

strength, with all my weight on the iron bar. No, it did not move, I was not strong enough, so I rested a moment or two and then I looked around for the heaviest rock that I could lift. Having found it I lifted it and carried it to the iron bar. There I balanced it on the extreme end of the bar and put all my weight on top of it, at the same time holding it from falling off the bar. To my delight there was a little hesitation and a little jerk, and slowly the bar moved down to ground level. The Lama Mingyar Dondup called out, "It's all right, Lobsang, I've got the block underneath and you can release the bar now, we can get my legs out."

I was overjoyed, and moved back to the other side of the boulder, and yes, it was off the Lama's legs, but the legs were raw and bleeding, and we feared that they were broken. Very, very gingerly we tried to move his legs, and he could move them so I got down and crawled under the boulder until I reached his feet. Then I suggested that he should lift himself up with his elbows and try to move backwards while I pushed on the soles of his feet. Gingerly, very gingerly, I pushed on the bottoms of his feet and it was obvious that, while the skin and flesh lacerations were severe, there were no broken bones.

The Lama kept trying to pull himself out from under the boulder. It was very difficult, and I had to push with all my strength against his feet and twist his legs a bit to avoid an outcrop of stone under the boulder. The outcrop, I surmised, was the only thing that had saved his legs from being absolutely squashed, and it was still giving us trouble. But at last, with more than a sigh of relief, his legs were quite clear and I crawled under the boulder to help him to sit on a ledge of rock. Two little candles were not much to go by so I went back to that stone closet and got half a dozen more with a sort of basket in which to carry the things.

We lit all the candles and examined the legs very carefully; they were literally in shreds. From the thighs to the knees they were badly abraded, from the knees

to the feet the flesh was flapping because it had been cut into strips.

The Lama told me to go back and get some rags which were in a box, and he told me also to bring a jar with some paste in it. He described it exactly, and I went back to get the jar, the rags, and a few other things. The Lama Mingyar Dondup brightened up considerably when he saw that I had brought disinfecting lotion as well. I washed his legs from the hips down, and then at his suggestion I pushed the flapping strips of flesh back into place covering the bones—the leg bones had been showing very, very clearly, so I covered them with the flesh and then “glued” the flesh in position with the ointment stuff which I had brought. After about half an hour the ointment was almost dry and it looked as if the legs were in firm casts.

I tore some of the rags into strips and wound them around his legs to help keep the “plaster” in place. Then I took all the things back to the stone closet with the exception of our candles, eight in all. We blew out six and carried the others inside our robes.

I picked up our two wooden staves and gave them to the Lama who accepted them gratefully. Then I said, “I will move around to the other side of the boulder and then I shall be able to see how we are going to manage to get you out.”

The Lama smiled and said, “I know all about this place, Lobsang, it has been here about a million years, and it was made by the people who first populated this country of ours. Provided no rocks have shifted and blocked the way we shall be safe enough for a week or two.”

He nodded toward the direction of the outside world and said, “I think it is unlikely that we shall be able to get out that way, and if we cannot get out through one of the volcanic vents then some later explorers, in a thousand years or so, may find two interesting skeletons upon which to ponder.”

I moved forward passing the tremendous side of the tunnel and the side of the boulder, and it was such a

tight fit that I wondered how the Lama was going to get through. Still, I thought, where there is a will there is a way, and I came to the conclusion that if I crouched at the bottom of the boulder the Lama could walk over me and he would be that much higher up and so his legs and hips would get past the biggest bulge in the boulder. When I suggested it he was very, very reluctant, saying he was far too heavy for me, but after a few painful tries he came to the conclusion that there was just not any other way. So I piled a few small rocks around about the boulder so that I would have a fairly flat bed on which to crouch, and then, when I got down on my hands and knees, I told the Lama that I was ready. Very quickly he put one foot on my right hip and the other foot on my left shoulder, and with a quick movement he was through—past the boulder and on to clear ground the other side. I stood up and I saw that he was perspiring terribly with the pain and the fear that he might harm me.

We sat down for a few moments to regain our breath and our strength. We couldn't have any tsampa as our bowls had been lost, and so had our barley, but I remembered seeing such things in the stone closet. Once more I made a trip to the wall and raked through the wooden bowls that were there, picking the best one for the Lama and the next best one for myself. Then I gave them both a good scouring with fine sand which was so plentiful in that tunnel.

The two bowls I put on a shelf side by side, and then I put in a quite adequate amount of barley from the store kept in the closet. After that there was merely the task of lighting a small fire—there was flint and tinder in the closet, and firewood too—and then, with a hunk of butter which was in the closet, we mixed up the gooey mess which we called tsampa. Without a word we sat down and ate that little meal. Soon after we both felt much better and able to continue.

I checked our supplies, now replenished from that store closet, and, yes, we had a bowl each, tinder and flint, and a bag of barley each, and that really was all

we possessed in the world except for the two stout wooden staves.

Once again we set out, battered and bruised, and after what seemed walking for eternity we came to a stone right across the path, the end of the tunnel, or so I thought. But the Lama said, “No, no, this isn't the end, push on the bottom of that big slab and it will tilt from the middle, and then if we stoop we can get through.” I pushed on the bottom as instructed, and with an awful screech the slab moved to a horizontal position and remained in that position. I held it for safety while the Lama painfully crawled under, and then I pushed the slab down again into its correct place.

Darkness, painful darkness which was made to appear even darker by the two little guttering candles. The Lama Mingyar Dondup said, “Put out your candle, Lobsang, and I will put out mine, and then we will see the daylight “

“See the daylight!” I thought that his experiences and the pain he must be suffering from had given him hallucinations, however I blew out my candle and for some time could smell the smoking wick which had been saturated with rancid butter.

The Lama said, “Now just wait a few moments and we shall have all the light we want.” I stood there feeling an absolute fool, standing in what was now perfect darkness, not a glimmer of light from anywhere. I could have called it a “sounding darkness” because there seemed to be thump, thump, thump, squeeze, but that was dismissed from my mind as I saw what appeared to be a sunrise. Over at one side of what was apparently a room a glowing ball appeared. It was red and looked like red hot metal. Quickly the red faded into yellow and on to white, the white-blue of daylight. Soon everything was revealed in stark reality. I stood there with my mouth open marveling at what I saw. The room, or whatever it was, occupied a greater space than did the Potala, the Potala could have been put into that room. The light was brilliant, and I was almost hypnotized by the decorations on the walls and

by the strange things which littered the floor space without getting in one's way when one walked.

“An amazing place, eh, Lobsang? This was made more years ago than the mind of Man can comprehend. It used to be the headquarters of a special Race who could do space travel and just about everything else. Through millions of years it still works, everything is intact. Certain of us were known as the Guardians of the Inner Temple; this is the Inner Temple.”

I walked over to examine the closest wall, and it appeared to be covered with writing of some sort, writing which I instinctively felt was not the writing of any race on Earth. The Lama picked up my thoughts by telepathy and replied, “Yes, this was built by the Race of Gardeners who brought humans and animals to this world.”

He stopped speaking and pointed out a box set against a wall a little distance away. He said, “Will you go over there to that closet and fetch me two pieces of stick with a short piece across the top?” Obediently I walked across to the closet which he had pointed out. The door opened easily and I was absolutely fascinated by the contents. It seemed to be full of things for medical usage. In one corner there were a number of these sticks with the bars across one end. I picked out two, and saw that they would be able to support a man. I had no name such as crutches in those days, but I took two back to the Lama and he immediately put the short bars under his armpits, and about half way between the top and the bottom there was a sort of rod sticking out. The Lama Mingyar Dondup grasped these rods and said, “There you are, Lobsang, these things help the cripples to walk. Now I am going across to that closet and I can put proper casts on my legs, and then I shall be able to get about as usual while the flesh heals and while the bruises depart from the bones.” He walked over, and being naturally inquisitive I walked beside him. He said, “Fetch our staves and we will put them in this corner so that we can have them when we need them.” He turned away from me and

continued his poking about in the closet. I turned away, too, and went and picked up our staves and took them back to rest against the corner of that closet.

“Lobsang, Lobsang, do you think you could drag in our bundles and that steel bar? It is not iron, as you think, but something very much harder and stronger, and it is called steel.” I turned once again and went to that slab through which we had entered. I pushed against the top of the thing and it swung to remain horizontal and motionless. It was no trouble for me to duck under the stone which I left in its horizontal position. The light was a blessing, it was a very real blessing because it shone quite a way down that tunnel and I could see my way past the side of the tunnel and the big boulder which had caused us so much trouble. Our bundles with all our possessions were on the opposite side, so with difficulty I got past the boulder and reached for the pouches. They seemed to be shockingly heavy, and I put it down to our weakened state through lack of food. First I took the two pouches back and left them just inside the doorway, and then I went back for the steel bar. I could hardly lift the thing, it made me pant and grunt like an old man, so I let one end drop while I held firmly to the other, and I found that by walking backwards and pulling on the steel bar with both hands I could just manage to make it move. It took me quite a time to get it around the boulder, but after that it was fairly easy going.

Now I had to push the bundles under the slab and into that immense room, and then I got the steel bar and decided I had never moved such a heavy weight in my life before. I maneuvered it into the room and then pushed down the slab of door so that once again we had a smooth wall without an opening.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup had not wasted his time. Now his legs were encased in shiny metal, and once again he looked perfectly fit. “Lobsang, let us have a meal before we look round because we shall be here about a week. While you were fetching these things,” he pointed to the bundles and the steel rod, “I have

been in telepathic communication with a friend at the Potala, and he tells me a terrific gale is raging. He advised me to stay where we are until the gale has abated. The weather prophets said the storm would rage for about a week.” I felt really gloomy about it because I was sick of this tunnel and not even the room could interest me much. In spite of the size of the room I was feeling a certain amount of claustrophobia which sounds impossible but was not. I felt like an animal in a cage. However, the pangs of hunger were stronger than any fears, and I watched with pleasure as the Lama made our meal. He made it better than anyone, I thought, and it was so nice to sit down to a hot meal. I took a mouthful of the stuff, which really is a polite name for tsampa, and marveled at the flavor of it. It was a very pleasant flavor indeed, and I felt my strength coming back and my gloom disappearing. After I finished my bowlful the Lama said, “Have you had enough, Lobsang? You can have as much as you wish, there is plenty of food here, enough, in fact, to feed a small lamasery. I’ll tell you about it sometime, but now—would you like some more?”

“Oh, thank you!” I replied. “I certainly could do with a little more, and that has such a pleasant taste to it. I have never tasted anything like that before.”

The Lama chuckled as he turned away to get me more food, and then he actually burst out into a laugh. “Look, Lobsang,” he said, “look at this bottle. It is best brandy kept entirely for medical purposes. I think that we can consider our incarceration here as warranting a little brandy to give flavor to the tsampa.”

I took the bowl that he proffered to me and sniffed it appreciatively, but at the same time dubiously because I had always been taught that these intoxicating liquors were the works of the Devils, and now I was being encouraged to taste it. Never mind, I thought, its good stuff when one doesn’t feel too fresh.

I set to and soon got in an awful mess. We had only our fingers, you know,—nothing like a knife, fork or spoon, not even chopsticks, but fingers, and after meals

we used to wash our hands with fine sand which would take off tsampa with wonderful efficiency besides at times taking off a bit of skin if one was too energetic.

I scooped out tsampa, not with my fingers alone but I brought the palm of my right hand into play, and then suddenly—quite without warning I fell over backwards. I like to say that I fell asleep through overtiredness, but the Lama said I was dead drunk when he laughingly told the Abbot about it later. Drunk or not, I slept and slept and slept, and still when I awakened that wonderful golden light suffused the room. I gazed up at—well, I suppose it was the ceiling, but the ceiling was so far up I could not tell where it was. It was truly an immense room, as if the whole wretched mountain was hollow.

“Sunlight, Lobsang, sunlight, and it will work twenty-four hours a day. The light it gives is absolutely without heat, it is precisely the same temperature as the air around us. Don't you think it is better to have light like this than smelly, smoking candles?”

I looked about again and just could not see how there could be sunlight when we were entombed in a rock room, and I said as much. The Lama replied, “Yes, this is a marvel of marvels, I have known it all my life, but no one knows how it works. Cold light is a miraculous invention, and this was invented or discovered a million or so years ago. They developed a method of storing sunlight, and making it available even on the darkest nights. There is none of it in the city nor in the temple because we just do not know how to make it. This is the only place I know where there is this type of lighting.”

“A million or so, you said. That is almost beyond my comprehension. I think it is a figure like a one or a two or a three, or something like that, followed by a number of noughts, six I think it is, but that's only a guess, and in any case it is so vast a number that I can't realize it. It doesn't count for anything for me. Ten years, twenty years, yes I can relate to that, but longer—no.

“How was this room made?” I asked as I trailed my

fingers idly over some inscription on the wall. I jumped back in fright as a certain click occurred and a part of the wall slid back.

“Lobsang! Lobsang! You have made a discovery. None of us who have been here knew there was another room attached to this.” Cautiously we peered into the open doorway, and as soon as our heads passed the doorpost the light came on and I noted that as we left the first great room the light faded at our absence.

We looked about almost afraid to move because we did not know what perils there were or what traps we might fall into, but eventually we plucked up courage and walked over to a great “something” standing in the middle of the floor. It was a tremendous structure. Once it had been shiny, but now it had a dull grey glaze. It was about four or five men tall, and it looked something like two dishes, one on top of the other. We walked around and there at the far side we saw a grey metal ladder extending down from a doorway in the machine to the floor. I ran forward forgetting that as a young man in Holy Orders I should show more decorum, but I ran forward and hastily climbed the ladder without even bothering to see if it was safely fixed. It was. Once again as my head blocked the doorway lights came on inside the machine. The Lama Mingyar Dondup, not to be outdone, climbed up into the interior of the machine and said, “Ah, Lobsang, this is one of the Chariots of the Gods. You've seen them flitting about, haven't you?”

“Oh yes, sir,” I replied. “I thought there were Gods traversing our Land to see that everything was all right, but, of course, I have never seen one as close as this before.”

## *CHAPTER TWO*

We looked about us and we seemed to be in a sort of corridor lined on both sides with lockers or closets, or something similar. Anyway, I pulled experimentally on a handle and a big drawer slid out as smoothly as if it had just been made. Inside there were all manner of strange devices. The Lama Mingyar Dondup was peering over my shoulder, he picked up one of the pieces and said, "Ah! This will be spare parts. I have no doubt that these lockers contain spare parts enough to make this thing work again." We pushed the drawer shut, and moved on. The light moved ahead of us and dimmed as we passed, and soon we came to a large room. As we entered it became brilliantly illuminated, and we both gasped, this was obviously the control room of the thing but what made us gasp was the fact that there were men about. One was sitting in what I imagined to be the control chair and he was peering at a meter on a board in front of him. There were quite a number of meters, and I surmised that he was just getting ready to take off. I said, "But how can these be millions of years old? These men look alive but soundly asleep." There was another man sitting at a table and he had some large charts in front of him. He had his head held between his hands and his elbows rested on the table. We spoke in whispers. It was awesome, and our science was nothing but mumbo jumbo compared to this.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup caught hold of one of the figures by the shoulder, and said, "I think these

men are in some form of suspended animation. I think they could be brought back to life, but I do not know how to do it, I do not know what would happen if I did know how to do it. As you know, Lobsang, there are other caves in this mountain range and we visited one with strange implements in it like ladders which, apparently, worked mechanically. But this beats anything I have seen so far, and as one of the senior Lamas who is responsible for maintaining these intact I can tell you that this one is the most wonderful of all, and wonder if there are any other knobs that we should press to open other rooms. But let us have a good look in this one first. We have about a week, because I think it will take at least that long before I am fit to climb down the mountainside.”

We went around looking at the other figures, seven of them in all, and they all gave the impression that they were ready to take off when something frightful occurred. It looked as if there had been an earthquake which toppled heavy rocks on what was probably a sliding roof.

The Lama stopped and approached another man who had a book—a notebook—in front of him. Obviously he had been writing the record of what was happening, but we could not read the writing, we had no basis for assuming that these things were letters, ideographs, or even just technical symbols. The Lama said, “In all our searches we have not found anything which would enable us to translate—wait a minute,” he said with some unwonted excitement in his voice, “that thing over there, I wonder if that is a machine for speaking a record. Of course, I don't suppose that it will work after all these years, but we will try.”

Together we moved over to the instrument which he had mentioned. We saw it was a form of box, and about half way down there was a line all the way around. Experimentally we pushed up on the surface above the line, and to our delight the box opened and inside there were wheels and one thing which seemed to be for the conveyance of a metal strip from one spool to another.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup peered down at the press-buttons arrayed along the front. Suddenly we nearly jumped out of our skins; we nearly turned and ran for it because a voice came from out of the top part of the box, a strange voice much, much different from ours. It sounded like some foreigner lecturing, but what he was lecturing about we did not know. And then—surprise again—noises came out of the box, music I suppose they would call it, but to us it sounded all discords. So my Guide pressed another button and the noise stopped.

We were both rather exhausted with what we had discovered and by an excess of excitement, so we sat down on what were obviously chairs and I felt panic because I seemed to sink right down in the chair as if I was actually sitting on air. As soon as we recovered from that shock the Lama Mingyar Dondup said, “Perhaps we should have some tsampa to cheer us up because I think both of us are exhausted.” He looked about to see where we could light a little fire to warm up the tsampa, and he was soon rewarded because there was a cubicle off the control room and as he entered it the light came on. The Lama said, “I think this must have been where they prepared their food because all these buttons are not there for ornament, they are there for some useful purpose.” He pointed to one button which had a picture of a hand held in the stop position. Another button had a picture of flame, so he pushed the one with flame marked on it, and above that instrument there were various metal vessels. We took one down.

By this time we were feeling heat, and the Lama moved a hand about and finally said, “There you are, Lobsang, feel that, there is the heat for our cooking.” I put my hand where he said, but a bit too close, and I jumped back in some alarm. But my Guide just laughed and put near-frozen tsampa in the metal container and then rested it on some bars over the hot thing underneath them. He added water, and soon we saw a little dribble of steam coming up from the dish. With that he pressed the button marked with the hand

symbol, and immediately the red glow ceased. He took the metal dish off the heat source, and with a metal thing with a big dished end he ladled tsampa into our bowls. For some time there was no sound other than the noise we made eating.

With the tsampa finished I said, "I wish I could get a good drink, I am as thirsty as can possibly be."

By the side of the box which made heat we saw what seemed to be a big basin, and above there were two metal handles. I tried one and turned it in the only way it would go, and water, cold water, gushed out into the basin. I hastily turned the handle back and tried the other one which was of a reddish colour. I turned that and really hot water came out, so much so that I scalded myself, not very seriously, but I still scalded myself enough to make me jump, so I turned that handle back to its original position. "Master," I said, "if this is water it must have been here one of those millions of years that you talked about. How is it that we are able to drink it, it should be all evaporated or gone sour by now, but I find it quite pleasant."

The Lama replied, "Well, water can be kept good for years, how about the lakes and the rivers? They were water far beyond history, and I suppose this water is from an airtight container which means that it should stay palatable. I surmise that this ship had just come here for supplies, and perhaps for some repairs, because with the pressure of water that came out there must be quite a large amount in some storage tank. Anyway, we've got enough here to keep people busy for a month."

I said, "Well, if the water kept fresh there must be food here, perhaps that has kept fresh as well." I got up from the chair with some difficulty because it seemed to want to cling to me, but then I put my hands on the side of the chair—on the top of the armrests—and immediately I was not only released from the chair but I was shot up to a standing position. Having recovered from that marvel and shock, I went along feeling the walls in the little kitchen. I saw a lot of indentations which seemed to have no purpose. I put my finger in one and pulled, and nothing happened. I tried

to pull it sideways, but no, the thing did not work, so I went to another one and I pushed my finger straight into the indentation and a panel slid aside. Inside that closet, or cabinet, or whatever the thing was called, there were a number of jars which seemed to be without any joins anywhere. There were transparent panels so that one could see what was inside. Obviously it was some sort of food, but how could food be preserved for a million years or more?

I puzzled and puzzled over the problem. There were pictures of foods that I had never seen or heard of, and some of the things were encased in a transparent container yet there seemed to be no way of opening the container. I went from one of these closets, cupboards, or storage rooms to another, and each time there was a fresh surprise. I knew what tea leaves were like, but here in one of the cabinets there were containers which I could see through the transparent sides contained tea leaves.

There were other surprises because some of these transparent containers had what was obviously cuts of meat inside them. I had never tasted meat and I longed to have a go at it to see, or rather to taste, what it was like.

I quickly tired of playing in the kitchen and I went in search of the Lama Mingyar Dondup. He had a book in his hand and he was frowning and in a state of intense concentration.

“Oh, Master,” I said, “I have found where they keep their food, they have it stored in boxes that one can see through, but there is no way of opening them.” He looked at me blankly for a moment and then burst out with a laugh. “Oh yes, oh yes,” he said, “the packaging of the present day materials is nothing like the packaging of a million years ago. I have tasted dinosaur meat and it was as fresh as if from a newly killed animal. I will come with you shortly and we will investigate.”

I walked around that control room and then I sat down to think things over. If these men were a million

years old why had they not crumbled into dust? It was clearly ridiculous to say that these men were a million years old when they were absolutely intact and appeared to be fully alive and just awaiting an awakening. I saw that hung on the shoulders of each one there was a sort of small satchel, so I removed one from one of the “sleeping bodies” and I opened it. Inside there were curious bits of wire twisted in coils, and there were other things made of glass, and the whole thing made no sense at all to me. There was a rack inside full of buttons, press buttons, and I pressed the first one I saw. I screamed with fear; the body from which I had taken that satchel suddenly jerked and crumbled into fine, fine dust, the dust of a million years or more.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup came over to where I stood petrified with fright. He looked at the satchel, and he looked at the pile of dust, and then he said, “There are quite a number of these caves, I have visited a few of them and we have learned never to press a button until you know what it does, until you have worked it out by theory. These men knew that they were going to be buried alive in some tremendous earthquake, so the doctor of the ship would have gone to each man and put a survival kit on his shoulder. The men would then go into a state of suspended animation so that they would know nothing whatever of what was happening to them or around them, they would be as near dead as anyone could be without actually dying. They would be receiving adequate nourishment to keep the body functioning on a minute scale. But when you touched this button, which I see is a red button, you would have discontinued the supply of life force to the man in suspended animation. Having no longer a life force supply his age would come upon him suddenly, and he would immediately turn into a pile of dust.”

We went around to the other men and we decided that there was nothing we could do for them because, after all, we were shut in the mountain and the ship

was shut in the mountain, and if these people came awake would they be a danger to the world? Would they be a danger to the lamaseries? These men, of course, were possessed of knowledge which would make them appear as Gods to us, and we were afraid of being made into slaves again because we had a very strong racial memory that we had been slaves at some time.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup and I sat together on the floor not speaking but each buried in his own thoughts. What would happen if we pressed this button, and what would happen if we pressed that button, and what sort of supply of energy could it be that would keep men alive and well nourished for more than a million years? Involuntarily we both shuddered at the same time, and then we looked at each other and the Lama said, "You are a young man, Lobsang, and I am an old man. I have seen much and I wonder what you would do in a case like this. These men are alive, there is no doubt about that, but if we bring them back to full life what if they are savage, what if they kill us because we have let one of their number die? We have to think this over most seriously, we can't read the inscriptions;" he stopped there because I had jumped to my feet in some excitement. "Master, Master," I cried, "I have found a book which seems to be a sort of dictionary of different languages, I wonder if it would help us." Without waiting for a reply I jumped up and rushed into a room near the kitchen, and there was this book looking as if it had just been produced. I grabbed it with two hands because it was heavy, and then I dashed back to the Lama, my Guide, with it. The Lama took the book and with ill-concealed suppressed excitement he opened the pages. For some time he sat there absolutely absorbed in the book. At last he became aware that I was jumping about in extreme agitation wondering what it was and why he did not tell me.

"Lobsang, Lobsang, I'm sorry, I apologize to you," said the Lama, "but this book is the Key to everything, and what a fascinating tale it is. I can read it, it is

written in what seems to be our honorific language. The average person, of course, could not read honorific Tibetan, but I can and this ship is about two million years old. It works on energy obtained from light—any light, the light of the stars, the light of the sun; and it picks up energy from those sources which have already used that energy and passed it on.

“These men,” he referred again to the book, “were an evil lot, they were servants of the Gardeners of the World. But it is the old tale, men and women, men want women just as women want men, but this ship was crewed by men who had abandoned the great mothership and this, actually, is what they term a lifeboat. The food would be quite safe to eat, and the men could be awakened, but no matter how long they have been here they are still renegades because they tried to find women who would be much too small for them and their association with the women would be an absolute torture to the latter. They wonder if their life satchels will work or whether it will have been switched off automatically from the ship which they refer to as the mothership. I think we shall have to experiment a bit and read some more because it seems clear to me that if these men are allowed to live then they have such knowledge that they can do us harm which we could never overcome because these people treat us as cattle, as things on which to carry out genetic experiments. Already they have done harm because of their sexual experiments with our women, but you are too young to know all about that yet.”

I wandered around the place. The Lama was lying down on the floor to ease his legs which were giving quite a bit of trouble. I wandered around, and eventually I came to a room which was all green. There was a very peculiar looking table there with a great big light over it, and there were what appeared to be glass boxes all over the place. “Hmm,” I thought to myself, “this must be where they repair their sick people, I'd better go and tell the Boss about this.” So I bustled off and told the Lama Mingyar Dondup that I had found

a very peculiar room, a room that was all green and which had strange things encased in what looked like glass but wasn't. Slowly he got to his feet and with the help of the two staves made his way to the room I had discovered.

As soon as I entered—I was leading the way—lights came on, lights just like daylight, and the Lama Mingyar Dondup stood there in the doorway with a look of immense satisfaction on his face. “Well done, Lobsang, well done,” he said, “that is two discoveries which you have made. I am sure this information will be well received by His Holiness, the Dalai Lama.” He walked around looking at various things, picking up other things, and peering at the contents of some of the—well, I do not know what to call them—some of the things in glass cubes were absolutely beyond my comprehension. But at last he sat down on a low chair, and he became enthralled in a book which he had taken from a shelf. “How is it,” I asked, “that you can understand a language which you say is at least a million years old?”

With an effort he put aside the book for a moment while he thought over my question. Then he said, “Well, it's quite a long tale, you know, Lobsang. It leads us back throughout the bylanes of history, it leads us through paths which even some of the Lamas cannot follow. But briefly it is like this: This world was ready to be colonized and so our Masters—I must call them Masters because they were the head men of the Gardeners of the Earth and of other worlds—dictated that a certain species should be grown on the Earth, and that certain species was us.

“In a far distant planet, right out of this Universe, preparations were made and a special ship was made which could travel at an absolutely unbelievable speed, and we, as human embryos, were packed in the ship. Somehow the Gardeners, as they were called, brought them to this world and then we do not know what happened between the time of the arrival of the embryos and—the first creatures that could be called human.

“But during their absence from their home world much occurred. The old ruler, or ‘God’, was aged and there were certain people of evil intent who wanted his power, and they managed to get rid of that God and put another one—their own puppet—to rule in his place. His ruling, of course, to be dictated by these renegades.

“The ship came back from the Earth and found things very different, they found they were not welcome and the new ruler wanted to kill them so they would be out of the way. But instead the Gardeners who had just returned from the Earth grabbed a few women of their own size and they took off again for the Earth Universe (there are many, many different universes, you know, Lobsang.)

“Arrived at the world where they had been growing humans they set up their own dominion, they built various artifacts like pyramids with which they could keep radio watch over anything coming in the direction of the Earth. They used the humans that they had grown as slaves, they did all the work and the Gardeners just sat back in luxury and told the human slaves what to do.

“The men and women, perhaps we should call them the supermen and the superwomen, got tired of their own partners, and there were many liaisons which led to bickering and all manner of trouble. But then from outer space and undetected by the pyramid searchers a space ship appeared. It was a vast ship, and it settled down so that people could come out of it and start to build habitations. The people who were the first on the Earth resented the appearance of these other space men and women, and so, from a battle of words, there came a battle of people. The trouble went on for some time, and the most devilish inventions were made. At last the people in the big space ship could not put up with the trouble any longer so they sent out a number of space ships which apparently were stored ready for such an occasion, and they dropped terrible bombs wherever these other space people were living.

“The bombs were a very advanced form of atom

bomb, and within sight of where the bomb had exploded everything became dead. There was a purple glare coming from the land and the space men and women who had caused this got back in their giant space ship and left the area.

“For a hundred years or more there was hardly any form of life on the Earth in the bombed areas, but when the radiation’s effects lessened these people crept out in fear and trembling wondering what they would see. They settled down to a form of farming using wooden ploughs and things like that.”

“But Master,” I said, “you say the world is more than fifty million years old; well, there are such a lot of things I do not understand at all, for instance these men—well, we don't know how old they are, we don't know how many days, weeks, or centuries they have been here, and how can food have been kept fresh all these years? Why didn't the men crumble to dust?”

The Lama laughed. “We are an illiterate people, Lobsang. There used to be very much more clever people on this Earth, there have been several civilizations, you know. For instance,” he pointed to a book on the shelf, “this book tells about medical and surgical practises of a type we in Tibet have never even heard of, and we were one of the first people to be put on this Earth.”

“Then why are we up so high, why is our life so hard? Some of those picture books you brought back from Katmandu show all sorts of things, but we have no knowledge of things like that, we have nothing on wheels in Tibet.”

“No, there is an old, old saying that when Tibet permits wheels to be brought into the country then Tibet will be conquered by a very unfriendly race. Their predictions were just as if they could see into the future, and I am going to tell you, young man, that they could see into the future and they had instruments here which will show you what happened in the past, what is happening now, and what will happen in the future,” my Guide said.

“But how can things last so long? If things are left,

well, they decay, they fall to pieces, they become useless through disuse like the Prayer Wheel in that old lamasery, that you showed me, a beautiful piece of work corroded and immovable. How could these people stop things from decaying, how could they provide the power to keep things working? Look at the way the lights come on as soon as we enter a room; we have nothing like that, we use stinking butter candles or rush lights, and yet here we have light which is as good as daylight, and it is not being generated anywhere because in that book you showed me there were pictures of machines that worked in a magnetic field and generated what you call electricity. We don't have that. Why is it that we are so isolated?" I was puzzled.

The Lama was silent for a moment, and then he said, "Yes, you will have to know all these things, you are going to be the most educated Lama that there ever was in Tibet, you are going to see the past, the present, and the future. In this particular range of the mountains there are a number of these caves and at one time they were all joined together by tunnels. It was possible to move from one cave to another and have light and fresh air the whole time, no matter where we were. But this land of Tibet was once down by the sea, people lived on that land with just a very few low hills, and the people of that earlier Age had sources of power quite unknown to us. But there came a terrific catastrophe because beyond our land scientists of a country called Atlantis let off a tremendous explosive and that ruined this world."

"Ruined this world?" I said. "But our land is all right, how is it ruined, how is the world ruined?"

The Lama got up and went to a book. There were such a lot of books here, and he went to a book and found certain pictures. Then he said, "Look, this world once was covered with cloud. There was never a sight of the sun, we knew nothing about the stars. But then in those days people lived hundreds of years, not like now dying as soon as they have learned anything. People die off now because of the evil radiations from the sun, and because our protecting cloud cover had gone;

then dangerous rays came and saturated the world bringing all sorts of diseases, all sorts of mental aberrations. The world was in turmoil, the world writhed under the impact of that tremendous explosion. Atlantis, which was a long way from here on the other side of the world, Atlantis sank beneath the ocean, but we of Tibet—well, our land went up twenty-five to thirty thousand feet above sea level. People became less healthy and for a long time people fell dead because there was not enough oxygen at this height for them, and because we were nearer the skies and where we were the radiations were stronger.” He stopped for a moment and rubbed his legs which were paining him a great deal, and then he said, “There is a far part of our land which stayed at sea level and the people there became more and more different from us, they became almost stupid in their mentality, they had no temples, they did not worship the Gods, and even now they go about in skin boats catching seals and fish and other forms of life. There are some immense creatures with enormous horns on their heads, and these people killed many of them and ate their flesh. When other races came along they called these far-northern people Eskimos. Our part of Tibet had the best people, priests, and wise men, and doctors of great renown, and the part which was sheared away from Tibet and sank to sea level, or rather, stayed at sea level, had the lesser mentalities, the ordinary workers, the ordinary people, the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. They have remained in almost the same state for more than a million years. They gradually crept out and set about making a living on the surface of the Earth. They set up small farms and within a hundred or so years things appeared to be normal and settled down.

“Before we go any further in our discussions I will ask you to look at my legs, they are paining me a great deal and I have a book here which shows wounds something like mine. I can read enough of it to be aware that I have an infection.” I looked at him hard because what could I, an ordinary chela, do for such a great

man? But there it was, I took the rag wrappings off his legs and recoiled at what I saw. The legs were covered in puss, and the flesh looked very, very angry indeed. In addition the legs below the knees were very swollen. The Lama said, "Now, you will have to follow my instructions exactly. First of all we have to get something which will disinfect these legs. Fortunately everything here is in good condition, and up on that shelf," he pointed, "you will find a jar with some writing on the glass. I think you will find it is the third container from the left on the second shelf down. Bring it over and I will see if it is the right one."

Obediently I went over to the shelves and slid back a door which appeared to be made of glass. Now, I didn't know much about glass because we had very, very little of it in Tibet. Our windows were either covered with oiled paper to make them translucent and so admit some light to the rooms, but most people had no windows because they could not afford the cost of bringing glass all the way across the mountains, glass which had to be purchased in India.

I slid the glass door aside, and then I looked at the bottles and—yes—this is the one, I thought, so I took it over to him. He looked at it and read some directions, then he said, "You'd better pass me that big container standing there on the side upside-down. Wash it out well first. There is unlimited water, remember, so you wash it out, and then put a little water in, about three bowlfuls of water." So I did that, I scoured the container thing which was already spotless, and I guessed three bowlfuls of water and took it back to him. He, to my profound amazement, did something to the bottle and the top came off! I exclaimed, "Oh! You've broken the thing, shall I try to find an empty one?"

"Lobsang, Lobsang," said the Lama, "you really do make me laugh. If there is something in this jar then there has to be a means of getting it in and then getting it out. This is merely what you call a stopper. I will use this stopper upside-down and then it becomes a measuring device. Do you see that?"

I looked at the stopper which he had upside-down and yes, I could see it was a measuring thing of some kind because there were marks all the way down. So then he continued, "We shall have to have some cloth. Now in that cupboard, if you open it, you will find a lot of bundles. Open the cupboard door so that I can see."

This door was not made of glass and it was not made of wood, it seemed to be something between the two, but I pulled the door open and then I saw that there were a lot of bundles in orderly array. The Lama said, "Bring over that blue one, and to the right of it there is a white one, bring that as well." He looked at me, looked at my hands, and said, "And go to the tap and wash your hands. By the tap you will see a cake of white material. Wet your hands and then wet that cake and smear it over your hands, being very careful to get your nails clean."

I did all that, and I was quite interested in seeing how much lighter my skin appeared. It was something like seeing a Negro for the first time all black, and then seeing the palms of his hands which were pink. Now my hands were just about pink, and I was just going to wipe them on my robe when the Lama said, "Stop!" He pointed to something that he had taken out of the white package. "Wipe your hands on that and don't you dare touch your filthy old robe after you have wiped your hands dry. You have to have clean hands for doing this job."

It was really interesting because he had a clean sheet of cloth-stuff on the floor, and he had various things on it, a basin, a thing like a scoop, and another thing which I did not understand at all; it is so hard to describe because I had never even seen such a thing, but it appeared to be a tube of glass with markings on it, and at one end there seemed to be a steel needle while at the other end there was a knob. In the tube, which was obviously hollow, there was some coloured liquid which bubbled and sparkled. The Lama said, "Now listen carefully to me; you will have to clean out

the flesh all the way down to the bone. Now here we have the fruits of the wonderful, wonderful, very advanced science, and we are going to make full use of it. Take this styrette and pull the end off the tube—wait, I will do it for you—and then you stick that needle in my leg just here,” he indicated a particular spot, and that will make the leg numb, otherwise I should probably faint from the excruciating pain which this is going to cause. Now go to it.”

I lifted the thing he had called a styrette, and I looked at the Lama and I shuddered. “No, no, I can't do it, I am so afraid of hurting you.”

“Lobsang, you are going to be a medical lama, sometimes you will have to hurt people to cure them. Now do as I say and stick that needle in right up to the hilt. I will tell you if the pain is too much.”

I picked up the thing again, and I was afraid I was going to faint, but—well—orders were orders. I took hold of the thing not too far from where the needle joined the body, and I closed my eyes and jabbed quickly. There was not a sound from the Lama, so I opened my eyes and found that he was smiling! “Lobsang, you made a very fine job of that, I felt not a twinge. You are going to be a success as a medical lama.” I looked at him suspiciously thinking that he was making fun of me, but I saw that, no, he was perfectly sincere in what he had said. He continued, “Now, we have given this long enough and this leg feels quite dead so it won't respond to pain. I want you to take those things, they are called forceps, by the way, and I want you to put a little of this liquid in a bowl and then wipe the leg thoroughly in a downward direction—downward, not up but down. You can press fairly hard and you will find that the pus comes away in lumps. Well, when you've got a nice pile of puss on the ground you'll have to help me move to a fresh spot.”

I picked up the things he had called forceps and found that I could pick up a nice bundle of this cotton stuff. I carefully dipped it in the bowl and wiped his legs. It was incredible, absolutely incredible, how the

pus and dried blood came pouring away from the leg, from the wounds.

I got that leg quite clean, the bone was clean and the flesh was clean. Then the Lama said, "This is a powder. I want you to shake the powder into the wounds so it gets as far as the bone. It will disinfect the legs and prevent more pus from forming. When you have done that you will have to bandage my legs with a bandage from that blue packet."

So we went on cleaning, cleaning, cleaning, shaking in this white dust, and then putting some plastic wrapping thing over the leg and after bandaging it, not too tightly but just tight enough. By the time I had finished I really was absolutely asweat, but the Lama was looking better.

After I had done one leg I did the other, and then the Lama said, "You'd better give me a stimulant, Lob-sang. It's up on that top shelf and you just bring down one ampoule, an ampoule is a little container with a pointed end, and you snap off the pointed end and jab the ampoule against my flesh, anywhere."

So I did that and then I cleaned up all the pus and mess, and then I fell asleep on my feet.

## *CHAPTER THREE*

My! The sun was hot indeed. "I shall have to find a shady spot," I muttered to myself. And then I sat up and opened my eyes and gazed about with blank astonishment. Where was I? What had happened? And then, as I saw the Lama Mingyar Dondup, it all came back to me, and I had thought perhaps it was just a dream. There was no sun, the place was lit by something which looked like sunlight coming through glass walls.

"You do look absolutely amazed, Lobsang," said the Lama. "I hope you have had a good rest." "Yes, Master," I replied, "but I am becoming more and more puzzled, and the more things are explained the more puzzled I become. For instance, this light coming from somewhere, it can't be stored up for a million years and then shine as brightly as the sun itself."

"There are a lot of things you will have to learn, Lobsang, you are a bit young yet but as we have arrived at this place—well, I will explain a bit to you. The Gardeners of the Earth wanted secret places so they could come to Earth unknown to the earthlings, and so when this was just a low heap of stone protruding above the ground they cut into the living stone by means of what will later be known as atomic torches. It melted out the rock and a lot of the grey surface outside is steam from the melted rock, and then when the cave was cut out to the right size it was allowed to cool, and it cooled with an absolutely glass-smooth surface.

“Having done the cavern which is big enough to take the Potala itself, they did some investigating and then they bored tunnels right along this rock range which in those days was almost covered by earth. It used to be possible to travel about two hundred and fifty miles through these tunnels, from cave to cave.

“Then there was this mighty explosion which rocked the Earth on its axis, and some places were drowned and other places rose up. We were fortunate in that the low hill became a mountain range. I have seen pictures of it and I will show them to you, but of course through the Earth movements some of the tunnels were forced out of alignment and one could no longer go the whole length as before. Instead we could visit perhaps two or three caves before emerging out on the mountain range and then walking a bit to where we knew the tunnel would continue. Time doesn't matter at all to us, as you know, so I am one of those who has been to about a hundred of these places and I have seen many, many strange things.”

“But, Master,” I said, “how can these things remain workable after a million or so years? No matter what we have, even a Prayer Wheel, deteriorates with time and use, and yet here we are in light probably brighter than it is outside. I don't understand it at all “

The Lama sighed, and said, “Let's have some food first, Lobsang, we are going to be here for several days and we could do with a change of diet. You go into that little room,” he pointed, “and bring out some of those containers with pictures on them, and then we will see how the people of long, long ago used to live.”

I rose to my feet and said to myself, “My, I know what I must do first. Honourable Lama,” I said, “can I help you to attend to your body functions?” He smiled at me and replied, “Many thanks, Lobsang, but that is already attended to. There is a little place over there in that far corner, and if you go in there you will find there is a very convenient hole in the floor. Get over that hole and let Nature take its course!”

I went off in the direction to which he had pointed

and found the appropriate hole and made use of it. The room was of a glass-smooth surface and yet the flooring was not smooth, it was matt-like and one had no fear of slipping. Well, with that accomplished I thought of food again so I went into the room at the far end and carefully washed my hands because it was such a luxury to be able to turn a metal bar and find water would come out of a spout. I washed my hands thoroughly and turned off the tap, and then I felt a warm blast of air coming from a hole in the wall. It was a rectangular-shaped hole and it occurred to me that my hands would soon dry if I put them in that rectangular hole, and that is what I did and I think that was the best wash I ever had. The water was so pleasant, and I was keeping my hands in the hole when the heat went off. I suppose the designers allowed a certain amount of time in which people could reasonably be expected to dry off their hands. Then I went to the closet and opened the doors, and looked with bewilderment at the array of containers. There were all manner of containers with pictures, and the pictures were so strange that they meant nothing to me. For instance, a red thing with great big claws, it looked a ferocious monster and something, I thought, like an earwig. And then there were other pictures which showed what appeared to be spiders dressed in red armour. Well, I passed up those, and instead picked out some which had what was obviously fruit of some sort, some were red, some green, and others were yellow, and they all looked attractive. So I picked up as many as I could carry, and then I saw a trolley thing standing in the corner. It had wheels to it, and I put all these containers in and pushed the trolley thing out to the Lama Mingyar Dondup. He laughed like anything when he saw how I was managing, and he said, "And how did you like your hands washed? Did you like the method of drying them? Just think, that has been here for a few million years and it is still working because the atom which powers all this equipment is virtually indestructible, and when we leave everything will sigh to a stop, all the power

will go back into storage and there it will wait until the next people come. Then the lights will come on again—the lights, by the way, are things which you would not understand because behind the glass-like surface there is a chemical which responds to a certain impetus by generating cold light. But let's see what you have brought.”

I handed down the things to him, one by one, and he picked out four canisters and said, “I think that will do us for now, but we shall want something to drink. In the cupboard above the water tap you will find containers that will hold water, so you fill two of those containers with water and in the bottom of the cupboard you will find another container with pellets inside. Bring one of those pellets and we shall have water of a different flavor.”

Back I went into the—well—kitchen, and I found the containers just as described, and I filled them with water and took them out to the Lama. Then I went back and picked up a tube which held funny little tablets, they were orange coloured. So with that I went out again and the Lama took the container from me and did something to the top, and out popped a pellet straight into the glass of water. Then he repeated the performance, and a pellet popped out into the other glass of water. He then put one of the containers to his lips and had a hearty drink. I dubiously followed his example, and was surprised and delighted at the pleasant taste.

Then the Lama said, “Let's have some food before we drink any more.” So he picked up one of the round containers and pulled on a little ring. There was a woosh of air. With that, as soon as the wooshing stopped, he pulled harder on the ring and the whole top of the container came off. Inside there were fruits. He smelt them carefully, then he took out one and put it in his mouth. “Yes, yes, they have kept perfectly, kept absolutely fresh. I will open one for you, pick which one you prefer and give it to me.”

I looked at the things, and there were some black

fruit with little knobs all over them, so I said I would have that one. He pulled on a ring and again the woosh. Then he pulled harder and the entire top came off. But then there was a problem, these things inside were small and they were in liquid, so the Lama said, "We shall have to be more civilized. You go in and in one of the drawers you will find some pieces of metal which are dished at one end and they have a handle to them. Bring out two of them, one for you and one for me. By the way, they are metal and of a silvery colour."

Off I went again, soon to return with these peculiar bits of metal. "There are other things there, Master, bits of metal with spikes at one end, and others with what looks like a knife edge on one end."

"Oh yes, forks and knives, we will try them later on, but these things are spoons. Dip the ends of a spoon in your canister and you can ladle out fruit and juice, and then you can eat it or drink it without getting a mess all over yourself." He showed me by ladling out fruit from his container, so I followed his example and put the metal thing in the canister to ladle out a small amount of the stuff. I wanted to taste a little first because I had never seen anything like this before.

"Ah!" It slid down my throat and left me feeling very gratified. I had not realized how hungry I was. Soon my canister was empty. The Lama Mingyar Dondup was even faster. "We'd better go easy, Lobsang, because we've been out of food for quite a time."

"I do not feel able to walk about, Lobsang, so I suggest that you wander around looking at different compartments because we want to know all we can." Somewhat truculently I walked out of the big room and found that there were rooms all over the place. I went into one, the lights came on and the place seemed to be full of machinery which shone as though they had been installed only the same day. I wandered around nearly afraid to touch anything, but then quite by accident I came to a machine which was already showing a picture. It showed buttons being pressed and it was a moving picture, it showed a sort of a chair and a strange

looking man was helping an even stranger looking man to sit in the chair. And then the helping man took hold of two handles and I saw him twist the right-hand handle and the chair rose up several inches. Then the picture changed and showed the chair being pushed along to different machines, and doing things to them. It was doing it for me. I turned hurriedly and tripped over the wheeled chair, and fell flat on my face. My nose felt as if it had been knocked off and was all wet, so I had damaged my nose and it was bleeding. I pushed the chair in front of me and hurried back to the Lama. "Oh, Master, I tripped over this unmentionable chair and now I want a piece of something to wipe my bloody face."

I went to a box and unwrapped one of the blue-wrapped rolls. Yes, there was that peculiar white stuff inside like a lot of cotton bundled up together. After I had had it applied to my nostrils for several minutes the bleeding stopped, and I threw the bloody mess of cotton into a container which happened to be standing empty, and something impelled me to look in the container. I was shocked to see that the material just disappeared, not in the darkness or anything like that, but just disappeared. So I went over to the corner where I had swept all the puss and general muck, and with a flat piece of metal which had a wooden handle to it I picked up as much as I could at one go, and I dropped it in the refuse container where it all disappeared. Then I went to the far corner which of necessity we had used for our attention to the calls of Nature, and I scraped up everything that was there and put it in the container. Immediately all the stuff disappeared, and the container was looking shiny and new.

"Lobsang, I think that container should fit in that hole that we have been using, see if it will fit, will you?"

I trundled the thing in and—yes—it fitted perfectly into that hole, so I left it there ready for immediate use!

"Master, Master," I said in great excitement, "if you

will sit in this chair I can take you around and show you some absolute marvels.” The Lama gingerly got to his feet and I slid the chair in under him. Then I twisted the handle as I had seen in the moving picture and the chair rose about a foot in the air, just the right height for me to hold the handles and steer the thing. So with the Lama Mingyar Dondup in the, what I called wheeled chair which obviously depended on levitation and not wheels, we went back into that room with all the machinery.

“I think this was their entertainment room, Lob-sang,” said the Lama. “All these things are for playing games. Let's have a look at that box near the entrance to this room.” So I turned about and pushed the chair back to the entrance, and I pushed the chair right up tight against the machine in which I had seen the chair-instructions. Once again I pressed a button and saw a moving picture. Of all incredible things it showed the Lama Mingyar Dondup getting into the chair and me pushing him in. And then we moved several feet in the room and the Lama was saying something so we turned around and went back to that machine. We saw all this which had just happened. Then the picture changed and it showed various machines, and it gave picture instructions about what they were. There was a machine near the center of the room, and if one pushed a button there, various colored small objects slid out into a tray, so we made our way there. The Lama pushed the indicated button, and with a metallic clatter some round things rolled out of a chute and into a little tray beneath the chute. We looked at the things, we tried to break them, and then I saw at the side of the machine a little dish thing with above it a curved blade. I put some of the round things in the container and pulled down on a handle—in fear and trembling—to see what would happen. The things were soon cut in half, and in them there appeared to be something gooey. I, always more or less thinking of food, touched one of the insides and then touched it against my tongue.

Ecstasy! The most wonderful taste I had ever had in my life. "Master," I said, "this is something you really must try." I wheeled him around to the button and he pressed again, and a lot more of these things came out. I took one and put it in my mouth, and it was just as if I had got a stone in my mouth. After a few moments, though, the outer shell of the thing became soft and my continued jaw pressure broke through the surface and then I got the sweetest of sweet tastes. There seemed to be different flavors. Each colour had a different flavor. Now I hadn't the faintest idea what this was, and the Lama saw I was at a loss. "I have traveled a lot, you know, Lobsang, and in a Western city I saw a machine like this, it had candy balls in it, the same as these are. But in that Western city one had to put money. One put a coin in a slot and so many of these balls would roll out. There were other machines like it, providing different things. There was one that appealed to me particularly because it had a stuff called chocolate in it. Now, I can't write the word for you. "Ah! Ah!" he said, "There it is, there is that word written down here with six other words. I suppose they are all different languages. But let's see if this one works."

He pressed the button firmly, and the machine gave a little cough, and a door opened in the front. There we saw different types of chocolate or candies, and so we helped ourselves to so much that we felt heartily sick. I frankly thought I was going to die! I went to that disposal place and brought up all those things which I had eaten. The Lama Mingyar Dondup, abandoned in his chair, called for me to collect him in a hurry, so we will just draw a veil over the rest of that experience.

Recovered quite a lot, we discussed the matter. and came to the conclusion that it was our greed which had made us eat too much of a strange food, so we moved into another room and this must have been a repair room. There were all manner of very strange machines, and I recognized one as being a lathe. The Dalai Lama had one in one of his storage rooms, it had been sent

to him by a friendly nation who wanted to be friendlier still. Nobody knew how to use it, of course, but I sneaked into the room on many, many occasions and eventually was able to work out what the thing was. It was a treadle lathe. You sat on a wooden seat and you used your feet together to push two pedals up and down. That caused a wheel to rotate, and if one put, say, a piece of wood between what was labeled “headstock” and “tailstock” one could carve the wood and make absolutely straight rods. I could not see what use it could be, but I took our staves and smoothed them off, and we felt so much better with what I could only call a professionally made stave.

We moved about and we saw a thing which appeared to be a hearth. There were blow pipes and all manner of heat-tools about, and soon we were experimenting. We found that we could join metals together by melting one piece onto another, and we spent much time trying out different things and improving our skills. But then the Lama said, “Let's look elsewhere, Lobsang, there are some wonderful things here, eh?”

So I twisted the handle again, and the wheeled chair rose about two feet. I pushed it out of the tool room and into a room right across a big space. Here was mystery indeed. There were a number of tables, metal tables, with huge bowls over them. It did not make any sense to us, but then in an adjoining room we found a recess into the floor and printed on the wall just above it there were obviously instructions on how to use the thing. Fortunately there were also pictures showing how to use it, so we sat down on the edge of the empty pool and took off the Lama's bandages. Then from the side I helped him to stand up, and immediately he stood in the centre of the pool it began to fill with a steaming solution!

“Lobsang, Lobsang, this is going to heal my legs. I can read certain of the words on the wall, and if I can't read it in one language I can in another. This is a thing for regenerating flesh and skin.”

“But Master,” I said, “how can that possibly heal

your legs, and how is it that you know so much about these languages?"

"Oh, it's very simple," he said, "I've been studying this type of thing for the whole of my life. I have traveled extensively throughout the world, and I have picked up different languages. You may have noticed that I have books always with me, and I spend all the time I have to spare reading these books and learning from them. Now, this language," He pointed to writing on the wall, "is what is called Sumrian, and this one was the main language of one of the Atlantises."

"Atlantises?" I thought, "But the place was Atlantis." I said so, and the Lama laughed at me quite gleefully and said, "No, no, Lobsang, there is no such place as Atlantis, it is a generic term for the many lands which sank beneath the ocean and all trace of the lands was lost."

"Oh," I said, "I thought Atlantis was a place where they had a very advanced civilization to the extent that it made us like country yokels, but now you tell me there was no one specific Atlantis."

He broke in on my speech and said, "There is so much confusion about it, and the scientists of the world won't believe the truth. The truth is this; once upon a time this world had just one land mass. The rest was water, and eventually, through the vibrations of the Earth such as earthquakes, the one land mass was broken up into islands, and if they were bigger islands then they were called continents. They gradually drifted apart so that many of these islands had people who had forgotten the Old Language, and they used their own family dialect as their standard language. Years ago there was no speech, everyone communicated by telepathy, but then some wicked people took advantage of knowing what everyone was communicating to everyone else, and so it became the custom that in communities the leaders of the communities devised languages which they would use when they did not want to use telepathy which anyone could pick up.

In time the language became used more and more, and the art of telepathy was lost except for a few people like some of us in Tibet. We can communicate by thought. I, as an illustration, have communicated with a friend at Chakpori and told him of my exact situation, and he replied to the effect that it was just as well to stay where we were because there were raging storms which would make it very difficult for us to descend the mountain side. As he said, what does it matter where we are so long as we are learning something, and I think we are learning a lot. But, Lobsang, this stuff seems to be working marvels on my legs. You look at them and you will actually see them healing.”

I did look, and a most eerie sight it was. The flesh had been cut right down to the bone, and I thought the only thing to do would be to amputate his legs when we got back to Chakpori, but now this marvelous round bath thing was healing the flesh. As I watched I could see new flesh growing, uniting the gashes. The Lama suddenly said, “I think I'll get out of this bath now for a time because it is making my legs itch so much that I shall have to do a dance if I stay here, and that would be something to make you laugh. So I am coming out, and I don't even want a hand.” He stepped surely out of the bath, and as he did so all the liquid disappeared. There was no hole for it, no drain-pipe or anything like that, it seemed just to disappear into the walls and bottom.

“Look, Lobsang, here are some books with utterly fascinating illustrations. It shows how to do certain operations, it shows how to operate those machines outside. We must set to work to try to understand this because we may be able to benefit the world if this ancient, ancient science can be revived.”

I looked at some of the books, and they seemed pretty gruesome to me. Pictures of peoples' insides, of people with the most fearful wounds one could imagine, wounds so bad that one could not even imagine them. But I decided I would stick to it and I would learn all

I could about the human body. But first I came to the firm conclusion that food was necessary. One can't exercise the brain without a supply of food, and I voiced my thoughts on the matter. The Lama laughed and said, "Just what I was thinking about. That treatment has made me ravenously hungry, so let's go in this kitchen place and see what there is. We are either going to have to live on fruit or we shall have to break one of our rules and eat meat."

I shuddered, and felt quite sick. Then I said, "But Master, how can we possibly eat the flesh of an animal?"

"But, good gracious me, Lobsang, the animals have been dead millions of years. We don't know how old this place is, but we do know that it is in remarkably good repair. It's better for us to eat some meat and live than just be purists and die."

"Master, how is this place in such a good condition if it is a million years old? It doesn't seem possible to me. Everything wears out, but this place might have been vacated yesterday. I just don't understand it, and I don't understand about Atlantis."

"Well, there is such a thing as suspended animation. In fact these people, the Gardeners of the Earth, were subject to illnesses just the same as we are, but they could not be treated and cured with the crude materials available on this Earth, so when a person was really ill and beyond the skill of the Gardeners on this Earth then the patients were encased in plastic after having the treatment of suspended animation. In suspended animation the patient was alive, but only just. A heart-beat could not be felt, and certainly no breath could be detected, and people could be kept in that state alive for up to five years. A ship came down every year to collect these cases and take the sufferer away for treatment in special hospitals in the Home of the Gods. When they were repaired they were as good as new."

"Master, how about those other bodies, men and women, each one in a stone Coffin? I am sure they are

dead, but they look alive and they look healthy, so what are they doing here, what are they for?"

"The Gardeners of the Earth are very busy people. Their overseers are even more busy, and if they wanted to know about the real conditions among the earthlings they just took over one of these bodies. Their own astral form entered one of these bodies, they are just cases really, you know, and activated the body. And then one could be a man of thirty, or whatever age suited, without all the bother and mess of being born and living a childhood and perhaps taking a job, and even taking a wife. That could lead to a lot of complications. But these bodies are kept in good repair, and always ready to receive a 'soul' which would activate them for a time, and they would respond to certain stimuli and the body would be able to move under perfect control at the will of the new and temporary occupant of the body-case. There are quite a number of these what we call transmigration people about. They are here to keep a check on the humans and try to avert and redirect some of the violent tendencies of these people."

"I find this utterly fascinating and almost unbelievable. And how about the bodies on the top of the Potala, the ones that are encased in gold, are they to be used as well?"

"Oh dear me, no," said the Lama. "These are humans of a superior type, and when the body dies the ego moves on to higher realms. Some go to the astral world where they wait about, studying some of the people in the astral world, but I shall have to tell you more about this and about the realm of Patra. So far as I am aware it is only we Tibetan lamas who know anything about Patra, but it's too big a subject to be rushed. I suggest that we look around a bit because this is quite a large cave complex." The Lama moved away from me to put some books back on the shelves, and I said, "Isn't it a pity to leave such valuable books on shelves like this, would it not be better for us to take them back to the Potala?"

The Lama Mingyar Dondup gave me a peculiar look, and then he said, "I grow more and more amazed at how much you know at your very young age, and the Dalai Lama has given me full permission to tell you anything that I think you should know."

I felt quite flattered at that, but the Lama went on, "You were present at the interview with those English soldiers, one was called Bell, and the Dalai Lama was absolutely delighted that you did not tell even me about it, what was said, what was done. I deliberately pressed you, Lobsang, to try you out for keeping secrets, and I am very pleased with the way in which you have responded.

"In a few years Tibet will be conquered by the Chinese, they will strip the Potala of all the things that made it the Potala, they will take away the Golden Figures and just melt down those figures for the gold they contain. Sacred books and books of learning will be taken to Peking and studied because the Chinese know that they can learn a lot from us, so we have places of concealment for the more precious things. You would not have found this cave except by the merest chance, and we are going to obliterate the side of the mountain so the merest chance cannot be repeated, and, you see, we have tunnels interconnecting for more than two hundred miles, and the Chinese could not travel in their four-wheeled machines, and they certainly could not travel on foot, whereas to us it is just a two days journey.

"In a few years Tibet will be invaded but not conquered. Our wiser men will go up into the highlands of Tibet and they will live underground in much the same way as the people who escaped before live in the hollow part of this world. Now, don't get excited because we are going to discuss these things. The Dalai Lama says there is no hurry for us to get back. I've got to teach you as much as I can about as many things as I can, and we shall rely upon these books a lot. To take them back to the Potala would merely be to put them

in the hands of the Chinese, and that would be a sorry fate indeed.

“Well, I think it is time for us to carry out a systematic search of this particular cave, and we will draw a map of the place.”

“No need to, sir,” I replied. “Here is a map in the minutest detail .”

## *CHAPTER FOUR*

The Lama Mingyar Dondup looked exceedingly pleased and he was even more pleased when I pointed out maps of several other caves.

I had been rummaging around on a shelf and marvelling that there was not a speck of dust anywhere, and the—well, I would call it a paper, but actually it was some substance like paper only very, very much finer. Our paper was all handmade stuff from papyri. But I picked up this pile of paper and saw that they were maps and charts. First there was a very small scale map showing an area of about two hundred and fifty miles, and then the tunnel was marked out with certain breaks in the line to show where it was no longer passable and one would have to get out of our own tunnel and look for the entrance to the other one. It was shown on the map all right but how many earthquakes had made the map inaccurate, that was the problem. But then the next map was a chart of the cave in which we were now ensconced. It showed all the rooms, and I was amazed at the number of rooms, and the cupboards and rooms were all labeled but, of course, I couldn't read any of it. My Guide, though, could. We laid the map on the floor and lay down on our tummies while we looked at it.

“Lobsang,” said the Lama, “you have made some remarkable discoveries on this trip, and it is going to count very heavily in your favour. I brought a young chela here once and he was quite afraid to even enter

the cave. You see, the old hermit who fell to his death was actually the Keeper of the entrance, and now we shall have to build a fresh hermitage to guard the entrance.”

“I think we hardly need a Guardian, sir,” I said, “because the whole of the tunnel through which we entered is blocked apparently through the earthquake shaking a whole sheet of rock, and that slipped down to cover this entrance. Were it not for these maps we could be stuck here for ever.”

The Lama nodded gravely, and got to his feet and walked along beside the shelves looking at the books, reading their titles. Then, with an exclamation of delight, he pounced on one book—oh, it was a massive thing, a great big fat book, looking as though it had just been made. “A dictionary, Lobsang, of the four languages used. Now we are well away.” He picked the book up and again brought it to the floor. It needed the floor to take all the charts, the table would have been too small. But the Lama went rustling through the pages of the dictionary and then, making notes on the chart of our particular cave, he said, “Centuries and centuries ago there was a very high civilization, far higher than the world has reached since, but unfortunately there were more earthquakes and seaquakes, and some lands sank beneath the waves and, according to this dictionary, Atlantis is not just one sunken continent. There was one in the sea which they called Atlantic, and there was another one lower down in the Atlantic, it was a place where there were many high peaks and those peaks still protrude above the waters and now they are called islands. I can show you on the map just where it is.”

He rustled around among the papers and then produced a great big colored sheet of paper, then he pointed out the seas and the places where Atlantis had been. Then he continued, “Atlantis—the lost land, that is the real meaning of the word. It is not a name like Tibet or India, it is a generic term for the lost land, the land which sank without trace.”

We maintained silence while we looked at those charts again. I was anxious to know how to get out of the place. The Lama was anxious to find certain rooms. At last he straightened up and said, "There, Lobsang, there. In that room there are wonderful machines which show us the past and right up to the present, and there is a machine which shows the probable future. You see, with astrology, for example, you can foretell what is going to happen to a country, but when it comes to foretelling one particular person, well, that takes a genius of an astrologer, and you had such a genius astrologer forecast your future, and it is quite a hard future indeed.

"Let us explore some of the other rooms first because we want to spend a long time in the machine room where the machines can show us what happened since the first people came to this world. In this world they have many peculiar beliefs, but we know the truth because we have been able to tap into the Akashic Record and the Akashic Record of Probabilities, that is, we can foretell accurately what will happen to Tibet, what will happen to China, and what will happen to India. But for the individual—no, the Record of Probabilities is very much probability, and not to be taken too seriously."

"Master," I said. "I am absolutely confused because all the things I have learned have taught me that there is dissolution; paper should crumble to dust, bodies should crumble to dust, and food, after a million years, well, that certainly should have crumbled to dust, and I just cannot understand how this place can be a million or so years old. Everything looks new, fresh, and I just cannot understand it."

The Lama smiled at me, and he said, "But a million years ago there was a much higher science than there is today, and they had a system whereby time itself could be stopped. Time is a purely artificial thing, and is used only on this world. If you are waiting for something very nice then it seems an awful long time that you have to wait for it, but if you have to go to a senior

Lama to have a good telling off—well, it seems no time before you are in front of him listening to his opinion of you. Time is an artificial thing, so that people can engage in commerce or in everyday matters. These caves are isolated from the world, they have what I can only call a screen around them, and that screen places them in a different dimension, the fourth dimension where things do not decay. We are going to have a meal before we explore further, and the meal will be of a dinosaur which was killed by hunters two or three million years ago. You will find it tastes quite good.”

“But Master, I thought we were forbidden to eat meat.”

“Yes, the ordinary persons are forbidden to eat meat. It is considered quite adequate that they live on tsampa because if one gorges oneself on meat then one's brains get clogged. We are having meat because we want the extra strength which meat alone can give, and anyway, we have very little meat, mostly we have vegetables and fruits. But you may rest assured that eating this meat will not harm your immortal soul.” With that he got up and went into the kitchen store, and he came out with a big container which had a most horrible picture wrapped around it. It showed what I imagined to be a dinosaur and outlined in red was a marking showing what part of the dinosaur was in the canister. The Lama did some things to the canister, and it came open. I could see that the meat inside was absolutely fresh, it might have been killed that day it was so fresh.

“We are going to cook this because cooked meat is much better than the raw stuff, so you'd better watch what I do.” He did some queer things with some of the metal dishes, and then he tipped the contents of the canister into one of those metal dishes and slid it into what looked like a metal cabinet. Then he shut the door and turned some knobs so that little lights came on. He said, “Now, in ten minutes, that will be perfectly cooked because it is not cooked on the flame but it is heated from the inside to the outside. It is some system of rays which I do not profess to understand. But now we must

look about for some suitable vegetables which will go well with meat.”

“But however did you learn all this, Master?” I asked.

“Well, I have traveled quite extensively and I have picked up knowledge from the Western world and I see how they prepare a special meal on the seventh day of the week. I must confess that it tastes really good, but it needs vegetables, and I think we have them here.”

He put his hands deep into a closet and pulled out a long canister. He put it on the work shelf and carefully studied the label, then he said, “Yes, here are the vegetables and we have to put them in the oven for five minutes cooking.” At that instant one light went out. “Ah,” said the Lama, “That is a signal, we must push these vegetables in now.” So saying, he went to the oven thing, opened the door, and slid in the complete canister, and then he quickly shut the door. Then he adjusted some of the knobs on the top, and a different light came on.

“When all these lights go off, Lobsang, our meal will be perfectly prepared. So now we have to get plates and those other fearsome implements that you saw, sharp knives and metal things with little bowls at the end, and those other things which have four or five spikes at the end, they are called forks. I think you are going to enjoy this meal.”

Just as he finished speaking the little lights flickered, dimmed, and were extinguished. “There you are, Lobsang. Now we can sit on the floor and have a good meal.” He moved forward to the hot place which he called an oven, and carefully he slid aside the door. The smell was beautiful and I watched with the keenest anticipation as he took the metal dishes off the shelves. He ladled out a good portion of everything for me, and then not so much for himself. “Start in, Lobsang, start in. We've got to keep your strength up, you know.” There were dishes, different coloured vegetables, none of which I had ever seen before, and then this bigger dish with a big lump of dinosaur meat on it.

Cautiously I held the meat with my fingers until the Lama told me to use a fork to hold the meat, and showed me how. Well, I cut off a piece of the meat, looked at it, smelt it, and put it in my mouth. Quickly I rushed to the sink in the kitchen and got rid of the meat in my mouth. The Lama was roaring with laughter. “You're quite wrong in your thoughts, Lobsang. You think I am playing a trick on you but I am not. In some parts of Siberia the local people sometimes dig up a dinosaur which has been caught in the permafrost and frozen so solid that it might take three or four days to thaw. They eat dinosaur meat with the greatest of pleasure.”

“Well, they can have my share of this with even greater pleasure for me. I thought I was poisoned! What vile stuff is. I would just as soon eat my grandmother than that muck!” Carefully I scraped the last remnants of the meat from my plate, and then looking dubiously at the vegetables I thought I would try some. To my astonishment they tasted very, very good indeed. Mind you, I had never tasted vegetables before, all I had ever had to eat before this occasion was tsampa and water to drink. So now I had a goodly helping of everything until the Lama said, “You'd better stop, Lobsang, you've had a really big meal, you know, and you are not used to these vegetables. This first time they may keep you on the run, they will go through you like a purge and I will give you a couple of tablets which will calm your disturbed stomach.”

I swallowed the wretched tablets and they seemed as big as pebbles. After I had swallowed the things the Lama looked and said, “Swallow them like that, eh? The usual way is to wash them down with a good drink of water. Have a go at it now, fill up your cup with water and that will wash away the powdery taste.”

Once again I got to my feet and went into the kitchen, tottered into the kitchen would be a better explanation because never in my life having had vegetables or fruit—well, I could feel alarming churning inside me, so alarming, in fact, that I had to put down

my cup and rush—run all the way—to that little room with the hole in the floor. A couple more feet and I should have been too late. However, fortunately I reached that hole just in time.

I returned to the Lama and said, “There are many things really puzzling me, and I just cannot get them out of my mind. For example, sir, you say this place might be two million years of age, then how is it that the vegetables and the fruit are quite palatable?”

“Look, Lobsang,” responded the Lama, “you must remember that this world is millions of years of age, and there have been many, many different types of people here. For example, about two million years ago there was a species of creature on the Earth and they were known as Homo Habilis. They came into our era by inventing the first tools of this particular cycle. You see, Homo Sapiens is what we are, and we are derived from that other Homo which I have just told you about.

“To try to make you understand a bit more, let me say that the world is like a garden, and all the buildings in the world are plants. Well, every so often the farmer will come along and he will plough his garden. That means that he will turn up the soil, and in so doing he will upset all the plants and the roots. They will be exposed to the air for a few minutes, and then as the plough comes over again they will be buried more deeply so that in the end no one could tell that there had been such-and-such a plant in that garden. It is the same with humans on the world; think of us as the plants. But the humans of different types are tried out and if they cannot manage to the satisfaction of the gardeners then catastrophes and disasters will be their lot. There will be mighty explosions and earthquakes, and every trace of humanity will be buried, buried deep beneath the soil, and then a fresh race of people will appear. And so the cycle will go on, just as the farmer ploughs under the plants so the gardeners of the world caused such disasters that every trace of the habitations is shattered.

“Every so often a farmer will be busy with his patch

of ground, and then he might spot something sparkling in the ground where he is digging, so he will bend over and pick it up, wondering what it is. And perhaps he will tuck it in the front of his robe to take home and show to his wife and perhaps to his neighbors. He might have dug up something which was buried a million or so years ago and now, with earthquakes, that piece of brilliant metal will have been brought to the surface.

“Sometimes a piece of bone will be discovered and the farmer will spend perhaps a couple of minutes wondering what sort of creature it came from because there have been some very queer creatures on this Earth. There have been women, for instance, with a purple skin and eight breasts aside just like a pregnant bitch. I suppose it would be quite useful to have the sixteen breasts, but that race died out because it was impractical. If the woman had given birth to a lot of children her breasts would have become so pendulous that she would hardly be able to walk without falling over, so that race died out. And then there was another race whose men were about four feet tall, none taller than that, and they were born horsemen, not like you who can hardly sit on the tamest pony we've got, but these were extremely bow-legged and they had no need for stirrups or a saddle, or anything like that; their natural body conformity seemed to have been designed especially for horse riding. Unfortunately the horse hadn't been ‘invented’ at that time.”

“But, sir,” I said, “I cannot understand how we can be in a mountain, right inside a mountain, and yet we have good brilliant sunlight and plenty of heat. It baffles me, and I cannot think of any solution.”

The Lama smiled as he often smiled at some of my statements, and he said, “These rocks which we call mountains have special properties, they can absorb sunlight, and absorb and absorb it, and then, if one knows how, we can get the sunlight released to any degree of brightness that we need. As the sun is shining more or less all the time on the top of the mountains,

well, we are always storing up sunlight for when the sun has gone about her journey and is beyond our vision. It is not at all a magical thing, it is a perfectly ordinary natural occurrence like the tides in the sea—oh, I forgot you had never seen the sea, but the sea is a vast body of water, it is not drinkable because it comes from fresh water which has run down a mountain side and across the earth bringing with it all sorts of impurities and poisonous subjects, and if we tried to drink the water it would hasten our death. So we have to use some of the stored sunlight. It falls on a special sort of plate, and then a cold draught of air plays on the other side of the plate, then the light manifests itself as heat on one side and cold on the other. The result of that is that droplets of water form, born of the light from the sun, and the cold from the earth. That will be absolutely pure water called distilled water, and so we can catch it in containers and then we have plenty of fresh drinking water.”

“But, Master, this business of having things a million or two million years old—well, I just cannot understand it all. The water for instance, we turned a metal thing and we got cold water which, obviously, had been put in a tank somewhere a million or so years ago. Well, how hasn't it evaporated? How can it possibly be drinkable after all these years? It's got me absolutely defeated. I know on the Potala roof the water tank would soon dry up, so how can this be a million years old?”

“Lobsang! Lobsang! You think we have a good science now, you think we know a lot about medicine and science, but to the outside world even we are just a bunch of uneducated savages. Yet we understand things that the rest of the world does not, the rest of the world is a materialistic group of people. This water might be a million or two million or three million years old in years, but until we came here and broke the seal and set everything working—well, it might have been just an hour or two before. You see, there is such a

thing as suspended animation. We have heard a lot from other countries about people who have gone into a cataleptic trance for months, and there is one now which has already passed the year and a half mark, and the person looks none the worse for it, she looks no older, it is just—well, she is alive. We can't feel a heart beat, we can't get any breath on a mirror, so what is keeping her asleep and why is it not doing her harm? There are so many things to be rediscovered, all these things were commonplace in the days when the Gardeners came. Purely as an example, let me show you the room—here it is on the chart, look—where bodies were kept in a suspended life stage. Once a year two lamas would go and enter that room, and one by one they would take the bodies out of stone coffins and then examine the bodies carefully for any ills. If everything was all right they would walk the bodies up and down to make their muscles work again. Then, after we had fed the bodies a bit, would come the task of putting the astral body of a Gardener in the body taken from a stone coffin. It is a most peculiar experience.”

“What, sir? Is it really a difficult thing to do?”

“Now look at you, Lobsang, telling me on the one hand that you can't believe such a thing, and on the other hand you are trying to find as much information as you can. Yes, it is a dreadful feeling. In the astral you are free to be whatever size it is most convenient to be, you might want to be very small for some reason, or you may want to be very tall and broad for some other reason. Well, you pick the right body and then you lay down beside it, and the lamas would inject a substance in the apparently dead body and gently they would lift you and put you face down on that body. Gradually, over a period of five minutes or so, you would disappear, you would get fainter and fainter, and then all of a sudden the figure in the stone coffin would give a jerk and sit upright and make some sort of explanation, ‘Oh, where am I? How did I get here?’ For a time, you see, they have the memory of the last person

to use that body, but within a matter of twelve hours the body that you had taken would appear to be absolutely normal, and would indeed be capable of all the things that you could do if you were on Earth in your own body. We do this because sometimes we cannot afford to risk damaging the real body. These simulacrum bodies, well, it doesn't matter what happens to them, they've only got to find someone with the right conditions about them and then we could put the body in a stone coffin and let the life force drift away to another plane of existence. People were never forced into it, you know, it was always with their full knowledge and consent.

“Later on you will inhabit one of these bodies for a year less a day. The day is because the bodies would only last three hundred and sixty-five days without having certain intricate things happen to it. So it is better to have the take-over to last a year less one day. And then—well, the body which you are still occupying would get into the stone coffin, shuddering at the coldness of it, and gradually your astral form would emerge from the substitute body and would enter your own body and take over all its functions, all its thoughts, and all its knowledge. And on that now would be superimposed all the knowledge that you had gained during the past three hundred and sixty four days.

“Atlantis used to be a great exponent of this system. They had a great number of these bodies which were constantly being taken over by some super person who wanted to get a certain bit of experience. Then, having got the experience, they would come back and claim their own body and leave the substitute for the next person.”

“But Master, I am honestly puzzled indeed by this because if a Gardener of the World has all these powers then why cannot he just look east or west or south or north and see what is going on? Why all this rigmarole of occupying a substitute body?”

“Lobsang, you are being dim. We can't afford to have the real high personage damaged, we cannot have his

body damaged, and so we provide him with a substitute body, and if an arm or a leg be taken off that's just too bad, but it does not hurt the high entity who took over the body. Let me tell it to you like this; inside one's head there is a brain. Now that brain is blind, deaf, and dumb. It can only go about animalistic procedures, and it has no real knowledge of what it feels like. For an illustration let us say that the very high entity So-and-So wanted to experience what it was like to be burned. Well, in his own body he would not be able to get down to the rough, crude vibrations necessary for one to feel the burn, but in this lower entity body—yes, burns can be felt, so the super-entity enters the substitute body and then the necessary conditions occur and perhaps the super-entity can get to know what it is like through the experience of its substitute. The body can see, the brain cannot. The body can hear, the brain cannot. The body can experience love, hatred, and all those sort of emotions, but the super-entity cannot so it has to get the knowledge by proxy.”

“Then all these bodies are all alive and ready to be used by anyone who comes along?” I asked.

“Oh no, oh no, far from that. You cannot enter the entity into the body if it is for the wrong purpose. The super-entity must have an absolutely authentic good reason for wanting to take over a body, it cannot be done from his sexual interests or his money interests because they do not help in the advancement of anyone on the world. It usually happens that there is some task being done by the Gardeners of the World, it is a difficult task because being super brains they can't feel things, they can't see things, so they make arrangements for an appropriate number of them (the super brains) to take over a body and come down to Earth and pose as earthlings. I always say that the biggest trouble is the awful smell with these bodies. They smell like hot, rotting meat, and it might take one half day before one can overcome the nausea occasioned by such a take-over. So there really is no way in which a super-entity who possibly has gone wrong somewhere can

victimize the substitute body. It can watch what others are doing, obviously, but nothing can be done which will harm the super-entity.”

“Well, all this is a terrific puzzle for me because if a super-entity is going to wait until a body is perhaps thirty years of age what is going to happen about the Silver Cord? It's obvious that the Silver Cord is not just cut off, or I suppose the body-in-waiting would just decay .”

“No, no, no, Lobsang,” the Lama replied. “These substitute bodies have a form of Silver Cord which leads to a source of energy which keeps the way open for the body to be occupied. This is known in most religions of the world. The Silver Cord is by metaphysical means connected to a central source, and the people who look after these bodies can assess their condition through the Silver Cord, and they can add nourishment or take away nourishment, depending on the condition of the body.”

I shook my head, baffled, and said, “Well, how is it that some people have the Silver Cord emerging from the top of the head while others have it emerging from the umbilicus? Does it mean that one is better than the other? Does it mean that the belly button exit for the cord is for those not so evolved?”

“No, no, not at all, it doesn't matter in the slightest where the Silver Cord emerges. If you were of a certain type you could have a Silver Cord emerging from, say, your big toe as long as the contact is made, that is all that matters. And as long as the contact is made and kept in good order the body lives on in a state of what we call stasis. That means that everything is still. The body organs are functioning at their very, very slowest, and throughout the whole of a year a body will consume less than one bowl of tsampa. You see, we have to do it that way or else we should be forever traipsing along these mountain tunnels making sure that a body is being properly looked after, and if we had people come here to feed the bodies then it would actually do harm to the body because a person could live under stasis for

several million years provided it has the necessary attention. And that necessary attention can, and is, given by way of the Silver Cord.”

“Then can a great Entity come down and have a look to see what sort of body the super one is going to occupy?”

“No,” said the Lama. “If the Entity who is going to take over a body saw the body unoccupied he wouldn't dream of entering such an ugly looking thing. Look—come with me, and we will go into the Hall of Coffins.” So saying he picked up his books and his staff, and rose to his feet rather shakily.

“I think we should look at your legs first, you know, because you appear to be in considerable pain.”

“No, Lobsang, let's have a look at these coffins first, and then I promise you we will do my legs.”

Together we walked along fairly slowly, the Lama consulting his chart every so often, and then at last he said. “Ah! We take the next turning left and the next turning left again, and there is the door which we must enter.”

We trudged on up the path and turned to the left, and took the first turning left again. And there was the door, a great door looking as though made of beaten gold. As we approached a light outside the door flickered on and then steadied into constant light, and the door swung open. We went inside, and I stopped a moment taking in the rather gruesome sight.

It was a wonderfully appointed room with a lot of posts and rails. “This is for a newly awakened body to hang on to, Lobsang,” said the Lama. “Most times they are a bit giddy when they are awakened, and it is rather a nuisance to have one just awakened fall flat on his face and mar his features so much that he cannot be used for some time. It upsets all one's arrangements, and then perhaps we have to get a different body and a different entity, and that makes a lot of extra work. None of us appreciate that in the slightest. But come over here and look at this body.”

Reluctantly I went over to where the Lama beck-

oned. I wasn't fond of seeing dead bodies, it made me wonder why humans had such a short lifespan, short indeed when you know of a tree which is about four thousand years old.

I looked into the stone coffin and there was a nude man there. On his body he had a number of well, it looked like needles with thin wires coming from them, and as I watched every so often the body would give a twitch and a little jump, a most eerie sight indeed. As I watched he opened sightless eyes and closed them again. The Lama Mingyar Dondup said, "We must leave this room now because this man is going to be occupied very, very soon, and it is disturbing for all of them if there are intrusions about." He turned and walked out of the room. I gave a last look around, and then I followed quite reluctantly because the people in the stone coffins, men and women, were quite nude and I wondered what a woman would be doing occupying one of these bodies. "I am picking up your thoughts, Lobsang," said the Lama, "why shouldn't a woman be used for some things? You must have a woman because there are some places where men cannot enter just as there are certain places where women cannot enter. But let us move a little more quickly because we do not want to delay the waiting super—Entity."

We moved a bit more quickly, and then the Lama said, "You seem to have quite a lot of questions, you know, why not ask them because you are going to be a super-Lama and you have to learn an incredible amount, things which are taught to about only one in a million of the priesthood."

"Well," I said, "when the super-Entity has entered the guest body what happens then? Does he rush out to get a jolly good meal? I'm sure I would!"

The Lama laughed and replied, "No, he doesn't rush anywhere, he is not hungry because the substitute body has been kept fed and well nourished, ready for immediate occupancy."

"I can't see the point of it, though, Master. I mean, a super-Entity one would think he would enter a body

which had just been born instead of all this messing about with dead bodies which are like zombies.”

“Lobsang, just think for yourself. A baby has several years before it learns a thing, and it has to go to a school, it has to be subject to parental discipline and that is a real time waster. It wastes perhaps thirty or forty years, whereas if the body can do all that and then come to these coffins, then indeed he is worth much more, he knows all the conditions of life in his own part of the world, and he doesn't have to spend years waiting and learning, and not being at all sure of what it is all about.”

“I have had experiences already,” I said, “and things that have happened to me—well, they don't seem to have any sense in them. Possibly I shall get some enlightenment before we leave this place. And, anyhow, why is it that humans have such a terribly short lifespan? We read about some of the Sages, the really wise people, and they seem to have lived one hundred, two hundred, or three hundred years, and still look young.”

“Well, Lobsang, it is just as well to tell you now, I am over four hundred years of age, and I can tell you exactly why humans have such a terribly short life.

“Several million years ago, when this globe was in its infancy, a planet came very close and almost hit this world, in fact it was driven out of its orbit because of the anti-magnetic impulses from the other world. But the other planet did collide with a small planet which it shattered into pieces which are now known as the asteroid belt. We shall deal with that more extensively a bit later on. For the present let me tell you that when this world was in formation there were tremendous volcanoes all over the place, and they were pouring out gouts of lava and smoke. Now, the smoke rose up and formed heavy clouds all around the Earth. This world was not meant to be a sunshine world at all. You see, sunlight is poisonous, sunlight has deadly rays which are very harmful to a human being. Well, the rays are harmful to all creatures. But the cloud

cover made the world like a greenhouse, all the good rays could come through but the bad rays were shut out, and people used to live for hundreds of years. But when the rogue planet came so close it swept away all the clouds covering this Earth, and in the space of two generations people had a lifespan of three score and ten. In other words, seventy years.

“The other planet, when it collided and destroyed the smaller world to form the asteroid belt, spilled its seas onto this world. Now, we have water forming our seas, but this other world had a very different sort of sea, it was a petroleum sea, and without that collision this world would have had no petroleum products and that would have been a very good thing because nowadays drugs are taken from petroleum and many of the drugs are harmful things indeed. But there it is, we just have to live with it. In those early days all the seas were contaminated with the petroleum products, but in time that petroleum sank down through the seas and through the sea beds and it was, collected in great rock basins, basins which were the result of volcanic influences under the sea bed.

“In time the petroleum will be quite exhausted because the type of petroleum available now is of a type harmful to Man, its combustion causes a lethal gas to be formed. That causes many, many deaths, and it also causes pregnant women to produce sickly children and even, in some cases, monsters. We shall see some of these very shortly because there are other chambers we are going to visit. You will be able to see all this in the third dimensional stage. Now, I know you are bursting to find out how photographs could be taken a billion years ago. The answer is that there are tremendous civilizations in this Universe, and in those days they had photographic equipment which could penetrate the deepest fog or the darkest darkness, and so photographs were taken. Then, after a time, the super-science people came to this Earth, and they saw people dying like flies, one could say, because if people can only live until seventy years of age that is very

short indeed and does not give one the opportunity to learn as much as one should.”

I listened with rapt attention. I found all this utterly fascinating, and in my opinion the Lama Mingyar Don-dup was the cleverest man in Tibet.

The Lama said, “We here on the surface of the Earth know only half the world because this world is hollow, as many worlds are, as the Moon is, and there are people living inside. Now some people deny that the Earth is hollow, but I know it is from personal experience because I have been there. One of the biggest difficulties is that scientists all over the world deny the existence of anything which THEY did not discover. They say it is not possible for people to live inside the Earth, they say it is not possible for a person to live several hundred years, and they say it is not possible that the cloud coverage, when swept away, caused the lifespan to shorten. But it is actually so. Scientists, you see, always go by text books which convey information which is about a hundred years old by the time it reaches the classrooms, and places like this—this cavern where we are now—were put here specially by the wisest men who lived, The Gardeners of the Earth could get ill just the same as the native humans, and sometimes an operation was necessary, an operation which could not be performed on Earth, so the sufferer was put into a state of suspended animation and sealed up in a plastic case. Then the medical men in the caves would send special etheric messages for a hospital space ship, and the hospital space ship would quickly come down and take away the containers with the people who were ill sealed inside. Then they could either be operated upon in space or taken back to their home-based world.

“You see, it is easy to travel at a speed much in excess of light. Some people used to say, ‘Oh, if you travel at thirty miles an hour it will kill you because the air pressure would blow out your lungs.’ And then, when that was proved false, people used to say, ‘Oh, Man will never travel at sixty miles an hour, it would

kill them.’ And then the next statement was that people would never travel at a speed faster than the speed of sound, and now they are saying nothing can ever travel faster than light. Light has a speed, you know, Lobsang. It is composed of the vibrations which, emanating from some object, has its impact upon the human eyes, and the human eyes see what the object is. But quite definitely, within just a few years, people will be travelling at many times the speed of light, as do the visitors here in their special space ships. The ship outside in the other chamber, that was just getting ready to take off when the mountain quaked and sealed the exit. And, of course, immediately that happened all the air in that chamber was exhausted automatically and the people aboard were in a state of suspended animation, but they had been in suspended animation so long that if we tried to revive them now they would probably be quite insane. That is because certain highly sensitive portions of their brains would have been deprived of oxygen, and without oxygen they die, and the person who has such a dead brain—well, they are not worth keeping alive, they are no longer human. But I am talking too much, Lobsang. Let’s go and look at some of the other rooms.”

“Master, I would like to see your leg first because we have here the means of healing it quickly and it seems wrong to me that you should suffer when, through this super-science, you can be cured very, very quickly.”

“All right then, Lobsang, my budding doctor. Let us go back to the place of health, and we will have a look at my leg and see what we can do.”

## *CHAPTER FIVE*

We walked along the corridor which separated room from room outside the main chamber, and soon we came to the “medical health room.” In we went, and on came the lights as bright as before. The place looked untouched, there was no sign that we had been there previously, no sign that our dust covered feet had left tracks, it looked as if the floor had been newly polished and the metal fittings around the central pool newly burnished. We observed that just in passing, and it stirred in my mind a thought of more questions, but first of all, “Master, will you put your legs in the pool now, and then I will take off these bandages.”

The Lama swung his legs into the pool and sat on the tiled edge. I got in, and unwound the bandages. As I got down near the flesh I felt sick—sick. The bandages here were yellow and thoroughly beastly looking.

“Whatever is the matter with you, Lobsang? You look as if you have had too much strange food to eat.”

“Oh, Master, your legs are so bad, I think we shall have to try to get monks to come and carry you back to Chakpori,” I said.

“Lobsang, things are not always what they seem. Take off all the bandage, take off all the wrappings, do it with your eyes shut if you like, or perhaps I should do it myself.”

I got to the end of the bandage, and I found that I should not be able to take that off because it was stuck in a perfectly horrible, gooey, scabulous mess from

which I recoiled. But the Lama reached down for the bundle of bandage and gave quite a tug, and the end came away with syrupy strings of something dangling from it. Without turning a hair he just tossed the bandages down on the flooring, and said, “Well now, I am going to press this valve and then the pool will fill. I had it turned off before because, obviously, we didn't want you undoing bandages when you are up to your waist in water. You get out of the pool and I will turn the water on faster.”

I hastily clambered out, and took a look at those horrid legs. If we had been in Chakpori or somewhere like that I think both of them would have been amputated, and what a thing that would be for the Lama Mingyar Dondup, always travelling around to do good for someone. But as I looked slabs of stuff fell off his legs, slabs of bilious yellow and green material fell off his legs and floated on the surface of the pool. The Lama hitched himself a bit higher out of the water and then turned the valve on more so the water level rose and the floating material floated out through what I suppose was an overflow device.

He looked at the book again, and then made certain adjustments to a bunch of —well, I can only call them valves, they were different coloured valves, and I saw the water changing colour and there was a very medicinal odour on the air. I looked at his legs again, and now they were showing pink, pink like on a new-born baby. And then he hoisted his robe a bit higher, and went a bit further down the sloping bottom so that the heeling water went half way up his thighs. There he stood. Sometimes he would stand still, sometimes he would walk slowly around, but all the time the legs were healing. They went from an angry pink to a healthy pink, and at last there was no trace of the yellow scab, no trace at all, it had gone completely, and I looked up from his legs to take a look at the bandages I had taken off. I felt my scalp tingle; the bandages had gone, no trace of them, not a mark, they had just gone, and I was so shocked and astonished that involuntarily

I sat down forgetting I was in the water, medicated water at that. When sitting down in the lotus position, well, if one is doing it in water one should keep one's mouth shut, the taste was horrible! And yet it wasn't, it was pleasant. I found that a tooth which had been giving me some trouble since I fell sometime before ceased to trouble me, I could feel it in my mouth. I stood up quickly and spat over the edge of the pool, yes there was the tooth, it was cracked in half. Now it lay there in front of me, and I said to myself, "There! Blast you, now you go and ache as much as you like!"

As I looked at the tooth I saw an absolutely weird sight. The tooth was moving, moving towards the nearest wall, and as it touched the wall it disappeared.

There I stood like a fool, dripping with water from my shaven scalp to my bare feet, trying to look at something that wasn't there.

I turned around to ask the Lama Mingyar Dondup if he had seen it, and he was standing over a certain place on the floor where the tiling was of different colour, and warm healing air was coming out of the floor and he was soon dry. "Your turn, Lobsang," said the Lama. "You look like a half drowned fish, so you'd better come over here and get yourself dry."

Truth to tell I did feel like a half drowned fish, and then I thought, well, how can a fish be half drowned when it lives in water. So I asked the Lama how it could be, and his reply was, "Yes, it is perfectly true, one can take a fish from the water and its gills start to dry immediately. If you put it back in the water it will actually drown. We do not know the mechanism of it, but we know it to be a fact. But you look a lot better now you have been on that healing pad, you were looking worn out before and now you look as if you could run a hundred miles."

I went across and looked at his legs at closer quarters, and even as I looked the pinkness started to disappear and his legs soon returned to their ordinary natural color, and there was no trace at all that only an hour before the flesh had been almost stripped from

his bones. Here were his legs, healthy, fresh-looking, and I had been thinking how they would be amputated!

“Master,” I said, “there are so many questions that I am almost ashamed to ask you for the answers, but I cannot understand how food and drink which has been here for endless years can still be quite fresh and quite potable. Even in our ice refrigerator meat gradually goes bad, so how can it be that this place, millions of years of age, can be as new as though it were built only yesterday?”

“We live in a peculiar age, Lobsang, an age where no man trusts another man. Sometime ago people in a white country absolutely refused to believe that there were black people and yellow people, it was just too fantastic to be believed, and then some people traveling to another country saw men on horseback. Now, they had never seen horses before, they did not know there was such a thing as a horse, so they fled, and when they went back to their own country they said they had seen a man-horse, a centaur. But even when it was known that horses were animals which could be ridden by men, still many people disbelieved it and they thought that the horse was a special sort of human changed into an animal's form. There are so many things like that. People will not believe that anything new can be, unless they themselves have actually seen it, touched it, and pulled it to pieces. Here we are reaping the fruits of a very, very high civilization indeed, not one of the Atlantises because, as I told you, Atlantis is only the word for the disappearing land. No, these places go back far far beyond Atlantis, and there is an automatic means of stopping all development, all growth, until a human comes within a certain range. So if no human came here again this place would remain just as it is now, impregnable and without any signs of corruption or dissolution. But if people come and use the place as we have done, then after a number of such users the place would deteriorate, it would age. Fortunately we are in one which has been very, very

rarely used, in fact it has been used only twice since it was made.”

“Master, how can you possibly tell that only twice has this place been used?”

The Lama pointed up to something dangling from the ceiling. “There,” he said, “if anyone passes beyond that it shows in figures, and this one shows the figure 3. The last one is you and me. When we leave, and it won't be for three or four days, the time of our stay will be recorded ready for the next people to enter and to speculate upon who was here before them. But you know, Lobsang, I am trying to get you to realize that the degree of civilization when this place was built was the highest which has ever been attained on this world. You see, first of all they were the Guardians of the World, the Gardeners of the World. Their civilization was such that they could melt rock—even the hardest rock—and leave it with a glasslike finish, and the melting would be what we term a cold melt, that is, no heat would be generated. So a place could be used immediately.”

“But I really cannot understand why these so highly civilized people should want to live inside mountain ranges. You told me that this mountain range extends all the way across the world, and so why should they hide themselves?” I asked.

“The best thing we can do is to go to the room of the past, the present, and the future. This is the store of knowledge of all that has happened in the world. The history you have learned in classes is not always true, it has been altered in its recording to suit the king or dictator in power at the time. Some of these people want to be known as their reign being of the Golden Age. But seeing the actual thing, the actual Akashic Record—well, then one can't go wrong.

“Did you say the Akashic Record, Master? I thought that we could only see that when we were in the astral plane. I did not know that we could come to the mountains and see all that had happened,” I said.

“Oh yes, you forget that things can be copied. We have reached a certain stage of civilization, we think we are shockingly clever and we wonder if anyone will ever be cleverer, but come along with me and I will show you the actual truth. Come along, it is quite a little walk, but the exercise will do you good.”

“Master, isn't there some way that I can avoid you walking? Isn't there something like a sled? Or could I pull you if you were sitting on a stout piece of cloth?”

“No, no thank you, Lobsang, I am quite capable of walking the distance, in fact that exercise may be good for me as well. So let us set out.”

We did “set out” and I should have liked to investigate some of the interesting things. I was vastly intrigued with the doors, each with an inscription engraved on the door itself. “All these rooms, Lobsang; are devoted to different sciences, sciences which have never yet been heard of on this world because here we are like blind people trying to find the way, in a house with many corridors. But I am as a sighted person because I can read these inscriptions and, as I told you, I have had experience of these caves before.”

At last we came to an apparently blank wall. There was a door to the left, and a door to the right, but the Lama Mingyar Dondup ignored them and instead he stood right in front of that blank wall and uttered a most peculiar sound in an authoritative tone. Immediately, without a sound, the blank space split down the middle and the two halves disappeared into the sides of the corridor. Inside there was just a faint light showing, a glimmering as of starlight. We went in to the room and it seemed as large as the world.

With a very slight sigh the two halves of the door slid across the corridor and this time we were at the opposite side of the apparently blank wall.

The light brightened somewhat so that we could dimly see a great globe floating in space. It was more pear-shaped than round, and there were flashes from both ends of the globe. “These flashes are the magnetic

fields of the world. You will learn all about that a bit later.”

I stood with mouth agape, there seemed to be shimmering curtains of ever-changing light around the poles, they seemed to undulate and flow from one end to the other, but with a very great weakening of colours round about the equator.

The Lama said some words, words in a language unknown to me. Immediately there came the light of faint dawn, like the light which comes at the birth of a new day, and I felt like one who had just sat up now awakened from a dream.

But it was no dream, as I soon found. The Master said, “We will sit over here because this is a console with which the ages of the world can be varied. You are not in the third dimension now, remember, here you are in the fourth dimension, and few people can live through that. So if you feel in any way upset or ill then tell me quickly and I can put you right.”

I could dimly see the Lama's right hand reached out and ready to turn a button. Then he turned to me again and said, “Are you sure you feel all right, Lobsang? No feeling of nausea, no feeling of sickness?”

“No, sir, I feel just fine and absolutely fascinated, and I am wondering what we shall see first.”

“Well, first of all we have to see the formation of the world, and then the arrival of the Gardeners of the World. They will come and look around, survey the place and all that, and then they will go away to plan, and later still you will see them arrive in a huge spaceship because that is really what the Moon is.”

Suddenly all was dark, the darkest darkness that I had ever experienced, even on a moonless night there had been dim starlight, and even in a closed room with no windows there was still an impression of a little light. But here there was nothingness, not a thing. And then I nearly jumped off my seat, I nearly jumped out of my robe with fright; with incredible speed two faint dots of light were coming together, and they hit, they

collided, and then the screen was filled with light. I could see swirling gases and smokes of different colours, and then the whole screen, the whole globe filled everything. I could see rivers of fire running down from flame-belching volcanos. The atmosphere was almost turgid. I was aware, but dimly, that I was watching something and that I wasn't actually there in person. So I watched and was more and more fascinated as the world shrank a little and the volcanos became less, but the seas were still smoking with the hot lava which had poured in. There was nothing except rocks and water. There was only one stretch of land, not a very large stretch of land, but just one solid lump, and it gave to the globe a peculiar erratic motion. It did not follow a circular path but seemed to be following a path which some shaky child had drawn.

Gradually as I watched the world became rounder and cooler. Still there was nothing but rock and water, and terrible storms which raged across the surface. The wind pushed over the tops of mountains, and those tops fell down the mountain sides and were ground into dust.

Time elapsed, and by now the Earth covered part of the world because the Earth itself was made by the ground up dust from the mountains. The land heaved and shook, and from certain parts there came great gouts of smoke and steam, and as I watched I saw a section of land suddenly break off from the main continental mass. It broke off and for seconds it seemed to hang on to the main mass in a vain hope of being reunited. I could see animals slithering down the sloping banks and falling into the steaming water. Then the broken piece cracked more, it broke off completely and disappeared beneath the waves.

Somehow I found that I could see the other side of the world at the same time, and I saw, to my unutterable amazement, land rising out of the sea. It rose up like a giant hand rising it, it rose up, shook a bit, and then quivered to a standstill. This land, of course, was just rock, not a plant, not a blade of grass, and nothing

like trees. And then, as I watched, a mountain nearby burst into flames, lurid flames, red, yellow and blue, and then there came a flow of lava, white hot, flowing like a stream of hot water. But as soon as it touched the water it jelled and solidified, and soon the surface of the bare rock was covered by a rapidly cooling mass of the yellow-blue.

I looked up in wonder, and I wondered where my Guide had gone. He was there just behind me, and he said, "Very interesting, Lobsang, very interesting, eh? We want to see a lot more so we will skip the bit where the barren earth shook and writhed under the cooling by space. When we return we shall see the first types of vegetation."

I sat back in my chair, and I was absolutely amazed. Was this really happening? I seemed to be a God looking down at the birth of the world. I felt "peculiar" because this world in front of me seemed larger than the world I knew, and I—well, I seemed to be possessed of remarkable powers of vision. I could see the flames eating out the centre of the world so that it would be a hollow world, something like a ball, and all the time as I watched there fell upon the surface of the Earth meteorites, cosmic dust, and strange, strange things.

Before me, quite within my touch, I thought, there fell some machine. I could not believe this at all because the machine was ripped open and bodies fell out, bodies and machinery, and I thought to myself, "In some future Age someone might come across this wreckage and wonder what caused it, wonder what it was." My Guide spoke, "Yes, Lobsang, that's already been done. In this present Age coal miners have come across truly remarkable things. Artifacts of a skill unknown on this Earth, and then also there has come to light in coal some very strange instruments, and in one ease the complete skeleton of a very tall, very big man. You, Lobsang, and I are the only ones to see this because before the machine was quite completed the Gods known as the Gardeners of the World had quarreled over women, and so we can only see the formation of

this, our Earth. If the machine had been completed we would have been able to see on other worlds as well. Wouldn't that have been a marvelous thing?"

The meteorites rained down raising splashes of water when they touched that liquid, and causing bad indentation when they hit rock or the rudimentary soil which at that time covered the Earth.

The Lama moved his hand to another button-switches, I suppose they were really called—and the action speeded up so fast that I could not see what it was, and then it slowed down again. I saw a lush surface on the world. There were vast ferns larger than trees towering up toward the sky, the sky now covered with purple cloud, and causing the air itself to be of a purple hue. It was fascinating at first to see a creature breathing in and then exhaling what looked like purple smoke. But I soon got tired of that, or soon got accustomed to it, and I looked further. There were ghastly monsters, incredible things which trod their stolid way through marshlands and bog. It seemed as if nothing could stop them. One vast creature—I haven't the vaguest idea what it was called—came across a whole group of slightly smaller creatures. They would not move, and the larger one would not stop so he just lowered his head and with a massive spike of bone on what I suppose was his nose he just ripped his way through the other animals. The damp soil was strewn with blood, intestines, and other things of a like nature, and as these parts of the animals fell to the ground there emerged from the water peculiar things with six legs and jaws shaped like two shovels. These things tucked in to all the food they found, and then looked about them for more. Yes, there was one of their members who had fallen over a log, or something, and broken a leg. The others all set upon him and ate him alive, leaving only the bones to bear evidence of what had happened. But soon the bones were covered with foliage which had grown, flourished and withered, and fallen to the ground. Millions of years later this would

be a coal seam and the bones of the animal would be dug up and be a seven day wonder.

The world spun on, faster now because things were developing more quickly. The Lama Mingyar Dondup stretched out to another switch and with his left elbow he jabbed me in the ribs and said, "Lobsang, Lobsang, are you sure you are not asleep? This you must see. Now stay awake and watch." He switched on whatever it was, it might be called a picture but it was three dimensional, one could get behind it without any apparent effort. The Lama dug me in the ribs and pointed up at the purple sky. There there was the gleam of silver, a long silver tube closed at both ends was slowly descending. At last it was clear of the purple clouds, and it hovered many feet above the land, and then, as though it had come to a sudden great decision, it dropped gently to the surface of the world. For a few minutes it just stayed there, motionless. One had the impression of some wary animal looking about before leaving the safety of its covering.

At last the creature seemed to be satisfied, and a great section of metal fell from the side and hit the ground with a soggy clang. A number of peculiar creatures appeared in the opening and looked about them. They were about twice the height of a tall man, and twice as broad, but they seemed to be covered in some sort of garment which covered them from head to foot. The head part was quite transparent. We could see the stern, autocratic faces of the people inside. They seemed to be poring over a map and making notations as they did so.

At last they decided that everything was all right, and so one by one they dropped on to the big piece of metal which had fallen to the ground but which yet remained attached to the vessel by one side. These men were covered in some sort of sheath or protective clothing. One of the men—I guessed that they were men although it was hard to say through all the smoke and the difficulty of seeing past their transparent head-

pieces—but one of them stepped off the big sheet of metal and fell flat on his face in the murk. Almost before he had touched the surface vile looking creatures dashed out of the vegetation and attacked him. His comrades lost no time in producing some sort of a weapon from the belt they wore. Quickly the man was pulled back onto the sheet of metal, and it was seen that the covering of the body was badly torn, apparently by animals, and red blood was flowing. Two of the men carried him aboard the ship, or whatever it was, and several minutes later they came out again carrying something in their hands. They stood on the metal sheet and both pushed a button on an instrument that they were carrying, and flame came out from a pointed nozzle. All the insect things on the sheet curled up into a burning crisp, and were swept off the metal sheet which then closed up into the body of the ship.

The men with the flames moved cautiously around playing the flames on the floor or on the ground, and burning quite a swathe of earth on one side of the ship. Then they switched off their flames and hurried after the other men who had gone through a forest of ferns. These ferns were as big as big trees, and it was easy to follow the passage of men through them because apparently they had some sort of cutting device which just swung from side to side and cut the fern down almost to ground level. I decided I must try to see what it was they were doing.

I moved from my seat and went a little way left. There I got a better viewpoint because now I could see the men apparently coming toward me. In front of the other men two men held some machine which glided along and cut down all the fern that got in its way. It seemed to have a rotating blade, and soon they broke through the forest of fern and found an open space in which a number of animals were gathered. The animals looked at the men and the men looked at the animals. One man thought he would test their aggressiveness so he pointed a metal tube at them and pulled on a

little spur of metal. There was a tremendous explosion, and the animal at which the weapon had been pointed just fell to pieces, just collapsed. It reminded me of a monk who had fallen from the top of a mountain, everything was so scattered. But of the other animals there was no sign, they took off too quickly.

“We'd better move on a bit, Lobsang, we've got a lot of ground to cover and we will speed up for about a thousand years.” The Lama moved one of those switch knobs, and everything in the globe swirled around like a whirlpool, and eventually it came to its natural rate of rotation.

“This is a more suitable time, Lobsang. You'd better observe carefully because we will see how these caves were made.”

We looked very carefully and we saw a very low ridge of hills, and as they revolved closer to us we saw that it was rock, rock covered in green mossy material, except for the very top, and that top just showed bare rock.

Off to one side we saw some strange houses, they seemed to be half round. If you cut a ball in half and you put the half that has been cut on the ground then you would have some idea of what these buildings were like. We looked at them and saw people moving about. They were clad in some material which clung to their bodies and left no doubt as to which sex was which. But now they had the transparent headpiece off, and they were talking to each other and there seemed to be quite a lot of quarrelling going on. One of the men was apparently the chief; he brusquely gave some orders and a machine came out of one of the shelter places and moved toward the rocky ridge. One of the men moved forward and sat on a metal seat at the back of the machine. Then the machine moved forward, emitting “something” from nozzles all along the front, the forward part, the bottom and the sides, and as the machine moved slowly forward the rock melted, and seemed to shrink inside itself. The machine emitted ample light so we could see it was boring a tunnel right

into the living rock. It moved on and on, and then it started to circle and in the space of a few hours it had excavated the big cave into which we first entered. It was an immense cave, and we could see that it was really a hutment or hangarage for some of their machines which were flying about all the time. It all seemed most puzzling to us. We forgot all about time, we forgot all about being hungry or thirsty, and then, when the great chamber was finished, the machine followed a path which had apparently been marked on the floor and that path was converted into one of the corridors. It went on and on and on, out of our sight, but then other machines came in and in the corridors they excavated rooms of different sizes. They seemed to melt the rock. It seemed just to melt and then push its way back leaving a surface as smooth as glass. There was no dust and no dirt, just this gleaming surface.

As the machines did their work, gangs of men and women moved into the rooms carrying boxes and boxes and more boxes, but the boxes all seemed to float in the air. Certainly they were no effort to lift. But an overseer stood in the centre of a room and pointed to where each box should be deposited. Then when the room had its full complement of the boxes the workers started unpacking some of them. There were strange machines and all manner of curious objects, one I recognised as being a microscope. I had seen a very crude one before because at one time the Dalai Lama had been given one from Germany, and so I knew the principal of the thing.

We were attracted by a brawl which seemed to be taking place. It was as if some of the men and women were opposed to the other men and women. There was much shouting, much gesticulation, and at last a whole collection of men and women got into some of these vehicles which traveled through the air. They said no good-byes or anything like that, they just got inside and a door was closed, and the machines went up into the air.

A few days later—the days according to the speed of the globe we were watching—a number of the ships came back, and they hovered above the encampment. Then the bottom of the ships opened and things fell out. We looked and we could see people running with desperate speed away from where the things would fall. Then they threw themselves flat on the ground as the first object hit the ground and exploded in a violent brilliant flash of purple. We had difficulty in seeing because we were absolutely dazzled by the brilliant flash, but then from the forest of ferns there came thin shafts of brilliant light. They moved about, and one of the shafts struck one of the machines in the air. Immediately it vanished in a burst of flame.

“You see, Lobsang, even the Gardeners of the Earth had their problems, their problems were sex, there were too many men and too few women, and when men have been away from women for a long time—well, they get lustful and they resort to great violence. There is no point in us watching this because it is just a case of murder and rape.” After a time a lot of the ships departed, apparently to their mother ship which was circling the globe far out in space. After some days a number of big ships came and landed, and heavily armoured men came out and they started hunting their fellows through the foliage. Whoever they saw they shot without asking any questions, shot, that is, if the person was male. If she was female they captured her and carried her off to one of the ships.

We had to stop. The pangs of hunger and thirst were pressing too much. So we had our ordinary tsampa and water, and having got through that and done a few other things we returned to the chamber which had the globe which appeared to be the world. The Lama Mingyar Dondup switched on something, and we saw the world again. There were creatures on it now, creatures about four feet tall and very, very bandy. They had weapons of a sort consisting of a piece of stick at one end of which was lashed a sharp stone which they

made sharper by chipping away and chipping away until there was a really sharp edge. There were a number of the men making these weapons, and others were making weapons of a different kind. They seemed to have a strip of leather; and in it they placed large stones. Two men drew back the leather loop which was saturated in water to make it stretchable, and they together released the loop. A stone would go soaring away towards the enemy.

But we were more interested in seeing how civilisations changed, so the Lama Mingyar Dondup worked his controls again and everything became obscure in the globe. It seemed to be several minutes before there was a gradual lightening as of the dawn slowly appearing, and then there was normal daylight again and we saw a mighty city with tall spires and minarets. From tower to tower there stretched flimsy looking bridges. It was a marvel to me that they could support themselves let alone take traffic, but then I saw that all the traffic was aerial traffic. Of course, a few people walked about on the bridges and on the different levels of street, but then all of a sudden we heard a thunderous roar. It did not dawn on us for a moment that it came from the three dimensional globe, but we looked intently and we could see minute specks coming towards the city. Just before reaching the city the minute specks circled and dropped things from their undersides.

The mighty city collapsed. The towers were shorn off, the bridges crumpled up like pieces of string too knotted and twisted to be of any use.

We saw bodies falling out of the higher buildings. We guessed they must have been the leading citizens because of their dress and because of the quality of the furnishings which fell with them.

We looked on dumbly. We saw another lot of little dark dots coming from the other direction, and they engaged the invading dots with unparalleled ferocity. They seemed to have no regard at all for their own life, they would shoot things at the enemy and if that failed

to bring them down then the defenders would dive direct on to these—well, I can only call them big bombers. The day ended and night fell upon the scene. The night lightened by mighty flares as the city burned. Flames were breaking out everywhere, from the other side of the globe we could see cities there in flames, and when the light of an early dawn shone upon the scene with the blood-red sun following on we saw just heaps of wreckage, just piles of dust, and distorted metalwork.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup said, “Let us skip a bit, we don't want to see all this, Lobsang, because you, my poor friend, will be seeing this in actual life before your span on this world is terminated.”

The globe that was the world spun on. Darkness to light, light to darkness, I forgot how many times the globe spun, or perhaps I never did know, but at last the Lama put out his hand and the swirling globe slowed to its normal rate.

We looked carefully this way and that way, and then we saw men with bits of wood in the shape of a plough. Horses were dragging the ploughs through the ground, and we saw building after building just topple, topple into the trench dug by the plough.

For day after day they went on with their ploughing until there was no sign that there had ever been a civilization in this area. The Lama Mingyar Dondup said, “I think that is enough for today, Lobsang, our eyes will be too tired to do anything tomorrow, and we want to watch this because this is going to happen time after time until, in the end, battling warriors will almost exterminate all life on the world. So let us just get some food and retire for the night.”

I looked up in surprise. “Night, Master?” I said, “But how do we know what time it is?” The Lama pointed to a little square a fair way off the ground, perhaps as tall as three men standing on each others shoulders. There was a hand there, a pointer, and on what appeared to be a tiled background there were certain divisions of light and darkness, and the hand now was

pointing between the lightest light and the darkest dark. "There you are, Lobsang," said the Lama, "a new day has almost started. Still, we have plenty of time to rest. I am going to stand in the fountain of youth again because my legs are hurting quite a bit, I think I must have scraped the bone very badly as well as lacerating the flesh."

"Master, Master," I said, "let me attend to it for you." I sped into the room of the fountain and hoisted up my robes. Then the water started to come, and I moved the little thing which the Lama had called a tap, I moved it so that the water kept on flowing after I got out, and I turned another tap thing which I had been told admitted a lot of medicated paste into the water where it rapidly dissolved and swirled around with the water.

The Lama sat on the edge of the pool, and then swung his legs over and into the water. "Ah!" he said, "That feels better. This brings great relief, Lobsang, soon my legs will be quite normal again and this will be just something to talk over with wonder."

I rubbed his legs briskly, and little bits of scar tissue came off until at last there was no scar tissue left and his legs again looked normal. "That looks better, sir," I said. "Do you think you have had enough for now?"

"Yes, I am sure I have. We don't want to keep at it half the night do we? We will make that do for now and go in search of food." So saying he climbed out of the pool and I turned the big wheel thing which let all the water flow away somewhere. I watched until the basin was quite empty, and then I turned on the tap full just to flush away bits of scar tissue. With that gone I turned the taps off again and went in search of the Lama.

"We've done enough for today, Lobsang," said my Guide. "I vote that we have tsampa and water for our supper, and then we go to sleep. We will eat better in the morning."

So we sat down on the floor in the usual lotus position, and we spooned out the tsampa. Now we felt

ultra-sophisticated, we were not taking our tsampa scooped up by our fingers, we were using a civilized implement which, by the illustration in one of the books, was called a spoon. But before I could finish my supper I fell over backwards, dead to the world again, sound asleep, and the world rolled on and on.

## CHAPTER SIX

I sat up suddenly in the darkness, wondering wherever I was. As I sat up the light came on gradually, not like lighting a candle where you get darkness one moment and a glimmer of light the next, this came on like the dawn, so there was no strain to the eyes. I could hear the Lama Mingyar Dondup pottering about in the kitchen. He called out to me and said, "I am preparing breakfast for you, Lobsang, because you will have to eat stuff like this when you move to the Western part of the world, just as well to get used to it now," and he laughed with secret glee.

I got up and started to make my way to the kitchen. Then I thought, no, Nature comes first, and so I reversed my direction of travel so that Nature **COULD** come first.

With that safely accomplished I went back to the kitchen and the Lama was just putting some stuff on a plate. It was a sort of brownish-reddish stuff, and there were also two eggs, fried, I suppose they were, but in those early days I had never before eaten fried food. So he got me sitting at a table and he stood behind me. "Now, Lobsang, this thing is a fork. You take the fork in your hands and hold down the piece of bacon while you cut it with the knife held in your right hand. Then, having cut it in half, you use the fork to convey the piece of bacon to your mouth."

"What a darn stupid idea," said I, picking up the bacon with finger and thumb and thereby getting a rap across the knuckles from the Lama.

“No, no, no, Lobsang. You are going to the West on a special task, and you've got to live as they live, and for that you've got to learn how to do it now. Pick up that bacon with your fork and convey it to your mouth, and then put it in your mouth and withdraw the fork.”

“I can't, sir,” I said.

“Can't? And why cannot you do as I say?” the Lama asked.

“Well, sir, I had that stuff to my mouth and you gave me a rap across the knuckles which made me let go, so I've eaten the wretched stuff.”

“You have the other half there, look. Pick it up with your fork and convey it to your mouth. Put it well inside your mouth and then withdraw the fork.”

So I did that, but it did seem such a stupid idea. Why should anyone have to have a bit of bent metal to convey food to his mouth? It was about the craziest thing I had heard, but here was even worse; “Now work the concave part of the fork under one of those eggs, and then cut with the knife so that you have about a quarter of the egg on the fork. You then put it to your mouth and eat it.”

“Do you mean to say that if I go to the West I've got to eat in this crazy fashion?” I asked the Lama.

“I certainly do mean that, so its just as well for you to get used to it now. Fingers and thumbs are very useful for a certain grade of people, but you are supposed to be superior material. What do you think I am bringing you to a place like this for?”

“Well, sir, we fell in the wretched place by accident!” I said.

“Not so, not so,” said the Lama. “We came in by accident, yes, admittedly so, but this was our destination. You see, the old hermit was the Keeper of this place. He had been the Keeper for about fifty years, and I was bringing you to expand your education a bit. But I think that fall on the rock must have knocked all your brains out.”

“I wonder how old these egg things are,” said the Lama thoughtfully. He put down his knife and fork,

and went to the container where the eggs were kept, and I saw him counting noughts. “Lobsang, these eggs and this bacon are about three million years old, and they taste as fresh as if the eggs had been laid only yesterday.”

I played about with the egg and the rest of the bacon. I was puzzled. I had seen things decay even when packed in ice, and now I was told I was eating stuff about three million years old. “Master, I have so many puzzlements, and the more you tell me the more questions you raise in my mind. You say these eggs are about three million years old, and I agree with you, they really are like fresh laid eggs, no trace of deterioration, so how is it possible for these to be three million years old?”

“Lobsang,” said the Lama, “it would need a very abstruse explanation to really satisfy you about certain of these things, but let us look at it in a way which is not strictly accurate but which should give you some idea of what I mean. Now, supposing you have a collection of blocks. These blocks, we will call them cells, can be assembled to form different things. If you were playing as a child you could make block houses from these little cubes, and then you could knock over your house and make something quite different. Well, bacon, eggs or anything else, is composed of little blocks, little cells which have unending life because matter cannot be destroyed. If matter could be destroyed the whole Universe would come to a halt. So Nature arranges that these particular blocks are made into a shape which represents bacon, and those particular blocks represent eggs. Now, if you eat the bacon and the eggs you are not wasting anything because eventually all this passes through you, undergoing chemical changes on the way, and eventually it gets out to the land, or the earth, where it nourishes newly growing plants. And then perhaps a pig or a sheep will come along and eat the plants, and grow bigger. So everything depends on these blocks, these cells.

“You may get cells which are oval, and we will say

that is the natural type of cell. It enables a person to be built who is shapely, slender, and perhaps tall. That is because the cells, the oval cells are all laid in one direction. But supposing we get a man who loves to eat, who eats far more than he should because one should eat only enough to satisfy one's immediate hunger. But, anyway, this man eats for the love of eating, and his oval cells turn into round cells, the round cells are round because they have been filled up with excess food in the shape of fat. Now, of course, when you get an oval it has a certain length, and then if you make it into the round without increasing its capacity it is of a slightly less length, and so your fat man is shorter than he would be as a thin man."

I sat back on my heels and thought it all out, and then I said, "But what is the good of all these cells unless they contain something which gives life and which makes one able to do something which another person cannot do?"

The Lama laughed at me and replied, "I was giving you a very rough illustration only. There are different sorts of cells. If you get one sort of cell and it is treated properly you might be a genius, but if you get that same sort of cell and you treat it badly then you might be a madman. I am beginning to wonder which you are!"

We had finished our breakfast in spite of the injunction that one should not talk while one is eating. Attention should be paid to the food otherwise it was disrespectful. But I supposed that the Lama knew what he was doing, and perhaps he had special permission to break a few of our laws.

"Let's look about a bit. There are all kinds of strange things to see here, you know, Lobsang, and we want to see the rise and the fall of civilizations. Here you can see it precisely, really in the act. But it is not good to be looking into the globe all the time. One needs a change, recreation; recreation means re-creation, it strained by receiving so many pictures very much the

same, so you want to turn your eyes away and look at something different. You need a change and that is called re-creation or recreation. Come on into this room.” I rose reluctantly to my feet and followed him, dragging my feet with an exaggerated impression of weariness. But the Lama Mingyar Dondup knew all those tricks, he had probably done the same thing to his Guide.

When I reached the door I nearly turned and bolted. There were a lot of people there, men and women. Some of them were naked, and I saw a woman right in front of me, the first naked woman I had ever seen and I turned to flee after apologizing to the lady for violating her privacy. But the Lama Mingyar Dondup put his hands on my shoulders, and he was laughing so much that he could hardly speak. “Lobsang, Lobsang! The look on your face was worth all the hardships we have had on this trip. These people are preserved people, they once lived on different planets. They were brought here—alive—to act as specimens. They are still quite alive, you know!”

“But, Master, how can they possibly be alive after a million or two years? Why haven't they crumbled into dust?”

“Well, it's again suspended animation. They are in an invisible cocoon which prevents any of the cells from working. But, you know, you will have to come and examine these figures, men and women, because you are going to have a lot to do with women. You are going to study medicine in Chungking, and later you will have an enormous number of women as your patients. So you'd better get to know them now. Here, for instance, is a woman who was almost ready to give birth to a child, and we might revive her and let the child be born for your edification because what we are doing is of greater importance, and if we have to sacrifice one or two or three people then that is worthwhile if it can save this world with its millions of people.”

I looked at the people again and felt myself blushing furiously at the sight of the naked women. “Master,

there is a woman over there who is completely black, but how can that be? How can one have an entirely black woman?"

"Well, Lobsang, I must say I am astonished at your amazement over this matter. There are people of many different colours, white, tan, brown, and black, and on some worlds there are blue people and green people. It all depends on what sort of food they and their parents and their grandparents were accustomed to eat. It all depends on a secretion in the body which causes the coloration. But you come and examine these people!"

The Lama turned and left me, and went into an inner room. I was left with these people who were not dead yet not alive either. Tentatively I touched the arm of the best looking woman there, and it was not ice cold, it was reasonably warm, much about my own temperature except that my temperature had risen considerably over the last few minutes!

A thought occurred to me. "Master, Master, I have an urgent question."

"Ah, Lobsang, I see that you have picked the most beautiful woman in the whole bunch. Well, let me admire your taste. This is a very fine woman, and we wanted the best because some of the old frumps in some museums absolutely repel one. So the people who planned for this collection picked only the best. But what's your question?" He sat down on a low stool, so I did the same.

I said, "How do people grow, how do they grow to resemble their parents? Why don't they come out as a baby and then resemble a horse or any other creature?"

"People are made up of cells. The controlling cells of the body at a very early age are, what I will term, imprinted with the character and general appearance of the parents. So those cells have an absolute memory of what they should look like, but as one gets older each cell forgets just a bit of what the pattern should be. The cells, we will say, 'wander' from the original built-in cell-memory. You may, for instance, have a

woman, as you are observing, and she may have been—well—unawakened so that her cells blindly follow the pattern of the cell before. I am telling you all this in the simplest way I can, you will learn more about it at Chakpori, and later at Chungking. But every cell in the body has a definite memory of what it should be like in health. As the body gets older the memory of the original pattern becomes—well—lost or unable, for some reason, to follow the precise pattern, so it diverges slightly from the original cells and then, once having departed from the original pattern, it is easier and easier to forget more and more what the body should look like. We call that aging, and when a body can no longer follow the exact pattern imprinted into the cells then we say that things have deteriorated and the body is mentally sick. After a few more years the change becomes more and more marked, and eventually the person dies.”

“But how about people with cancer, how do they manage to get into such a condition?” I asked.

My Guide replied, “We have talked about cells forgetting what pattern they should follow. They forget the pattern which should have been imprinted while the baby was being formed, but we say that when a person has cancer of one type then the memory cells become distorted memory cells, and they order fresh growth to occur where there should be no growth. The result of that is, we get in the human body a large mass which interferes with other organs, perhaps pushing them out of place, and perhaps destroying them. But there are different types of cancer. Another type is that in which the cells that should be controlling growth forget that they are meant to produce fresh cells of a certain type and one gets a complete reversal. Certain organs of the body waste away. The cell is worked out, it has done its share of work, of maintaining the body, and now it needs replacing so the body can continue to exist. But the cell has lost the pattern, forgotten the pattern of growth, if you prefer it in that way, and

having forgotten it makes a guess and it either builds fresh cells at a frantic rate or it builds cells which devour healthy cells and leave a bleeding, putrid mass inside the body. Then the body soon dies.”

“But, sir,” I said, “how can the body know if it is going to be male or female because before the body is born who looks after the formation of the baby.”

“Well, that depends on the parents. If you get a growth starting which is alkaline then you get one sex; if you get an acid type of cell then you get the opposite sex, and there are on occasion monsters born. The parents were not really compatible, and what the woman produces is neither male nor female, it may be both, it may even have two heads and perhaps three arms. Well, we know that Buddhists should not take life, but what can be done, how can one let a monster survive? A monster with hardly a rudimentary brain—well, if we let a monster like that grow and propagate their species soon we should have more and more monsters because it seems to us that the bad things multiply more quickly than the good things.

“You will get used to all this when you get to Chungking. I am giving you a rudimentary explanation now so that you know something of what to expect. Now, in a later time I will take you into another room and show you monsters which have been born, and I will show you normal and abnormal cells. And then you will see what a marvelous thing a human body is. But, first of all, examine some of these people especially the women. Here is the book showing what a woman is like outside, and inside. If the person is going to be an attractive woman then her memory cells, that is, the cells which carry the memory to reproduce precisely the body cells just as before, are in good order. Then we have to be sure that the mother has sufficient food of the right type and she has no shocks, etc., etc. And, of course, it usually is not wise to have intercourse when a woman is eight, or so, months pregnant. It may upset the whole balance of things.

“Now, I have to write up the record to say what we were doing here, how we got in, and I have to make a guess at how we are going to get out!”

“But, Master,” I said in some exasperation, “what is the point of writing about this when no one ever comes here?”

“Oh, but people do come here, Lobsang, they do come here. The ignorant call their craft U.F.O.'s. They come here and they stay in rooms above this one. They just come to receive messages and tell of what they have discovered. You see, these people are the Gardeners of the Earth. They have a vast store of knowledge, but somehow through the centuries they have deteriorated. First of all these were absolutely god-like people with almost unlimited power. They could do anything, just about anything at all. But then the ‘Head Gardener’ sent some of them down to the Earth which had been formed—I have told you all this before—and then the Gardeners travelling at many times the speed of light went back to their base in another Universe.

“As is so often the case on the Earth, and, indeed, on many other worlds, there was a revolution. Some people did not like the thought of these sages, the Gardeners of the Earth, taking women around with them, especially when the woman was some other man's wife. Inevitably there were quarrels, and the Gardeners split into two parties, what I would call the right party and the break-aways. The break-aways thought that, in view of the long distances they traveled and the hard tasks they did, they were entitled to sexual recreation. Well, when they could not get women of their own race to go with them they came to Earth and picked out the biggest women they could find. Events were not at all pleasant because the men were physically too big for the women, and the party that had come to this Earth quarreled and broke up into two parties. One went to live in the East, and the other party went to live in the West, and with their great knowledge they built nuclear weapons on the principle of a neutron explosive and a laser weapon. Then they carried out raids on

each other's territory, always with the intention of stealing, perhaps kidnapping would sound better, their opponents' women.

“Raids called for counter-raids, and their great ships sped ceaselessly across the world and back again. And what happened is just a matter of history; the smaller party who were the right ones, in desperation dropped a bomb over where the wrong party were living. Nowadays people relate that area to the ‘Bible Lands’. Everything was destroyed. The desert, which is now there, was once a sparkling sea with many boats upon its surface. But when the bomb dropped the land tipped and all the water ran away down the Mediterranean and out to the Atlantic, and all the water left in the area was the Nile. We can actually see all this, Lobsang, because we have machines here which will pick up scenes from the past.”

“Scenes from the past, Master? Seeing what happened a million years ago? It doesn't seem possible.”

“Lobsang, everything is vibration or, if you like, if you want to sound more scientific, you will say that everything has its own frequency. So if we can find the frequency—and we can—of these events we can actually chase them, we can make our instruments vibrate at a higher frequency and so it will rapidly overtake impulses which were sent off a million years ago. And if then we reduce the frequency of our machines then, if we match our frequency with those originally emitted by the sages of old, we can see exactly what happened. It is too early to tell you about all this, but we travel in the fourth dimension so that we can overtake a thing in the third dimension, and then if we just sit still we can actually watch everything that happened, and we can have a good laugh at some of the things written in history books and compare those works of fiction with what really happened. History books are a crime because history distorts what happened, it leads one into wrong ways. Oh yes, Lobsang, we have the machine here, actually in the next room, and we can see what people called the Flood. We can

see what people called Atlantis. But, as I told you, Atlantis was just the term for lands which sank. They sank to a certain extent in the area of Turkey, and a certain continent near Japan sank as well. Come in with me, I am going to show you something.” The Lama rose to his feet, and I rose and followed him.

“Of course, we have recorded many of these scenes because it is a lot of hard work actually tuning-in to the incidents themselves. But we have tuned very accurately and we have an absolute record of precisely what did occur. Now,” he fiddled with some little reels which were in serried ranks against a wall, and at last he stopped at one and continued, “this will do, now take a look at this.” He put the little reel in a machine, and the great model of the Earth—oh, it must have been about twenty-five feet in diameter—seemed to come to life again. To my amazement it spun and moved sideways and then moved back a bit further, and it stopped. I looked at the scene on this world, and then I ‘looked’ no longer. I was there. I had every impression that I was there. There was a beautiful land, the grass was the greenest I had ever seen, and I was standing on the edge of a beach of silver sand. People were there lounging, some had highly decorative and highly suggestive swimsuits, and some wore nothing. They, the ones who wore nothing, certainly looked far more decent than those who had a piece of cloth which merely titillated one's sexual interest.

I looked out across the sparkling sea. The sea was blue, the blue of the sky, and it was a calm day. Little ships with sails were engaged in friendly rivalry, seeing which of them was the fastest, seeing which of them was the best handled. And then—then—all of a sudden, there was a tremendous boom, and the land tipped. Where we were standing the land tipped, and the sea rushed away until before us all we could see was what had been the bottom of the sea.

Scarcely had we drawn breath when a most peculiar sensation affected us. We found that we were rising

rapidly up into the air, not just us but the land as well, and the little ridge of rocky hills rose and rose and rose, and it became stupendous mountains, a range of mountains extending as far as the eye could see in any direction.

I seemed to be standing on the very edge of a piece of firm land, and as I cautiously and fearfully peered down I felt sick to my stomach; the land was so high that I thought we must have traveled up to the Heavenly Fields. Not another soul was in sight, I was there alone, frightened, sick at heart. Tibet had risen thirty thousand feet in about thirty seconds. I found that I was panting. The air was rarefied here, and every breath was a gasping effort.

Suddenly, from a split in the mountain range, there sprang a shaft of water under, it seemed, very high pressure. It settled down a bit, and then made its own course down from that high mountain range, right down across the new land which had been the sea bottom. And so was born the mighty Brahmaputra which now has its exit in the Bay of Bengal. But it was not a nice, clean water which reached the Bay of Bengal, it was water polluted with corpses, human, animal, trees, everything. But the water was not the main thing because, to my horrified astonishment, I was rising up, the land was rising up, the mountain was getting higher and higher, and I was going up with it. Soon I was standing in a barren valley ringed with mighty mountains, and we were about thirty thousand feet in the air.

This globe thing, this simulacrum of the world was an absolutely fantastic thing because one was not just looking at the events, one was living the events, actually living them. When I looked at the globe first I thought, "Hmm, some sort of scruffy show like a magic lantern thing, like some of the missionaries bring." But when I looked into the thing I seemed to fall, I seemed to fall out of the clouds, out of the sky, and down, down, to come to rest as lightly as a falling leaf. And then I

lived the actual events of millions of years before. This was a product of a mighty civilization, far, far, beyond the skill of the present day artisans or scientists. I cannot impress upon you sufficiently that this was living it. I found I could walk. For instance, there was a dark shadow which interested me greatly, and I walked toward it, I felt that I actually WAS walking. And then, perhaps for the first time, human eyes looked at the small mountain upon which, in hundreds of centuries to come, the mighty Potala would be built.

“I really cannot understand any of this, Master,” I said. “You are trying me beyond the capacity of my brains.”

“Nonsense, Lobsang, nonsense. You and I have been together in many, many lives. We have been friends for life after life, and you are going to carry on after me. I have lived four hundred years and more already of this life, and I am the one, the only one in the whole of Tibet, who understands all the workings of these things. That was one of my tasks. And my other task,” he looked at me whimsically, “was training you, giving you my knowledge so that when I pass on in the near future with a dagger through my back you will be able to remember this place, remember how to get in, how to use all the appliances, and live again the events of the past. You will be able to see where the world has gone wrong, and I think it is going to be too late in this particular cycle's life to do much about it. But never mind, people are learning the hard way because they reject the easy way. There is no need for all this suffering, you know, Lobsang. There is no need for all this fighting among the Afridi and the British Indian Army, they are always fighting and they seem to think that to fight is the only way to do things. The best way to do a thing is persuasion, not this killing, this raping and murdering and torturing. It hurts the victim, but it hurts the perpetrator more because all this goes back to the Overself. You and I Lobsang, have got a fairly clean record. Our Overself is quite pleased with us.”

"You said 'Overself', Master. Does that mean that you and I have the same Overself?"

"Yes indeed it does, young sage, that's just what it does mean. It means that you and I will come together life after life, not merely on this world, not merely in this Universe, but everywhere, anywhere, at any time. You, my poor friend, are going to have a very hard life this time. You are going to be the victim of calumny, there is going to be all manner of lying attacks on you. And yet if people would listen to you Tibet could be saved. Instead of that, in years to come Tibet will be taken over by the Chinese and ruined." He turned away quickly, but not before I saw the tears in his eyes. So I moved away into the kitchen and got a drink of water. "Master," I said, "I wish you would explain to me how these things do not go bad."

"Well, look at the water you are drinking now. How old is the water? It may be as old as the world itself. It doesn't go bad, does it? Things only go bad when they are treated incorrectly. For instance, supposing you cut a finger and it starts to heal, and you cut it again and it starts to heal, and you cut it again and once more it starts to heal, but not necessarily in the same pattern as it was before you cut it. The cells of regeneration have been confused, they started to grow according to their inbuilt pattern, and then they got cut again. They started once more to grow according to their inbuilt pattern, and so on and so on. And eventually the cells forgot the pattern they should form and instead they grew out in a great lump, and that's what cancer is. Cancer is the uncontrolled growth of cells where they should not be, and if one was taught properly and one had full control of the body there wouldn't be any cancer. If one saw that the cells were what I will call mis-growing then the body could stop it in time. We have preached about this, and preached about it in different countries, and people have absolutely hooted with laughter at these natives daring to come from some unknown country, 'gooks' they call us, gooks, the most

worthless things in existence. But, you know, we may be gooks, but in time it will be a word of honour, of respect. If people would listen to us we could cure cancer, we could cure T.B. You had T.B., Lobsang, remember that, and I cured you with your cooperation, and if I hadn't had your cooperation I could not have cured you.”

We fell silent in a state of spiritual communion with each other. Ours was a purely spiritual association, without any carnal connotation at all. Of course there were some lamas who used their chelas for wrong purposes, lamas who should not have been lamas but who should have been—well, laborers, anything, because they needed women. We did not need women, nor did we need any homosexual association. Ours, as I said, was purely spiritual like the mingling of two souls who mingle to embrace in the spirit and then withdraw from the spirit of the other feeling refreshed and in possession of fresh knowledge.

There is such a feeling in the world today that sex is the only thing that matters, selfish sex, not for the continuation of the race but just because it gives pleasant sensations. The real sex is that which we have when we leave this world, the communion of two souls, and when we return back to the Overself we shall experience the greatest thrill, the greatest exhilaration of all. And then we shall realize that the hardships we endured on this beastly Earth were merely to drive out impurities from us, to drive out wrong thoughts from us, and in my opinion, the world is too hard. It is so hard, and humans have degenerated so much that they cannot take the hardship, they cannot profit by the hardship, but instead they become worse and worse, and more and more evil, venting their spite on little animals. That is a great pity because cats, for example, are known as the eyes of the Gods. Cats can go anywhere, nobody takes any notice when a cat is sitting there, forelegs folded and tail curled neatly around the body, and eyes half shut—people think the cat is resting. But no, the cat is working, the cat is transmitting

all that is happening. Your brain cannot see anything without your eyes. Your brain cannot make a sound without your voice, and cats are another extension of the senses which let the Gardeners of the Earth know what is going on. In time we shall welcome this, in time we shall realize that cats have saved us from many a fatal mistake. It is a pity we don't treat them more kindly, isn't it?

## *CHAPTER SEVEN*

“Lobsang! LOBSANG! Come on, we have some work to do.”

I jumped up in such a hurry that I kicked away my shoes, well, sandals; there was no such thing as shoes in Tibet. Everyone wore sandals or, if one was riding a long way, boots which came up to the knees. Anyway, there were my sandals skittering across the floor, and I was skittering across the floor in the opposite direction. I reached the Lama and he said, “Now, we've got to do a bit of history, true history, not the muck they put out in books where things have to be altered so they shall not annoy any man in a powerful position.” He led me into what we had come to call the ‘World Room’, and we sat down at the little corner which we called the “console”.

It really was a marvelous thing; this simulacrum of the world looked larger than the room which contained it, which everyone would know is impossible. But the Lama divined my thoughts, and he said, “Of course, when we come in here we come under the influence of the fourth dimension, and in the fourth dimension one can have a model which is larger than the room that contains it if that room be of the three dimensions. But let's not worry about that, let's worry about this. What we are seeing in this world is the actual happenings of the world in years gone by, something like an echo. You go and make a loud noise in an echo area, and you get the same sound come back

to you. Well, that is a very brief idea of what this is, it's not strictly accurate, of course, because I am trying to tell you in the three dimensions what there is in the fourth and fifth. So you will have to trust your senses as to what you see, and what you see will actually be quite correct." He turned around again, and then said, "We have seen the formation of the world, we have seen the very first creatures—hominides—to be placed on this world, so let us start this at the next stage."

The room darkened and I felt myself falling. Instinctively I grabbed the Lama's arm, and he put an arm around my shoulders. "It's all right, Lobsang, you are not really falling, it's just that your brain is changing to accept four dimensions."

Now the falling sensation stopped, and I found myself standing in a shockingly frightening world. There were huge animals there of an ugliness unsurpassed by anything I had seen before. Great creatures went by, flapping through the air with the most hideous sound, it sounded like old unoled leather. Wings which could barely support the body of the creature. But these flew around and occasionally one went down to the ground to pick up a piece of food which had fallen from some other flying creature. But once down, they stayed down, their wings were insufficient to get them in the air again, and they had no legs with which to help themselves.

Indescribable noises came from the marsh to my left, they were shocking noises, and I felt sick with fright. And then, quite close to me, out of the muck of the marsh, there emerged a tiny head on top of a vast neck. The neck must have been about twenty feet long, and there were many underwater struggles before the thing dragged itself ashore. It had a round body, and then a tail which tapered to balance the contours of the neck and the head.

But as I was looking at that thing, and afraid that it might be looking at me, I heard horrid crashes and cracks as if some vast thing was charging through the forest and snapping off tree trunks like we would snap

a straw. I caught a glimpse of the largest creature I had ever seen.

The Lama said, "Let's go on a century or two and find when the humans first came."

I seemed to doze or something because when I looked at the globe again—no, no—of course not, I was ON the globe, I was IN the globe, part of it. But, anyway, when I looked up again I saw some horrid looking creatures marching along, there were six of them, and they were beetle-browed with hardly any neck, and they each carried a great chunk of tree as a weapon, tapering to a handgrip at one end and the other end having a nice knot or burl which would be stronger than the ordinary wood of which the trunk was composed. These creatures marched along, One, a woman, was feeding a baby at her breast as she marched, and they made not a sound although they were going along marshy ground, there was no squelching or splashing, just complete silence. I watched them go out of sight, and then, once again, I seemed to have a doze because when I looked up again I saw a marvelous city. The city was made of shining stones of different colours, there were bridges across the streets, and there were mechanical birds which flew along the streets with people in them. These things could stop and hover in the air while people got in or got out. Then, all of a sudden, everyone turned and gazed toward the distant skyline, over the mountain range. From there there came a vast roaring, and soon a whole flock of these mechanical birds came along and they circled over the city. People were running everywhere. Some were on their knees praying, but the priests, I noted, did not stop to pray, they put all their energy into running. After some minutes of this circling doors opened in the bottom of these mechanical things, and metal boxes fell out. The mechanical birds closed the doors in their undersides, and they sped off. The city rose up into the air, and fell to the ground as dust, and then we heard the bang and the concussion because sight is so much quicker than hearing. We heard the screams of the people, people trapped

beneath beams or buried in dust. Again, there came a doze, this is all I can call it—a doze—because I was unaware of any break between what I had been seeing and what I was seeing now. It was a later age, and I could see a city being built, a grand city, one of surpassing beauty. It was real artistry. Spires soared high into the sky, and there were delicate traceries of metal joining one building to another. There were people about, people going about their everyday business, shopping, selling, standing on street corners and discussing things. Then there came a roaring, a terrific roaring, and an immense flock of these mechanical birds passed overhead in formation, and all the people laughed, cheered and waved. The mechanical birds proceeded upon their way undisturbed. They crossed the mountain range; and then we heard terrible bangs and crashes, and we knew that ‘our side’ were paying back the enemy for the destruction that they had caused. But—but mechanical birds were returning, or not returning, because they were not ours, they were different, some were of different shapes, many were of different colours, and they came over our city and they dropped their bombs again. Our city was swept by a fire storm, the fire roared and raged, and everything in the city burned and fell to the ground. Delicate traceries of bridges turned red and then white, and then they melted, and the liquid metal fell like rain. Soon I was standing on a plain, the only thing there. There were no trees, the artificial lakes had gone, turned into steam, and I stood there and I looked about me, and I wondered what was the sense of it all, why were these Gardeners of the Earth fighting against other Gardeners? I could not make any sense at all out of it.

Then the world itself shook and darkened. I found myself sitting on a chair beside the Lama Mingyar Dondup. He was looking sadder than I had ever seen anyone look before. “Lobsang, this has happened on this world for millions of years. There have been people of a high degree of culture, but somehow they have

shelled the other side so that only a few humans were left, and they hid in caves and in a few years they crept out to start again with a fresh civilization. And that civilization in its turn would be destroyed, and all the remnants would be ploughed deep into the soil by the farmers who were trying to grow crops in the battle-torn land.”

The Lama looked exceedingly sad, and he sat with his chin cupped in his hands. And then he said, “I could show you the whole history of the world, but it would take the whole of your lifetime to view it. So I will only show you some flashes, as we call it, and I will tell you about others. It is a very sad thing but various types of people have been tried as settlers on this world. There has been an all-black race, it came after a big turmoil. Two white races had been quarrelling as to who was the most powerful, and, of course, they resorted to warfare. It's always warfare, always the evil thoughts of people. If people would only believe in a God there would be none of this trouble. But this all-black race made a horrible mess of things on the world until at last they reached a very high degree of civilization, far higher than our civilization now. But then two different races of the black people quarreled and they sought frantically to get a more powerful weapon than their opponents. Well, they did, and somehow the signal was given to release these—well—rocket things, and that caused tremendous trouble on this world. Most of the people were wiped out, just wiped out like one would kill off a colony of fierce ants.

“Always there are some survivors, and so now we have a white race, a black race, and a yellow race. At one time there was a green race. People in those days lived for hundred of years because their ‘memory cells’ were able to reproduce dying cells with exactitude. It is only since the cells lost their ability to reproduce accurately that we have such short lives. But in one of the wars there were tremendous explosions, and most of the cloud cover of the Earth was blown away, blown away into space, and the sunlight came pouring

in with all the lethal rays. And instead of people living seven or eight hundred years their lifespan was just about seventy years.

“The sun isn't the kind, benevolent provider of sunlight, etc., etc. It sends out rays which cause harm to people. You can see for yourself that people exposed to the sunlight too much have their skin turn dark. Now if it was good to have sunlight then Nature would not need to make a shield against the light. But the rays, ultra-violet, and others, affected the humans and made them worse, and the two sets of Gardeners of the Earth became even fiercer. One side was good and wanted to see the human race grow fruitful and do much good; instead of that, people exposed to too much sunlight used to get T.B. or cancer. All the surfaces of the world, or rather, all the surfaces of the people of the world, were prone to diseases, skin diseases of various forms, and they were tenacious, there was no cure for them. After all, these rays could penetrate many feet of stone, and it was useless for the inhabitants of the world to live in houses because the rays could still reach them.

“There is an old saying that there were giants in those days. Yes, that is true. The giants were one set of the Gardeners of the Earth. They stood two or three times the height of the average human, and they were slow moving, somewhat lethargic, and did not like to work. They tried to get back to their home base, but when they tried they found that there had been troubles on the home base. One set of Gardeners were good and with a good leader, but the other side was a bad side. They thrive on wickedness of all kinds, and they were immune to the appeals of those who wanted a peaceful world with a more healthy lifespan.

“These good Gardeners saw how useless it was to stay at their home base, so they reprovisioned their ships and put in fresh fuel rods, and they took off again for Earth.

“Their ships could travel faster than light. They could travel so fast that no human could control them, and they had to be worked by a form of computer which

had a special shield to keep away meteorites, or other obstructions, otherwise without these shields the ships would have been riddled with meteorites or cosmic dust resulting, of course, in loss of air and the death of all aboard.

“At last they got back to the Earth and they found another war in progress. The wrong side—the bad part of the Gardeners of the Earth—had mixed too freely with the Earth people, and taught them many of their secrets. Since those days the world has been getting worse and worse, and there will have to be a fresh world war during which many people will die. Many more will go into hiding in caves or in high mountain clefts. They were told by their Sages of all that was going to happen, so they took the view that what was the good of living a good life when, in a few short years, perhaps the Earth itself would be destroyed. And we are getting perilously close to that time now.”

I listened to all this, and then I said, “I have been told by the head astrologer that I am going to have an awful life, a really sick life. Now, how is that going to help the world?”

The Lama said, “Yes, everything the head astrologer said has come to pass, and it is true that you are going to have a very, very bad time with everyone's hand against you. But always remember that you will succeed in what you are doing, and when you leave this world you will not be stuck in the astral, you will go to a much higher station. And, of course, you will never return to the Earth. I am not sure if it's time yet to tell you of all the things that are going to happen here, but let us have a look at some of the events of the past. I think, though, that first we should have a meal because these three dimension pictorial realizations tire one and one forgets the time.”

We were true to our native food, tsampa, and cold water to drink. But then the Lama said, “You will have to get used to different food because in other parts of the world they do not know anything at all about tsampa, they have food which is precooked, sealed in

a can, and as long as the can is kept intact the food is edible no matter how long it is kept before eating. But, of course, one also has to keep the cans at a cold temperature, that stops the decay. Nowadays in the West they use what they call ice boxes, great big boxes packed with ice which surrounds the cans of food, and every few days the boxes have to be opened to see how much of the ice has melted. If a lot has melted then the whole box has to be repacked with fresh ice. You can always tell, though, when the food has gone bad because the cans will bulge showing that there is a gas pressure, the gas of decomposition inside. And then one has to throw away such cans or get poisoned.

“Now let us clean our bowls, and then we will look once again at this world of which we are part.” The Lama rose to his feet and scraped away the remnants of tsampa, and then he went to a little pile of sand, took a handful, and cleaned his bowl with it. I followed suit, and I thought what an awful chore it was having to clean dishes every time. I wondered why no one had invented something to hold food and then be discarded when the food upon it had been eaten. I thought of all the monks and all the lamas busy with their handful of fine sand, but that is a lot more healthy than washing a wooden bowl, you know. If you have a thing wet then, obviously, it is going to seep into the wood. And suppose you have some nice juicy fruit in your bowl; you eat the fruit and there is some juice left, and if you go and wash that bowl then you are saturating the wood and allowing juices to enter. No, until there is a better system very fine sand is much, much better than water.”

“How long do you think this world has been a world, sir?”

The lama smiled at me and said, “Well, you have already seen part of it, and I think we ought to see a bit more of the world, past, present and future, don't you?”

We walked slowly towards that great hall or room where the simulacrum of the world lay waiting to be used. “You know, Lobsang, we all tend to think that

this world is for ever and for ever, and yet this Universe is actually being destroyed now. It has been established quite definitely that all the worlds are rushing away from each other. Now, really the best way to explain it is to tell you again that the time on this world is entirely artificial. The real time is space time, and do you remember those fusees which I showed you and which could be struck on something rough and the end would explode into flame? Well, if you are a God in space the birth, life and death of this world or any other world would resemble the striking of that fusee. First there is the heat engendered by the friction of the fusee point on something hard. Then the point bursts into flame, and then the flame dies out and you've got just a red hot head to the fusee which quickly cools to become just a black burned mass. Earth is like that, and all the other planets. To us living on this Earth the Earth seems forever, but supposing you had a minute, minute person who could be placed on the head of the fusee as it was cooling, he would think that he was living on a world which would exist for ever and for ever. Do you get what I am driving at?"

"Yes, sir, I do. I was told by a lama who had been to a big school in Germany, and he said that a fusee simile is appropriate. He used almost the same words as you, but he added that after several million years the head of the match, or the world, would reach about twenty million degrees Fahrenheit because it needs a certain temperature before the hydrogen in the atmosphere can be converted to carbon, oxygen and various other elements. All these elements are necessary in the formation of the world. He told me, also, that before the end of the world the world globe swells."

"Yes, that is absolutely true. You have to remember that in the Western world they do not know of these things because they haven't anything like we have here. Here we actually have the instruments which super-scientists of perhaps a billion years ago built—built to last a billion years or more. These machines have stood here throughout the hundreds, throughout

the thousands of centuries, until someone came along who knew how to work them. I know how to work them, Lobsang, and I am going to teach you, and you are going to have a life of hardship so that you know what the world is really like. And because of the teaching which you can take back to Patra you can make it easier for other worlds.”

“But, sir, you have mentioned the word ‘Patra’, but I know of no world with that name,” I said.

“No, I am aware of that, but you will do before long. I am going to show you Patra in this world, but there are so many things to see first, and I have always found it to be useless to have an instrument which would produce predictable results, but then, if the operator did not know how to work the machine and how the final result was arrived at, then he would be a very poor operator indeed. No instrument should be used unless the prospective operator can do the things which the instrument has been designed to do.”

We reached the room, it should be called a hall, really, because of the size of it, but we reached the room or hall, or whatever you want to call it, and we entered. Immediately there was a faint glow and we saw dawn beginning to turn to daylight. It was a different sort of dawn than we should see now because now all those glorious colours which we see at sunrise and sunset are merely reflections from the pollution in the atmosphere. In those days the ‘pollution’ was actually food for the Earth, food for the soil being screwed out onto the land from the volcanoes, and it is these volcanoes which gave the seas their salt content. Without salt one could not live.

We sat down by that console thing, and the Lama Mingyar Dondup said, “Let us look at some random spots. We've got all the time we need, they will probably be glad to get us out of their way, especially you, you young wretch, dropping things on peoples' bald heads. But in the early days animals, the first form of life on Earth, were weird creatures indeed. For instance, the brachiosaurus was probably the strangest

creature that has ever been seen on this Earth. There are all manner of strange things. For example, ultrasaurus was a most peculiar animal. It would have a very high blood pressure because its head could be more than sixty feet in the air, and furthermore that animal weighed about eighty tons, and it had two brains, the one in the head moved the jaws and the front legs, and the one at its behind, that is, right behind the pelvis, is there to work the tail and rear legs. It always reminds me of a question I was asked, 'What happens if a centipede gets its legs out of step?' Well, that is a question I could not answer with any degree of accuracy. I could only say that perhaps the creature had some special other creature watching over it to see that it didn't go cross-legged."

"Well, Lobsang, what shall we look at? We have ample time and so you tell me what you want to see most."

I thought for a time, and then I said, "That Japanese lama we had, he told us a lot of peculiar things, I still don't know whether to believe him or not. He told us that the world was once very hot, and then all of a sudden it became very cold and the surface of the world was covered with ice. Can we see that?"

"Yes, of course we can. There is no difficulty at all. But, you know, this has happened several times. You see, the world is billions of years old and every so many millions of years there is an ice age. For instance, at the North Pole now there is a depth of ice in the water of six hundred feet, and if all the ice melted and the icebergs also melted everyone on Earth would be drowned because the land would be inundated—well, except for we of Tibet, and we would be too high for the water to reach." He turned to the console and looked up a whole column of figures, and then the light in the big hall, or room, or whatever you want to call it, dimmed. For seconds we were in darkness and then there came a reddish glow, most peculiar, absolutely peculiar, and from the poles, the North and the South Poles, there came variegated streaks of light.

“That is the aurora borealis, or aura of the world. We can see it because, although we appear to be on Earth, we are away from that manifestation, that is why we see it.” The light grew brighter, it grew dazzlingly bright, so bright that we had to view it through almost closed eyes.

“Where is Tibet?” I asked.

“We are standing on it, Lobsang, we are standing on it. All that that you are looking at down there is ice.”

I was looking at that ice wondering what it could be because—well, there was green ice, there was blue ice, and there was absolutely transparent ice, as transparent as the clearest of clear water. I just could not make it out, so I said, “I’ve seen enough of that, that is a dismal sight.” The Lama laughed and turned back to the things on the console, and the world turned and flickered with speed. Then it was turning so fast that everything was grey, there was no darkness and no lightness, only this grey impression, and then the world slowed down and we found that we were looking at a great city, a fantastic city. It was a city built just before the advent of the Sumerians. It was built by a race of whose existence there is now no written trace, nothing in history about it and, in fact, there was only the remotest mention of Sumerians in the history books. But they came as conquerors and they looted, raped, and ravished the city, and having reduced it to a state when no stone stood upon another stone they moved on and—according to the history books—they moved out somewhere and no trace has ever been found. No, of course not, because they moved away and they moved off the Earth in huge space ships. I could not understand why these people should be so savage as to come and just destroy a city—well, apparently for the fun of it. Of course they took a lot of women prisoners and that might have been some of the reason.

It occurred to me that I was looking at something which could change the whole history of mankind. “Master,” I said, “I have been looking at all these

things, looking at all these wonderful, wonderful inventions, but it seems that only a very few people know about them. Now, surely, if everyone knew about them we could have a time when there would be peace throughout the world because what would there be to fight about if everything could be known through these instruments or machines?"

"No, Lobsang, it is not so, old man, it's not so. If there was any thought that people would know about this then crooked financiers would rush in with their armed guards and they would seize all this and kill all of us who know about it, and then they would use the instruments to control the world. Think of it. A crooked capitalist being the king of the world, and everyone else would be his slave."

"Well, I can't understand the attitude of people because we know Tibet is going to be invaded by the Chinese, we know they are going to take all our treasured books away to study. What's to prevent them from capturing the world?"

"Lobsang, my dear friend, you must be very, very simple, weak in the head or something. You don't think we would let any conqueror get hold of things like this, do you? To start with, we have absolute duplicates of these right up in the high Arctic where men can hardly manage to move because of the cold. But inside the mountain ranges there everything is warm and peaceful and comfortable, and we would have eyes on the world, we could see just what was happening, and if necessary we could take some action. But this stuff here—" he gestured around, "all this will be wrecked, blown up, and even booby trapped. First the British and the Russians will try to capture Tibet, but they will fail, they will cause a terrible amount of deaths, but they will fail to conquer. But they will give the Chinese the idea of how to succeed, and the Chinese will come and they will conquer Tibet, conquer part of it, that is. But still they will not get any of these machines, they will not get any of the Holy books or the medical books because we have known of this for years,

for centuries, actually, and false books have been prepared and they are ready to be put in place as soon as the Chinese start to invade. The Prophecy, you know, says that Tibet will survive until wheels come to our country, and when wheels come to Tibet that will be the end of our country. So have no fear, all our treasures, all our great sciences from a few million years ago, are safely hidden. I know the location, I have been there. And you, too, are going to know the location because you are going to be shown. I shall be killed in your lifetime, in fact before you leave Tibet, and you will be one of the very, very few who can work these machines and who know how to service them.”

“Good gracious, sir, to learn to service these machines would take several lifetimes.”

“No, you will learn that they are self repairing. You have to do just a few manipulations and the machine, or rather, other machines, will repair the faulty machine. You see, they won't have much longer to live, these machines, because starting in several years time, 1985, circumstances will change and there will be a third World War which will last for quite a time, and after the year 2000 there will be many, many changes, some for the better, some for the worse. We are able to see through the Akashic Record of Probabilities. Now, Man is not on rails, you know, unable to deviate from a certain path.. Man has free choice within certain limits, those limits being set by the astrological type of the person. But we can very accurately see what happens to a country, and that is what we shall soon be doing because I want you to see some of the wonders of the world. We will tune-in to different situations, to different times.”

“But, sir, how is it possible for you to tune-in to sounds which have long passed by, sounds, pictures, and all that? When a thing has happened it is done and finished with.”

“Not so, Lobsang, not so. Matter is indestructible, and the impressions of what we say or do go out from us and circle the Universe, and circle the Universe

again and again. With this big machine we can go back to about two billion years. Mind, at two billion years the picture is a bit hazy but still bright enough for us to make out what it is.”

“Well, I can't understand,” I said, “how one can pick up pictures and sounds out of nothingness.”

“Lobsang, in a few years to come there will be something called wireless. It is being invented now, and with it one can pick up what will be called radio programs, and if the receiver is good enough you can pick up from any transmitter in the world, and later still they will have these radio boxes which can pick up pictures. It has all been done before, but as civilizations succeed civilization sometimes the same things are re-invented. Sometimes an improved version results, but in this case, apparently, the thing called wireless is giving a lot of trouble because the information has to be brought from the astral world by scientists who think they invented it. But, anyway, you just take my word for it that we can go on and see what is going to happen in the world. Unfortunately our upper limit will be three thousand years, beyond that—no—we cannot reach, our pictures are too hazy, too muzzy, for us to decipher them. But you are going to have a lot of suffering and a lot of travelling, and you are going to be the victim of various unscrupulous people who will not like what you are doing and so they will try to blacken your character. On this machine within the next few days you are going to see quite a lot of the highlights of your career. But let us just look at some odds by tuning-in to things at random. Now, look, here is the important happenings in a place called Egypt.” The Lama adjusted various controls, and we saw darkness, and up on the skyline of the darkness there were some black triangles. It didn't make sense to me at all, so he gradually advanced one control and the world gradually came into daylight. He said, “Look, this is the building of the Pyramids. People will wonder and wonder in later years however these great blocks

of stone were moved around without all sorts of machinery. They are moved by levitation.”

“Yes, sir,” I replied, “I have heard a lot about levitation, but I haven't the faintest idea how it works.”

“Well, you see, the world has a magnetic pull. If you throw a thing up into the air the magnetism of the Earth pulls it down again. If you fall out of a tree you fall down, not up, because the magnetism of the Earth is such that you must fall to the Earth. But we have a thing which is anti-magnetic to the Earth, we have to keep them very carefully under guard the whole time because if an untrained person got hold of one of these things he could find that he had floated right out of the Earth. The fall then is upwards. How we control it is by having two grids, one is tuned to the magnetism of the Earth, the other is opposed to the magnetism of the Earth. Now, when the grids are in a certain position the plates will float, they will not go up and they will not go down. But if you push a lever which alters the relationship of the grids to each other, then in one direction the lever makes the Earth magnetism the stronger, and so the plates, or machine, sink down to the Earth. But if we want to rise up then we push the lever the other way so that the anti-magnetism takes effect and the Earth repels instead of attracts, and so we can rise up into the air. It is the thing the Gods used when they were making this world as it is now. One man could lift up these hundred ton blocks and put them in position without exerting himself, and then, when the block was in the precise position desired, the magnetic current would be switched off and the block would be locked in position by the pull of gravity of the Earth. That is how the Pyramids were built, that is how many strange things, unaccountable things, were built. For example, we have had maps of the Earth for centuries, and we are the only people who have these maps because we alone have these anti-gravity devices and they have been used to map the world exactly. But this is no time to be discussing

things. I think we should have a meal, and then we will look at my legs, and after that let us go to sleep for there is a brand new day tomorrow, a day you have never seen before.”

## *CHAPTER EIGHT*

“Lobsang! Come on, it's lesson time.” My mind went back to another lesson time. It was at the Potala. I had been away a few days with the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and then when we returned to the Potala he said, “Well, lessons will just have started for this afternoon, you'd better go in to the class now.” I nodded somewhat despondently and walked in to the classroom. The Lama Teacher looked up and then an expression of rage came to his face, he pointed his finger at me and shouted, “Out! Out! I won't have you in my class.”

So there was nothing else for it, I turned around and walked out. Some of the other chelas tittered a bit, and the Lama Teacher descended upon them with his cane flailing everywhere.

I went out into what we called our playground and idly scuffed at the earth. The Lama Mingyar Dondup turned a corner and saw me, and he came across to me and said, “I thought you had gone to class.”

“I did, sir,” I replied, “but the Teacher was in a rage with me and he ordered me out and said that there would be no more room in his classes for me.”

“Oh did he?” said my Guide. “Come along, we will go and see what it's all about together.”

We walked side by side along the corridor. The corridor floor was quite slippery with melted butter which had dripped from our butter oil lamps, and the melted butter had fallen to the floor and hardened with the

cold and the wretched place was sometimes like a skating rink. But we walked along together to the classroom, and we entered. The Lama Teacher was in a furious rage, lashing out at boys at random. When he saw the Lama Mingyar Dondup he turned very pale indeed, it gave him a nasty shock, and he went back to his podium.

“What is the trouble here?” asked the Lama Mingyar Dondup.

“There is no trouble here except that that boy” (pointing at me) “always disturbs the class. We don't know if he is going to be in the class or out of the class, and I am not having a boy like that to teach.”

“Oh, so it's like that, eh? This boy, Lobsang Rampa, is under special orders from the Great Thirteenth, and you will obey those orders just as I do. Come with me, we will go and see the Great Thirteenth now.” The Lama Mingyar Dondup turned and walked out of the room with the Lama Teacher following him meekly, still clutching his stick.

“My!” said a boy, “I wonder what's going to happen now, I thought he was going mad. He lashed out at all of us and you can see we've got bruised marks on our faces. I wonder what's going to happen now.”

He hadn't long to wait because quite soon the Lama Mingyar Dondup appeared and in his wake there followed a fairly young, studious-looking Lama. The Lama Mingyar Dondup solemnly introduced him to us, and said, “He will be your Teacher from now on, and I want to see a great improvement in behavior and in the work you do.” He turned to the new Teacher and said, “Lobsang Rampa is under special orders. Sometimes he will be away from this class for days. You will do your best to help him catch up on those missing days.”

The two Lamas gravely bowed to each other, and Mingyar Dondup then left.

I could not understand why that memory had come up all of a sudden, but—“Hey, Lobsang, you haven't heard a word I have said, have you?”

“No, sir, I was thinking of that time when I could

not be accepted into a class, and I was just wondering how such a Lama could become a Teacher as well.”

“Oh well, you get good people and you get bad people, and I suppose this time we got a bad one. But never mind, everything is settled. We could say now that I am your Keeper. I don't know if I have to have a lead or a collar for you, or what, but I am your Keeper, and I say what happens to you and no other Teacher can say.” He smiled at me as I broke into a really broad smile. I could learn with Mingyar Dondup. He did not stop at the regulation stuff, but he went on to tell us things about the great outer world which he had travelled so much.

“Well, Lobsang, we'd better start at a fairly elementary stage because you will have to teach people in the great outer world, and although you probably know all the first part which I am going to tell you, yet repetition won't hurt you a bit. It might even drive the knowledge in another inch or two.” The way he said it was a compliment, and I resolved anew to be a credit to him.

Whether I have succeeded or failed only time will tell, when we get back to Patra.

“We will imagine a living body. The person lies down and goes to sleep, and then his astral form will come out of that body and will travel to some place and if the sleeper is fairly unevolved he will wake up thinking he has had a dream and nothing more. But when we get a trained person that person can apparently be soundly asleep while all the time he is doing controlled astral travel and is still aware of what is happening near his physical body. He will get out of the physical body and travel to wherever he wants to, wherever he has been directed to go. You can travel to anywhere on the world by astral travel, and if you train yourself you can remember every single thing that happened when you return to your flesh body.

“When a person dies it is because the astral person wants to get rid of the flesh body. Perhaps the flesh body is disabled and will not function properly, or perhaps the flesh body has learned everything that he needed to learn in that particular incarnation because

people come back to Earth time after time until their lessons are learned. You and I are different because we are from beyond the astral, we are from Patra with which we will deal with a little later.

“When the astral form is completely free from the physical body and the Silver Cord is severed and the Golden Bowl be shattered then the entity who was in that body is free to move about, free to do more or less as he wants to do. And then after a time he gets tired of us—well—running wild, and he consults a special branch of the Government whose sole task it is to advise astral people as to what would be best for them, should they stay in the astral and learn a bit more there, or should they go back to the Earth in different circumstances so that they can learn the hard way. You see, when people are in the Overself stage—oh, that is a long way from you just yet, Lobsang—then they cannot experience pain, and people learn more quickly by pain than they do by kindness. So perhaps it will be mapped out that this person shall go back to Earth with an urge to murder, he will be born to parents who are most likely to give him the opportunity of murdering someone. Now, his task is to fight against his inbuilt desire to murder, and if he gets through life without killing another person then that life will have been a complete success. He is learning to control himself, and in that case he will be able to have a rest in the astral, and then, once again, he will approach the Committee of Advisers to see what next they need him to do. He may be given an inclination to be a great missionary, teaching the wrong things. Well, again, he is born to parents who can give him the opportunity of being a missionary, and then it all depends upon how satisfactory he is in that work, and if he realizes that he is teaching the wrong things then he might make a change and gather much benefit from it. He might, for instance, realize that there can't be a virgin birth unless the offspring be female. Under certain circumstances women can produce children without the no doubt pleasurable aid of a man, but on every occasion the child so born will be female. If she grows up

and marries and has a child then the child may be female or may be a weak, sickly male. You never get a dominant person born without the aid of a man.

“In the astral people can see their mistakes and perhaps do something to overcome the bad they have done to other people. Did you know, Lobsang, that every person on Earth has had to live through the whole of the Zodiac and all the quadrants of the Zodiac as well because the astrological make-up of a person has a very great bearing on how he progresses and his station in life. For example, an Aries person might come and be a very successful butcher, but if his parents are of high enough status he might become a very successful surgeon, not much difference between them, you know. I am told that a pig and a human taste much the same, not that I have ever tried it or intend to try it.”

I thought of this for a moment or two, and then I said, “Master, does this mean that we have to live through each sign of the Zodiac—Mars, Venus, and all the others—and then live through the same astrological Sun sign with all the different quadrants?”

“Well, yes, of course it does. The difference that is made by each quadrant is almost unbelievable, because if we get a strong Sun sign then the first part of the quadrant will contain not only the Sun sign but also strong indications from the sign before. Whereas in the centre of the quadrants the Sun sign will be the predominant influence and then, as one progresses through that sign, as we come to the last part of the quadrant then the indications are very strong for the next sign on the chart. I am telling you all this because you may have to explain things like it to people in the future. So every person lives through every part of the Zodiac. not necessarily in the same order but in that order which enables them to profit the most from the things that have to be learned.”

“I keep being reminded, Master, that I am going to have a quite hard life with much suffering, etc., etc. Well, why does there have to be so much suffering?” The Lama Mingyar Dondup looked down at his feet for a moment or two, and then he said, “You have a

very great task to do, a noble task, and you will find that people who are not themselves noble will try to prevent you from having any success, and they will stoop to any sort of trick to prevent you from achieving success. You see, people get jealous, people make something, write something, or draw something which is acknowledged to be far better than a book or drawing which was the undisputed leader before your effort. Now, I know I sound all mixed up on that, but that's just how it is. You will have to count on a terrific amount of jealousy and—you poor soul—you will have a lot of trouble caused by women, not through your sexual activities with them, but someone's wife will show friendship to you and her husband, not understanding, will be insanely jealous. And then other women will be jealous because they smiled at you and you didn't smile back at them. Oh, Lobsang, beware of women, I have all my life and I feel the better for it.”

I sat in black gloomy silence thinking over my terrible fate, and then the Lama said, “Cheer up, I know that you know nothing at all about women, but soon you will have an opportunity to examine their bodies inside and outside because when you leave here to go to Chungking in a few years you will see dead bodies, male and female, in the dissecting rooms. At first you will find that your stomach will heave quite a bit, but no matter, a day or two and you will be quite used to it, and from the Record of Probabilities you are going to be a very good doctor indeed. You can be a good surgeon because—well, I must say—you are a bit ruthless and one has to be ruthless to be a good surgeon. So when we get out of this cell, or cage, or cave, call it what you will, you will soon go to another where you will have a bit of practice with surgical instruments and where you can learn things through the universal language. And, of course, I stand ready to help you in any way possible.”

“Master, you have mentioned Patra several times within the last few days, but I have never heard of the word before and I am sure that not too many people in

the Potala or Chakpori make much use of the word.”

“Well, there is no point in mentioning a thing which is far, far beyond the average person's attainment. Patra is the Heavenly Fields of the Heavenly Fields. All people, when they leave the Earth, go to the astral world. It actually is a world, as you should have seen through your astral travels. It is a world just like this Earth in many ways, but there are many more pleasant facets to it, you can mix with people, you can read, you can talk, and you can go to meetings and hear how others are getting on. Why did this person fail, and why did that person succeed. But from the astral people return to Earth or to some other planet in order to carry out another and more successful life. But there is a rare, rare planet called Patra. It is the Heaven of Heavens, only the very best souls go there, only those who have done most good. For example, Leonardo da Vinci is there working on projects which will help other ‘earths’. Socrates is there. Aristotle and many of that type are there. You won't find any fakes there, that excludes one quite definitely, and it is already planned that you are going to Patra at the end of this life. You are going there because, for several lives, you have had hardship after hardship, and you have successfully surmounted them, and the task you are doing now—well, anyone else would say it was an impossible task, but you will succeed and you will stay on Patra for quite a time. There is no friction there, no fights, no starvation or cruelty.”

“Will cats be permitted on Patra, Master?”

“Oh my goodness, yes, of course they will. Cats have souls just the same as people. There are a lot of ignoramuses who think that this thing on four legs is just a dumb animal, almost without feeling and certainly without intelligence, and definitely without a soul. That is not true. Cats have souls, cats can progress. They can progress through the world of the Astral and read about Patra. In Patra they can be with the people they loved on Earth, or perhaps on some other planet. Oh yes, Lobsang, you must make it quite clear to people

that cats are people, they are individuals, they are highly evolved little people who have been put on Earth for a special purpose. So you should treat cats with great respect, as I know you do.

“Let's take a walk around because my legs are getting stiff, and I think I am ready for a bit of a walk to try and loosen them up. So come on, stir those lazy legs of yours, and we will walk around and see some other things that you haven't seen before.”

“Master!” I called out to the Lama Mingyar Dondup who was quite a way ahead of me now. He stopped to permit me to catch up with him, and then I went on, “Master, you know this place well, you know it very well, and I thought it was a discovery. You've been teasing me, Master.”

He laughed and said, “No, I haven't been teasing you, Lobsang, and the particular entrance we came in—well that was a surprise. I certainly did not expect an entrance there because there is nothing about it on the maps, and I am rather wondering why there should have been an entrance there. You agree with me that there was no sign of a rock deformation. I suppose it must have been because that old hermit was in charge of various supplies here and he liked to have this entrance so close to his hermitage. But—no, no, I wasn't teasing you. We shall have to find out how to get out tomorrow because now my legs have healed so well I can manage to climb down the mountain.”

I replied, “Well, you won't look very pretty climbing down the mountain with your robes in such tatters.”

“Ah yes I will. You and I are going to appear tomorrow in brand new robes which are about a million years old!” Then, as an afterthought, “And you are going to appear as a monk, not as a chela or acolyte. From now on you have to stay with me and go where I go, and learn anything that I can tell you.” He turned away, walked just a few steps, bowed to a door, and placed his hands in a certain position. Slowly I saw a section of the wall slide aside in utter silence, no grat-

ing of rock upon rock, utter silence, such silence as to make the whole thing uncanny.

The Lama gave me a little push between the shoulder blades, and said, "Come on, this is some stuff you have to see. This is Patra. This is how Patra would appear to us. Of course this globe," and he gestured to a great globe which absolutely filled a large hall, "is merely so that we can see what is going on in Patra at any time." He put his hand on my shoulder, and we walked a few yards until we came to a wall fitted with instruments and a great big screen—oh, about four men high and three men wide. He said, "That is for any particular detail investigation."

The lights in the hall dimmed. Similarly, at the same rate, the light from the globe which he had called Patra brightened. It was a sort of well—pinkish—gold colour, and it gave one a wonderful feeling of warmth and the sensation that one was truly welcome.

The Lama pushed one of those button things again and the haziness in the globe, or around the globe, disappeared like a mountain fog disappearing before the rays of the sun. I peered avidly. This was a wonderful world indeed. I seemed to be standing on a stone wall, and waves were beating mildly against the wall. Then, just to my right, I saw a ship coming in. I knew it was a ship because I had seen pictures of them. But this ship came in and moored up against the wall just in front of me, and a lot of people got off all looking pleased with themselves.

"Well, that's a happy looking crowd, Master. What were they doing, anyway?"

"Oh, this is Patra. Here you can have any number of things for recreation. These people, I suppose, thought how nice it would be to take a leisurely trip over to the island. I expect they had tea there and then they came back.

"This is several steps up from the astral world. People can only come here if they are, let us say, super people. It often entails terrible suffering to get worthy

of this place, but when one gets here and sees what it is, and sees the caliber of the people, then it is obvious that the place is worth all the suffering.

“Here we can travel by thought. We are on this planet and we want to see a certain person. Well, we think about him, we think about him hard, and if he is willing to see us we suddenly lift off the ground, and rise up in the air and travel swiftly to our wanted destination. We should get there and we should see the person we wanted to see standing outside his front door ready to greet us.”

“But, Master, what sort of people come here, how do they get here? And would you call them prisoners? Presumably they can't get away from this place.”

“Oh definitely, definitely this is not a prison. This is a place of advancement, only good people can come here. Those who have made supreme sacrifices, can come, those who have done their very best to help their fellow men and women. Normally we should go from the flesh body to the astral body. Do you see that here no one has a Silver Cord? No one has a Golden Bowl vapor around his or her head? They don't need it here because everyone is the same. We have all manner of good people here. Socrates, Aristotle, Leonardo da Vinci, and others like that. Here they lose what little faults they had because to keep them on Earth they had to adopt a fault. They were of such a high vibration that they just could not stay on Earth without having some sort of fault, so before Mendelsohn, or someone else, could get down to Earth he had to have a fault inbred for that one particular life. So when he died and got to the astral world then the fault departed, and the entity departed also. I mentioned Mendelsohn, the musician; he would arrive on the astral plane and it would be like a policeman there to take away the Silver Cord and the Golden Bowl, and send him along to Patra. On Patra he would meet friends and acquaintances, and they would be able to discuss their past lives and carry out experiments which they had long wanted to do.”

“Well, Master, what do they do about food here? There doesn't seem to be food, boxes of food, on this place which I assume is a dock.”

“No, you won't find much food on this world. People don't need it. They pick up all their bodily and mental energy by a system of osmosis, that is, they absorb the energy given out by the light of Patra. If they want to eat for pleasure, of course, or drink for pleasure, then they are quite able to do so, except they cannot gorge themselves, and they cannot have those spiritous liquors which rot a person's brain. Such drinks are very, very bad, you know, and they can hold up a person's development for several lives.

“Now let's take a fleeting glance through the place. There is no time here, so it is useless for you to ask a person how long he has lived here because he will just look at you blankly and think you are someone not at all aware of the conditions. People never get used to Patra, they never get tired of it, there is always something fresh to do, fresh people to meet, but you cannot meet an enemy.

“Let us get up in the air and look down on this little fishing village.”

“But I thought you said people did not need to eat Master, so why should they want a fishing village?”

“Well, they are not catching fish in the ordinary meaning of the word, they are catching fish to see how they can be improved to give them better senses. On Earth, you know, the fish are really stupid and they deserve to get caught, but here they are caught in nets and kept in water all the time we have them, and they are treated kindly and there is no resentment from them. They realize that we are trying to do good for the whole species. Similarly with animals, none of them are afraid of mankind on this world. They are friends instead. But let's just take a darting visit to various places because soon we must be leaving here and going back to the Potala.”

Suddenly I felt myself rising up into the air, and my sight seemed to be going. I suddenly got a splitting

headache and, to tell the honest truth about it, I thought I was dying. The Lama Mingyar Dondup grabbed me and put his hands over my eyes. He said “I am so sorry, Lobsang, I forgot you had not been treated for fourth dimension sight. We shall have to go down on the surface again for about half an hour.” With that I felt myself sinking, and then the welcome, welcome feeling of something solid below my feet.

“This is the fourth dimension world, and sometimes there are overtones of the fifth dimension. If we are showing a person Patra then, of course, they have to have fourth dimensional vision otherwise it is too much of a strain for them.” The Lama had me lay back on a couch and then he dropped things in my eyes. After several minutes he put goggles on me, goggles which completely covered my eyes. I said, “Oh! I can see now. This is wonderful.” Before things had been beautiful, extraordinarily beautiful, but now that I could see in the fourth dimension the sights were so glorious that they just cannot be described in three dimensional words. But I nearly wore my eyes out looking about, and then we rose up into the air again and I just had not seen such beauty before. The men were of surpassing handsomeness, but the women—well, they were so beautiful that I felt somewhat strange stirrings inside, and, of course, women and I were strangers because my mother had been a very strict mother indeed and my sister—well, I had hardly seen her. We were kept rigidly apart because it had been ordained before my birth that I should enter the Lamasery. But the beauty, the absolute beauty, and the tranquility, it really defies description in a three dimensional language. It is like trying to describe something on Earth by a man born blind. How is he going to describe colours? He is born blind, so what does he know about colours, what is there to describe? He can say something about the shape and about the weight, but the real beauty of the thing is absolutely beyond his comprehension. I am like that now, I have been treated to

be able to see in the third dimension, the fourth dimension, and the fifth, so that when the time comes for me to leave this Earth I will go straight to Patra. So these people who say they have a course of instruction and it is run by Dr. Rampa by Ouija Board—well, they are just crackpots. I tell you again, when I leave this world I shall be completely beyond your reach. I shall be so far away from you that you cannot even comprehend it!

It is quite impossible for me to describe Patra to you. It is like trying to tell a person who is born blind what a picture exhibition is like—you would get nowhere.

But there are other things than pictures. Certain of the great people of old were here in this world of Patra and they were working to try to help other worlds, two dimensional worlds, and three dimensional worlds. Many of the so-called inventions on Earth are not inventions of the claimant; he or she just picked up the idea from something that he or she saw in the astral world, and he came back to Earth with a memory of something that had to be invented, he got the broad ideas of how to do it, and—well—he constructed whatever it was that had to be constructed and then he got it patented in his own name.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup seemed to be extraordinarily well known on Patra. He could go anywhere and meet anyone, and he introduced me as an old friend that the others remembered but I had forgotten because of the cloying clay of the Earth. They laughed with me, and said, “Never mind, you will soon be coming over to us and then you will remember everything.”

The Lama Mingyar Dondup was talking to a scientist, and he was saying, “Of course the big trouble we have now is that people of different races have different outlooks. For instance, on some worlds women are treated as the equal of men, but on other worlds women are treated as common utensils or slaves, and when they get to a country which gives full freedom to women they are unnerved and absolutely lost. We

are working to try to find a way whereby all men and women of all countries will have a common viewpoint. They get a little way toward that in the astral world, but, of course, no one can come to Patra unless he realizes to the full the rights of everyone.” He looked at me and smiled, and then said, “I see you already recognize the rights of Friend Cat.”

I replied, “Yes, sir, I love them. I think they are the most wonderful animals anywhere.”

“You've got a marvelous reputation with animals, you know, and when you come back to us on Patra a whole horde of cats are going to be there to meet you. You will have a living fur coat.” He smiled because this big brown and white cat was climbing up my front to sit on my shoulder, and, resting his left paw on my head so as to steady himself just as a human would. The Lama Mingyar Dondup said, “Well, Bob, we've got to say goodbye to you for the time being, but Lobsang will soon be returning Home and then you will have ample opportunity to sit on his shoulder.” Bob, the cat, nodded solemnly and jumped off onto a table, and he rubbed against me and purred and purred and purred.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup said, “Let's move to the other side of Patra. There is the kingdom of flowers and plants, and the trees especially are waiting to see you again.” No sooner had he finished speaking than we arrived at this wonderful spot where there were incredibly beautiful flowers and trees. I was scared stiff to move for fear of treading on the flowers. The Lama looked at me and fully understood my predicament. He said, “Oh, I am so sorry, Lobsang, I should have told you. Here in the kingdom of flowers you have to lift yourself about a foot above the actual ground. It is one of the abilities of the fourth dimension. You think the ground is a foot higher, and so as you walk thinking the ground is a foot higher then you actually walk a foot above the soil in which these plants live. We won't risk anything now. Instead we will just take a look around some other parts of this world. The machine men, for instance.” Machines with souls, flowers with

souls, cats with souls. “I suppose we'd better be getting back, Lobsang,” he said then, “because I have to show you a few things to prepare you in part for the life you are going to have to live. I wish I could travel with you and help you more, but my Karma is that I am going to be killed by Communists who are going to stab me through the back. But, never mind that, let's go back to our own world.”

## *CHAPTER NINE*

We left what was called the 'Four Dimension Room' and crossed the huge hall to the one which was marked 'This World.' The walk was about a quarter of a mile, so our feet were quite aching by the time we got to 'This World.'

The Lama Mingyar Dondup entered and sat on the bench next to the console. I followed him and sat down on the bench beside him. The Lama touched a button and the light in the room disappeared. Instead we could see our world in the dim, dim lighting. I looked away wondering what had happened, where was the light? And then I looked at the globe of the world—and promptly fell backwards over the bench, hitting my head on the hard floor. As I had looked into the world I saw a hideous dinosaur with jaws agape, and it was looking straight at me from a distance of about six feet.

I rather sheepishly picked myself up, ashamed that I had been frightened by a creature which had been dead thousands of years.

The Lama said, "We have to skim through some of the history because there is so much in the history books which is absolutely incorrect. Look!" On the world I saw a range of mountains, and at the foot of one of the mountains there was a great horde of soldiers and their camp followers which included many women. In those days, it seems, the soldiery could not do without the consolation of women's bodies, so the women went to war with them so they could satisfy the men

after a victory. And if there was no victory the women were captured by the enemy and used for precisely the same purpose as they would have been used if their side had been victorious.

There was a very busy scene. Men were milling around quite a collection of elephants, and one man was standing on the broad back of an elephant arguing with the crowd below. "I tell you, these elephants will not cross the mountains where there is snow. They are used to heat, they cannot survive in the cold weather. In addition, how are we going to get the tons and tons of food which these elephants would need? I suggest that we unload the elephants and put the loads on horses native to the area. That is the only way we shall get across."

Well, the commotion went on, they were like a lot of old fishwives, arguing and waving their arms, but the elephant-man had his way, the elephants were unloaded and all the horses in the district were rounded up in spite of the protests of the farmers to whom they belonged.

Of course I did not understand a word of the speech, but this particular instrument which the Lama had just put on my head put all the knowledge of what was being said into my head instead of going by way of my ears. So I was able to follow everything in the most minute detail.

At last the immense cavalcade was ready, and the women were also put on horses. It is not generally realized that women are really much stronger physically than men. I supposed that they pretended to be weak because in that way men carried the loads and the women rode on ponies.

The cavalcade started off, up the mountain path, and as we progressed upwards we could see that there would have been no hope at all of getting the elephants up the narrow rocky path, and when we did encounter snow the horses did not think much of it, either, and they really had to be driven.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup skipped a few centuries,

and then when he stopped the spinning we saw there was a battle going on. We did not know where it was but they seemed to be pretty bloody. It was not enough to stick a sword into a person, the victor used to cut off the head of the victim and the heads were all tossed in a great pile. We watched for a bit to see all these men killing each other, and there were flying pennants and hoarse cries, and at the sides of the battlefield the women watched from roughly made tents. It did not matter much to them which side won because they would be used for the same purpose. But they watched, I suppose, out of more or less idle curiosity the same as we were watching.

A touch of the knob, and the world spun faster. The Lama stopped it every so often, and it seemed utterly incredible to me that each time he stopped there seemed to be a war in progress. We moved on until we came to the time of the Crusaders, which the Lama had told me about. It was 'the thing' in those days for men of title to go abroad and make war against the Saracens. The Saracens were a gentle, cultured race, but they were still quite prepared to defend their homeland, and many an English title ended on the battlefield.

At last we saw the Boer War in progress.. Both sides were utterly convinced of the justice of their case, and the Boers seemed to have a particular target, not the heart, not the stomach, but lower so that if a man was wounded and if he was able to get home somehow, he would certainly be of no use to his wife. All this was explained to me in a whisper.

Then, all of a sudden, the battle ended. It seemed that both sides were either the winners or the losers because they intermingled and then, at last, the invaders—the Crusaders—moved to one side of the battlefield while the Saracens moved to the opposite side where they, too, had women waiting for them.

The wounded and the dying were left where they had fallen, there was nothing else that could be done. There was no medical service, so if a man was badly

wounded he often asked his friends to put him out of his misery, and how they did that was to put a dagger in the man's hand and then move away. If the man really wanted to end his life he merely had to push the dagger into his heart.

The world spun on, and then there came a ferocious war which seemed to engulf most of the world. There were people of all colours fighting and using weapons, great guns on wheels, and in the air at the end of ropes there were things which I now know were called balloons. They were up high so that a man in a basket attached to the balloon could peer over the enemies' lines and try to figure out how they would attack or how they should be attacked. Then we saw some noisy machines come flying through the air, and they shot at the balloons and brought them down in flames.

The ground was an absolute morass of mud and blood, there were bits of humans all over the place. There were dead bodies suspended from barbed wire, and every so often there came a crump, crump, and great lumps would come flying through the air which, when they hit the ground, exploded with quite disastrous results to the countryside as well as to the enemy.

A touch of a button and the picture shifted. We were looking at the sea, and we could see dots so far away that they indeed looked like dots, but the Lama Ming-yar Dondup brought them into closer focus and then we saw that they were huge metal vessels with long metal tubes which moved to and fro, and spewed out great missiles. The missiles traveled twenty miles or more before falling on an enemy ship. We saw one battleship, it must have been hit in the armament section, because we saw the missile land on the deck and then it was as if the world exploded, the vessel heaved and burst into thousands of parts. There were flying bits of metal all over the place, and flying bits of humans, and with all that blood coming down it seemed as if a red fog was settling over the place.

At last some sort of arrangement seemed to come into force because the soldiers stopped shooting at each

other. We, from our vantage point, saw one man surreptitiously raise his weapon and shoot his commanding officer!

The Lama Mingyar Dondup quickly pressed a few buttons and we were back in the area of the Trojan Wars. I whispered, "Master, aren't we jumping from date to date without any regard for the sequence?"

"Oh, but I am showing you all this for a special reason, Lobsang. Look," he pointed. A Trojan soldier suddenly brought his spear to the level and it went straight through the heart of his commanding officer. "I was just showing you that human nature doesn't change. It goes on and on like this. You get a man, he will shoot his commanding officer, and then perhaps in another reincarnation he comes and does precisely the same thing again. I am trying to teach you certain things, Lobsang, not to teach you history as from a book because those history books are far too often altered to suit the political leaders of the time."

We sat there on our bench, and the Lama tuned us in to many different scenes. Sometimes there would be six hundred years between scenes. That certainly gave one an opportunity to judge what the politicians were really doing. We saw empires rise by arrant treachery, and we saw empires fall, again by arrant treachery. The Lama suddenly said, "Now, Lobsang, here we will have a glimpse into the future." The globe darkened, lightened, and darkened again, and we saw strange sights. We saw a great liner as big as a city. It was steaming along like a queen of the seas, and all of a sudden there was a heart-breaking screech as the ship was sliced open below the waterline by a projection from a mighty iceberg.

The ship started to settle. There was a certain amount of panic, a lot of people got in lifeboats, others fell into the sea as the ship listed, and on one deck the band played to avert panic, the band played on until the ship went down with a frightening gurgle. Great bubbles of air came up, and great gouts of oil. Then gradually odd items came up as well, the dead body of

a child, a woman's handbag which somehow floated to the surface. "This, Lobsang, is another item which is out of its chronological order. This should have come before the war you have just recently seen. But, never mind, you can flip through a picture book and perhaps get as much knowledge as if you read everything in that book in the right order. I am trying to get certain things into your head."

The dawn broke. The early morning sunlight glinted redly on the tips of the icebergs, and spread downwards as the sun rose higher. As it spread downwards it lost its red colour and became the ordinary, normal light of day.

The sea was littered with an absolutely incredible collection of items. Broken chairs and various parcels, and, of course, inevitably the dead bodies, white and waxy. There were men, or what had been men, in evening dress. There were women, or what had been women, also in evening dress, but which could better be described as evening undress.

We looked and we looked, and there were no rescue ships in sight, and as the Lama said, "Well, Lobsang, we will move on to something else, there is no point in us loitering here when there is not a thing that we can do." He put out his hand to the buttons and to the knob which was on the end of a little rod, and the globe spun faster. Daylight—darkness—darkness—daylight, and so on, and then we stopped. We were in a place called England, and my Guide translated some of the names for me. Piccadilly, Statue of Eros, and all sorts of things like that, and then he stopped right in front of a newspaper seller—of course we were quite invisible to the man because we were in a different time zone. What we were seeing now was what was yet to happen, we were glimpsing into the future. We were at the beginning of a century, but we were seeing something either 1939 or 1940, I could not quite make out the figures, not that it matters. But there were great placards about. The Lama read them out to me. They were about someone called Neville Chamberlain going

to Berlin with his umbrella. And then we slipped into what the Lama called a news theatre. On a screen we saw grim faced men in steel helmets and accoutered with all the instruments of war. They were marching in a most peculiar way, 'The Goose Step,' said the Lama, 'practiced a lot by the German army.' And then the picture changed to show starving people in another part of the world, people who just dropped dead of hunger and cold.

We moved out into the street, and skipped a few days. And then the Lama stopped the spinning for us to catch our breath, etc., because skimming around the world through various eras of time was indeed quite a disturbing and exhausting experience, especially for me, a boy who had never been out of his own country, who had never seen things with wheels before. Yes, it was quite a disturbing thing.

I turned to the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and said, "Master, this matter of Patra; I have never heard of the place before, I have never heard any of the teachers mention Patra. They teach us that when we leave this Earth through the period of transition we go to the astral world, and there we live until the urge comes to us to go back to Earth in a different body or go to some other world in a different body. But nobody has said anything about Patra, and I am really confused."

"My dear Lobsang, there are many things of which you have not yet heard, but will. Patra is a world. It is a far superior world to this one and to the astral world. It is a world to which people go when they have some very special virtues, or when they have done a very great deal of good for others. It is not mentioned because it would be too discouraging. Many are chosen as possible material for Patra and then at the last moment the person shows some weakness or some wrongness of thought and so he loses his chance of going to Patra.

"You and I, Lobsang, are quite definitely assured of going to Patra as soon as we leave this world, but that is not the end of it because we shall live in Patra for

a time and then we shall go to an even higher place. On Patra you see people who have devoted their time to research for the good of Man and Animals, not for Man alone, mind, but for the animal world as well. Animals have souls, and they progress or fail to progress just the same as humans do. Humans too often think that they are the Lords of Creation, and that an animal is just there for the use of Man. They could not be more mistaken!"

"Well, Master, you were showing me what war was like, a war that had lasted for years. Now I would like to see what happened, how it ended, etc."

"All right, then," said the Lama, "we will go to the time just before the ending of the war." He turned away from me and looked up some book with dates in it, and then he set the controls on the console and the simulacrum of our world came to life again, came to life with plenty of light.

We saw a shattered countryside, and with rails upon which they ran certain machines which carried goods or passengers. On this particular occasion there were what appeared to be some very ornate boxes on wheels. There were glass sides, and armed guards in great numbers patrolled all around. Then we saw servants putting out white cloths and covering tables, and dust covers were taken off various articles of furniture. Then there came a lull. I took the opportunity to pay a visit to see that my own 'nature' was in working order, and when I returned—oh, a couple of minutes later—I saw what seemed to be a vast number of people, I thought they were in fancy dress, but then I realized that these were head soldiers and head sailors. It seemed to be representatives from all the countries at war. One set of people did not associate with the other set of people. At last they were all arranged, and sitting at tables in that box-like thing which was some sort of vehicle.

I looked at them, and, of course, I had never seen anything like this before because all the leading men

their necks, also with medals attached, and I immediately recognized that these were the high members of a government trying to impress the other side by the weight of metal on their chests and the number of ribbons around their necks. It really astonished me how they could hear each other speak because of the jingle-jangle of this metal-wear on their chests. There was much waving of hands, and messengers were kept busy taking notes from one man to another, or even to another part of the vehicles. Of course, I had never seen a train before, and such a lot of it meant little to me at the time. Eventually they produced a document and it was passed from person to person, each who signed his name, and it really was most amazing the different types of signature, the different types of writing, and it appeared perfectly obvious to me that in all truth one side was no better than the other!

“That, Lobsang, has yet to come. This terrible war had been going on for several years, and they have now proposed and declared an armistice under which each side returns to their own country and tries to build up their shattered economy.”

I looked, and I stared because there was no rejoicing here, everyone was grim-faced, and the looks were not of joy that the battle had ended, the looks were of hatred, deadly hatred which I could see from one side the thoughts were, “All right, you win this round, we'll get you next time.”

The Lama Mingyar Dondup kept on to the same time. We saw soldiers and sailors and airmen still fighting until a certain hour of a certain day came round. They were still at war until that day and eleven o'clock appeared with, of course, the loss of countless lives. We saw a peaceful plane with red, white, and blue circles on it flying back to its base. It was five minutes past eleven, and then from the clouds there appeared a fighter plane, an evil looking thing it was, too. It roared down out of the clouds and got right behind the red, white, and blue plane, and then the pilot pressed a

button in front of him and a stream of something came out of weapons and set the red, white, and blue plane on fire. It nosed downwards in flames, and then there was one final splash and bang, and that murder was committed. It was murder because the war had ended.

We saw great vessels upon the seas loaded with troops returning to their own countries. They were absolutely loaded, so many that some of the men had to sleep on deck, some had to sleep in the lifeboats, but the ships were all going toward a very large country whose policies I could not understand because in the first case they were selling weapons to both sides, and then, when eventually they joined in the war well, they were fighting against their own weapons. I thought that this surely must be the depths of insanity.

As the great ships reached the harbor the whole place seemed to go wild with excitement. Skeins of paper were flung about as streamers, cars were hooting, the ships were hooting as well, and everywhere there were bands playing, no matter that some were playing one piece of music and another lot was playing another piece of music. The uproar was indescribable. Later we saw what appeared to be one of the leaders of the victorious forces driving down a vast street with huge buildings on each side, and from all the floors of the buildings there came pelting paper confetti, paper ribbons, and all that type of thing. Various people were blowing hard on some sort of instrument which certainly could not be called a musical instrument. It seemed that there was a great celebration because now much profit would be made from the sale of ex-Government weapons to other countries, smaller countries, who wanted to have a go at war with some neighbor.

It was a dismal scene indeed which appeared on this world. The soldiers, the sailors, and the airmen had returned to their homeland, victorious, they thought, but now—well, what were they going to do for a living? There were millions of people out of work. There was no money, and many of them had to queue up and go

to what they called a 'soup kitchen' once a day. There they got some awful muck in a can which they then took home to share with their families.

The outlook was grim indeed. In one country ragged wretches could continue no longer, they were walking along on the sidewalks, peering at the space where the sidewalk became the pavement, the roadway, they were looking for a crust or anything, a cigarette butt, anything at all. And then they would stop and lean against perhaps one of the posts which carried wires, notices or lights, and then they would slump to the ground and roll into the gutter—dead, dead of starvation, dead through loss of hope. Instead of sorrow from onlookers there was gladness, some more people had died, surely soon there would be enough jobs. But no, these 'soup kitchens' grew in number, and various uniformed people went about picking up the dead and putting them on a wagon to be taken away to be—I supposed—buried or burnt.

We watched various items spread out over the years, and then in one country we saw they were preparing for war again, the country which lost last time. There were great preparations, youth movements, and all the rest of it. They got flying training by making quite a number of small aircraft and claiming that these were recreational things.

We saw a very funny little man with a small moustache and pale, bulging eyes. Whenever he appeared and started ranting then a crowd quickly collected. Things like this were going on all over the world, and in many cases countries went to war. Eventually there was a very big war in which most of the world was involved.

"Master," I said, "I cannot understand how you can conjure up pictures of things which have not yet occurred."

The Lama looked at me and then he looked at the machine standing ready to show us more pictures. "Well, Lobsang, actually there is nothing very difficult in it, because if you get a gang of people you can just

about bet all you have that when they do things they will all do it in the same way. If a woman is being pursued by a man she will run in one direction and hide. I Vow if that occurs a second and a third time her path is established, and you are very sure then when you predict that there will be a fourth occasion and the woman will run to her secret hiding place, and that her tormentor will soon be caught.”

“But, sir,” I said, “how is it possible to produce pictures of a thing that hasn't happened?”

“Unfortunately, Lobsang, you are not old enough yet to be able to appreciate an explanation, but briefly, corresponding things happen in the fourth dimension and we get what is more or less an echo down here on the third dimension. Some people have the ability to see far ahead, and to know exactly what is happening. I am one of those called a very sensitive clairvoyant and telepath, but you are going to surpass me many, many times because you have been trained like this almost before you were born. You have thought that your family have been hard on you. Yes, they have, very hard, but this was an order from the Gods. You have a special task to do, and you had to be taught anything which could be useful to you. When you are older you will understand about time tracks and different dimensions, and all that sort of thing. I told you yesterday about crossing an imaginary line on the Earth, and finding that you were in a different day. That, of course, is an entirely artificial affair so that the countries of the world can trade, and so they have this artificial system where time is artificially varied.

“Lobsang, there is a point which you apparently have not noticed. The things we are seeing now, and discussing now, are things that will not happen until fifty years or so have passed.”

“I was almost stunned when you told me that, Master, because at the time it seemed all natural, but—yes—I can see now that some of the things—well, we don't have the science to do them. Therefore it must be something in the future.”

The Lama nodded his head gravely and said, “Yes, in 1930 or 1940, or somewhere in-between there, the second World War will begin. And war will rage almost throughout the whole of the globe. It will bring absolute ruin to some countries, and the ones who win the war will lose the peace, and those who lose the war will win the peace. I cannot tell you when the war will actually start because there is no point in knowing, anyhow, we cannot do anything about it. But it should be round about 1939, and that is a good few years ahead yet.

“After that war—the second Great War—there will be continuous guerilla warfare, continuous strikes, and all the time the Unions will be trying to increase their power and gain control of their countries.

“I am sorry to tell you that in about 1985 some strange event will occur which will set the scene for the third Great World War. That war will be between peoples of all nationalities and all colours, and it will bring the Race of Tan into being. Rapes are terrible things, no doubt, but at least if a black man rapes a white woman then we have yet another colour tan, the Race of Tan. We have to have a uniform colour on this Earth. That is one of the very necessary things before there can be much lasting peace.

“We cannot give exact dates, exact to the day, the hour, the minute and the second as some idiots think we can, but we can say that round about the year 2000 there will be intense activity in the Universe, and intense activity on this world. After a bitter, bitter struggle the war will be resolved with help from people from outer space, people who do not like Communism here.

“But now is the time to see if my legs are good enough to walk on and get down the mountainside, because then we must return to the Potala.”

We looked at all the machines we had used, we made sure they were clean and left in the best condition that we could manage. We made sure that all the switches were working properly, and then the Lama Mingyar

Dondup and I put on new robes, 'new' robes, a million or more years old and of wonderful material. We must have looked like two old washerwomen if anybody could have seen us poring over the clothes to find something which especially appealed to that amount of vanity which we still had within us. At last we were satisfied. I was a monk, and Mingyar Dondup was done up with a robe of very high status indeed, and I knew he was entitled to an even higher one.

We found big robes which would fit over our new equipment, and so we put them on to save our clothes when going down the mountainside.

We had a meal and a drink, and we each said goodbye to that little room with the hole in the corner. Then we set out.

"Master!" I exclaimed, "How are we going to hide the entrance?"

"Lobsang, never doubt the Powers that Be. It is already arranged that when we leave this place a curtain of solid stone, many feet thick, will slip down and cover the entrance, and destroy any evidence of it from outside. So when we get out we must hold our hands and rush, we must go as fast as we can together to get out before the big rock falls in place and seals away these secrets to prevent the Chinese finding them, because, as I told you, the Chinese will take over this country and Tibet will be no more. Instead there will be a secret Tibet with the wisest of Wise Men living in caves and tunnels like this, and these men will teach the men and women of a new generation which will follow much later on, and which will bring peace to this Earth."

We traversed the path, and then we saw a square of daylight. We hurried along as fast as we could, and shot out into the open air. I looked with love down at the Potala, and down at Chakpori, and then I looked at the steep way ahead of us and I really wondered how we would manage.

At that moment there was a tremendous commotion, as if the world was coming to an end. The rock door

had fallen, and we could hardly believe our eyes. There was no trace of an opening, no trace of a path. It was as though this adventure had never been.

So we made our way down the mountainside, and I looked at my Guide, and I thought of him going to die at the treacherous hands of Communists. And I thought of my own death which would occur in a foreign country. But then the Lama Mingyar Dondup and I would be united in Sacred Patra.

## *EPILOGUE*

And so yet another true story has come to an end. Now there is nothing except to wait in my hospital bed until my Silver Cord be severed and my Golden Bowl be shattered, so that I can go to my Spiritual Home—Patra.

There is so much I could have done. I would have liked, for instance, to have spoken in the League of Nations, or whatever they call themselves nowadays, on behalf of Tibet. But there was too much jealousy, too much spite, and the Dalai Lama was in a difficult position taking aid from people, so that, of course, he could not go against their wishes.

I could have written more about Tibet, but here again there was jealousy and fake articles, and the press have always sought for anything gruesomely horrifying or what they call "wicked" and which they do every day.

Transmigration is true. It is an actual fact of life, and it used to be a great science indeed. It is like a man travelling by air to his destination and then finding a car waiting for him as he steps out of the plane, only in this a Great Spirit takes over a body that he may do a task allotted to him.

These books, my books, are true, absolutely true, and if you think that this particular book smacks of science fiction you are wrong. The science in it could have been many times increased had the scientists been at all interested, but the fiction—there just isn't any, not even "artists' license."

So I lay back in my old hospital bed waiting release from the long night of horror which is “life” on Earth. My cats have been a relief and a joy, and I love them more than I love a human.

Just a final word. Some people have tried to “cash in” on me already. Some people spread about the story that I was dead, and that from the “Other Side” I had commanded them to start a correspondence course, that I (from the “Other Side”) would be the head of it and we would correspond with the Ouija Board. Now, the Ouija Board is absolute fakery, and worse, because in some cases it can allow evil or mischievous entities to take possession of the person using the Ouija Board.

May the Good Spirits preserve you.

THE END



‘Ignorant people think it's the noise which fighting cats make that is aggravating, but it ain't so; it's the sickening grammar they use.’

Mark Twain

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## ONE

‘She was an autumnal lady therefore it was fitting she should depart in the autumn.’ One of Miss Taddy's friends made the above comment, and it seems a fitting tribute to our Tadikins who had always appeared older than her years, she who in her own special way had brightened our lives, especially mine, during the whole span of her life. She earned the name ‘Tad’ because, as a kitten, she was so tiny, much smaller than her sister, who enjoyed the royal name of Cleopatra. Later it was decided little Tad should receive a name of equal importance — so for important occasions she became Miss Tadalinka Rampa; at home she was Taddy or Tadikins.

Of course cats are acknowledged to be the possessors of at least three names — one by which they are known to the Family, the human Family, and to which they will sometimes answer, when called, and a second which is decided upon by the cat person and his cat acquaintances. For the third title one cannot do better than turn to the poet T. S. Eliot on ‘*The Naming of Cats*’ — where he says — and I quote a few lines:

‘But above and beyond there’s still one name left over  
And that is the name that you never will guess:  
The name that no human research can discover —  
But THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS, and will never  
confess.’

Although our Taddy often gave one the impression of being lethargic, and interested mainly in food, it is my belief that she was a very alert Cat Person, and I have it on good authority, as well as from my own observations, that she was extremely telepathic, extremely psychic. Often we called her ‘the telephone girl’ because she was so mentally alert even when apparently lacking in physical energy. How often I have mulled over the reason for this creature's determination to become a member of my Family, for determined she was, as various episodes proved. Of course it was worth more than a little effort to get oneself accepted into a Family where Lobsang Rampa was the chief member, and after two or three tries the goal was achieved. But, as with everything worthwhile, it took time.

Everything in life takes time, nothing ‘comes easy’ and now we have to go back about a decade and a half where the thread of our tapestry has its beginnings. We had been living in Canada for only a very few years, arriving first to Windsor, Ontario, accompanied by two feline ladies well known to readers of the Rampa books, Mrs. Fifi Grey-whiskers and Miss Ku'ei. Our stay in that city has been fairly well documented in my first book, *Pussywillow*, so repetition is unnecessary. One of our Windsor acquaintances expressed astonishment when we happened to mention we seriously considered moving to the, then small, town of Fort Erie, on the Niagara river. This man remarked, ‘You won't like it there — it is only suitable for tourists.’ However, fate, or whoever decides these things decreed that

Fort Erie was to be our destination and that is where we found ourselves, on the edge of the Niagara river.

After living for about a year at Cedar House we decided to move into the town, into a small apartment building, at what is known as the South End, and quite near Peace Bridge which spans the river between Fort Erie and Buffalo, New York State. Since this building had quite obviously seen better days, the accommodation was far from comfortable, and once there was an invasion of ants. When we spread anti-ant spray on the floor Miss Ku'ei became sick after stepping on it, and washing it from her paws. She was not a very placid patient at any time, so that was another problem.

Well, eventually we heard of a little house for rent, just one street beyond Jarvis, which was the center of town, where most of the very few stores were located, also the Main Post Office. To be living at ground level seemed quite strange after being 'in the air' but soon we were adjusted, and we had the added pleasure of a small garden, a delight to the Siamese people. On looking back I do not think Fort Erie was anything like ideal for such a family as ours, it was too small and, apart from a few outstanding personalities, most people's outlook was too narrow.

Just as we felt we had reached another dead-end and were considering our next step, an outside influence invaded us in the form of a letter, leaving us with another problem to solve; another decision to make.

One morning, as the Guv began sorting his mail, he came across one missive which instantly attracted his attention. (I should mention that the Guv is the name by which Lob-sang Rampa is known to the Cat People — as readers of my previous books will know, so it seems convenient to continue its use.) Well, the Guv held the letter for a second while we all became silent, even the Cat People, and then

he opened the envelope. After reading the letter twice he looked up. 'There's something still in the envelope,' I said. The Guv examined the envelope and pulled out a photograph which showed a very busy man, a man sitting at a large desk with a telephone in front of him. At his side was a large tape-recording machine, together with an equally large IBM electric typewriter.

All this appeared most impressive and by this time I was eager to know the reason for the letter which bore an impression of authority. The Guv asked me what I thought about taking a trip to South America., and he passed the letter to me for my comments. It was, in short, an invitation to visit that small country, Uruguay, which is bordered by another small country, Paraguay, and by that large land-mass, Brazil.

Apparently Lobsang Rampa was a very popular author in South America and we were advised that it would be good publicity to appear in Argentina, that large Spanish speaking country, as well as in Uruguay. Our tickets would be bought by a group of interested persons known as *los amigos de Lobsang Rampa* — the friends of Lobsang Rampa, and a second letter arrived while we were still contemplating the first. This time we were urged to lose no time in making preparations for the journey, that every facility was at our disposal including typists, interpreters, and that a large office was available for our use. The 'friends of Lobsang Rampa' apparently were most enthusiastic.

Mr. U, as I will call him, showed great interest in Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers, and he wanted to use all his resources in the promotion of her book, *Living with the Lama*. When eventually we did reach Montevideo, without Fifi, the gentleman was most displeased and he made quite a display of anger, acting as though we were to blame for the situation.

Do not follow where the Path may lead.  
Go, instead, where there is no path  
and leave a trail.

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## TWO

Before reaching a final decision the matter was given much thought — we are not the type to go careering around the world for no useful purpose and, although Lady Ku'ei Cat loved traveling, we were not anxious to submit Fifi Grey-whiskers to unnecessary hardship. She was satisfied doing whatever the Family considered best but, given the choice, would have preferred no more jaunts.

However, as these people appeared so anxious to receive us into their midst, and we had no other plans; it seemed best that we make the effort, hoping the result would make the venture worthwhile.

It would be a further six months before we were to depart, and it seemed a very long wait, while letters would be exchanged between Lobsang Rampa and Mr. U on behalf of the amigos.

It was a beautiful summer and we spent it mainly in our little garden, where Fifi and Ku'ei loved to play around the flowers and trees, while we were just 'ticking over' and waiting. Once while I was alone with the Cat People I saw another feline in the vacant lot adjoining ours, and he seemed to be playing with something which I judged to be a bird. When I went over to the cat he ran away and I rescued the little bird, who was suffering more from fright than anything, and after he recovered he flew off. A few

days later I witnessed the same scene again, but in our garden, and this time I was not so lucky for the cat had won. Possibly, if it was the same little sparrow, it may have become too trusting after being kindly treated by a human, not realizing the necessity of remaining constantly alert.

There were various documents to be prepared, and we had to go along to another district, Ridgeway, where we visited a most agreeable medico who gave us 'shots' before the documents could be completed. Fifi and Ku'ei would not have their papers until later for their inoculations would be valid for a much shorter period, therefore they had to be delayed until just before leaving.

Not only was it a lovely summer that year but the warm weather continued late into autumn, right to November, something quite unusual for, in that part of the world, one had to be prepared for cold, unpleasant days by October at the latest.

Fifi loved the warm sun and in the early afternoon she could be found just inside the side door of our house, where the upper part was of glass. For thirty minutes or so she would sit there contentedly washing until old Sol moved along, when she would return to her place with the Family.

During those days of waiting we enjoyed an occasional visit from a lady we had come to know while at Cedar House, her home being a short distance from us, on the Parkway while she lived with her husband. Gladys, like ourselves, loved birds and all animals, and cared for them during the hard winter months; all kinds of feathered creatures would assemble in the garden chirruping for attention.

Gladys had COLOR, always her conversation was full of interest, and she was very artistic, her interest being oil painting. Another hobby was copper-enameling, and the extent of her imagination was evident in the designs she

executed. Once she arranged a display at a store in Niagara Falls, and we were pleased to know of its success, and to hear how many items had been sold. Apart from her skills she was, and is, a most attractive person, physically as well as intellectually.

So the days wore on towards the time of departure and a truck collected our big pieces of luggage, after which they would be sent on to New York, ahead of us. Still we had to wait a little longer and any moment our tickets would be arriving. At last it was time to make final arrangements with the bank, and the post office, for even in those far off days Lobsang Rampa was getting a considerable volume of mail. Pauline, whom we had come to know quite well, agreed to forward our letters, a service for which we were most appreciative, and which she carried out for a number of years, long after we returned to Canada — until about two or three years ago when we cancelled the Fort Erie postal box. Pauline, like us, had come to this country from England, and we will always have a kind feeling towards her for her efficient and willing service.

At the last moment, after our departure, Gladys would deal with the closing of our little house and hand in the keys to the landlord and this little duty she was happy to perform. She came to bid us goodbye on the last evening, and it is the same how ever many times we go on a journey, and wherever we go; it is always a time of apprehension, tinged with sadness, not knowing how long we will be gone, whether we will all meet again and where.

We were to travel from New York by freighter, on the Moore McCormack line, the particular vessel was the *Mormactrade*. There is no ship's doctor on a freighter so the maximum number of passengers they are allowed to carry is twelve persons. Not many people were traveling to South America at that time because it was the period of

the Cuban Missile Crisis, and everybody was waiting for the outcome between the US and Russia. Within a year, on the assassination of the President, America had further cause for concern.

If you can't dream what have  
you got to come true!

Elvis Presley.

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## THREE

At last the moment of departure was upon us, and we gathered our things together while our thoughts were of the immediate future, wondering whether we were taking the right step, knowing there is no standing still if one wants to progress.

It is best to start a journey early in the day but for us there was no choice except to go in the evening, since that was the time to catch the train to New York. Fifi had settled herself down for the night so it saddened me to disturb her; she had lived a long time and at this stage she needed to take life quietly.

A knock on the door and the driver announced himself, so we took our places in the station wagon, complete with our hand luggage, leaving Fort Erie behind, and speeding across Peace Bridge to the Buffalo railway station, from where we would travel overnight, reaching New York in the morning.

Of course we had sleeping belths but one cannot sleep well on a train, not me anyway, and Miss Ku'ei kept calling to tell me each time we passed a station. She always seemed to come to life when there was any activity — while Fifi was exactly the opposite. Fifi stayed close beside me all the way, secure in the knowledge that her days of misery, of being stuffed in a suitcase while being banged around, were over.

In the early hours of the morning we reached New York Central station and as the train pulled in to the platform there seemed to be a tremendous bustle of activity. So we alighted, feeling somewhat lost, but soon a porter, a Red Cap, came along, grabbing our suitcases and slinging them on to a trolley. We had to prevent him from taking Fifi and Ku'ei, in their carrying baskets and piling them on top too; we preferred to transport them ourselves because they too were 'People'.

Soon we were safely ensconced in the station hotel, the Commodore, where we would stay for a few hours, until the afternoon, when we would make our way to the dock area, there to be met by the *Mormactrade* personnel, and shown to our suite. For those who do not care for social life a freighter offers the best opportunity of enjoying sea travel, much to be preferred over a purely passenger ship. The nearest approach to being sociable on a freighter is to be pleasant to the ship's captain and, if he approves, you might dine at his table.

After we had rested we were given a late lunch in our room and by the time all this was over it was time to depart for the docks, and our freighter. Together with all our luggage we took the inevitable taxi ride and eventually found the *Mormactrade*, a vessel which was making a 'run' between New York and Argentina.

As we were about to embark we were approached by the purser who informed us the Captain had gone ashore and was not expected to return until quite late, since we would not be leaving until the following morning.

Further, we were told, 'You cannot take those cats aboard. They will go in the hold.' This was an unfortunate reception, most of all for Fifi, for whom this kind of treatment was all too common.

The Guv brought out his letter from the ship's company

confirming we had permission to have Fifi and Ku'ei in our suite. By this time the Guv was becoming very tired of the situation and he told the Purser, 'If they cannot be with us then we will not go either.' At last we had our way, being told it could all be sorted out in the morning with the Captain. We thought of canceling the whole trip and I believe it would have been better if we had done so — but we didn't. Later we heard that no instructions had been left regarding treatment of the Cat People but it was too late, Fifi had suffered another shock at the hands of humanity.

From our stateroom, just aft the bridge, we watched while two locomotives were put on deck — they were huge contraptions with extremely powerful propulsion units — their destination being Brazil. Next morning brought great activity aboard ship and, as we watched from a position near the bridge, harbor tugs chugged along and drew the *Mormactrade* out, backwards. Then changing position, they approached the bow, and towed us forward into the waters of New York Harbor.

On we went, past all the great liners which were docked, past the Statue of Liberty, up beneath a bridge, when soon the Ambrose Lightship came in sight. We waved a greeting to some of the men aboard and then we turned to the right — South.

Before finally leaving the United States behind us, we had one port of call, Charleston, on the coast of South Carolina. Here we docked for one day so I went out to look at the town, and the stores, returning with an armful of periodicals to keep us interested during the coming days. Also a pair of nice beige shoes in readiness for the summer days in Uruguay. The seasons being reversed we would arrive in South America around mid-summer.

The Guv has always enjoyed sea travel but, like Fifi, I prefer to stay in one place; if I HAVE to go anywhere let

it be by air and get it over with, let me arrive at my destination as quickly as possible. Now, a row-boat on the river is fine for an hour's pleasure, or a boat fitted with an out-board motor such as we used in Ireland; that is different but a longish sea trip, no!

It must have been on our first morning on the *Mormac-trade* — after we set sail, that is, when I awoke around five o'clock to find Mrs. Fifi right beside me, not saying a word but obviously waiting for her breakfast. 'All right,' I told her. 'Here goes — you will have your breakfast in a few minutes.' As I collected myself and stood up, suddenly I felt everything inside me reverse and I remember thinking, 'Ah, this is it, the start of seasickness about which I have been warned.' Somehow food was placed before Grey-whiskers and then I had to lie down while the Guv brought me some anti-sickness pills — I do not remember clearly exactly what, but they certainly were effective.

By the time a day had passed I had recovered from the attack. Then a storm — one of the worst — overcame us as we made our way along the US coast, in the Cape Hatteras area, which is never calm in the winter months. It was reported to be the biggest storm in years, with many ships scurrying towards the safety of a harbor, but cargo ships must take all risks since the chief concern is PROFIT. There is no time for delays.

The vessel battled on against immense waves and at one point there was no other alternative but to pull into harbor, because the cargo in the aft hold had been damaged, and certain volatile liquids had escaped and were sloshing around in the bottom of the hold. That was soon pumped out and on she went once more.

Our suitcases and other objects in our suite slid across the floor during the night and Miss Ku'ei didn't seem to mind at all, even when the chair upon which she had been

sleeping joined in the dance. It was a different situation for Mrs. Greywhiskers, who was older and quite frail; Fifi just stayed in her place becoming more and more quiet and one night I watched over her, while the Guv soothed her spirit, but sad to relate she did not recover. Towards morning she lifted her head as if to say 'I am going now', and so she left us to join Mr. T. Catt and Miss Sindhi.

Each time a Cat Person leaves us it is never any easier for those who are left behind. So Fifi found her last earthly resting place in the raging waters of the US coastline. Now she is well and contented, continuing her evolution in another sphere.

The Captain was most helpful and understanding; his men performed the last rites for our much loved Fifi, and the loss was documented in the ship's log.

The most wonderful thing  
is that you and I  
are always walking together,  
hand in hand,  
in a strangely beautiful world,  
unknown to other people.  
We both stretch one hand  
to receive from Life —  
and Life is generous indeed.

Kahlil Gibran

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## FOUR

We noticed how the water was polluted with sewage, refuse, anything, but as we continued further out into the Atlantic the sea became clearer and clearer.

Once we saw a great bomber overhead - it seemed to be a vast aircraft as it swooped down towards us, passing above the deck at just a few hundred feet. 'Giving us a check over,' commented the Captain, at our side. 'They're afraid we might be Russians taking supplies to Castro.' As we all knew Fidel Castro had been defying the USA and arousing their ire. The Russians had been trying to place Atom bombs, or something, on Cuba as a threat to the USA. The American plane, satisfied that we were innocent traders went off; again the sea was deserted. Cuba was just across to our light, down below the horizon.

I had planned to re-read the manuscript of Living with the Lama, which had not yet been published but, after Fifi departed, I could not bring myself to open the pages so I waited until it was in book form. Fifi's book, written by

Lobsang Rampa, is one of the most popular of the series. So we continued and at last the arrangement of the clouds, just above the skyline, indicated that land was beneath. 'The loom of the land,' the Captain said, 'You always get different clouds above land to what you do above the sea.'

On we went, eventually crossing the equator but without those ceremonies which some ships have, where passengers are subjected to treatment by the 'Gods of the Sea', to celebrate the event. This of course if it is your first crossing. We had no time for such frivolities, this was a ship of commerce, the *Mormactrade*, although the crew teased us and would have liked to give us a dunking.

One of the officers was a great talker, to whoever would we needed to send a cable we had to go up to see the Radio Operator; to anyone interested he would explain the intricacies of his job, a job which makes for a somewhat lonely life. A bigger ship would carry two radio operators but there was only one on the *Mormactrude*, which meant his being on duty for twenty-four hours a day, even sleeping on the job so that no calls would be missed.

There was much excitement when the news was announced that soon we would be making our first South American port of call; we looked forward with pleasure to being able to walk on land once more.

Each time we came close to a port we were able to receive radio programs from that particular town or city, otherwise we relied on the short-waves, when it was possible to get news from various parts of the world. One advantage of ocean travel is the ease with which one can receive non-interference radio reception.

So we were about to visit the Brazilian port of Vitória,

after turning into the wide mouth of a river; and passing an island which seemed to be a mighty rock, to our port side.

At the Vitoria docks, amid much noise and confusion, clinking of engines and rattling of chains, our two locomotives were unloaded; they were lifted up by the ship's derricks and placed on the tracks running from the dock. It was interesting to see how first of all the bogeys and other wheels were placed in position and wedged, so that they were unable to move, then the body of the loco, the engine proper, was carefully lowered on the wheel arrangement. Quicker than seemed possible the locomotives were started and went away beyond our sight.

With all that weight removed the ship was steadier; less of the rolling, less pitch and toss — a forward and backward motion which was quite sickening.

Soon the remainder of the cargo was disposed of and then the *Mormactrade* turned and steamed away again, down the river, to continue South, and fairly close to land where we could see various activities. We saw battered cars on the roads, cars held together with baling wire, and rope. Then we passed the great port of Rio de Janeiro but we did not stop there, this trip being to Argentina and Uruguay.

A nice sitting room was available to the passengers, so sometimes we sat there after scanning the ship's library, finding a book to while away the time. Miss Ku'ei enjoyed it, especially if there was someone to talk to her, for she had been lonely without Fifi Greywhiskers. Whenever the Captain came around he enjoyed a chat with the Guy, and he was a most agreeable gentleman who had a pleasant greeting for everyone. Life can be lonely for the Master, or Captain of a ship and it is not surprising that he is allowed to take his wife along when he so desires. The Captain of the *Mormactrade* had his wife with him at the start of the trip but she stayed only a few days, after which she returned

to the USA. During the time of the storm she was very helpful, frequently visiting her husband when he refused to leave the Bridge until the worst was over.

It was disappointing for us not to be stopping in the port of Rio de Janeiro, but there was nothing we could do about it so we hoped that perhaps another time! The Captain informed us that the *Mormactrade* would call at Rio on the return voyage.

It was intended we would be taken to Uruguay, where we would disembark at Montevideo, cargo would be unloaded and then the *Mormactrade* would continue on to Buenos Aires, the end of the voyage. In front of us was the city of Punta del Este, with its sparkling beaches and shining dwellings, that 'point to the east' which always reminds me of the Great Train Robbery of Great Britain. Several of the fugitive robbers, fled to Punta del Este where they settled down to enjoy the fruits of their loot. At any rate many people of Montevideo spent vacations in that healthy and select area, where those who could afford the luxury, owned a second home, an apartment or a house. A lovely and desirable place for spending a holiday.

So we continued, with Montevideo in view, expecting that soon we would reach our destination, and feeling somewhat thankful that our trip was nearly over. However, as we approached the harbor we came to a halt — it was absolutely crowded with vessels of all nations and, if we had docked, we might have had to wait for a week or more before unloading. Because of a strike by stevedores everything was at a standstill, so the Captain decided he would have to go on to Argentina first, having a special cargo for that country and feeling it would be futile to wait.

What a nuisance for him — would he ever get rid of those passengers for Uruguay?

Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.

George Santayana

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## FIVE

The Guv and Miss Ku'ei appeared to be enjoying themselves so they would not mind the extra traveling time, and really there was no cause for concern since we would get a glimpse of Buenos Aires which otherwise we would have missed.

We passed the lightship in the Rio de la Plata, at the junction of the sea lane leading to Montevideo and Buenos Aires, and continued on. Later our minds would be refreshed regarding an important event which had occurred in this river which I had previously known as the River Plate. By the following morning we were actually in the land mass of Argentina. Buenos Aires has a very large volume of sea traffic, and this was no exception, many ships were entering the port, and many leaving, as we arrived.

Our stay lasted a few days, which gave one the opportunity to visit down town and the first place I wanted to find was a bookstore. There were plenty of taxis to be had by the docks so I was quickly whisked away to what I was told was one of the main book suppliers. Here I found titles in English, not knowing any Spanish in those days and even now I doubt whether I could master a book in that language. After making a few other purchases I returned to the ship with plenty of reading material, fresh radio batteries and, of course, fruit and chocolates.

On the morning after our arrival there was much excitement in the air — it was reported that an unidentified flying object had been seen in the vicinity of the airport, and that event was the main subject of conversation for some time. Those who are interested will probably be aware that South America is a popular place for UFO sightings, especially Argentina and Brazil. Some people are reported to have been taken aboard by the craft's occupants.

Not to be outdone I might add that here in Alberta we have not been forgotten; especially in the past few years there have been an increasing number of sightings, reported by most reliable witnesses such as police and air pilots. I wonder, sometimes, if they are following us around!

At last we were ready for the last lap of our journey and the Captain cheerily remarked, 'We'll soon have you in Montevideo. It's not such a delay as I feared.' And then he added, 'By the way you know "Montevideo" means "I see a mountain", because you should know that before you arrive.'

The Captain also reminded us that the correct designation of the country we were visiting is Uruguay del Oriental, with emphasis on the 'al', something we already knew. Or was it the other way around — Oriental del Uruguay!

The ship was turned again and we headed seaward down the river Plate with its great sandbanks, its silt-choked waters which were the graveyard of many ships which had failed to navigate the passage and had got stuck in the mud. On we went, through the night until we had a lightship on our port side, and, as we came to a near-stop a pilot came aboard to direct us into the harbor. The river bed was absolutely silted due to the water channel varying from day to day. With the pilot on the Bridge, still there was no respite for the Captain because, although apparently the pilot was in charge, the unfortunate Captain would be held

responsible should an accident occur. The Captain's chief function, I am told, is to keep the vessel afloat.

Leaving the lightship we turned into the channel leading to the port of Montevideo and, with bare steerage way, the *Mormactrade* ambled towards the port. The Captain hove in view. 'There's no point in hurrying,' he said. 'The strike is over, but the harbor is still full of vessels and we are the last one in.'

So we decided we had better settle down for another wait and, in the meantime, we took stock of the surrounding activity. On the left we espied a ship-wreck — with only the upper works protruding above the surface of the water, the masts a tangle of rigging. Lifeboats were smashed and in all the parts visible, there was only one piece of glass unbroken.

The Captain was only too pleased to enlighten us as to the wreck's history; he must have told the story many times but that is a part of a sea captain's life, for many are the tales he can relate, often improved in the telling. 'It's a very sad case,' we were told. 'It was a passenger liner and due for inspection at Lloyds but it had many defects, a great deal was wrong with it which meant a lower rating, less profitable. So, somehow the sea cocks were opened and the bilges began to fill with water.' He looked rueful as he continued, 'The captain ran her straight up on the sandbanks, and there she'll stay until the last bit of metal has rusted. She's so full of sand and it would cost more to salvage her than the ship is worth.'

Again the captain talked, as though in a reverie, 'The local fishermen bless the ship because it attracts a lot of fish. Fish always go for wrecks, you know, and this one is an absolute harvest for fishermen.' As it was low tide we could see the ship clearly, the outline of the main deck, the rails around the main deck, and the hatches over the hold.

‘Some people have landed on it, you know,’ said the Captain. ‘People have been aboard and they've taken just about everything they could reach. The ship's clock, the ship's bell, there's only one lifeboat left, and it is staved in on the far side, so it's just left there.’ The ship was *The Highland Monarch!*

We drifted along, the *Mormactrade* under perfect control, notwithstanding the slow speed, and viewed this veritable graveyard in the estuary, and we were dismayed as the Captain kept reminding us that we would have to stay around until all the other vessels had been dealt with first. When you travel by freighter you cannot guarantee within a day or two when you will arrive or depart from a port, unlike a passenger ship which is more punctual. It is never certain how long it will take to unload various cargo so when one travels by this method it is no use having plans which you cannot change — better to go by air.

A ship's captain must be one of the most interesting persons to meet, for various reasons — he is usually an excellent story teller and he is, mostly, a philosophical person, not having to worry about day to day problems which beset those in cities and offices. He has more time to think and to dwell on the realities of life — yes, and death.

To keep us interested the Captain of *Mormactrade* pointed to a place between us and the shore remarking, ‘*The Graf Spee* went down there, you know.’ There to our left and just ahead, was the grave of the *Graf Spee*, a pocket battleship, a commerce-raider, a ship of Hitler's Germany, which had become famous in World War Two. And now Nemesis had taken the ship. There had been a running battle at sea, outside the port, and the captain of the battleship, Captain Langsdorff, had been misled by British signals which were intended to mislead him. He had already received a pounding from a small cruiser and some destroyers, and he ex-

pected further attack by destroyers. So he made for the Port of Montevideo to have the ship patched and have fresh ammunition and fuel put aboard.

According to the International Rules of War, a warship could put into a neutral port only for seventy-two hours, otherwise it would be deemed to be giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and could be shelled. So, after the allotted time had elapsed, the battleship was compelled to leave and there was much speculation at the thousands of men who were left ashore.

Captain Langsdorff said he was going to make a fast run to Germany and, without all those men the ship would travel all the faster!!! So the *Graf Spee* left port but, instead of entering the channel leading to the sea, it turned right as though it were intending to go to Buenos Aires. But no! Out of port she dropped anchor in the sandbanks, and men were seen leaving the battleship, using their own lifeboats, tugs, anything which would float.

With the last man gone, there was a terrific explosion which shattered windows in the city of Montevideo. The whole superstructure of the *Graf Spee* lifted clear of the decks and dropped down again. The ship was ablaze from stem to stern. The captain, a brave man and a courteous foe, was taken ashore to Montevideo and interrogated extensively. He said he was merely following Hitler's order, 'Scuttle, let not the ship be captured. Scuttle.' So he'd followed the orders and scuttled the ship. Then after giving assurance that he would not attempt to escape Captain Langsdorff was allowed to retire to his hotel. Soon afterwards a single shot was heard and Captain Langsdorff had taken his own life.

Here lies a most beautiful lady,  
Light of step and heart was she  
I think she was the most beautiful lady  
That ever was in the West Country.  
Her beauty vanishes; beauty passes;  
However rare, rare it be;  
And when I crumble who shall remember  
this lady of the West Country?

*Walter de la Mare.*

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## SIX

Mr. U had been keeping contact with the *Mormactrade*, eager to know how soon we might be expected to disembark, and one day we were notified that he had been given permission to visit us on board ship. The next day a party of six or seven persons arrived and they were all introduced by Mr. U — an interesting group, including a musician and a lawyer. Also Mr. U had bought his wife along, a most attractive and intelligent lady.

Mostly the discussion was woven around the Guv and his books, and the plans they had for lectures to groups of interested persons, and hopes that he would accept individual students.

Eventually the conversation got around to immediate needs, where we would live, who would show us around etcetera. We were told that a house had been rented, some twelve miles from the city, in a residential district not far from the airport. We found later that it was a most desirable area for those who had a means of transport to the city,

for shopping or sightseeing, but we were to find Carrasco too isolated.

At last came the time to bid the Captain goodbye, and we were taken in Mr. U's car to our new home. He took the route along the Rambla so that we might enjoy the beauties of Montevideo, although we would have preferred the shorter way, being anxious to get to our house and settle in. Mr. U's wife and the musician were in the car ahead of us, with some of our luggage and they kept saying they must hurry because they had 'a mission'. When eventually we caught up with them they were out of the car and holding a banner right across the entrance to the property. To our amusement and some pleasure we read, 'WELCOME LOBSANG RAMPA.' The musician had a keen sense of humor, even if it seemed perverted at times. One day he tried to make us say to another person, 'You are my *enemigo*', so that he might enjoy the joke, but we were not trapped even though our Spanish was very limited in the early days. You cannot go 'round telling people they are your enemy!

The house was all on one level, with three bedrooms, and a garden at front and rear, and it was in the bathroom of this house where we came face to face with Mr. Frog as mentioned in *Pussywillow*. We had been aboard ship for approximately twenty-three days so we were installed in our new home just two days before Christmas, in the middle of summer. What a change after being used to the cold of winter, and snow, and it was the quietest holiday season I had ever spent, Mr. U having arranged to visit relatives some miles distant.

Fortunately we soon met a young family who lived nearby, and we appreciated the fact that the wife spoke English, being the daughter of an Englishman. She found the association agreeable, giving her the opportunity to broaden her

vocabulary and learn more about England, which she had never visited. Even now this English lady is remembered, especially when we have occasion to use a tape-recorder — she had never used such an instrument before so she found it quite a novelty. When the Guv let her hear herself on tape she looked astonished for a few seconds then smiling, ‘I like my voice’, she said. We particularly remember this incident in view of the remarks of most people who, on hearing a playback, will say, ‘Is that my voice. No, it can't be. I don't sound like that.’

We stayed only five weeks in that house while searching for something more suitable nearer, or in, the city.

The area suffered many dust-storms and one would find the floor covered with a fine dust — the wind just swept along the open spaces in Carrasco and those storms were extremely unpleasant; Uruguay has too few trees thus causing this situation, reminding one of the dustbowls of North America.

Following the Christmas holidays I took a trip into Montevideo with the idea of doing a bit of shopping and looking for an apartment, but not very hopeful of achieving the latter. However, on the return journey I noticed a big apartment building on the Rambla, at a point named Punta Carreta, so I went up to have a closer look. There was a ‘for rent’ sign listed so I made a note of the address, and apartment number, and continued my taxi journey home to report to the Guv.

Nothing is ever arranged quickly in Uruguay so there was no way we could hurry anyone. The English lady volunteered to go with me to view the property; she loved change so it was a pleasure for her to accompany me. We arranged a day and time suitable for her, and off we went, hoping we would find someone at home. Pressing the intercom buzzer, soon a voice answered, in Spanish, so my com-

panion stated our business, whereupon we were asked to come in and the door-release was activated. On arrival at the apartment we found the gentleman at home, with his wife and child, and they said they were leaving 'to take up residence in Argentina'. The accommodation was very satisfactory, with its living room facing the river, and balcony extending from the living room to two bedrooms.

There was little one could do until Mr. U had been contacted, since he was acting as sponsor, on behalf of the group which had brought us to their country. So, among other things I learned something of real estate procedure when we went to a bank where the contract was executed. It seemed very strange to me after being used to dealing with an estate agent, in England, or a real-estate officer (who needs special training) in Canada. However the transaction was completed at last and we moved in Bel Horizon in the early days of February.

A great improvement, with only one floor above us, we could look right out to the mouth of the river Plate, to where it flowed into the Atlantic, and we needed only to step outside to find a store or two, which was very convenient. There were other apartment buildings but none quite close so we were able to breathe comfortably. On one side was a vacant space, probably being kept ready for a construction company to take over — and by this time we were feeling more settled, having to some extent 'found our bearings'.

If I had been shopping or taking care of other business in what is known as the old part of Montevideo, in the banking district, and near the docks, I would return home, after securing a taxi, by the Rambla, enjoying the river and avoiding the city traffic. To this day I can, and sometimes do, visualize that tall building in the distance where I would feast my eyes, thinking. 'Up there, in the second apartment from the top is MY FAMILY, which means more to me

than anything in the world.' I picture the Guv, sitting on the balcony, and Miss Ku'ei who shared all my waking, and sleeping, moments, sitting by the door five minutes before I was due, so that she might welcome her Ma. Ku'ei, who is no longer around physically, but definitely with us in another form.

Mr. U often came to visit us, and we would sit in the large living room, or on the balcony, watching the glorious sunsets, while chatting on all kinds of topics. Mr. U had quite a sense of humor, never minding if someone made him the butt of a joke. Once the Guv had a tiny battery in his hand, having pretended to remove it from his ear. 'What is that?' enquired our visitor. 'Oh,' answered the Guv. 'That is the battery which makes me go.' For a moment Mr. U seemed stunned and then, rocking in his chair, he burst out laughing. 'You were so convincing,' he said, 'that I almost believed you.'

The latter part of a wise man's life  
is taken up in curing the follies,  
prejudices, and false opinions  
he had contracted in the former.

*Jonathan Swift*

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## BLUE GREY

‘Oh, look,’ I said when we were sitting in the hall one day. ‘What a pitiful little creature over there.’ The janitor, standing nearby, indicated that he had found the tiny kitten in the vacant lot adjoining our building. It was the only one left of a litter, and he had taken pity on it, and brought it in.

Juan, the janitor, was fairly young, perhaps thirty and, with his wife, he had come from Paraguay. Often he might be seen in front of our apartment building, busy washing tenants' cars, usually in bare feet. The climate in Uruguay is very temperate, never very cold, although the residents would have a different opinion if you asked them how they felt around July, the middle of winter. Anyhow it was so beautiful that Juan needed no shoes when he performed this particular duty, and the way he splashed around with the hose meant that he would only have ruined his shoes anyhow.

The little gray kitten fascinated me and I wondered why it looked so bedraggled, as it sat there, at the far end of the large lobby, never moving. Eventually I learned that for purposes of hygiene Juan had decided to clean the little cat and what had he used to do it — but kerosene. I also learned that he was caring for the tiny creature, where he had placed a carton for it, in the boiler room.

Of course it was dark down there, this room being on a lower level, *and hot*. The poor little cat was so pleased when someone visited her and one hated leaving her down there, while outside the sun shone and a lovely breeze made one feel just right. I felt it was wrong to be enjoying a free life when a little person was imprisoned in such surroundings.

What to do about the situation? Discuss it with the Guv, of course. After that consult Miss Ku'ei who, through the circumstance of her birth, was possessed of a strongly possessive trait, together with the fact that she was of the Siamese family who prefer to be 'one person' cats. I have mentioned her birth month in my first book, *Pussywillow*, so I will not labor the point, except to comment that her birthday was a national holiday in Uruguay.

In the end we decided to tell Juan we were prepared 'to take the kitten, and see what could be done for her, how she would respond to living with a human family, and whether Ku'ei would adjust to sharing her life. Ku'ei had become accustomed to managing without Fifi but we knew she sometimes felt lonesome. Fifi had been a mature person, and quiet, as well as being a Siamese, but this was different — a so-called domestic cat, still only a baby who might annoy Ku'ei who was, even then, quite mature. Would the cat adjust to an indoor life? That, also, was something to be considered.

Blue Grey, as we called her, because of her coloring which we could distinguish after cleaning off all the kerosene, when brought up to our apartment, was naturally very nervous. Fortunately there was one room which she could call her own — it had two doors, one leading into the kitchen and the other joined the passage to the bedroom area. It had been used as a dining room but was suitable for sleeping, with its own 'half-bath' as we call it here in Canada, so Blue Grey would have all amenities. We had provided

food when she was in the boiler room so she would soon get used to a constant wholesome diet, and we had great hopes for her.

After a few days it was noticed that the little cat was not very steady on her feet, she did not seem to be gaining strength so a veterinarian was summoned. He confirmed our suspicions that she had been starved in her early days, and all we could do was to continue giving nourishing food. He prescribed vitamins and calcium, observing her progress in the hope that the condition would be overcome. I spent a lot of time with her, and she purred loudly whenever she received attention.

The young veterinarian visited several times, sometimes hopeful and other times not so hopeful. Eventually, at our request as to whether she would get better, he said that after observing her closely during his visits he doubted there would ever be any improvement, that the mother had most likely been starved too, before Blue Grey was born, so the poor little kitten never had a chance.

There was no use in blinding ourselves to the situation and the young vet had never been too optimistic about the success of his treatment. Little Blue Grey would never be healthy, would never be able to walk properly and we were advised to have her sent Home. It was a sad decision to make, but by far the best for the little cat, so the veterinarian gave her an injection, painlessly, and she slept away her young life.

Juan lovingly prepared a resting place at the back of our building, not far from the spot where, just a few weeks earlier, he had found her. A decade and a half later I can still see clearly the small form, wrapped in my dressing gown, being taken down in the elevator. 'Goodbye, little cat,' I thought. 'Perhaps you will come to me again.' My Autumn lady!

In order to maintain a well-balanced perspective  
the person who has a dog to worship him  
should have a cat to ignore him.

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## SEVEN

In a short time the Friends of Lobsang Rampa had formed a discussion group, based on the author's books, and once or twice each month they would put together a list of questions regarding something which, in their opinion, required further clarification. Since Lobsang Rampa has never been completely in favor of group study, believing one can make better progress on one's own, he was not anxious to attend the sessions. However he compromised with the members by putting the answers to queries on tape and, periodically, he would record some new material.

Most of the members were men but the group included several women, and it was good to see how much the Guv was appreciated; he would receive appreciative messages in the way of letters and various other gestures.

Of those interested in having Lobsang Rampa in their country was a previous president, and this we found encouraging. At that time the government was composed of a nine man council, each member of the council in power taking his turn and being President for one year. The particular gentleman was at the time seriously ill and confined in a hospital bed. At his request it was intended that he would meet the Guv and there was a discussion as to which of the two people would effect the introduction. Since both persons could not do this, and they could not agree between them, nothing came of the visit, and in the mean-

time the patient was not improving so there was disappointment on both sides.

A delightful lady lived in our building and she was a descendant of a rather important French general. Married to a surgeon, she was rather plump and even tempered — like me (I hope). She enjoyed meeting different people and sometimes I would take Miss Ku'ei to visit the French lady, in the later afternoon. Sensibly the Senora indulged in a little siesta so that she would feel fresh in the evening; it seemed to be a very satisfactory way of life. This lady kept in touch with us during the remainder of our stay, even when we moved away from Bel Horizon.

In the apartment above us there lived a gentleman, a Consul from a European country, and he must have done a fair amount of entertaining, judging by the loud noise emanating from that direction. We never knew him personally, but we certainly knew of his existence.

Although our stay in Uruguay lasted little more than two years we experienced life in three different establishments, and the third apartment provided more of the 'home' atmosphere, being smaller and more friendly.

We had seen an advertisement in the daily newspaper where an individual had two dwellings for rent, or so it seemed. When we contacted the advertiser by telephone it appeared she was an agent and she was handling rentals for two separate people. After looking over the first we decided it would be quite adequate for our needs, it was furnished and more centrally located, so we advised the agent of our decision.

Somehow there was a misunderstanding, the agent became difficult so we told her she could find another tenant, we were giving it up.

About an hour after returning home to Bel Horizon a lady arrived to the door, appearing somewhat agitated and say-

ing she must talk to us. She was a charming person, another French lady, who said she, or rather her son, owned the apartment in Calle Constituyente, and she understood we were interested in renting the premises. She said she was familiar with the works of Lobsang Rampa and nothing would give her greater pleasure than having the Rampa family as tenants. It was a pleasant association and at last we began to feel less strange in another country. We would move in at the beginning of March, just as the year at Bel Horizon came to an end, and each month I would go by bus to the house of the French family to take our monthly cheque, and stay for a friendly chat before returning home. Of course the landlord would have collected the dues or we could have used the mail, except the postal service was not always reliable, but I enjoyed the short trip to Francisco Soca.

It was definitely an improvement, this Constituyente address, for we were able to get into the city center more easily, especially since the bus service was excellent and to use a common present day phrase we were more 'our own people'. Miss Ku'ei enjoyed the change, especially her trips to the roof of the building, where I would take her each day. She would sit by the door just after lunch, and wait for me and if, for any reason, I couldn't go she was most displeased.

One of the most vivid memories I have regarding that apartment was of a person who visited me, a person who had performed a few services for us, such as translations etcetera. A delightful personality, with a sense of humor, though not intended when she enquired, 'Is your husband tame?' I was highly amused, until I realized what she meant. 'Oh, yes,' I answered. 'He is a fairly quiet person.' Then I explained that my cat was tame but not my husband.

Many of the dwellings in Montevideo had flat roofs and

these were utilized to the greatest advantage. Some people kept poultry up there and I will never forget the day we suffered a severe windstorm, more accurately a hurricane, when a number of chickens were swept from one roof over to another, right across an open space. I think the Guv has mentioned the incident in one of his books. Something else seemed strange to us and that was the sight of a dog on top of a house — on thinking about it the dog was probably much safer than if it was just running around on the street. But if it was hungry, and suffering from extreme heat, or cold, one felt sympathetic towards the creature. I have seen a thin, unhappy dog just pacing up and down in its misery. I do not see how we can criticize another country for its apparent carelessness towards pets, and animals in general, when here in privileged Canada we are as uncaring as anywhere in the world — with of course some exceptions. Take for example certain incidents which occur during the summer holiday season in this province of Alberta, where too many people seem more concerned with their own pleasures than with responsibility towards their so-called pets. Some six months ago, on a Canadian national holiday, many were the reports of animals being thrown from automobiles and just left to the mercies of fast-driven vehicles, to predators of the wild or, at least, just left to starve. A strange way to treat man's so-called 'best friend', the dog, who places his whole trust in his master or mistress, often to become the victim of the worst kind of treachery.

One dog was reported found with its leg tied around its neck to prevent it from walking — the reason for such action must be beyond the comprehension of right thinking persons.

About sixty dogs were found abandoned on the road to Banff National Park and the authorities were able to save only a fraction of their number, pointing out that those

persons who are tired of keeping their pets, or who find it too inconvenient to continue caring, should take the animal to the 'pound' where, if other homes cannot be found, they will not suffer if they have to be sent Home. Too many people seem to think that by just abandoning a dog or a cat SOMEONE will find it and take it home, but this is not what happens as those individuals would realize if THEY were suddenly dumped in a strange place, far from their homes, with no means of survival. I often wonder, too, how humans would enjoy being hunted, just as fox-hunting is tolerated in England, where one would imagine the population to be a little more civilized than are some of us Canadians.

Cruelty has a human heart  
And Jealousy a human face;  
Terror the human form divine,  
And Secrecy the human dress.

*William Blake,  
From 'A Divine Image'.*

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## EIGHT

In North America there has been a lot of fuss, and rightly so, about the dumping of poisonous chemicals in the water at Niagara Falls and many other places in the USA. Tests have been made on animals to see the extent of the danger so that humans may benefit — and the media was quoted as saying, 'No one in their right mind would think of making the tests on humans.'

All right, if animals are expected to suffer on our behalf, the least we can do is to make them as comfortable as possible and not just go round 'shooting indiscriminately', or otherwise harassing the creatures of nature who, but for various religions which teach us that only man has a soul, we would accept as equals.

In the name of sport we have hunters chasing a herd of elk out of a National Park while, in a state of panic, they all bunch together, obviously suffering from stress, the hunter waiting for an animal to 'make a break', his excitement causing his aim to be erratic and half the time just injuring but not killing the animal outright. One elk was reported to be suffering so much stress that it walked a few steps, stopped and just fell down dead, without being shot. Later many injured animals were found, having made their

way back into the park, the remainder of the herd completely disorganized and disoriented.

What about the other side of the picture? How do animals treat the human race? The other day a dog saved the life of a four-year-old child who was drowning in a creek — he swam out to the child who climbed on the dog's back and was brought to safety. And a cat alerted the family when their home was on fire thus saving all their lives.

Dolphins Save Men's Lives. One of the nicest stories comes from Belleville, South Africa, reported in the Calgary Herald, December 1978. Because of the great interest in dolphins and the efforts which have been made to communicate with them, I will here repeat the story:

Four fishermen say they were saved from certain death at sea by four dolphins. The magazine South African Panorama reports that after the men had lost their way the dolphins came to the rescue, forcing their boat away from the rocky coast and leading it to a safe harbor.

‘It was the most frightening and incredible experience I've ever had,’ says fisherman Kobus Stander. ‘We were completely lost. The mist was terribly thick. Unknowingly we were steering straight towards the rocks when the dolphins turned up.’

Two other men, who were in the boat with Stander and his son Barend, were quoted as saying they regarded the incident as miraculous. They were fishing for barracuda when, at about 1 PM they were enveloped in a thick mist. ‘We immediately weighed anchor and started moving towards Dessen Island,’ Stander says. ‘The mist thickened so quickly we could barely see beyond two meters. Twenty minutes later we were completely lost. We began to feel panicky.’

One of the other men, Mac Macgregor, went to the bow, trying to peer through the mist. Suddenly he felt a bump

on the right-hand side and, looking over, he saw two dolphins. The dolphins forced the boat to the left where two others were swimming.

'I realized the dolphins' odd behaviour could be significant and shouted to Stander to steer to the left. Stander pulled the tiller round wildly, and we just managed to graze past the locks.' Other than the dolphins, nothing could be seen in the fog.

'We did not have the slightest clue where we were,' said the third man, W. W. Matthee. 'The two dolphins on the right-hand side kept forcing the bow towards the left.'

Moments later they narrowly missed rocks on the right-hand side. 'I was getting a strange feeling that we ought to leave our destiny to the dolphins,' said Stander, 'since it was clear they had twice prevented us from running on to the rocks.'

The men followed the dolphins for another thirty minutes, but still could not make out where they were going.

'After a while the dolphins stopped swimming at the front of the boat. All four started circling around the boat,' said Macgregor. 'We asked Stander to reduce speed, saw that we were now in calm water and dropped anchor. The dolphins kept playing around the boat for a while and then disappeared into the thick mist.'

Said Stander, 'When the mist cleared and the houses of Ysterfontein could be discerned, we were speechless. We had intended going ashore at Dessen Island. We had never dreamed the dolphins would guide us to Ysterfontein.'

Better do a kindness near home  
than go far away to burn incense.

*Chinese proverb*

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## NINE

Fortunately Miss Ku'ei and I had the use of a short-wave radio in those days and, for someone not fluent in Spanish, it helped us to keep in touch with the world. Mostly we tuned in to the BBC or to stations in North America, and we spent many hours listening to musical programs, and to the news. We were astonished one evening when suddenly there came the announcement that Nikita Khrushchev of Russia had been ousted while he was out of the country, although it should have caused no surprise since that is the way things are done in that country.

It was an eventful year in world affairs and I was reminded of this as I listened last night to the CBC program *As It Happens* with the popular hostess Barbara Frum. There was the voice of Lyndon Johnson who had become President the previous year, after the assassination of John Kennedy, and one heard Martin Luther King speaking out on the civil rights problem; the British government was having trouble; and it was the year of the Beatles. It seemed something of a coincidence, and a welcome one, that I should tune in to the program just as I had reached that era in my story.

I have mentioned in one of my previous books there was a period when we were just 'kicking our heels' — a strike at the docks which meant a hold up of periodicals, etcetera, and, apart from a few books, we had nothing to read in

English. The Guv decided it would be a suitable opportunity to write something himself, thus *The Saffron Robe* came about. The title was one we had thought of when *The Third Eye* was being written. If a title can help in making a book popular, then *The Third Eye* was an excellent choice — it must have sold a million copies or more.

One day we had a visitor in the form of an author's agent who came over from Argentina. This gentleman stayed the afternoon, having tea with us, and I still remember how he liked it — with lemon. Since that time I have come to know him better for now he handles my books in Spanish and he has given me a great deal of encouragement. I am sure he will recognize himself!

Just recently I have been reading a book which deals with authors, author's agents, editors and publishers and I have come to the conclusion that I am extremely fortunate in having such helpful publishers and agents in four countries. As well as in England and Argentina, my books are published in Brazil and French Canada.

One day one of the amigos brought along a friend to meet Lobsang Rampa, to see whether the friend could be helped in the matter of constant headaches, and a general feeling of tiredness. The lady was also accompanied by her husband, and together they hoped for a miracle to happen. Well, the Guv listened, and observed, and decided the condition could be alleviated, so with the confidence of this person, coupled with the Guv's acknowledged healing powers, the friend of the amigo soon felt very much improved. Anyone familiar with the practice of transmitting healing to another person will know that it takes a great deal of energy, on the part of the practitioner, so one hopes the patient will treat the matter in all seriousness.

It was obvious this lady was suffering, she kept reminding

us of the fact with her frequent mutterings, ‘Yo sufrir mucho’ but what did she do on that same Saturday night after being rid of her pain and discomfort? Because she felt so well and so happy she and her husband went partying, and danced for half the night. The following day she did not feel so well, naturally, and we did not feel too good about it either. It had been only a friendly gesture on the part of the Guv with, of course, no fee involved, and he would have been justified in believing he had wasted his time and talents!

Again, on a Saturday, a group of about twelve persons came to have a discussion in our apartment, some of *los amigos* of Montevideo, and the remainder had come from Buenos Aires. The doorman must have been startled when all those people arrived; he must have wondered how we expected to cope in such a small space. The living room was tiny, it was also the bedroom of Miss Ku’ei and me, but we managed to squeeze everybody in — some sitting on the bed, others had chairs, and some made do with the floor.

We all enjoyed the ‘meeting’ but it was hard on the Guv. Someone would ask a question, it would be passed on by one who acted as interpreter, and the Guv would have the answer relayed in the same way. Oh, yes! It was most interesting. One can learn a great deal by listening to others’ conversations, except most of us prefer to talk rather than listen.

Many of the subjects dealt with have since appeared in later books by Lobsang Rampa so I will not task the reader’s patience by repetition.

As I write this, however, I am reminded of a remark someone passed the other day. The discussion was on a popular subject of the moment, that of life and death, and it was put to me that perhaps the after-life would prove to

be no better than this present life on earth. 'You can't be sure,' it was suggested, 'that when you get to the other side of life you won't find there is still another stage, higher, which you will yearn for.' I looked at my companion, who continued, 'You can't be sure of anything so it is better to believe in this life while you are here, and not count on anything after.'

Well, I thought about the matter, and it all seemed so simple, for of course there are higher stages, higher planes, to which we all hope to aspire, and eventually we shall reach the ultimate when we will be released from the continuous round of karma, which binds us to the earth.

When we have a strong belief, indeed a knowledge, we should not allow anyone to divert us from it, because we have to answer only for ourselves, and another person's ideas and beliefs will not help any of us in the long run. It is no use telling St. Peter, 'I took this path because my friend advised it,' for our friend will not be able to help us on the day of reckoning, if indeed he is around, which is unlikely.

Heaven forbid that the above should look like a sermon but I do feel strongly about people allowing themselves to be influenced against their own feelings, when they KNOW they are in the right. Ever since I had an embarrassing experience many years ago I have not allowed myself to follow another person's suggestions when I know my own way is best for me.

I was taking a practical examination with another nurse, and we had to prepare a bed for a certain type of heart patient. It was not just a simple test in a hospital ward but rather in an examination room of the General Nursing Council for England and Wales. The examiner came up by which time my colleague had moved away, and I KNEW the bed was prepared incorrectly. 'Why did you do it that

way?' I was asked, and of course I didn't know what to say, but it was a lesson well learned. Since that time I have always had the courage to stand by my convictions.

## Talking

And then a scholar said, Speak of Talking  
And he answered, saying :  
You talk when you cease to be at peace  
with your thoughts;  
And when you can no longer dwell in the  
solitude of your heart you live in your  
lips, and sound is a diversion and a pastime.

And in much of your talking, thinking is  
half murdered.  
For thought is a bird of space, that in a  
cage of words may indeed unfold its wings  
but cannot fly.  
The Real us is silent; the acquired is  
talkative.

*Kahlil Gibran*

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## TEN

With election news everywhere, specifically in Canada and Great Britain, it seems a suitable moment to enlarge on my previous statement regarding the politics of Uruguay. The nine man council who ran the country was composed of nine members of the elected party and three members from the opposing party. The length of parliament was a four-year tenure, after which further elections would take place. It was the first four 'runners' who took a one-year term at the presidency, during the four-year period, and soon after we left Uruguay the system was changed; the country re-

turned to its former system of a single executive administration, under the Colorado's who had been in power for a period of ninety years until their defeat in 1958.

Our sponsors fully expected the Colorado's would regain power in nineteen sixty-two but they were disappointed, they had to wait a further four years, when a retired air force general, Oscar Gestido, became president, and he died shortly thereafter.

How did the two parties get their names? Well they are derived from the colors each used in many civil wars for almost a century before it was realized that 'ballets were better than bullets' for deciding political questions. Each of the major parties have within them smaller 'parties' which range from 'leftist' to extreme conservative. Each 'party' has neighborhood political clubs around which each community's activities are centered. Instead of a four-year term of office, elections are now held every five years. President Gestido had embarked on an austerity program, which cut back on welfare and government spending, but his successor, previously Vice-President, although of the same party did not follow strictly in his predecessor's footsteps. The Uruguayan people are not fond of too many controls, and their political history is fascinating.

The time came for us to think of returning to Canada, Mr. U was involved in other ventures and we had not seen him for some time, and it seemed we had fulfilled our purpose, and there was no reason for staying longer. Miss Ku'ei had been sick and the young veterinarian had been called to treat her. After diagnosing an attack of nephritis, and prescribing medication, he left and soon Ku'ei appeared normal again. She had become used to the warmer, more temperate climate, and we hoped she would adjust to the cold and snow back in Canada. However the Guv commented one day, 'You know, it will not be good

for Ku'ei. She will not like the change and she may not be with us very long after we return.' I was to learn the truth of those words when Ku'ei departed but there was nothing we could do about it.

It was necessary to contact the Canadian Consulate so that everything would be in order for our return to that country; we had been away for almost two years and were still only Landed Immigrants so it was necessary to obtain official sanction, before making the journey.

Once more we had to make travel plans and that meant an enquiry of the Mormac line regarding a rough timetable of cargo ships and available berths. Finally we were informed that they could accommodate us in March, so we made our reservations some weeks ahead, and obtained our tickets right there in the Moore McCormack office, with their representative.

We would have two summers that year, since we would leave in the South American autumn, arriving back to Canada in the spring. That would be nice. The few friends we had made were sorry to see us preparing to leave, and it was hard to explain it was not their country or their city which we found unsatisfactory. In particular I remember a pharmacist who expressed the thought that perhaps we did not find his people good enough to live amongst. The Uruguayans are a very sensitive people, which is part of their charm, especially when they tell you, 'My home is yours.'

We used to visit a bakery whose owners came from Holland, and they talked frequently of Canada and even after we returned they continued to correspond with us with the idea of emigrating here. However, their efforts were not successful, or they changed their minds, and gradually communication ceased.

There was the French lady from Bel Horizon; she had

visited us several times and she promised to keep in touch with us, as did a teacher who was a great fan of Lobsang Rampa; and Alicia, who had helped us with translations and who came to see us infrequently.

During the remaining days we drove around to take a last look at some of the places we had come to know. El Cerro was interesting, the little mountain where lived the poorer people, the paens, the protuberance which inspired the Portuguese sailor to exclaim, 'Monte vide eu' when he realized they were approaching land. Legend has it that Ferdinand Magellan, while sailing around South America to the Philippines, sailed some distance up the Plata river, when a lookout spotted the 'little mountain'.

Ku'ei was always happiest when motoring so we took her for a long drive, along the Rambla, skirting the water, right on past Poritos beach to Carrasco, returning through the city, passing the big 'Carcel', the prison, where one could see guards patrolling on the roof. The prison was quite near Bel Horizon, as one approached the city.

So our days in Uruguay were drawing to a close, the country which, due to the richness of potash in its soil, has been called 'The Purple Land'

The grand. essentials  
to happiness  
in this life are  
something to do  
something to love  
and something  
to hope for.

Joseph Addison

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## DOWN TO RIO

On our return voyage the *Mormaclake* took us to Rio — a place which conjures up so many dream-like fantasies of fun and merriment. How many of us have thought, with Rudyard Kipling,

‘And I’d like to roll to Rio  
Some day before I’m old.’

One of the most beautiful sights of my life was witnessed in the bay of Rio de Janeiro. It was in the morning, early, and the Sugar Loaf Mountain rose before us in the early morning mist. From the top of the mountain, on the peak which is called the Corcovado, rose the massive Christ-figure. I have been told that up close the figure is impressive, and the view from the top is simply indescribable.

The statue, which was inaugurated in 1931 is one hundred feet in height and weighs seven hundred tons. Designed by a Frenchman, Paul Landowski, and paid for by contribution of the people of Rio, the head alone weighs thirty tons, each arm weighs thirty tons, and each hand eight tons.

This edifice must be one of the wonders of the world,

and the travel guides tell us that the best time to visit the statue is in the late afternoon, about one hour before sunset. Fodor's goes on to say, 'The effect of the reddening sun against the buildings and the sea far below will leave you gasping. Then wait patiently and one by one the lights of the town will start to come on, like fireflies awakening for the evening. Within half an hour the city will be dressed in sparkling diamonds and silhouetted against the dark shapes of Sugar Loaf and the blackening waters of the bay and ocean.'

Such sights as this nourish the spirit and the memory lingers for all time. A simpler sight, but no less inspiring, was the early morning gathering of fishing boats in Howth harbor, Ireland, when the sun formed reflections in the water, all peaceful, awaiting the activities of the day.

Brazil is an exciting place, and the Guv says it has a great future, when it will become one of the most evolved countries of the world, doing its part in the evolvement of a greater perfection for mankind. There is a certain gentleman in that country who, perhaps unaware of it himself, is already actually paving the way. He is guiding his country's thinking, through the literature he places before the people.

If I were at the beginning of my life and able to choose the place where I wanted to live, it is not unlikely that I should choose such a country where the people are lively and fun-loving but still of serious thought.

Especially since knowing the Story of Tadalinka, our Autumn lady, I would be interested in knowing more of Brazil.

I love you  
the more in that  
I believe you have  
liked me for  
my own sake  
and for  
nothing else.

*John Keats*

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## A BOY FROM BRAZIL

A little boy, aged seven, his little frame shriveled by leukemia; demanded that doctors let his failing life take its course. He had already taped an articulate message of hope to others facing death.

He asked his mother to remove the oxygen machine that was keeping him alive. 'He said, "Mother, turn off the oxygen, I don't need it anymore,"' commented his Mother. 'I turned it off,' she said. 'Then he held my hand and a big smile came to his face as he said, "It is time." Then he left.' '

The boy died at his home after deciding details of his funeral and where he was to be buried. His doctor said the oxygen was not essential to his survival but did provide some comfort during the child's painful last days.

When he was three-and-a-half the boy became associated with a local group who followed the precepts of an ancient religion, and it was his fascination with this philosophy that gave him the belief that death 'was like a passageway, a walk into another galaxy', as he said on his tape.

His message was recorded by a volunteer worker for a

group called Hospice, which works with the dying and their families. When the volunteer asked the boy why he wanted to die, he said: 'Because I am so sick. When you are dead, and a spirit in heaven, you don't have all the aches and pains. And sometimes, if you want to, you can visit this life but you can't come back into your own life.'

'If you don't hang on to your body and let yourself ease away,' he said on the tape, 'it is not so painful.'

If you love something,  
set it free,  
If it comes back,  
It is yours,  
If it doesn't,  
It never was.

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## ELEVEN

As the *Mormaclake* steamed along the Atlantic towards the United States, one was provided with good opportunities for reflection; just to relax on the deck with no interruptions or disturbances of any sort was good for the body and refreshing for the mind.

I found myself contemplating the life we had but recently left, admiring the leaders whose vision had resulted in making Uruguay one of the most literate countries of South America. There are those who believe that compulsory state education is wrong and that you should receive an education only if you are able to pay for it. Perhaps those people are right but from the point of view of one who benefited from the system, I can only applaud it.

In many ways children are victims of the society in which they are born; when faced with family opposition, and without the aid of the State, they would, in many cases, succumb to the position of unpaid child labor.

Being brought up in a community in which physical survival was the main concern I could identify with Mark Twain when he said, 'I wanted schooling more than I was able to get. I had a parent who considered if a boy could plough a straight furrow — and a girl could make butter

and bake bread, that was a whole lot more use in the world!!!' I like the further statement of this man who realized that 'book learning' was not the only important thing in life. He said, 'I never let schooling interfere with my education.'

At school I must have been looked upon as something of a freak for, strangely enough, I liked to study. Fortunately children do not always see how they appear to others, so they go ahead and do what they want to do, and I did have the satisfaction of hearing my teacher tell me, as I went out into the world, 'Well, you are one of the few of my students who are doing something with their life.' That was a REAL compliment, I felt.

Thus the days passed, and the strolls on deck, watching the moon and the stars, or asleep in the stateroom, proved to be a healthy and satisfying experience. The return journey had been rather less sad, for we had adjusted to the loss of our Fifi, the loss which had clouded the outward voyage.

Our first port of call, the Captain told us, would be Jacksonville, Florida, so, as I had never set foot in that State, I felt somewhat excited about it. We had been told, also, that passengers are expected to disembark at the first stop but, since the ship's radio was not functioning, making it impossible to contact Head Office, the Captain agreed we would be allowed to stay aboard until the freighter reached New York. Of course this was wonderful news to us because it was simply a matter of catching a train from New York to Canada, whereas it would be a much greater problem to make one's way from Florida.

Miss Ku'ei was most concerned, knowing a cat was not so easily accepted, travelwise, as a human animal, although the US railroads will accept cats, traveling in ordinary passenger cars, which alas they will not allow in Canada. For

once a ‘malfunction’ or a ‘non-function’ instrument was acceptable.

It had been necessary to supply a United States address — to the authorities, though I cannot understand why, since we were only in transit, merely passing through; however rules are rules, even if some people say they were made to be broken, so we offered the name and address of a friend who lived in Michigan, expecting to arrive at Detroit, and then to Windsor.

As things turned out we found it more convenient to re-enter Canada via Buffalo and on to Fort Erie, where reservations had been made at the Fort Erie Hotel.

A few weeks later our Michigan friend was contacted by the authorities to see whether we were still in the country — Sometimes I wonder at the ease with which criminals and other unauthorized persons can take up residence in America when honest citizens are so well supervised.

Cats have very sad faces. They look at you a long time and think about you. They are peaceful to have around.

*A school-child*

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## TWELVE

It was a nice feeling, for me, to be back in Canada where I was familiar with the language and the customs, and it was April, which is one of the nicest times of the year.

Fort Erie Hotel was very comfortable and the owner, who lived nearby, gave instructions that we were to be given every attention so that our stay would be pleasant.

At that time accommodation was hard to come by, unlike the city where I now live — so much demolition and building goes on here that if you didn't look out of the window every day you might not recognize your surroundings. Calgary, the city of the future, it is called.

Since there were a number of factories in the area, the available living space was always well-filled with the workers and their families. The two small apartment buildings hardly ever had any vacancies, so it was necessary for us to comb the newspaper advertisements very carefully, together with making all verbal enquiries possible, hoping to find something suitable.

Eventually we were offered a small flat, situated over a garage or similar, the ground floor having been used as a storage place, even as an office, when we rented the upper part. It was convenient for shopping, being on the opposite side of Jarvis to where we had lived before our trip to South America, and the front window looked out towards the

railway station. The landlord lived in the adjoining house though it made no difference to us, for hardly ever did we see either him or his wife. Sometimes, you know, landlords look at tenants as 'something the cat brought in'.

Having always been of a lethargic type, I find Canada invigorating, except for coastal areas. During our stay in New Brunswick, at Saint John, I used to feel tired, likewise Vancouver, which I found anything but beneficial. The sea is considered relaxing, but if one has trouble in staying conscious that seems to be overdoing things; mountains I enjoy and I have felt more energetic since living in Calgary than at almost any time of my adult life. Yes, I must have been awfully dopey before — but it's nice to be fairly alert now, though I still have a long way to go!!

It has been said that if one is in the right environment it can make a big difference to one's physical health, and mental condition; certain individuals need one thing and others something else. There must be something in the belief that it is helpful for a person to locate somewhere which is similar to their birthplace. Of course a theory cannot be proven by one case alone but I find it interesting that I was born and brought up among the hills in the 'high country', not unlike my present environment.

It is necessary to get one's feet in contact with the ground whenever possible, and those who are able to step out of their own front door into their gardens are very fortunate, while apartment dwellers are at a disadvantage. Being able to live and work close to the soil enables one to tune in to the natural earth currents, thus country dwellers, especially those who work on the land, are amongst the most healthy and happy of the population.

Miss Ku'ei and I spent a pleasant summer together; as I have written elsewhere we used to take a little walk every day, after lunch, sometimes across to the little railroad

station, and sit in the waiting room awhile because Ku'ei, like all Siamese Cat persons, was very inquisitive and she enjoyed watching human activities.

At other times we lingered by the side of the road, Ku'ei in harness and leash so she would not suddenly 'take off', for Siamese cats are perhaps a little more unpredictable than most types. She had become so used to wearing her harness, even when out driving, that she refused to go outside without it. It represented security and she looked upon it as her outdoor dress.

Gladys, too, became a frequent visitor once more, and we spent interesting moments discussing our various experiences of the previous two years, although we had all corresponded during that time. Being interested in all artistic and intellectual pursuits Gladys enjoyed hearing of the progress made by Uruguay in this direction. Having heard of the famous Gaucho sculpture she wanted to know if it was 'as good' as it had been painted; we assured her that indeed it was, one of the two best examples of Uruguayan sculpture; the gaucho on his horse, by Zorilla de San Martin, cast in bronze and depicting the courage and freedom of the gaucho.

We talked of the other example of Uruguayan sculpture which is known far and wide and which is situated in the Parque José Batlle y Ordonez, another bronze statue, by Belloni. This is a life-size statue depicting six oxen hauling a covered wagon and a gaucho directing the oxen. The statue is known as the covered wagon.

We all enjoyed the afternoons with our friend and she would stay to have tea with us, telling of events in Canada while we had been away. During the earlier days, at Cedar House, Gladys used to speak of a young lawyer in Niagara Falls and how everyone predicted a rosy future for her in politics, so we were interested to know this lady politician

was still showing promise, in the Federal field.

Now no longer in the government, Miss La Marsh is still very much in the public eye as the author of two books. I appreciated her recent comment, when she was interviewed. 'Anyway I have beaten that one-book thing.' It was her answer to those who had said she would not produce anything more. Not the first time that someone has been criticized for failing to follow up a first book with another.

On the other hand, who needs to put out anything more if they are Richard Adams, the British author, who wrote *Watership Down*, that beautiful story set in the English country-side, which was later made into a successful film?

Then there was our friend from Michigan who came to see us: we would walk down to the Parkway by the Niagara River, filling in with news we had missed in our absence. Valeria was extremely pleased at our return for she had been a fairly frequent guest in the previous years, and she had taken a trip to Montevideo while we were in that city. She had arrived armed with a Spanish/English dictionary and, being well prepared as always, her Spanish vocabulary was more than adequate. One might well envy Valeria for her alert mental abilities.

In this work, when it should be found that much  
is omitted,  
let it not be forgotten that much likewise  
is performed.

*Dr. Samuel Johnson,  
in the Preface of his Dictionary  
of the English Language*

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## THIRTEEN

There was little to disturb the even tempo of life during that summer; it was just as well because the situation would change the following year when we were to experience plenty of activity. That is one nice thing about life, one has quiet spells which allow for thought, and then comes a spurt of activity which makes for variety, adding a spice to living.

A few weeks after we returned to Canada there came a letter from Montevideo, and we wondered about the contents, who could have sent the message since the handwriting seemed unfamiliar. We need not have felt concern for it was a pleasant letter, written by the mother of the 'young-man-landlord' of our apartment of Calle Constituyente. This lady merely wanted to express her relief and mild astonishment at the meticulous condition in which she found the premises when she called to check things after our departure. Oh, yes, we had excelled ourselves, leaving the carpets and rugs freshly shampooed and the property all ready for the next tenant.

Further Madame (she was French, remember) Landlord advised us that anytime we wished to visit Uruguay in the

future she would be happy to accommodate us. 'I have a nice apartment at Punta del Este, she wrote, 'and please do let me know when you expect to come.' She assumed there was no question as to IF we were coming — only when?

I feel somewhat in the position of an expert regarding rented accommodation, and I have to admit that some people treat another person's property in a terrible manner; yet an owner can be very unpleasant sometimes, making things difficult for the lessee. Once, in one of the less desirable areas of London an old lady confronted us with the remark, 'You didn't chop up the wardrobe, I hope.' Apparently she had known people damage her furniture but to us it came as something of a shock to be thus confronted.

So the days passed, pleasantly, but something seemed to warn me that possibly this could be the last summer we would have the company of our Miss Ku'ei, who had experienced much of life's hardships, so we tried to give her as much pleasure as possible. Pleasure to Ku'ei meant riding in an automobile, so this we did about twice every week. In the evenings she and I would watch selected television programs, and this she enjoyed too, especially variety shows and programs such as What's My Line, something which originated in England. We liked Dean Martin, a nice simple show, but now Dean has changed his style, his appearance, and his way of life, so I have switched to another program.

Perhaps I should point out that this is not a TV oriented household, nor has it ever been; in the early days of our Canadian life we had one for awhile, but in those days the quality was not so good as now. The Guv used to explain there were not so many 'lines' to the inch resulting in a more crude picture, and he saw 'between the lines' therefore there was no enjoyment for him, but to someone such as

myself it seemed to make little difference.

So we disposed of our instrument and did without for several years. However, Mama San, who likes to keep a finger on the pulse of things; and not being clairvoyant, or believing everything printed in magazines or newspapers (knowing from experience that much of what is printed is biased, if not actually untrue) likes to form her own opinions on world affairs, and people. For that reason a small portable television is useful.

Unlike Miss Ku'ei, Cleo and Taddy never took to the 'tube' but instead they have been known to show extreme displeasure that anyone should waste their time over such nonsense. Still; taken in moderation it can be quite relaxing; just yesterday evening it was quite entertaining when, amongst the celebrities, one saw on the screen a well-known British novelist who is at present visiting the United States. A lady who has had published over a hundred novels. I had not seen even a picture of her since my days in England, yet there she was wearing a dazzling gown created, as she said, 'By the Queen's dressmaker'.

As I watched my program from Las Vegas Miss Cleo sat in the hallway, within sight, viewing me with an utterly disapproving air.

Wherever we have lived we continued to have a keen interest in photography and Fort Erie was no exception. Although I had done most of my picture-taking in Ireland, amidst the lovely scenery, the Guv had continued to regale us with his camera magic; the most commonplace subjects glowed with life.

I was not surprised, then, when a few weeks following our return to Canada he announced he wanted to try out a Polaroid and perhaps he could take a few shots of me. So I sat in the living room of our Courtright Street apartment, my chair set apart from the window so that the light

fell on my features, idly day-dreaming, while preparations were made and the camera ready. 'Smile now,' said the Guv, so I did, whimsically, as he touched the shutter and began to time the processing.

Color film is slightly slower than monochrome but soon the picture was released and an image began to appear. In those days one stood with a watch, timing the process; release the print too soon and the result was too faint — too long and it was over-exposed — but now everything is automatic so there is no necessity for that sort of timing.

Well, the resulting portrait was quite acceptable, even to me, since, like most people, I have never been easy to satisfy as far as taking my photograph was concerned, so I expressed my appreciation, but that was not the end of the experiment.

As we chatted I noticed the Guv still held the camera in the same position and in the direction I had been sitting, and when he pressed the release I wondered what he was up to, just pointing the camera towards the bare wall. In a short time I saw what he had done and I marveled, for there was another print, exactly like the first, except it was slightly paler in color.

'What is that,' I asked. 'Magic?'

So he explained that the 'impression' had lingered for the time it took to make a second picture and the Guv, being able to see this, decided to capture it. Possibly some people will find it hard to accept but, believe it or not, it is true enough; it really was the way I have described.

To anyone who might suggest the picture had been copied I would say that was not possible because the Polaroid, as it then was, was not capable of copying; to copy one needs a special attachment which we did not have. To the Guv, none of this is strange, he often says that the camera sees much more than the human eye and this I know for on

seeing a picture of something familiar, a scene outside, or in a room, one has heard the remark, 'You know, in all the times I have looked at that, there is something I never noticed.' But what I have just described is a rather different matter.

Fame is the scentless sunflower,  
with gaudy crown of gold,  
But friendship is the breathing rose  
with sweets in every fold,

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

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## FOURTEEN

In the summer months, especially, Fort Erie is a busy place; just across the Peace Bridge from Buffalo this entrance to Canada is used by many United States citizens who own, or rent, cottages in a vacation area known as Crystal Beach, near Ridgeway, just a few miles from the border. The shores of Lake Erie, the fourth largest of the Great Lakes and the most southerly, are ideal in summer; the dwellings are almost on the edge of the water, so there is a constant stream of automobiles passing through Fort Erie right through the summer season, mostly headed for Crystal Beach.

One day there came a knock on our door and I went down the stairs to the front entrance (not that there was any other) to see what was happening, because we had very few callers and mainly by previous arrangement. Here I found a man we knew, and he held in his arms a little cat, or more accurately, a kitten, and he handed the creature to me. The man knew of our interest in cats so, apparently, he had figured he would not be unwelcome if he came to us with his problem.

‘What's this?’ I asked. ‘What do you want me to do with your cat, or isn't it yours?’

My thoughts were racing as he talked. Such a pretty little

bundle of gray fur, I was thinking, and would I be able to adopt it?

‘Well, Ma'am,’ continued the man. ‘Just a few minutes ago, along the road, there, a car stopped, slowed down and something was thrown out, then off went the driver at high speed.’ He continued, ‘I went over to see what it was and, blow me, I found the cat.’

Looking a bit self-conscious and appealing he said, ‘Can you take it, please?’ What could I do? Hurrying up the stairs I quickly told the Guv and he agreed I should bring the little cat-person in, so I told the man and he expressed his appreciation, and hurried off.

First of all the kitten must have food, she certainly appeared very hungry, because you must always see to their needs such as food, and elimination, after selecting a quiet spot, preferably a separate room, where the cat-person will not be disturbed.

When I stipulate a separate room, it is assumed you already have a pet, as I had, so that the newcomer can feed, rest and become oriented without interruption. Haven't you noticed that, without any disturbing factor, a cat while eating his supper will frequently stop, look around for danger, then resume his meal? Instinct, no doubt, a racial memory, carried from pre-domestic times.

The little gray kitten soon felt at home, her purring was just like a kettle on the boil, and I began to wonder whether she would be able to stay with us, permanently. Her only problem seemed to be a weakness in her legs, probably caused through malnutrition and possible injury as she hit the ground, after being tossed out of the actually moving car.

A further discussion was called for, this time Miss Ku'ei had a word or two to say — and her remarks were most tolerant, not having come face to face with the possible

rival she could afford to be magnanimous.

But after much thought, a consultation with a veterinarian, and the opinion that our future was not sufficiently settled to contemplate adopting another cat, it was found necessary to let the little person pursue another path.

The S.P.C.A. was contacted and one of the officials, who lived in the town and who was off duty, asked me to take the little cat around to her house which I did that same evening. On the way I called upon a family, the mother having shown interest, so they could see the little Grey and decide if they wanted to take her; when I arrived the mother and her daughters were waiting but they could not decide among themselves so we left, the little cat and I, continuing our unhappy walk.

As I reached the house of the S.P.C.A. official, she answered our knock, reaching out to take the kitten, and tossing her into the bathroom, on her way to the living room, where I had to sit down and provide details as to how the cat had come into my 'possession' etcetera.

In the living room I noticed a mature tom cat whose age, the mistress said, was nearing twenty-one years; a cat who needed constant attention, including frequent cat-doctor visits to maintain his conditions. I like to think the elderly cat was the reason for little Grey having to be in the bathroom; when you have reached your sunset years you cannot stand children of any species upsetting your status quo. But my heart went out to the kitten!

So, after signing the papers the official had presented, including address and a few more details, I said goodbye to the little person and left, concluding one of the most unhappy missions I have ever undertaken. Since that time I have thought that it would be wiser to take a 'stray' or an abandoned pet straight to the cat hospital and arrange to have it sent Home while one waited, so that it could start

life again under happier conditions, not as an UNWANTED of the world.

Was it fate, coincidence, or what, which brought that creature into our lives? A creature resembling in so many ways Blue Grey who we had known while in Montevideo, and who, in the not-so-distant future, we would know again — our autumn lady.

I don't mind dying but I would prefer  
not to be around when it happens.

*Woody Allen*

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## FIFTEEN

Sometimes a doomed nature animal performs a service for a human animal which results in a reprieve, a reversal of the death sentence, and this was what happened in the case of Zorba, the dog owned by a Greek fisherman.

Zorba was sentenced to die because it was said he was a pest; the neighbors of Christos Spyrakis, the fisherman, in the tiny village of Hierapetra on Crete, had begun to complain about the black and white mongrel. 'The dog used to howl and bark sometimes at night,' admitted the owner. 'He would also chase a chicken or a cat, like any dog would, but this was only playful, and he never went for a kill or anything vicious.'

Nevertheless, neighbors demanded he get rid of Zorba — and the local police told him either to give the dog away or have him 'destroyed'. Nobody wanted Zorba, so Spyrakis took the only course open to him. Early one morning he set out in his boat with the dog and a sack of stones, to use as weights, to send his faithful companion to the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. The trip would end eight years of devotion, from the time he first found the abandoned newborn pup and saved his life.

Miles out at sea Spyrakis realized that while he'd been lost in his sad thoughts, a storm had come up; the fishing boat, Zorba 2, was in trouble. A freak wave smashed into the boat, overturning it and sending Spylakis and the dog, Zorba, into the sea.

After half an hour of battling the fierce waves, the fisherman felt himself giving in. 'I was exhausted and swallowing water,' he said. Occasionally I caught glimpses of Zorba, but it was hopeless to try and keep together. 'Then, in semi-consciousness, I realized that Zorba was tugging at the collar of my jacket. To tell the truth, I didn't think it was much help at the time, that it was all useless anyway—'

But somehow Zorba managed to pull his master miles to shore, then run to Crete's Coastal Highway where his frantic barking stopped a car. The courageous dog led the three motorists to his master, lying face down at the water's edge. While the rugged fisherman, nearly drowned and badly bruised, spent a week recovering in the hospital — the same neighbors, who had requested that Zorba be killed, fed the devoted dog. 'It was those same neighbors who asked me to spare the dog's life,' said Police Captain Nikos Alezakis. 'It was much more pleasant to decide on sparing the dog's life, and rewarding the dog, rather than being made to ratify the death warrant.' When Spyraakis left the hospital, Alezakis was waiting for him in the hospital lobby.

'Your dog will not die,' he told the fisherman. 'He's a hero now for saving your life, and all your neighbors have decided that they want him to stay.' For his heroic feat, Zorba was awarded the equivalent of a St Nicholas Cross, given for bravery at sea in saving the lives of others.

'I may have lost Zorba the boat — but I can get another boat anytime,' said Spyraakis. 'But I only have one Zorba the dog — and he is irreplaceable!'

This story came to me as I was writing the previous chapter and it seemed fitting to include it here.

One aspect of the account I found disturbing, and rather puzzling. Why should anyone take a creature away out to sea and try to drown it, when a veterinarian could perform euthanasia so simply, quickly and without pain? Perhaps most people are unaware of the shock and delay caused in

the process of drowning and, in the case of the fisherman, he may not have had easy access to a pet hospital even if he could afford it.

As a child I have known of people drowning unwanted kittens but this method of disposing of little ‘pets’ is considered painful and a lingering, drawn out, process. Would anyone drown a baby? Or throw an infant out of a car? Not unless they were mentally disturbed! So why treat a pet differently.

Lobsang Rampa has quite frequently made the remark that humans in general tend to underestimate the mentality of animal animals, and that we would be surprised if we could understand their mental processes, that of cats in particular.

It is not beyond reason to accept the fact that the cat fraternity knew that there was a possible vacancy in the Rampa household — we had gone away with two cats and returned with only one, so why not arrange for a replacement? I have been in the fortunate position of receiving messages from these people, via interpretation by the Guv, so to me it is very real.

I know some people consider it a crazy idea but, as I quoted in the front of my book *Tigerlily*, according to our own Shakespeare, ‘There are more things in heaven and earth than ye wot of.’ If, instead of keeping our noses to the ground, we were to look up and around us, and LISTEN instead of making noises, we might be startled to find how much our awareness had increased.

It's nice for children to have pets  
Until the pets start having children.

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## SIXTEEN

That last Fort Erie summer was a time for remembering and pondering — such times are very useful and necessary in everyone's lives.

It was from the window of our Courtwright Street apartment that I had the interesting experience of seeing an unidentified flying object, through a powerful telescope. The Guv has written about the incident, how he called 'Mrs. Old Man' to come and witness the, at that time, somewhat rare sight. An experience to dwell in the mind forever, this huge object, with its myriad, swirling colors.

We spent many leisure moments listening to music on tapes and records, and Miss Ku'ei loved to get settled in her own chair and enjoy the rousing Irish songs, and lullabies. It is quite disturbing when you are having a quiet musical moment and someone rushes into the room, breaking the spell. That is one of my memories and I was the culprit, having been out shopping, and not realizing until too late that I had broken the peacefulness for the Guv and Ku'ei; my remorse and apologies did not help the situation very much.

It was a time when we had many interesting conversations, listening to stories of the Guv's homeland, and marveling at the different way of life, its customs and the depth of spirituality among the devoted lamas.

We talked of our days in England, and I mentioned an experience which took place at a London main line railway

station, in the early years of our life together. We were living in a southwest suburb of London and the Guv had been away from home for a few days; he was due to return that evening and I was to go along to meet that particular train.

It was a summer evening, still clear in my memory, and I prepared myself leisurely, filling in the moments by playing with Mr. T. Catt — the hero of *Tigerlily*, who was our guardian in those days. Eventually it was time to leave so, with a hug and a pat, I left T. Catt in charge, and went off on my rendezvous with the Guv. I felt, on that evening, that the ‘spheres’ were very close together, which gave me a feeling of peace and, I suppose, heightened my vibrations (a much maligned word these days).

There have been other times, usually around twilight that I have felt the same and made the comment ‘Just now heaven and earth appear very close together,’ and it is, invariably, accompanied by a particularly uplifting feeling. Well, having completed my journey through the London traffic, I entered the railway station, and was allowed on to the platform where the train was just pulling slowly in, and gradually it came to a complete stop. In those days it was quite exciting to make a journey by train, or to go and meet someone who had so traveled; air travel is sensational in comparison, but you cannot compare an airport lounge with an old-fashioned railway station, for romance.

So the train having stopped, the guard unlocked the doors and steps were placed in position, for the convenience of passengers who were preparing to alight. Suddenly a sea of people approached and passed me as I stood there, and I began to think the Guv had missed his train.

Then, all at once a voice addressed me, ‘Hello, Ra’ab, didn’t you see me?’

‘How could I see you?’ I answered, ‘in this brilliant light?’

In my confusion I rationalized it was the sunlight which had almost blinded me, except that it was sundown, and the station was completely covered in, not open to the sky. And then I saw the Guv, smiling down upon me. ‘Come along, let us get home,’ he said. So away we went. .

Being ignorant I did not then know that anything, a person or an object, may vibrate so rapidly that it appears as pure light to an onlooker. So that was the kind of thing we discussed, and the Guv pointed out how two people may be watching the sky on the appearance of a so called flying saucer, for instance; one person may be able to see the craft while the other standing near may see nothing — only one of them being on a ‘harmonic’ — but that is not a valid reason for denying their existence.

One has heard of certain individuals, especially in the Far East, who are able to make themselves invisible to others, and I have often wondered about it — it must come about through a special method of breathing which causes the person to vibrate so rapidly that the image is beyond the range of the average human, but possibly visible to a clairvoyant. It would be quite a strange experience to be spoken to by an apparently disembodied voice. Enough to make one jump, don't you think? Still if we just stop and consider — it is on something the same lines as the high-pitched whine of a dog, about which everyone is familiar, a sound which again, cannot be registered by the average human hearing process. Phenomena such as this I find absolutely fascinating; really, many things which come under the heading ‘occult’ have a very simple explanation if one takes the trouble to find out, instead of dubbing everything not understood as mysterious or unorthodox.

I would rather have written those lines  
(Gray's Elegy) than take Quebec.

*James Wolfe  
on the night before the  
storming of Quebec.*

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## SEVENTEEN

So the weeks passed until it was autumn, then came the cold of November, with the prospect of a winter in the snow belt of the Niagara escarpment. Quite a change after two years in the South American sun.

Our 'flat' above a garage space was not completely winterized so we viewed its approach with less than enthusiasm, wondering how we would survive, literally.

With the passing of summer and early fall warmth, Miss Ku'ei suffered just as the Guv had predicted, but what could we do except try to keep her warm and comfortable. It is well known that anyone who has a kidney problem, whether human or 'animal', finds their discomfort lessened when their body is warm, together with their surroundings. Ku'ei suffered a recurrence of the cystitis which had troubled her before, and for a time she kept awakening me every morning around four o'clock, crying out and telling me of her discomfort, and she would just wander around the place.

You know that expression, 'Tugging at your heart-strings!' Well, without appearing sloppy I would say that is what it did to me, hearing my little cat in pain, and so little I could do. We had no telephone so, early as I dared to disturb our local veterinarian, I would go down the stairs to the public phone, just by our entrance, to ask his advice.

Dr. Reid was always helpful, and sympathetic; he would suggest continuing with the pills he had previously prescribed, asking that Ku'ei be kept warm and given sufficient water to drink.

To us and our cat-children, Dr. Reid has always shown the greatest consideration and, apart from his professional services, we developed a friendship with him, and with his kind, efficient wife.

Fortunately we had an electric blanket on our bed . so Ku'ei would dive under the covers; in a short time she had manufactured sufficient heat to alleviate her renal discomfort. In the daytime a hot water bottle would serve the same purpose when tucked under the blanket on her chair.

By the time Christmas came winter really was upon us, and I remember visiting Dr. Reid's office on Christmas morning — that's how dedicated he was, having suggested I went along so that he might check over her condition and give Ku'ei a 'booster shot' to aid her appetite, which had suffered too. We would then adjourn to the private quarters of the Reid Family, as on other visits, when Mrs. Reid would offer us (me — not Ku'ei) coffee and Christmas cake.

Yes, veterinarians are amongst my closest friends, their wives also. On behalf of so called dumb animals, I would salute them all.

As the new year approached the worst of winter was still to come, as is usual in Canada and particularly so in Ontario. As the snow came we found it falling on the stairs leading up to our flat, in spite of being covered in, and the suite itself was extremely cold. Many were the hours spent in wondering what to do — how to find a warmer place, in a town where there was little to offer. The humans in the family were not finding conditions too bad but you can't

put clothes on a little cat, or shoes; Ku'ei was most unwell and unhappy.

So one day, while investigating the Jarvis Street area, which was quite near, being merely one street away, I found myself in the Salvation Army Thrift Shop to enquire about a sign in the window, advertising a flat for rent.

'Oh,' said the man behind the counter, 'that has been vacant for some time. It needed a little attention and immediately the sign went up a man came and rented the flat.' He saw I was looking very disappointed so he volunteered further information. 'The tenant has not yet moved in and truth to tell he didn't appear all that interested — in fact he seemed somewhat half-hearted about the whole deal.'

The Thrift Shop man offered to give me the name of the half-hearted tenant, and the address, suggesting I go along and discuss the matter because, anyway, it seemed a lot of space for one man who lived alone, and who already had comfortable rooms which seemed to be satisfactory for his needs. 'You'd better take a look at the premises first,' said the Thrift Shop man. 'It's possible you won't find it suitable, so it's much better to look first.' Not strictly ethical, I thought, but it must be all right to look, so I did, and it seemed to be quite suitable for our needs. Since there was no alternative I couldn't do other than give it serious consideration; the worst feature was the peculiar stuffy atmosphere, especially in the large room.

It was a bitterly cold day, snowing, and I felt rather weary as I made my way to see the other man who was, fortunately, quite amiable. As the Thrift Shop man had said the tenant seemed almost anxious to cancel his contract, for a small consideration, so I hurried home with the news thinking 'anything is worth a try and you might be lucky.' I visualized Miss Ku'ei making a quick recovery, soon to

be quite well again, in the new warm surroundings. My hopes were short-lived however; it was other influences which dashed them — the ever present negative forces of the world.

Anyone can sympathize with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature to sympathize with a friend's success.

*Oscar Wilde*

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## GOODBYE MISS KU'EI

Even as we prepared to move to our new home trouble descended upon our household in the form of the media, and this episode has been recorded in one of my previous books, *Pussywillow*.

A boy in England took his own life while experimenting with electricity, and it was widely reported that he had one of Lobsang Rampa's books in his possession. It didn't matter that he would have had various other books in his loom by other authors — an item involving a well-known author would make the best copy.

First a reporter from the local weekly came to us, then another newsman from Toronto, who made a second visit to clarify something he had missed the first time. The second time he was accompanied by a newswoman and all the time Miss Ku'ei looked on, sadly.

We had suffered greatly through the media, all due to the jealousy and spite of a small group of individuals from England and Europe, and the Guv told me that Miss Ku'ei was thinking, 'What, again! Will they never allow us to live our lives in peace?' She thought, 'What's the use?'

Having made the commitment, and having advised the present landlord of our intention to terminate the contract, in a short time we were installed in the new premises.

Ku'ei and I were allotted the long bedroom and we never

did get rid of that strange odor, which reminded us of something not very pleasant, in view of our recent experience. Why was there such an impression of newsprint, printers' ink, around the place, we wondered! Eventually it came to our knowledge that some time previously the place had belonged to a newspaper proprietor, and we were told that it is a devilish thing to get rid of newsprint odor. I believe the room we used must have been where bundles of newspapers were stored.

I continued taking Ku'ei for her once, or twice, weekly drives, and she showed some slight improvement as spring was approaching; we would call upon Dr. and Mrs. Reid occasionally, and she liked the change of scenery. However, as I have written previously, she eventually succumbed to the physical and nervous strain, and she left us early in March, unfortunately fulfilling the forecast made by the Guv. We had been in Canada less than a year. It was a terribly sad time and I said, 'No more cat-people for me, it is too heart-breaking when they leave.' But that was not to be either.

Father Abbot, I am come to lay my weary  
bones among you.

*Cardinal Wolsey —  
to the Abbot of Leicester Abbey  
in November, 1529.*

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## EIGHTEEN

After many years of her companionship it seemed quite strange to be without a furry feline — and lonesome.

I sat on my bed in the long room, which was also the large one; I saw the little hassock which had been used by Ku'ei since the move from Courtwright Street; it had been purchased especially for her, and for a time, she had been interested in using the little seat; she had shown a little more interest in life.

As the days passed I thought very seriously about the problem of whether I would take on the responsibility of another cat-person. For one thing I wondered if my own life would outlast that of another creature; I wouldn't want to leave my cat to someone else after having spent a number of years with me, having come to accept my ways and the ways of my household.

Some people might think my views on the subject rather strange, but we are all entitled to our views, mine were the same as those of the Guv, who suggested if I did make a further commitment I would have to make out a written statement to the effect that were my life to end first the veterinarian of the moment would be informed, and he

would undertake to have the cat sent Home, with the least pain and discomfort, in the most humane manner, which is considered to be by injection.

Just recently I was reading a book by Frank MacShane on the life of the author and playwright, Raymond Chandler, who had a beautiful black cat named Taki living with him, and whose picture is included in the book. Now Raymond Chandler is quoted as saying he didn't understand people who hesitated about having a pet in case the pet survived them; he thought that a crazy outlook. Well, I am not so sure about other pets, although dogs have been known to pine on the death of 'master' or 'mistress', but I do know about cats. Even if it did not give up, and just die, a cat who is treated as a person and an equal, will suffer greatly if left on his own, even with other people than his original 'owner'. Even a bird has been known to succumb on losing its owner so how do we know that all creatures are not so affected?

We had heard of a private cattery in Niagara Falls so we telephoned Mrs. Later, who operated the little 'cat farm' as a side-line to her main job as a laboratory technician. On hearing of our needs regarding a Siamese cat she said, 'That is no problem'. She had a litter of seal points, about five in all, aged about six weeks, and in another two weeks she would allow them to leave their mother and proceed to new homes.

'Just a minute,' said Mrs. Later, as I was about to put down the receiver after arranging to go and see the family that very Saturday evening, 'One little kitty in this litter is a bluish gray color; don't ask me why because the mother and father are both seal points.'

'Thank you,' I answered. 'I will tell my husband all this and I will come along to your house as soon as possible.'

So I conveyed the message and immediately the Guv

said, 'Ra'ab, we *must* have the *blue* kitten. That will be the one to replace Miss Ku'ei, and how about arranging for us to have a companion for her?' Mrs. Later had mentioned she was a queen, and not a tom cat.

'Wonderful,' I answered, 'but how will I know which seal point to choose?'

'Don't be silly,' he continued, 'with all your experience don't tell me you can't choose a cat!'

What an exciting evening, especially as I was doing something Miss Ku'ei thoroughly approved of, and when I arrived at the door Mrs. Later's children heard the car as they rushed to let me in.

A lovely log fire in the living room and a bevy of happy cats and kittens — and Mrs. Later 'in her element' with her lovely family of felines.

'This is Shari, the mother,' she told me, so I greeted Shari in the proper manner, telling her I would take great care of her children. Part of the conversation was by telepathy, of course, for who ever heard of a cat talking to a human? Anyhow, Shari seemed to understand so I turned to her babies.

Apart from the little blue one, there were four more, completing the family of quintuplets; two little tom kittens and two queens, all seal points.

'Ah, there you are,' I called to the blue one, smallest of them all. 'Come, talk to me,' I indicated; as she came towards me, I saw she was a beautiful little cat, very small, and friendly.

'So that is settled,' I told Mrs. Later; 'we will have this unique creature, a blue gray kitten from a litter of what should be *all* seal points.'

'How do I choose another,' I thought and Mrs. Later seemed to understand. I had noticed one kitten sitting by itself, slightly away from the others, and looking very dignified.

‘Well, you see this baby,’ pointing to the somewhat aloof one, ‘she has almost perfect markings so if no one takes her, I plan to keep her here for breeding purposes.’ But she intimated she would be happy to have the little person enter the household of Lobsang Rampa. ‘Her registration papers carry the name of Cleopatra,’ continued Mrs. Later, ‘and I will feel honored if you care to continue using it.’ Considering my Egyptian leanings it was no trouble to concur — indeed it was a pleasure — so Cleopatra she has always been, still is, and always will be.

The little blue cat, who became our autumn lady, had been given a temporary exotic name on her papers, with the idea that, if it was unacceptable to the future owner, they could change it, which we did.

She was smaller than Cleopatra, with a short, insignificant tail which eventually became a thing of beauty, with its concentric rings in a darker shade. As I have stated elsewhere, in *Pussywillow*, the Guv decided she resembled a tadpole in comparative size so he began to call her Tad; it seemed insignificant beside her sister's queenly name, however, so she became Miss Tadalinka, a title of which she became justly proud. Their names were of equal length so in that respect they were equal. Who would have thought, at that time, that she would soon become our big Fat Taddy?

Incidentally I might mention that Egypt has had no less than seven queens who bore the name Cleopatra. Perhaps that is the reason so many people claim to have been one of them in a previous life. They couldn't all have been Caesar's Cleo, or Antony's.

SOMEONE —  
to talk with  
to dance with  
to sing with  
to eat with  
to laugh with  
to cry with  
to think with  
to understand  
SOMEONE —  
to be my friend

*Susan Polis Schultz*

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## NINETEEN

So one Sunday morning, late in March, the ladies Cleopatra and Tadalinka made the first of their car rides, from Niagara Falls to Fort Erie, a distance of around a score miles. Having no car then or since, we have had to rely on the services of taxis and this way our experiences have been broader, and we have come to know personally a few interesting drivers.

The special driver of the moment, whose lives we place in his hands each time we venture out, for we are often told that here in Calgary are the most careless drivers in the country, if not in the whole North American continent, has for the past five years made life pleasant for me and for my felines. As I have documented previously Keith always anticipates our needs, he takes us right to the places we want, with no detours, no arguments or anything. Being a Taurean, let us say that, typically, he prefers to take the easy way of a peaceful Venusian.

Of course all the drivers are considerate, including ladies such as Jean and Ann, and I mention them here because I believe taxi drivers have quite a difficult life; even here in Calgary at least two have lost their lives recently, at the hands of the public, one young woman being brutally murdered near Banff, after accepting a fare from Calgary. The crime was not committed for merely monetary reasons either; although the taxi was quickly located it was some days before the victim's body was recovered.

When I arrived home with the two kittens, one bluish colored and the other the color of a seal the Guv exclaimed, 'Whatever have you brought us?' He thought they were too tiny; not very strong on their feet, and he said, 'Now you have set yourself a job, to make these little people strong and healthy.' 'All right,' I responded, 'I will do my best, whatever is in my power I will do, you can be sure of that!' And I kept my word — all through the years these two kittens received greater care than any of their predecessors, resulting in two happy, physically healthy, felines.

It has always been my contention that if your work is your joy there is no problem, and I have had the satisfaction of gaining their love and affection, and their expressed appreciation for my efforts.

Some people consider it to be 'sissy', naive, and childish, to talk of love and affection but I do not see it that way; we never mind expressing dislike, hate, and resentment towards someone so, surely if we experience the reverse feeling, let us spread the sentiments. I appreciate those letters from readers of my previous books, when the writers tell me of their admiration for someone who is not afraid to express the love and affection with which their lives are surrounded. I have known the opposite, due in part to my own attitude, so I can now fully appreciate it is possible to experience 'heaven on earth', if you spend *some time* in giving a little thought to the needs of others. Who was it who said,

‘Happiness is a by-product of some activity’? Was it Albert Einstein, I wonder! At any rate I have proved the truth of that statement, and perhaps I should now say, here endeth the lesson. It was not intended to be a sermon.

At the risk of being dubbed repetitive I have to comment a little on the period of several weeks until we finally left Fort Erie. The atmosphere had been what I can only call unfriendly, even hostile, following the publicity about the young man in England who had ended his own life.

One person who had been a neighbor and quite friendly suddenly ‘cut’ me completely when our paths would cross in the street, or if I had occasion to find myself in the store where she was employed. Possibly it was the one and only such experience of my life and I would not welcome another; the general antagonistic atmosphere.

This particular woman had a family and that was the furthest she could see — obviously thinking, ‘Suppose it had been one of my children?’ and that was the general opinion, just a one-sided judgment, and I mention the matter now because I want to put on record one of the Guv's opinions about mothers.

Lobsang Rampa believes that, in spite of their expressed love of their brood they are often guilty, whether deliberate or unintentional, of harming their children's interests. Often mothers are so biased that they are blind to what is best for their offspring. Too often possessiveness is the interpretation of love, and the Guv feels very strongly about it, often expressing the opinion that a mother can be a child's greatest enemy. Strong words but worth more than a thought. Look around and you will see the truth for yourself.

On the other hand I have always remembered one Fort Erie resident, also a parent, who showed real understanding towards us — an intelligent educated gentleman engaged in the business of electronics, particularly radio.

We met this person, periodically, in his small office which was adjoining his house outside the town, where he had a gigantic antenna attached to the roof. He had many similar interests to those of the Guv, so we often spent a few minutes chatting together. A busy man, his wife would contact him by an electric device, fitted to his car, while he might be on his way to head office, or distributor in Niagara Falls; that way he would save time as he might pick up supplies of goods the orders for which had been received by his office after he had left.

I have always had a very clear picture of this enlightened gentleman who operated classes for young people, on his spare evenings, teaching the mechanics of radio electronics.

The last time we had the opportunity of talking together was a chance meeting in the post office, just before we left the town when, on parting he said, 'Yes, I think you have suffered more than enough!'

It is better to 'have a thing out' rather than  
to let it fester within.  
It is not always a good thing to contain  
annoyances or grievances; if you keep them  
within yourself you will corrode your personality.

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## TWENTY

I believe we underestimate cats when we look upon them as something which just sits around, preferably on the best chair, always seeming to be asleep. Is there any other domestic creature who is more alert to his surroundings, who can seem to be sleeping (when he is not sleeping at all, merely conserving his sight) when suddenly at the merest distraction, he is aroused, curious to investigate the cause of the disturbance?

Cats are not so selfish as is thought; independent, yes, but they are endowed with a great sense of responsibility and, if treated fairly, they will reward us with extreme devotion; they will try to protect their 'people' in face of danger.

From the earliest days Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy were inseparable, just as they had stayed together from the moment they knew they were to be living together in the same household, and one would not contemplate parting them, even in separate rooms. If one of them happened to be shut inside the storage closet she would not call to be let out, but we would know because the other would just sit outside the door, waiting.

A few weeks after they came to us Cleo seemed to have something wrong with her right eye, which was watering,

and she couldn't seem to open it. Of course I was concerned and hurriedly telephoned Dr. Reid who told me to bring Cleo along to his office immediately. That was the first time I realized how much these two little people cared about each other. I turned off and left the Guv to deal with Taddy, who already looked alarmed at being left alone without her sister; fortunately we were soon home again, Dr. Reid having put some drops in the eye, to find Taddy almost beside herself with anxiety. The Guv expressed great relief at our return.

Throughout their lives we always said that if one of them should get sick and have to go Home, we would probably have to let the other one go too, because we couldn't visualize one of them surviving alone. However we were not faced with the situation, fortunately, but if the blue one had been the survivor it might have been different; Taddy was very dependent upon Cleo, especially if her Ma was not available to provide companionship, and even so she could be quite strong willed to the point of obstinacy. Haven't you noticed it is the same with those humans who tend to lean on others — they are usually tough and full of obstinacy until they feel the need for reassurance? So, you see, cats can copy humans. Perhaps Taddy emulated Ma's behavior! But not Cleo, who has always been affectionate — but independent.

Allowances always had to be made for Tadikins because she had a severe fright in the early period of her life, when she was no more than five months, and we were then staying in the Daniel's hotel in Prescott, Ontario, having left Fort Erie permanently about one month previously.

We were out in the passageway, leading to our rooms, when someone stampeded along, right past us, scaring Taddy half to death, resulting in an imbalance which pursued her for the remainder of her life. It would not have

been so serious had she not been suffering from a physical disability, which affected her nervous system. Both kittens were beset with a hereditary condition of the bones, osteoporosis, which I did not know at the time; one day following the fright they were playing leapfrog together and suddenly Taddy collapsed, unable to walk, and I was quite concerned, rushing to the telephone for help.

I was told our new veterinarian Dr. Wang, was unavailable, so I had to find another and he asked me to take Taddy along to his surgery where he would be waiting. Saturday noon, and when we arrived we found a most sympathetic listener to our problem. The young vet asked me to put my cat down on the floor so he might observe her; after watching her for a minute or so he expressed an opinion that it could be that her brain was damaged, thus affecting her walk and that he didn't hold out much hope for recovery. Even when listening to him, and hearing the worst, I couldn't help noticing his obvious concern which made it easier to accept the verdict. 'A real "humane" humanitarian,' I thought.

It was different when we reached home, however, for the Guv was full of concern and Cleo was beside herself with anxiety for her sister, and the anticipated loneliness for herself, for she knew all about the conversation with the veterinarian. All during that weekend there was an air of sadness and gloom radiating — to see baby cat making an effort to move herself. When she needed her sanitary tray she just dragged herself to it and it seemed miraculous how she dealt with the operation.

But there's always a bright side, especially if you are fortunate enough to have a Lobsang Rampa around, he who has said he believes life is too hard for so many people, defeating its aim to teach them anything.

Although the Guv had his own personal grief, he would

never do anything to make life's problems easier for himself, but he was terribly concerned for Cleo. He must have given the matter a lot of thought for, just as we were becoming somewhat reconciled to the thought of losing Taddy the Guv suddenly said. 'Cleo don't be worried for you will not lose your sister.' And again he spoke. 'Taddy, you will walk again. That is a promise.'

Thus happiness was restored, and we were to witness our little Blue-Grey autumn lady walking around once more — even running in her own particular fashion.

Had I but served my God as diligently as  
I served the King, he would not have  
given me over in my grey hairs.

*Cardinal Wolsey —  
to Sir William Kingston*

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## FLYING HIGH

As I sit here in my room at five-thirty in the morning, facing downtown Calgary, away in the direction of Winnipeg and eastern Canada, everything is still and I see, less than one block distant, two construction cranes waiting to be activated.

One of the advantages of high-rise living is the opportunity for viewing life from on high, not quite so good as sitting in a helicopter where one might have a view from behind, in front and immediately below. The other day someone used the analogy in describing the Guv's amazing ability to see a person's life or events from the past, present and future.

I find there is a great deal to be learned from other people's remarks, especially from the letters of certain readers who are thoughtful enough to comment upon the Guv's books, and my own, in a constructive manner; the very few critical letters we receive come under the heading of 'hair splitting'.

At the risk of being accused of deviating from my own story I would like to pass on to those interested details of a little incident which occurred recently. One of our regular readers whose name is Marlene, wrote to tell us of a little blue budgie bird which had been brought to her, having been

found near a golf course where she lives; it seemed to be suffering from exposure, she thought, so she placed it in a cage and went off to get some nourishment for the little creature. When Marlene returned she found the bird lying on the floor of the cage, apparently in some distress; she stayed with it for awhile then moved away to another room, where some household task required her attention.

‘In a few seconds,’ she wrote, ‘I saw a ball of light enter the room where I was, much like you see around birds when they are flying.’ She continued, ‘Only this light was so much brighter and then I knew my little friend had gone to the place where all bird people go.’ Further, ‘That’s the first time I ever saw a spirit on its way Home.’

I hope someone will appreciate that little incident; because of her heightened vibrations through her consideration for the sick bird she had been able to ‘tune in’, and she had felt a surge of gratitude from its spirit as it departed.

Judging by our correspondence there seems to be a wave of good feelings towards nature people and, since we are on the subject of birds, I might mention another delightful request which came to the Guv. Someone wrote, ‘If you care to send me any advice on how to give my bird people a more even break it would be greatly appreciated by us all. They are so enduring and touching.’ And she included a sketch of a somewhat bedraggled baby sparrow who had been too active and fallen from the nest, and had been rescued by our correspondent. The caption read, ‘This is sort of how a new boarder looked.’

The lady, who has at least two birds of her own, welcomed the little sparrow. ‘Now he has a new home,’ she says, ‘and he is quite sweet.’

She ended her letter by telling us she looks forward with pleasure to reading about the autumn lady.

This section seems to be all about flying, which reminds

me that Miss Taddy and Miss Cleo spent much time in the air, flying high in a Lear jet once or twice when we undertook a long journey from Montreal to Vancouver and, previously, between Saint John, New Brunswick, to Montreal.

Sometimes one of our more critical leaders will tell us our books are repetitive, while others, more tolerant, will not mind repetition; indeed they remark that it is helpful and welcome our repeats. However, in deference to the former I will try to present the few incidents, which may already have been documented in my previous books, in a slightly different manner; since the story is about Tadalinka a little repetition seems unavoidable.

Miss Cleo and her Ma, as we sit here at the typewriter, Cleo tuned in and helping retrace the interesting life we have had, both realize that we have plenty of happy memories to sustain us, and we can now take life more quietly; not have to be dashing around the country.

Just last year, when we vaguely discussed another move, Cleo and Taddy were most unhappy. 'No more moves for us,' they told the Guv. 'We've had enough, more than, and we would rather go Home.' So the family stayed here and, except for Taddy, here we remain. As for Taddy 'the owl called her name' so she had to go. There is, in the lore of the American Indian, a belief that when your time comes to depart, if the owl has called your name you have no choice but to go.

The Guv has just told me that Cleo often finds amusement in remembering an incident which occurred while we were living in New Brunswick. She had seemed to have a fever, was refusing food and appeared generally lethargic, so we arranged to visit the local veterinarian. While traveling in a taxi to his office in Rothesay we were almost involved in an accident, a car cutting right in front of us, and I felt that literally, I 'jumped out of myself in fright'. It was only

providential protection, what we call 'lucky stars', which saved us, I am sure!

'So what's so funny about that?' you say. That was not the cause of Miss Cleo's mirth — rather it was when the vet visited her at home after she had been sick for a few days, with a slightly elevated temperature. After examining the thermometer intently for a few seconds, the vet exclaimed, 'It must be pneumonia. Look at this, it's about one hundred and five.' That was before Celsius — I hope. She didn't look all that sick to me — and then I remembered — she was sitting on a rubber hot water bottle. .

Fortunately the vet from the Netherlands possessed a sense of humor so we all laughed, including Cleo. Throughout the years, since she was little more than a baby the incident has never ceased to amuse the dignified Cleopatra.

Words are the dress of thoughts  
which should no more be presented in rags,  
tatters, and dirt, than your person should.

*Earl of Chesterfield*

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## TWENTY-ONE

Sunday morning, late in May, and at last we have signs that summer will soon be here; this is the day one sets aside as special to the Family. We are fortunate in having a nice, secluded balcony leading off the living room and that is where Miss Taddy loved to be whenever possible. If ever a cat wore a smile of satisfaction it could be seen in Taddy's expression, as she settled herself on the long garden chair, or rolled the big, plump, fur-covered package which was Tadikins, over and over on the green 'indoor-outdoor' carpet which graces our balcony.

I do not know whether the expression 'indoor-outdoor' is used outside North America, but it seemed strange to me when I first heard it in New Brunswick — the manager was having this marvelous carpet installed at the entrance of our building, and inside the lobby. 'Oh yes,' he explained. 'This is something new. It is not harmed by water and in winter, especially, we use it because here we have quite a number of older people who might have trouble on the slippery floors.'

I could see his point since I had slipped on the icy entrance more than once, and this floor covering did away with the polished smoothness, snow and ice being simply absorbed.

So Taddy enjoyed the morning, and noontime sun; being extremely voluble she talked a great deal to her Ma. Al-

though she departed in the fall of last year it is now that I think of her more than ever — as I put out the cushions on the redwood garden chairs I sense her presence, and I picture her with a wide smile on her face.

About two years ago I decided to have a big umbrella outside, to shelter us from the hot summer sun, and it caused much speculation — from a feline angle. Since I had no sand to put in the container to hold the umbrella down, I had it filled with water, and the stem was placed through a hole in a wooden table, which was also used for meals. It was amusing to see the interest shown by Cleo and Taddy while watching all this being assembled by Keith, who wanted to do it before embarking on the same program himself.

When it was all over I asked the Guv what Cleo and Taddy thought about it since he never minds translating from 'Cat'. 'Oh,' he informed me, with a smile, 'they consider you have been installing a parachute.' I liked that! Most cat-people love the sun and I believe Taddy had a particular reason for what was almost an obsession with her, and this might be a suitable moment to relate a little of the autumn lady's previous history:

During quiet moments, which are quite frequent in our home, the Guv would often converse with Taddy, telepathically, and they had many interesting discussions.

You see Taddy was lethargic in the physical sense, always conserving her energy, except when she heard the music of a can opener or when she sensed that I was slicing a piece of raw meat for her, but mentally she was extremely alert, and she was known as the telephone girl who helped the Guv. Some people may consider this far fetched, but others will understand and, after all, it is the latter who are interested in furthering their relationship with their cat companions. When you know TRUTH you do not need fiction.

People make a mistake if they insist on disturbing a cat when it appears to be sleeping - the lazy wretch, they think, and that is one reason why they often prefer to be in a home without children, especially untrained ones. Cats spend at least half their time sailing around in a state which, for want of a better term, one might call astral traveling; I have heard the Guv tell how they cast around when they are feeling sociable, looking for another cat with whom to hold a conversation, especially if they have an interesting piece of information. Oh yes, cats have a sense of humor and they tell jokes to each other.

Well, during these conversations between the Guv and Fat Taddy they talked about her life before she came to us, how she had twice tried to be with us and how she was determined to make another effort, even if it meant getting herself born into a family of seal point Siamese.

‘Yes,’ she had said to the Guv, ‘I knew all about you, well not all but enough to make the effort worthwhile, because I was tired of living life after life in the wilds.’

She said she wanted to be a domestic cat for a change.

Later the Guv related much of Taddy's history and, of course, I was an avid listener when he told me that our autumn lady had been a tree cat, a big creature such as a puma wild cat, and that she had lived in the rain forests of South America, specifically Brazil where, according to the information she gave, and verified by the Guv, she had spent hours upon hours just idly dreaming her life away — not one life but many.

Interestingly, many times she had developed a soreness the result of which had caused her life to end in an unhappy manner, when the sore became infected. Taddy told of how the condition had persisted for a number of incarnations, and the Guv agreed with her when she said the soreness started because she sat too long on a tree where a small

'knot' irritated her skin, which eventually broke, became infected, which condition brought about her death, not once but through many lives.

So the time must have arrived when she was allowed to change her course, and see what she would make of different circumstances, with its new opportunities.

One might dramatize the situation but since it is the truth, why bother? Why gild the lily?

One cannot but admire someone who shows such single minded ambition, and in Taddy's case the effort paid off.

Lauren Bacall wrote in her recently published autobiography that she was *besotted* with her small son; I know how she felt, for I adored my autumn lady. Taddy herself would be the first to admit that *she* was not quite normal in her reactions, for she openly discussed it with the Guv. She said it was all right, for then no one would expect too much of her.

Perhaps it was because of this that she meant so much to me. We all like to feel someone is dependent upon us — it makes us feel worthwhile — and that is how it was with Tadalinka. Her dependence was utter and complete — shared with the lovely Cleo who showed her more tolerance than anyone might expect. When Taddy felt motherly she would wash and nibble Cleo's ears to distraction. So much so that we thought Cleo's 'dog-eared' appearance indicated she was in need of a vitamin supplement.

Because of Taddy I understood how a mother feels towards her retarded child — the complete trust of the child who at times seems almost angelic in its innocence. It provides a wonderful outlet for the protective instinct with which most of us are endowed.

Far away there in the sunshine  
are my highest aspirations.  
I may not reach them, but I can look up  
and see their beauty, believe in them,  
and try to follow where they lead.

*Louisa May Alcott*

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## TWENTY-TWO

What an interesting situation! Here was I, Ma to these cat-persons whose background and history had been so different from each other. On the one hand there was the mountain lion, she of the wild, who had never before known domesticity; whose purr could be loud and sonorous; whose growl when displeased was enough to intimidate the bravest vet, and her spitting hiss caused the onlooker to gape, amazed at her ferocity. And yet when resting on her special chair, or curled up on the arm of her Ma, she was the gentlest creature, full of love and affection. That was our Fat Taddy Cat — learning how to become civilized, away from the jungle.

Then the contrast, in the form of Miss Cleopatra, who had lived many lives among the human race, often with an aristocratic family; whose previous life had ended prematurely, through cruelty, and who had carried over to the present life her fear of men. She had planned to be difficult, to 'get her own back' for the way she had been mistreated by humanity. At first she would move away from the Guv and, when he had ascertained the reason for her problem, he took her aside and talked to her, after which time her attitude changed; she became the Guv's cat, while Taddy

gravitated towards her Ma. The Guv often reminds me that this creature, all six pounds of her, is one of the most evolved entities, either animal or human, who has ever crossed our path; that she had never been known to express an unkind thought.

Through the years those two cat-persons have complemented each other, absolutely; since they were so different from each other there never was any cause for jealousy, or resentment, qualities not uncommon in the Siamese species. Cleo educated Taddy all about sophistication, about the lives of the upper echelon of society, how to behave — in short Cleo taught much about good manners. Taddy, on the other hand regaled Cleo with stories of the jungle, how when you are really BIG, humans, and small creatures, are afraid of you, so you can get what you want.

As these two persons gradually established themselves in the household they seemed to arrive at an agreement, they had a pact whereby each would agree not to encroach upon the other's territory.

Although Miss Taddy had enjoyed sitting on the Guv's bed when she was a kitten, Cleo gradually assumed the role of caring for him, and Taddy was allowed to sit by the door as observer. Sometimes she would arrange herself in such a position so that we could see, from the depths of the room, only half her face, only one eye, and it was really quite amusing to watch.

Taddy was just as firm regarding her territory for if she might be sitting side by side with me, purring contentedly, and Cleo came towards us, Taddy would cease her purr; bristling up she would scold Cleo soundly, and my little Cleo, who also needed her Ma, would have to move away. How I would have enjoyed it had we all be able to sit down together but, no, the strong willed Taddy would have none

of it. It was the same, when we retired for the night, Taddy was waiting to rest on my arm long before I was ready for her. We settled down and a few minutes later Cleo would arrive; having surveyed the territory she might make her way under the covers when immediately, Taddy would leave my arm and pounce on the covers just where Cleo had settled. A wild cat, always hunting!

I am going to relate a true story concerning Taddy, especially for those who believe that cats are thinking entities which means those people who have read my other books and believed in them. I would not wish it to be thought I was in the same state as poor Louis Wain, who became so involved with cats, being able to communicate with them, and executing detailed drawings of them, that his mind became deranged, and he ended his days in an institution.

The story is true, because she told it to the Guv — during the whole of her life Taddy would intimate to the Guv that she was expecting a package to be delivered to her. ‘What is in it?’ I would ask, and the reply would be, ‘Never mind what is in it. It is from Brazil.’ So Taddy was mixed up about her incarnations, but it was not surprising since her life there had ended prematurely.

Periodically, we would be reminded, ‘I am still waiting for it!’ It was not until some weeks after she had left the earth that Miss Cleo received a telepathic message, ‘I don't think it will ever come. I guess my Mother never sent it.’ If you cannot accept that story well, you can read it as a pretty fairy tale. All the same it is very real!

Referring to incarnations I would recommend the book, *Audrey Rose* by Frank deFelitta. It was sent to us by one of our publishers and I never would have bought such a title, which would have been my loss. The book and the film have been a great success, and it was while I was read-

ing the story that I decided to document the lives of Tadalinka, which I felt sure would be of interest to those readers who believe in the continuing cycle of death and rebirth.

'Twould ring the bells of Heaven  
The wildest peal for years,  
If Parson lost his senses  
And people came to theirs,  
And he and they together  
Knelt down with angry prayers  
For tame and shabby tigers,  
And dancing dogs and bears,  
And wretched, blind pit ponies,  
And little hunted hares.

*Ralph Hodgson*

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## TWENTY-THREE

After moving around, first in Ontario, then to other provinces, namely, New Brunswick, Quebec and British Columbia, we finally found a resting place with the wild rose of Alberta, which has been our home for almost six years. I would never have expected our travels would take us to Stampede City, which just goes to show you never know what the future has in store.

For me, personally, this was a good move; the high altitude seems to keep me mentally alert and it is here in Calgary that I have been able to fulfill a life-long ambition to do some writing. Although one never can be sure of anything, at this moment it would seem that the remainder of my days will be spent here, where Cleo, Taddy, and I have spent some of our happiest moments.

A big city with a population totaling more than half a million, we still have a somewhat parochial outlook, possibly due to the fact that the city has grown too quickly,

accepting even now about two thousand immigrants from other provinces, each month.

One of the blots on our reputation is the way we treated our leading kidney transplant surgeon, Dr. Abouna, as though he were a criminal, except that a criminal would have received more consideration. That affair was enough to make one feel ashamed. Then a Catholic school superintendent was dismissed for no apparent reason; the board of governors have never seen fit to provide an explanation. These two cases are still receiving much publicity, though Dr. Abouna is far away, continuing his work with great success.

Ah, well, we are a young country, that is our excuse, but we will grow up, given time.

Life went on smoothly enough, until late last summer, when we noticed a small lump on Taddy's 'undercarriage'; it may have been present for some days before it was noticed. As soon as possible we notified Dr. Randall, who came along to see her, and he said we would have to observe the swelling to see whether it would disappear, or the reverse. The situation entailed several visits, each time Dr. Randall measured to see if it had become bigger, and one day I said I thought it was smaller but he shook his head in sympathy at my optimism.

It was suggested the lump should be removed, when we might hope for a few months respite before Taddy would succumb, so I went along to tell the Guv. We decided to put aside our own feelings which meant trying to keep her with us, and consider Taddy who would suffer through an operation — so it would be better to let things take their natural course for whatever length of time she would be spared to us, which proved to be short.

One Sunday, in the early autumn, Taddy's condition worsened, and we knew she would not be with us much

longer. The Guv came out to the living room, as I told him I was concerned about her. He spoke to Taddy, looked at her lingeringly, and then he uttered the words which I dreaded hearing, 'I think it's time to say goodbye,' and he went back to his room.

I had been enquiring the previous week whether Dr. Randall would be on duty that holiday weekend, and he assured me he would be so I called him, when he asked me to place her in her large, comfortable traveling basket, and he would meet us at his office that Sunday afternoon; he considered it better than coming to us, which would have been more distressing for her and for all of us.

She loved the journey with her Ma, though she must have felt very unwell, since the sore was suppurating, and the Guv wanted me to hurry while she didn't seem to be having actual pain.

Dr. Randall greeted us with understanding, then he took charge of the situation, preparing Taddy for her journey to Cat land, giving her a mild injection, then because she was big, another. It was all so smooth, our Taddy just drifting away to be met with all the others in what we know as the Cat's Heaven. After chatting awhile I came out to the taxi, with a heavy heart.

When I arrived home all was quiet and the Guv told me Taddy had not felt any pain, merely a dreamy, drifting feeling and I could not believe it for her expression had shown she was going to a place where she was wanted, and where she would be welcomed with love. Had I understood 'cat language' I might have heard her remark, with Thomas Edison, in his final moments, 'Isn't it beautiful over there.'

Because our association with his family extends rather beyond the professional, Dr. Randall asked me if I would like Taddy's last resting place to be in his own garden, to which suggestion I was pleased to agree. So, during the

weekend the doctor's son, Jamie, undertook the preparations, proud to do something for a friend; so that is where our Taddy's physical frame rests. We were grateful to Jamie, who is thirteen, and believes he is going to be a vet himself unless he chooses forestry, another of his interests. Veterinary work entails much study and high grades, he says!

When it was all over the Guv told me, 'You were just in time — much longer and she would have suffered, peritonitis.' So we sighed, and resumed our normal routine while there has always been a sense of loss, but Taddy comes around, in another form, and I always have to leave the usual night-light on for her. She says she stumbles when it is too dark.

I believe that her life was a success, and that when we meet again, we will all be together for a long time, working together as we did down here! Taddy will be plagued no longer with the sores of several lifetimes and she will always be grateful to Lobsang Rampa, 'Guv of all the cats' who, in showing his respect for our autumn lady, discontinued using the logo which had graced his paper heading for some years.

It occurred to me that actions speak very much louder than words; if your feelings are deep you do not necessarily talk about your grief — you act. The Guv's sensitivity is so much greater than my own, therefore he feels things more keenly, be it joy or sadness!

Isn't it beautiful over there.

*Words attributed to Thomas Edison  
towards the end of his life.  
He seemed to be looking at something beyond.*

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## CANADA CUSTOMS

Gilberto, our Spanish speaking friend from Central America, has always been a great fan of our Siamese people, and each time he writes to me he never fails to make reference to Cleo and Taddy; Gilberto shows his friendship in many ways.

One day I received a notice from the Federal Customs Department in this city, intimating they had a parcel awaiting collection, and the customer's card, describing the contents, merely stated 'porcelain figure'. Away I went to customs and I was greeted by an official who indicated he needed an invoice, or a statement, showing the value of the goods. I was not able to provide anything — but when I was shown the contents I asked if I might take the parcel then and there. 'Oh, no! You can't do that before you first contact the sender to find out the value! You must write to the person who sent the gift, meanwhile the parcel will stay here.' 'But it will be perhaps three weeks or four until I receive an answer,' I told the official. 'Anyhow, it is not easy to ask someone the value of their gift,' I continued.

After giving the matter some thought the manager was called, so together they had a discussion, while I was eager to get my hands on that figure a foot high of a young girl, with long brown hair, sitting on a high-backed chair holding

a blue point Siamese on her lap, encircled within her arms, and a sealpoint sat beside her on the base. 'Well,' said the manager, 'if you are prepared to accept our appraisal and come again tomorrow you may have it.' So what could I do but accept, hoping the charges would not be excessive.

Sometimes it is necessary to refuse an unsolicited gift, especially if one has not been notified by the sender; however this parcel was from Gilberto *and I had seen the contents*, so the next day found me there again at the Customs office, eager to know if the matter of charges had been settled.

'Oh, there you are,' said the official, when he saw me. 'I will get your parcel.'

When he returned I asked him how much there was to pay.

'Forty dollars, please,' he told me, so I took the papers to the cashier, paid the duty and federal taxes, returned the receipts to the official, took my parcel and hurried home.

This figure is one of my most treasured possessions, Cleo and Taddy immortalized in ceramic gives me great satisfaction, providing an atmosphere of peace and contentment.

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

*William Blake*

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## TWENTY-FOUR

If we could understand cat language, cat telepathy or whatever, we would enter a new exciting world, but at the same time we need to have our metaphorical feet placed firmly on the ground, thus hoping to retain our sanity and matter-of-factness. Why do I mention this? Well the Guv has explained to me how cats make pictures which to another cat are easily decipherable but to any human who has the ability to see the pictures, it is necessary to cultivate a slightly different way of reasoning before being able to translate.

We might all be sitting in the Guv's room when suddenly he exhorts us to be quiet while he receives a 'cat message' and then he will smile, telling us about the pictures formed and how at first he couldn't 'get it'.

One evening, in particular, Taddy was having a telepathic conversation with another cat-person and they were talking about 'riding the range' — it seemed that neither of them had a clear picture so the Guv had to decipher their meaning after seeing a picture of a cooking stove — a range! You need to be quick-witted to understand cat language; the Guv is and does.

Before coming to the end of Autumn Lady I have promised three cat-people to include them here, because they

have provided interest and one of them was the means whereby I made a new and interesting association with his so-called mistress, who is really his slave.

First I must tell you about Smooch, whom I have known the longest, and who lives with an Austrian family about two blocks nearer the river, that is, two blocks from the building where I live.

Smooch's 'slave' is Loni who comes here every week to help me clear out the debris and dust which accumulate all too frequently in this apartment. We have known Loni for a period of nearly four years and she can always be relied upon to help out in an emergency. She has nursing experience, too.

Well, late one afternoon the telephone bell rang and I hurried to find out who was there, since we do not have many calls.

'Mrs. Rampa, can you help me,' a concerned voice rang out. 'It is Loni, and I wonder if you can lend me a cat basket.'

'What happened?' I asked, noting the air of concern. After a pause, 'It's Smooch, I think he has a broken leg, he is sitting under a chair and we can't go near him.'

'What makes you think his leg is broken?' I asked. 'Well, he came into the house dragging one leg,' she said. Apparently he was in considerable pain and the family didn't know what to do.

Loni's son, Ralph, came to borrow a traveling basket but he said he didn't think he would be able to coax Smooch into it. I thought about it, then decided to consult Dr. Randall whose surgery hours would be ending in a few minutes, at six o'clock.

It's always useful to have a good relationship with your veterinarian and this was one time when I appreciated it,

he had completed another house call, since no one could approach Smooch and the office would be closed anyway.

Later that evening I heard that Smooch had become an unwilling guest of the Westside Pet Hospital, and that his stay would last a few days. The ‘fracture’ was not serious, but the rather badly lacerated leg needed instant attention, and he was given an antibiotic.

We understand Smooch does not venture out so much these days, not being so young he is not anxious to get involved in any more fights, which might mean another stay in the hospital.

Cat number two has a different story; whenever we think of her we feel like ‘smiling loudly’ though her mistress—slave probably would not see it that way at all.

Enter Loni again. Telephone rings. I rush to answer. ‘What shall I do with this cat who has come to my door?’ ‘What do you mean?’ I ask. ‘Which cat?’

‘Well, I heard crying outside in the garden and on going to the back door I saw this little cat; I think it is a Siamese and I really don’t know what to do with it.’, So Loni had a problem which she hoped I could solve.

Another call to our special cat doctor who said we should take her to the office; he was sure he could find a home worthy of a Siamese, unless her owner traced and claimed her within about a week, the time he would have to keep her, before allowing her to go to another home. She was not a stray, he said, because she was in very good condition; she wore a collar, but without a name on it.

If anyone had asked me about the creature I would have told them, ‘Well she knew, or thought she knew, of a vacancy in the Rampa household; believing the Rampa cat people lead the good life (which they do), she probably thought, “Perhaps I could fill the gap left vacant by Fat Cat Taddy. I understand Miss Cleo is a very good companion.” ’

As I have stated, cats have a greater intelligence than they are credited with and Miss Siamese would know Loni was associated with us, so she had nothing to lose. She couldn't have come straight to us because a cat is not expected to gain access to an apartment building, operate an elevator, and get transported to a certain floor. How would she activate the elevator motor — the button was too high! So she did the next best thing —called upon Loni.

Habits are first cobwebs, then cables.

*Spanish proverb*

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## TWENTY-FIVE

Here enters our friend Gertrud who I am sure will not mind being brought into the story because I mentioned I would do so and since she did not object I guess it is okay with her.

We were chatting together one day when it occurred to me to ask Gertrud how she would like to have a cat in her household.

'You never can tell,' she answered, 'but what have you in mind?' So I explained about the Siamese which was being boarded at the Westside Hospital, and to my slight surprise Gertrud appeared interested. 'The only thing which concerns me,' she went on, 'is my two dogs, whether the cat will accept them, and they her!'. One of her dogs, being blind, might have a problem in adjusting.

I assured her that dogs usually have no trouble with Siamese and Siamese in turn do not seem to mind sharing a home with a dog.

We lost no time in contacting the Pet Hospital, letting Dr. Randall know we had found a suitable human who would like to provide a home for the little cat person. Within a few days Gertrud's responsibilities had begun — and Shara's new life started. Many preparations had been made and the cat was allotted a special room in the house; she was allowed to share Gertrud's study.

All went well for some days after Shara's arrival, except when she was introduced to the doggies, when she aired her opinion by way of a growl and a hiss. This happened

each time the three came together, so Shara had to be kept separate from the dogs, a situation which she did not enjoy, and which she planned to change!

When things seemed to be somewhat settled, and after Gertrud found herself minus her pet bird, after the cage had inadvertently been left open, we had a call from her; she seemed to be in some distress.

‘My cat has gone,’ she said and I asked her what had happened. ‘Well this is my day off and I was doing a little housework; I was going into the garden to shake out some rugs. As I opened the door Shara suddenly appeared, speeding like a streak of lightning and, before I could stop her, she was over my moderately high wire fence, and away she went.’

Gertrud had spent all morning trying to find her, calling and waiting, but there was no sign of Shara. Obviously she wanted her freedom and one wonders whether she was a flower child, a hippie cat. Since Gertrud was so upset the Guv did a bit of investigating by his own particular method, and he was able to assure her that Shara had been adopted by another family, when she had tried her luck in another direction where there were no canine, or feline competition. A determined young lady cat! The Guv ascertained the Shara cat had been under a death sentence from an apartment owner who said, ‘No cats’ — so her previous family had abandoned her.

Mr. Boots, or Bootsie is cat-person number three and he is the youngest, still not having reached his first birthday but already he has experienced a number of changes in his young life.

This little person was found last year in a Calgary lumber yard, along with his mother, sisters and brothers. A family of strays, the cat mother was about to depart this life, as were a few of her babies, all of whom were suffering from

starvation through malnutrition; the mother herself, being underfed, could not possibly provide sustenance for her kittens.

A friendly human came along and found one little creature still living, so Boots finally found his way to his human Mother, Lee, a young career woman housewife, who has been able to provide all the love and nutrition necessary for his welfare.

I have met Bootsie a few times but I do not know whether our paths will cross again for, just this week, Lee finds her government position will entail a transfer away from this province. Since I do not expect to visit Eastern Canada in the future it is unlikely I will have the pleasure of watching the progress of beautiful Mr. Boots, who has already made the journey where he will stay with friends while mistress Lee organizes her own house move.

My story brings us right up to the past week, a week of many changes which just goes to remind us how we should make the most of the present which even now is moving forward towards the future, with further change.

Recently the Shah of Iran was interviewed and he was quoted as saying that everything which had happened was God's will, the will of Allah. 'Do you consider it was God's will that caused you to lose your position as head of your country?' the interviewer asked. 'Yes,' said the Shah, 'to show that nothing remains the same!'

I am going to end this book with a few verses from an unknown author, which might well be titled 'Don't Wait,' and which could easily have been composed by that Fat Cat Taddy, the autumn lady, whose concepts it embraces. Except, whoever heard of a composing cat!

When I quit this mortal shore,  
And mosey around this earth no more,  
Don't weep, don't sigh, don't sob —  
I may have struck a better job.

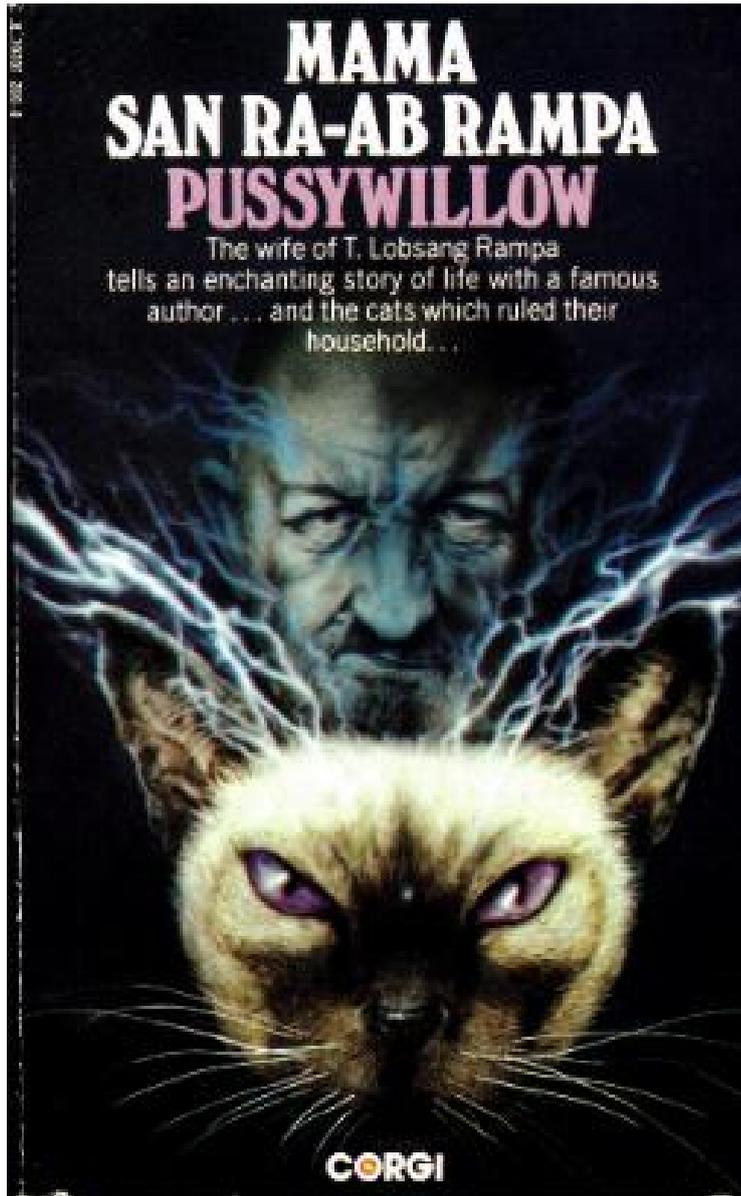
Don't go and buy a large bouquet  
For which you'll find it hard to pay;  
Don't mope around and feel all blue —  
I may be better off than you.

Don't tell folks I was a saint,  
Or any old thing that I ain't;  
IF YOU HAVE JAM LIKE THAT TO SPREAD  
Please hand it out before I'm dead.

If you have roses, bless your soul,  
Just pin one in my buttonhole  
While I'm alive and well today —  
Don't wait until I'm gone away.

*Author unknown*

*From Seasons of Inspiration*



*A Thought*

Yesterday was once today  
and Tomorrow soon will be.  
Today is all that matters!

## PUSSY WILLOW

I love cats, any cats; small cats, big cats, thin cats, fat cats, skinny cats, toms and queens, kittens and adults, black, white, or pussy willow like Taddy.

The Lady Ku'ei, one of my Cat Children, was very fond of remarking to the Guv: `My Ma will stop and chat with any old tom cat she may happen to meet: But she did not disapprove for Miss Ku'ei was no snob.

No doubt this little volume will receive its share of criticism, but that is no cause for concern; it is written for my friends . . . those people who have expressed an interest in the Guv's Family. I am reminded of a quotation by the Guv and, since it is heartily endorsed by me, I will use it here:

‘Dogs bark, but the caravan  
moves on . . .  
‘Critics usually are those  
without the wits to write  
a book’, but - they have  
the acid to attempt the  
destruction of a good book!’

## SATO? What's That?

Well, a book has to have a title, eh?

So how about a 'computer code' version of what this is all about?

It is...

Sindhi — and — the — others.

I love cats, any cats; small cats, big cats, thin cats, fat cats, skinny cats, toms and queens, kittens and adults. Cats. ANY cats.

The Lady Ku'ei one of my Cat Children, was very fond of remarking to the Guv, 'My Ma will stop and chat with any old tom cat she may happen to meet up with', but she did not disapprove for Miss Ku'ei was no snob.

No doubt this little volume will receive its share of criticism but that is no cause for concern . . . it is written for my friends, those people who have expressed an interest in the Guv's Family. I am reminded of a quotation by the Guv and, since it is heartily endorsed by me, I will use it here:

'Dogs bark, but the caravan  
moves on . . . ,  
'Critics usually are those  
without the wits to write  
a good book.'

## CHAPTER ONE

SINDHI is a cat, a Siamese cat, and although she is not living on the earth now she is very much alive elsewhere. It was one of the more positive acts of my life that I cared for this little person during the very short time she was with us.

We had been in Canada a little over one year when we met her, and she had a most charming way of getting around one, of getting her own way. At her best she was most affectionate, tucking her small head under my chin as I held her, telling me in cat language that she loved me.

How did I find myself with a third cat person when there were two Siamese people already quite well established in the household? Well, really I had little choice in the matter because a man who was employed in a pet shop asked if a home could be found for her. He had heard about Miss Ku'ei and Mrs. Fifi and he said he understood we were very fond of cats, especially Siamese, and that we understood them. He had a feeling that Sindhi was not happy and would we please go and see her at his home where we could find his wife, and talk to her. Since I have mentioned Ku'ei and Fifi, and if you have read 'Living with the Lama', it will be apparent who 'we' are. I am 'Ma' to cats, and I am proud of the fact that Mrs. Greywhiskers paid me the great honor of dedicating her book to me. The other one of 'us' is the 'Guv' to cats, and he was kind enough to translate the contents of 'Living with the Lama' from cat language into words which could be understood by humans. Since cats make pictures instead of words this must have entailed quite a bit of ingenuity on the part of the Guv, and a good amount of co-operation from Fifi.

At that time we had a fairly big car, a used one, otherwise

we would not have been driving around in a color combination of pink and gold. It was rather like a woman wearing a pink or a vivid red outfit — in a few days she would be recognized a mile away. Each time we took out our pink Mercury we could imagine everybody in the neighborhood shrieking ‘Here they come! With their cat an’ all!’ It was the very same automobile which nearly scared the daylights out of Miss Ku’ei and me when the steering “went” one day while we sped along the Tecumseh road towards Windsor. Ku’ei was definitely the motoring type and whenever possible she went with us, either shopping or sight-seeing, even when we collected the mail from the post office at Walkerville, near Windsor; hence the remarks ‘here they come with their cat!’ As we drove along to the pet shop man’s home I wondered what Ku’ei was thinking about it all, but then I decided ‘sufficient unto the day—’ Eventually we found the house and the Guv stayed in the car while I went to the door and rang the bell while just at that moment Mrs. Pet shop Man appeared in the entrance. As I discussed with her the reason for our visit she seemed most relieved and told me that her nerves were bad; the cat was getting her down and she doubted if she could stand it any longer. A wailing noise was coming from someplace inside, a voice which could only be that of a Siamese, and then Sindhi appeared. A poor thin little creature looking so pathetic, and no wonder, for the woman had no doubt transmitted her nervous state to the tiny bundle of fur standing there. ‘What can you do about it?’ the woman queried of us; ‘I doubt if I could stand it another night,’ she continued. ‘Can’t you take her and find her a home?’

By this time the Guv had approached and was taking control of the situation. He could see she was neurotic (a very thin discontented individual) and she was imploring us to take the cat, the cat who was so obviously very miserable. What COULD WE DO? We had two mature Lady cats at home who were getting along quite well together, so what was going to happen if we came home with Sindhi? Quickly we decided, and as soon as we had bundled ourselves into

the auto and Mrs. Pet shop had waved her gratitude, Sindhi, who must have been about one year old, let out the most piercing yowl. She told the world in general that she must have a tom; so here we were, faced with another dilemma. While she was in this condition it was impossible to take her home to our apartment so we thought we had better make a detour and call at the office of our friend, Mr. L. the veterinarian, hoping we would find him there. He had treated Fifi and Ku'ei when the humidity of Windsor had caused discomfort in their ears, and Ku'ei had had eye trouble also, necessitating the removal of the inner eyelid which was beginning to enlarge and soon would have covered the entire eye. This was a phenomenon peculiar to the Windsor area and, in our opinion, caused through excessive spraying of insecticide all around the side streets where there were trees and bushes, and which had been carried in the air on to the plants and grass of our garden. The little cat nestled close to me as we drove along, quiet for a while; then came another piercing shriek, 'I want a tom, I must have a tom!' Poor little girl cat; we found she had sight in only one eye and we commented that she looked like Egyptian Nefertiti as she also had one blind eye. Anyway, we took to the little creature and we told her that soon she would be living with us; soon she would be sharing our home.

Mr. L. was a charming person, one of the nicest veterinarians we have met, and we have come across quite a number in our travels around Canada. He had a cat too, a Siamese tom, so he was very interested in our Cat family. The first time he visited us, when we lived near Tecumseh, he arrived at the front door one evening where I met him and took him into the living room where Ku'ei and Fifi were awaiting his arrival. When he saw them he uttered a delightful greeting, 'Aren't they just living dolls', and we always remember that first meeting, while many times we have used that selfsame expression in referring to certain felines.

Well, fortunately Dr. L. was in his office when we arrived and, after taking a look at her, decided Sindhi should be left

with him and she would be spayed that very day. Fortunately it was the beginning of the day so we left her and arranged to come back and collect her in the evening, assuming her condition was satisfactory by the evening. It seemed a rather different procedure from England, where a cat would be left at the Pet Hospital for two nights (the night previous and the night following the operation), in the case of a female being spayed. A tom, by comparison, was treated rather differently; his neutering operation, not being so serious, could be done 'while you wait' type of thing. However, I took a little tom cat to the veterinarian here in Calgary the other day, and his treatment was the reverse of our previous experiences in this country. Smokey, an all-over black cat, was our neighbor, and his so-called Mistress (who was really his servant) was sick and therefore unable to take him, so I volunteered. Smokey was to be kept for two nights, as though he were a female, and it is interesting to see how customs change, but the Westside Pet Hospital is a most pleasant place where our own two felines are treated with the utmost politeness and care by the doctors and staff. I have often thought that so-called animals are treated with greater care and respect by the 'animal doctor' than are many human animals who are left to the mercy of certain medicos.

Wherever we have lived it has been one of my earliest and most pleasant duties to find a veterinarian, have our Cat People meet him, and it has always paid off. The Cat is checked over and, in the event she needs treatment at a later date, well, she is not afraid because she has already been introduced and (we hope) feels friendly towards her doctor; therefore she knows what to expect. 'A crazy idea' someone says, but is it really so strange? Considering a plant can wither and die if approached by someone who is unsympathetic (I have seen this happen quite recently in the case of a sensitive plant), isn't it just as important, if not more so, for your pet to be prepared in advance against the time he or she may have need of professional services?

But to return to Windsor and to the events of almost a

decade and a half ago when we thanked our lucky stars that we had such a wonderful ally in Dr. L. We returned home to our apartment contented in the knowledge that Sindhi was receiving expert attention, and with the assurance that we would receive a telephone call; so now our thoughts turned to the Cat Persons left at home, Miss Ku'ei and Mrs Fifi. Naturally those two were eagerly waiting for the latest developments, though they were so highly telepathic that we had little explaining to do. Often the Guv had said he always knew when I would be returning if I had been out shopping, or out on business, or something. He would know at least five minutes before my return because Miss Ku'ei would stretch, rise from her chair, walk around a bit, and then sit by the door to wait for her Ma. When I made a short visit to Canada, before we finally moved here from Ireland, I wore a locket around my neck in which a clipping of Ku'ei's fur was encased. This enabled her to keep in closer contact with me telepathically, thus helping the Guv to know how I was faring on the other side of the Atlantic. We could tell by their manner that Ku and Feef half expected us to walk in accompanied by some strange, unknown creature who they would have to tolerate and teach. They sniffed around us, did some thinking, and decided the best thing to do would be to 'wait and see' and, if the worst should happen, well then, true to their nature they would make the best of the situation. The day wore on; we waited anxiously by the telephone, and around four o'clock came the welcome voice of Mr. L. The operation had been successful, he told us; the patient was resting as comfortably as could be expected, having not long recovered from the anesthetic, and it would be alright if we came around any time after five to collect her. So, after five we drove off, getting caught in the rush hour traffic, but at last we reached the Pet Hospital. Sindhi looked wan and rather the worse for wear as she was passed to me; and I placed a rug around her since Windsor was quite chilly in March, then we went out to the car, after being instructed to see that she did not tear her stitches out, as another little girl cat did some years later. It was a little

after six o'clock when we arrived home and I took the bundle of fur to my own room because we thought it better to be on the safe side at first — the result could have been unfortunate if she had been left with the others in her weakened condition, and different surroundings. She took a little fluid nourishment and I was very encouraged to notice she seemed to show quite a liking for me. Later in the evening we were to have a showing of photographic slides, in color. We had a nice projector and a big screen, and we were to view these (our latest) color pictures. . . . The Guv, you see, is a superb photographer (he was actually complimented by Kodak upon his beautiful pictures) and these were his latest flower pictures, mostly close-ups, appearing much larger-than-life in their effect. These many years later I can remember vividly the glorious reproductions, looking almost too perfect to be the real thing. That is something else about the Guv, whatever he touches immediately becomes ALIVE, never mind whether it be an automobile, a radio, or a camera. It gives me great joy to be able to write about some of the things which he has done, things which made a deep impression upon me but which are so ordinary to him that he would not think there was anything unusual in what he was doing. In some of these transparencies, close-ups of flowers, which at that time were providing us with great interest and which we found most educational, there was an atmosphere of the ethereal, and without actually being there and seeing for yourself it would be difficult to believe how many faces and little fairy-like figures were portrayed within these various hued petals. Fairies! Nature spirits! A figment of the imagination? Whatever they were they fitted the accepted idea of how fairies and nature spirits would appear, those little people who tend the growth of plants and flowers, and who are frequently observed by clairvoyants. During the filming I had to hold Sindhi on my lap, with a little rug underneath her, for she still felt rather unsure in the different surroundings and we wanted to show her quite clearly that she really was wanted. Ku'ei and Fifi were 'somewhere', receiving impressions, because they

could know exactly what was going on without actually watching the screen. Sindhi was snoozing and completely relaxed in the knowledge that at last she was *home* and *wanted*. One thing which seemed to interest her was the tall person who was helping with the projector; the tall person with golden hair, the blue eyes and the graceful movements. Probably she considered she and the tall person were nearer the same age than either of them were with the other members of the Family. If she had not already done so she would soon find out that it was permissible to refer to the blue-eyed, golden haired person as 'Buttercup', and that it was in order to address her thus. Mrs. Greywhiskers, Fifi, had been responsible for this name; she had considered it to be most appropriate and, as everyone in the family approved, it had come to be generally accepted. If you have read Fifi's book, 'Living with the Lama', by T. Lobsang Rampa, you will have learned a good deal about Buttercup and her activities. . . . Oh, yes, Sindhi would be briefed as to how she was expected to behave, and told what humans expected of her because Fifi, with Ku'ei's approval, was very orderly. She believed in firm discipline, coupled with kindness and compassion (the latter was something she had missed for the whole of her life until she came to us about two years previously), and she always tried to avoid causing unnecessary work for those who looked after her needs, these persons being Buttercup and myself. In those two years that she had lived with us we were accepted as her Real Family, and ours was her True Home. Being without sight it was fortunate that Miss Ku'ei enjoyed guiding her around the rooms until Fifi had become familiarized with all the objects such as tables, chairs, and other furniture which might be hazardous to a blind, elderly cat person. Now we would have to see how we would all manage with a sightless woman cat and a half-sighted girl cat.

What a responsibility for the Lady Ku'ei!

## CHAPTER TWO

'I THINK it's about time we moved away from here,' announced the Guv when he came home one afternoon, soon after Sindhi's arrival. 'For heaven's sake,' I answered, 'we haven't been here very long, and anyhow where were you thinking of moving to?' We talked it over and decided we didn't have much choice in the matter since we were being troubled by press reporters, and we were gradually losing the privacy we had looked for when we came to Canada. It was only a little over twelve months since we arrived in the Windsor area and at first it had been quite enjoyable. We had lived for a few months in a furnished house near Tecumseh, on the edge of Lake St. Clair, and during that period we were left in peace. All that bothered us was the extreme cold as we had arrived in midwinter, an extremely severe winter it turned out to be too. The day after we arrived we walked down to the frozen lake, taking Miss Ku'ei, wrapped in a rug; but we had to hurry home because we had not become acclimatized to the change from Ireland, where it was never too 'freezing' by the salt water of the Irish sea, which we had just left. We found it almost impossible to go out walking at all, even to the store a little way down the road — a little store by the name of Stop'n Shop. Poor Buttercup spent a few of the most miserable weeks of her life feeling perpetually chilled, so we decided to be sensible and stay in, or use the second-hand car which we purchased soon after our arrival. It was impossible to manage without an automobile because in that area, in those days, there were no deliveries of supplies and we needed to make daily trips to the post office. By the time we moved to the Windsor district, some miles from our previous home, winter had passed and we

enjoyed the warm April days; and there was an added attraction when the lakers and seagoing vessels started moving along the Detroit river, a sight which provided much interest and enjoyment. It was quite exciting to have the Queen pass right in front of our house, too, following the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway. She was on the way to Chicago and we had a wonderful view from our balcony, and the Guv took some interesting pictures through a telescope, one of a helicopter which hovered overhead, and the effect was just as though you were standing right beside the craft. The Queen might have been paying us a personal visit, everything seemed so close. We took many pictures in those days, and it was simple when one had a car for we could tour around looking for pictorial scenes. I used to have a 35 mm. camera but since we do not travel around very much these days my interest in photography has suffered. I remember taking some wintry scenes across the Detroit river, when it was covered with ice, and when the slides were shown they looked quite artistic — the frozen river, the leafless trees, and the Detroit skyline in the background. So, by the time spring 1960 came around we had spent about one year in that particular house. It was a convenient location in many ways, especially for shopping and post office facilities. We had garage space for which we were grateful considering the severe winters we had to endure. Apart from reporters coming around, life was quite pleasant. Since we were 'New Canadians' and were not used to the ways of 'Old Canadians' there was one incident which ruffled us somewhat. It was our first Halloween in this country and on the following morning we noticed the garden gate was missing. When we telephoned the police to report the incident we were somewhat surprised to be told, 'you should be thankful you didn't lose the roof'. There must be something very harmonious in the particular area where we lived for, on many mornings, around five o'clock and before the heavy traffic came along to assault our ears, one could hear very pleasant music — apparently coming from the river. It was most interesting and we enjoyed it im-

mensely. Another unusual phenomenon to recollect, and I will not be alarmed if someone should label me 'screwy' or of too vivid an imagination, but this was a very interesting sight. At certain times there could be seen shadowy figures, tall figures, moving about in front of the Detroit skyscrapers, but nearer the river. I often wondered about them and then I ventured to mention the matter to the Guv who sees many things which escape the senses of most of us. He merely remarked, 'Well, what of it, it is merely people going about their business in another dimension.' Well, after a reporter had waylaid the Guv while he was taking a leisurely drive by the river, telling the Guv: 'I know who you are and I am going to write an article about you for the local newspaper', we knew that there would be little peace left for us in that location. The Guv was right when he came home and told us, 'It is time we moved away from here.' The problem was, where to go? 'How about Vancouver?' someone said, and it sounded good. Certainly the climate should be more suitable for us, and we had been told that Vancouver Island was very much like England except it was warmer and there was less rain than in England. But how could we take a chance and move unless someone could go first, just for a visit, to see if it really was the place for us! After some discussion the Guv said he would go himself because it was easier for him to do that than take charge of three Siamese lady cats. Also, he knew I did not enjoy traveling, and he always got a bit worried on the few occasions I had to be away. Sometimes, he says, just at the moment when I should be watching for traffic, my mind wanders, making it a full-time job keeping a mental check on me. Well, Buttercup kindly offered to go along because she does not mind traveling, and she knew someone should be with the Guv for even in those days his health was very poor.

All of our mental processes were stepped up into high gear because making the arrangements and getting everything ready would be a joint effort. This was going to be quite a journey as far as our little Family was concerned because we did not enjoy being separated at any time, never

mind this long journey over so many miles. Even if planes do these flights in just a few hours from one continent to another, and the whole length of our own continent, it is still a considerable distance, and if you are not used to traveling, well it can be a little worrying wondering if all will be well. So the air tickets were obtained, suitcases were packed, and the travelers departed; and I remember it was just one week before Easter.

Fifi and Ku'ei must have had many discussions about their responsibilities during the week ahead for this mission could not be accomplished satisfactorily in less than perhaps five days. There would be no sense in turning round immediately on arrival and heading home too quickly; that would accomplish nothing. Of course the three hours difference in time was an advantage. At any rate, these two veteran cats must have decided between them that they would be able to deal with the situation since it couldn't be any worse than the period a few months earlier when they had a MONKEY to cope with. That had certainly been an experience for the whole Family. At first we felt a bit lonesome when all at once we realized the others had left, but then we decided we had better get on with the process of day-to-day living. It was a good feeling, very satisfying to have these three creatures entrusted to my care for a few days. At the same time it was not without a slight feeling of apprehension because it was the first time I had stayed alone since the advent of the 'littlest cat' as we sometimes referred to Sindhi. It had been simple in the case of Fifi and Ku'ei only; we had always survived without any major incidents for short periods, but they always preferred to have the Guv around as much as possible.

Things had not progressed too smoothly during the past few weeks, and during that time we had to experiment a little. For almost two years Fifi and Ku'ei had lived together amicably, even if Ku'ei had been known to mutter occasionally (in fun of course), 'I wonder if I was wise in having that old biddy to live with me; after all it does take away some of the attention from me.' For a Siamese that was probably

quite a natural way of viewing things for they thrive on adulation and they couldn't survive without constant loving care and a sincere and definite interest in their well-being. Very recently I heard of someone in this city who had a pair of these creatures and, unfortunately, she was obliged to go out to earn a living. Due to the lack of attention this person was able to provide in that they had to stay alone for periods much too long, she lost first one of her pets and soon afterwards the other one passed on. To some extent all cats suffer through being left too long by their so-called owners; they cannot stand appearing to be neglected, and this is especially true of the Siamese.

Sindhi needed and demanded attention, and being much younger than the others (barely more than a kitten) she wanted more ACTION and fun and this gave us cause for concern. While Miss Ku could easily skip out of the way, it was more difficult for Fifi who was not able to see which way to go to avoid the Baby Cat; but Sindhi, too, with sight in only one eye must have had her problems in direction finding. One just needs to put one's hand over one eye to realize how difficult monocular sight can be, how severely handicapped one is in gauging movements and judging distances.

## CHAPTER THREE

It was obvious that Fifi and Ku'ei were becoming nervous, never knowing if they would be left in peace for awhile, and therefore the whole matter had to be given serious consideration. First of all we allowed Sindhi to go to someone else; but this was not satisfactory so she had to return to my care. She had quite definitely adopted me, and so the Sindhi problem became my responsibility. During the daytime it was not too difficult since we had a sunroom, with a door, where the Baby Cat spent a good deal of time sleeping and sunning herself. As she washed herself, and the sun's rays fell on her fur, she was able to provide herself with a good supply of vitamins. It was a nice pleasant room, the same room Mr. Monkey had occupied, but in the summer months it was almost too pleasant in that it faced south and the temperature could become quite uncomfortable by midday and in the afternoons. At night, as bedtime approached, it was a rather different situation: Fifi and Ku'ei had been accustomed to spending the nights each in their own chair by the side of my bed, with Ku'ei spending long periods right beside me, on the bed. My bedroom door would be left open and they would wander in and out at will, for cats enjoy nocturnal wanderings as everybody knows. Ku'ei had always been MY cat, while Fifi had taken on the responsibility of the Guv's welfare, but now that we had Sindhi she seemed to need my wholehearted attention, with no interference from the others. She felt so insecure (as could be expected considering her early-life experiences), and she wondered (all the time being afraid) whether her new position as my 'Baby' was in jeopardy. She considered that her place was by me, on the bed, and that there should be no competition

from anyone, cat or human, especially cat. This was a very difficult situation, particularly for the one who had been so close to me for around seven or eight years, and it was to her everlasting credit that Miss Ku'ei handled the situation superbly, giving way to Sindhi continually. Ku'ei's life had not been an easy one; she had shared our many adversities, and comforted us in our moments of sadness. As a kitten she had had a sister (Su Wei) who lived for only a few months, a victim of the dreaded disease 'feline gastro-enteritis'. After that sad episode we became closer in our understanding of each other; and it was a moment of great joy when she found another companion in Mrs. Fifi a few years later. By the time Sindhi came on the scene the others had been together about two years. The name Ku'ei signifies 'in memory of the one who went before'; and she had come to me at a time when I was suffering from the loss of a beautiful silver tabby who, at age eleven, succumbed to an attack of pneumonia. The Guv had named Miss Ku'ei and it suited her very well. It was such a suitable and, I thought, 'delightful' name, and it has been used by many other felines who desired to be named after her. Altogether I owe a great deal to Cat People in general, and especially to those who have been my companions, both in my sad and happy moments. When I would take a bath in the evenings I was full of apprehension lest a fight develop (or at least a fierce argument) while I, the sergeant major to cats, was otherwise occupied. I solved the problem by taking Sindhi to the bathroom with me, and it turned out to be a beautiful idea for we had a lot of fun. First she would sit on the edge of the bath watching me, and when I had finished and the nice hot water had flowed away, Sindhi would hop into the empty bathtub and roll around enjoying the warmth and the smoothness of the tub. In the end it was a problem to get her to come out of the bathroom. When Ku'ei was a kitten she had enjoyed waiting for me while I took my bath; but she had never gone further than the edge of the tub.

After a day had passed there was a telephone call from Vancouver to let us know the other part of the Family had

reached their destination and that they were eager to know how we at home were faring. On the few occasions the Guv has been away from home he has always tried to talk to me directly, but he has great difficulty since it causes him much strain to 'tune in' to the mechanical device and decipher what the other person is saying over the phone. Anyone who has visited him has expressed great surprise that he could understand what they were saying since they were given to understand he is quite deaf, and then it would be explained that he uses lip reading a great deal, otherwise it would be too difficult to carry on a conversation. Once he has become familiar with a person's wavelength, when the person visualizes their message, as well as speaking the words, then he can deal with the telephone. On this particular occasion the line was clear, so after a greeting from Buttercup we heard the Guv saying, 'Hello Ra-ab, how are you and the cat children?' All the little people had gathered around me silently, sensing the Guv was not too far away after all, when they could hear his voice. As he inquired about each one separately the ears would fluctuate so that she might enjoy the greeting to the full. Whenever he was away he always made a point of inquiring about everyone and everything because he wanted to know exactly what was happening so that he might keep a mental check on the situation. He always told me never to hesitate in letting him know if I should run into a problem, never mind whether it would be in the middle of the night, whenever he was away from home. He told us there had not been time to tour the various districts of Vancouver but we would be given all details when they returned at the end of the week. The cats settled down after we had said goodbye, and commenced washing themselves in preparation for a long discussion about Vancouver and the Guv. I understand that cats believe in the maxim, 'When in doubt, start washing'. The Guv says they indulge in serious conversation while appearing to be merely engaged in a routine toilet operation.

It was surprising how the time passed by, and soon we were preparing for the traveler's return. We had done a little

reading, listened to the radio, and had our moments of fun playing with plastic balls, ping pong balls, and chasing a long piece of string. Our little radio (a plastic one) was molded in the shape of a handbag, and we listened to stations from Detroit, as well as from Windsor. We could have the stations fairly loud since we would not be disturbing anyone, and I always marveled at the speed with which the Detroit announcers and news readers spilled out the words. I can usually follow a rapid speaker, but these boys were the fastest talkers I had ever heard. At night in our room we kept the volume down when everyone was home, but it was rather a strain, especially when we wanted to listen to music, and they did have good concerts from Detroit. When I had mentioned to the Guv that I wished there was provision for private listening, it was no sooner said than done. The necessary parts were obtained and presto — we had a plug and socket all fixed up. After that there was no limit to the volume, unless we reached the point of distortion when, of course, we turned it down. I did the turning down, the tuning and changing of stations, even though Sindhi might well have done it for me, for she did some interesting things. We had a carriage clock and she had a habit of reaching up to the shelf where it stood, and she would touch the repeater button because she enjoyed hearing the clock striking. No doubt she would have found the radio controls a little more difficult to operate. Until that time I did not know that if I left the private listening device plugged in to the radio it would run down my batteries, whether the radio was switched on or not. Since I was told about it I have always taken out the plug after switching off the radio. Something else I learned was that unused batteries, that is new batteries, should be kept side-by-side, and the exposed metal parts should not be allowed to come together and make contact, otherwise they would run themselves down. This cannot possibly be well-known considering the number of times a store has handed me a package of batteries all jumbled together. Sometimes I have wished I knew something of basic electronics, but at least

am now able to test my own batteries with a small device given to me by the Guv. It is a handy little instrument and I feel quite important when I am asked to test the batteries for someone else's radio.

But to return to my responsibilities of caring for the home and my trio of felines. At that time we had a neighbor who was living temporarily in the lower part of the house, and on the few occasions when she, or we, needed a little change, she would come up and chat with me while we took a cup of tea together. The cats enjoyed having an occasional visitor and she was an interesting person, an avid photographer, and very interested in oil painting. Her name was artistic sounding too — she was called 'Flora', and she was a small person physically. Although I had a very good idea of the needs of my Cat children, I still could not communicate with them as clearly as with another human; so I enjoyed this little diversion which left me feeling refreshed. On occasion though I may have remarked that one of the cats may be needing something, and the Guv has replied, 'Well that is exactly what she is saying.' Fortunately there were two nice people living in the house next to ours: two sisters, who were teachers, and their Family had been amongst the early settlers in Canada (they had emigrated from France). They owned their house, and ours also, and I could always call upon them in an emergency. They had another home in Amherstburg, a beautiful cottage, which they had built some years earlier, and they loved to spend their summer vacations in that cottage in Amherstburg. Although we did not see much of them we did meet occasionally in the garage, which we shared, where we chatted for awhile. But being teachers they were away most of the day, and often on weekends they took off for the cottage. Sometimes they would take a peek over the dividing wall of our gardens and they would admire Ku'ei and Fifi who loved to sit on the grass down there, and eat some of it if they were in the mood. Fifi took some watching in those days for she would walk around and out through the garden gate, not realizing she was 'out of bounds'; or perhaps she wanted to have some fun

with me. As soon as I found she was missing I hurried along the alleyway to get her and bring her back into the garden. For an elderly lady cat she certainly did move quickly; but we had a happy time that first summer on Riverside Drive. Now it was the spring of another year and we were feeling very happy in the knowledge that soon our Family would all be together again. With the best will and the greatest effort we all became just a little bored. The Cat people liked to have the Family around, being busy, thus giving themselves an interest in following our activities. So, on the Friday, which happened to be Good Friday (towards the end of April), we had a big family reunion when the others returned. We talked about Vancouver, which seemed a nice enough place, and the Guv wanted to know all about how we had managed at home; and he spoke to each Cat person separately. Unfortunately Buttercup felt sick when she arrived, but after having a rest she quickly recovered.

I received a very nice gift of a book entitled 'The Cat', which was written by a veterinarian. It was inscribed 'To the Ma of all the Cats' and, although the writing closely resembled the Guv's, it was 'from Sindhi Blue Eyes'. It is still one of my greatest treasures and whenever I take it from the bookshelf I feel that Sindhi is close by.

## CHAPTER FOUR

So life continued on with many things just the same as ever, and we found that to live one day at a time was the best way to survive; but we had to make a few adjustments it seemed. Previously Miss Ku'ei had always accompanied the Guv and me when we took the car to collect the mail each morning, except on the high humidity, hot stifling days when even she couldn't enjoy it and would stay at home with Fifi. Now we realized we could not leave Sindhi alone with Fifi because we could not be sure that the little cat would not harass Fifi — and that we would not tolerate. The only thing to do then was to leave Miss Ku'ei with Mrs. Fifi for company, and take the Baby Cat with us. Fifi did not enjoy traveling since her life had been too full of it, but for Ku'ei it would be quite a sacrifice to forfeit her morning's drive. It had made her unhappy on those days when the humid heat proved too much for anyone who was unable to shed her fur coat, but Ku'ei was a most understanding person. Sindhi would sit in the car with the Guv while I went into the Walkerville Post Office to collect the mail, and then we would take her for a drive around the streets before returning home. The Guv used to say that if someone approached the car while they were waiting for me she would become quite fierce, telling them in colorful language what she thought of them. He was most concerned because an untrained Siamese can be quite frightening and he didn't know what to do about the situation. In this case there seemed to be more to it than simply an untrained Siamese since, when she was free of her 'attacks' she was the sweetest little person one could hope to meet. She was given every consideration and understanding, and the Guv never spared

himself in trying to fathom the cause of her apparent unhappiness and unpredictability. We debated whether the difficulty could in some way be connected with her blindness of one eye. Was there some damage? And what had caused the eye problem anyway? There was no mistaking the fact that something was very wrong, and there was a definite need for constant supervision. Therefore, I continued to devote more and more time to her needs, and I tried to show her that being difficult did not help at all.

By this time the Guv had started to write another book, which meant controlling the Cat People more than ever, especially the little one. So, as I had to devote much time in the role of Cat Guard, I decided to put some of my thoughts and experiences down on paper. I brought out the typewriter and with a big feeling of hope and an idea of achieving something, I decided that if my charges behaved themselves, and if there were not too many diversions, I might possibly end up with something in the way of an acceptable story. I made notes about the Guv; how we had been together for about thirteen years and how the number thirteen had cropped up so often, especially in the years since we had been associated with each other. And then it came to my mind about the Dalai Lama of Tibet, the 'Great Thirteenth' about whom I had read and heard so much. He who was acknowledged to be the last Incarnation of the Dalai Lamas, the fourteenth having publicly proclaimed that he was not an incarnation. My story was going to be full of interesting things, to me at any rate, and hopefully to a few other people. I would have a lot to say about Ku'ei who had come to me in a time of great stress, and when just a few weeks old had sat on my shoulder while together we read a beautiful cat story called 'The Cat who went to Heaven'; a delightfully illustrated book all about a little cat who had such a happy experience that it was more than she could contain, and she went straight to Heaven. Unfortunately that book is most likely out of print now. If only I could get all my ideas organized and set out clearly in my mind, then I would be in business.

Some time earlier I had been given to understand that a publisher would be pleased to consider a manuscript if I gave it a 'fairly strong occult flavor'. However, it was not to be since I had not felt qualified to write upon the occult, though I was not without experiences in this direction, and the moment had passed.

When I had put together a few pages of notes my Cat Guard duties were less quiet because the Guv had finished his book, but I enjoyed the relaxation it provided for it was a long time since I had done any writing. For a change, and because I had the urge to do so, I had enjoyed a period of studying handwriting instead of concentrating on writing myself. I found this to be a most fascinating science and I met some interesting people, in the business world and in private, and I saw some most interesting handwriting specimens. The other day we were talking about spontaneous impressions etcetera and the Guv said that if he was to alter something after the first writing it was never as good as his first effort. I remarked that a number of times I had written down passages as they had occurred to me, and experiences just as they had come into my head at odd moments, when I felt 'inspired', but that usually I just threw the pages away. I said I didn't see any use in keeping them for who would be interested in them anyway? Buttercup suggested it was foolish to destroy something you write for it is in those moments of inspiration that one captures something which, if not kept, could be lost forever. The Guv maintains that writing is perhaps one per cent inspiration and the remaining ninety-nine per cent perspiration — in other words, plain hard work. While the Guv had been writing his book, which was all planned in advance and just needed transmitting to paper, he was thinking of the future. Vancouver would have suited us he said, but how to get there! We would not be allowed to have the cats with us in the cabin if we traveled by air; or in the compartment if we contemplated a train journey; and it was too far by road. I have often wondered why one cannot take a cat, or any pet, in a private room on

a train in Canada, even though one can do so in the United States. I have traveled from Canada to New York and from New York to Canada with one or two cats in an ordinary sleeping compartment, on an American train, without any trouble at all. Perhaps we Canadians are somewhat neurotic blaming cats for causing our hay fever, various allergies, and nervous disorders, when a good part of it is imagination — all in our heads. We have made many inquiries about these rules and were told by the authorities that at one time pets WERE allowed on Canadian trains, especially if one traveled in a private sitting room or bedroom. However, the public objected and the practice was discontinued. If it was within my power to have those rules changed I most certainly would, thus avoiding much discomfort and actual misery for many pets.

We were agreed upon one thing and that was to find another place to live; then someone thought of Fort Erie which was a rather convenient journey and not too far to travel. It would take about four hours by rail, with no changes. Once more it would mean someone going first to see what it was really like, this place situated at one end of the Niagara Parkway, close to the Peace Bridge, linking Canada to the United States. The Guv decided to take a look at the district and he said it would be quite suitable but decidedly smaller than Windsor, with a population of around nine thousand. It seemed to be a flourishing little community. We thought that a complete change might result in an improvement in Sindhi's attitude, and we sincerely hoped it would have this effect. The main problem was that Fort Erie, like many places, had an accommodation shortage and we were unable to find a house or an apartment. I was finding it more and more difficult to cope with the feline problem as, sometimes when I was alone with Sindhi in my room she would become excited and start to struggle in my arms. It seemed that whenever she became excited something beyond her control happened and she would become very difficult to handle. Often I had to leave

her in the room alone, closing the door, and find myself another place to stay for the remainder of the night — often on the divan in the living room, with Ku'ei and Fifi.

We had arranged to have a Fort Erie newspaper sent to us so that we might follow the advertisements for accommodations because there were so very few vacancies that it was rarely they were ever referred to a real estate office. One day I was half-heartedly looking over the advertisement page when I noticed 'House for Rent or Sale', so my interest was aroused and it was only a matter of seconds before I was on the telephone to the advertiser, and soon I was in possession of the essential details. It seemed this dwelling was situated about three miles from Fort Erie and about sixteen miles from Niagara Falls, and set in its own grounds — part of which was reserved for summer cabins and holiday-makers. It seemed to be just what we needed and the owner, Mrs. C., said there were lots of trees and she was sure the whole place would appeal to us. The house had been, and still was being used as an office from which Mrs. C ran the cabins; but the season would be over by the end of August and the house would be available at any time in September.

This meant another journey to view the premises, and another discussion as to who would go to see the place. I offered to make the journey this time, but I had to consider the 'Little Cat'. Since our neighbor, Flora, owned a car, and as she would have some time to spare on the weekend, I said 'How about me taking Sindhi along?'. Everyone appeared rather taken aback but I could not have gone away with a clear conscience if I had to leave her behind for I should have been worried to death wondering what she was up to. Some people can just take off, leaving behind all their problems, and they seem to be none the worse for it; but I have to stay home or take my problems with me. It is not that I think other people cannot manage, but if I decide to undertake a venture I have to see it through, and Sindhi was my 'venture'.

I left a note under Flora's door asking her to telephone me when she returned from the office so that I might approach

her with my idea. Fortunately the proposal met with her approval. Actually, she said she would enjoy the outing she was sure, and so we went ahead with our plans. The Guv was somewhat concerned about Sindhi undertaking such a long journey, as I knew he would be, but it was obvious that either she would accompany me or I would not be able to go.

We planned the undertaking for the weekend since Flora had to be at the office during the week, so we arranged to start out on the Saturday and return on Sunday. We fitted the car out comfortably, and Sindhi would sit in the rear seat beside me with her traveling basket, a nice warm blanket, and a tray for her other needs of nature. Food was provided also because she would need that on arrival, if not before, since cats often will not take food while traveling. Their metabolism seems to undergo a change and they do not seem to feel the need for anything until they reach their destination and after they have got themselves settled. Domestic cats take about three days to settle down, to get their bearings and become orientated; and until they do get settled they suffer, so that is a good reason for keeping a cat indoors for at least three days after moving. If he or she gets outside of their new home, they just cannot find their way back because they have not become re-orientated.

## CHAPTER FIVE

THE car had been washed and polished and was all ready and waiting for the three of us. The oil had been checked, the gas tank was full, and on this beautiful summer morning Sindhi and I were all ready, and we would call for Flora on the way downstairs. We bade the Family goodbye, with a hug for Fifi and Ku'ei, and reassurance from Buttercup that everything at home would be well looked after so there was no need for me to feel concern. A special message from the Guv who admonished us to be very careful and not to drive too fast. He patted Sindhi affectionately, telling her to be a good girl cat and that he would be missing her but that Ma would take good care of her he was sure. I had to admit (privately) that perhaps I had 'bitten off rather more than I could chew' in undertaking this trip (two hundred and sixty miles each way, and parts of the highway were not in too good a condition). However, it was too late to change my mind — the only thing to do was to go ahead and make the best of the situation.

Flora settled herself in the driver's seat and I sat with Sindhi in the back of the car. Since we were starting early we were not hampered by other traffic on the road. Therefore, we relaxed and enjoyed the scenery and unpolluted morning air, and it never crossed my mind that I would be making the trip again within two or three months, with not one but three Cat People, in a different car and another driver. We sped along for something like an hour and a half and then noticed a roadside restaurant. It was adjoining a service station and seemed like a convenient place to stop for breakfast. Sindhi stayed in the car which we parked in the shade because a closed car can become extremely un-

comfortable for a little cat on a hot summer day. After we had finished our meal we felt refreshed and ready to start off again, and so we continued along Highway 401 for mile after mile, through St. Thomas (the city — not the Saint), and on toward Fort Erie. Fortunately neither Flora or I wanted to keep up a non-stop conversation and soon we were oblivious to our surroundings and lost each with our own thoughts. However, drivers seem to keep part of their mind on the mechanical aspect and, immediately there is a need for full consciousness they are instantly alert; otherwise they seem to ‘tick over’ — appearing to propel the vehicle automatically, just like a cat who apparently is sitting dreaming his life away but a slight sound will bring him back to full attention and action.

Although we had lived in Canada for almost two years, still we had not become used to the long distances people traveled, especially by car, on the roads. Two hundred and sixty miles was nothing to a Canadian, but to people such as I and my Family it seemed a very long way.

I wondered what was in Flora's mind for she too had had many experiences, not all of them pleasant. She was also a New Canadian, having emigrated from Europe. Her life had been full of obstacles and she was doing her best to carve herself a new life. I would always entertain a warm feeling toward her because she had been one of our earliest contacts in this country: She had been instrumental in making our arrival more pleasant than it would have been, by her kindness in providing all the necessities for our immediate use in the furnished house we had rented. I can still picture the beautiful rosy apples which greeted us as we walked into the living room; however, now we have become accustomed to the pleasures of Canada's apples, peaches, and various other delights which this country produces.

My reverie undisturbed, Sindhi close beside me, I remembered Coralie (another young person who I had met in those early days). Coralie was a native Canadian, the first Canadian born person I had met. She was employed in a bank in Riverside Township, and nothing was ever too much

trouble for her (which was a great help when everything was a bit different in this New Country).

After I had been to the bank a few times I saw she wanted to say something special to me, and she shyly volunteered the information that her Mother was an avid reader of the Guv's books. 'Oh yes', she continued, 'Mother enjoys the books immensely and she would really love to have one of her volumes autographed by him. Thus a pleasant association resulted which continued until after we left the Windsor area.

Thus I reminisced on the events since our arrival in North America. . . . I had often marveled at the thought of a person we knew in a store in Riverside who traveled sixty miles in an evening just to visit and to play cards, and then make the return journey (another sixty miles) to be at her place of work early the next morning. Then there was the Pet Shop Owner who we met fairly often when we called for Cat Nip or Cat litter, or some other small items of interest. This man had seen the Guv's name mentioned in an international magazine of some note, and I found it most amusing when he commented, 'But you cannot get a mention in there even if you pay.' At such times as these, with no particular problem of the moment to occupy one's thoughts, there seemed no end to the recollections which come to the surface: I recalled another impression of that Pet Shop. Two beautiful Siamese cats were there awaiting a home; they were fairly adult and I felt attracted to them. They were well past the kitten stage and I went close to the cage where they were, just to be sociable and to greet them. Then I realized they must have thought I was going to take them (and judging by their voices they must have been asking me to do so) and it saddened me that I was unable to do anything about it. Perhaps one can be too sensitive about things, but I have always felt a certain remorse for approaching them and possibly raising their hopes for a moment, then appearing to let them down. I have often wondered about them and I strongly believe that Siamese cats especially should not be allowed to stay in a pet shop — that orders should be passed

on to the breeder. They are too sensitive for the only kind of treatment pet stores are able to provide, and many stores will not contemplate detaining them in such conditions. At last — we saw by the signposts that we were approaching Fort Erie and we sighed with relief — all of us now beginning to feel weary and getting tired of driving. Just before reaching the Fort Erie Hotel we noticed a sign indicating the Business Section; but it branched off to the left and we wanted to go straight ahead. Finally we arrived at the motel where we had made previous reservations (just across from the Fort Erie Hotel and situated a fair distance from the main shopping area). Fort Erie has two areas — it is in two parts: The south end, which is near the Niagara river (being the original older district), and the north end (newer) more modern, and the main shopping street is Jarvis Street. We were staying nearer the older part and we had chosen a motel, deciding it would be easier for parking and more accessible for Sindhi's needs; also, we hoped fewer staff would intrude if she was to be left in the room alone. We could have done very well with a rest because the temperature had climbed quite a lot by 2 o'clock in the afternoon; but, uncomfortably warm as we were and somewhat exhausted, there was no time to lose, so we made Sindhi comfortable and then we drove off. We had been told about some places to rent in the south end; however, they did not seem to suit our requirements so we decided to go along to see the house on the Parkway. First of all, we returned to the motel to find Sindhi awake and rested, so we took her with us. Once more we passed the south end of the town, then past the foot of Jarvis Street, continuing along the Parkway until we came to Cedar House (the name had appealed to me and I was not disappointed when I saw it); it was built of cedar and I could hardly wait to look around the place.

Sindhi stayed in the car with Flora while I went to investigate. I noticed a few people wandering around the grounds throughout my investigation. Mrs. C. was waiting for me in the house and she was very helpful. She showed me around

the rooms which were all on one floor, including a nice sun room which unfortunately was packed full with furniture. Then we went into the basement to see the water heater and storage space; then out through the side door to see the boat which was docked by the creek and which I thought looked very interesting. This was something we had not known about before and I felt it would be an added interest, especially for the Guv who enjoyed being on or near the water. I went and called Flora to come and take a look around because it is always better to have more than one opinion. She too considered it to be ideal (wishing no doubt that she could take up residence also). We adjourned to Mrs. C's quarters to discuss business details, and she was good enough to provide us with a nice cool drink before leaving. Of course nothing was decided on that visit because I would have to discuss it with the Family on my return to Windsor. I would tell them all about the nice little house, the lovely trees, and the water (and the Guv would have a clear picture if I concentrated while I described each detail, and he would know whether it was right for us, and what to suggest). Yes, I thought he would like it, with all those trees which he loves, and the Niagara river just across the road; and I was sure the Cat People would enjoy climbing trees and playing amongst the leaves which would soon be falling, though I hoped no-one would come to grief through climbing too high or falling off a branch, or something. However, all this was in the future for nothing had been settled. I had noticed there was a garage, something which would be absolutely essential, for the winter would be extremely cold (wasn't that particular area situated in what is known as 'The Snow Belt')? Shiver, shiver, I thought, even though it was no later than July and Mrs. C. was keeping cool under an enormous electric fan.

So we took our departure and returned to our motel rooms where Sindhi soon curled up for a snooze, after dining on a piece of cold chicken and some Carnation evaporated milk. For some reason most of our cats have preferred this brand of canned milk, with occasionally a little cow's milk

to moisten their dry biscuits; and always we have a bowl of fresh water placed in a convenient position, something which all cats find necessary and which is just as essential for them as it is for humans.

Flora and I were feeling quite tired by this time, but we needed some food also and this could not be obtained through the motel facilities (excellent and well appointed though they were in every other direction). As the Fort Erie Hotel was just across the road we decided to try the dining room there for dinner, and we felt much better afterwards. We were fortunate in having the attention of a very charming young woman who told us she had but recently arrived and therefore was unacquainted with the housing situation, which we had been discussing. Of course we assumed that Lillian was a waitress, otherwise why should she be looking after our table, and it was some time later that we were made aware that she was studying the hotel business. At any rate the meeting was a fortunate one for us because at a future date Lillian was instrumental in helping us with another moving problem; and through her we spent a most happy time in another part of Ontario. I have had many such experiences in my life in that I have met someone, apparently by chance, and it has led to other incidents (mostly fortunate). At one time I would have considered such events merely that — CHANCE; however, eventually I came to realize that a greater force than ‘chance’ influences our lives, and that most of the things which happen to us are planned (somewhere, by someone); even sickness and accidents; and we plan many of them ourselves, even if we find it difficult to accept the concept.

Our rooms were adjoining, with a connecting door. It was more sociable that way, and we thought Sindhi would enjoy the extra space — making it seem more like home and thus giving her a feeling of greater security. We decided to retire to bed without delay so that we would be rested for the coming day, in preparation for our long trek home. There was a television in Flora's room and she told me the next day that she had looked at the screen for awhile before

going to sleep (hoping it would help her to ‘unwind’ after the somewhat hectic day). It had been quite exhausting for her since she had done all the driving, as well as providing pleasant companionship for the little Cat and her Ma. As for Sindhi and me, well, we slept in spasms — I slept during the periods when Cat was quiet; but several times I felt feline paws walking over me. Also, she did her share of caterwauling when I would look up to find her sitting high on a tallboy or some other high place. That little creature must have been familiar with every piece of furniture in the room choosing first one place and then another from where she would sing her ‘solo’, but eventually towards the early dawn she and I settled down.

The return journey was uneventful; we had traversed the territory before so there was nothing new to distract our attention. It was another heavenly day, and again we had started out in the early hours. As we sped along the Highway my thoughts were of Home and the Family — four of them eagerly awaiting our return (we expected). My make-up being such that my Home means a great deal to me, I do not enjoy being away from it or leaving the Family for very long. It is not that I consider myself to be indispensable for there is no one who cannot be done without; it is merely that my nature demands stability and reliability, which my Home represents. I have not preferred the constant moving which has been our lot, but since there is nothing one can do about it I have ceased to worry, and have adopted the maxim, ‘If you cannot change it — accept it.’ Being of an imaginative nature I speculated on the reactions of the Family regarding this property I had just seen. Would they feel the same as I did and decide to give Cedar House a trial? Personally, I hankered after the freedom it would offer — a house situated all by itself with no other dwelling close by, I visualized myself amongst the trees where, like Ferdinand the Bull, I might just sit and smell the flowers. From this it may be deduced that I am not an energetic person, not physically at any rate; but I do have a great affinity with tree life, and the Guv has increased my devotion with many

interesting stories of their origin and purpose. I know that to be close to them induces harmony and tranquility (if one believes), and I know that they are indeed thinking entities. As we drove along I had a vivid memory of an incident when Silver Tabby lived with us. He spent many hours resting on a big branch of The Old Apple Tree, just by the back entrance in our little garden where we had lived in a London suburb. I remembered the Guv was having a telepathic conversation with Silver Tabby, as we all sat quietly in the room, when, expressing a look of surprise, the Guv asked audibly, 'However did you know that?' Immediately came the response, 'Well, I will tell you — Mr. Tree told it to me.' Since that time I have held the Tree People in even higher regard. The American Indians had a great respect for trees and in their writings one can read of The Great Tree Spirit, who they held in deep veneration. Yes indeed, I hoped with great fervor that everyone would agree this was a move well worth considering.

## CHAPTER SIX

It would not be strictly correct to say that our return journey was ENTIRELY uneventful for, before we reached Windsor, the car 'conked out' — on the Walkerville road, a few miles from home. So my first greeting to the Family was by telephone, with a request for someone to come and collect Sindhi and me. Flora had to stay with the automobile until a mechanic could get out there and see if he could get it going; otherwise it would have to be towed away. Judging by Flora's expression I guessed that all was not well as we sped along, and the engine seemed to lack its natural 'purr'; but she did not comment until we actually came to a halt, and then she did say something . . . which I will not repeat here!! Later she admitted that, in her eagerness to reach home as quickly as possible, she had overdriven and the car just would not (or could not) make it. The Guv was most tolerant when I reported our predicament and he said it would not be long until a car would be there for us. Later he explained how a machine, or an instrument of any kind, will give far better service if you give it the attention it needs, plus a certain amount of understanding. Many people have commented on the Guv's magic touch when dealing with a car, a camera, and even a typewriter, when another person could do nothing with it. The Guv and the instrument seem to blend together and become one unit, and I have seen him produce really good pictures from an ordinary box camera when another person would do no better with a far superior instrument. Even the tools he uses receive the same treatment; I have never known him to put them away after use without the same care he reserves for a sophisticated piece of machinery, and it is not an exagger-

ation to say you would have to go a long way before finding such a perfectionist in whatever task was being undertaken. Fifi and Ku'ei looked contented as though they had been well cared for in my absence (as they had been) and we were all happy to be together again. I was very proud of Ku'ei who had never spent more than a very few nights of her life without me. Once when she was quite young the Guv and I had found it necessary to be away together for twenty-four hours, and on our return we were told she had taken no food at all. It certainly gave us a fright, so never again did we both go away at the same time unless it was for only a few hours. It was quite obvious that if our trip had lasted another twenty-four hours Miss Ku'ei would no longer have been at home to greet us.

The Guv had a private conversation with Sindhi and I didn't dare think of the interpretation she was placing on that outing — how she was describing her experiences. She probably said, 'Thank heaven I'm back with you Guv and not cavorting around the countryside with those crazy women. I did hear a whisper though, that she had found the trip to be so long she was sure she had been all the way to Vancouver!

After some discussion, and having made the big decision to uproot ourselves again — everybody agreeing it would be for the best, we began to look forward to the move with pleasurable anticipation. What a change it would be to get away from all the Riverside Drive distractions where, just below our windows, traffic went speeding by at all hours of the day and night. At the other side of the road were the railroad tracks — and it was almost at the end of the line, so with trains passing by and the shunting which went on, there was hardly a quiet moment. Ocean going ships, lakers and local craft on the Detroit river added to the pandemonium and when the Cat People went into hiding at the sound of the frequent foghorn blasts, we felt like doing the same.

Really there was much to commend this change, and everybody believed it would be a successful move so we

began to make preparations. One important item was what to do about our furniture which we had bought the previous year, and while not wildly expensive or elaborate, was still something we owned. There would be very few things we could take with us to a furnished house which was not very big and already crowded, so what could we do? Our first idea was to approach the owner of the store where it had been purchased (which we did), and to our surprise and utter dismay we were informed in a not too polite manner that there was no demand for used furniture and he was just not interested. If this was true of Windsor, we found other parts of the country to be somewhat more reasonable in this respect; or perhaps we had just been unfortunate in our first experience. However, it's an ill wind that profits no one, and we were able to assist a young man who, having just got married, was having difficulty in getting a home together. He was very pleased to accept our offer, and so it was arranged that on our departure he would take all but the very few small personal items which we would need ourselves. We had reached the point where we almost expected to have to pay someone to take the goods away, so the young man had helped us too in removing them. He had done us one or two favors in the past, so it was a case of 'one good turn deserves another'.

How is it that a family can accumulate so many possessions in the course of a few months, I wondered. Certainly we were no exception, and I was reminded of it the other day on hearing that Mrs. Ford, the President's wife, had to go back to their old home in Virginia to do a lot of sorting out in the attic, or something, before finally settling into the White House. Well, no doubt the President's wife had a lot more sorting out to do than we had, and she had only one (instead of three) Siamese to help her but Top Cat 'Shan' was probably already well installed and performing important duties at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Anyhow we certainly found a great deal of unnecessary paraphernalia, and after disposing of it we were lighter in spirit, as well as

possessions, while vowing that never again would we give way to hoarding articles which we did not need.

Everything was planned for our departure in the early part of September, the first week if possible as we were eager to get to what would be our new home — the place where we would be staying for at least six months with an option to continue the tenancy on a monthly basis. The Guv's book was completed and in the hands of the publisher so we were, in a way, 'ticking over' as far as our business and professional activities were concerned.

Our traveling arrangements were all in order, particularly regarding preparations for the Cat People. A friend, Mrs. Ruth Durr (or just 'Ruth' as she had come to be known to us), had offered to drive me (along with Fifi, Ku'ei and Sindhi) in her fairly big, if not so new, blue car. So that was a great help and we were delighted to accept her offer because we had been wondering how we would manage. The Cat People liked Ruth and they treated her as one of the Family because she spent a good part of the day in part of our house, which she used as an office while she was waiting for her own store to be completed. Her supplies had begun to arrive and she had no place to keep them in the meantime; so the Guv had offered her some space, with the blessing of our Landlord, and she has always been grateful to the Guv for, in a way, being responsible for her start in business. Indeed he had given her a great deal of moral support and encouraged her to branch out on her own when she had seemed to hesitate and ponder upon the responsibilities involved (and now she is possibly the leading supplier of books in her area). When her store eventually opened, we used to drive along and get our supplies from her, and if you have read Fifi's book, 'Living with the Lama', Ruth Durr will be no stranger to you. She always kept in stock a delightful selection of Cat books, and each time she has come across something which she thought would interest us she has been kind enough to send us a copy.

So, final arrangements were made and at last THE DAY

arrived. The Guv was quite sick and it was not certain whether he would be able to travel; it was a horrid situation, with our place in something of an upheaval, and we could not be sure he would feel any better tomorrow. However, he did start out later in the day and was able to do the journey after making an overnight rest en route.

It was a relief to the Guv to know that Ruth was going to be with me, especially as she cared for and understood Cat People, and she was 'owned' by two of them — a friendly 'black and white' whose name I do not recall for the moment, and a Siamese named Chuli.

Now it was time for leaving, so we picked up the suitcases and bags which would be needed immediately and the five of us made our way to the car (in a few minutes we would be on our way once more to Fort Erie — at least it would be the second time for Sindhi and me). When we started out I had one creature on my lap, one on my shoulder, and the third (Fifi) sitting sedately by my side. They were all within my reach so that I was able to keep reassuring them that all was well, and until they became tired they were interested in everything. I was sure the Guv had spoken to them because their conduct was remarkable and I was proud of my trio of Cat People.

There was plenty to think about and so I appreciated the cooperation which the other three passengers were offering. The three Felines seemed to be enjoying themselves, especially Miss Ku'ei who had always adored driving. As I have often remarked, she seemed to take great pleasure in just sitting on my lap, neck stretched out, and head hanging over my knees. It was just as though she had left her body parked there and gone sailing away to another place; and we had often talked about the great pleasure she derived from this method of recreation (which suited her so well). Ruth seemed to be occupied with her own thoughts and I soon found myself looking toward the future and provisionally making plans for my side of our activities. Before coming to a final decision it has mostly been our practice to discuss with each other what we were thinking of doing,

and it has always seemed a good idea because then problems can be avoided, and in a way 'ironed out' before they are allowed to grow. I knew roughly what the sleeping arrangements would be because it had been discussed before; and really, in a two bedroom dwelling there was little choice. Since a good part of the day was always spent in the main room, it was obvious that would be most suitable for the Guy; and the big picture window would provide a pleasant view over the Niagara river. But first of all it would be necessary to rearrange the furniture and take away the huge piano which dominated the room. Buttercup would have the room near the entrance and that would leave the Cat Family and their Ma to the so-called Master bedroom which was set up with twin beds, a view of the grounds, and a somewhat musty odor due no doubt to the moist atmosphere and lack of use. Ruth was going to stay overnight and I would do my best to see that she was comfortable, and left undisturbed. On this second trip we had not started out from Windsor so early, so by the time we reached Cedar House it was close to supper time, and we all felt tired and hungry so we looked forward to a nice meal and a good night's rest.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

LIFE very rarely turns out the way we plan, and perhaps it is a good thing so that we are prevented from getting into a rut; we have to keep on the alert, always ready to face the unexpected. That first night was not very restful after all for everyone seemed over tired and disorientated, as indeed we were. In the first place I had deposited Sindhi in the sun room and left the other two Cat People to investigate the rest of the house because Ruth and I had a few things to do before settling down with the Children. After a few minutes I noticed Sindhi also wandering around and I thought my eyes were deceiving me, but after she had emerged two or three times even though the door was closed I realized there must be another way to get out of the sun room. I felt rather foolish when eventually I saw a kitchen window leading into the sun room was wide open and Sindhi Cat had obviously been amusing herself at my expense. Although we sat down to a very simple meal consisting of a few supplies we had brought along, we really enjoyed it, followed by a nice pot of tea to which Ruth was very partial, and soon she decided to retire as she had to get back to Windsor the next day and attend to some business matters regarding the store. By this time the Cat People were beginning to look rather weary, and the Little One was quite restless and somewhat irritable, so I debated the problem of how best to get us all settled for the night. In the end I decided to put Sindhi in the Master bedroom and stay with her for a time until she felt a little more rested, and then I would share the chesterfield in the living room with Fifi and Ku'ei. I noticed a big armchair also which the Cat People might find a bit more comfortable if Ma should prove to be restless. Before going to sleep I

thought I would have a little session with my small radio, and I knew the programs would be coming from Niagara Falls or Welland while the main newscasts would be relayed from Toronto. Fort Erie did not have a radio station but that was not important for it was quite simple to tune in to Buffalo, New York, which was just across the river, and we later enjoyed some very good programs from that city. But on that first night, all my efforts were doomed to failure. No matter what I did I couldn't get a sound out of the thing — it seemed quite dead. I shook it, twiddled the knobs, and finally gave up in frustration and weariness, deciding to try the Land of Dreams instead, with the intention of putting my radio problem before the Guv who would have no difficulty in solving it. But dreams do not come to order and in the darkness I found myself drifting around and remembering past experiences; some pleasant, others not so pleasant, and some probably not even worthy of recording. At one period of my life I had used a certain method of inducing sleep which usually worked; it was a process of 'regressing' my thoughts, thinking back — back — and further back on the events of my life, and usually I didn't get very far before achieving the desired effect — SLEEP. Later I reasoned that it was not advisable to indulge in this practice so I gave it up in favor of looking to the future; looking forward and making plans with the intention of improving the days ahead instead of just reliving the past which, I decided, gets one nowhere. Besides, now I am able to induce the state of sleep by complete relaxation which I have learned through the Guv's books. So why work hard at something when you can achieve better results with less effort? Now I compromise with myself when resting for a few minutes, or even in going about my routine duties. I allow myself to day-dream a little and take a peep into the past, otherwise how can I hope to improve the future (and as that system was presumably used by the old Atlanteans, how could I hope to improve on it), and this way I find the practice a pleasant and useful form of relaxation.

So, while not in a deep sleep but just hovering near the

border, I felt myself drifting around, wondering about the future and how it would compare with the past. Life in Ireland (that remnant of Atlantis) had been very enjoyable, living as we did by the sea, on the Hill facing Ireland's Eye and Lambay Island, and the Mountains of Mourne away in the distance but not always visible. We had taken a drive one evening around the Hill of Howth and that was how we spied this 'House for Rent' sign, and the welcoming cry of the sea gulls made us feel at home. The memories of Howth came flooding into my consciousness and I remembered how the Guv used to let himself down the side of the cliff on the end of a rope. He used to enjoy 'exploring' the caves which were there at sea level, and I used to think it must bring back many happy thoughts of his younger years. The Guv was more agile at that time and he was able to take walks around the garden with Fifi and Ku'ei who loved to accompany him; and I used to take pictures of the Family. But cats do not enjoy being photographed — not our cats anyhow.

We were living in this particular house when we found Fifi, or did Fifi find us? And for that reason alone I would reserve a special place in my heart for Ben Edair, the little house which for a time provided a measure of peace and sanctuary for us.

From a place somewhat higher a little plateau on the Hill, I had taken a short cine film of the Guv where, first he sat on a rock where I took a 'close-up', and then he walked toward me, and the result was very pleasing even though the equipment we had used was quite modest. The beautiful blue of the sky, blending with the saffron of the robes created a delightful effect and we derived much pleasure from viewing it on the big screen, on which we showed slides and short cine films in the evenings. The Irish people had been very friendly towards us and I always felt an affinity with them; and the Guv and I used to enjoy listening to many of the Irish songs — one Irish lullaby having a great appeal for us. Personally I had always found great pleasure and satisfaction in listening to the recordings of John McCormick, the

Irish tenor. His voice seemed to soothe my nerves and raise my ‘vibrations’ (a much overworked word these days) . . . so with all these pleasant memories flooding my mind on that first night it was not surprising that I woke up feeling refreshed and contented, though my sleep had been ‘fitful’. Later that morning I remembered another episode which had not been so pleasant: It was one evening when the Guv said he would take me out in one of the dinghies, which could be rented down by Howth Harbor and which was powered by an outboard motor. For a time we were really enjoying the trip when gradually an eerie feeling pervaded the atmosphere. Dusk seemed to be descending prematurely, and then suddenly a squall blew up and we had to turn towards the shore as fast as we could. It was not until we reached home that I realized how serious and in what great danger we had been, and how it had taken all the Guv's energy and know-how to prevent us from capsizing and being carried away — probably disappearing forever. What a responsibility it would have been for Buttercup (who expressed great relief on our return) had she been left with two poor orphaned Siamese People; and how distressing for Fifi and Ku'ei.

We breakfasted a little late and Ruth said she had spent a comfortable night, having been supervised periodically when a cat would walk over her bed to check and see whether she was still breathing. After breakfast she suggested driving along to the grocery store in the town to get a few provisions which we urgently needed, and while she was away I tidied up around the house as much as I could. On her return (which was around eleven o'clock) she had a light lunch because she wanted to leave no later than midday; but she was hoping to see the Guv before leaving and we had no idea of the exact time he would arrive. So I went out with Ruth to her car and at that moment, almost as though planned, just coming up to the entrance was the easily identifiable pink and gold Mercury bearing the Guv, with Buttercup at the wheel — just in time to say ‘Hello’ and ‘Goodbye’.

At last the Family were together again, so we all sat down and reported our experiences since leaving Windsor. Nothing too exciting seemed to have happened to any of us fortunately, though we did remember one or two small details which had not been attended to before our departure. But it was a simple matter to telephone the owners who lost no time in dealing with these simple problems. My radio was standing on the table and the Guv asked me how I had found the programs and whether I had listened to anything special, or if I had found any one station better than another. Rather sheepishly I had to admit that I could not pass an opinion since the 'so-and-so' radio had refused to work for me. And I really did feel like a sheep when he examined the thing and found the batteries had been put in the wrong way 'round. Ah well, I thought, we live and learn.

After that problem had been dealt with we were eager to take a good look around the place, so when the Guv was ready we went exploring — first of all down to the basement to look at the hot water and heating arrangements. The Guv examined everything carefully while the 'People' poked their noses into every nook and cranny. We were interested to see a workbench, fitted with tools, which showed that Mrs. C's late husband must have been something of a carpenter; but we were not at all interested in a billiard table which, in our opinion, occupied too much space. So we moved it to one side of the room, much to the chagrin of Mrs. C. when she found out (it seems that a billiard table has to be set up very accurately and we had really revealed our ignorance in treating it in such a thoughtless manner, when she had paid someone to install it).

The Cat People often went down to the basement, ostensibly to catch a mouse, and sometimes we wondered who would run the fastest, mouse or cat, if by chance they did encounter such a creature. Since they looked upon themselves as People and not Cats, one hoped they would not allow a mouse to chase THEM.

Each of the Cats wore a harness and lead when she went outside so we were able to maintain a proper check on their

movements. The harness was exactly that and not just a collar around the neck, with a lead attached, but with pieces of leather fitting around the 'arms', providing a comfortable effect even if it became necessary to give a slight 'tug' occasionally. Until a cat gets used to being 'harnessed' it is not unusual for the creature to sit down, refusing to move; and in Miss Ku'ei's case it took a good deal of time and patience before she acceded to the arrangement. Of course the procedure was introduced in kittenhood and later she would never dream of going outside without being 'dressed'. It was not long before Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers was shinning up a tree, and the Guv was almost having a heart attack in case she would break away and climb so high that we would not be able to reach her. Of course, we attached a piece of twine to the end of the lead, which was not long enough to satisfy her, and there were times when we had to run into the garage and fetch a ladder to assist us in rescuing her. It had long been Fifi's ambition to do some tree-climbing and she was going to make the most of the opportunity while it lasted. When she began to get tired she would rest on a wide branch (of course the Guv always chose the most suitable trees for her exercises), and knowing how little pleasure she had ever had, it gave us pleasure too to see her sitting there with an expression of absolute content — and a definite air of achievement.

Miss Ku'ei and Miss Sindhi were not so interested in tree-climbing but they loved investigating on the ground and playing with the various hued autumn leaves which were beginning to fall fairly rapidly now. Looking back on those weeks before the advent of winter, one is left with a delightful sense of satisfaction in the knowledge that those little people had had such a happy time out-of-doors, which was something they had all missed in their earlier life.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

The Guv was eager to try out the dinghy which was moored in the little creek, just down a few steps and close to the rear entrance of the house. So, at the first opportunity I was pleased to accompany him. We decided to make the trial trip without other passengers, just to be sure everything was safe and in good working order (and we had not forgotten our experience in Ireland when we were caught in a squall). Out of the creek we moved into the Niagara river; and everything went well so we spent an enjoyable time. I was not too afraid to go on the water because in an emergency I would be able to swim a little, and I knew the Guv would see that nothing too awful would happen to us. Of course, I may have had a few subconscious reservations because once I had almost drowned, and would have done so had there not been someone at hand to rescue me immediately. And another experience which had caused amusement in spite of my predicament, was on a river in England when, for some reason, I and my boating companion were going to moor our boat. While I was reaching out to pull the boat in it gradually drifted away and I found myself in the water, feeling very undignified and altogether miserable, while my companion could do little to help, being overcome with a fit of laughter at the sight of me slowly slipping out of the boat and drenched to the waist. The situation must have been cause for mirth to the onlooker, but it left me chilled and not very amiable until at last I had to laugh also.

Well, we took trips on the Niagara river as often as possible, and we were fortunate that year in that the warm weather lasted until about November. Mrs. C. had taken away the screens from the windows and put up the extra

'double' windows in preparation for the winter, but the temperature remained so high that we had to revert to the summer arrangement and put back the screens until almost the end of the year.

Sindhi took several boating excursions with us, and she behaved very well but her temperament continued to be unreliable, so we still felt greatly concerned about her. The warm autumn days were conducive to idling on the water; and on occasion we would just drift in the other direction, up the creek instead of down into the main river. Sindhi seemed to enjoy these outings, at least she did not protest, though she probably kept private her real thoughts on the matter. If the Guv was not going out, and there was shopping to do, I would accompany Buttercup, and Sindhi would go along too, sometimes going as far as Niagara Falls which was bigger than Fort Erie and therefore enjoyed a greater variety of stores. There were no stores close by Cedar House so it was necessary to take the car each time shopping had to be done. It was interesting to note the different foods each girl cat liked best. Fifi always enjoyed lobster (canned lobster) which seemed to contain everything necessary for her physical well-being, and since she had been half-starved during the greater part of her existence, it was necessary to see that she had all she needed to keep her going in her later days. Canned lobster is far too costly these days, but when Fifi was with us we always managed to keep her supplies adequate and, apart from the solid part, she also loved the liquid which to her was 'Lobster Wine'. Ku'ei was not greatly interested in food, and she was a most adaptable person in this respect. Having moved from one country to another it had been necessary to take whatever each country had to offer; thus, at one period she enjoyed rabbit cooked in a pressure cooker, which she considered very succulent, but when rabbit was not obtainable she would switch to chicken or fish, and she would take her food in a most polite manner. Ku'ei was a most dainty person and her table manners matched her appearance, but on occasion I would marvel at the sight of this apparently fragile creature

manipulating a big chunk of chicken, perhaps a leg, grasped tightly between her teeth, head held high so that the meat did not touch the floor, marching off to a quiet corner where she might really get down to a good meal without interference and audience. To digress a little from the problem of food I must put on record that Miss Ku'ei had the most beautiful features which any cat (or human for that matter) might envy, and each time I had to prise open her mouth to give her vitamins or other medication, or even spoon feed her when she was sick, I never ceased to marvel at her beautifully shaped mouth, and I gloried in the delicate beauty of MY CAT. Her coloring was a little darker than the normal seal point, probably due to the fact that her father was a 'chocolate soldier' (a chocolate point Siamese), while her mother was a seal point. Her eyes, like those of Elizabeth Taylor, were a deep violet — a color which has been declared 'very unusual'. In my enthusiasm for Ku'ei and her beauty, my affection for Fifi and Sindhi was no less and never wavered. Fifi was probably the sweetest natured Cat Person we had ever known, her thoughts were constantly fixed on the welfare of others and she never desired anything for herself. As for Baby Sindhi, wasn't she my Big Responsibility, and so charming in her own special way. She never had a great interest in any special foods and, judging from her appearance when we first found her, it seemed that she had suffered greatly from lack of care and understanding, and had probably been grateful for any scraps which came her way. It was no problem to satisfy this little person, and she always joined the Guv and me at breakfast when the three of us started the day with a meal of scrambled eggs which she ate with much gusto. Later, when the time came that Sindhi was no longer with us in the physical, when she finally had to leave our care, it was a long time before we were able to bring ourselves to take scrambled eggs — and never again for breakfast. Such are one's emotions, and we would not contemplate doing anything which would bring back too vividly, and too soon, our sadness at losing this much loved Person.

Right in front of the picture window in the living room we had a most wonderful display of wildlife. Birds in glorious garb would come to take food which we had put out for them, and one of the most colorful of these birds was the Red Cardinal. One of the greatest pleasures of our day was in watching these Nature People, and always we would find amongst them a large number of so-called 'house sparrows', a bird especially close to my heart. Even now when I am out walking in the morning, just collecting the mail, I experience a delightful 'glow' at the sound of the chirping song of greeting, which I like to believe is something special for me. One sparrow for whom I had had a special name used to fly from telegraph pole to telegraph pole, sometimes swooping down before me as I walked along the street — and even waited while I did a little shopping before accompanying me home again. I used to think the Guv had told Pete Feathers he should look after me!!! And I felt a real affinity with Francis of Assisi—

One of our extra special friends at Cedar House was of great interest to our Smaller People. This creature was a very friendly raccoon and he often came in front of the window. It was really something to witness our three when they spied him for they must have thought him enormous.

Recently I met someone who was employed in the building where we now live and her conversation reminded me of those days at Cedar House. Lisa told me a little about her life and how she came to Canada from Germany, made a home for herself, and started out with a little dog as a companion. 'But now', she took great pride in relating to my anxious ears, 'now I have a cat!' 'And is he BIG!' 'He is a 'Coon!' We have enjoyed many conversations with Lisa, and she is a most kind person who delights in presenting little gifts to those who treat her with kindness and respect.

This period at Cedar House was a time of peace and contentment, and no doubt there may have been (and probably were) various problems and minor irritations, but it is nice to remember the HAPPINESS.

I have a friend who is fairly well endowed with this

world's goods, and she came to visit us all the way from the Orient. We spent a very enjoyable time within the environs of Montreal and she was especially intrigued with the Queen Elizabeth Hotel where we spent a lot of time exchanging experiences. Friendships do not come easily to me so this was a period of special significance; and Suzanne was not too satisfied with her life at that time. During one of our discussions we came to the subject of happiness and one day she made quite a bright suggestion she thought. Of course I did not take her seriously when she suddenly said, 'You know, Ra-ab, I have been thinking that it might not be a bad idea if we made a deal.' I wondered what was to follow, and then I was highly amused when she continued: 'How about me trading my worldly goods in exchange for your state of "happiness?" I believe she was half serious too. Needless to say we did not make a deal, and neither did she really expect it. We have corresponded for something like four years now and Suzanne has attained a greater degree of contentment and tranquility, assisted very greatly (she says) by Angel, her devoted Siamese — the same Angel who refers to me as 'Mama-San of Cat People'. Happiness and true friendship are things worth striving for. To have them one needs little more, and without them the tapestry of life is less colorful, thus the poorer.

To add to the pleasure of each day were squirrels and ground hogs to entertain us. We were surrounded by all these creatures, and more. But one thing we were thankful for — we did not have frogs in the bathroom, an experience which was not denied us in South America where in our first home we had a more or less permanent Mr. Frog resident in our bathroom — much to the dismay of the Family, including Miss Ku'ei who began to wonder to whom we would next be offering hospitality. Miss Ku'ei had quite a sense of humor, and her telepathic comments (translated by the Guv) caused us much amusement, adding a little zest to our secluded life. It was really interesting to see her watching birds from the window, especially something large like a pigeon or a gull. She would become quite excited and, with a muttering sort

of ‘chatter’, was probably telling the bird to ‘Just wait until I can get a hold of you — you will provide a beautiful meal for me!’ One always hoped these remarks were not meant to be taken seriously.

## CHAPTER NINE

As the days gradually shortened and the evenings seemed longer we all retired earlier, each to our own room so there was more opportunity for reading and listening to the radio. Miss Sindhi, like my shadow, was never very far away from me — my thought was that if she stayed right beside me with the door closed I could devote the greater part of my attention to reading or listening to a radio program. Towards the end of the day one needs to put aside the strains and stresses of the day and be able to enjoy a little period of relaxation without interruption. Unfortunately this does not seem possible for many people, or possibly they do not realize the necessity of a quiet period occasionally — how it would assist them in coping with their problems and making their lives altogether more enjoyable, and fulfilling.

So, knowing there would be no feline hissing or spitting, Sindhi and I were able to make the most of each other's company since no one else was likely to intrude. Miss Ku'ei put up with this state of affairs for some time (not very happily I felt), and then she gradually asserted her authority in a quiet sort of way. At first she would come into the room, along with Sindhi and me, and she would settle herself down on a chair on one side of my bed, or on my bed (with Sindhi on the other side) and stay for short periods only. When Sindhi became too restless Ku'ei just had to leave and join Fifi on the chesterfield in the Guv's room, where she would spend the remainder of the night. But Miss Ku'ei was quite a determined young lady, as are most persons born in July, and in the end she had so completely regained her position that she was once again staying all night with Sindhi and me; thus the Guv had become Mrs. Fifi's sole

responsibility during the hours of darkness, a situation which gave her the greatest possible satisfaction. I sometimes wondered whatever must have been said to the poor little Sindhi Cat to make her tolerate Ku'ei's intrusion into Sindhi's quiet time with Ma. Perhaps it was just as well I did not know what had been said for no doubt it would have made my ears burn, so I would never know whether it was from a sense of apprehension as to what her fate might be if she continued in her truculent attitude, or whether she just decided that 'the battle was not worth the effort'. But the end result seemed satisfactory for these two settled down into a sort of armed neutrality.

If cats are subject to the same influences as human animals, then Ku'ei must have spent many miserable moments through being 'shut away' from her Ma. Being a Siamese she had a double reason for being unhappy about the position, for Siamese People are noted for their trait of possessiveness; they usually expect to be a 'One Person Cat' as far as humans are concerned, and they do not easily tolerate competition from others of their own species. Often a Siamese will be just as happy in the company of a dog, but there is one exception regarding the possessive attitude. If one has two kittens of the same age, and even of the same litter, they will each accept the other without malice, and indeed they will often spend a happier life than one Cat Person all alone, especially if human attention is not readily available — or if the cat would be left on his own for long periods. Like Siamese, July born people often suffer very greatly through a feeling of loneliness — a fear of being misunderstood, or even not being understood at all. In some ways these people may be looked upon as the martyrs of the world, and sometimes they will consider themselves as such. they will work around the problem (or project) until they have attained the desired goal, be it a situation or an object upon which their mind is set. In this respect Miss Ku'ei was very 'human-like', and also in the way she would display great affection for the person whose cat she understood

herself to be, more than to another person — just as many July born ‘Human Animals’ are (so to speak) ‘one-person cats’.

The so-called master bedroom was stuffy and I never really got to feel ‘at home’ or ‘comfortable’ in those surroundings, though it could have been worse except for the fact that I tend to live more in my mind than in my surroundings. If my mind is fairly free of problems I am not greatly concerned with my surroundings because, usually, my thoughts are in another dimension. Still, the room was a bit depressing, set low on the ground; consequently always rather dark, with a feeling of dampness, and anything but a friendly atmosphere. When the lights were out and the curtains drawn aside (after we had gone to bed) I used to amuse myself by watching the traffic passing along the Parkway, by the edge of the river. Of course I had to keep the curtains drawn on the occasions when I was going to do some reading because the house, although set in its own grounds, was not sufficiently secluded to preclude curious onlookers and those who are known by the horrible title of ‘Peeping Tom’. Even though it means doing a bit of trespassing, certain people do not seem to be able to resist the urge to pry into the private lives of others, especially if the ‘attraction’ is a lighted room with drapes undrawn. Cedar House was no exception.

It was nice to listen to the radio and we did this fairly often while watching the traffic; and the Cat People seemed to enjoy the musical program, but the broadcasts which stayed most clearly in my mind were the talks preceding the United States presidential election. Listening to the Republican candidate, Nixon, it would seem that only by voting Republican and continuing on the lines of the Eisenhower administration could America survive. Then there would be the young Democrat, Kennedy, apparently full of charm and persuasiveness, advocating a complete change. So it was no wonder the voters were a bit confused, perplexed, and left wondering who would really serve the country best. It has always interested me to hear of the promises each candi-

date makes in the hope of being elected. So these talks were no exception, especially in the light of subsequent events. Each of those candidates has had an opportunity to exercise his skill as President of the United States, and most people would have found it hard to believe that, within the span of less than a decade and a half, both of them would be out of office due to forces beyond their control. Richard Nixon must often have regretted continuing in the political arena, following the time he lost the Governorship of California when he declared, 'Well, you won't have Richard Nixon to push around any more.' Those words were directed to the press of course and one is left wondering, just a few weeks after his resignation as President, whether he will ever again enjoy a measure of peace; or will he have to endure being 'pushed around' for the remainder of his days. Whatever misdemeanor a person may or may not have committed, surely there must be a limit to the shame, embarrassment and persecution they are expected to endure. And those who are so prone to judge and pronounce sentence are not always so free of guilt as they would appear.

The campaign period of the early sixties came to mind again this week when it was announced that the last of the Kennedy brothers had found it necessary to abandon all thoughts of entering the presidential, or vice-presidential, race in 1976 — he had decided he could not contemplate running for either position two years from now. Considering the fate of his two elder brothers this was obviously the most sensible, and indeed the only decision left, for after all who amongst us is anxious to go headlong into disaster when the warning is crystal clear?

By this time the mornings were becoming quite cool, and we felt rather sad when we thought of the rapidly approaching winter months. But it was still warm enough to take the Cat People outside in what was now a 'fall' sunshine. Buttercup and I had quite a time keeping these creatures in check since they had more energy now that it was cooler. They were as lively as three young horses, and they would have enjoyed more than anything to break

away from their leashes and, like young horses, gallop away into the distance. On some of the colder days Sindhi and Ku'ei would go out driving with the Guv and me; Sindhi having been told she would have to behave herself — or else!!! Mrs. Fifi would stay home with Buttercup.

If we wanted to take longer than just a few minutes drive we might go as far as Welland, which was about the same distance as Niagara Falls, where we would pass along by the Welland Canal (which is part of the Great Lakes Waterway). Another place we might visit was beyond Fort Erie, right along Garrison Road, a few miles further than the Fort Erie Hotel. This was a little community by the name of Crystal Beach — a well-known holiday resort populated in the summer months by many United States residents who owned summer cottages there by the river and, during the tourist season, very noisy with its various 'fair' type attractions.

It was during this period that we decided it might be a good idea to have a different car; perhaps something a little more economical since the Mercury had needed a fair amount of 'attention'; and its gasoline consumption was considerable. It was a bigger vehicle than we really needed, so we cast around for something smaller. After the usual Family discussion we contacted a company in Niagara Falls and arranged for the proprietor to come to our house so that we might have his opinion on the matter. Finally, after some negotiation, we found ourselves the owners of a little Renault — a car of French manufacture which was approved of by Mrs. Fifi (being of French extraction herself) who considered it would provide good service, though she was not planning to travel in it unless absolutely necessary.

The acquisition of this little car brought back memories of one or two episodes in Ireland which had caused us a good deal of amusement and which, even as I recall them so long afterwards, I am unable to suppress a chuckle. I feel sure that the Guv, with his acute sense of humor, will not object to these incidents being included in the 'Sindhi' story. While living in Howth, near Dublin (well, not more than a dozen

miles from that city), we had a visitor — a bearded young man, and one day he turned up at our house with a new car, a small affair which he called a ‘Bubble’ — or something. Anyway it seemed to us a most odd contraption, and one had to pull open the plastic roof before one was able to get inside the ‘machine’. (Before going any further I have to say that, ‘Yes, I do have the Guv's permission to tell the story.’ Well . . ., I just informed him that he had given me the go-ahead!!!) This vehicle was only a two-seater, at most, and the Guv received an invitation to accompany the bearded young man and ‘take a spin’ around the countryside. The Guv, never averse to a fresh experience, agreed of course — even if he did look askance at this strange device. As they left, Buttercup and I had to smile at the sight of them — apparently enclosed in a plastic dome. It was not until they returned, however, that we were made aware of the really amusing part: The weather being warm, they had opened the roof (and since the inside space was so limited they no doubt needed the extra air) and they went driving right away beyond the city, enjoying the scenery and probably absorbed in an interesting conversation. Suddenly the Guv realized they had violated a traffic regulation by making a crossing at a red light (and of course there just HAD to be a guardia, an Irish policeman, around). The two occupants sat there in anticipation, waiting for the guardia to come over to them and issue a ticket. And eventually he arrived — but it seemed that the sight of those two bearded ‘characters’ seated in that small ‘Bubble’ was just too much for the officer who was so overcome with mirth that he could only cover his face with one hand while he waved them on, and he himself turned away before they could see his almost uncontrolled laughter! Perhaps this is not such a dignified term to apply to the Guv, but perhaps he will forgive me since my intentions are respectful, but I have to admit (and it cannot be denied) that he is a ‘good sport’ for he daringly accepted a second invitation, and the second incident occurred right in the middle of the bridge which spans the river Liffey — right in the city of Dublin itself. This time, on the O'Connell Bridge,

in the center of the city, apparently the clutch had burned out, for the car suddenly stalled and was full of dense white smoke. The driver (our bearded young man) apparently panicked, stepped out, slammed the door and walked away, leaving the Guv to deal with the guardia who, quite naturally, appeared on the scene. Happily, the Irish police officers are very tolerant, and not without a sense of humor either.

Reverting to the subject of beards, we had a few unpleasant experiences in the early days due to ignorance on the part of some of the young people of North America. Especially do I remember an occasion at Crystal Beach when we were standing by the car, where we had parked near a drug store, and I was just going inside the store when a group of youths began to make movements as though they were stroking an imaginary beard, and their remarks (anything but polite) were meant to be heard by us. Yes, the Guv wore a beard for a special reason — he had suffered a damaged jaw. But now it seems that we have come ‘full circle’ and beards no longer are a subject of ribald remarks but are being sported by just those types who scoffed at us.

## CHAPTER TEN

THERE is one big advantage in owning a mini-automobile and that is the ease with which one may find a parking space; but there is also a big danger too in that someone in a much larger car may be speeding along without noticing the 'mini', and it would be a dreadful thing to find oneself disappearing underneath such a vehicle. However, thanks to a kind fate we suffered no such experience while that little car was in our possession, and we enjoyed its compact cosiness; but it must have caused something of a problem for the Guv who was somewhat 'bulky', and it must have been rather a problem positioning himself in its small space. At any rate, this little 'box' served our purpose for some months, and it was disposed of only because we were going to be out of the country for a time and we could not take it with us.

As I contemplate these pages I relive once more those days at Cedar House. It is now October and the same time of the year as when we used to 'tootle' around the roads and the ground of the Niagara strip; often we seemed to be moving very fast and making a lot of noise, but we never reached our destination very quickly. The little car was rather like a little person — all fuss and bustle. But we liked our little Renault, even if Miss Ku'ei would have chosen a Volkswagen instead, preferably a red one.

It was beginning to get colder too, just as it is now here in Calgary, and as one gets older in years it is not a time to look forward to, for one's blood is thinner and it is harder to keep warm. As I look out of the window of the apartment building (which is our home) I see signs of early October frost and snow and, having been out collecting the mail already, I have also FELT the effects of the sudden change in

temperature. But no doubt the body's metabolism will quickly adjust to this change. Just across the street, to the left, we are witnessing another sign of CHANGE, and the Guv too feels sad to see a group of little houses undergoing the process of demolition. The 'wreckers' can bring down one of these small dwellings within the space of thirty minutes and I can see the Guv's feelings reflected in his expression: 'Houses, like people and animals, are created; live out their life-span and, again like people, having suffered through the strains and stresses of "living" become outdated and, thus, have to pass away to make room for something more modern and more suitable for the times.' Each morning I pass a few of these dwellings and I gaze upon them with longing, though I could not imagine myself living in one of them having become accustomed to apartment style life, but I still feel the past joy of one's own home with its little garden where one might plant one's feet firmly upon the earth, and enjoy the comfort of a grassy lawn. Hardly a day goes by without bringing to mind the words of my fellow countryman as I pass these little places: I can hear the echo of Thomas Hood who 'remembered the house where he was born', and how there was 'the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn'. Poetry and daydreaming may be out-of-place these days but my case seems to be incurable, and I do not think I would want it to be different. As the Guv intimates: 'So long as we are aware of the dividing line between daydreaming and reality we have little to worry about — we are not in serious trouble for, after all, we have to THINK before we can act, and if we can make our dreams come true then perhaps we have achieved something.' I like to think that is how it goes!

Today our friends, the sparrows, look a little dejected — they have not become accustomed to the cold weather either, and they are sad to see their shelters being torn down, for trees are very sparse here so the eaves of houses provide a measure of protection for bird-life.

As I walked around the block this morning attending to my errands, with the snowflakes dancing over my face, one

small 'doggie' seemed to be enjoying a morning walk with his Master. Today in particular I was thinking of 'nature creatures' so I took a packet of bread crumbs to scatter on the waste spaces where cars are parked, or where demolition is finished and building has not yet begun. Why my special thoughts of nature today? Well I felt sorry for the little creatures crouched on the telephone wires, probably wondering how they were going to survive the cold of winter and whether anyone would pass on a few crumbs when the frosts came. I had another reason for wishing them happiness today for I remembered that this was the anniversary of the birth of Francis of Assisi (the patron saint of animals and all creatures of nature).

Most of us have an ideal, one person who they admire more than any other, and in my own case if there was one entity I would wish to emulate, to formulate my life upon, it would be Francis of Assisi who gave up a life of comfort to devote himself to the good of his fellow men, and who was especially dedicated to the creatures of nature who he loved and was loved by them in return. Birds used to perch on his shoulder, and he would address them as 'little brothers'. On occasion he would wait for them to finish their 'chatter' before continuing a discourse with the human creatures who gathered around him. There is in existence a beautiful Prayer attributed to St. Francis and hardly a year-end passes without someone sending me a copy, which I always feel would be worth applying to one's own life. Since I learned that this Prayer originated in Tibet it has an even greater significance for me than ever, and I realize how much we owe to those who have brought from that once mysterious land so many pearls of wisdom and ideas for good living; not least of these is our Guv, Lobsang Rampa. I have in my possession a wooden figure of my 'ideal', brought from Italy naturally, and wearing the simple brown girdled robe of his Order, which is still worn by the Franciscan fraternity. This figure has a bird perched on the shoulder and another creature resting at the feet, and I derive much inspiration and pleasure in its beauty and significance. I have heard this

Assisan saint referred to as ‘Probably the first of the flower people!!!’ But was not the founder of the Christian religion one who flaunted convention and who, if He had lived in our present era, might well have been looked upon as a hippie? At least He had long hair, which is now frowned upon by the establishment; and he was definitely a pacifist, so . . . who are we to judge anyone after all.

A Prayer of St. Francis  
Originally from Tibet

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace.  
Where there is hate, may I bring love;  
Where offense, may I bring pardon;  
May I bring union in place of discord;  
Truth, replacing error;  
Faith, where once there was doubt;  
Hope, for despair;  
Light, where was darkness;  
Joy to replace sadness.  
Make me not to so crave to be loved as to love.  
Help me to learn that in giving I may receive;  
In forgetting self, I may find life eternal.

Francis of Assisi

We are taught not to be envious of others but most of us suffer from this defect at one time or another (a human trait which we understand we must learn to overcome), and there are two special qualities about St. Francis that I admire, one of them being his beautiful singing voice. Before his so-called ‘conversion’ he was somewhat gay and carefree, and he would roam the streets with his friends, singing songs in a joyous mood, and his well-to-do-merchant father must have been very proud of his handsome and talented son. The second quality which I admire is the ability to ‘tune in’ to nature, to the elements, and become one with ‘Brother Wind’, ‘Sister Moon’, and the like. It was the same with all living creatures — they came to him without fear and with complete trust; and to Francis they were all his ‘little sisters

and brothers'. I confess to being envious of his ability to commune with them all, and if I am possessed of any ambition at all it is that one day I shall be able to commune with nature creatures by telepathy. I know that my cats, for instance, are fully aware of my thoughts, but it would be a wonderful thing to know EXACTLY what they are saying to ME instead of having to more or less hazard a guess as to their thoughts and needs. Yes, that is my goal.

In the compiling of these pages I seem to have fallen into the habit of digression, so I hope I am forgiven. At least I feel that I am in good company for the Guv freely admits to using this practice. I sincerely hope that I am not unconsciously copying his style for, not having his knowledge or his training, the result would be disastrous, and a very poor imitation indeed. If I should appear to have adopted any of his phrases I would like to state that it was not intentional; BUT, I would add that, having read and studied the fifteen volumes of the Guv's, it would be rather surprising if I had not 'absorbed' some of the author's expressions. If this shows too much I beg to be excused (and not accused) for any misdemeanor I may have committed.

My digressing seems to be digressing too far, so let us return to that October at Cedar House, which resembles this October in Calgary. The summer seemed to be extended indefinitely, as it is here this year. Two weeks ago we had snow and frost, while now we are experiencing an Indian Summer, which one hopes will also continue indefinitely. We are about to revert to normal Mountain Time following the summer's Daylight Saving Time, and it will be wonderful if the temperature stays in the seventies as the days shorten.

Those late October days of 1960 were not very exciting — just calmly satisfying; but one evening we did have a bit of excitement. Just as dusk was approaching we had to call the fire department and ask them to 'come quickly' because there was a fire and we were afraid it was getting out-of-control. Soon the brave men arrived, accompanied by the noisy roar of their engines, and the flames which were

threatening to engulf one of our trees were dealt with in an efficient manner. Someone must have put a match to the fallen dried leaves and soon a big tree was well and truly ablaze. Fires are most unpleasant things to experience, or even to witness, and I saw one at quite close quarters a few years before. During the time we lived in Surrey, England (in a little house named Rosecroft), there was a serious fire in a house just across the road, almost next door to the little 'Cottage Hospital'. It was a small dwelling with quite a lot of resultant damage, and I certainly hope I will never be closer to a burning building than I was at that moment. To see pieces of charred furniture being brought out onto the street, and the dejected expressions of the occupants as their few goods were ruined by fire and water, was something one would not wish to repeat. In England, in those days smoke chimneys would often catch alight and they sometimes proved to be veritable death traps. Oh yes, we did have a blaze in our chimney while we lived at Rosecroft, but fortunately and to our great relief it was quickly extinguished.

As November approached winter caught up with us and we had a nice carpet of snow in the grounds of Cedar House. The frost was quite biting to the skin but still the Cat people insisted on going outside, chiefly in the middle of the day because the gradually weakening warmth of the sun made conditions somewhat more pleasant and tolerable. As was natural, Miss Sindhi did not seem to feel the cold and north winds so much as the older felines, Mrs. Fifi and Miss Ku'ei. Sindhi would evade all my efforts, all my attempts, to get her into the house when it was felt we had had enough. Being young and lithe it was not easy for a middle-aged 'Ma' to catch the elusive creature, but in the end we managed with a compromise (most Ma's, usually give in, in the end, just like all human Mamas): I would promise her a nice tidbit if she would come to me, and eventually she would put on her most charming manner and oblige. These sessions used to bring back to mind another incident, this time involving a big black cat who was so huge that he earned for himself the name of Mammoth. Mammoth had been staying

with us overnight because his Family were moving or something, and I was to take him from our apartment to South Kensington, London, where his Family would be waiting. Well, I took this great big cat down the stairs (it was a converted house and therefore no elevator), and being rather small myself Mammoth would have been capable of carrying me instead. A taxi was waiting by the sidewalk and we began to arrange the seating for the two of us when someone from the house distracted my attention, calling me back to discuss something or other. Suddenly there was a wild yell from the cab driver who was in a panic, and he was telling me, 'Hey Missus, yere cat's runnin' up the road!' Certainly by that time I was in a panic too, even if I did not show it, and fortunately Mammoth was a cat of great common sense who realized my difficult situation and suddenly turned around and began running towards me. I was most thankful for it would have been an unhappy position for me had I lost another person's CREATURE. Fortunately the London taxi drivers are, in the main, a philosophical and pleasant breed of individual, and judging from the remarks of this one he was now finding the whole situation cause for loud laughter. . . .

I do not find it easy to write this part of my narrative because it brings me closer to the time when Sindhi would no longer be with us in her physical body; though she has remained very close to us spiritually, communicating with us frequently during the ensuing years.

The time came when we could no longer ignore the situation — no longer blind ourselves to the truth. Our little Baby Cat, it was realized, was very sick indeed, suffering from damage to her brain which undoubtedly had been caused by a blow she must have received when a kitten and which had resulted in the lack of sight in one of her eyes. So, the time came when this little Cat Person, who had come to mean so much to us, had to make her lonely journey to the Land where she might recover; where she WOULD recover; to the Guv's 'Land of the Golden Light' or, as I like to think of it when I go visiting in my dreams, 'Catland'.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

THOSE who have read the Lobsang Rampa books may wonder how it was that there was never any mention at all of Miss Sindhi, until 'Twilight'; but there was a reason for it. This little girl cat was with us at the time the Guv was writing 'The Rampa Story' and he suggested she be included in this story; but she preferred it otherwise, so in deference to her wishes all reference to our Baby Cat was omitted. However, circumstances change over the years and now that she is a WELL person, with a balanced outlook, she has no objection to her Ma writing about our experiences together. I am reminded of the 35 mm photographic slides which were taken of the three Cat People sitting on the chesterfield in the living room, accompanied by their Ma. The Guv was the photographer and he posed the subjects beautifully — two creatures on my lap and Granny Grey-whiskers sitting by my side in her usual dignified French manner.

For a time we suffered a great feeling of loss and real sadness, but then we had to put aside our sorrow and get on, once more, with the process of living. Sindhi, after all, was much better off for she had been a most UNWELL little person during the greater part of her very short life span; so our loss was definitely her real gain and we just had to find satisfaction in her newly found health and happiness.

We had been in this country a little less than two years and the going had not been easy, many customs and ideas being quite different to those of Ireland and England, which was to be expected in a relatively NEW civilization. We did not quickly adapt to the brashness found in the two border towns in which fate had decreed we should find ourselves

for about five years following our arrival. The cost of living (a very topical subject at present) was much higher than we had been experiencing and, since our income was based on the 'Sterling' factor, it was necessary to practice the strictest economical methods in order to exist. But . . . in spite of the obstacles, we DID have our times of fun and merriment. The Guv and Buttercup, both being quite daring one never could predict what they would be up to next, and frequently I was beset by the greatest apprehension if they seemed to be away rather longer than usual. The Guv, being acutely alert mentally, physically too, especially in an emergency; and Buttercup, ever ready for something different, they undertook ventures which would have been beyond Ma's powers of endurance. We often smile, if not laughing outright, when Buttercup in a serious situation is overcome with laughter herself, and the more desperate the situation the more she sees the humorous side. One day she and the Guv came in dripping with water and Buttercup (like me on occasion) seemed incapable of telling a coherent story. We both seem to have a penchant for seeing the 'funny' side of a serious situation. However, it seemed from what I could gather from the Guv's description that he and Buttercup had been walking on the ice on the creek, which but recently had begun to freeze. Buttercup apparently stepped on a very thinly frozen part and, rather naturally, fell through. Of course the Guv reached out to grasp her hand, but he slipped too (we tease her, saying she pulled him in); so they both 'went under'. Obviously Buttercup saw the amusing side of the situation even while she was experiencing a thorough dunking, and I was given to understand she laughed all the way to the house. I really sympathized with her in her predicament since the same thing has happened to me — much to my embarrassment. Of course the Guv's sense of humor is often calculated to test one's self-control which, on occasion, seems to be almost nil as far as those two members of the household are concerned.

A few minutes ago I was telling the Guv what I had just typed, so he displayed an amused smile at the memory,

while at the same time remarking: 'Well, you know what really happened, don't you? It was like this . . .' So he went on to explain how there was stagnant water under the ice where the creek met the Niagara river itself. The fast-flowing water had scoured the underside of the ice, leaving only a thin platform on the surface which, when it was stepped upon, 'snapped like a carrot'. 'I don't think I can write that bit,' I commented. 'Snapped like a carrot does not sound good,' I continued. 'Go ahead' he said, 'that is an apt description and write this too.' So I have a little more comment from the Guy, and it pleases me for now we are quits since I contributed a page or two to Chapter Eleven of 'Twilight', he is reciprocating with a few lines in what will probably be Chapter Eleven of the Sindhi Story. So here are his further remarks . . . 'What is known in the Old Country (England) as Salt Ash Rig, which means "wet behind and no fish", because when people went fishing near Salt Ash Bridge they got wet where I said, but no fish because the river is polluted by dockyard effluvia.' I wanted him to write some more because my piece was longer, but he said 'NO! After fifteen books and all the hullabaloo about the last one — leave me out.' Too bad, I consider, but . . . who knows! . . . He may have second thoughts and help me out again when I need to have something explained. I certainly hope so for he is very kind and always ready to assist someone in distress. I must work on it . . . and I am fairly certain that another opportunity will present itself sooner or later; and, if necessary, he knows I will ask him outright for assistance. If I don't ask him he is sure to come along at just the right moment, probably with the remark: 'Well, what have you done now? Are you stuck or something?'

## CHAPTER TWELVE

AFTER reading the first part of my story someone suggested my narrative should be written in two or three parts, so this seems as suitable a time as any to make the division. The first part was completed over one month ago, in November, and looking outside one could easily believe that Spring had arrived. Well, Easter will be upon us in around three months so the winter will be a short one for us here in Calgary, the city which was named for 'clear running water'; but whether the meaning still holds good is a matter of opinion . . . . Let us not get too far ahead of ourselves for we are not yet out of the Christmas festive season. Actually I am writing this on Christmas Day itself as I ponder on the many delightful greetings I have received, even though there is no celebration of this event in our home. As well as the joy of celebration there often seems to be a lot of sadness as the old year is drawing to a close, giving way to the new. Today we hear of the devastation of a whole city in Australia where many people and animals have died; others injured; most of the survivors in danger of dire sickness; and nearly all of them left homeless.

From a more personal angle, I have just returned from a funeral parlor after paying my last respects to the memory of a friend's husband, the friend being quite distraught at this particular time.

One cannot feel anything but sadness at witnessing the grief of those who are left to struggle on alone, as best they can, following the 'loss' of a loved one, many people not being able to accept — not believing in anything following this life. It is especially hard for a husband or wife who had led a shared life over many years. An apt illustration for life

after death was given to me, and I would like to pass it on — the transition may be likened to the egg and the chicken: Does a chicken feel dead because it emerged from the egg? Rather is it very much alive. And the butterfly! Does IT feel dead because it emerged from the caterpillar? No, of course not — it too feels very much alive. How does one know that the chicken may not have felt imprisoned while in the egg; likewise the butterfly, waiting to emerge from the caterpillar state. Thus with the human body, or animal either for that matter. To leave the human shell temporarily, even in sleep, can be a wonderful experience, so how much more so to leave permanently. It seems that the greatest difficulty for those who ‘pass over’ is the grief which the friends and relatives display — those who are left behind. If we think about it, we who are left to mourn are really sorrowing for ourselves, for our own loss, and not for the one who has gone on to far, far greener pastures. Most of us have heard of one person at least who, while experiencing a serious illness, has told of going to some glorious place far more beautiful and more peaceful than anything which could be experienced down here. Especially does this seem to be true of a person who almost drowns, and then recovers — often expressing disappointment that the beautiful experience had to end. Then one has heard of someone who really did not want to return to their body, and they distinctly remember being told that they must return for their lifespan was not yet finished, and there was still a task to be accomplished or a lesson to be learnt.

Many books seem to have been written recently about the process of dying, and it is becoming accepted more and more that the so-called ‘mystery of death’ is nothing more than a transitory state, a condition commonly known as a state of transition such as happens in the case of the chicken and the caterpillar.

From a personal angle I can truthfully say that, although my Mother long ago passed to the other side of life, I still often feel her presence very strongly. This feeling is es-

pecially strong around Christmas time because, for one thing, she was a very spiritual person and this period meant a very great deal to her. Her strong religious convictions helped her greatly in coping with the many vicissitudes which beset her, not the least of her problems being her somewhat wayward daughter who had been anything but a placid child.

It may be advisable before going any further to mention the reason for my bringing something of my personal, earlier life into this story. This was also suggested to me so, just to show that not all May born people are always obstinate and cussed, and being in one of my more amiable moods, I conceded to this request — or suggestion. So, to return to the matter in question — the problem of death and transition.

In the days subsequent to my Mother's passing I was very unhappy for some time because she meant more to me than any other person. One may have many friends and associates but only One Mother, and I had never been able to envisage life without HER in the background.

I often had the impression that she was trying to contact me, trying to give me a message following her 'transition'. It seemed she was trying to impress upon me to go into a certain room where I would not be disturbed and there she would manifest herself before me. Paradoxically, I did not go, even though her message was insistent over a period of some days, and it must have been the cause of much sorrow for her. In those days I had a sort of fear regarding communicating with discarnate beings, so I did not do her bidding for I was apprehensive about coming face-to-face with a ghost. Why should I have been afraid (in death) of someone who had shown me only love, and the greatest affection in life??? As humans we are most strange, are we not? As a child I was extremely impressionable, and often timid (the aforesaid remark will no doubt cause much amusement in my present household), and it would distress me to walk past a churchyard on a dark night. I would look the other way and hurry past for I was quite sure I would see

something unpleasant. When I look back upon those days I wonder how I could have been so foolish, but then I realize that such are the foibles of childhood.

While on the subject of the 'other world', of which most of us still know so little, I am reminded of something which frequently happened to me as a child. In the morning, before actually awakening, I could feel myself spinning, spinning, spinning, like a top; and then finally — bonk, I was lying on my bed — awake and slightly confused. This used to worry me for a long time but now I know that I had been merely returning to my physical body after traveling around in my sleep and I happened to remember, to be aware of the occurrence. But in those days the whole thing was beyond my comprehension. Why am I telling of my own personal experiences instead of keeping to my favorite theme — CATS? Well, as previously stated, it is simply because it was suggested to me and, while I much prefer to live in, and write about the world of cats, especially my own creatures, I can be, on a very rare occasion, sweetly reasonable and prepared to follow another person's advice. I am always prepared to listen to anyone who has a worthwhile suggestion — and the other day a most charming gentleman of my acquaintance commented that he would like to see me writing a book, or books, for children. But to write for children one needs to have a special kind of outlook, and training perhaps; but I gave it a lot of thought and it would make me happy to be able to entertain this segment of society.

From the earliest days I can remember I have always felt that there was a special reason for my existence, for my continuing to keep on living. And I must have exhausted the proverbial nine lives of a cat; each time I have been in danger something prevented the event becoming a tragedy. It took me quite a long time before I realized my ultimate purpose, but now I am aware of it I am trying my best to fulfill my 'behind-the-scenes' task.

But let us get back to Christmas — the time for children, and for remembering — and for the Family life of Childhood. Hanging up one's stocking by the chimney (in a REAL house

instead of an apartment), waking up in the middle of the night wondering if 'He' had been, and not daring to make a sound lest one disturbed 'Him'. Santa Claus was a very REAL PERSON.

My Mother used to tell me about a little girl whose name was Topsy, and 'Santa Claus' visit to 'Topsy' is still imprinted on my consciousness:

'Through the loneliest hours of the night she watched  
For she knew the Saint would come  
Because right up from her childhood days  
He never had missed her home.  
But some of the girls at school had said,  
Had said it again and again  
That there really was no Santa Claus  
And as Topsy was only ten  
And the wisdom of ten was not very wise  
And the girls who said it were tall  
Our poor little Topsy had blinked her eyes  
Til the tears began to fall . . .'

This little rhyme, the origin of which I am unaware, was of such interest that it has stayed clearly in my mind, along with many other thoughts of a good and loving Mother whose only fault may have lain in her leniency towards her strong-willed, and sometimes hot tempered, daughter. But the example she showed would far outweigh any minor defects from which she may have suffered. A person who sees only the best in all other humans, always making allowances for them, must in my book of values have attained some degree of enlightenment.

Ah, yes, I still believe in Santa Claus.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

SOMEONE once said, 'It is not what we fear but what we desire that is most dangerous.' Surely that remark contains a great deal of truth for our desires are often exactly the opposite of what is good for us. Our fears often prove to be groundless, but our desires are something else again—

The other day I read an extract which shows that a fear, or apprehension of the unknown, is not uncommon. The piece went like this: A mother said to her child, 'If at night you see a ghost, or in the cemetery you see apparitions who threaten you, don't be afraid. Be brave and attack them; then they will run away.' The child considered the remark for a moment and then came back with, 'What if their mother has given them the same advice?' I thought this quite amusing, though very sensible from the child's point of view, and quite worth recording here since it fits in with my story.

When I was quite young I used to hear the older people discussing what they termed 'White Brothers' and apparently these discarnate figures could be seen quite clearly by certain people. A true experience was related by a man who was traveling on horseback through dangerous terrain. Suddenly a group of bandits were about to leap towards him, ostensibly to rob him and cause him bodily harm, when just as suddenly they drew back, nervous and afraid, with ashen faces, and disappeared. The man who had been traveling on horseback related that during the journey he had been accompanied by two figures, one on each side of him, and both of them riding horses. The white-robed figures were so solid as to be easily seen by the traveler — and apparently by the bandits also, hence their fright; thus the traveler was pro-

tected while he completed his mission. Being of a very imaginative nature, I would listen in awe about the society of the 'White Brotherhood'. Fortunately these happenings were accepted in my home, thus I had no trouble in accepting the unusual experiences which confronted me later in my own life.

You have heard people say, 'I have never seen a ghost. I have never seen anything unusual . . . Why don't I see some of the things I hear about?' . . . 'Other people see things but it seems that such experiences are not for me.'

How do we know whether or not we have seen a ghost which is merely an extension of a person, detached and manifesting some distance away from the physical body. You will find a person deploring the fact that they 'never see anything such as a flying saucer', and wondering why other people have all the luck. How do we know whether or not we have witnessed the sighting of a U.F.O.? Unless we are well acquainted with astronomy we cannot be sure that a 'star' in the sky is not an unidentified flying object. It has been my satisfying experience to witness some of these apparently unusual phenomena through a quite powerful telescope and anyone who has had such an opportunity as this would hardly be likely to disbelieve the fact of their existence. The magnified colors and shapes are a really wonderful, never-to-be forgotten sight. But I am not sufficiently informed, or experienced, to have a discussion regarding the pros and cons of U.F.O.'s, so I will leave this subject to those who are more enlightened on the matter — those who have really made a study of it.

I will stay with ghosts . . . which seem to be more my forte.

Some years ago I had a very interesting experience while living in the suburbs of London. I was standing on the platform at South Kensington waiting for the train which would soon be arriving, and which would take me the journey of twenty minutes or so to my home in Surrey. Just idly watching the other passengers and wondering who they were and where they might be going, what kind of jobs they might

have, etcetera, I saw an acquaintance, standing nearby, with whom I had recently been chatting in an office. I was a little surprised to see her going home so early as she had not appeared ready to leave when I had left. As the approaching train pulled up, stopping before us, we entered at the same time, and sat down together — immediately becoming engaged in conversation. The young lady seemed to be rather quiet; but she looked more full of color, more radiant, than she had seemed on other occasions. She was carrying a purse (or handbag) and a larger bag containing her office needs and the like, and these items attracted my attention — my eyes being riveted on their brightness. The colors of the large bag, especially, were quite vivid and seemed to be surrounded by a ‘special’ glow. The meaning I am trying to convey is one of extreme brightness, not actually more colorful but really GLOWING. We were not sufficiently closely acquainted to be talking about anything very serious or intimate, merely carrying on a light conversation — probably both wishing the journey was over so that we could quickly reach our respective homes. I had a beautiful silver tabby cat waiting for me, and I knew he would be anxiously awaiting my arrival; and he would be ready for supper so, after alighting from the train we sauntered out of the station and onto the street. I believe I asked her whether she was going my way; but apparently she wasn't — and she simply drifted away. Later that evening I mentioned the event to the third person who had been in the office that afternoon and how I had traveled with Miss Secretary. You can picture my surprise when I was told, ‘You could not possibly have traveled with her for she was still in the office talking to me:

What was it? An unsolved mystery? Not at all! Miss Secretary was merely thinking very strongly about her own affairs, and wanting to leave early, and she had used so much thought power in the effort that she had made a ‘form’ and actually traveled out to the suburbs in such solid form that she could be seen. This is not a rare occurrence for I have read and heard of many similar instances; so I do not

find it strange — but just something of extreme interest. The same very bright light was visible when my Silver Tabby was preparing to make his final farewell and getting ready to return to his heavenly home, and caused (I believe) by unseen entities who came to assist in his passing.

Another time I was sitting in a bus in the Maida Vale district of London. It was raining quite heavily and the bus stopped to allow passengers to enter or leave the vehicle. I was indulging in a bit of daydreaming, as usual, when suddenly I came back into focus at the sight of a young, attractive woman just entering the vehicle. She was fair-haired and wore an attractive headdress, and a coat light in color. It seemed most strange that, although there was a real down-pour at that time, this young person was completely dry — as dry as if she had stepped right out of a beauty parlor; and this surprised me! also the fact that she seemed to be enveloped in a ‘brightness’, which was missing as far as the other passengers were concerned.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

NEW YEAR — 1975: A brand new year and already just over one week has passed. In the light of experiences and events it feels more like several weeks, and it is nice just to sit down and record some of these happenings which are now history. Over and over again the thought comes to mind that really today is the only day which matters — having done one's best in each situation one can look back with satisfaction, and forward with anticipation to what one hopes will be even greater achievements tomorrow, which all too soon will be today.

Look to this day!  
For it is life, the very life of life . . .  
For yesterday is already a dream,  
and tomorrow is only a vision;  
But today, well lived, makes every yesterday  
A dream of happiness, and every tomorrow  
a vision of hope.

From the Sanskrit

With the New Year winter has really arrived in Calgary, although Winnipeg is having a much worse time; but the zero and sub-zero temperatures, with snow and strong winds which we are experiencing, are just enough for me as I get bundled up in warm clothing each morning at eight-thirty in preparation for a walk to the post office to collect our mail — a walk which I really enjoy. Today the local newspaper comments that 'Those who have been THINK-

ING “snow” will be rewarded, even if the price they pay will be bone-chilling temperatures.’ Unwittingly perhaps, the writer admits that Thought is Real, a form of energy which has the power to make things happen. This is encouraging for too often events are looked upon as ‘coincidence’. So, if the newspaper makes such a statement, why gosh, it must be true.

How many people just seem to act without much thought, expecting all good things will come to them without any effort on their part — not realizing that things happen only when we plan them first in our minds. We have to devote a great deal of thought power in our lives, otherwise we are no more, or less, than vegetables; and it has often been said that ‘we are what we think we are’. If we think confidence, we radiate confidence, and others will believe in us; but if we are timid, undecided and changeable, we transmit this atmosphere to those around us, leaving worth cultivating.

The past ten days have been full of activity and of planning; full of action which has brought some quite satisfactory results, including new acquaintances with like interests to my own.

On Christmas Day I had paid my first visit to a Funeral Home and witnessed the sadness of an acquaintance whose husband had passed away. Just one week later I was asked to assist in another case of sickness - this time a beautiful Siamese Mother Cat. Nikki, a delightful Blue Point, had been sick for some months and it had been decided that the time had arrived when her discomfort and pain should come to an end, and she should be allowed to go Home. The person with whom Nikki had lived for around twelve years was under great emotional stress, and she said she would appreciate some assistance during this trying time. So, a comfortable carrying basket was prepared for this delicate little creature and I went along to Shirley's house where she was waiting with Mother Cat Nikki. All arrangements had been

made and we drove carefully to the Pet Hospital (the West-side Hospital of course) where we were received with quiet understanding. Having passed the basket over to Dr. R., the veterinarian, we stayed until Nikki had quietly and peacefully passed on, to her Real Home, after which we made our way back to our own Unreal homes — our temporary earth abodes. In spite of the loss and accompanying sadness, we were left with a warm feeling of achievement knowing that Nikki, the little Mother Cat, would have no more pain and discomfort from the tumors which had caused her to suffer the trauma of surgery on several occasions; tumors which had probably been caused through the consumption of too many ‘pills’ when she was ‘calling’ and a delay of several years before spaying, and then only because the authorities decided the pills could be harmful.

At home Shirley has two male Seal Point Siamese, both of them of a quite mature age. One, Nikki's son Ichabod — aged ten years, and a Grampa Cat of sixteen years but who gives the impression of being very much younger. He carries his years very well, with dignity, and I was honored to meet this Cat Family, who were most polite when I visited them in their home. And I have been invited to call upon them whenever I find it convenient — which I wish could be more often.

If I were to give a title to the past week or so — the first days of 1975, it would just have to be ‘Feline Affairs’ week.

On the first day of the year a man asked me if I knew someone who would take his two Siamese cats because his landlord was making his life difficult, not wanting him to have pets in his house. Tiki and Shara, two Gentlemen Cats, were around one year old, he told me. They were Seal Point and very healthy, but if something could not be done very quickly they would have to be sent off to the S.P.C.A. Well, I had to make a number of telephone calls, and I spoke to a number of acquaintances about the situation — and came across quite a number of obstacles: Some people were interested but wanted only one cat; some wanted younger cats; others wanted this, and others that. I could not

bear to think of these two young cats being sent to the S.P.C.A., and the possibility of them being 'put to sleep' was something not to be contemplated. Something just had to be done! But what?

After much negotiating, and temporary arrangements made for the future, Shirley went with me to collect these two fine specimens, Tiki and Shara, and helped me convey them to the veterinary hospital for a check-up, etcetera. They were to have their annual distemper and rabies' shots, and were to be neutered since that is most essential for tom cats who are going to be so-called 'pets'. As we arrived at their house (a few minutes late since we almost got lost finding the place) they were waiting for us, and while driving to the Pet Hospital they displayed near-perfect manners; and they were no trouble at all. I have been given to understand they had received a good European disciplinary training, and everybody at the Pet Hospital was really excited at the sight of them, with their dark seal coloring. Shirley was very interested in a big female Siamese sitting in a big cage and waiting to be shipped to Toronto, most likely by air, where the Family were moving to a new home. Tiki and Shara had shared their home with three teenaged girls who would certainly miss their pets; and one was left with a feeling of sadness at the apparent uncaring attitude of a Landlord who would cause the disruption of two young feline lives, a disorientation which could take a long time to rectify.

Shara and Tiki are now in a temporary home (which may prove to be permanent), with understanding persons, a mother and daughter, who are quite intrigued with these two boy cats — although they already have a Family of Felines — and on the two occasions when I have visited them, Tiki and Shara greeted me enthusiastically.

So, the first days of January kept me so busy that there was no time to record the experiences until now.

But it is a nice time of the year for a number of reasons — one of the most important is the bringing together of friends, old and new; those who for one reason or another think

about us but never seem to get down to communicating — other than by telepathy, which can at times have as much effect as a letter. Such a person— is Gertrude Lavery, who lives in Australia, and she has corresponded with me for about a decade — or just a little less. Mrs. Lavery is of German origin and at one time we communicated via a tape recorder, but sickness and other commitments have intervened and now we manage quite well with about two letters a year — at Christmas and halfway through the year (on our respective birthdays). This interesting person, with whom I have exchanged many thoughts, many ideas and experiences, now lives in West Perth. She is very satisfied with her small apartment, and Mr. and Mrs. Hyde (who own the building) have been most kind and helpful — providing the greatest assistance during Mrs. Lavery's difficult period of ill health. And their Siamese cat, Cindy, often visits her and enjoys sitting on her lap while she reads and writes letters. Apparently Cindy is a very good Watch-Cat, and she won't allow any other felines into the yard. She has been known to terrify creatures who infringe on her territory, while they have to take refuge on the limb of a tree. Mrs. Lavery has given me permission to mention her in this story, even suggested it, and I am very happy to do just that as I was to receive last week her first letter of 1975. Mrs. Lavery has kept in touch through the years and her encouraging letters have cheered us in some of our darker moments.

Yes, we have had more than our share of 'dark moments', and this is one reason I want to keep my story light — to remember the pleasant times.

While on the subject of Australia I am reminded of another delightful person, who wrote several letters to us around the time that we first heard from Mrs. Lavery. This person was also living in Australia and I remember her particularly for the sympathy she showed at the time of the Lady Ku-ei's last illness, which was caused by the harassment of the media, and I will always remember how she finished one of her letters, with the following words:

‘Why do they (the Press) judge so harshly  
that which they do not understand — for  
judge you harshly they have.’

She was referring not only to the Press but also to various individuals who, through jealousy and envy, had taken great pains to egg them on.

Many times have I felt a glow of gratitude towards this English person who was at that time living in Australia, and often I have regretted losing contact with her — she who was there at just the right moment.

## CHAPTER FIFI'EEN

THIS will be the third part of my story; a true story by the way, and perhaps the pleasantest to record for I am going to tell of our two present Felines — our Cat People of TODAY; not yesterday, but of THIS DAY, and tomorrow, which soon will be today.

At this stage, here in Calgary my personal private life leaves nothing to be desired, but at the same time there is more than a tinge of sadness — in the fact of the Guv's extreme sickness and the pain which he suffers at all times.

We are often told, and we read too, that a certain amount of tension and stress is necessary for an individual to survive, to make progress, and that without this 'tension' we would be in danger of collapsing. Well, in my opinion and in the opinion of many others, Lobsang Rampa has suffered far more than should be expected of anyone; and much of the suffering could have been avoided if certain persons had attended to their own affairs instead of meddling in other people's business. It is very true that the more a person is working for the good of others, the more the obstacles appear and evil influences seem to fight for superiority.

Only this morning I heard from England that all kinds of people are putting out all kinds of stories; first time authors are going along with the news media and cashing in on what they have persuaded themselves is a bit of sensation, a bit of scandal, thereby hoping to secure for themselves a bit of temporary fame. I had not intended to introduce any of this into my story but I have been so disgusted at the things I have heard that my conscience tells me if I did not utter a word of protest I might just as well be condoning the acts of those who 'write' saying Lobsang Rampa is a phony — a

fake. It cannot be reiterated too often that his books are absolutely true; they are all his own experiences, and he and his works are accepted by enlightened Tibetans; the present Dalai Lama on occasion sending him encouraging messages, the latest being a few weeks ago through a mutual acquaintance in the United States of America. The severest of his critics must agree that he has something; it shows by the number of his books which have been sold and the number of persons who have been helped through them. These facts speak for themselves. It has been pointed out to us quite often that those who make the biggest noise are those who have never read the Rampa books and have no idea what they are about. It makes me sad that so much of this criticism originates in England, a country which the rest of the world has so long looked upon as an example of right thinking and right living. A certain section of the British, in spite of their apparent aloofness and fair-play attitude, are inclined to revel in sensational stories — not necessarily accurate, and more often than not anything but — I should know, having spent a good part of my life on that little island, and learned from experience. Some of the newspapers, especially the Sunday issues, can be really hair-raising, and once they get hold of a subject they tend to adopt a ‘flog a dead horse’ attitude; and the great reading public (the number is obvious if one checks on the number of copies sold), which consists of the greater part of the population, enjoys it ‘to the death’.

When I lived in Ireland a British pressman told me that truth and accuracy are secondary in importance when reporting — what really matters is the sensational value, whether it results in sickness, or even suicide, for the victim. The Pressman must have his story even if he has to ‘fictionalize.’ Probably small countries suffer from this much more than the larger areas of the world where, one hopes, the people have bigger minds and give the individual a chance to vindicate himself. An Englishman, Mr. Cyrus Brooks, once volunteered the remark, when we had commented upon the adverse and unwarranted publicity we were receiving, ‘Oh

well, an author stands up to be shot at.’ Well, it is the opinion of many people that Lobsang Rampa has received more than his share of shotgun blasts — mainly caused through hate and spite.

Some years ago we contemplated living on a much smaller island even, the smallest island in the English Channel. We were in communication with the late Sybil Hathaway, the Dame of Sark, who ruled over that little island. There was an accommodation problem so the idea fell through, but I often thought it would have been nice to live in a place away from automobiles, buses, and all power-drawn vehicles such as Sark island offered. On the other hand, I wonder whether we would have found the peace we were looking for, in a community that was little more than a village. Perhaps this is one of the reasons I enjoy Calgary, for here no one bothers us — we are left to live out our lives in whichever way suits us best. The people here must be amongst the most friendly in all of this large contingent, and it is interesting to see their smile of appreciation when they realize that one is a Canadian Citizen.

Cleo and Taddy, the Seal Point and Blue Point Siamese people are Canadian-born, of course, and they are futuristic felines, being born in the Constellation of Aquarius. Since they will be celebrating their respective birthdays towards the end of this month, it seems a most appropriate time to bring them into my story. They have brought much joy into this household, and we have a lot of fun together. Cleo, the little one (scraggy by Taddy's standards), is the most understanding Cat Person we have met. And Taddy, the big Fat Cat, need's a great deal of my attention and encouragement, not being quite so self-confident as her sister. I must point out that of course these two are the Guv's cats as well as mine but, really, it might be more accurate to look upon ourselves as 'their cats'. Cleo has a delightful sense of humor, and to see her put her little face up close to the Guv's ear and blow into his hearing aid is quite an amusing sight, as when she is sitting somewhere on high and reaches down to give me a light touch with her paw, being careful not to bonk me too

hard, for I understand she would not like to upset her Ma who I am proud to say she holds in high regard.

These two Cat Persons are as well-behaved as any creatures I have ever met, and probably better behaved than most. Just to show how well, I must relate the following — On these January nights, with their lower temperatures, I sometimes feel the cold in my bones, and since my bedroom faces North it never gets warmth from the sun. Therefore, I use an electric pad which warms the bed before I retire, and does the same should I wake up feeling chilly during the night.

Cleo often sits on the pad (which is covered by a sheet and a blanket) a little while before bed-time, and occasionally she drops off to sleep while she waits for me. The moment I am ready for bed myself this little cat will come sufficiently awake to trundle off to her own bed, sometimes shooting off like a bird, where she and Taddy have a hot water bottle to keep them warm.

This delightful gesture of Cleo's really impresses me — her supreme consideration for others; but that seems to be her whole attitude to life — to cause as little trouble as possible, and to help others whenever she can.

Taddy has a slightly different approach to life, believing herself to be a rather grumpy old biddy; but her Ma holds a rather different opinion of the Big Fat Cat who weighs around twice as much as her sister, Cleopatra. Taddy would be the first to agree that Taddy's main interest in life is FOOD, and I understand she believes herself to be UNDER-FED also.

Sometimes when I am reading in bed or listening to the radio, Fat Cat will come and plonk herself beside me, resting her paws on my arm so that I am unable to move, and there she will stay for perhaps half-an-hour; then she will go off to visit the Guv and check to see if adequate food has been left out for the night — 'for the cats'. A little later she returns and decides to relax a little by sitting on the pillow behind my head, arms folded and a look of bliss upon her sweet face. The other day someone gave me a tape recording from the

Jonathan Livingston Seagull film, so the three of us have been spending many enjoyable moments imagining we are sky-birds flying high with Jonathan Seagull, who laid that beautiful story written about him.

Cleo and Taddy take their duties very seriously and many times each night they wander off to visit the Guv, trying to cheer him and hoping to ease his pain with their purrs of affection, showing him how they care about his well-being. They have been known to take turns 'on duty', and when the Guv is more sick than usual they are very concerned indeed.

During the past two nights Miss Taddy has been putting in extra hours because she has been very worried lest the Guv was about to leave us. Oh yes, Taddy puts on an apparently gruff exterior but, in reality, she is possessed of a really nice and kind nature; and she is aided greatly by a most devoted and intelligent Cleo Cat. I understand Taddy is very proud of her knowledgeable sister, of the graceful curves and agile movements, and that when she refers to the 'skinny cat' she is merely making the remark in fun.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THERE must be no greater lovers of riding in an automobile than Siamese cats. Perhaps other types enjoy it too, but most of my experience has been with Siamese, and they were all fascinated with it. Fifi Greywhiskers was an exception, but she had traveled around so much in unhappy circumstances and conditions that, in the end, HOME was all she wanted. The Silver Tabby (of pre-Ku'ei days) objected most strongly when taken into a small Morris Minor car.

Yesterday we went for a drive towards the foothills, it being in the form of a celebration birthday party for Cleo and Taddy — for where would you find a S'mese inviting other S'meses, or any other kind of cat, to visit them. So — a drive seemed appropriate and we enjoyed it immensely.

It was the first time I had viewed the city from such a height and the atmosphere was so pollution-free that we could see everything in detail, from the television building on the Hill to the Calgary Tower (the mainland mark was clearly visible), as well as the many high-rise apartment buildings — one of which is our temporary home.

Cleo enjoyed herself by sitting on the rear window, arms folded, and looking into the car; while Taddy 'hiked' around under and over the seats, muttering occasionally when she stubbed a toe.

Many drivers and their passengers showed interest in the Little Cat, and as we would pause at intersections she was pointed out a number of times.

On the way home we called to see Tiki and Shara, and Mrs. Potter who looks after them, along with the other felines. At present she has a litter of Siamese kittens, and they all yelled together — then purred, putting their paws

out in greeting (Siamese cats are very polite if you treat them civilly, as intelligent persons). Of course I left Cleo and Taddy in the car with the driver and went into the house alone. Mrs. Potter cares for a number of cats, of different types, and her so-called 'Cattery' is one of the happiest places and best appointed I have ever heard of. The big 'cages' are two-floor affairs, and the inhabitants use a ladder covered with carpeting to ascend or descend from one floor to another. Tiki and Shara have settled down extremely well and it is quite likely that Mrs. Potter will adopt them permanently.

During the past few days, and seeing how Cleo and Taddy have become such beautiful creatures, I have been reminded of the time they first arrived into our household. Poor Little People! Rather undersized and somewhat afraid, I had brought them to Fort Erie from Niagara Falls one Sunday morning. Two weeks earlier I had gone to see these Little People with their sisters and brothers, and it had been my responsibility to choose them. We had already decided upon the Blue Point, who we were later to name Tadalinka; so I had to choose another creature to accompany her. I was told that the Little Cleopatra (who was named already) had near-perfect markings for a Seal Point and that I could take her if I wished, otherwise she would be kept for breeding purposes. So the matter was settled. But the Little People were two weeks short of being able to leave their Cat Mother and therefore arrangements were made to return for them two weeks later, and I was given to understand that those two stayed close together during the whole of the waiting period.

After the departure of Miss Ku'ei it had not occurred to me to consider having any more cats because the situation was quite unsettled as far as our movements were concerned we were not sure where we were going to be living.

Another problem was the frequent ban on having a pet in an apartment complex, and this was a cause of much concern. We were to have more problems in this respect a few years later when we moved to Western Canada where, in British

Columbia (Vancouver and Victoria, on the Island particularly), there is an almost total ban on having a pet. You could not be much worse off if you had the plague — you make a few inquiries and call upon one Superintendent after another and are offered a nice comfortable place, situated fairly high, with an attractive view, and within the price range you have set for yourself. Then, ‘Come along, Ma'am, I will take you up in the elevator and I am sure you will not be disappointed.’ I accompany Mr. Superintendent and we chat amiably, each of us weighing up the other; and we view the premises together; and then I am ready to discuss the project in more detail. Eventually, and before getting too involved, I casually mention my two well-behaved little Lady Cats. And then comes the bombshell: ‘Sorry, Ma'am, no pets allowed by order of the Company. It is Company policy.’ The atmosphere has changed and Mr Superintendent suddenly finds he has many things awaiting his attention and he cannot get away fast enough. It was for this reason that we found ourselves in Calgary, where Cleo and Taddy are more than welcome in our present home; but I understand that even in this city it is sometimes a bit difficult getting settled into accommodation if you have a Cleo or a Taddy. Just before leaving Vancouver we were attracted to a desirable location which offered a Penthouse, with a good view of the sea; so we experienced a short period of hopefulness. This time it was the janitor's wife who showed me around, and she was most friendly and anxious to have us because she said they were tired of renting to younger persons with ‘their noisy parties and rock'n roll mentality, and all that goes with it’. Especially did they need quiet tenants because the people in the adjoining Penthouse were rather important; they had been there for some-time and already there had been some annoyance through previous fellow tenants causing a disturbance on the communicating patios.

‘You are just the type of people we want,’ said Mrs. Caretaker ‘who don't make too much noise and so cause less trouble for us.’ ‘That's just fine,’ I answered ‘but you know

we have two “pets”, two Siamese Ladies,’ and I observed her reactions as I made the announcement. She made no secret of the fact that in her mind we would be a most desirable family to have in her building, so I was counting on it rather strongly. After giving the matter a few seconds consideration she suggested we just take the cats into the apartment as quietly as possible, not mentioning about them to anyone, assuming that once inside they would never need to be taken out until we were leaving the place. What to do about the patio was not mentioned, and I imagined the scene if Cleo and Taddy were to wander into the neighbors' quarters, unannounced, when cats were not even allowed into the building.

Apparently the Rental Manager, who was off duty (otherwise he would have interviewed me), was not in a position to allow pets so Mrs. Janitor warned me not to mention anything about it to him when we would sign the lease; so I told her I would have to discuss the matter with the other members of my Family and then I would contact her again. Naturally the Guv would not agree to such an arrangement. He would not take his Cat Children ‘through the back door’. They would enter openly with us or we would give up the idea altogether, which we did; and, as I mentioned, that was one of the reasons we took off for Calgary, which proved to be somewhat more humanitarian — or should it be ‘humane’?

Oh dear, there I go digressing again! But now let us return and pick up the loose threads which we left in Fort Erie. Following the time that Sindhi had left us we had been beset by many difficulties, which finally resulted in our making a journey to South America where we hoped things would improve. While the trip was most educational it proved to be anything but a happy period. Certainly the climate of Uruguay was pleasant, without extremes of temperature, so it was fortunate that by the time we set foot in Canada again Spring was already with us.

During that summer in Fort Erie, Miss Ku'ei and I spent many moments strolling along the street outside the small

dwelling where we were living. Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers had passed on some time before, thus Ku'ei felt a great sense of loss; and this loneliness for her adopted sister brought us closer together, but often when we were enjoying our walks in the warm sunshine I felt an urge to provide for her as much companionship as possible because I had a feeling, a premonition if you like, that it would probably be the last summer we would spend together; which, unhappily, proved correct.

She struggled through the following Fall and Winter months, and the following Spring, as the days began to lengthen she seemed to be a little brighter — to be improving a little. Naturally I was very happy about this; but my joy was short-lived for, suddenly, sadness tinged our lives once again, with disastrous results for my Ku'ei Cat.

A Press reporter arrived from the local newspaper to tell us about an incident which had occurred in England and he wanted to see what we had to say about it. A young man had committed suicide, and while that in itself was not uncommon, it seemed that one of Lobsang Rampa's books had been found in the young man's room, along with works by other writers no doubt, but apparently none so well-known as the Guv; therefore not so newsworthy.

Just tailor-made for the Press though, and with a fair amount of encouragement from one or two private persons who considered they had 'an axe to grind', the affair was blown up out of all proportion to the actual facts.

Fortunately, having been forewarned, we were not too surprised or startled when, towards the evening of the same day, another Pressman appeared at our door. Oh, yes, he was a middle-aged individual who appeared full of concern for us, being quick to accept our hospitality and, on the surface, a typical friendly Canadian.

The story he told was that he had been to the Niagara Falls area 'on a case' and as he was driving along, preparing for the return journey to Toronto, he had received a telephone message in his car. He said his Head Office had told him there was a news item in the offing and, since he was in

the area, he may as well call and investigate it. All very casual on the surface. Apparently he had shown little interest in the project, which anyway was going to delay his arrival home in Toronto, until he suddenly realized it was something to do with the author of 'The Third Eye' which was causing the interest; so then, he said he was 'turned on'.

It was after that interview at Fort Erie that I vowed I would never again cooperate with a newspaper man or woman, after the way this one accepted our hospitality professing friendship and understanding of the situation and leaving with a promise of sympathetic coverage, together with a book by the author which he said he was sure he would enjoy reading. The next day we were greeted with a report which we might never have recognized except for one or two remarks, and the author's autographed volume having been included in the 'copy' with the caption, 'The Murder Book'.

Yes, apparently a nice family man, brimming over with sympathy and understanding — returning again two days later to complete his investigation, but not receiving such a friendly reception — and there disappeared any confidence I might ever have felt towards ANY news reporter.

Miss Ku'ei, having seen this type of thing happen again and again during her comparatively long life, just gave up and her condition rapidly deteriorated until she could no longer withstand the lies and deceit, the treachery and misrepresentation of the facts — man's inhumanity to man which to so-called 'dumb animals' is beyond comprehension — and so she left us.

Was it coincidence I wonder that, before too long, that particular newspaper left us also. It ceased publication and is no longer in circulation—

Anyway, I have often given a thought to that particular reporter — without admiration.

Ours was not an isolated case of harassment and from what one learns the situation is not getting any better. Just today I read a comment by Lauren Bacall, the screen and stage star who surely has led an exemplary life, and there

seems no reason that she should be maligned by the media. Like many of us she has suffered many difficulties and setbacks not of her own making; and she was a great help to her husband, Humphrey Bogart, during the critical days of his terminal illness.

Regarding the Press, she has this to say: 'Probably the most infuriating things are the lies they tell about you. I don't understand why people make up such stories. Does it make them feel important?' (McCall's — February 1975). With Miss Bacall, many of us are left with no answer unless it is that newspapers sell in greater number if they concentrate on SENSATION and FICTION, rather than the TRUTH.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

How often have I proved the truth of the saying that 'every cloud has its silver lining'. Just when everything appears at its blackest, there, on the horizon, glows a ray of sunshine and hope.

Suddenly we were confronted with an unpleasant situation, although the whole affair had really been nothing at all to do with us, and this situation led to the loss of my dearest companion, The Lady Ku'ei.

I grieved for myself. I was very lonely without her company, though she was much better off having gone to join Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers and Miss Sindhi, and all the others who were there waiting for her to return Home. Showing a selfish attitude I did not enjoy being left alone and I did not want to experience such a situation again. I reasoned that if I did decide to have another creature, inevitably I would have to repeat this experience one day — assuming I lived that long. The next one would leave and once more I would be overcome with grief. Then, as the picture became a little clearer, and feeling a little less selfish for a moment, I thought: 'Supposing MY life-span should prove to be shorter than that of another Cat Person! What would become of the creature who by then would have become used to MY ways and the ways of MY household?'

Eventually, after much thought and discussion with the Family, I saw that perhaps all these obstacles may only be excuses and that here was another opportunity for helping Cat People who need to get their earth experience just as we humans do, otherwise they would not be placed down here. If I could help to make life easier, even for one of them, then surely it would be worthwhile. So eventually I decided to go

ahead with plans for finding a Little Person. And my search ended when I met those two, Cleopatra the Seal Point Siamese, and Tadalinka the Blue Point Siamese, and they provided the silver lining to the dark clouds. This was just what we needed, but once more our peace had been disturbed and again our lives were not our own.

Various reporters, fiction, or rather 'feature' writers, whose work might at times appear more fictional than fact, kept appearing at our door, all wanting to tell a story, and life was becoming quite unbearable for us.

Again we had to review the situation, and it was obvious we would have to consider making a further move, something not one of us was happy about since we had barely settled down following our South American experience. To those who say, 'It must be wonderful moving around all the time, seeing fresh places and getting to know different people', I would tell them: 'Don't you believe it, for unless you are absolutely compelled to do so the time taken in physical and mental energy, the cost of moving, and the things which get 'lost' or damaged in transit, added to the problem of arranging a new home (an accommodation address in our case, which is usually a post office box), and making oneself known to the business people, etcetera, can leave one quite exhausted.' You might ask, 'Why a P.O. Box. Can't you have your mail sent to your home? Why run around making extra work for yourselves when the mailman will go to your door?' To that I can only say that it does not work because we have tried it. When we lived in the Montreal area we thought we would take a chance and use our private address, which we did to our regret. People would just wander around the grounds of Habitat and look for us, especially on Sunday afternoons. They wanted to meet Lobsang Rampa, the well-known author, and they thought it was just a matter of asking and they would have immediate access to him; and of course they were quite surprised and disappointed when they had to leave without seeing him. One amusing experience comes to my mind, and this was a case of two young readers of the Guv's books. One

day when he was out these two arrived at the door; they were quite pleasant and well-mannered and, I believe, they were just temporary visitors to Montreal, having traveled from the U.S.A. It is not easy to deter young people these days; they wanted to sit on the steps outside to await the return of Lobsang Rampa — the object of their visit. At last I persuaded them that it would be foolish to wait since their presence would not be exactly welcome; but not before they spied a pair of shoes just inside the door, exclaiming, “Tell us, are those *his* shoes.” As they walked away, looking quite disappointed, I felt sorry for their wasted journey.

Well it was a good thing all was quiet when the Guv returned because he gave me to understand that I had done well to shoo away the visitors because they would not have been at all welcome. Still, I knew just how they felt, and later they wrote a nice letter of apology for disturbing us.

As will often happen in life, something good comes along just when we seem to have come up against a blank wall, and this was one of those times. Knowing that if we were to stay on in Fort Erie, especially in the same accommodation (and there was little choice, for rented houses or apartments were at a premium in those days), we could not expect to be left alone. We felt it was essential to make other arrangements, and quickly.

*But what could we do!* In which direction might we turn. Feeling less than cheerful, I went around to the Post Office to buy some stamps and post some packages, and while I waited my turn at the counter I heard a voice behind me which seemed familiar. I turned around to see who it was and there stood a young matron who I had not seen for quite a while. I felt a bit more cheerful while chatting with Lillian who always had an encouraging attitude to life. We talked for a few minutes and then I happened to mention that we contemplated having a change moving to a fresh location, and to my surprise she was able to make a suggestion. It seemed she had contacts about three hundred miles away — far up the St. Lawrence River, near the city of Brockville, and still in Ontario. She gave me an address and a telephone

number, so after a quick 'thank you' and a quicker 'good-bye', I hurried home with the good news. At last it seemed that we may have found a place which would suit us, temporarily at least, and I personally felt that so-called 'fate' had not deserted us.

Fate! Or an interested entity! I am inclined to believe the latter for, while Lillian and I were together talking, I had the strongest impression of Miss Ku'ei. It seemed that SHE was responsible for arranging that meeting in the Post Office, and during all the intervening years I have continued to believe it was so. Miss Ku'ei and Lillian had saved the day for us and we were to enjoy a period of peace and calm during the ensuing months.

It must be quite difficult to arrange things down on our materialistic earth, where we hardly dare allow ourselves to believe, or contemplate, anything which we cannot see or prove.

It has been explained by the Guv that one can liken it to the act of trying to put a phonograph needle on a certain part of a disc, hoping to touch the right place. To arrange for two persons to be at the same place at the same time can prove quite a feat — the rate of vibration of a discarnate entity is much more rapid than ours on the earth plane and it is not exactly a simple matter to just make something happen at a certain time.

So many happenings are attributed to so-called CHANCE, coincidence, or blind fate. But if our senses were a bit more 'alert' we would realize that most things are planned. Of course we have free choice in our actions, within certain limits, but it is how we think and how we act that determines what happens to us. This I know from absolute personal experience, for if I were feeling dispirited and gloomy everything would go wrong and the atmosphere would be radiated to those with whom I might come into contact — to those around me. On the other hand, when I have felt cheerful, contented and happy, everything would go right. If I went on a shopping expedition the articles I bought would be harmonious and satisfactory, while an unhappy mood

would produce the most terrible results — wrong colors and wrong styles in the way of clothes or furnishing for the home. One particular time, I was having new eye-glasses and while the lens might have been fine the color of frames I had chosen were atrocious — for me; so dull that they looked dowdy, and certainly they did nothing for me. Another time, I purchased some house slippers while in a blue mood and they were of a most unpleasant style, not suitable at all. This sort of thing happens very rarely these days, I am happy to relate, for I feel more equable than ever before in my life. Therefore, I am less likely to make a mistake in judgment.

Since I have been guided into the way of what I call ‘Right Living’, I have seen and learned many things which previously I had just taken for granted, thus missing many of the more real joys of life.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

MOVING one's home (as I believe I have mentioned before) is, to many people, a traumatic experience, and in our circumstances it definitely was no picnic for my household.

Sometimes, in my idle moments, I would count up all the different homes where I had found myself at various times in my life. It was easily a good runner up with sheep-counting, if one had difficulty in inducing sleep and one had tried everything else. It was quite interesting to visit again, in my mind, some of the nice places and some not so nice, but each interesting in its own way; and I enjoyed recalling some of the associations I had made throughout my life.

There was the experience of quite young days, trying to ride a bicycle on a country road where I had to mount the machine on the grassy slope at the side of the road and, if possible, dismount the same way — unless I had fallen off in the meantime. ‘Why all the fuss?’ you may ask. Well I learned to ride on a man's bicycle since that was all there was available, and I never managed to get onto the thing in the accepted manner. However, I managed in the end to transport myself from one place to another, often ‘losing my head’ in an emergency and riding over small stones or anything else I might try to avoid. My sense of direction and balance would never win me a diploma, that was certain.

A certain charming gentleman of the district used to take a walk with his wife each evening and apparently he derived much interest and amusement in watching me while I engaged in the difficult maneuvers. However, I could forgive him for what I then considered his misplaced mirth, for this gentleman, who has now passed on, gave me a great deal of encouragement and guidance at a time when it was most

needed and the association helped me to understand what life was all about; and for this I have always felt kindly towards this man — one of my earliest mentors.

Although I did not realize it at the time, I see, on looking back, that I must have been something of a tomboy — and I was always falling and getting cuts and bruises. A few years later, after I had become a rather better bicycle operator, I decided I would like to try my luck on a motorcycle so I ‘conned’ a friend into letting me try. It was a nice sensation but I decided to stick to my ‘cycle’ as I had by then acquired a machine more in keeping with ‘a lady’ (with strings over the spokes of the rear wheel, which protected my clothing).

How these things stay in one's consciousness, having been indelibly impressed in the formative years. And there is another mini-story I must relate, for anything which can make us smile is worth recording — provided the amusement is not at the expense of another person's feelings: In my youth I was a regular churchgoer, sometimes twice on a Sunday but invariably once, as well as Sunday school in the afternoon. Often we had lay preachers taking the service because the Minister in charge of the diocese could not be in all the places at once. Some of our lay preachers had a most interesting message for the congregation, and I have always thought of one man in particular because he was such a good God-fearing person and, what was most important, he ‘practiced what he preached’ which was a simple and straightforward way of life. He was employed by a farmer in the capacity of ‘shepherd’, which occupation appealed to us children for wasn't he in the same occupation as that of his Master, his Leader, the entity whose concepts he followed? Yes, he was indeed a faithful disciple of the Good Shepherd, and for this he was respected. But it was not altogether for this reason that the memory of Old John has stayed with me; it was his natural manner — so friendly and genuine; and he spoke in just the same style whether he met one in the street or whether he was delivering a sermon. One Sunday morning, when he had been designated to take the

service, everything went as usual and we were enjoying the hymns and the prayers — and then we came to the sermon. Perhaps we had been a little late in starting the meeting, or the hymns might have taken longer than usual, or the prayers; after which we sat back to enjoy the discourse, ready to listen to John's theme for the day. He had been expounding his views for some minutes when suddenly he took out his watch from his vest pocket and announced, 'My goodness, it's late! I must not be too long for my Sarah Ann will have the dinner ready.' So the service finished quite promptly, with John the shepherd hurrying home to his Sarah Ann and no-one minding; instead, everybody loved him for his simple manner. This delightful old gentleman left his earthly shell many years ago but I will always retain a soft spot in my heart towards him. It seemed to please him that I had the same name as his wife, and when he saw me coming along the road towards him he would call out happily, 'Ah, here comes our Sarah Ann!'

And so, one pauses to contemplate, 'Where would we all be without our fond memories of past days?' They sure help to improve the present, and make a better TODAY.

So, there it was; soon we were making plans for the next important step in our lives, all the time wondering what this Tomorrow had in store for us. Cleo and Taddy were barely four months old, and they had been with us less than two of those months — barely time to get settled into the Family Routine. But even at that early age they were very alert, and once I very nearly suffered a heart attack where I couldn't find them anywhere in the apartment. Eventually, having searched in every other place, I had the stove pulled away from the wall in the kitchen and, with a sigh of relief, I saw those two miniature kittens emerging, looking surprised and slightly the worse for wear. They were such tiny creatures, even for kittens of their age, and that is why I called them 'miniature'.

It was fortunate that this time the proprietor of the store where we had bought our furniture was willing to take back everything. It was all in such good condition, and had been

purchased so recently, that he had nothing to lose — deducting just enough to cover the cost of getting the goods back (although he had his own van), plus a little more to cover his ‘overheads’; and he would still make a profit, he said. This arrangement was a great relief to us, and we were more than satisfied with the arrangement. Since we were going to be living in furnished accommodations again we had only our personal belongings to transfer, and as we had not had a preview of the place it was deemed wisest to take as little as possible, giving us more room to move around, assuming there was that much space available.

For two nights before the journey it was necessary to stay in the Hotel at Fort Erie because we would be without furniture, linen, or anything, if we had stayed in the apartment. The arrangement was awkward, but unavoidable, because the furniture was taken away two days before we left, while our personal things (suitcases, etcetera) would not be going until the evening before our trip to Prescott — our final destination. However, it all worked out satisfactorily; and in any case we couldn't have done much about it when the store proprietor was, in a way, doing us a favor, and we had to have the removal van on the only day it was available. Difficult though it is to have to break up one's home, there are a few compensations — the most important being the wonderful feeling of ‘freedom’: Freedom from too many possessions, and freedom from getting into a rut. After all, there is still truth in the old saying, ‘It's an ill wind that profits no-one.’ So, indirectly, the press had propelled us out from a certain amount of security, and forward into an as yet unknown future with its unexplored experiences. The price had been costly; not only the loss of a loved creature, but financially; for even in our grief we have to live and sustain ourselves physically.

It entailed a certain amount of waiting, on each of those two days, before everything was cleared away from the apartment, so I was able to exercise my mental processes (which had become somewhat ‘rusty’ during the past months while we had been marking time). What a strange

feeling to be sitting amongst a pile of suitcases and other packages, together with the furniture. And after the furniture had been taken, it was even more strange to be in an empty apartment with only one's personal goods. Have you ever noticed how an empty room 'echoes'? And how such weird impressions pervade the atmosphere?

I relived some of our experiences of the past year, and even further back — back to the time of the writing of 'The Third Eye' when we had been living in MOST DIFFICULT conditions. I often marveled how that book was ever written — the Guv typing while an irate neighbor banged on the adjoining wall because the typewriter was aggravating her nerves. In spite of all the obstacles, I could still recall a few pinpoints of shining light which were made possible by the Guv's patience and sense of humor; AND Miss Ku'ei with her own particular sparkle.

For some reason my thoughts kept dwelling on the kindness and tolerance of the Guv: How understanding he had been when my Silver Tabby had passed on; how he explained that, although the grief was mine, I was making it difficult for Mr. T. Cat to settle down in his new surroundings while I mourned for him. The Guv had taken me from the suburbs of London into the city to get a Cat magazine, where we could find an advertisement for Siamese kittens. He had not been feeling well, and I was not very interested in the venture, but eventually I began to see the sense of his suggestion and acted upon it. As usual the Guv knew best, and this resulted in the arrival of the Lady Ku'ei, who proved such a blessing to us — a definite one-person cat who careered around the curtains and furniture, and who (when I was alone with her) would let out a low growl, almost like a dog. We had been quite concerned, on the second day after her arrival, when we realized she had climbed a good way up the living room chimney. With the use of a mirror we could see her sitting there on a protruding ledge — refusing to be coaxed down and too far up the chimney for us to reach her. In the end the Guv had to drill a hole through the outside wall and make a space big enough for

her to be reached and brought out. Quite amusing in retrospect but not so funny at the time.

I often envied the ability of the Guv and Miss Ku'ei to communicate so perfectly by telepathy; but I was fortunate in receiving any messages which were of special interest, and any which were meant for me. In those days of Miss Ku'ei's early life we had many creatures in our garden—baby shrews and mother shrews, and a delightful mole, with her young. It was a great pleasure to watch these people from our window. One day a neighbor cat, or was it a 'stray' had wandered into the garden. Somehow it had got caught on the wire fencing dividing the gardens, and since it wore a collar it was unlikely that it was a stray. There it was — in a most undesirable situation; and if the Guv had not hurried out and rescued it, soon it would have been a dead cat — hanged by its own collar. And there was the starling who had been injured, and who was hidden amongst the foliage — almost ready for leaving this life. The Guv had stroked it . . . spoke to it . . . and helped it on its way to happier pastures. He explained to me that the bird could now depart knowing there was still LOVE and COMPASSION to be had amongst earth people — and thus the little creature would adjust all the more quickly to its next stage of existence.

I have often thought of the shelter that trees and other foliage have provided for nature creatures in their distress — for trees, especially, have far greater powers than is believed by the majority of people, not only physically but in the way of intelligence. Trees definitely are thinking entities, of a high order.

As I dwelt upon memories of nature people, I remembered the time in South America when the Guv was standing by the window — looking out. When I inquired the reason for his sad expression, he remarked that he was just watching a bird who was coasting around trying to find a place to die. By telepathy, the Guv knew that the bird's nest had been destroyed by vandals and the bird had lost the will to live. So, I thought, telepathy, too acute, can be a two-edged weapon.

Soon it would be time to leave the apartment, so I must not take too much more time with my reminiscences . . . but, before my eyes came the picture of a little rabbit which I had as a child. Somehow it found its way through a hole in an old sofa and disappeared into the interior, and my mother told me later that I wept the whole night through, wondering at the fate of my pet. But now time was passing; the suitcases and everything had been taken away to the station — so I would have to go too. Taking a last look around, locking the door, and leaving the keys with the Landlord nearby, I wandered over to check the luggage at the baggage department of the Canadian National Railroad Station, and then made my way to the Hotel to join the others. We were all tired and needed a good rest in preparation for the next day's journey. That night it was not necessary to count either sheep or houses — my relief was so great that we were finally ready, and sleep beckoned with open arms.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE Thousand Islands — a real wonderland; and that was the district we were bound for. I have often marveled that the name was not immortalized in some other manner than that of salad dressing. ‘What kind of dressing would you like with the salad, ma'am?’ is the frequently asked question on visiting a restaurant. If one is slow to answer the inquiry is followed by, ‘The Thousand Islands, perhaps?’; and because it is so well known and palatable — which accounts for its popularity — that is what one takes in the end. Still, I think those beautiful and historical islands are worthy of being associated with something more inspiring than mere food. You don't agree with me! Well, we are all entitled to our own opinion and I stick to mine.

It was a glorious day for traveling, and the flight did not take long, but we had to start out from Fort Erie by car for we took off from Welland, some miles away. There was no airport at Fort Erie, but the car ride was no problem. Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy did not like the noise of the plane; but now they are well-seasoned travelers, and that was the first of many trips by road, rail and air. The aforesaid remark brings to mind a radio program from England during the days of the second world war. The participants, it would be announced, had arrived by land, sea and air; and the name of the program was ‘In Town Tonight’, prepared by Peter Duncan — a very well-known radio personality. Sorry, another digression! So, back to the events of the day.

It was around three o'clock in the afternoon when we reached another non-commercial airport, near the city of Brockville, because Prescott being somewhat smaller did not

have one, and from Brockville we had to drive the ten or twelve miles to our destination.

Yes, the Cat People had completed their first flight . . . and in the years to follow there would be more. I thought it fortunate that by reason of the day of their birth they ought eventually prove to become excellent travelers, especially air travelers, for is not the sign of Aquarius one of the three airy signs, and very futuristic?

Personally I enjoy flying, but the others of the family (human especially) are not so enamored with it. However, it was a case of Hobson's choice for there was no train between the two points, and a journey by road would have been too exhausting for all of us, taking about six hours, perhaps more. and the best route would have been through part of the U.S.A. which might have posed a few extra problems. So, after all, the air trip was worthwhile and we were able to provide a little pleasure for a Fort Erie friend who had done many services for us, and still continues to do so. This episode had its amusing side too, and it seems that if your mind is so tuned you can often see something funny in any situation. Since the aircraft had to return to Welland in any case, we thought Pauline might as well enjoy the trip, and she was most anxious to accompany us, but she had one small cause for concern: She had two young daughters and they were quite worried about the safety of their mother traveling homewards in the company of two men — the pilot and co-pilot. Of course Pauline considered it a huge joke, but it made her feel good to know that her children were so very concerned for her welfare.

With certain misgivings we approached the Daniels Hotel . . . and entered, inquiring for the manager, who soon appeared; so we introduced ourselves and soon we were directed to our suite, which proved to be eminently suitable. Although we did not know it then, the year ahead was to prove one of the most satisfactory periods we had encountered for a long time. Ivan Miller did everything possible to make us comfortable, and our accommodation was

quite adequate for our needs. Ivan took a great liking for our Cleo and Taddy, and he would greet them with, 'How are you Guys.' They had a great love for Ivan in return.

We seemed to have made a very satisfactory move, and I was reminded of a remark made some years previously, when we lived in Windsor, and we had a visitor from Upper Canada (from the Kingston area) who said, 'Why don't you come to live in the Kingston district, or further up the St. Lawrence river where all is calm and beautiful?' This person found Windsor too industrialized, and too low-lying. Well, I reflected, here we are, and soon we shall find out for ourselves whether we will like it or not. In the days to come we explored the area and came to know the surrounding district very well.

It was during those pleasant Prescott days that we came to know Mrs. Mary Ann Czermak from San Francisco, when she had reason to come to our part of the world; and I was speaking to her a few days ago when she mentioned that not only might I mention her in my story but that 'indeed she would be honored to receive mention'. So, thank you, Mary Ann! And I'm happy to know you still have pleasant memories of the Canadian food. Mrs. Czermak wanted to make something of her life besides just being a housewife, so the Guv suggested she study photography more deeply since she was an exceptionally good amateur photographer even then. Following his advice she now augments the family income by doing just that; and she specialized in photographing horses for a time, attending shows and meeting many interesting people. Since she was able to work in her own neighborhood, the greater part of the time, she was able to combine her lucrative hobby with her homemaking duties, which were not allowed to suffer at all. About seven months ago Mrs. Czermak acquired a little stray kitten (who is now a lovely cat), and just this morning I received a delightful picture of Cat Person Suzuki, sitting in a dignified pose inside a dishwashing bowl, if a pose in such a setting can be termed 'dignified'. I had mentioned in a recent letter that, judging from her handwriting, Mrs. Czermak had

'blossomed' since the advent of Suzuki; her writing was more rounded and pleasant. She agreed with my comments, saying she felt herself to be a different person, and continued: 'Nobody has ever shown me such unconditional love as this little Girl Cat.' And it seems the whole family agrees that it's impossible to imagine the household without her. A nice tribute! Mrs. Czermak has quite a liking for Canada and its beautiful scenery, having visited this country several times. She came to New Brunswick while we were there and later paid us a visit in Montreal. She took a trip by sea from Saint John, New Brunswick, to Digby, Nova Scotia, on the ferry, and she was so enthralled that she ran out of film before the outing ended.

She amused me the other day when she mentioned the most delightful Bay of Fundy prawns she had enjoyed at the Moon Palace Restaurant in Saint John, where we had dined one evening. 'What a memory', I told her . . . 'To remember after all these years'. 'Yes', she said, 'I can still see in my mind's eye the lovely reddish color of those prawns.'

It appears to me at this moment that a good title for this book might be 'Flowers of Friendship', for so many pleasant incidents come to mind which cannot be ignored. I have mentioned previously that friendships do not come easily, and neither do they — quality definitely being preferable to quantity. It just occurred to me the other day that my few personal friends are owned by Cat People, and that makes the association all the more precious. Another truth has dawned upon me, and it is this: You can have a really close association, leading to a firm and lasting friendship, with someone you have never met physically. I have such a friend in Tessamarie — and her Siamese cat, Keeta. In our more difficult times we have been able to provide encouragement and pleasure for each other, through letters and very infrequent telephone conversations. This is a person for whom I have much admiration, and the only problem I encounter is in trying to decipher her minute handwriting; but this is quickly overcome by using a small magnifier, and her cheerful comments are well worth the

effort. At my bedside I have a little book of Oriental Wisdom which Tessamarie kindly presented to me, and I enjoy reading the philosophy of Confucius, Lao-Tse and others.

Having mentioned a number of feminine acquaintances and friends, and lest it be thought one may have an aversion to masculine companionship, let me hasten to record that such is not the case . . . my few close associates do include the opposite sex.

Not everyone who reads this wants to hear about ALL the people who interest me, or who are interested in me, but I might mention two or three of the persons I have known for a few years. The first two have the same name but they are spelt in different ways — there is John (who I have known the longest), and Jon (who came into our life a little later). Both these gentlemen are friends of my Family and we have come to know each other quite well. John has visited us a number of times and we have spent many interesting moments in each other's company. A follower of the Guv's beliefs, and an avid reader of the Rampa books, he has introduced me to a few other interesting authors. One of the nicest things John ever did was to bring along the story of Jonathan Livingston Seagull by Richard Bach, because otherwise I might have missed that delightful story.

The other friend, Jon, is another person who finds great benefit in following the teachings of Lobsang Rampa, and he has often commented how his life has changed for the better since he has known the Guv. Jon is interested in photography and he has made astonishing progress in a matter of two years and, since he is owned by two beautiful cats, he is never short of a photographic subject; and some of his pictorial scenes are something to be remembered. Living in British Columbia gives one many opportunities for making artistic reproductions of mountain, ocean, and city life. This friend paid us a visit last month and just before he arrived I had cut my finger. 'Look,' I said, 'I have sliced the end off my finger.' He looked (although the sight of blood makes him feel squeamish), considered for a moment; then, with a

whimsical smile commented, 'My goodness, but don't you think that is a drastic method of trying to lose weight?' We enjoy his sense of humor even though at times it might seem rather misplaced.

Another gentleman of our acquaintance lives in England and he visited us here in Canada some years ago, so it was my pleasant duty to show him around a corner of our country. The particular Province was that of Quebec and the city was Montreal, so there was quite a lot to see in that particular corner; and, being an ardent horticulturist, he was particularly interested in the Botanical Gardens, where we took quite a large number of photographs of the trees and plants and various flowers.

We dined together two or three times in one or another of Montreal's delightful restaurants, and the topics of conversation were interesting and enjoyable to both of us and are still remembered with pleasure. One has to be prepared for all sorts of remarks in the course of one's life, and Mr. Sowter startled me somewhat as I was casually contemplating my amethyst ring which had been a gift, the amethyst being a stone which I understood induced calmness and placidity in the wearer, and I believe it had such an effect. Whether it was said in fun or seriously I did not know but, after contemplating me for a few moments, Mr. Sowter suddenly remarked, 'Mrs. Rampa, I would have thought you had progressed beyond the wearing of jewelry.' I must say that his comment gave me food for thought, but then I decided there is nothing wrong with wearing jewelry; if so, it would be strange that so many church leaders, such as Bishops, wear an amethyst. Well, if Mr. Sowter should read these pages I am telling him that I no longer own that ring — not because I did not like it or believe in it, but for a reason which is not relevant to my story.

Well Mr. Sowter thoroughly enjoyed his visit to Canada, and amongst the items he found to take back with him was a beautiful Rosenthal bust of Nefertiti, something else to remind him of a pleasant experience, and he says he has

placed her in an ideal position at the top of the stairway in his home, where he is able to greet her in passing.

Mr. Sowter is a dedicated bird lover and I admire him for the interest he takes in the R.S.P.B. (the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds). As gifts, he presents to his friends such items as Bird Calendars, table covers with bird designs, and the like. The other day I received a delightful handkerchief, and printed on it was a design of beautiful feathers in various colors and shades of colors. Truly a gentleman of excellent taste and sensitivity — for all this is done in the interest of the Bird Society of Great Britain.

## CHAPTER TWENTY

IT was our intention to stay at the Daniels Hotel for a short period only, simply to give us sufficient time to look around and find a furnished house or some other dwelling more permanent and home-like than we could expect from hotel living. This was easier said than done for property was not so simple to obtain, either for rent or even to buy — the latter not of interest to us in any case. There is much activity in the district, factories such as R.C.A. and the large Dupont Company; therefore, all the workers had to be housed and this was a direct cause of overcrowding in that little town. Strangely enough, Prescott sported only one hotel, although previously there had been several; all of them gradually disappearing; some probably having become too decrepit for further occupation while one, at least, had been destroyed by fire just a few months earlier.

After a week or two of vain searching we approached Ivan, the hotel manager, with the intention of asking about a longer stay in the suite we occupied. 'Your hotel is very nice' we informed him, 'so perhaps we can come to terms with you regarding a longer tenancy, if you are agreeable.' Ivan's response was indicative of his whole attitude throughout our stay and we quickly came to an arrangement. He was pleased to hear we were finding the place so satisfactory, and we sighed with relief knowing we might enjoy the remainder of the summer months without the dreary grind of home-hunting.

One of the worst experiences we encountered was the invasion of those little creatures, shad flies. They came all around the window screens, and in one's hair; even on the food if one did not take extra care. When these creatures

first appeared we wondered whatever was happening; but the whole cycle was completed in a matter of about two weeks — to our immense satisfaction. This invasion seems to prevail in just a few areas, and they seemed to be particularly attracted to Prescott. It was our first, and only, encounter with shad flies for which we were truly thankful.

The weeks passed, and occasionally one or two members of the Family would go off to Brockville where there was a greater variety of opportunities for shopping. The drive along by the river was a delight, and often we wished we could find a place to live somewhere along that stretch of ten or twelve miles.

It was in Brockville that we met the veterinarian who would be caring for Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy, and we came to know this gentleman quite well for all cats need a check-up periodically, just as human animals do. By the time those little people were just a few months old we realized they were not very strong physically, and when Taddy developed a limp we were quite concerned. Gradually the time approached when we had to prepare for the operation which is required for all little girl cats if they are going to be raised as 'pets' only. That is the spaying operation which is performed so that there will be no likelihood of them producing baby cats.

We had noticed when we took them out for a drive that they had some difficulty in maintaining their balance, and we were somewhat concerned about this also. Dr. Wang, who had given the whole situation a good deal of thought, decided to have some X-rays taken prior to the operation. He was rather puzzled about Taddy's limp, and he pointed out that there was a danger she might injure herself while struggling under the anesthetic so we would be wiser to find out the cause first. It was not a simple procedure to place two cats in position to have their limbs X-rayed, but being nice helpful girl cats, the pictures were obtained and interpreted to show there really was cause for concern: It was found that these two little people had what is known as osteo-

porosis — a softening of their bones; and there was evidence of a number of minor fractures in each case.

It was necessary to provide them with plenty of calcium tablets, supplemented with Pablum (baby food), which they enjoyed when mixed with the concentrated juice from a little cooked lean beef (they will not take fatty juice! If it is 'fatty', one has to cool it in the refrigerator and then remove the solid fat before heating and offering it to the creatures). If possible, it is better that they should take the preparation themselves, but in this case I spoon-fed them so they were sure of getting it, and each would have her share. We were not in a position to play about — it was too serious; and a few months later we had the satisfaction of seeing Cleo and Taddy becoming more healthy, Taddy having lost her limp, and even though it was well past the usual time for spaying, at last they had the operation . . . and soon they were home again.

I have to comment here that life in hotels is not the ideal situation for two Siamese queens during their 'calling' periods. However, Dr. Wang kindly supplied some little pills, to be used during those times, and this made life more tolerable for the Family, the other guests, and especially for the little people themselves.

We have kept in touch with this particular veterinarian during the ensuing years, and we just heard from him last week. I have been asked whether he is of Chinese nationality, and though I would not mind whether he were Chinese or any other nationality, I have to say he is of Norwegian descent, and I will always have a feeling of gratitude towards him for detecting the deficiency with which our Cat People were beset and which delayed for a time their natural growth.

During that summer after our arrival in Prescott, the Guv was able to write one of his books. He must have felt the atmosphere to be conducive to writing in order to achieve this in the rather limited space, especially since it was such an excellent piece of work — probably my favorite Lobsang Rampa volume, apart from 'Living with the Lama' and

'You, Forever', which of course is a 'study' book. Yes, I found quite a lot of humor in 'Chapters of Life' and, indeed, the dedication was in favor of Miss Cleopatra Rampa and Miss Tadalinka Rampa, who, if the Guv had not been more alert than they, might have chewed up the pages as soon as they were completed. In those days, due to their deficiency, they would chew anything they could get their claws on (twine, rubber bands, etc.), and it meant a constant vigil to keep all these things out of their way. I was warned that rubber bands could easily cause an obstruction of the bowel, while Taddy seemed to root them out from nowhere. However, it was all well worth the effort of caring for them. for now I have two beautiful cat companions who are loyal, loving, and definitely a credit to the Family.

Mentioning Dr. Peter Wang, the Norwegian, brings to my mind a book about Norway, written by a popular author of my young days. The book described Norway beautifully — the fjords, the beautiful scenery; and the author was Marie Corelli. O, yes, the title of the work was 'Thelma', a name which I like very much, and I am reminded of it each time I meet Miss Thelma Dumont who has done so much in the way of helping me with this book, such as typing, pointing out errors for correction, and showing a real interest in the project. While copying from my rough typescript, she has made a point of commenting upon any parts which she found of special interest; and, judging from her remarks, I know she has been reading it in detail. One day, in the early pages, Thelma suddenly asked: 'Are Ku'ei and Fifi still with you?' And when I had to answer, 'No, I'm afraid not,' she looked quite sad. 'I rather wish you hadn't told me,' she said. She is a very sensitive and capable person and without her help and real interest it is doubtful my story would have reached even this stage. Her sadness disappeared when I was able to tell her, in answer to her query whether the Guv was still around, that, 'Yes, he is,' and she exclaimed genuinely, 'I'm so glad.'

So the days and weeks rolled by and soon everyone was preparing for Expo '67, the big Centennial celebration

which was to be held in Montreal. Gradually it came to our notice that various persons were planning to visit Expo '67 and at the same time intended to 'stop off' at Prescott to pay their respects to Lobsang Rampa. It seemed a wonderful idea except that we did not welcome visitors at any time unless they were invited, which was a rare occurrence. Since Montreal was a mere two hours drive away from us we became more than a little concerned, for we knew it would be no problem for anyone to find us since Prescott was not a big place.

Ivan was very busy, in anticipation of welcoming Centennial visitors, and the girls in his coffee shop were being fitted out with their last-century dresses, while Ivan himself started to grow a beard. The scene was changing and we were in rather a quandary once more. It seemed that, for 'the duration', we really would have to find some place to stay which was a little less prominent; but — where? Soon it would be one year since we had arrived at the Daniels, and since it was impossible to secure anything more private we began to look further afield.

One day I happened to mention that New Brunswick seemed to be a nice area, perhaps it was worth considering. 'I have heard that the scenery is rather like the Irish countryside,' I commented. So the idea gradually formed in our minds and before very long we were making inquiries and preparations for the trek from Ontario, across the Province of Quebec, into New Brunswick. We had decided upon the city of Saint John as being most suitable because it was situated by the ocean, which we decided would be a nice change after the St. Lawrence river area of Upper Canada.

Ivan seemed sad that we were leaving and he smiled when we suggested he would need our suite to accommodate all the important visitors who would be arriving during the summer.

At last the Day arrived, a lovely May day, when we departed in a fairly roomy; if not too modern, aircraft; and the journey took somewhere around three hours. It was late

afternoon when we reached Saint John, Atlantic time being one hour ahead of Prescott's 'Eastern daylight'.

It was a lovely time of the year to be living in New Brunswick and we found the people quite friendly though a little aloof until one had lived there long enough to 'prove' one's self. The apartment which we rented overlooked the Harbor, and from the uppermost floor (which was the thirteenth) we could watch ships entering and leaving the Port of Saint John. The superintendent of the building was very interested in his job and he looked after the tenants extremely well. He was especially helpful towards the older people, and his patience seemed inexhaustible.

This was another quiet time in our lives and we made the most of it, enjoying a drive around the district occasionally; and the Cat Persons were very satisfied to go on these leisurely trips.

As winter approached we liked the milder temperature since Prescott could be extremely cold, with more than a fair share of snow. Of course snow soon melts in coastal towns and cities, but it seems that Saint John has suffered some quite dreadful snowstorms during the past winter. Certainly the fates were kind to us that winter; but, in passing. I might add that anyone who plans to pay a visit to that part of the Maritimes might be well-advised to include an umbrella in their luggage.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

IT is election day here in Alberta, and the first week of Spring — by the calendar anyway. In reality we have snow and cold winds from the north sweeping along at twenty miles per hour; and when I awoke this morning the temperature was six degrees (F.) above zero, and the weather man kindly informed us that equaled 1° C. Last month it was much warmer and everybody was preparing to cast off their winter clothing, but now it is back to big winter boots and scarves to keep us warm from head to toe. Still we expect the warm Chinook air will be along soon so that we can all smile again. Someone may say, 'But what is all this to do with your story?'; and I have to answer, 'Well, it IS my story — moving around the country with my Family, feeling the atmosphere of the various provinces, and comparing them.'

As I start to write this, the last part of my book, my mind wanders back to the Maritimes, to Saint John in particular. Although the Guv was even then using a wheel chair for moving around, he was still not too incapacitated. We enjoyed idling around the road outside the apartment building, the Guv with his wheel chair, accompanied either by Buttercup or me; and soon the local residents came to know us, often stopping for a chat. One day when Buttercup was accompanying the Guv she was approached by a small girl who had been hanging around and viewing them with interest. At last, having summoned sufficient courage, she went right up and addressed Buttercup. 'Do you take him out every day, Miss?', she said. Then she dashed off, without waiting for an answer, her courage suddenly deserting her, leaving the Guv and Buttercup highly amused.

This episode reminds me of something which happened just a few days ago when a young man came here on an errand. Being the son of one of our friends he had heard about Dr. Rampa and he was most eager to see the Guv, having combed his hair specially we were told. The Guv was not at all well that evening but he could not bear to disappoint a young man who had made a point of tidying himself up for the occasion. It was a pleasurable event lasting all of fifteen minutes, and Andrew was off home again. Later when we talked to our friend, Andrew's father, to inquire whether the young man had found the visit worthwhile, we were told, 'He said he was sorry for the old fellow as he has no legs below the knees'. For a moment we were nonplussed and then we realized the Guv had been sitting in the lotus position, which he finds most comfortable, and over the sheets it looked exactly like an amputation. Another cause for amusement, all of which helps to keep us cheerful.

Yes, it was a happy time in Saint John; and the Guv wrote another book, the idea for the cover being taken from a photograph of that time, where he was holding a prayer-wheel and a begging bowl. For those who may be interested, the title of the book was 'Beyond the Tenth'.

Our home was not very far from the Bay of Fundy and the Reversing Falls, so named because at a certain point under the bridge a stretch of water on the Saint John river collides with water from the Falls, causing a reversal of the tide; and this is a very popular tourist attraction. The tides are higher than anywhere else in the world, running into the inlet between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and rising up to 60 feet.

Some people say that distance and the passing of time lend a sort of enchantment, and that things were never so good at the time they happened as they are in retrospect; but of our stay in the Maritimes, I can only say that we enjoyed and appreciated it at the time.

Water is possessed of a magnetic quality and the sea has an added mysticism. Many are the tales told by some of the Atlantic fishermen and older residents of strange happenings

at sea and in the remote districts, tales the validity of which we could well appreciate.

The New Brunswickers are a proud group of loyalists and their province provides much of Canada's history. There is a small island a short distance from the harbor which is the burial place of many Irishmen who came to Canada in the days of the great potato famine, but who developed a plague and never reached the mainland of the New World. They had not been allowed to leave their ship, by the authorities, for fear they should spread the disease which had been caused by starvation and overcrowding. Therefore, as they died they found their last resting place on that little piece of land.

Off the mainland there is another place of interest, Grand Manan island, where President Roosevelt kept a summer home and where he spent many vacations, away from the problems of his high office.

After a stay of about a year and a half, it was necessary to make another break in our life-pattern and so we went to Montreal; but the following year we were drawn back to New Brunswick for what proved to be a rather short and somewhat distressing period.

On our second visit we stayed in the Admiral Beatty Hotel for a few weeks while we waited for our apartment which was not yet ready. The hotel manager was most helpful and treated us extremely well, as did his dining room supervisor who also acted in the capacity of hostess and who was always most solicitous for our welfare.

Everybody was helpful in Saint John, especially the two men who operated a fish truck, and who transported the Guv (together with his wheel chair) when he had to move from the railway station to the hotel and later from the hotel to the apartment. These men manipulated that hoist in a most professional manner — and they were obviously delighted to be of service.

While we stayed at the Admiral Beatty, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, happened to visit the city, and when he passed through the foyer we had the pleasure of seeing His

Royal Highness. Everyone seemed excited when they heard him coming down the stairway (the elevators, it seemed, were not swift enough for him), and as he strode past the crowd they waved enthusiastically and applauded him. We seem to have had more glimpses of the Royal Family in Canada than we ever did in England for the Queen Mother visited Saint John on our earlier stay, and since the Royal Yacht 'Britannia' had docked in the harbor we were able to look out and see Her Majesty as she made frequent trips to and from her temporary home. And of course we had the opportunity of seeing Queen Elizabeth the Second herself a few years earlier.

When we lived in Montevideo, President Goulart of Brazil came on a visit — and there was a reception right below our apartment building, so we were able to stand out on the balcony and watch the proceedings, at the same time getting some photographs of the occasion, and it was most interesting and quite exciting.

Another interesting and rather exciting incident occurred around that period when the then ex-President Peron tried to stage a come-back from his exile in Spain. The plane carrying Juan Peron and his party passed right over our building on its way to Brazil where negotiations took place regarding entry into Argentina. Unfortunately for him, the ex-President was not allowed to return to his country; but he persevered and eventually regained his position as President, though only briefly. Thus it is with rulers, heads of State; often their positions are so uncertain that today's prince can very easily become the beggar of tomorrow. Yes, a borrowed phrase!

I hope that little backward look into yesterday is not considered too much of a digression; and now we return to the pleasant life of Saint John, which was all too short-lived. Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy liked the hotel because there was so much action; different people to see and many things of interest happening. Two or three times each week we used to sit in the hotel lobby, just so that these little people could have their recreation; and sometimes a guest would

come up to see them and chat with us for a while. Every body admired our Cat People and I enjoyed having an excuse to chat, especially if the person had something of interest to impart. Once we met two nice young girls from Quebec city, and they extolled the wonders of their city with much gusto; and I wished I could have seen this place for myself because many people have expressed delight over its beauty. Another time a young man came over to us, remarking that he was a representative for a company of Pet supplies, actually Hartz Mountain (whose cat litter we had always used), and he expressed interest in the traveling basket we were using.

I mentioned a company which I had known in England, a supplier of medicine for pets — various cat powders and the like. It was a well known company, and the young man was interested to hear that my Silver Tabby's photograph had looked out on the world from various drugstores and food shops throughout the country after the company had obtained the original picture from us, during the years of the Second World War. It had seemed strange (after T. Catt had gone to his heavenly home) to walk into a store and see his likeness still gazing placidly around and often I felt sad at the thought that he was no longer with us in the flesh.

Apart from visitors, many local people came into the hotel, some passing through the lobby and into the jewelry store of Henry Birks, the store and the people being a source of constant interest. This time was not wasted because it prevented Cleo and Taddy from getting too nervous as they had been for a while in Prescott before we started to take them downstairs to the lobby at the Daniels Hotel.

Eventually the apartment was ready for us, in the same building where we had lived previously, there being very few high-rise buildings in the district — especially with a view of the sea, although in the intervening years I believe this has been remedied somewhat and there is more choice of accommodation. Apartment living was something new to the people and they did not take well to the idea; but later the whole complex was occupied and soon there was a waiting

list. It was an eminently suitable life-style for anyone waiting to purchase a house, or being temporarily transferred in their job, and one came across a number of newly married people full of the excitement of starting a home, discussing the price of wall-to-wall carpeting, etc., while waiting for the mailman in the lobby (which was a general meeting place each morning.)

It never seems to pay to become too complacent for immediately we sit back, relax, and think we will 'take it easy' we are jerked back to alertness and action. Barely two months after getting settled into the new home, sadness entered our lives once again: The Guv suddenly suffered acute pain and he was so sick that we had to get medical help. This led to a stay in a Saint John Hospital and we all felt very sad at being parted from each other. Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy were very unhappy, even though they could communicate quite easily; but it was not the same as having the Guv at home where they could be close beside him. It just happened that, during the stay in hospital, there was a 'flu epidemic' in the district; so — no visitors. Really, the Guv must have felt very isolated, as did we all, and we were happy when the day came that he was able to return home. Cleo and Taddy were quite excited, yet rather shy, not having seen the Guv for the best part of a week. It was during this stay in hospital that the Guv was told he could expect to live for only a few months and he should keep a suitcase packed in anticipation of an early return to the hospital. 'You'll be back,' he was told in a matter of fact tone by one of the doctors. Unfortunately that was the unhappiest experience — the apparent lack of feeling towards a patient, and we can only tell ourselves that perhaps the doctor was sick himself or perhaps he had forgotten the hypocritical oath of his profession.

It was another milestone in our lives — a turning point; and one only hoped the medical profession might be proved wrong. At the same time we felt we must not blind ourselves to the fact that nothing is certain and we should be prepared, in case those professional men should be proved cor-

rect in their prognosis. On the other hand, any one of us can be mistaken, whether we be medical or lay persons, and I, have here before me a quotation by Maimonides, Greek philosopher, which seems very appropriate so I will pass it on: 'May there never develop in me the notion that my education is complete but give me the strength and leisure and zeal continually to enlarge my knowledge.'

A concept worth following, and I found these words on the cover of some medical educational material.

In this case the medicos were proved wrong, but nevertheless it was a time of great concern, and I suppose we were worried underneath — if not consciously.

In the following few months the family was drawn closer together as we sat and chatted, or just sat, thinking each our own thoughts. On several evenings each week we used to view cine films which we had rented from the National Film Library, and some of them were quite educational, others amusing. Watching Buster Keaton making a train journey across Canada was quite hilarious and we all enjoyed the cartoons. The curator of the Museum, who had been our neighbor, kindly lent us some more films and these were greatly appreciated. We saw beautiful scenes, many from Europe, and especially good was one taken in Germany where the scenery and buildings held us enthralled. Then there was a short silhouette type film which we refer to even now because it gave us so much pleasure, its title being, 'The Grasshopper and The Ant'; Mr. Grasshopper being a delightful character who loved and lived Today — never caring for Tomorrow and its problems. Miss Ant was a severe lady who chastised Mr. Grasshopper for not preparing for Winter, but he still did not bother; while in the end Miss Ant mellowed, and the film ended with everyone happy and friendly; and it was one of the nicest little nature pictures I ever saw, written and produced by a German lady.

It was a hard, uphill fight for the Guv and to us, the on-lookers. Nothing short of a miracle how he kept going with all the pain he suffered; but even so, he sat down and wrote another book — telling of his most recent experiences. As I

look back I have come to realize that he himself could not have been sure how long he would be able to continue living.

The most unpleasant aspect was the lack of cooperation from the treatment point of view, and I was puzzled as to why no one had talked to me regarding the illness. Even when I went to deliver a few personal things to the Guv during his stay there in the hospital I was greeted in a quite uncivil manner. I had not wanted to visit the ward knowing visitors were not allowed at that time, but the attitude seemed to be that I was trying to 'gate crash' my way in. So, it was due to the lack of medical interest and care that we would leave New Brunswick for the second time. The Guv has himself written about all this so there is no need for me to enlarge upon it.

We were going to miss the calm, placid life of the Maritimes; and of course we would miss that delicacy which is peculiar to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the fiddlehead.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

So it was back to Montreal, and Habitat, for the second time; but the circumstances would be in many ways a great deal more satisfactory than on our first visit, for we were, in a way, returning to friends. The administrator of Habitat had kept in touch with us and he was to have everything ready for our comfort while we would be located temporarily in one of the guest apartments.

On the morning of our departure, Saint John was shrouded in fog, so we ran into our first problem — no planes leaving the airport. When we received a telephone call at breakfast time to tell us we would have to travel to Fredericton by road, we did not feel too happy. Still there was nothing we could do about it, but we were concerned as to how the Guv would manage the journey which was being made longer because of the weather.

Eventually we started out, and we had to have two cars for our family of three adults, two Cat Persons, and our luggage. Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy went with me in the first car because the Guv preferred to travel behind so he could more easily keep his mind, and his eyes, on us; and periodically I would look around to wave, showing him we were doing all right. We had said our goodbyes to the superintendent who told us he was very sorry to lose such nice tenants and good friends, and he said he would keep in touch with us while perhaps one day we might return. I wondered how the Cat People would behave on what, for them, was a fairly lengthy car ride; but any worries I might have had proved groundless for they were extremely quiet and ladylike during the sixty mile drive. I had a suspicion that the Guv must have had a word with them, and of course

they knew he was keeping an eagle eye in their direction.

As we drove along my thoughts wandered, as usual, and I have always found that the soothing purr of the engine is most conducive to day-dreaming — providing one is not driving I suppose. Many people seem to experience a certain amount of disassociation while at the wheel of a car, though enjoying the relaxation, and often finding the solution to a problem.

As I thought of our situation and the Guv's deterioration in health, I realized the fact that the years were passing and we were getting older, and not one of us expects to live forever. I thought of how (especially in the North American continent) everyone wants to remain young, going to all lengths in clothes and beauty aids to maintain the illusion. No one would disagree that it is nice to remain young, and not many of us look forward with joy to advancing years; and most of us pass through a phase of mild 'panic' at the idea of becoming old, or even elderly.

Having passed through most of Shakespeare's seven stages, I feel it is in order to make a few comments — the most important being that getting old is a most interesting experience, and a time when most things cease to be a cause for worry. You have more time to enjoy what is around you for you cannot easily go rushing around, especially if you are 'out of breath' with little or no physical effort.

At various times in my life I have been reminded about 'age' and its importance. For many months after I was born I was always 'Baby', and perhaps I earned the title for I was just beginning to walk at eighteen months. At seven years I knew and envied a girl of eleven, believing her to be quite adult; and, along with my friends of that period, decided that were we not married by the age of twenty-one we might as well give up! By the time the magic twenty-one was reached it was neither the time for getting married or for giving up; and anyhow, in my mind seventeen had been the age of magic. Just about that time I had the misfortune to be hospitalized, and doctors seemed to be buzzing all around. 'Your name?' they inquired; and when I told them

they looked glum and uninterested. ‘Your age?’ came next. ‘Ah, that is more interesting’ they answered when I told them ‘Twenty-one’.

It must have been about twenty years later that someone drew attention to my age again. I was in conversation when the other person suddenly remarked: ‘You must have been quite attractive when you were younger.’ Not a very well-mannered person, I concluded. When, a few years later, I was making a transatlantic crossing by plane, in the company of a young girl, one of the passengers inquired whether she was my granddaughter. Now, I felt, I was really arriving — but I was to have yet another reminder: A year or two ago, I was in a bank one day buying a money order when I was asked: ‘Are you a senior citizen?’ In answer to my surprised expression and inquiry, ‘Why?’, I received the answer, ‘Senior citizens do not have to pay any charges for money orders: Ah well, a few more years, I suppose, and someone will come along to help me across the street or something, with the comment, ‘I expect you have been around for a long time, Lady!’ And then I will know I have really ARRIVED.

So we reached Fredericton and eventually Montreal airport after a tiring flight, and the Guv absolutely exhausted, with fewer facilities for the deplaning of disabled persons than had existed at Fredericton. Another drive, a few miles along the Expressway, and we turned in towards Habitat where I noticed a few signs which had been absent when we left. Many people used to get lost trying to find their way around, but now it seemed the situation had been remedied. After winding our way around the grounds at last we reached the entrance where we were welcomed by the senior commissionaire who we had known before, and who had been there since the days of Expo '67. On reaching the guest apartment we found Mr. Gobeille was waiting for us, in a fierce June heatwave, and no air conditioning since the electricians were in the midst of one of their frequent strikes. Mr. Gobeille appeared very pleased at our return and we enjoyed a few minutes chat together.

Cité du Havre, the site of Habitat, is almost an island and quite an interesting place to live, especially for those who like water and being near ships. We used to gaze out of the window and see craft from all over the world, so near that one could reach out and almost touch them. In summer it was pleasant as the temperature was ten degrees lower than the city of Montreal, but by the same token the ten degrees made quite a difference in the winter months when one almost got one's nose frozen off if one ventured outside.

There was very little choice of apartments so we had to settle for one which had a delightful view over the harbor but which had its entrance below ground level, which meant descending about fifteen stairs. Most of the apartments, or suites, were situated on two floors, and the bedrooms were either upstairs or, just as frequently, downstairs. Definitely a new way of living, but apparently quite popular for soon there was a waiting list. And the type of tenant was very mixed, consisting of doctors, musicians, writers and artists; also teachers; and various nationalities, all of whom seemed to get along well together. Since the Cité du Havre was without public transport we had our own private bus operating as far as the city, taking tenants to within a short distance of their places of work and delivering their children to school. without this service Habitat would not have been so popular because it was in a way quite isolated; no postal facilities for instance, and only one small food store where it was possible to obtain staple foods such as milk, bread, eggs and a few fruits and vegetables, with the usual canned foods and dry goods.

The man who operated the store was a unique character and many were the stories he told about the activities at Habitat in the days of Expo '67. Unfortunately his lease expired and he left for another position so he was greatly missed by the tenants. It was a marvel to us how Mr. P. always had fresh bread on hand, even when there could not possibly have been a baker's delivery. We later realized that Mr. P's version of fresh bread was bread which had been refrigerated. Still it is colorful personalities such as he

which give an added zest to life, and it was an acknowledged fact that Mr. P. always seemed to achieve what anyone else would have deemed impossible.

I took a number of photographs around that time because it was possible to get some delightful pictures of the ships and the water from the walk-way on the tenth floor. And again we rented films from the Film Library; but it was not so interesting as the first time in Saint John — perhaps we had seen all the best ones, or we were getting too used to them. There was one incident which amused us when our friend Jon came to visit us, and he joined us in viewing a medical film which was somewhat gory. If you remember, Jon cannot stand the sight of a bleeding finger, or anything like that, and this film happened to be taken in the operating theatre while an operation was in progress. Jon began to look pale and the Guv suggested he should have a stimulant before he passed out, having already left the room once. I took the phial and, wrapping it in a tissue, broke it and pushed it towards his face with the admonition, 'Here, sniff this.' So he took one breath and nearly fell over, gasping, 'Are you trying to finish me off?'

I must agree that sometimes the sight of blood makes me feel a little queasy myself, and I was a bit worried one Saturday when I was preparing lunch — I cut my finger and we couldn't stop the flow. The Guv fixed it temporarily and suggested I take myself off to the hospital; so I went quickly, via the Habitat limousine which just happened to be available. Buttercup accompanied me to the emergency department where we waited a few minutes; and then, after all details had been supplied, my finger received attention. I was given a bowl of warm water and told to 'stick it in there and clean it up'. Cleo and Taddy were very concerned, and when we returned home they looked a bit surprised to see us so soon while the Guv had done his best to reassure them, in spite of Taddy's telepathic inquiry, 'Do you think we will ever see Ma again.'

These two little people seemed to like Habitat, partly because there was plenty of room to play and have fun —

running up and down stairs and hiding in various corners. We used to drive over the bridge to St. Lambert where our French Canadian veterinarian had his office, and he treated Cleo and Taddy very well. He is a most conscientious person, and it was through Dr. Wang that we found him.

We were introduced to another Canadian way of life, that of the 'Drive-In' Restaurant. A friend suggested it was time the Cat People furthered their education, so we went once more to the St. Lambert district and enjoyed a hamburger and coffee while Cleo and Taddy were fascinated with the other patrons who were parked quite near us.

St. Lambert revives a sad memory too, in that the Quebec cabinet minister Pierre La Porte was held captive in a house not far away — and it was a distressing time while the F.L.Q. members were so active. Everyone in Quebec and all of Canada, and indeed the whole world, was shocked when they learned of M. La Porte's fate. And we had the unhappy experience of witnessing the cavalcade of F.L.Q. members, their car loaded with dynamite and accompanied by police as they passed by our window on the way to Expo grounds to hand over another captive — the British Trade Minister, Mr. Jasper Cross. Those were frightening days when many people dared not leave their homes in the evenings for fear they might be kidnapped; and Montreal's night life suffered greatly.

During the summer and fall we spent a lot of time sitting on the bank of the Habitat grounds watching the ships of various countries arriving and departing; and we could hear music across the water from 'Man and His World', the annual fair which followed Expo. And we would walk among the plants and flowers in the more cultivated areas, the Guv using his wheel chair, stopping to point out something of particular interest.

One day, when I was feeling less than cheerful and somewhat sorry for myself, we went out and he showed me a little red flower, suggesting I might study it — meditate upon it, instead of dwelling upon my own problems. At the same time he suggested I might take to heart the following words:

‘Let me think of others that I may forget myself.’ Just a few words with a big meaning! So I made up a ‘card’ and tried to live up to its message.

From the medical aspect it was more reassuring because the doctor we had was very much of a humanitarian and he never minded making a visit at any time during the day or night. His wife, Joan, who I mention by name because she suggested I should, had written to us previously, having enjoyed the Lobsang Rampa books, and this was the start of an association which has lasted up to the present time.

Our nearest neighbor was a member of the medical profession and we enjoyed chatting with him on the all too rare occasions that we found time to meet. After we had left Habitat, his wife (another Joan) adopted our friends, the sparrows, who had come to our patio every morning for their breakfast. One day, when we were talking together by telephone she told me that when she made out the weekly shopping list she included ‘bread for humans’, ‘bread for birds’. Winters in Montreal can be severe indeed and, but for a little thought on the part of humans, these creatures would stand little chance of survival during the long spells of frost and snow.

Yes, the time came when we would once more be moving further afield — and when we approached Mr. Gobeille to tell him of our plans, he would have been happy if he could have induced us to change our minds.

Some people imagine that after a person has written a book the author is owned by the public and he should be available at any time of the day or night. If they would only stop to think, writers need more peace and quiet than the so-called ‘average’ person because a good part of their time is spent in another dimension; they have to think and plan before they can write.

I am inclined to agree with the American writer, Scott Fitzgerald, who has been quoted as saying that ‘Authors are many different people if they are any good at all at their craft.’ This being so or not, peace and privacy are essential for an author to continue with his work. The Guv had

completed two more volumes in spite of the many diversions and interruptions from would be well-wishers and curiosity seekers; but there was no other alternative to looking around for a more peaceful abode.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

When we had finally decided we would leave Montreal, and Habitat, I proposed that we might consider Alberta, the province of the Wild Rose; Calgary for choice. But it seemed the Dogwood of British Columbia beckoned more strongly. It was my first visit to Vancouver and I must say that there is no exaggeration in the reports one is given as to its beauty; and the awesome grandeur of the Rockies is a sight all should see. We arrived on a hot July day, near the peak of the tourist season, and it seemed like another world compared to the Canada we had left behind. Where else could one find a modern cosmopolitan city, with the sea so close at hand, and yet in a few minutes find one's self in the midst of a setting such as can be found in an English countryside — the noted Stanley Park for instance.

It was in Vancouver that we accumulated a fair number of flowers and plants, providing an interest which I have maintained right up to the present. The Japanese bonsai tree is available in British Columbia and we had the good fortune to find one or two beautiful specimens of an advanced age — which made them even more desirable.

Then there was the terrarium where we had a glass container full of tiny plants and covered with a glass top which, if kept covered, is never (or very rarely) in need of water since by condensation it maintains its own level of humidity. Some people prefer colored glass for the container, but it is better for the plants if one uses a plain clear glass which allows the maximum amount of light to reach them since, without sufficient light, no plant will survive. I was interested to learn that it was a London surgeon, a student of natural history, who realized the possibilities of a

terrarium and was able to send various grasses and ferns as far away as Sydney, Australia — a journey of eight months in those days, where they arrived in perfect condition. Successfully, this man was able to grow over one hundred specimens of fern and different grasses by the terrarium method, things considered impossible to grow in the polluted, sooty air of nineteenth-century London. So, almost one hundred and fifty years later, we can still give thanks to Dr. Nathaniel Ward for his wonderful discovery which brings so much joy into our present-day homes.

It is fortunate that the weather is mainly warm in Vancouver for a large percentage of the population consists of elderly, even old, people, many of whom are pensioners and who have a very limited income; so they do not need expensive winter clothing or need to spend too much on heating their homes. One day, while I was in a bakery shop, an elderly lady came in and asked the price of a cake; but apparently it was too expensive so she left, and it made me feel sad. The assistant commented, 'I see you were sorry for her — but you get used to it ' I was given to understand that it was never wise to buy anything for one of these people, however sorry you might feel. 'They are very proud, you know,' the assistant went on, 'and they are extremely independent.'

Twice I had an opportunity to take a trip to Vancouver Island, and I found the capital, Victoria, most interesting and quite British. To my regret there was no time to visit the famous Butchart's Gardens. The climate of course is much drier than the mainland and we had hopes of transferring ourselves over there. However, as I mentioned before, no one seemed interested in having Cat People, otherwise there would have been no problem; so, on each of my trips I went home disappointed.

One feels that the Rockies separate B.C. from the rest of Canada, in more ways than just physically, for the residents do not readily accept strangers. One gains much information about a place by listening to and observing taxi drivers — and Vancouver was no exception. We understood from

them that to be a native of British Columbia was the ultimate achievement; and we learned much more. It was not possible to make a 'time call'; that is, arrange for a cab for a certain hour. I was quite concerned when I spent a day there last year and I tried to book a taxi to take me back to the airport. 'No Ma'am,' I was told, 'we cannot book anything in advance.' Nowhere else have I experienced this kind of attitude, so I was thankful to get back to Calgary where one can not only make previous arrangements but it is possible to ask for a certain driver. This is particularly helpful when a disabled person, such as the Guv, needs to make a journey. And here the drivers do not change shifts in the middle of the afternoon, causing one to start out with one person and more than likely find it's three thirty and changeover time halfway through the outing. This happened to us several times; and I remember one day in particular when, just after lunch, I went with the Guv to West Vancouver where we had to do some shopping. It was a beautiful day so we drove along Ambleside Drive, enjoying the sea air; and when the time came to return it was the start of the rush hour. As everybody who lives in that area knows, you should never be in a hurry if you are crossing the Lion's Gate Bridge. Well, there we were, stuck about halfway across in a real traffic jam, when over the radio came the voice of the dispatcher with a message for our driver: 'Come on, you'd better get going and check in — your night driver is waiting.' The man was not in a very good mood so his reply was anything but pleasant. And there was nothing we could do except to exercise patience. Another time we actually did have the drivers change over their shifts — right in the center of Vancouver.

Our apartment was situated on a corner and the windows were large so there was plenty to see from each angle, especially in the direction of English Bay where sea-going vessels awaited their turn before entering the harbor. There was one day in particular that we spent a very enjoyable time watching kites being flown in the bay. These were man-lifting kites, and we enjoyed the display so much that it was

impossible to get anything done in our household. One's mind went back to 'The Third Eye' and the description of these displays about which the Guv wrote.

Another window provided a view of the North, and sometimes as I gazed down towards the Bayshore Inn I used to wonder how that well-known figure, Howard Hughes, was spending his time, where he occupied the top floor of the Bayshore. He had arrived in Vancouver just before we did; something of a mystery figure who reportedly only left his quarters except when traveling, although no doubt the art of disguise was quite familiar to him. I sometimes felt that we had something in common with Mr. Hughes in that a good deal of trouble had come our way, not of our own making.

Eventually, due to several reasons, it was necessary to cast around again for a peaceful place to settle down; and that was how we came to reconsider Calgary. Since no one in our Family had paid a visit to the up and coming city, it was decided someone should go; and this time it was my turn. It was around this time of the year, or a little earlier (March), when snow was still well in evidence; but I enjoyed the trip and was fortunate in meeting a person in the rental business, particularly apartments. Actually the person I met was the wife, and she freely offered helpful information, at the same time showing me an apartment in the building where she and her husband lived. This was one of the times when, apparently by chance, I just happened to meet the right people at the right time. And I found the experience quite agreeable after the negative attitude I had been experiencing with the Vancouver landlords.

Downtown Calgary may not be a place of beauty but when one looks out on the gray concrete buildings one can change the focus of one's eyes, looking further afield to the clear skies, and in the distance the foothills and the Rockies. To make up for the lack of beautiful scenery the people are extremely friendly and helpful. And if one is prepared to drive about eighty miles along the expressway, there is

nothing more beautiful than Banff (in the foothills and the lovely Lake Louise.

It was a few months before everything was finally arranged, while in the interval we basked in the sun of British Columbia; and a short time before we were due to leave the Guv had quite a bad period, due to a fall, which left us wondering however we would manage even a short journey, let alone the long trek to Alberta.

It was most upsetting for all of us — the Guv not being able to move because of pain in his back; and I felt quite helpless. The doctor came to visit; he was a nice man but there seemed nothing he could do either except to give a sedative with the hope that it would ease the pain (to be left lying on the bedroom floor for two or three days is not a happy experience because floors can be very hard over the carpet-covered concrete). One begins to think that if the physician is ‘stumped’ about what to do there is not much hope for the patient, and this was our position. One day he came in, chatted for a while, and then asked, ‘Have you ever had this before?’ When the Guv said he had, the doctor answered, ‘Well, you’ve got it again!’

Vancouver seems to be a real refuge for the elderly and one can only conclude the attraction must be the more temperate climate, the less severe winters than is experienced by the remainder of the country. In the West End area it was most noticeable; you would see senior citizens on the bus and walking along the streets to the numerous stores, or wandering the short distance to enjoy the peace and beauty of Stanley Park. The number of wheel chairs around was greater than I had seen anywhere, apart from the Star and Garter Home for the war disabled — near Richmond Park, in Surrey, England.

The mall in Denman Street, at the corner of Comox, was very convenient for wheel chair passengers in that they were able to meet their friends and shop without suffering from the dampness or rain (of which Vancouver has an abundance) of the street outside. One could get a

prescription and post one's letters at the same time in the drugstore cum post office, or do some food shopping in the supermarket across the way, and buy other things from shoes and clothing to delicate articles from the Chinese gift shop. Several elderly people moved into the apartments over the mall for this very reason — that shopping was less of a chore than having to carry supplies a few blocks away. It was obvious that, rather than a chore, buying supplies became quite a pleasure.

The older we become the more interested we are in the subject of age, and what comes after this life; for dying is a process which each of us must experience sooner or later. I have sometimes thought that being born should be of greater concern since this entails leaving our Home and going out into the unknown, to an unexplored strange place, that our progress may be hastened through the trials and tribulations we will surely encounter, and then — Home again. In many cases it is not growing old and dying which is the problem, but the real concern is often whether there will be anyone to care for us should we cease to be able to look after ourselves, and whether we will be able to manage from the financial aspect. When two people have spent the greater part of their lives together and one partner is left to face the loneliness — that is hard; and I know of one charming old gentleman who is in just that position. His health is very poor, as one might expect of a person well into his eighties, and while he is patiently living out his lifespan he will be happiest when the day comes when he will finally join his partner who he always refers to as 'my dear wife' .

There comes to mind the picture of two delightful people who I have met recently, and though they would be classed as elderly they are extremely energetic and mentally stimulating. I will call them Grandpa Reginald and Grandma Janet, and they arrived here from England just a few years ago. They are the grandparents of Andrew, who I mentioned before — the young man who decided the Guv was legless, and although we have had the pleasure of meeting them only once we have had many interesting conversations by

telephone. Grandma has a wonderful sense of humor and she has many interesting experiences to relate, while Grandpa is quieter in manner, which is just as well since Grandma is lively enough for two. It just goes to show that age is not necessarily the gateway to misery.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

IT was early September when we came to Calgary, and we never expected we would be able to make the trip since the Guv continued to have a lot of pain and discomfort. However, as always, once he has made a decision, he always seems to be able to see it through, pain or no pain. It was nice to know too that Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy were welcome here, with no likelihood of suddenly being turned out of their home, because that meant one less worry for the Guv. In Vancouver, however, where the situation continued to deteriorate, pets and children were being turned away from the West End. We heard of a cat whose family had been asked to have 'Freddie' removed from the building immediately, otherwise notice would be given. And this was not an isolated case. Freddie was a mature Cat Person, of five years who had lived in apartments the greater part of his life, and he was a well-behaved responsible person. I did not hear the sequel to Freddie's plight but I certainly was thankful to get away from a situation such as this, which I understand is becoming more and more common.

Sometimes one feels one would like to own one's home where there would be no landlord to answer to, where one could do as one pleased. But it seems this is not to be; and, after all, there are many advantages to our present life style. Here, our Cat Persons are treated very well, with the respect which is their due. I believe we are quite reasonable tenants, who do not cause too much trouble, and I like to think that Carol (who is in charge of this complex) would agree with this opinion. Perhaps I should ask her! I have several reasons for being interested in Carol, not the least of which is that she is amusing — of a type who prevents us all from

getting too stuffy. Also, she is interested in things metaphysical, and I would say she is quite psychic; though, being modest, she would probably say, 'No, no, I just have a hunch about something occasionally.' Irish modesty no doubt! Did I say 'of a type'? Carol is unique. She very closely resembles my friend Suzzanne; and many of her 'mannerisms' are similar. The people we meet from day to day are very important in our lives for we often see more of them than we do of our relatives and close friends.

David Niven is another interesting personality, and this gentleman owns several jewelry stores. Actually his name is not Niven at all, but he resembles the actor and I happened to comment upon it one day, so the name has stuck. Whenever I telephone him he always answers, 'Hello, this is David Niven speaking! What can I do for you?' His wife is a most sympathetic and understanding person and she is a very interested reader of the Lobsang Rampa books, with a sincere belief in the author's concepts. It was indirectly through the Niven's that I visited the funeral home last Christmas. Mrs. M., whose husband had passed away, has been a member of the Niven's staff for many, many years. Calgary is not so big that everybody becomes impersonal; thus it is that one is able to make worthwhile and lasting associations.

Our postal workers in the local office take a personal interest in helping their customers; and at present, while the country is in the throes of a rotating strike, the workers here find it most embarrassing, and they heartily dislike these disruptions.

There has been a lot of time for thinking since we came to Calgary, and the past few months has been a period of 're-viewing', of looking back to some extent to compare Yesterday with Today, considering how one might improve one's self in preparation for the tomorrows which all too soon will be Today's.

As one grows older one realizes the futility of such states as worry, fear, anger and the like; and the Guv has an expression for those who periodically give way to these

emotions. He says, 'Why worry, it won't matter in fifty years time.' Quite a consoling thought. And there is an old saying which has much the same meaning:

'If there's a cure, try and find it  
If there isn't, never mind it.'

I have learnt a great deal through my association with Lobsang Rampa, probably more than I will ever realize while I am on the earth. I would have to be pretty dim not to have benefited from the two decades of our association. I suppose the outstanding things which are likely to stay in my consciousness are:

(1) To mind one's own business and to keep one's counsel, not discussing other people's affairs to their detriment. Not to talk too much and not to tell everything you know. I have tried to follow this advice and sometimes it has been a great strain to refrain from saying, 'Oh I know about that; I will tell you.' But then I kept my counsel and I really find it interesting — to observe but to say nothing can be fun. People don't know how much you know and so they will tell you even more.

The Guv says that if you tell all you know, the other person will think you know even more, and then you have to work harder not to disappoint him.

I am reminded of one case in particular where a man talked too much of other people's affairs. He had recently become the manager of a bank and apparently he discussed the accounts of one person with another. When it became known what was happening (after someone complained), well, the poor man was demoted. No, this did not happen in Canada.

(2) TO BE CHARITABLE. . . . Next to minding one's own business, the giving of one's time, one's understanding, one's forgiveness, can bring joy to the recipient and contentment to the giver. Even one's material goods.

If we have two of something, why not give one to someone who is without — if he can use it? Many people have commented upon the Guv's extreme kindness in this respect and I will go so far as to say that, if he had only one of something and another person needed it he would pass it on to the other person.

Unlike many of us, he does not give away only the things for which he has no use. He gives that which he treasures if he sees someone wants it.

It is his belief, and mine too, that if a person desires one of your possessions, that person puts his 'impression' on it, so in a way you have lost it; and the only thing to do is to hand it over; otherwise, every time you look upon it you will sense (unless you 'see' as the Guv does) the would be owner's 'impression' and you will no longer enjoy that particular possession. So why have two dissatisfied persons? Better to give it away.

(3) TO DISCIPLINE ONE'S SELF. . . The difference between rabble and a well controlled army is just a matter of discipline. Anyone possessed of average intelligence knows that training and reliability make a better person. Training consists merely of repetition, habit, or whatever we like to call it; and the first thing is to make a decision and stick to it. I have not met anyone who had so disciplined himself as Lobsang Rampa. He will never allow his physical to overcome his mental state; and the more desperately sick he may feel he will get up from his bed to prove to himself that his 'will' is the master of his body.

When I started to write these pages I felt the need to do something different and to work on it regularly, and I have found the discipline involved very beneficial. When I told Mr. Sowter I found writing very good therapy, he expressed surprise. He must have thought I was badly in need of therapy to adopt such stern measures.

(4) TO STAND ALONE. . . This, to many people, is probably the most difficult of all for, though we may have

an independent nature, we do not like the idea of standing alone. The Guv has repeated over and over again that 'everyone must learn to stand on their own feet for it is the only way to progress'.

In the final analysis, NO ONE can escape; each one of us must account for himself. When on occasion I may have bemoaned the fact that life can be very lonely, I am told: 'You don't know what loneliness is until you go away from your own people and your own land, with no hope of returning: How would you like to be mis-understood and maligned when all you were trying to do was to help poor struggling humanity?'

I have thought about it and decided that I could not bear that kind of loneliness. In my saner moments I realize that, after all, compared to the Guv my conception of aloneness is nonexistent.

## A Final Note

THIS morning I received a letter from a person who had been reading the Guv's latest book 'Twilight', and the writer suggested it would be nice if I were to write a book of my own. Apparently she liked my modest contribution to 'Twilight'.

So, to this reader and the many others who, through the years, have asked, 'Why doesn't Ra-ab tell HER story', I want you to know I appreciate your interest and I say, with Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers, I do hope you will like my book. Thelma says she has enjoyed working on it, but I am sure she is relieved that we have finished the typescript; though, without her help I am sure it would have taken much longer to complete. I also wish to express my gratitude to Irene Clevering who allowed the work to be done, since she does not normally undertake literary material.

Let me finish with a tribute to cats and cat lovers, by the publisher of Cats Magazine, quoted from a Detroit News Story on cats, and reprinted in the April issue of the magazine:

'Cat lovers seem to be more sure of themselves and more satisfied with the way life is. They are less materialistic, and more thoughtful and kind.'

THE END

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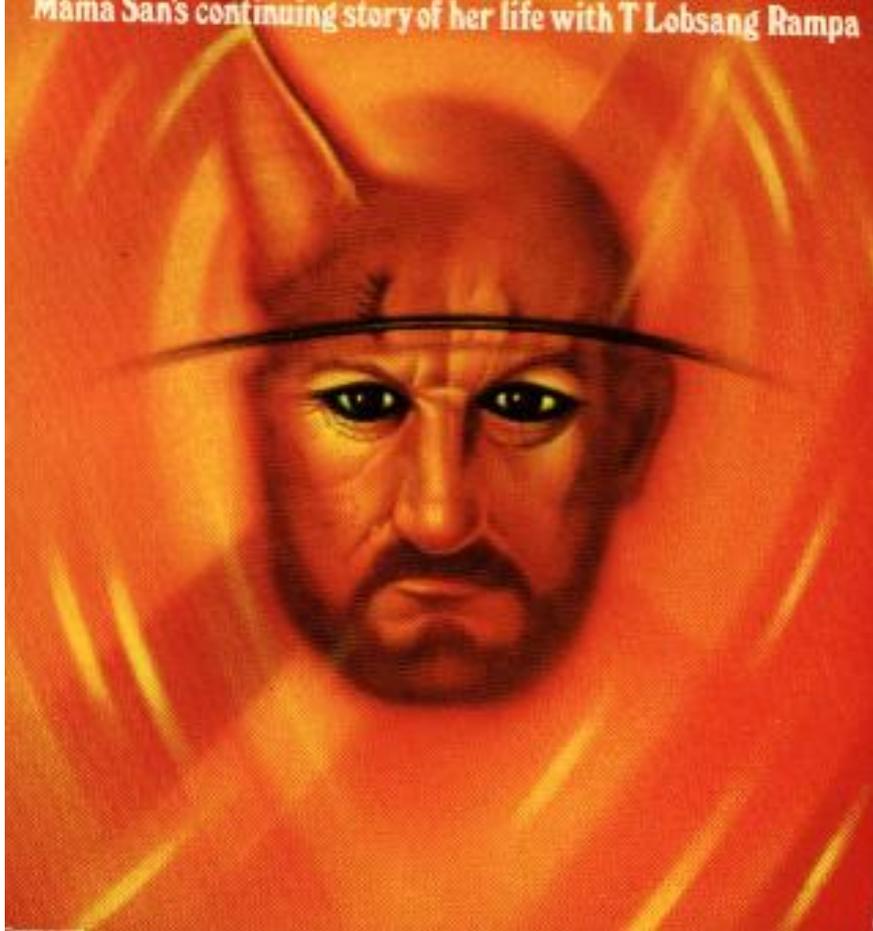
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# TIGERLILY MAMA SAN RA'AB RAMPA

Author of PUSSYWILLOW

Mama San's continuing story of her life with T Lobsang Rampa

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The Pen is Mightier  
than the sword

Nurture Your Mind with Great Thoughts  
for you will never rise higher than you think.

DISRAELI

## CHAPTER ONE

It was my good fortune to be born in an era when family life meant something, when mothers found fulfillment in the home and had no need of a second occupation to allow them to function more fully as a complete being. A rare occasion indeed to return home from school and find an empty house; mother was always there, sewing perhaps, or busy crocheting (an art which she taught me when I was quite young), and always a nice tea awaited a hungry child.

As I was somewhat headstrong, there is no doubt a more firm discipline would not have been amiss; but that was not her way.

The moments which provided the greatest satisfaction were the times spent in the evening, as the day was ending and night approaching, before it was time to light the lamps.

Mother was fond of reciting this little verse:

‘Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupation  
That is known as the children's hour.’

She believed very strongly in devoting time to her offspring, and in catering to their mental and spiritual needs as well as their physical well-being.

The things one learns in one's childhood days seem to linger in the memory for ever, even more permanent than the present-day computer with its memory bank. School was fine, I never minded studying; but that was an everyday reality, something

one had to do. But what I really liked was to have my mother tell true stories about her immediate family and close relatives. It seems a far cry from where I am now, sitting in the apartment of a high-rise building, to those days when home was a house of your own and comfort was sitting by a blazing log fire on a winter's evening.

While the experiences unfolded in mother's quiet voice, I would picture a little girl around five years old being taken to stay with her grandmother who lived a long way from the big city where she had been born and which was her home. Although I had never been away from MY family I tried to feel what it must be like for the little girl trying to adapt herself to life in a village with people who were strangers to her, even if they were blood relations. There was very little said about her Grandpa but Grandma apparently had forgotten anything she might have known about the needs of small girls.

In the beginning the arrangement was meant to be just temporary, while the child's mother was recovering from a malady which had been causing concern. However, the days passed, then weeks, dragging on into months and years, and my mother never did return to the place of her birth; so, in the end she came to look upon various cousins with whom she associated as more her family than her real sisters and brothers.

As I look back through the years I still remember some of the interesting sleep-experiences she used to relate. In those days I probably put it down to 'unusual dreams' but in the light of future developments it seems mother was seeing into the future. She told how, in a dream, she had seen what she referred to as horseless carriages and this was as a young girl, before the turn of the century. As well as experiencing pre-cognition, she must also have looked into the past for she told of seeing bowls of white light, of an unearthly whiteness; and she believed her dream had taken her to a city of a former civilization. Pictures of people, too, were in evidence; but the subjects did not remain still, rather they moved about-advancing towards one.

Needlework and reading provided the main part of our re-

creation and I probably developed my love of quotations and proverbs in those days, an interest which has never left me. I loved being read to until I was old enough to read myself, and stories such as *Little Nell*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *A Peep Behind The Scenes* provided plenty of scope for my vivid imagination.

Later I passed through the usual 'teen-age' phase of romantic novels, identifying with all the joys and heartaches of Hall Caine's characters and those of Ethel M. Dell. Once I was returning a book to the school library and everyone howled with laughter when I announced, 'I have brought back *The Top of The World*.' 'You must be very strong,' someone commented glibly.

I looked for my soul  
but my soul I could not see.  
I looked for my God  
but my God eluded me.  
I looked for a friend  
and then I found all three.

William Blake

## CHAPTER TWO

It was also my good fortune to have as a marriage partner a person who was interested in more than the material things of life. He, who I will be referring to as Carl, was a very sensitive person and on the day of our first meeting we just knew our paths had crossed before. There was hardly any need for mere words since we came very near to reading each others thoughts. 'How dreadful,' someone may think; but if there is nothing to hide surely it is a simple method of communicating. It has been said that two people can live together for a number of years and gradually become like each other physically, while understanding each other perfectly, in silence. So we took the short cut and, instead of waiting until near life's ending, we started at the other end and benefited thereby.

The very first afternoon we spent together was enjoyable for both of us—definitely a milestone to be remembered. As I sit here viewing the North American scene I relive one glorious day in England: it was late Summer, around the middle of September, where a turning point was reached in the lives of two persons who were destined to meet.

There was a man in England who; upon having to put something unpleasant in a letter, would precede the unpleasant part with the comment, 'If you don't like the next bit please read it with your eyes closed'; so perhaps I might offer a similar suggestion. If you do not believe in Astrology, please shut your eyes for the next part because I want to tell something to the believers.

An eminent astrologer, known worldwide, who was interested in making a chart for us, said: 'It was inevitable that

you two should come together. Saturn is in the same House, to the exact degree, in each of your charts; sign of a deep and lasting tie.' This astrologer was very careful about his predictions, knowing full well the foibles of human nature and the responsibility of his profession, and he seemed somewhat baffled at some of the things he saw in the two charts. Considering the unusual experiences we were to contend with in the days and weeks ahead it was not surprising. It was apparent that while we may not always see 'eye-to-eye' in the ordinary everyday things, there was no doubt but that in the deeper permanent concepts we were as one. This assurance has always sustained me through the ups and downs, the peaks and lows, of the see-saw of our time together. I knew there was a purpose behind it all, even at the lowest ebb, and all the vicissitudes would be worth while in the long run.

It was not long (only a few days) after we first met that Carl took me to meet his Mother, with whom he was then living. Of a somewhat formidable appearance, with strong views on many subjects, she was amiable enough, but I always had the impression that she resented my appearing on the scene. Like many mothers she wanted to keep her son to herself, although she had never been noted for showing any special affection for him. It was probably a case of wanting to hang on to something she was in danger of losing. For me there was the knowledge that I could put up with the situation because it was natural for a young man to find happiness with a partner, and I felt we were doing what was intended of us. I had been fending for myself for a number of years so I had the experience of dealing with different situations, and this was only one more. For some reason I have had to contend with 'dislike' from certain women at various times, and I sometimes wonder why . . . probably this nuisance will follow me to the end of my life. The astrologer called it jealousy!!

*The better part of  
one's life consists  
of one's friendships.*

Abraham Lincoln

## CHAPTER THREE

It was interesting the way in which I and my future husband finally met, although it seemed there had been several attempts by the 'powers that be' to bring this about. In the end we were introduced by a man, a man known to both of us, who said he had a strong conviction, a hunch, that he was meant to be the means of bringing us together. It just goes to show we should follow our hunches, or at least not discard them without due thought; and no one should count himself too insignificant to be a tool in the scheme of things. At one time I used to have a most depreciating attitude regarding my own abilities, having a tendency to listen to others—believing they knew the answers much better than I, and I suffered thereby. These days I realize I must stand or fall by my own beliefs and actions; thus I have gained a large measure of self-confidence.

So the first time Carl and I came together was on a Saturday, in September, and there was a mutual feeling that we had been together before. It was as though each of us had returned from a journey and were about to continue life where we had left off after having been away on our respective missions. On that first day and in the days which followed I would find myself starting to say something . . . perhaps making a comment, or asking a question . . . and then I would halt to say, 'But I have said that before,' or 'I have asked that question before.'

Where and when had we known each other? Since those days I believe I have become more enlightened on the subject and I have often wished I had possessed a little more of the knowledge and understanding which has been permitted me in

the interim.

That was the first of many very pleasant interludes . . . when we walked or sat by the river, taking tea at one of the many open-air restaurants along the banks of the Thames near London. It was there we used to enjoy taking a boat and idling away an hour or so; and the time I fell overboard just appealed to Carl's keen sense of humor, though to me the incident was anything but amusing.

Although at the time it seemed there was little, if any, choice the day we decided to go and live in Weybridge, we had made an unfortunate decision. It was not a harmonious locality for us and, in hindsight (a popular phrase since Watergate), we realized we had made a mistake.

However, 'needs must, when the devil drives!', and one cannot live in London without work . . . or you couldn't in the days of which I write; but, judging from what one hears about welfare, unemployment benefits and various grants which are available . . . well, possibly it is possible to live there now without working.

As with many people, the Second World War made a difference to our lives. The place where Carl was employed as Manager was unlucky enough to be bombed and so many changes had to be made. He went off from Knightsbridge one morning and when he reached Conduit Street he found the area barricaded off, no one being allowed inside. After explaining his position to a police officer he was allowed to pass and continued on to the surgical appliance company's offices, which had received a direct hit from a bomb.

When one brushes away the mists of memory one realizes what a terrible time we were living through. The apartment building (or block of flats we called it) where we lived also had a hit, and that gave me quite a fright. In my excitement I called out to Carl to 'come here' before the place collapsed; but he didn't come for what seemed minutes, in spite of my shaking the handle of the door behind which he was engaged in very private and personal business. That particular episode led to all the tenants being turned out of the building until the

following morning; so it was fortunate we knew someone who had spare accommodation, and we made our way to Earl's Court where we gratefully tumbled into bed. Many times have I remarked that one of the best breakfasts I ever had was the following morning, when we returned to our flat and had a meal of bacon, eggs and sausages. Apparently there had been danger of escaping gas and it was not considered safe to leave anyone in the building overnight.

People have often asked how we ever managed to get any sleep in the wake of those noisy and dangerous air raids, and they found it hard to believe that I was able to sleep through it all. I never worried whether I would see another day or not; and I will always remember once, in the early days before we had become used to it all, Carl woke me when there was a particularly noisy attack to tell me I was too deeply asleep. He said, 'If you died suddenly due to the bombing, you would not know what had happened to you for a long time, so it is better to be awake and conscious of what is happening.' I rubbed my eyes and pondered upon it, and the more I thought about it the more sense it seemed to make . . . so much so that it has stayed in my mind ever since. If I am without discomfort, or actual pain, wild horses will not awaken me; so obviously I must reach a very deep 'level' of the sleep state, which benefits me enormously. To me the sleep state sets the tune for my mood and efficiency, or otherwise, on the following day.

Just last month there were two or three fire engines outside my window at some unearthly hour, and I have to confess that I didn't hear a thing; and I only knew about it when I was told later. To sleep soundly does not mean that one sleeps the whole night through . . . in my case it is simply for a short time, at most three hours, which I understand is more beneficial than say an eight-hour stretch.

The late Sir Winston Churchill apparently found this a satisfactory method, together with his daytime 'catnaps', and he seemed to function remarkably well.

I was interested to read in Dr. James Paupst's *Sleep Book* (Macmillan of Canada, 1975) that 'something seems to be lacking in sleep research so far'. He writes:

‘Perhaps if scientists would decide not to look-as out-siders-into this other life we lead at night, but actually to take part in it, like Alice in Wonderland slipping through her magic door, they might come up with some real evidence. For if there is another life, it may be more “real” than what we live. Who knows what roles we each play in it? Who can tabulate our activities and reactions?’

As I read the book I was reminded of an incident during our stay in Surrey when Carl said to me one morning, ‘Whatever were you doing in your sleep?’ ‘Why?’ I was anxious to know as he did not tell me immediately. ‘Well,’ he smiled, ‘you said you were going to have our little car painted blue.’ So this left me wondering because I had no recollection of it. ‘You said it quite clearly,’ he continued, ‘and you answered my question when I asked you “why?” . . . You said it was going to be blue because that was the colour Warwick Deeping’s car was being painted.’

Later in the day we were leafing through a magazine and to our surprise we saw an account of Warwick Deeping’s BLUE car.

Who was Warwick Deeping? A ‘fashionable’ writer of his day, even though his work may have been written in a rather ponderous style. Deeping was merely a pseudonym—and not his real name.

If I accept  
the sunshine and warmth  
I must also accept  
the thunder and the lightning

Kahlil Gibran

## CHAPTER FOUR

The proprietor of the surgical appliance company decided it was unwise to contemplate staying in London because one couldn't guarantee freedom from further air attacks; so he cast around for a more suitable place, eventually deciding to transfer to a place in the 'Midland' area, a fair distance from London.

We heard about another company who also had left the city, due to wartime conditions, and had moved to Weybridge in Surrey; and these people needed staff. It was necessary to have a personal interview, so, after making an appointment, we went along by bus, to find the Managing Director had not arrived. Carl just had to wait, while I went down the road where there was a restaurant . . . and there I stayed for what seemed like hours until my husband joined me. The man, the Managing Director (who was also the boss-the proprietor), had forgotten about the interview, hence his late arrival. But apparently he was impressed with Carl's experience and abilities, so quickly decided he was the man for the job.

Not many people wanted to go out in the wilds of Weybridge, especially if they had been used to life in London. And we didn't think much of it either but there was nothing else in view so we had to accept what seemed the inevitable.

This was an engineering correspondence set-up, a technological institute (an institute of technology), and there was no shortage of students since people wanted to be well prepared for the future from the standpoint of furthering their education. In times of war, people worry about the future, wondering what post-war conditions are going to be like, and

they feel that if they increase their education they will stand a better chance of competing for a job.

This business flourished for a few years, and though the salaries for staff left much to be desired it was said that the proprietor soon became a millionaire. He found it difficult to understand why employees needed money.

Too late we learnt that, had we waited a little longer, other opportunities would have presented themselves and a much more satisfactory offer would have come our way. If people in general only had the gift of pre-vision, how much more satisfactory their lives might be. Or would they? It seems so easy to take the wrong path.

Summer was a much pleasanter time to spend in the vicinity because one could rent a dinghy and go rowing on the River Wey. This we would be doing after a wait of six or seven months because we had arrived in one of the worst periods, in dull November.

We were going to miss the walks in the parks, in Green Park and Kensington Gardens, where we loved to go during the weekends. Carl found museums fascinating, especially the science museum at South Kensington; and I enjoyed Madame Tussaud's waxworks exhibition, also going out to a restaurant occasionally in the evening for dinner. One of our favorite places was the Empire Restaurant, in Victoria Street, which we sometimes visited after Carl left the office . . . and I sometimes wondered whether this was arranged mainly for my benefit. I knew he liked to spend some time in a News Theatre, so I would suggest it after dinner, before we returned home.

Our nearest neighbor in Weybridge was a gardener who lived in a cottage with his wife, and who used to grow many vegetables for himself and his 'customers'. It must have been quite legal and above-board, but he didn't seem happy to have neighbors (us) around who were in a position to observe his varied activities. Life moved along fairly smoothly except for a mild complaint, about a cat scratching around the vegetable and flower beds, and he was concerned as to whether it was our feline.

We were awakened one morning in the early hours by a loud knocking on the door, and an agitated voice accompanying the knocking. On investigating we found the gardener's wife in a very nervous state and wearing only her night attire. She beseeched me to go with her since she thought her husband was dying, and would I go and see what I thought about his condition. She was obviously in a very distressed state so I had to do something, although she and her husband had shown nothing but resentment towards us. I threw on a robe and accompanied her back to her cottage where I crossed the threshold for the first time, when she ushered me to where her husband lay. For a moment I stood looking at him; I saw it was too late and there was nothing one could do to save him, for his spirit had indeed departed. She looked up at me, at last realizing the worst, and I consoled her as best I could while she gradually recovered her self-control and made arrangements to contact her doctor and her relatives.

It must be one of the saddest situations when one partner is suddenly taken away, most people seem to know not where, and the other is left to face life alone.

In this particular case, the clothes-line in the back garden was left in position for a long time, when normally it would have been removed immediately the washing was dry; left because it was one of the last duties the gardener had performed and his wife did not feel able to have it removed since it helped her to maintain contact with him.

I have often wondered why we are not educated more about the process of dying; why we are not told how it is a natural process, and that it is not the end. The majority of today's youth seem to have very little idea of what death is all about, and how can they know if there is no one to teach them?

#### JUST A SKETCH

The pavement was cold and hard as his body thudded down those twenty floors to finally rest on the sidewalk where passers-by might gaze with curiosity as he lay quite still, in the chill wind of winter.

One wonders whether he was born with the moon in the Eighth House, a sign of death in a public place.

After the three police cars had departed and the body had been taken to the funeral home, the pavement was cleaned and the curiosity seekers gradually dispersed.

Nearby there lived an Avatar, and after a few hours had passed the spirit of the young man approached the Great Being.

‘Tell me where I am,’ demanded the youth who had lived no more than eighteen years. ‘I came to you because I saw a light of understanding,’ he continued, ‘but the first being I met was a cat.’

With a puzzled expression, he said he thought he was mad because he understood the cat when she spoke to him.

The Avatar looked upon the boy with compassion and enquired why he was so worried (the boy seemed to be ignorant of everything connected with dying, and could not accept the fact that he was indeed dead).

‘Haven't you heard about life after death?’ enquired the Avatar. ‘Don't you believe in God?’

‘Oh, gee’ answered the boy, ‘that's an old guy in a book!’

To try to convince him that he was dead it was suggested the boy go to the funeral home and see his body. Quickly he returned, announcing, ‘Gee, that place is full of stiff.’

The Avatar sighed, feeling great compassion for the young man, and devoted much time trying to reach a point of understanding, eventually sending the youth on his way, reassured, while he was left wondering at the lack of religious teachings.

If you wish to see the valleys  
climb to the mountain top;  
if you desire to see the mountain top,  
rise into the cloud;  
but if you. seek to understand the cloud,  
close your eyes and think.

Kahlil Gibran

## CHAPTER FIVE

Weybridge was a busy place during the war years, Vickers Armstrong's Aircraft Company being in the vicinity, and providing employment for thousands of people. Each morning, around breakfast time, the avenue beneath our window was buzzing with motor cars, trucks and bicycles—all on their way to Vickers; but after an hour or so, the road was almost deserted again. Yes, we were continually reminded of the war. Of course Brooklands' race track, also in the Weybridge district, was known all over the world.

For us it was a fairly quiet period in our lives for we did not lead much of a social life, having very few visitors. Carl was not fond of mixing with people, so his employer held this against him. If you want to succeed in business life, it seems you must smoke, drink and BE SOCIAL, whatever that means!

A few of my acquaintances came to visit us 'out in the sticks' and I remember one in particular, a nurse who had but recently been married. She had flouted hospital regulations and married one of her patients in the hospital. Although her name escapes my memory, I have several reasons for remembering this young lady—not the least being that she was an excellent nurse, admired by staff and management alike. Her husband, prior to the marriage, had suffered a motor-cycle accident; thus he became a patient, having one leg amputated. During his illness and convalescence, no doubt partly due to the extreme care he enjoyed at her hands, he fell in love with his nurse. After his discharge from hospital, there were many escapades, after hours, and it was not long before wedding bells were ringing for nurse and patient. Around that particu-

lar time there was a film star who had suffered a leg amputation, and therefore he had enlisted the use of an artificial limb. My nurse acquaintance and her husband spent many hours sitting in the cinema studying this actor's leg movements so they might learn whatever they could to make things easier for themselves.

I was just going to comment that, were I endowed with an eidetic memory, I would give the actor's name. In the meantime the electrical pulsations within my cranium slowly 'creaked', bringing to the surface the name of Herbert Marshall—a well-known and popular British actor of his day.

Another person with whom we maintained contact was Dr. Murray, a pathologist, and whenever we found ourselves in his area we would go along to the hospital where he was employed and have a chat. Dr. Murray was a very clever man, an author of technical works, and a prospective candidate for Britain's parliament; but, since we did not approve of the party he represented, we were just as happy that he did not get sufficient votes. It would have been sad for a brilliant medical man to waste his time with politics, surely.

Dr. Murray is no longer on the earth plane—but he is always remembered with affection.

One does not enjoy being reminded of wars; and that being so, there is no pleasure in living close to an aircraft factory, which for some people creates an artificial glamour. Wages are high and the ordinary person, the so-called man-in-the-street, is able to live on a scale which would be unimaginable in peace time.

As well as the Vickers Viscount planes, the Wellington Bomber (the Wimpey) was also produced by the Vickers Brookland factory. This was the first geodetic airplane ever made. Vickers also produced one of the first anti-sub radar planes (a Wimpey) which had on top a thing which looked like a flying saucer. The machine used to fly over the sea by night, when U-boats were on the surface recharging their batteries. They could spot the U-boats first and were then able to drop their depth charges.

There is no pleasure in reliving the horrors of war with all

its hate and misunderstanding, and the aftermath of suffering which it causes. One needed only to walk past the Star and Garter Home for the Disabled, near Richmond Park, to be reminded how savage human beings can be to each other. These disabled and otherwise crippled men had been victims of the First World War.

When one lives away from the mainstream of things one tends to fall back on one's own resources; so we had plenty of time to think, read and, on weekends and evenings, explore the countryside on our bicycles which we had brought with us from London. Often we cycled along to Walton-on-Thames in one direction, or to a small place named Addlestone the other way (not far from Chertsey). Sometimes we would take a train and go to Woking or Guildford, and one of the nicest doctors I have ever known lived in Woking. He was Irish and, due to his abilities as a physician and his natural humanitarian manner, most of his patients considered themselves fortunate to be included in his practice. This GENTLEMAN has gone on to a higher state, with few regrets and the knowledge that his life on earth was well worth while.

One day we were riding along towards Heath Road, on our way home, when we passed a small restaurant and we noticed a sign reading 'Kittens available'; so we stopped and made enquiries. The restaurant owner was a pleasant English woman, and her cat family looked well and happy; so we decided to have one of her beautiful Silver Tabbies, a gentleman who was often known as Mr. T. Catt.

T. Catt was very tiny, with a very short tail and a beautiful sensitive face, and we were quite enthralled at the prospect of adopting him. In the two weeks we had to wait for him to be old enough to leave his cat mother we purchased dishes (plates, saucers and bowls), together with sanitary trays, and a sleeping basket; for cats, and indeed all creatures, are happier with their own utensils.

Everything was in order by the time we went to collect and bring him home. He was so small that he would fit easily into Carl's pocket. And that is how he was transported from one home to the other.

It was a happy moment when T. Catt crossed the threshold and took up residence, thus becoming part of our life. If a pussycat starts investigating his new quarters, and shows interest in the food you have provided, you can be fairly certain he is going to settle down happily. And this is what happened.

Life seemed to take on a new meaning, because we had been so much ‘wrapped up with ourselves’ and we needed to broaden our interests and affections. Carl and I had been thrown together for such long periods that there were too few ‘spaces’ in our togetherness—that is how Kahlil Gibran puts it. He says:

‘Let there be spaces in your togetherness, and let the winds of the heavens dance between you. Love one another, but make not a bond of love; let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.’

So the advent of Mr. Catt added a new dimension to our lives, and I was to learn much from the association. The most exciting experience for me came one day when Mr. Catt had reached maturity. I was holding him in my arms while standing before a looking glass. Without concentrating I casually turned to let him see himself, because I knew cats **COULD** see their image if they were interested. Sometimes they seem to be sure there is another creature on the other side, and it can be quite amusing to watch while they search around behind the mirror to find the interloper. Whether T. Catt saw himself or not seemed unimportant at that moment because I was so interested in what I myself witnessed: In the mirror image I saw, around my cat, a narrow band of a bluish-gray substance extending a few centimeters, which later I came to identify as the etheric body which surrounds all living things. That was a very important discovery for me because in later years, having read so much material on this and kindred subjects, I could say to myself, ‘Yes, this is so because I have actually seen it.’ Sometimes it is possible to see something like this more clearly through a mirror; and it gave me the assurance that the etheric really existed, and gradually to have the ability to see it even without any artificial aids.

In the midst of  
winter, I finally  
learned that there  
was in me an  
invincible summer.

Albert Camus

## CHAPTER SIX

As I look back, I realize more than ever that the time spent in Weybridge was a time of preparation for another phase. It seemed we were not destined to have friends or acquaintances, and it was not long before we were quite on our own—the few people I had known were occupied with their own affairs, and to some extent everybody's life was influenced by the war. Carl and I became air-raid wardens; and we had to take our turn on duty, patrolling our area, making sure no one was showing a light and violating the blackout rules at night. One ill-minded person reported us one night for showing a chink of light—it was more a case of bad feeling than a serious violation of rules.

Carl was intense in his love of nature people, and we were more and more pleased to have our Silver Tabby who showed great interest in our activities—and seemed to know his mission in life was to care for us. Carl suggested we go along to a store and find a harness for Mr. T. Catt before taking him out walking. This we did and, although he never really liked the restriction of being confined within the contraption, he did eventually come to accept it as part of the process of becoming civilized, even humanized. Your cat considers himself as part of your family, so why should he not consider himself 'humanized'. Sometimes I ponder whether my present creatures don't tend to look upon me as another member of their species. At home I am sometimes addressed as 'Ma Cat' and there are times when I can almost sense things from their point of view.

After all, if you can see something in your mind's eye there is no reason why it should not become a reality. Most of us

have heard the remark, 'I feel closer to my dog than I do to many humans,' or, 'The more I see of people the more I love my dog.' It has been said that, what you can visualize—CAN BE. He who can see the invisible can achieve the impossible.

I would like to quote an extract from *Alice in Wonderland* because it is so applicable, and it helps one to believe in so-called impossible things : 'Alice laughed. "There's no use trying" she said. "One can't believe in impossible things." "I daresay you haven't had much practice", said the Queen. "When I was younger I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast." '

Who would believe that at one time cats walked upright, on two legs? Well I have an idea that, according to cat legends, they did indeed; and they used to engage in numerous activities which would surprise the human of today.

Within a few short months, T. Catt grew to become a beautiful specimen, and I used to say he reminded me of a Tiger Lily—he had the markings of a tiger and the delicate appearance of a lily. The expression on his sweet face was really quite angelic.

As the days passed we gradually realized that when you adopt a creature of nature, giving it the trust and affection it deserves, you will not be disappointed—for nature people are capable of returning your devotion many times over. I will never forget how much I owe my Silver Tabby, my Tiger Lily.

Since we were so very isolated in our personal life, the day we became the possessors of a little automobile was quite an event. The Managing Director of the company expected Carl to service his cars as well as attending the advisory work relating to students (the position for which he had been engaged), and I became quite proficient as a mechanic's assistant. Once I helped to change over the engine of a car—I hope I can remember the 'make'; yes, it was a Standard, and by today's standards, probably considered quite ancient.

The gentleman also owned a beautiful black Chrysler, and being something of a speed fiend he caused pedestrians to leap

out of the way when he came speeding along the Avenue on his way to the office. This vehicle, too, was serviced by Carl because his knowledge of motor mechanics was extensive; although he disliked this type of work very much, eventually putting his foot down and asking his boss to please find someone else to do it.

But to own a car ourselves was something else! And I was very interested when Carl told me he had heard of a little Morris Minor which was almost new, and which was to be sold for a very reasonable figure.

We went down Baker Street to the garage, and we were given a trial run which resulted in a purchase; and this certainly made life more interesting. We explored the whole district and often went to London Airport (Heathrow), which was just being completed, finding it most interesting to watch the planes. I have been surprised to see the name 'Heathrow' continues to be used because in those early days it was said there was a problem with its pronunciation: many non-English speaking people could not manage the 'th'—merely sounding the 't'. However, since it has survived, the problem must not have been insurmountable.

Sometimes we took a drive to other places of interest, to Epsom Downs or to Boxhill, where we might enjoy the wonderful view, or even to London itself where we drove around marveling at the damage which could be wrought by warfare. It was disappointing to find that T. Catt was less than interested in the contraption. He preferred to get underneath the thing and examine it after we returned from a trip. If ever we tried to take him with us he would make the most strenuous objections—as though there was something unpleasant and eerie about the whole thing. Perhaps he knew more about it than we did, as we were to find out later.

To our dismay this car was sometimes hard to control, as though another entity was trying to take over the steering and attempting to veer in the opposite direction. At other times we seemed to be moving backward, something which, logically, was impossible since the gear would be in the neutral position, with the car pointing down hill.

Many aspects of the whole affair were explained when eventually we happened to hear something of the car's history. Apparently it had been involved in an accident, resulting in a person being killed; and, according to the man who supplied the information, it was known to be a haunted car. So that was why the price was so reasonable, and possibly why Mr. Catt was such an unwilling passenger—always resisting our attempts to take him with us.

What our Tiger did enjoy was to stroll around the grounds with us, on weekends or in the evenings, usually wearing a harness so we might keep a check on him; and he delighted in doing a bit of tree climbing. These premises had originally been privately owned, before being transformed into offices, and the estate comprised about three and a half acres of land. It was very pleasant to wander amongst the trees and flowers in the cool of a summer evening, keeping an eye on Mr. Catt and chatting of various things which were of interest to both of us.

One day Carl said, 'You know, Ra-ab, that cat reminds me of a creature who lived with me previously : although HE was of a different color he had many of the same mannerisms, and I often have an impression of my black cat when I observe this one.' Since we believe that humans and 'animals' do return to earth again and again, we accepted the fact that 'black cat John' had come back again in the form of a Tabby—to look after us as well as gaining further experience himself. We believed this creature, T. Catt, previously John, had been associated with us through many lives, and that we would continue together through many more.

Carl was extremely gentle with 'animals' and he would lift cats carefully, with both hands—not taking them by the scruff of the neck thus allowing their bodies to just hang down and become strained as some people do, which can cause such misery. He used to say one should never laugh at a cat otherwise it would be sorely offended, and he was speaking of the so-called domestic feline. Siamese cats, it seems, are less concerned about it; but their biggest problem is loneliness. They MUST have the companionship of humans if they are to sur-

vive and remain sane and content.

It was the cause of much worry the night Mr. Catt did not come home by bedtime. We had gone down to the front door and out into the yard on a very warm summer evening, when suddenly he darted off into the dusk—all our entreaties to return being in vain. He had never stayed away before, so in our concern we could not settle down to sleep, only napping fitfully. So it was with joy that I looked out of the window in the morning and espied him sitting under a tree, waiting for the door to open so he might come in and resume the duties he had lately been neglecting.

I do my thing  
And you do your thing  
I am not in this world  
To live up to your expectations,  
And you are not in this world  
To live up to mine.

You are you.  
And I am I

And if by chance we find each other  
It's beautiful

Fritz Peris

## CHAPTER SEVEN

It was an interesting sight when Mr. Catt began ‘showing off’ in front of anyone who happened to call upon us: he would roll over on to his back and wait to be admired. Being a Leo person he was proud . . . and beautiful; and everybody commented upon his appearance. Even the short tail of babyhood had grown to become a thing of beauty. We spent a lot of time, he and I, in our yard where we read or dug up the little bit of flower patch, planting seeds which we hoped would eventually produce various-hued pansies.

Our Tiger would have a good feed of grass which is very good for cats, having an emetic effect; fortunately getting it all over before going inside. These days I have to grow grass indoors, in flower pots, and it is quite amusing to see a stranger come into our apartment and enquire what is in the pots. When they are told, ‘Oh, it is just grass,’ they look at one strangely until they realize it is the old-fashioned kind—being grown for cats only.

‘Why an emetic effect,’ someone will say. ‘Surely it is not good to deliberately make a cat vomit’ (or ‘throw up’ as they say in Canada). ‘Sure it is a good thing,’ I reply, for this helps get rid of all the loose fur which comes off when a cat washes, and which is most often swallowed, forming a hard wad inside the cat’s stomach; and technically termed a ‘hair-ball’. If these hard lumps, which are often too big and too hard to pass all the way through the intestines, do not receive attention they can lead to obstructions and other serious conditions if left in the stomach. Some people give, by mouth, a little olive oil or liquid paraffin periodically which helps to soften the hard

mass, thus allowing it to complete its progress through the digestive tract; but one should always be on the lookout for symptoms of this annoying and sometimes serious problem. To aid in the prevention of this condition, as well as to keep a cat healthy and constipation free, a bowl of water should always be available—and it should be changed mornings and evenings. Most people are surprised when told many cats prefer water instead of milk, and that water in most cases is better for them. All cats should be groomed (brushed and combed) every day to prevent the swallowing of loose hair. Short-haired felines are in need of this grooming just as are the long-haired variety.

It is surprising how many people have pets of one kind or another and do not take the trouble to find out how to care for them—the sort of conditions which are most suitable, the kind of diet they need, etc. Just like humans, most if not all creatures suffer from a feeling of loneliness if neglected for too long; and this goes for the fish in an aquarium, a bird in a cage, as well as the larger ‘animals’ who walk around on all fours. It is widely acknowledged that house plants thrive much better in an atmosphere of friendliness, when the so-called owners talk to them and provide companionship.

There is one thing many of us are guilty of, and that is in delaying getting professional help when we have a creature who is sick or does not seem to be well. Especially in the case of a cat, a day or even a few hours delay in treatment can make a great deal of difference to their satisfactory recovery. Veterinarians are agreed upon this, and the other day, Dr. Randall (our present veterinarian) was talking about this aspect: ‘But ‘ he was quick to comment, ‘there is no danger of your cats being left too long without attention.’ He knows we consult him just to make sure the little people are doing all right.

So the war progressed; and we were all tired of food and clothes rationing, and the shortage of petrol too. Reconstituted eggs do not make the best of meals for humans, and a little cat can get tired of eternally being offered canned pilchards in brine; and women, probably more than men, found it monoton-

ous and soul-destroying having to wear the same old clothes for too long. In those days I was very fond of nice clothes, and one found various ways of supplementing one's wardrobe: I happened to come into contact with a fashion editor of one of the London Sunday newspapers who accumulated a certain number of garments to be used in her job of reviewing. Since my size was average, the same as hers, I managed to obtain some of these articles which the lady was happy to dispose of and which boosted my ego tremendously. Finally, Miss Editor annoyed me somewhat by offering an attractive red woolen coat which she 'just needed to keep a few days for a showing', while in the meantime having second thoughts and withdrawing her offer. Just a little thing perhaps, but for a moment it angered me somewhat.

T. Catt was very fond of flowers and we used to tease him about looking like Ferdinand the Bull, who just sat and smelled them. One day he and I had a session of seed planting—we worked energetically and interestedly, and then we left them to nature so she and her helpers might bring them to fruition. At the appropriate time our efforts were rewarded, and we found ourselves with a glorious array of various-hued and over-sized pansies, in shades of blue, purple, orange and yellow; and some were the color of a Tiger Lily.

Some people seem to be luckier than others in obtaining good results from their efforts at growing flowers; but then one wonders, 'Is it perhaps not "luck" but something else altogether?' Those people who have given a little thought and perhaps a little research on the subject may have something to say about the 'green thumbs' theory. What are green thumbs, and what is the reason for them?

Were we to go into the subject ourselves we would realize that certain types of people have greener thumbs than the rest of us; and they are usually of the earthy type, such as the solid Taurus—born in May, a Virgoan whose birth date is in September, or the January Capricorn. These people are in greater harmony with Mother Earth; and as they lovingly go about their horticultural activities their particular etheric emanations

may be absorbed, thus providing the extra energy which results in a quicker and healthier growth. A certain person I know possesses an abundance of the Taurus and Capricorn qualities and, as you may imagine, his garden is his hobby and his great love—he spends hours and hours nurturing his plot, and the results are the envy of all his gardening friends.

Those possessed of this particular make-up can do much to sustain a sick person by transmitting energy through touch, because the etheric emanations are very powerful around the hands.

Carl and I spent a good deal of time in our photographic darkroom and this entailed much work since it was something of a make-shift affair. Being war-time the blackout curtains were useful in making the room dark but there was no ‘running water’ so we were kept busy transporting solutions back and forth from the bathroom, being particularly careful to prevent as much as possible the collection of dust in the dishes. I soon learned how careful one must be in maintaining cleanliness when processing film and making prints, almost as careful as preparing for an operation in a hospital. I also learned that if one is interested, dedicated if you like, in whatever one undertakes, it is possible to obtain good results in spite of difficult working conditions. One supposes it is only the bad workman who blames his tools, the proficient photographer overcomes the obstacles.

By watching and listening to Carl's procedures and explanations I was able to learn a great deal; with the big Thornton Pickard reflex, and the small Agfa 35-mm size, the range of photographic possibilities was fairly wide.

Why the small size film at all, one wonders. It seems that when someone was making cine films they decided it would be a good idea to make some of this size available to the public, especially since there is more variety in cine film than any other. The Belgian firm of Gaevent manufactured the film in collaboration with the Agfa company whose 35-mm camera was one of the earliest on the market, and it took twelve frames to a roll, so we must have been amongst the earliest

users of the 35 mm which in later days has become so popular.

Around that time a British Company in Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, brought out the Compass, a wrist camera, using 16-mm circular film, and in those early days the mid-Europeans put out a 'spy' camera using this film which is just about half the size of the 35 mm. A little later a man in Italy invented another small instrument which has been called one of the finest cameras ever produced, but for one reason or another it did not receive the promotion necessary to get going, so it was never popularized. This camera was a Gami and one of its features was that with each setting of the shutter one might take three separate pictures. Whether that was a good thing is debatable. I have seen some results of this instrument and I have to agree they came close to perfection in quality.

Friendship is the  
inexpressible comfort  
of feeling safe with  
a person having neither  
to weigh thoughts  
nor measure words.

George Eliot

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Life is made up of sunshine and shadow and it would not be of much help to anyone if all was gloom or ‘cloud nine’ experiences, cloud nine being about the ultimate experience of joy we could possibly feel while on earth. Someone has said, ‘If the sun should shine night and day, how soon the trees would wither.’ I mention this to illustrate the ways of ordinary living; although misunderstandings and minor disagreements are most unpleasant there comes a wonderful feeling of satisfaction when two people resolve their differences and harmony is once more restored. It's something like when you have to part from a cared-for person for a time—having been away from each other, the eventual coming together again reveals an extra glow which radiates new meaning.

I want to try and explain how the story of ‘Tiger Lily’ is made up of a mixture such as I have just described, how all was not perpetual sunshine and gladness. If I were to attempt to convey such an expression it would not be fair nor would it be correct, for we had our problems, great and small, just as is experienced by all serious thinking persons.

Many people have felt interest or curiosity regarding my life; thinking it must have been so different because of the unusual circumstances, in that one person left this life and his place was taken over by another. You who have followed the teachings in Lobsang Rampa's books (Lobsang Rampa to whom I owe a greater debt than I shall ever be able to repay in countless lifetimes), you will know the broad outline of the need for the necessary steps which had to be taken. Since his description has been so comprehensive it needs no enlargement

from me.

Lobsang Rampa has a harder time than anyone living can comprehend, he has seen his efforts sabotaged by smaller minds than his, and when I look back, even to the days before he came, I can see where my own actions (or lack of) could have made conditions much easier for the one who was already here, as well as for the one who would follow.

Carl and I, bogged down as we were by solid earth vibrations, and not having acquired the necessary refinements, were often in a quandary, thus we were misunderstood and I lacked the understanding which would have helped us, each the other.

Many were the hours we chatted about our early life, comparing experiences, and deciding there were many things we didn't understand about our situations, things we hoped would be clear one day. Always we were intrigued with the thought of that special FORCE which had brought us together, and we wondered at the purpose behind it. There were so many incidents, memories of what must have been past happenings, but everything seemed misty, in a sort of fog. It was not until Lobsang Rampa, who we all look upon affectionately as the Guv, came upon the scene, that enlightenment came to me upon many subjects, and for this I have been so very thankful for the light which has cast its rays out from the dark recesses of the subconscious mind.

As one gains more and more understanding of life's upward path, one realizes it is neither sensible nor advisable to discuss, to broadcast, all one's private experiences and thoughts. I am reminded of the advice of Dr. Rampa regarding the giving of a name to one's subconscious: give it a name but do not tell anyone else the name, or its power will not be so great, the power of the subconscious, that is.

It would be very nice to relate various experiences, various bits of knowledge which have been given to help one along one's path, but something which can be of help to one person would not necessarily benefit another, so let us keep our private information and guidance to ourselves, where it will at least do good to one person, instead of spreading a lot of 'idle talk' which most likely will benefit no one—partly because it

would not be believed, merely being looked upon as idle chatter.

One piece of information, though, may be passed on and may benefit at least some person who feels their load is too great. Many times the thought has been impressed upon my consciousness that no person is given a load of problems which is too heavy for them to bear. There is always some circumstance which intervenes when we feel we have almost reached breaking point, and this happens to each one of us at one time or another, unless we are one of those rare individuals who for some reason or another have perhaps suffered in another life, and are being given a respite, or who may not yet have reached the stage where such an experience is deemed beneficial to their progress.

From personal experience I can truthfully say that I have received such a feeling of sustenance in my hour of need that I could hardly have believed possible. This message is being passed on to show that if one is able to believe, such help is available to every one of us.

Many people have expressed the hope that Mrs. Rampa would write a book one of these days, that she would make it really sensational, full of all the exciting things most people delight in hearing. Well, while one does not wish to mislead anyone, it has never been my intention to write a sensational story. There is nothing sensational about it (everything has been carried out according to the law of nature) so it is my greatest desire that those of you who read these pages will accept them for what they are, a recording of events as they happened in the lives of a fairly ordinary family, which included a highly intelligent cat and one who I believe has reached a fairly high level on the evolutionary scale.

It might interest someone to know that whenever I take up my typewriter to continue telling of our experiences there always appears a picture, an impression if you like, of a cat in one form or another, before me. It is almost as though I am impelled to make such a creature the main theme of my story, and that I have no choice in the matter. At this moment, as I

write, there is a highly intelligent feline sitting on her resting place right opposite me, with eyes half-closed but otherwise with an air of full alertness. This creature, who has been termed one of the most intelligent creatures it has been my honor to meet, seems to be saying to me that I should be writing more about cats, and their world; whatever I may not be sufficiently familiar with, then I should make it my business to ask. The Guv is always willing to help with advice culled from his extensive knowledge, and in matters relating to ordinary day-to-day problems there is a fine veterinarian close by who is always prepared to offer us the fruits of his experience. So my Lady Cleopatra sees no reason why there should not be written a comprehensive book all about feline life, and telling many things the average person would appreciate knowing. So perhaps now we might return to some more antics of the felines, a subject which brings joy and happiness to the hearts of cat lovers.

Love does not consist  
in gazing at each other  
but looking outward  
in the same direction.

Antoine De Saint-Exupery

## CHAPTER NINE

### Ships that Pass . . .

This phrase is used mainly with reference to humans but it can be applied to other creatures too, and I am thinking now particularly of Cat People. All of us, humans, and animals so-called, are like ships which meet on the high seas, pausing in greeting and then continuing, each on their own path, eventually to arrive at their separate destinations.

King George the Fifth of England used to quote that piece about 'If there be any kindness I may do, let me do it now for I may not pass this way again.' I have always considered it a thought worth remembering, for often it is too late before we notice the friendly gesture we might have made, or the kind word we could have uttered, which surely could have provided a little cheer where it was directed.

The other day I was looking over the pages of my book, Pussywillow and I was quite shocked to realize how many changes had occurred since that book was started, just over two years back. Some of the things mentioned, almost all of them it seems, have disappeared from one's ken; and the thought can be a bit disconcerting if you are one of those individuals who abhor too much change.

To reminisce a little, while still dealing with the theme of felines, our Cattery Person, Mrs. Potter, comes to mind: Mrs. Potter, who had been considered more or less a fixture, having a well-established Cattery, and a responsible position with a local Veterinary Hospital.

I used to enjoy chatting with Mrs. Potter, and being taken

around her establishment to see the lovely cats and kittens who took a lively interest in the visit. One would never have thought the situation would change, and so soon; but when romance comes along anything is liable to happen . . . and it usually does. Having been left a widow for some years, and at an early age, she decided to marry again, so she went off to the United States with her new husband taking, I believe, some of her cats in which she had a special interest.

Before leaving she was kind enough to make a tape recording of her cat family, just before their mealtime one day. So whenever we play the tape we are reminded of that happy time; it never fails to attract the attention of our Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy who do not wholly approve of all that screeching, considering it somewhat raucous.

One cat who had earned the name Manxie, being a Manx cat with, of course, no tail, was especially dear to Mrs. Potter, so no doubt this little person accompanied the retinue to the new home. I did not hear whether Mr. Ming the doggie whose job it had been to guard the cat establishment made the journey also, but one hopes he did for he was a most friendly and devoted creature who took his duties seriously. One of the saddest experiences must be to have to leave a loved one behind, especially a so-called animal who cannot easily make its needs known, and who finds it very hard to adjust to a different life after living in a certain environment, and performing a special duty for a few years. Mr. Ming had always been extremely polite to me each time I had visited his charges, so I am sure that wherever he now finds himself he will be appreciated and loved by those he serves.

Anyone who may have read my book Pussywillow will be familiar with those two Siamese cats who were known as Tiki and Shara, and who were sort of adopted by Mrs. Potter while she tried to find a more suitable and permanent home for them. They were not getting sufficient freedom in the 'Cattery' as Mrs. Potter often had temporary boarders and she could not risk a fight if 'stranger cats' disagreed. Rather than keep boarder cats in a cage all the time, they were allowed to roam a little so this caused a problem for Tiki and Shara. It was a

happy moment the day an elderly man and his elderly wife called upon Mrs. Potter in their search for a companionable cat. Apparently the man took an instant fancy to those two, although Siamese had not been in his mind. Shara, especially, who was the more temperamental of the two immediately showed interest in the visitors and demonstrated great affection for the man, so the decision was greatly influenced by Shara's attitude. So Mr. and Mrs. (ex-farmers from Saskatchewan) who were in Calgary for only a short stay were able to provide a permanent happy home for two creatures who, through no fault of their own, had been more or less abandoned by their former owners, and would probably have experienced an untimely end if they had been taken to the S.P.C.A. or the 'pound' as the family were prepared to do, but for a chance remark one evening by a taxi driver about finding a home for them with a private family.

It would be nice if all cat stories were to end so happily, for these two creatures found a good home where they were appreciated, and the ex-farmer (with his wife) received their reward in the way of affectionate gratitude. So there was a feeling of adoration on both sides.

Thus the people come and go; and I have seen how circumstances can influence the actions of other creatures, as well as humans. And now I am thinking of a certain cat family. I have written about Siamese mother cat Nikki who, at the age of twelve years, had to be sent 'home' since she was suffering from a terminal illness—her condition rapidly deteriorating. Grampa Cat had known Nikki all through Nikki's life and since he himself had attained the great age of sixteen years, when she was no longer there he must have been greatly affected. It was only fully realized the extent of the shock he had suffered when, within a few weeks of Nikki's passing, he gradually refused food, and then suddenly collapsed, soon to join his loved companion who he would have looked upon as a cat-wife. This left only ten years old Ichabod, who had never been without his Mother Nikki or Grampa Cat; and since his age would be seventy by human standards, one can imagine his state of loneliness and despair, especially since he had never

been what could be termed a 'normal' cat, due to an early illness.

I have often thought of Ichabod, living out the remainder of his lonely years, patiently awaiting the moment when he would join his cat Mother and his Grampa. How few of us seem to realize the misery, the torment, we can cause, unthinkingly or deliberately, through what is often nothing more than sheer selfishness, because we cannot bear to lose a creature, suffering or not, when to have the little creature put to sleep painlessly, by a qualified, compassionate veterinarian, can often be the kindest course to take. It can be a difficult course to take but when the 'animal' is suffering and there is no likelihood of recovery, surely our own selfishness should not come first. If one looks around there are some MOST understanding and humane veterinarians who will take time to reassure your pet, soothe him and administer an injection painlessly, thus making it easier for him to cross the river to the other side of life, where he will be met by others of the same species, and where he will rest and receive the necessary care suitable for his condition.

One understands that all beings are met on the other side by discarnate entities, of similar compatibility, so we can always be sure that our 'pets' are not alone when they are helped to cross the river into the great unknown, to the place which is the real HOME. Many people are concerned about the loss of a loved one, which may be human or animal, wondering where they are, whether they are being cared for and if they are comfortable or lonely. If you read the books of Lobsang Rampa you will have no doubt about the experiences of your loved ones who have passed on. You will know that you can meet them in your sleeping hours and that when the time comes for you to make your final journey to the Golden Light Land, there to meet you will be all those with whom you were in harmony while on earth. Even some with whom you were not in complete harmony may have seen their errors, realized where they were wrong, just as you may feel different about certain things, thus there may be an understanding between you which was lacking on earth.

We are told we should not worry so much, we should be more placid and this is very true regarding emotion towards loved ones. The more we worry the harder it is for them, they on the other side are being pulled towards you on earth by invisible strands (vibrations) with the result your loved one is suffering even more than you because 'out of the body' senses are more acute than those experienced by those who are still in the body. It is easy to suggest but not so easy to carry out as most of us know, but once it has been pointed out to us we can at least make an effort to do something about it, for no right thinking person wants to be the means of causing pain or suffering to anyone, particularly when someone has a malady which cannot be cured.

Too many very sick creatures are kept alive when it would be more kind to allow them to pass on to their true home. And often this is done by people who profess to love animals.

What lies behind us  
and what lies before us  
are tiny matters  
compared to  
what lies within us.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

## CHAPTER TEN

Since this narrative seems to be moving from past events, to the future, and back to the present, it is hoped none of the clarity has been lost in the process. When an English friend of mine read the typescript of Pussywillow she remarked that all the place names in Canada caused her not a little confusion. Never having visited this country and possibly not being a great traveler herself she found it rather disconcerting to read of all the moving around we had experienced and I am fairly sure she was not wishing herself in our shoes—envy would be the last trait one could attribute to her, in this respect at least.

Before going back to Weybridge and events there, let me say that sometimes one does meet a ‘ship’ (a person) a second time if only through correspondence. Here is such an instance.

Last year, right out of the blue I received a letter from a person with whom I had had no contact for around seventeen years; I never expected to hear from her again since we were in different countries and, she being a much younger person, merely a girl in her early teens, we did not enjoy any mutual interests. However, Adrienne wrote to me because the Rampa Family had been ‘on her mind’ for some time. She wrote how she had left the flower shop where she had worked when we knew her in Dublin, and we had lived in the apartment above. During that period it was necessary for me to travel to London occasionally and on one of those trips it was arranged for Adrienne to accompany me. Since she had never been away from home before it was quite an experience for her—and a responsibility for me. She told me in the letter that she has visited London many times since—and that she always

thought of us, especially when she used to pass the hotel where we had stayed—Whites Hotel on the Bayswater Road, the only place available, it seemed on that particular weekend, which was a national holiday. However, we enjoyed the trip and since the airplane was comparatively small and flying fairly low we were able to enjoy the beauty of the countryside below us—especially as we flew over the mountains of Wales. The Welsh mountains are noted for their rugged beauty. Adrienne enjoyed herself immensely—visiting Madame Tussaud's waxworks where there could be seen figures of the famous, and infamous. The dungeon was a gruesome place where the murderers, and the murdered, could be seen. This museum is most interesting and no visitor to London should miss a visit. We took a bus tour around the city, and the places of greatest interest were pointed out to us by a guide, places like the Houses of Parliament, 10 Downing Street, St Paul's Cathedral, where one might enjoy the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and of course Big Ben the famous clock received great admiration. Not to be forgotten were Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace where one could view the changing of the Guard—then Trafalgar Square to see the fountains, and the pigeons, and Adrienne was impressed with the belts of green-such as Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens where small boys and large men enjoyed sailing their model boats.

We thought it would be nice to visit a cinema if we could find one which was showing a worthwhile movie. Someone or something must have been guiding us for in a very short period of time we found something which could not have been better in Adrienne's case. The theme depicted life as a nun and since my companion was of the Roman Catholic faith it was an ideal choice. The title of the film I will always remember—the film actress Deborah Kerr portrayed a nun and the name of the film was *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*. Adrienne was thrilled with it. And now she is married with a small son and a small daughter, and in the past year to a year and a half I have received several letters from her—just for the sake of old times, for the sake of those other days when we were all younger and more carefree. So there was a case where someone

‘passed this way’ more than once and if perchance Adrienne happened to think she could have been dreaming and that she had never made such a trip, she would take out her wallet and, looking at those photographic prints she carried around, she could verify the fact that she had indeed been to London.

Of course it would be impossible to keep in touch with all the souls we meet on life's highway for, after all, the main thing we have to do is to go forward, and not live in the past, so that we may progress further along the pathway, attaining as often as possible a further step along the ladder of success.

One often comes across a person who is living quite happily without any thought of progress, just living in a rut one might say. While this may be allowed to a few people, the majority must carve their way along their chosen path in an effort to attain the goal they set for themselves. Unfortunately many of us lack the extra effort and just sit down by the wayside, even with our goal in sight, while if we are not careful we might find time is running out and unless we realize it quickly we could leave it too late, which would be a sad state of affairs indeed if we had to return to earth to complete a task we had been too careless, or too preoccupied, to finish the first time. How many are the times I have been told to ‘not look back’ but go forward with a definite aim in mind. There is the thought of Lot's wife in the Bible—she took a look behind her while the city was burning, and didn't she turn into a pillar of salt! A thought worth remembering—to go forward, meet fresh people, and to never lose sight of our goal.

So, after that diversion we return to England and Weybridge, where every day was lived in very much the same way, which meant there was very little exciting happening.

It was not until Mr. T. Catt, the Tiger, was around four years of age that he was allowed to wander around unchaperoned. Carl and I talked it over and decided he should be all right in our neighborhood so long as he did not try to cross the road, and we hoped he would not do so. At first we were somewhat apprehensive, especially when someone from the office would tell us they had seen a Silver Tabby cat crossing the road, and entering a neighbor's grounds.

Fortunately the automobiles did not travel as fast as they do here in Canada where in Ontario it was heartbreaking to see the number of casualties due to speeding cars, many of which could surely have been avoided.

One of the attractions for him, the Tiger, was the fact that the neighbor kept hens and chickens and apparently T. Catt enjoyed visiting them which left us with another problem—fleas! It was anything but a happy day when I had to take him down into the yard and carefully (without affecting the eyes and ears) rub flea powder into his fur, for each time he visited that hen-house he seemed to collect some of those crawling, hopping creatures.

Apart from contact with creatures such as hens, which are sometimes infested with fleas, a cat should be comparatively free of these crawling hoppers as they grow beyond the stage of kittenhood, especially if they stay away from squirrels, and certain large birds such as pigeons. When the cats are in the babyhood stage, merely kittens, they are not able to care for their fur and general condition as well as a more fully grown cat.

Mr. T. Catt provided much amusement for us; he loved to pick up articles and put them in various places, which greatly hampered our activities if it was something we needed immediately. I remember one time in particular when Carl was looking for an instrument, a sort of scalpel-shaped knife and it was not to be found any place. After a time the culprit, in the form of Mr. Catt, came in from the shelf where he used to sit for hours and hours; in his mouth was the knife which he offered to us with great glee, placing it by Carl's feet. That knife must have been outside for some time because it had become rusty through being out in damp weather. It was an episode with a happy ending, for until we found the instrument Carl must have thought I had taken it.

Another time the Tiger must have been in a fight, and got the worst of the fray, for he arrived home one morning looking disreputable and with a torn ear. Whether he had been showing off or what I might never know, but since he was a child of Leo such a thing was entirely possible. When he was quite

young he fell from the same outside shelf upon which he was sitting, and landed on the ground, one floor down, and there he was miauing at the front door apparently none the worse for the experience. Surely that left him with less than the nine lives we attribute to those of the cat tribe.

We had spent most of the war years in this particular locality but still we had few acquaintances or friends, but we did have a short friendship with a person who was in the Royal Air Force, and his wife. One day we all decided to take a boat and spend an afternoon on the River Wey. We thought we may as well take the Tiger since it would be a nice change for him. A nice change, did I say! I am sure he never spent such a miserable time in the whole of his life; there was he panting away and looking as though he was about to pass out, and that was the first and last time Mr. Catt ever went boating.

The greatest man (or woman)  
is not necessarily the one  
who makes the most noise.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

There was one important event occurred while we were living in the Weybridge area and that was the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip, the Princess who is now Queen Elizabeth the Second. It was a particularly happy moment to be standing on the bridge at the foot of St. George's Avenue to watch the Royal train pass by, bearing the honeymoon couple, who were off to spend part of their honeymoon with their relatives, Lord and Lady Mountbatten. It was a dreary day in November, with rain hampering those who were bent on witnessing this delightful spectacle, this exciting moment. Wherever Royalty is to be found you can be sure of finding a host of happy Britishers. The British care very much for their kings and queens and they revel in all the pageantry the monarchy entails.

One had to make the most of each event, there were so few on which to feast the eyes.

At one period during the war Sir Winston Churchill's daughter, Mary, spent some time in the area, together with others who were in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. At one time these A.T.S. seemed to be everywhere. One supposes they were down there to receive certain training. Later Miss Churchill (the youngest daughter of the Churchill's) married Christopher Soames, now Sir Christopher.

Much of our time was spent in reading and listening to the radio and at that time Shaw Desmond's work was popular, as were the books of Paul Brunton, a serious and interesting writer. Carl enjoyed things bordering on the occult and metaphysical and I gradually became interested in the subjects. At

first I did not like to see him reading this material so much, for some strange reason I thought he would become so knowledgeable that he might progress beyond my reach. It was a stupid thought but not so uncommon as one might think, judging by the letters one receives. However, I am wiser now and I realize it is possible for anyone, everyone, to progress spiritually through metaphysical and occult studies—especially when they are able to receive proper guidance from one who knows. many spare moments talking about the sort of life we had led before we first met.

Carl's youth seemed to have been an unhappy time for a young boy. He was somewhat aloof and not easily understood, and after his school years were over he was sent to take an apprenticeship as a motor mechanic, a job he really disliked. Because of traveling about in damp, wet weather he developed chest problems which necessitated giving up this work. Later he studied advertising and he found this much more interesting and something for which he seemed to have a flair. The company he was with when we first met had given him responsibility for all their advertising so his work must have been satisfactory, since the aforesaid advertising brought in a good response. The position at Weybridge also entailed a fair amount of advertising, again bringing in good results, so there is no doubt but that a person who is doing work he enjoys has a much greater chance of success than one who is simply pushed into something for which there is neither liking nor interest.

He used to talk about his sister who I never had an opportunity of meeting and perhaps it was just as well since the two of them did not get along well together. Apparently the sister was the favorite, getting everything she wanted while Carl had to manage as best he could. After thinking about Carl and his environment I have sometimes thought that perhaps he gave in to others too easily when he should have stood his ground and demanded fair treatment from his parents, especially from his mother who seemed to thwart his ambitions. It is

always easy to see what other people should do but not so simple to solve one's own problems, so we should not be too harsh regarding others, especially when we do not possess all the facts. Carl used to speak with affection when mentioning his father with whom he had a very good relationship, so this helped balance the situation which otherwise would have been sterile, and resulted in a useless life. Carl spoke often about his father, and it seemed that his mother had a dictatorial manner, but father was kind and easy-going. Although I never had the pleasure of knowing him, since he had passed away some months before Carl and I first met, I always found it of great interest to hear about him and his naturally pleasant personality. The black cat, John, had been a close companion, especially in the later days, sitting on the lap of the invalid, Carl's father, who suffered ill-health for some time before finally departing to happier realms. Carl used to tell how it was such a blessing they had this cat who seemed to have the gift of comforting the older man, and how when the invalid passed away John pined and suffered a great feeling of loneliness. I learned also that the full title of the black cat was Johnny Shanko. Later Mr. Johnny Shanko had to be put to sleep, he had to be sent 'home' before his time, because the family life had been disrupted and the others were moving a long distance, to another part of England, where it was not possible to take him. Sometimes I have wondered, though, whether a way could have been found if the mother had displayed more patience regarding the situation. Even as Carl was telling me all this I could sense the emotion he was feeling as he related the incident which ended so sadly. Still, we now had the pleasure of Mr. T. Catt's company, for if Johnny Shanko had lived out his full time on earth he would not have come to us in the form of the Tiger Lilly. So—it's an ill wind that profits nobody!

Please allow me to explain something. If the preceding remarks seem somewhat odd to any person who reads them, I suggest they read all of the books of T. Lobsang Rampa, a name which is known the world over. It may be there are those who do not understand such things as reincarnation, the Law

of Karma etc., so by reading the above author's works they will understand these things and they will realize how black cat Johnny Shanko could return to the earth as Mr. T. Catt, to finish the life span which had been denied him previously when, unhappily, he was sent to his heavenly home a few years too soon. It can be very comforting to acquaint oneself with these truths, which eliminate the sadness one normally experiences on losing a pet, just to know we will meet again on this earth plane or the next, where we can be together, knowing no parting. If you read the aforementioned books you can lead a fuller, richer life, provided you take them seriously, for they are all true books, the whole eighteen of them, and there may yet be another, making nineteen altogether.

A great deal of fiction has been written about Carl and about Lobsang Rampa who followed, because the Press, as ever, prefer to make everything sensational, treating people in a derogatory manner. Carl's father was the Chief Water Engineer of the district in which he lived in the town of Plympton, Devonshire, but the Press preferred to describe him as being in the capacity of a plumber. Now what difference it makes whether Carl was the son of a baker, a tailor or a candlestick-maker I could never fathom, except it seemed to provide a certain amount of satisfaction to the media and a few zealous individuals who were egging them on, and by describing someone as being a plumber's son they hoped to denigrate him and tried to influence certain publishers to refuse to publish Lobsang Rampa's books. So it can be seen what jealousy and spite can do when a man is rather different and possessed of a superior mentality, something those people who were trying to pull him down, failed to understand. But it has always been something of a puzzle to me what is wrong with being a plumber—and wasn't Christ the son of a carpenter, a worker with wood. Water or wood—what's the difference?—We need both, and why should a stigma be attached to either a plumber or a carpenter? According to what we read about the life of Christ he was mocked, derided, and finally stoned and crucified, and to me this is an indication that all great entities, great men and women who have come to the

earth ahead of their time, are resented and persecuted just because they are not understood, and because they are in possession of greater knowledge, and are more advanced, than are most earth people. They become suspect and people of the earth do not understand. It is said that what people do not understand they fear and try to destroy, so that could well be one reason these higher beings have such a hard time trying to do their tasks and getting their message over. We of the earth believe ourselves to be very clever, but this does not prevent us from trying to destroy what we do not understand! It is very fortunate for those creatures such as the Yeti (the so-called abominable snowman), the Loch Ness monster and the humanoid types who are reported occasionally to emerge from Unidentified Flying Objects, it is fortunate indeed that as far as we know none of these creatures have been captured by humans. Bah! Sometimes I feel ashamed to belong to the human race.

No book is so bad  
that it has no good  
in it.

Pliny

## CHAPTER TWELVE

We must remember that a few years ago conditions were quite different from what they are at the present time, and I used to enjoy listening to Carl while he told of how his family had lived in the last county but one in the southern part of England, his home being in Devonshire, just one county before Cornwall, where we find Land's End.

The ancestral home was not far from Plymouth and the name of the actual place—Plympton, and at that time there was a vast distinction between certain classes of people. Carl's family lived in what was known as Mayoralty House, because it used to be the home of the Mayor; it was a very big house, set on the side of a sloping driveway, and it sported five separate floors which necessitated a fair amount of domestic help to keep it in good condition. The lower floor at the front was underground, owing to the sloping driveway, but at its distal end there were wide French windows which opened out on to a garden of around three acres; which also needed one gardener at least. In the garden, and to the left, was a stone house with windows of colored glass, where frequently some of the neighborhood cats wandered; they would emerge after a time, looking bemused and almost cross-eyed due to different lighting effects.

The first part of the garden was a miniature lawn which had the model of a fort and cannons around it. Beyond that one could walk down a few steps and there was a large fish pond, containing goldfish, goldfish who were trained to pull on a string when they felt it was feeding time. I would sit there spellbound as Carl unfolded the experiences of his early life. The aforementioned pond had a center-piece, a boy holding

two wheels, and when a tap was turned on water would come spouting from the nozzles, and music would come forth as the water rotated the wheels. To the left of the pond was a large aviary built against a south wall; it was very spacious and people would go inside and walk around leisurely.

It is hoped that those who read *Tiger Lily* will not feel uninterested and bored with these descriptions, but I believe most readers will be fascinated just as I was when I mentally pictured the whole scene as it unfolded before me. As Carl related all that which was new to my ears he had the ability to make everything come alive. I felt I was really there, literally, LIVING amongst all this handiwork which had been achieved, greatly by nature, with the help of man.

There is a little more to add about that interesting garden but we will have a slight diversion because those who, like me, may be a little restless, needing a change of subject (so that we may prevent that awful feeling of boredom) will possibly utter a silent prayer of gratitude.

The name of the master of Mayoralty House was William so it may be well to use this name to avoid confusion in referring to various people. He had two given names but William will be sufficient for us to identify him. Well, this gentleman who was the Chief Water Engineer for the district had his dwelling, Mayoralty House, right opposite the Town Hall which, in turn, was adjoining the Police Station Headquarters.

It may seem strange to us, half a century later, to accept the fact that William, as well as being the Chief Water Engineer, owned the only Fire Engine of the area, so he was often referred to as the Fire-Chief-cum-Water-Engineer. So the Town Hall had the Police Station Headquarters on one side, while on the other side there was a small lane leading uphill, the small lane being directly in front of Mayoralty House. This lane stretched its way along and up to Plympton Castle, which had a very fine, round Keep, and at one side of the Keep, a very large mound on which the original Castle stood.

The Castle walls were in an extremely dilapidated state, but enough remained to enable one to decipher the original plan. They were very thick walls indeed, and they were penetrated

walls, that is, there was a tunnel going all around the walls and leading to a hidden chamber down below in the mound itself. This chamber had, in recent years, become blocked with fallen rocks. On the outside of the walls was a big red stone. Legend—inaccurate as usual—had a story that the Black Prince visited the castle and, being a large, hefty man with an uncontrollable temper, he had once seized a surly guard and dashed his brains out against that stone which thereafter turned red.

The Fire Chief, William, used to ride around the countryside in a pony trap, carrying his long stethoscope. In those days it was a wooden thing like a long walking-stick: at one end there was a scooped out receptacle for the ear and at the other end was a knob.

Every now and then Father William would jump out of the pony trap, stick the knob end of the stick to the ground, listening intently to find out if the water was flowing from the reservoir. He would then jump back into the pony trap and continue on his rounds while he resumed smoking his short Irish pipe.

Beyond the end of the garden was a greenhouse spread lengthwise across the garden, and if one went along the path to the right it led into an orchard. The garden was quite large and there was another section of about two acres which was given over entirely to the growing of vegetables; between the two gardens was a fire house. William had acquired fire pumps, there being no Fire Department, except for the one in Plympton. Father William owned the fire engine and the pumps, and the whole thing was horse-drawn. Every time there was a fire it was followed by a meeting of the Council, who voted how much they should pay the Fire Department.

All the firemen were in dark blue uniforms and they all wore brass helmets something after the style of the German Coalscuttle helmets. The Fire Brigade was very popular at parades especially when funds were needed and money was to be collected for 'hot cross bun day' and needs of such a nature.

Father William was a collector of antiques, mainly furniture and paintings—spurred on by his brother Richard who was a

member of the Royal Academy and who had the honor of having paintings hung there. But William was at times somewhat rash which resulted in his being sold various 'antiques' which were not authentic, and this left him with money tied up in what were substantially fakes, which later came as something of a shock to his family. At his death it was realized that William was not as wealthy as had been expected because, although on paper his estate was worth a great deal (partly owing to the antiques), it made quite a difference when many of them were exposed and found to be clever forgeries.

I would reiterate that Father William never was a plumber but rather he was the Chief Water Engineer of the whole district. I feel very strongly about this because many people, especially the Press, have implied and said outright, 'How can a plumber's son know anything except about plumbing?' Fortunately the insinuations no longer affect me, for I have learned more important things than to be affected by the media who seem never to mind causing unhappiness if it makes good copy.

I have learned about happiness, about giving and sharing, and how it is possible to be cheerful in the midst of desperate illness, terminal illness. I have learned how to be satisfied on this sometimes disappointing planet. I have seen how a person has helped others who have tried to cause only harm to the benefactor, and if I do not always practice such methods myself, the fact that I have been immersed in this goodness, means that some of it will sink into my subconscious mind to make me a better person now and later.

No, William was not a plumber, and what would it matter if he had been? William's wife Eve was a member of a very wealthy family of farmers at Brentnor, having large holdings there, but the family of Father William and Mother Eve had considerable battles over the right-of-way between two fields. Both families (who were wealthy at the time) went to Law, and if one family lost they lodged an appeal, and so it went on until everybody was completely impoverished, and nothing was gained in the end, but financially all were left the poorer.

As is often the case when an important employer has a

number of men in his service, these men are forced into duty as part-timers, and so it happened with the Fire Chief. He had sent one of his men out on his normal rounds, listening to the sounds of the water from the reservoir, and checking that the water was flowing through the pipes as it should. But then this man, not one of the brightest individuals, came back and reined in the pony, but just as he was starting to get down the pony moved, resulting in the man catching the seat of his trousers on the lamp bracket of the trap. Unfortunately he was just in the process of jumping so, as he jumped first, his hopes of future pleasures were almost ruined and the fabric of his trousers gave out. He immediately rushed into the washroom, and took off his trousers with the intention of stitching them up so that he might appear in public again. At that moment, just as he had removed his trousers, the fire alarm sounded, and the man remembered he was on the roster for duty; in his anxiety not to be late all thoughts of his trousers went out of his mind and he rushed out to the fire engine. He jumped on as the engine was moving out, and then the driver suddenly stopped as he heard a roar of laughter at this man with his fireman's helmet of shining brass, but without trousers, and his shirt tail waving in the wind . . . One of the fellow firemen tossed over a coat with which to cover the embarrassed man and the poor fellow disappeared, no doubt to repair the offending garment, his torn trousers.

Before we leave this interesting subject of water and its uses I have to relate a little incident I read in The Albertan this morning, December 1st 1976 . . . A doctor was having trouble and he found it necessary to call in a plumber, who was quickly on the scene . . . The plumber set to and soon everything was working well. 'How much will that cost?' enquired the doctor. 'Seventy-five dollars,' said the plumber. 'What!' answered the doctor. 'My fee would be less than a quarter of what you are asking.' 'So was mine when I was a doctor,' laughed the plumber.

Perhaps, like me, you have heard that one before, but it gives one cause for a little thought as to how things are changing. Rich plumber. Poor doctor.

## MOUNTAIN GLORY

High up on the mountain  
That's where I long to be.  
Gazing far to the horizon.  
That's where I long to be.

I long to commune with you, tree,  
Just you and me together.  
For companionship is beauty  
Just you and me together.

A little blade of green, green grass  
And a colorful mountain flower.  
A ladybird who brings good luck  
And a colorful mountain flower.

Selfish to wish such for myself?  
My thoughts should be for others?  
But I go to the things of Nature  
To learn of those my brothers

## INTERLUDE

Have you ever noticed how time seems to fly on faster wings and the fleeting years seem to be in a desperate hurry to reach some place, having not a moment to wait for anyone?

Today it is Easter, Easter Sunday, in the year 1977 and, as I remove the earlier pages of Tiger Lily from their resting place I see that the last (or should it be the 'first') part had been completed early in December of 1976. What happened to the intervening days?—plenty of ill health in the family, terminal illness in one case, business matters and ordinary domestic affairs to be dealt with, as well as letters to answer.

It makes one feel as if one has been parted from someone or something, so much has changed, even in the course of only four months. But at last I can say, 'Renewed greetings, Tiger Lily, we will continue our story!' This might be a suitable moment to extend other greetings before going further, and these sentiments are extended to friendly persons in many countries, countries reaching right around our planet. I wish to say to each of those who have written to me after reading my first book, Pussywillow, that I appreciate your expressions of satisfaction, and to tell you that your words of encouragement have prompted me to continue writing. Especially am I gratified to know that so many people have, through these pages, experienced a greater understanding of their pets, thus forming a more secure bond of companionship with them. One person in particular wrote to say that she had always been associated with dogs in her youth and knew little of cats. Her present neighbor's cat just ignored her if they should happen to meet but, to this lady's surprise, the cat began greeting her

in a pleasant manner after she had read the Pussywillow stories. Who says cats are dumb creatures!!! Most intelligent persons have heard something of the history of the Cat People, how they have been tortured, looked upon as the consorts of witches—even in certain ages worshipped—but generally had a hard time. Well if, as may be possible, they have had debts to pay for past, real or imagined mistakes, ‘humanity’ has seen to it that they have paid dearly and now they have redeemed themselves; it is perhaps not generally known that now the shoe is on the other foot—cats do so much to help humans that it will take a long time to make up for the harm we have caused them, and for the work they are presently doing for humanity. At least I hope I can do my little bit of showing those who are interested how simple and, yes, rewarding, it can be if we devote a little more time to a greater understanding of the needs of our ‘little sisters and brothers’ of the cat world.

Like many others I always enjoy a break from the ordinary work-a-day life, and this long Easter weekend provides just that. It helps us to use other parts of our brain, to do different things, to get out of the rut of the almost robot-like feeling as one performs the day-to-day essentials but which need no great intellect, if any at all.

In our case it gives us time to chat and relax for a few moments, in contrast to rushing out to the post office, collecting the mail and then spending an amazing amount of time dealing with the letters, by which time half the day is over. Don't get me wrong, for we of this household receive delightful letters from charming people—I am not making a protest, merely stating it is nice to have a change in order to get one's mechanism recharged’.

There is one lady of my acquaintance who is unable to function at all unless she sits down on a chair, closes her eyes and completely relaxes herself at intervals. At other times she will walk out into her garden, which is very private, and potter around amongst the flower beds, thus achieving the same result. At the present time she is coping with life under great stress due to the extreme sickness of two elderly, actually quite

old, members of her family, neither of whom is likely to recover. Fortunately she is now retired from her full-time business life after many, many years of traveling to and from the place where she was employed in an important position as a statistician.

A few days ago we had the occasion to speak to each other and she was telling me of some of the truths she had come to realize in the past years. Many were things we had discussed a long time ago, but it had taken more time to put into practice what had previously only been theories in her mind. With more time on her hands after her retirement, and before becoming involved in the family sickness, which had enveloped her in recent days, she felt that the more she indulged in handwork, a hobby, manual work such as gardening, anything to actually do, as opposed to reading or watching television, etc., she found herself becoming more 'aware' and 'sensitive' to things of the mind. I was very interested in hearing all this especially having had the same experience myself. Sometimes I feel I am slow to learn and that there must have been many gaps in my education regarding concepts which should have been familiar to me earlier.

As far as sensitivity goes, I heard something interesting on the radio the other day pertaining to earthquakes, a phenomena which is very common in this present period. The guest person was telling the interviewer that scientists can predict the occurrence of an earthquake only within a period of around six years; that is, they know there is going to be an earthquake, but at what period within the six years they cannot forecast. The guest went on to relate that it has been found the best creature to observe, when you are involved with these planetary upheavals, is the lowly cockroach, because by its erratic behavior one can tell when such an event is in the offing. This gentleman also made the observation that it would be a wise move to take note of what psychics and other sensitives have to say because they also are good indicators of these things. My acquaintance who is involved with her sick relatives tells me that sometimes she suffers from a most uneasy feeling at times, and that 'you can bet your bottom

dollar that within three or four days the world will know that another earthquake has occurred'. She mentioned that a few weeks ago she was beset with problems concerning the sickness surrounding her, together with the fact that she was going down with an attack of influenza and, to top off everything, she had suffered these horrible attacks which precede an earth tremor and which actually did occur. There is no doubt that she is sensitive to a degree.

To work with the hands—yes—that is something which can help us progress and indeed, in some cases, save a person's sanity. But there is a light side to it as with most things if you have the make-up to see it. During the weekend, this Eastertide, we were viewing films from the National Film Board and one of these films was depicting hippies and near-hippies.

Apparently this is causing quite a problem in a certain area of Toronto, and there was arranged a meeting with the Mayor in his office. The Mayor was trying to tell these 'would be changers of the world and its system' that it was essential for everybody to do something, to work, do a job, pay their way in life. 'There is happiness in working,' said the Mayor, and of course this sparked off quite a discussion. 'Why, then, is everyone trying to work for shorter hours,' one youth wanted to know. 'Surely if work is happiness you are going to make a lot of people unhappy.' So, I thought, 'Mr. Mayor, Your Honor, you cannot win, and neither can the Establishment!' Each segment of society believes themselves to be right and there seems to be no point of contact, no communication between them, and so everybody feels lost. It is a satisfying thought to know that before too long humanity will have reached rock bottom, and then we shall approach another Golden Age, with nowhere to go but up; even though some of us will not live to see this it is a comforting thought to know that future generations will benefit and (unless we destroy the planet in the meantime) one will be proud, and not ashamed, to belong to the human race.

Personally, this Eastertide has brought many memories and I have much to be thankful for. Seven years ago, living in New Brunswick, change in my personal life, and in my household,

seemed imminent. If my complete faith was to be in the opinion of the medical profession I could expect my family life to be broken up within three to six months, and the knowledge made me very sad. What would I do with my two Siamese cats who were little more than babies and in such a short time had developed a deep affection and love for Lobsang Rampa (the Guv) who had a like feeling for them?

Now seven years later, we are again engrossed in film viewing for recreation, just as we were in what now seems those very far off days. The other day we viewed again that lovely silhouette 'short' of Mr. Grasshopper and Miss Ant, produced by that clever and imaginative German lady, Lotte Reiniger, as mentioned in *Pussywillow*, and who had such a delightful feature written about her in *The Albertan* of April 21st, accompanied by a charming photograph. It was particularly interesting to see that this celebrated German animator lives in New Barnet, North London, and that she was associated with John Grierson of the British Broadcasting Corporation, who later founded the National Film Board. Lotte Reiniger apparently pioneered the invention of the silhouette picture and made the first full-length animated film in the history of the cinema. Now aged seventy-seven years this lady is obviously a great traveler and full of vivacity and verve. It is a great experience to have made her acquaintance, if only through the medium of a newspaper—so it seems our local newspaper does at times print something interesting and educational. *The Albertan* please make a bow!

If it were not for the constant pain which is forever present in our orbit I might well feel like the little cat who was so full, and overflowing, with joy at being included in the painting of the Buddha, that the planet was not big enough to sustain her, and she went right off to the next world. So, if we did not have a few sorrows and stresses we might all become too complacent and never achieve our goal which we had set for ourselves.

Over this holiday period we have been discussing many things and this I enjoyed because at other times, on the work-a-days, there are so many others beseeching help, mainly

through letters, that I could not bring myself to add to the 'chore'.

So the holiday progressed, but not without slight mishap. After I had typed the first page of this 'Interlude' the great outdoors beckoned, so I put away the machine and took my Cat People for a drive lasting for around one hour. We have a delightful driver who adores Cleo and Taddy, and I can always feel safe if I have to leave them with him while I am out of the car to make a call or pick up a few supplies. If he sees anyone approaching, especially if the adults are accompanied by children (who are often rather meddlesome) you will find he has locked all the doors and guards my people with a fatherly care. Cleo and Taddy really do hold Keith in very high regard and, since they are so used to him they can forget he is there and devote all their mental and psychic energies to serving the terrain, and the people who are sitting in parked cars, or who are passing us (and commenting upon 'those lovely cats'), or doing what Cleo and Taddy like best, speeding and passing other vehicles.

We had traveled only a very short distance when Mama San felt a looseness in her eye-glasses and no sooner had she commented upon the fact than the right lens fell out. Keith was out of the car in a flash, opening the passenger door and being full of concern. However, the missing piece was quickly located inside the car and soon we were on our way once more, Mama San feeling like a half-blind creature. It was too bad because part of my mission was to call at the house of a lady of my acquaintance who wanted to show me some art work upon which she was engaged. She does all kinds of things, including Macrame, and her two sons are professional artists, one freelance and the other an art teacher in Montreal. The lady's husband finds interest in cartooning, so I was not able to fully appreciate the things I was shown. Another of her hobbies is the making of turbans and she had one half completed for me and wanted to give me a fitting; in the end she had to decide herself what was best for I did not trust too well my one-eyed sight.

So after a pleasant interlude along the Elbow Drive we wended our way home just as one of those English poets wrote, 'the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea'.

The afternoon of Easter Sunday was less pleasant, as the third member of our family ended up in the emergency department of the local hospital, spending over two hours of a beautiful Sunday sitting there awaiting to have seven stitches put in a finger. A little accident, perhaps, a dispute with a can of food being opened, and the can won, so this was an Easter to be remembered for many reasons. After waiting at home for over two hours I telephoned the hospital to see what was happening, only to be told, 'Oh, the stitching is being done now!' It reminded me of the time in Montreal when I had a similar experience and Taddy had enquired of the Guv, 'Do you think we will ever see Ma again?'

So ends our 'Interlude'.

*If you continually imagine you have an illness it is possible to contract it through auto-suggestion, and the reverse is true. If you do have an illness it is possible to get free of it if you have sufficient confidence in yourself!*

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Our interlude over, it might be a good idea to return to the main story of Tiger Lily before we completely lose the trend because I rather enjoy living in, and writing about, the present. This is understandable as I am so much more contented these days, having the benefit of past experiences behind me and which I can utilize to make, I hope, life a little pleasanter for those other members of my family. You see, I used to suffer from moodiness, and it caused Carl much distress to see me apparently so dissatisfied. We were not without our misunderstandings and often failed to see a situation in the same light; of course this led to most difficult moments, resulting in much unhappiness for Carl, who was an extremely sensitive person. There was one nice aspect of it though, and that was that he never harbored any sort of resentment—after a little while all would be over and he would be as usual. Not so with the Ra'ab who would 'dwell' on a subject, magnifying out of all proportion the remarks which had been passed and acting like the elephant 'who never forgets'. Now that Ra'ab knows more about such things she realizes the difference in the make-up of each person, and understands that trying to control the 'lion' and the 'bull', especially when combined in the same person is perhaps a big undertaking, both creatures being strong-willed and given to remembering grievance, real or imagined.

Something which used to aggravate me was to be the object of a practical joke, but now I see I was merely being childish. I was too 'stuffy' . . . How would anyone like to be pushed out of bed, just for fun? But, behind it all, even then I knew there

was something more to life than just enjoying yourself and getting what you could out of it. I knew that if I tried to evade the situation, avoid my responsibilities, something, even someone, somewhere, would be affected, and that my action, were I to defect from the path I had taken, could become a major problem and at least result in great personal loss. It gave me great satisfaction, in our more placid moments when Carl would say that his present life was the happiest he had ever known, and that he found my companionship very satisfying. In the early days of our acquaintance he used to tell me that from the spiritual and mental angle alone he would have found my outlook just as interesting whether I had been a man or a woman! I interpreted that as being a delightful tribute to another human being, and it was his custom to utter such remarks at unexpected moments.

In the early days I used plenty of 'make-up' in the way of beauty aids and this did not appeal to him at all. He used to say, 'Ra'ab, you know exactly the amount of make-up you need to make you look attractive to the right degree!' This went on until finally I gave up altogether because that was what he liked best. No doubt but that he had used a bit of psychology there. Still, if you don't want to please your husband, who else matters? It is said that women often dress for each other, and often not to the other's advantage—they try to vie with each other and one can only come to the conclusion that they are so lacking in self-confidence that each one tries to out-do the other to make up for this feeling of inferiority!!!

Before I knew Carl I had my picture taken, and I gave it to him after we met; to my surprise I saw it hanging on the wall of his apartment one day and he had altered it. 'What happened to my earrings,' I wanted to know. 'Oh, I painted them out,' quoth he, 'I didn't like them!' Carl could not bear artificiality in any form and I used to be reminded of the Pharaoh Akhenaten, 'the heretic' as I have always had an overpowering interest in Egyptology. This Pharaoh, who is described as being physically deformed, refused to be depicted in any other

way than in his natural state. While on the subject of Egypt I am trying to think how I came to be known by the Egyptian name of 'Ra'ab'. It just seemed to happen and if anyone were to use any other I would hardly realize they were addressing me. Sometimes I think the word is diminutive of a longer name but I am not bothered about that, having been called many things in my lifetime, but Ra'ab is one of the nicest!

Still, names do mean something—one has heard of an actor or actress who had no luck at all, made no headway until they changed their name, and then the floodgates opened and suddenly they were acclaimed wherever they went. Some names seem to bring ill-luck, misfortune and lack of progress while others are harmonious and protective. I know a person who changed just one letter in his name (he actually added a letter) with the intention of bringing him better business results.

Well, while we lived in Weybridge the time came when we changed *our* name and as this has all been described in *As It Was*, one of Lobsang Rampa's most recent books, there is no need for me to go into deep detail regarding the reasons and decision for the change. This I do know, though, we had to put up with a lot of unkindness and even sarcasm from the highest position—a certain 'gentleman' in high authority finding it amusing to compose a piece of doggerel in as cutting a manner as he could muster and keep repeating it! Yes, we had a share—and perhaps more than a share-of harshness directed towards us, not least when Carl had the impression (or was he instructed, but what's the difference!) to wear an Eastern type of clothing and to grow a beard. I have very good reason to believe that some of those persons who thought we were crazy, are not feeling so well these days; some of them are this side of the veil of life, the remainder on the other, where it is too late to make amends, and all they can do is to wail at Lobsang Rampa for their blindness. Some of those who were intended to pave the way for him—'in the future', the future which has been, is, and will be. Sometimes one feels a little sympathy towards those who were told, even warned, about their purpose in life but chose to ignore the message and are now bound to the earth, either in the incarnate or discarnate state. Having

missed their opportunity they must wait for varied periods until they can see their mistakes, and again tune in to the 'life cycle' at some future date; meanwhile, they wallow in their remorse and regrets.

I think that I will never see  
A Billboard lovely as a Tree  
And unless the billboard fall,  
I'll never see a tree at all.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

It is very easy to become bitter, to feel disenchanting, and to blame everything and everybody for one's woes instead of taking a hard look at oneself and realizing that is where most, if not all, of the trouble lies. Some people are inclined to declare the whole system to be wrong, blaming the establishment for their lack of success, or their parents for not guiding them into the right paths, or the fact that there is no work to be had (perhaps only work which is not sufficiently superior for their imagined talents), thus so many hippie types decide to do nothing at all.

The above is not an idle statement for, on looking back to my youth I can still hear myself saying, anytime I might be in trouble (trouble being as prevalent in family life as in any other segment of humanity) 'Well, I didn't ask to be born!' It was some years later before I realized the foolishness of that remark—for now I know that we all plan to be born, even though the plan may have become somewhat altered from what we had intended. The truth of this was brought to my mind more vividly a few days ago as I re-read Lobsang Rampa's book *I Believe* which devotes almost two-thirds of its pages to that very subject. So the blush of ignorance should by this time have faded, as gradually I have come to realize the truth.

Perhaps now it is time to return to Weybridge and Tiger Cat, he who brought happiness into our lives, and who is still around in another form, and who will greet me happily when the time comes for me to enter the land where he now dwells. Mr. T. Catt was obviously quite excited and full of antici-

pation when he was first allowed to wander around the three and a half acres all on his own but his human 'Mama' was quite apprehensive at first. I believe I touched on this in the earlier pages of this book but some people do not seem to mind a little repetition. Perhaps I am following the method of someone else, or one might use the excuse that as one becomes older repetition is not an unusual occurrence.

So the Tiger spent the greater part of his life in the Weybridge area, and when the time came that we were to leave, it was a big wrench for him, which I did not realize fully at that time. The first night after we left (and it was not even to a far distant place) he just sat, neither ate any food nor visited the bathroom until the next day. His 'Ma' was something of an ignorant Ra'ab in those days and it was Carl who had the understanding, but perhaps Ra'ab is gradually realizing that these little people need more attention and consideration than many of us are prepared to give. As I may have said before, cats are extremely sensitive, and the so-called domestic feline cannot bear to be laughed at—he will laugh with you (whoever heard of a cat laughing, someone will say) but please refrain from laughing at him.

Siamese Cat People are probably even more sensitive, but for some reason, I believe, they do not mind their Human People teasing them a bit—it seems that what matters to them is that their family (human and feline) should be happy. But Siamese cannot bear to be left alone. The other day Mama San was practicing a bit of time and motion study and our present Cleo was sitting by the front door of the apartment while Mama prepared breakfast, sitting dreaming, probably, and tuned in to my thoughts. I decided I would prepare breakfast in no more than seven minutes, partly because I wanted to sit down at the table on the hour to listen to the seven o'clock news, undisturbed. All went well, with about a minute and a half to spare, so off I trotted along the corridor, to the far end, feeling extremely pleased with myself, and gazing proudly at the tray of food which I had prepared. Just as I reached the doorway of the tiny suite leading to the bedroom where the meal was anxiously awaited, bonk, crash, and the whole thing

went down, leaving me with empty hands. Soon a figure appeared and another concerned voice called out: 'Whatever happened?' and I said, 'Sure, an' I don't know!' while I sensed cats literally flying to hide in their bedroom and for a few seconds the world seemed to be collapsing around me. Since that time I have learned that it is not possible to maneuver a tray through a small doorway, while keeping one's elbows bent outwards—so that was my first and only attempt at studying 'time and motion'. As far as Cleo and her sister Taddy were concerned, it just 'made their day' in retrospect, even if at the moment of happening it was a calamity, nothing short of an earthquake.

On reflection I have come to realize that a cat can easily become a very lonely person—although they can understand humans by following the thoughts of humans, many, perhaps most, humans are totally unaware of what message the cat is trying to convey to the human. A few months ago, I read of a so-called domestic cat, 'the family pet' as they are sometimes referred to, who, in the wake of a fire in the house aroused the occupants and saved them from a fiery death. Now if the cat had been able to yell 'Hey, the house is on fire,' the alarm would have been quicker and there would have been less panic. The other day a young man wrote remarking, 'I have always looked upon cats as being dumb!' 'Poor young man,' I thought, 'you are the one who is dumb!'

So we are still in Weybridge and we spent one of the coldest winters ever in that environment, in the latish 1940s, when everything was frozen up. An apartment situated over a garage was not the warmest place at any time and I had a soda-water siphon in a cupboard in the hallway which not only froze but actually exploded. What a mess!

We were quite concerned about Mr. T. Catt, sitting on his chair and looking quite miserable. He was sitting on a blanket and I placed another over him hoping for the best; in those days I was afraid that if I put a rubber hot water bottle near him he might claw it and suffer harm from the hot water. Things have changed now and I have no qualms about using this method of comforting cool cats who can, and, do, enjoy

such a luxury even when the temperature is around eighty degrees Fahrenheit and whatever it is in our 'Celsius'. Siamese cats seem to feel chilled more than other species, and I wonder if it is partly because their fur is shorter than most. I would warn those who contemplate heating their cat with a hot water bottle to make sure the cork, the stopper, is screwed tight, so do not prepare it absentmindedly as I have done once or twice and soaked the soft fabric upholstered love seat of my present people. Being of a striped material it is now a mottled mixture of blues, greens, red and yellows, etc.

No doubt many readers may remember the great freeze-up about 1947, for it was discussed at length in England!

Our stay in this particular district would soon be drawing to a close but we were not yet aware of the change. Carl, as time went on, often used to appear withdrawn, as though he had things on his mind, which indeed he had. Sometimes I felt a little lost and affected with a feeling of loneliness, although I knew change was in the offing. Loneliness has always been one of my big problems and I know that it was all within myself. It has been only in the past few years that this attitude has changed and these days I mostly feel exactly the opposite. Perhaps the passing years have brought me to my senses—though I would not like to put the question to my family since you never know what they might come up with in the way of an answer!

Carl was working very hard, his health had always been poor (he was classed grade four as far as army 'call up' was concerned), and that was one of the main reasons we took accommodation near his place of employment. Like many others of his day he received insults for not joining the 'forces' and remained shocked and silent when one day he received anonymously, by mail, the white feather which we all know is intended to indicate cowardice!!!

There was much work accumulating at the office and Carl was writing articles and things of that nature, at the instigation of his boss, all of which proved to be quite harassing, especially since he received neither praise nor recognition for his work. There was a lot of ill-feeling and jealousy because Carl

was able to do more than the others, and it was a really unhappy time, the credit always going to the person for whom the writing was done, and never to Carl.

Eventually we decided it was time for a change, and in a way this was forced upon us, but I must make it clear that it was OUR decision to terminate the association because we were not unaware of the rumors which stated Carl had been 'sacked', 'fired' or whatever word one uses in each country. The boss finally wanted me to do some work also, unpaid of course, such as taking telephone calls and any odd jobs but the Lion part of the Ra'ab had enough to do and was not willing to collaborate. Thus we decided we would change our course.

*Write without pay until somebody  
offers pay; if nobody offers  
within three years, sawing wood  
is what you were intended for.*

Mark Twain

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The place we were bound for was on the way to London, past Walton-on-Thames and Esher, not very far from Kingston-on-Thames, and Sorption which was slightly closer and smaller. The nearest big place for shopping was Kingston-on-Thames where the big department store of Bentall's was a great attraction. These days we are so used to the mammoth shopping centers that a place such as Bentall's might almost go unnoticed.

It was something of an upheaval for us as we had spent such a long time at Weybridge but we were not sorry to be leaving. Apart from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, then Princess, passing through the edge of our town, and all the activities of the war, very little remains in my mind. Our car had been sold so we had to resort to a rental service, but we had very few items to take with us, other than clothing but even that was quite sparse. The greatest wrench was for the Tiger who was now leaving the only home he had ever known, and he had never left the place even for a night. He was obviously quite upset and on the day of leaving I had to call on a neighbor with a message and I was delayed because she wanted to chat. On my return I found Tiger Cat had almost, if not quite, suffered a seizure, and was most upset. Fortunately Carl was with him and I am sure he managed the matter better than I would have been able. It was going to be a real hardship to be without a big garden, nice and clean surroundings, and have to be shut up within two rooms, not even 'communicating' but due to various circumstances there was no alternative.

The landlady at Thames Ditton seemed very anxious to

have us as tenants, even going to the extent of having a disagreement with a previous tenant, thus making it possible for us to have two rooms, since we had made it clear that we would not contemplate only one. The time must have been around August or perhaps September, it is one of the dates I cannot exactly recall, which is unusual for me who has never had much trouble in that direction. What I do remember is how we used to sit in the small garden at the back of the house, in the late summer evenings, and how we suffered from huge mosquito bites, caused, no doubt, by huge mosquitoes.

It was not a happy time, by any stretch of the imagination, everything was inconvenient and one felt out of place in that area, which seemed to be off the beaten track. We had a communal bathroom and fixed up a cooking stove in one of the rooms, a quite illegal procedure now, I suppose, and the landlady was quite temperamental, one who thought she could rule the 'boarders'. She spent a lot of her time in her room, and she gave us to understand she was a sort of 'Ann Landers' who dealt with queries from correspondents, for a fee, and judging from her conversation she acted in the capacity of a kind of fortune teller! At any rate she was a good source of income for the mail office.

This lady was of a strong character, and to those who believe in reincarnation one might rightly come to the conclusion that she (or he) had been of some importance in other lives—in her present life she had been in close contact with a high-personage in Asia, while acting as though she was still in that environment. Her out-of-date clothes showed she had definitely belonged to the upper class and, though quite elderly, she had a young man companion! How I wish I could convey a picture telepathically, clairvoyantly, or whatever, because I doubt if I can conjure up the words to describe one episode. We were still with Madame at Christmas time, and as is the custom, most people enjoy the feeling of friendship for that day at least. Something like going to church on Sundays and being more or less enemies until next Sunday.

Well, our bedroom was right opposite that of Madame, and we could hear the rustling of paper and loud breathing as we

were retiring on Christmas Eve. The next thing we heard was a terrible clattering noise as 'something' rolled down the stairs, immediately followed out of the door by Madame, minus her wig, who had emerged to see what on earth was happening. It seemed she had wrapped up a can of cat food, or similar, as a gift for Mr. T. Catt, then came out and left it at the head of the stairway, where it had stayed a few seconds until she was back in her room, and then began half rolling and half bouncing down the stairs. No, I do not think that is half so good a description as if one could have actually viewed the whole situation. However, it all ended happily, with all of us, and Madame herself, highly amused!

It would be hard to decide whether the situation was worse for Carl or for the Tiger, for many people know what it is like to be without employment, and in England you were considered just about finished if you were not established by the time you had reached the age of thirty. If you left your job on your own, without being fired, you had no hope of obtaining unemployment assistance. What a difference in that country these days, when you can get all kinds of help without ever having done a day's work, there is a welfare assistance and student help. Is it a good thing though? Is it contributing to developing a nation of softies? Carl spent many hours cycling to East Molesley, to the unemployment office, hoping work of some kind, any kind, would be available, but not receiving a pleasant reception, although one man was an exception and he behaved quite civilly and came to see us once or twice. You see the jobs, if any were available at all, were given to men who had been 'fired' from their previous employment, and not to those who had left of their own accord, however the termination may have come about.

I knew Mr. Catt was terribly concerned because always (if they are treated with even a fraction of consideration) cats identify with their human family and he must have worried as to how we were going to manage. It was fortunate that we had some insurance policies which we were able to redeem, and this we did, otherwise the situation would have been quite hopeless. The Weybridge employment did not afford us the

opportunity to save at all, but one little thing helped us somewhat. A few years previously I had a very strong impression to 'take out' insurance for myself, which I did. The premiums were rather high so it was impossible to continue the payments in our, then, situation, but the refund was most acceptable, and in our frugal way we just kept going.

Small advertising commitments were occasionally available, but this was merely a standby, and just kept us in the situation that we had a few extra pounds for cases of emergency. There was a little balcony outside our living room, but that was after we left Madame, which was less than one week after the Christmas good-will. Madame liked change, and we were offered the upper 'flat' in a small house, which we were pleased to accept. It was a furnished suite and was quite adequate for us, with its one bedroom, plus living room and kitchen. T. Catt sat for many hours, facing the south, on the balcony where he could enjoy the afternoon sun and watch the birds and other garden activities.

*A classic is something that  
everybody wants to have read  
and nobody wants to read.*

**From The Wisdom of Mark Twain**

## CHAPTER SIX TEEN

Thames Ditton must have been a very important place in days gone by, especially in the time of Queen Elizabeth the First. One could just imagine the Queen sailing along in her barge, right along the Thames to Hampton Court where, one understands, she spent a great deal of time. At the present time, just as at the time we were in the area, no doubt it is possible to visit the actual suite she used, and gaze upon the bed wherein she slept, or stayed awake. In England there is a famous phrase which is used to attract tourists-‘Queen Elizabeth slept here’—and it is used in information describing various places. All of us seem to find satisfaction in viewing such places of interest.

This brings to mind the story of the tourists (dare I comment they might have been Americans, who seem to delight in ‘doing’ European places in a few hours). They had left Britain and gone on to the continent, and were discussing various historical places they had visited. ‘Did you see the Magna Carta,’ someone asked. ‘No, we were too late, he had just left before we arrived.’

My knowledge of history, is not so complete as I would like, but if you can travel and visit places you can learn a lot more than by just poring over a history book, and it was a satisfactory feeling to visit the palace which was built for Cardinal Wolsey by the great Henry the Eighth. I have been told that my purpose in writing these pages is not to write a discourse on Hampton Court or, indeed, to delve into historical matters, but to write about my family, which of course in great part means my Cat People. So be it, but I will just mention another

item of interest, and that is that a row of houses right opposite 'The Court' were designed by Sir Christopher Wren, a personality who has also interested me greatly.

So, being fairly obedient, sometimes, I will revert to my particular story which perhaps I should emphasize is a true one because it is my desire to put down words describing, to the nearest point of accuracy, exactly what happened during this period of our life. So many people have tried to brain-wash the public into thinking Lobsang Rampa's works are no more than fiction (although most people KNOW him to write the truth) that I want to reiterate that, like his writings *Tiger Lily* describes the events in which I actually took part.

Our little half-a-house was in many ways convenient because we could walk down to the river, enjoying the calmness and thinking of what a tale the old Thames could tell if only we could understand the words of the water.

The railway station was very near to us so it was a simple procedure to go to Surbiton, our nearest small shopping center, or to Wimbledon, or Kingston-on-Thames, and even London itself was no great distance. Of course we did not travel around much but Carl did most of it since he was trying very hard to find some employment and he had to attend interviews and to various small matters.

Mr.T. Catt stayed at home with me and we did things together—I am sure Cat People are a good influence, and if you treat them in the correct manner they will help you. As I sat at the table engaged in studying handwriting I always had the feeling that the Tiger was tuned in, just as two others are, here with me now.

There was no real security between the two accommodations, a number of steps led to the upper part which was our abode, but there was no means of privacy and we had to walk out of the main door (the only door) which was shared by the elderly tenants who lived on the ground floor. Of course no one liked the arrangement but neither of us had an alternative so we made the best of it. All through the years I have remembered one little incident.

I think one of the elderly couple (man and wife) must have

been slightly deaf because he used to shout quite loudly, and I believe his wife was always ‘bugging’ him about one thing or another. She used to work, elderly as she was, and I think the man must have been retired. Anyway, one morning as she was leaving, after the usual quarrel no doubt, his voice must have been heard up to high heaven as he called after her, ‘Seventy years of age and still going to work.’ Personally, I thought he should have been gratified for two reasons; a little more financial help was forthcoming (unless she hid it), and in her absence he might enjoy a measure of peace!!!!

Life certainly does have its brighter moments, and I am sure Mr. Catt often must have thought, ‘Oh dear, those humans, why do they not agree, if only to differ?’ As I may have mentioned before, cats cannot stand friction, and that is one reason why they suffer from nervous and physical ailments. If there is too much friction and lack of care a cat will give up, just lie down and die, or he may disappear altogether.

As I look back I see that a good part of my own life has been spent seemingly in waiting—but waiting for what—and even if at times it has appeared I am seeing ‘through a glass darkly’ (Bible quotation), always at the back of my mind I FELT there was something behind it all. Now I actually KNOW that all the periods of seclusion, especially after meeting Carl, and during the times following his departure from this planet, were for a special reason.

Since I have mentioned a Bible quotation, and one has always interested me greatly, I am going to digress for a moment to tell of an experience of two days ago, when two middle-aged to elderly men knocked on our apartment door. I opened the door to these men and they asked me if I had a few minutes to spare. ‘What for?’ I asked, being slightly suspicious of strangers accosting one in our city these days, as the affluence seems to be attracting too much crime. ‘Well,’ one of them announced, ‘we are from the Bible Society and we would like to have a chat with you.’ Politely I replied that, ‘No, I don't think I wish to chat’ (I had rather a lot of things to do, especially as it was early in the morning) ‘for you see we here are of the Buddhist belief.’ They took a step backwards, then

recovered to exclaim, 'How interesting!' I took the time to inform them of an experience which came my way within the past few weeks; that of a young lady who had expressed a desire to read my book, Pussywillow, and as I had a spare copy I passed it on to her. A week or two later I received by mail a mild 'thank you' note together with a Bible Society book which she informed me was a TRUE story, but the letter was written in a manner which suggested my story might only be a fable. Like my husband I have a very strong feeling about this missionary attitude, because we believe we can be saved without belonging exclusively to the Christian church. When I was quite young, I thought like so many others, that we should get out into the world and bring everyone into the Christian faith, either by choice or attempted force. Now I know better and I am often reminded that the true Buddhist does not have missionaries and they do not believe in attempting to change a person's beliefs. People do not seem to realize that Buddhism rather than being a religion, is merely a way of life, an effort to treat others in the way that we wish to be treated ourselves. And did not Christ live according to that law—so why do we make so much of the whole situation?

*If you don't know what you  
are looking for how do you  
know when you've found it?*

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

It had been one of 'those' days when everything seemed to go wrong. The weather—well, you know what Calgary weather is like—cold, windy, with a great band of yellowish-greenish haze on the skyline, all the smog from the cars, because here in Calgary we seem to have more cars per capita than anywhere else in North America, and cars roar by all day and all night. By night the car drivers seem to go crazy.

Strange really, no foot patrols by the police around here. By night the cars go on and on. They most times completely ignore traffic lights, and there was one evening when I was looking out, two cars raced along and the first car did stop at a traffic light, the driver of the second car didn't stop—in time! There was a tinny clank; there wasn't any real damage done, but the second car driver leaped out of his car and the first car driver leaped out of his car, and there they were in the middle of the night punching at each other and screaming like maniacs. Both appeared to be drunk. The lights went green, the lights went red, the lights went green again, and still they fought. Then the lights went red, the drivers, as if on some unseen signal, dashed back and jumped into their cars, roared across the red lights, stopped at the other side of the crossing, jumped out again and started punching each other again. Well, that's how things are.

But, it was one of those difficult days. People had been coming to the door, the telephone man came, a delivery man came, and then the manager of the apartment came, to say I must not let any water down through the kitchen sink, because someone down below had got a leak and they had to disconnect

the pipes, and if we let through any water it would rush out and probably bathe someone's face in dishwater.

Yes, one of those threatened days when it seemed as if all energy had departed. I looked out of the window, and early evening shades were coming down and the lights were going on in the tall, tall buildings thirty or forty stories high. The great new building outside and rather to the left which housed a big oil company—that was ablaze with light. Further off to the left the new airport which was a-building was being floodlit while the lights were being tested. It made a very pretty glow on the skyline and it blended well in an artistic sort of way with some of the amber street lights or the greenish-blue street lights. As I looked, I could see the winking traffic lights, and then, coming in over the tall buildings, a great 747 jet with its hundreds of people aboard. From our viewpoint, we always see the port (left-hand) light on the wing; that is the red one, and it is only when the wind changes and the plane is taking off that we see the starboard green, but this plane was lit up like a young city on wings and I could imagine the people putting out their cigarettes, tightening up their seat-belts and wondering if Aunt Fanny or Uncle Whosit would be at the airport to meet them.

But I was feeling tired. Miss Cleo was bumbling about, walking in and out around my feet and generally making a nuisance of herself, because she wanted to run down our corridor before settling down for the night. So, with a sigh of resignation, I opened the door and let her out. We had to be very, very careful because Miss Cleo is a very, very social individual and she likes to sit by the three elevator doors so that she can greet people coming out. There are other apartments up here, of course, and Miss Cleo likes to act as an official greeter—it is amusing really to see how many people ignore her, do not even see her, but we have to keep a very close watch because Miss Cleo has many times tried to enter an elevator—she doesn't think of herself as a cat, she thinks of herself as a human, because she and Tadalinka have been treated as humans since birth, but at last she was tired of being out in the corridor and she came ambling along with her tail

held high and uttering little cries of pleasure that she was coming home again after she had done her duty.

The Guv was away at the end of the apartment in his small, small, bedroom, where all he can see of the world is through a mirror, so everything he sees is backwards. He has a telescopic stand and a mirror on it and the world goes by behind him, and with a mirror of course left and right are transposed.

I was getting tired; I like to go to bed early, it gives one a chance to think, gives one a chance to meditate and to ponder on the problems of the day and to wonder about the next day. The Guv had had his medication and was ready to settle down. I put out the cats' supper. They are very insistent) that they have a good supper put out every night. Then they come and sniff to see what there is and then they go away until later. They don't want to eat it then. They like to wait until it is night, and all the lights are out.

My room also is small and on one wall I have one of those picture panoramas. This time it is of a Hawaiian scene—a beautiful white beach and blue, blue seas, and of course the inevitable palm trees so absolutely real that one can, with just a little imagination, see them as waving in the breeze, and I have a Brazilian painting which matches the mural absolutely.

There is always so much to do before going to bed. Check that the door is locked and that I have that prop in place because there have been so many break-ins in Calgary that I have a special steel prop—one end fits on the floor, and the other, a forked end, fits under the doorknob so no one can possibly get in. I put that in place, went around picking up papers and things and stacking them away, and after that I walked into my bedroom. It is a little room, as I said, and I have a nice brass bed—brass rails at top and foot. Soon I was tucked up in bed and then there came the sound of loud purring. Miss Tadalinka had settled down beside me purring away, showing her joy that at last the day had ended and she could 'get her head down' and go in for some entrancing catty dreams.

Miss Cleo hadn't finished her work yet. She had to go along to see if the Guv was all right and then, after a few words with

him, she came trotting up the corridor in our apartment and rushed in beside me, but then—she saw fat Taddy just where she wanted to be, so she gave a snort of disgust and went to what is really their bed beside mine. Soon, she was curled up and emitting a very pleasant light snore.

For a few moments I lay there listening to the radio and reading a letter or two which had been answered during the day, because the letters come in in great numbers. The Guv answers them and then I go through them and check them for what he call 'literals', that is, any spelling mistakes, any fault in grammar or any mis-typing, but I was feeling sleepy—I couldn't put up with any more work, so I stretched out my right hand and turned off the light and snuggled down beside Tadalinka. She gave a little grunt of pleasure as my hand came down on her. Soon I felt myself getting heavier and heavier and then—sleep.

I don't know how long I slept, but I awoke with a start. I couldn't think what was wrong for the moment, but felt 'something' was wrong. It seemed as if someone was in the room with me, someone besides Cleo and Taddy. Then I looked up in the quite considerable light reflected from the streets and I saw Miss Kuei sitting on the top of the bedrail at the foot of my bed. Miss Kuei left us some time ago to go and live in the astral, but she still gives us the benefit of her advice and very, very frequently the benefit of her physical contact. There is no such thing as death, you know. Some people call it 'transition' but it doesn't matter what one calls it. So-called 'death' is just a matter of shedding one's earthly body just as one sheds one's clothing before going to the land of sleep.

Miss Kuei was there sitting, smiling at me, then she said, 'Ma, you know you are writing wrong things in this book, you should be writing more about cats.'

I looked at her and thought a bit, and then I came to the conclusion that without a doubt she was right because so many people write in, asking the most amazing questions about cats. How should one feed them? How should one lift them? Should one brush them or comb them? And then, oh dear, oh dear? What is to be done with a cat who has fleas? What is to

be done with a cat who has constipation? People seem to be unaware of the wants and basic requirements of cats.

Taddy snored deeply, Cleo sat up and looked on rather approvingly, I thought, but then Miss Kuei spoke again, 'You can answer all these questions, you know Ma! You can make it so much easier for us cats. People think we are strange creatures who never want anything. Well, you know differently, don't you? I want you to write about cats—about how cats can be made happier, because we have a special job, you know. We are the Eyes of the Gardeners and what we report determines what should be done for humans and for animals, but then—' she smiled brightly, 'aren't we all animals? Humans are only another form of animal after all, aren't they?'

I was in a bit of a quandary then, because after all I have had many cats, many, many cats—different sorts of cats, cats with all different temperaments, but all with different needs. Miss Kuei broke in, 'Oh no, Ma, oh no, you're wrong, you know. They are not all different needs, all cats need the same thing. They need certain basic treatment, certain basic medicine, so why don't you write something about it?'

I turned around a bit in the bed and said, 'Well, what do you think about it, Cleo, how can we answer questions like this, eh?' Miss Kuei interrupted, 'Oh yes you can, you know you have had enough cats now to know what makes them tick, to know what makes them sick!' I shuddered at the thought of writing things like that, because after all that was for a specialist, wasn't it, but then I replied, 'Well, Miss Kuei, the best thing I can do is to write out what I think and have a vet correct it or add to it.'

Miss Kuei frowned deeply and said, 'Ma, you mustn't say you will call in a vet. A vet is an American soldier who has left the army, what you really mean is that you will consult a veterinary surgeon.'

Well, of course, she was right, so I decided that the very next day I would telephone Dr. Peter Randall, an extremely good veterinary surgeon who had looked after Cleo and Taddy since we came to Calgary, Cleo gets on with him very well.

Taddy growls and hisses and puts on ‘all the act’ of course, but she never wants to jump at him. So I said to Miss Kuei, ‘All right, Miss Kuei, in the morning I will get in touch with the doctor of cats and ask him if he will read some pages for me and tell me if I am a hundred per cent right in what I am recommending people to do.’

Miss Kuei nodded wisely and said, ‘Well, you should write about curing cats of constipation, write about curing cats of diarrhea, write about the best way to feed them—so many people think that cats drink milk only, but cats need water as well, you know. So you write about all these things. Write about how cats should have a varied diet, some vegetables as well as meat. Cats aren't entirely carnivorous, you know—they like vegetables as well, in fact it is necessary; and write how to get grass-seed and grow grass in pots so there is always a fresh pot of grass ready, because grass really does scour out a cat's interior and dislodge hairballs, etc. You do that, Ma, and you'll be doing a good, good job.’

Miss Kuei gave a friendly wink and stood up to her full length and—disappeared, disappeared back into the astral world where she had taken up residence since leaving the earth.

I sighed deeply at the thought of getting my plans for the second book offset and then, well I suppose I must have dropped off to sleep, because when I awakened the early morning sunlight was streaming readily through the Calgary haze and making patterns on the wall opposite my bed.

I care about  
your happiness  
just as you  
care about mine.  
I could not  
be at peace  
if you were not.

Kahlil Gibran

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Soon breakfast was over; the Guv is a very, very small eater indeed and his breakfast is usually supervised by Miss Cleo who likes to sit on the end of the bed and watch, and then when he has finished his breakfast Miss Cleo walks up and sits on his chest! For some reason that we are quite unable to determine, Cleo will not sit on his lap, but always on his chest, sometimes so close that he can't turn his head. She sat there and purred and purred and purred until in the end I had to go out to collect the mail from the post office because we don't want people coming to visit us. We have had too much trouble, so we do not use our private address.

Just a short time ago we had a man and his wife come by air from Peru. They thought that they were going to spend the weekend with us. We had never heard of them, never had a letter from them or anything, but on the same day that they left Calgary we did have a letter asking the Guv to get in touch with them saying that they had come all the way from Peru to spend the weekend with us and take the benefit of the Guv's advice. They also said that they had been in touch with the police, been in touch with the post office, been in touch with everyone they could think of, tried different hotels, different motels, but they couldn't find the address, for which, as the Guv said—'May heaven be praised.'

It is a thoroughly annoying matter when people come to Calgary and try to find us. They think they are going to be welcomed like the prodigal son or daughter, or something, and to achieve that end they make as much trouble as they can. We have had them go to the police and cook up a piteous tale

about a very, very urgent need—someone is dying, etc., etc., and then we'd get a policeman come trundling up, and stand down in the lobby and announce 'City Police!' into the inter-com. Well, of course, it soon gets one talked about. 'Oh, why is it that the Rampa's are always having the police call on them. I wonder what they've done now?' It makes things really, really bad.

It reminds me of the time when we lived at Habitat, Montreal. The Guv had a wheel-chair which he was going to give to an injured policeman. This policeman had been shot through the spine by some robber, and we had a detective come and look at the wheel-chair and pronounce it satisfactory. Then we had a great big Sergeant of Police come to arrange for its removal, and the next thing was that they had a paddy-wagon come to pick up the wheel-chair. Well, the Guv drove the wheel-chair down into the elevator and all along the main street of Habitat and out to the police paddy-wagon. It was really highly amusing—if one has THAT sense of humor—to see heads appearing behind curtains and to see the workers in the gardens hiding down behind bushes to see the Guv taken off in a paddy-wagon, but it was an anti-climax when the heavy wheel-chair was just lifted up into the paddy-wagon, the doors closed and it drove off, and the Guv went back to his apartment in another wheel-chair. So, we do not welcome callers. We use a post box to discourage callers and it should be clear to all that if we wanted callers we would publish our address. Again, with telephone calls, we have had some remarkable experiences.

One night, around midnight, we had two police call on us in New Brunswick and there was a long palavar because the police insisted that we call someone the other side of Montreal and they wouldn't go away until we did. A woman there, who refused to accept a collect call, wanted the Guv to phone her husband and say he shouldn't have any sex with her—she didn't like it!

But the days went by, as days will, just the ordinary sort of thing—breakfast in the morning, piles and piles of letters, then lunch, then some more work, then tea and then the cats'

entertainment time when they race about and jump on their tree house, and soon the time came to go to bed again. The Guv spends ninety-nine per cent of his time in bed looking at the world backwards through a mirror. I went to my nice little brass-balled bed and fell asleep, and it seems I was no sooner asleep than I was being tapped on the shoulder. Drowsily, and in none too good a mood, I opened one eye and there was the lady Ku'ei again. 'Come on, Ma,' she said, 'we haven't finished our discussion—the one we started last night.' So I opened the other eye and waited for her to speak.

'What are you going to do about all these cat ailments? I have a cat friend here. She came to us quite a short time ago. The people with whom she lived neglected her, hadn't got time for her. She was just a cat, they thought, and—well they went away for a vacation and they left this cat called Pansy alone in a locked-up house. She starved to death because the people stayed longer than they expected. What would you tell people about that?'

Well, that is rather a sore point with us, because so many people think that a cat is just an ornament to be shoved about or to be left without any attention at all. You can leave fish for a number of days without having food added, because if they have a good aquarium they can live on the plants for quite a time and they can live on minute organisms in the water, and then again most people can get someone to come in and dish out some food for fishes, but they never seem to bother about cats. So I thought about it for a time, lying there on my back with the moonlight streaming in and periodically an aeroplane rushing by on its way to or from Calgary airport.

But people who have pets have a definite duty to their pets. If they are not prepared to look after them, then they should do without pets. Pets have rights just as children have rights. They are living creatures. They are intelligent entities. So if people are going away, they should board their pets with a good veterinary surgeon or a trusted 'cattery'. After all, these places have runs, wired in, and cats and dogs can be boarded. The owner has to pay, of course, but what does it matter—they would pay enough for their children, wouldn't they? They'd

pay to go to a theatre or a cinema. They'd pay to get themselves drunk. They'll pay for any entertainment, but when it comes to paying something for a poor, harmless, defenseless little animal who can't look after itself, well they take on the mantle of the miser. They begrudge anything, they begrudge food. Such people should be put in a cage themselves; they should be put in prison for cruelty to animals.

If you are going away, then why not go and ask your veterinary surgeon if he could take your pet for such and such a time. If he cannot, then he can always recommend someone who will. During that time your pet will be well looked after. He or she will have plenty of company and will welcome you with gratitude and joy when you return.

Why do you have a pet anyway? For an ornament? Well, if it's an ornament, then surely you give that ornament some elementary care. You look after it. You make sure it is clean. You make sure it is put in a safe place and an ornament, no matter how ornamental, is only an inanimate lump of material which someone has pummeled or carved into shape. Animals are one of the wonders of the world with senses far beyond those possessed by humans. Could you, for instance, sniff along a carpet and tell who'd walked that way three or four days before? Cleo can, Taddy can—all our cats have been able to. If you do not communicate with your cat, that is your ignorance, your loss. Your cat knows what you are thinking—if you think love, that cat will respond. If you think hate, you will find the cat disappears.

And then there is the question of constipation. Not only humans suffer from constipation, cats do also, but only through the neglect of humans. They are given wrong food, they are given scraps, anything that is not good enough for humans is usually tossed out for the cat or the dog. Well, why? If your pet is a loved member of the family, surely he or she is entitled to the perfect rudimentary courtesy of being properly fed.

There are many cat foods or dog foods on the market. Cat food is suitable for cats, not for dogs. Dog food is suitable for dogs and not necessarily for cats, but no matter how good the

cat food or the dog food, that alone is not sufficient—I wish I could put that in print the size the newspapers use when they have something super-sensational, but remember it again; cat food or dog food alone is not sufficient. You need other things. You need vegetables. You need a bit of meat, and you need water. Many people have the peculiar idea that cats will drink only milk. They have the idea that milk is the only drink for cats—definitely, definitely it is not so, they must have water as well .

Do you know what causes constipation? Inside the intestines there are a lot of hairs called villi. These villi are tubes, something like—let us say—hypodermic needles. They protrude into the mass that is being propelled through the intestines. Now, in the small intestines the contents are liquid, becoming semi-liquid as they approach the beginning of the large intestines.

As this material reaches up into the ascending colon, it is turning from a semi-liquid into what one might term as semi-solid, because the villi are extracting all the nourishment from the material and with the nourishment—water.

As the material—now becoming waste material—goes up the ascending colon, it becomes harder, more of a paste and then when it goes down into the descending colon towards the rectum it is getting harder and harder, but still within the range of the muscular effort necessary for its expulsion.

If an animal—or a human either for that matter—does not have enough water in his make-up, then the waste material becomes harder and harder, so that in the end impaction takes place, and then the poor wretched animal or human has to have an enema to provide water to soften the hardened mass and make it so that the bowels can expel that mass.

An animal, or human, who is correctly fed and correctly ‘watered’ won’t suffer from complaints such as this, because at all times the waste material is sufficiently plastic that it can be expelled. Sometimes, with a debilitated creature (human or animal) the muscles of the intestines are too weak to initiate peristalsis and so chronic constipation occurs. In that case, one has to introduce an irritant—a thing which irritates the colon

and makes it wriggle, and as it wriggles with much vigor it does cause a more or less expulsion of waste material. If one has to have a laxative (which is an irritant), one should also drink plenty of water to soften the impacted mass, and with cats we have found that if we use some canned milk such as Carnation, well, the cat will lap that up with gusto, and then will go in leaps and bounds to get rid of a lot of waste. It really does work, but here again you have to be careful because if you give too much you get the opposite to constipation which is diarrhea, and a cat rushing around exuding you-know-what behind is not a pretty sight and it means a lot of work, so the best thing is to treat your animals and yourself properly then you won't get constipation.

Too much dried food causes constipation. Some raw meat helps overcome constipation, but not too much raw meat, because if there is too much then the cat gets worms, so you have to steer a course between not enough and not too much, and a little practice will show you how.

But! Why am I telling all this? If you will consult your veterinary surgeon, he will tell you the best way to treat your cat. It will not cost much, you know, for an interview with him, because we have found that the veterinary people are far, far kinder than many doctors dealing with the human body. The Guv says he wishes he could have a veterinary surgeon deal with him—there would be a lot more sympathy, because there is not much sympathy for people with terminal illnesses. They are denied beds in hospitals and the doctors haven't time to visit, and so it is just a long, long wait throughout long, long days, and longer nights, waiting for the Great Lord to write 'the end' to life.

Cats are peculiar creatures, you know, they have a trait which is not known to many people. They are something like ducks just emerging from a shell. I know that if a duck emerges from a shell, it treats the first person it sees as its mother! Oh yes, it is perfectly true. Some highly amusing experiments have been carried out in connection with that. Well, there is something the same with cats; a cat gets a great liking for the first food it gets, so that if you feed a young cat

some fish, it will have a craving for fish all its life. If you feed it meat, it will have a craving for meat all its life, and cats seem to be one-track individuals—they like to stick to one thing. I suppose their taste buds get mixed up, or something, but anyway most cats like to stick to one type of food and that is wrong—they should have a balanced diet—a well-mixed diet. Some of the cat foods are truly excellent for cats—some are just the opposite, so the best thing is to try some different types of cat food so that you can see which your pet likes best and then use that as possibly a staple food and add other things to it. Perhaps a bit of potato or a bit of cabbage or a bit of lettuce and, of course, some meat or liver or fish, but above all make sure that there is always a dish of water placed available for your cat.

Another thing—make sure that you have a plant pot or a wooden box full of growing grass. It is such a simple, simple little thing to do. You just get some potting soil and some coarse grass-seed and plant the grass and that's all there is to it. In about a week you've a nice plot of grass which your cat can chew and chew and chew and be thoroughly sick afterwards, but that is the purpose of the grass—to scour out the stomach and remove accumulated hairball. Hairball in the intestine can cause bowel stoppage and death, so you may be saving your cat's life if you make sure that there is always fresh grass. It is so easy to plant one box of grass and when that shows signs of growing, start another, so that when one has been eaten up or faded, another is available.

Many people complain that cats tear up the furniture. They don't, you know. Never, never, never, will a cat tear up furniture if it has something of its own on which to exercise the claw muscles. Our Cat People have what is known as a tree-house. It is a long thing stretching from the floor to the ceiling and it is held in position by a Johnny pole, which is one rod sliding inside the other, the inner part being kept pushed out by a strong spring. This carpet-covered tree-house has a number of platforms with a hole in each one. The cats swarm up, dive through the holes and eventually reach the top where they will scratch and scratch and scratch and exercise their muscles.

We also have a small scratch-pad which is just a good lump of wood about twice the length of the cat, and is covered with coarse carpet. The cat will throw herself on that and tear and tear and tear, and I say to you very seriously indeed, our cats do not tear up furniture nor furnishings, because they recognize these things as their own property put there for their convenience and they never abuse one's trust in them.

Another thing which is very, very important—if you are going to be away for a number of hours you should tell your cat so. You should take that cat gently and look into the face and say slowly and firmly that you are going to be away for a certain number of hours and then you will return. This was brought to my attention quite forcibly some time ago; I had to go out shopping and I said, 'Well, cats, I am going out, shan't be long, goodbye,' and I went out. Unfortunately, I was delayed a matter of hours. You know what it is, I saw some things. I went wistfully window-shopping and I saw a lot of things which I couldn't afford and which I wished that I could afford, so time went faster than I expected, and when I returned home it was to hear that the two cats had gone almost demented with worry. They had been like raging things for a time, and then they had both gone to bed and turned their faces to the wall, which is a step preparatory to dying.

Oh yes, a cat can die as easily as that. If a cat is parted from a loved one and sees no hope of being reunited, the cat may—and I am absolutely serious in this—turn its face to the wall, and die. We have seen it happen, unfortunately.

A pet, whether cat or dog, is a thing of joy. A companion who never lets one down. A companion one can always rely upon, a good friend who knows how to express sympathy, who can cheer one up and show that even though the whole world turns against one, SHE understands and loves one still.

*God grant me*  
**SERENITY**  
*to accept the things*  
*I cannot change*  
**COURAGE**  
*to change the things*  
*I can, and*  
**WISDOM**  
*to know the difference.*

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

Cats, like people and automobiles, come in many different shapes, sizes, colors and types. Cats have a leg at each corner, just the same as the automobile has a wheel at each corner, and most cats have a tail, although the Manx cat does not and it definitely handicaps the poor creature when turning a corner at a dead run.

First, there is the ordinary, good old phlegmatic house-cat—most people call it the ordinary cat. Now, they have a peculiarity in that they are attached to their home, to the house in which they live, and when the family moves away, then very frequently the ordinary house-cat says some four-letter words and sets out on a travel back to his original home.

The ordinary house-cat has legs of approximately the same length, but when you come to a Siamese cat that is a different thing altogether. The Siamese cat has longer legs at the back so when you see one for the first time you think the poor creature is walking downhill, but the Siamese cat is highly intelligent, highly sensitive, and unlike the ordinary house-cat the Siamese cat is attached to the family and not to the home, and when the home is broken up so that the people move away, the Siamese cat says the feline equivalent of ‘Phooey—glad to get shot of that dump’ and off he goes happily with his so-called owner to a new domain.

Burmese cats are much the same as Siamese cats and you can say that they are the Rolls-Royce and the Cadillac of the cat world, but they have to be treated gently. They are extremely sensitive and they demand love in large quantities. If a person is going out to work, then it is a definitely cruel thing

to have only one Siamese cat—two cost no more to keep and they are company for each other. If you have a Siamese cat and you do not definitely love it, then you will find the cat won't love you either, and most times he won't even stay with you. One day, he will just walk out, and that's that. You won't see him again. He will go somewhere where he is appreciated. So, if you want a pet just to keep around the house, get the ordinary home domesticated cat—they are accustomed to it. They are stolid enough to live with it, but if you want a definite living companion and you spend a lot of time at home, get a Siamese cat or a Burmese, but then if you find you have to go out a lot, then have two cats.

Some people have a difficulty in getting a second cat because of all the spats and hissing and groanings that go on, but there is no problem really. You shut the resident Siamese in (let us say) a bedroom and the newcomer cat in a room adjacent to the bedroom and you wedge the door so that it is open about an inch, then they can look at each other and unburden their minds about each other and use all the swear words that they know, but after a short time they will tolerate each other and no harm will be done. But, of course, if you just bring in a fresh cat and toss him down with your first cat, then you are asking for trouble—they will never be friends. So; you have to use feline psychology. You have to make a very great fuss of the first cat and then you have to make a fuss of the second cat, and when they have settled their differences and decided which of them is going to be top cat, you will have a house of peace. They will live together, they will look after each other and there won't be any loneliness when you go out.

Many people ask about neutering cats. Well, it is a good thing. With a female cat, for instance, if she is neutered she becomes very, very much more affectionate, and it is not at all the same as giving hysterectomy to a human, you know. Hysterectomy in a human all too frequently causes a gross personality change. Not so with cats. Cats have a different metabolic process, and all that happens is you take away the yowling and the screeching and you make a very lovable, loving companion. If you do not have the female spayed, as it is

called, she will make a horrible, incredible, unbelievable uproar every so often, and you just can't live with it, and if you let her have kittens, well, soon you have got the whole neighborhood swarming with Siamese cat kittens.

Tom cats should be neutered when they are young, because Tom cats have a special gland which enables them to eject a fluid on the furniture and around the walls, and the fluid says in effect, 'Hey, Queen, come quick—I can't wait any longer.' So, again, if the Tom cat is neutered he becomes more placid and then there is no odor.

While on the subject of odors, all cats should have their sanitary tins with an inch or two of some special preparation which absorbs liquid waste, and no matter what the advertisements say, you should tip out the contents (down the toilet bowl) every time the cat has used it, because otherwise if the odor gets too strong, the cat cannot be blamed in any way at all for using a dark comer or going under the bed or somewhere like that. Wouldn't you do the same? Do you like to use a toilet which is plugged up and which has evidence of having been used by others before you? Of course you don't—well, why not show your cat the same sanitary courtesy that you would show to others or to yourself.

The Guv sometimes gets accused of repetition but then inevitably, after he's had a letter accusing him of repetition, he gets another letter from a person praising the repetition and saying that the second, or third, repeat performance has made the matter absolutely clear, so if there is repetition in this, well, it is for the good of the education on the treatment of Cat People!

*When someone cares  
It is easier to speak  
it is easier to listen  
it is easier to play  
it is easier to work.*

*When someone cares  
it is easier to laugh.*

Susan Polis Schutz

## CHAPTER TWENTY

I received a letter with some questions which may be of universal interest. One question is about cats and karma. Well, cats have a different sort of karma from humans, because they are exempt from many of the karmic influences through being 'the eyes of the Gods'. That is, a cat is an entirely strange creature placed down on this earth to report on things, to act as—let us say—remote television cameras, so that the Gardeners of the Earth know what's going on, and sometimes they have to do a thing which normally would incur karma, but in this particular instance the karma is annulled because they are working for the Gods.

Another matter which seems to puzzle people immensely is reincarnation. Now, humans never become animals—but of course humans are animals, aren't they, but let's call them humans instead—and animals never become humans. People have the idea that humans are the Gods on earth, whereas animals are just creatures there to be kicked around as the humans feel like doing. That is completely wrong—humans and animals can be of equal value in the higher community beyond the earth, and in some conditions an animal may be much more valuable to the Gardeners of the Earth than a human; it depends on the circumstances, but never think that an animal is going to be 'elevated' to human status. The animal might think that would be a down-grading instead.

. Humans commit a grave, grave crime against the whole of nature when they use animals for vivisection or experiments. After all, how absolutely absurd it is for a pharmaceutical representative to say that his product is worth so many mouse-units. A mouse isn't a man—and if humans want to experi-

ment, then let it be on themselves.

The Guv has a comment about this. He says, ‘Why not have hippies and women’s libbers as test animals—after all, they just sit about on their backsides and don’t do anything except tell other people what is wrong with the world. They don’t do anything to put the world right. Let them be vivisection subjects, as well—I wish I could be there to do it to some of them.’

We see many animals run over, and we had a case here in Calgary very, very recently. It happened one evening. A dog—a guide-dog for a blind person—was sitting near a fence on a broad sidewalk. He was waiting for his master, but then a young hoodlum came along in a beat-up old car, and with a look of fiendish delight he drove straight at the dog, mounted the curb and ran over the dog, crushing its ribs and everything else, and sped on. The police tried to catch the car, but it was a stolen one and so the fellow got away. There have been many instances here—hoodlums have gone to the zoo and have shot defenseless animals with bow and arrow. Well, that wasn’t the animals’ karma but believe me it has added to the humans’ karma!

Now, this letter which I have been looking at, asks about Lobsang Rampa and animals, so I state, ‘Yes, very, very definitely the Guv can communicate with animals on this earth and off this earth.’ For instance, he has three particular cat friends who live in the astral and who stay in the astral so they may help the Guv when he needs it. One is called Sindhi, another is called Jasmine, and the third is called Phyllis, and the Guv learns a great number of things from those three.

In addition, he does converse at great, and sometimes tedious, length with Miss Cleo Rampa and Miss Tadalinka Rampa. In fact, I often see Cleo scuttling away into his bedroom to jump on his chest, and there she will sit and talk to him. Another question which I have been asked is about when animals are killed by other animals. For instance, a cat catches a mouse or a bird. Well, doesn’t the bird or the mouse suffer agonies of terror, etc., first? The answer is—no, because there is a provision of nature which applies to all creatures, animal

and non-animal, in that when the time of death approaches the animal is unaware of it. The animal is not paralyzed with fear but is tranquil at being released from the hardships, the suffering and the bitterness of this life.

Of course this does not apply in cases of humans who are just murdering animals, because so often a human will shoot an animal not immediately fatally, and so the poor wretched animal, with perhaps a broken leg or a bleeding artery, will wander off to seek shelter, left to starve and suffer until finally death takes over; the animal can then receive the tenderness and mercy which seemed not to exist amongst humans of such a low vibration that they seem to lack feeling for any creature apart from themselves.

The pain, which is caused by the callousness of the human, well, that debt is rightly added to the human's karma, and at some time, in this life, or when he returns to earth again, he will have to endure a like agony which he caused the suffering animal.

We do not get this problem when an animal is killed humanely in a slaughter-house, because death is almost instantaneous. It takes two minutes for the animal to actually die. I mention this angle because someone is sure to say, 'Oh, that female has an obsession about hunting,' and I would say there is all the difference in the world between humanely sending an animal off this world because food is needed, the animal being treated in a humane manner, and the wholesale slaughter of birds and animals just to pander to man's sporting instinct—. Those fox hunts which through the ages have been prevalent in England, especially indulged in by the so-called 'upper class', who one would expect through their education and opportunities to know better, are to me the work of the devil. How would any one of us feel if we were suddenly turned loose, and a pack of dogs set after us???? If I had a grouch at all against any member of the British Royal Family it would be in this direction—their responsibility is so great and their example so important that they have to consider these things before indulging in their own preference for whatever it is that 'turns them on'!

Many people are not at all sure when actual death has occurred, as opposed to apparent death, when one could be merely in a state of shock or suffering from catalepsy, or in a deep coma. Only a true clairvoyant such as the Guv would be able to answer that and he says, 'Death occurs when the silver cord is severed.' He goes on to say, 'When the silver cord is severed the parting of the body and the soul is inevitable and irreversible.'

The majority of us ordinary humans are unable to see this phenomenon, we are blind to the vision of this parting of body and soul, therefore we have to rely on other means before we are able to make a judgment as to whether life has indeed become extinct. We try to evaluate whether there is a pulse to be felt, and whether there is any eye reaction on lifting the eyelids. Personally I have known a mirror to be placed before the mouth, to test whether the patient still lives—if the mirror becomes moist then there is always a chance the person will recover. The cataleptic state can be difficult to diagnose, as I know from experience. But, while we are alive, all of us animals, human and those others, by which I mean creatures of nature, let us really live and do all we can to make each other happy and contented. With regard to pets, cats specifically, and no doubt doggies too, the Guv always insists they should always have their toys on hand. It might be only a woolly mouse stuffed with catnip, or catmint as some call it, but when you move to a different location you should take your pet's familiar things along too, take them WITH you as *personal belongings* because you may have to wait some time before your main goods arrive. Take a scratching post or a complete tree-house, the blanket which your pet has been using, and any other toy you can think of so that your pet will not feel strange. Cats are very sensitive, and to suddenly get dumped into fresh surroundings, with all the strange odors, can be most discomfoting to say the least and can even result in sheer agony, and I can testify to this from experience.

Use the same water bowl which your cats have always used in your past home so that your 'pet' will have no real sense of loss or change.

*When you are cured of a disease  
does it matter what the disease  
was?*

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Now, you cat people, we have given you a hearing so we must return to the *Tiger Lily* and my then family activities.

It was rather fortunate that we did not have a television in those days because I am sure that we were happier with radio which, after all these years, is still my own main form of entertainment, contributing to relaxation, especially at the end of a strenuous day, and even during the odd moments of a daytime siesta period.

Two weekly programs of those Thames Ditton days have remained in my mind, and both of them were interesting, while one especially was of great interest to Carl. Fred Hoyle, the scientist, now Sir Fred Hoyle, used to broadcast on the subject of astronomy and, although I knew very little about it, I was anxious to learn; I found it extremely fascinating but of course Carl was more intellectually progressive than I, consequently he was able to follow the radio discussion with a greater comprehension. Even though some of the material was somewhat beyond me I liked to stay while Carl had the radio turned on, even if only for the companionship I provided for him, since that was the one thing he had, to a great extent, lacked in his earlier life.

One thing which did 'get on my nerves' was when Carl would take an old radio to pieces to study its mechanism and to repair the instrument if possible, if it was not beyond repair. You see, when someone is messing about with a radio they have to twiddle those knobs, trying one station and then another, and to another person it can be rather nerve-wracking, especially if one catches a few words of an interesting pro-

gram, and then suddenly it is tuned to another station. No doubt I was hypersensitive, as I understand I still am but to a lesser degree, but I vividly remember one day when I could have screeched my head off while Carl was busy with one of these sessions; I was so wanting, and needing, a moment of peace that I took off to the village store on the pretence of needing some supplies, and the walk calmed my nerves, so afterwards everything was fine.

This might be an opportune moment to confess that I understand I have not been an easy person to live with and I would like to put this on record myself. No doubt, in the days to come, when much will be written about Carl and about T. Lobsang Rampa, probably some of it true, and some perhaps the figment of the same writer's too vivid imagination, it is possible 'the woman in the story', that woman being myself may warrant a word or two. It is partly for this reason that I thought it might be a good idea to write down an assessment of Mama San Ra'ab, by Mama San herself.

It is true that I am as contented as it is possible to be on this earth, but that does not mean to say that I am an easy person to live with. Within myself I am utterly contented but extraneous influences tend to 'put me off'. When life passes by on an even keel then I function best, and the set-up of our present household is such that we are not able to have visitors at all, chiefly due to sickness, but this arrangement is extremely satisfactory to me, even though it makes for resentment on the part of some people, who appear to be lacking in understanding. I would like to pay tribute to one person in particular who is an exception in this respect, and this is Mrs. Gertrud Heals, one of my friends. Mrs. Heals is involved in the 'book business' including an art gallery, and picture-framing responsibilities, as well as book-keeping for the business. She performs many little acts which are beyond her line of duty and, at times, it is necessary to come to our apartment on one mission or another, but she never attempts to take advantage of the situation, and never stays too long. Although she is a great admirer of Dr. Rampa she never requests a meeting with him—and this I appreciate.

Unlike some people who, if on one occasion the Guv may have signed a letter in a slightly more friendly way, and another time it slips through the pile receiving his normal signature, are likely to administer a reprimand, 'All right, if that is the way you want it, it's okay by me, I'll revert to the former, more formal way of addressing YOU' On occasion people can appear quite insensitive and unforgiving. Another understanding person in the book world is Mrs. Carmen Moore whom we hold in very high regard. I salute you, Carmen Moore.

How often has Lobsang Rampa, in his eighteen books, attempted to explain that if you want to progress spiritually, become more aware, etc., you cannot make much headway by flitting about too much, collecting friends and associates just as you might collect moths and butterflies. Even the Bible of the society to which most people of the western world belong, admonishes us to 'BE STILL' and know that I am God, which means, 'Be still and get to know yourself.' So I do not feel it to be too wrong to lead a quiet life, and I feel I am fortunate not to be so sensitive as is the Guv, who is greatly affected by inharmonious vibrations. Of course harmony affects him too, and would that harmony was available in greater abundance

To return once more to Thames Ditton, to my husband and my Tiger. Carl had an even more difficult time than I, for a great change was in store for him, even more than for me, but I was restless at the thought of what was in store for us. As I view the past scene now, having the extra insight which I did not then have, I can see how interesting it must have been for Mr. T. Catt who, like all cats, lives on two planes all the time. Later on I was told by the Guv that the Tiger would have said to himself, 'There's Ma, living 'midst all these interesting happenings and she cannot see any further than the physical.' 'Well, if I were a cat, perhaps I would see a little further than the physical and etheric,' I thought. So Carl would go wandering off by himself, amongst the trees which were there in abundance at Thames Ditton, and I supposed he would receive inspiration and instructions as to what he was expected to do.

In retrospect, I see that even though he had agreed to relinquish his body for a greater cause, he must at times have experienced a feeling of bewilderment about the whole process.

Then we would have a nice quiet time on Sundays, and that was the day we heard the other radio broadcast which interested and amused us, the talks by Professor Joad, from the British Broadcasting Company, as was the program by Fred Hoyle who, incidentally, has a helper, a colleague, these days, in the form of his son.

Since we all enjoy something entertaining I have always remembered the statement uttered by the Professor, whose outlook and family were of the Victorian era. Professor Joad told us he had never seen his mother's legs; if he had ever glimpsed her ankles it was accidental, and that when he was young even the table and chairs, and the piano, were covered over with cloth so they could not be seen naked. 'Could that be true,' I wondered, and if the Professor could take a look down here now surely he would be shocked beyond words. He never would have been able to survive if he had glimpsed the mini-skirted era—

I do not propose to describe the actual take-over by Lob-sang Rampa because he has written of it in his book, *As It Was*, and I am sure most of the readers of this *Tiger Lily* of mine will, if they have not read it, have heard of *As It Was*, so if you wish to know more about this event the book is very much in print all the time, therefore I would recommend that you purchase it, and then you will know first-hand the whole story, or most of it.

*What made us friends in the long ago  
When first we met?  
Well, I think I know;  
The best in me and the best in you  
Hailed each other because they knew  
That always and always since life began  
Our being friends was part of God's plan.*

George Webster Douglas

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

After the change-over it was a strange feeling for each of us, for some time—and it must have been much worse for the Guv; we took occasional outings which I enjoyed and sometimes we went into a restaurant to have a meal, after exploring some of the local countryside. He seemed to adapt very quickly to the new and strange life, and for this I was grateful. One memorable day we went to Mortlake, a place which is known all over the world, even if by name only, since it is where the Oxford-Cambridge boat race takes place each year. It was just after the ‘take-over’ by Lobsang Rampa and as far as I was concerned there was an unusual, apparently inexplicable atmosphere surrounding us, as we dawdled on the bridge at Mortlake. We had left Mr. Catt to guard the apartment and I believe he spent most of the time in his basket on the verandah, because by the time we returned he was sleeping contentedly. Yes, at Mortlake we walked across Chiswick bridge and we were rather quiet, the Guv obviously deep in thought. He must have been viewing many scenes of the past and he commented upon some of his observations. One of the things he discussed with me was that of the period of about three or four hundred years earlier, the time of Queen Elizabeth the First. He mentioned Dr. John Dee, the alchemist, who acted in the capacity of Astrologer to the Queen, and whose home had been at Mortlake where he had a family. Dr. Dee had led a varied life, sometimes in favor, at other times out of favor with the Court, never a rich man, and often in very poor circumstances and, towards the end of his life, the Queen showed her appreciation by conferring upon him a grant of

some kind. Dr. Dee was a very outspoken person and somewhat erratic at times. All this the Guv talked about, and he mentioned Sir Christopher Wren, Cardinal Wolsey, William Shakespeare and others of that period. The name of Shakespeare brings to mind the process of transmigration, and I have sometimes wondered, amidst all the controversy about who wrote the works attributed to Shakespeare, whether this was such a case, which is more common than most of us realize. Personally I would believe this explanation before I would accept the suggestion that someone such as Sir Francis Bacon had a hand in the writings!! My supposition seems feasible.

Most of the afternoon's conversation was continued, and enlarged upon, after we returned home, for I was fascinated while listening to things I was told by the Guv. I will always be grateful to him for the patience he has shown, and the time he has devoted, in the interest of increasing my education.

Something which is sure to interest those who read these pages is how the Guv managed in his new environment, and I soon began to notice that he acted more normally than had his predecessor. Even the voice was quite different, the Guv speaking in a deeper tone—a sort of baritone, while Carl had the voice of a tenor. Neither of them professed to have a super singing voice, a regret which I share, since I am no singer either. The Guv has always been more adaptable as far as mixing with people was concerned, having a very easy manner and not so averse to meeting people as was Carl, who was very reserved. Until the Guv became so very sick he helped many people through personal contact, but now he has reached the stage where visitors, for any reason at all, are never contemplated or allowed. I have on occasion wondered whether it would have been better if Carl had adopted a rather more firm attitude towards me, because I was headstrong and needed a partner who could be quite firm, and able to deal with a strong willed person such as I was. Fortunately that situation seems to have been remedied now and Mama San finds satisfaction in having guidance from one who is the stronger—so that her life is more disciplined than of yore. Yes! Discipline is good and it makes for happiness in achievement.

I KNOW there are many, many, instances of transmigration, but it is looked upon by some religions, not the least by our Christian faith, as something quite strange, even unacceptable; this attitude has only come about because the original bible teaching of Christ has been so altered at the Convention of Constantinople (in the year A.D. 60) which gave the priests more power if the knowledge of transmigration could be suppressed. Being one of the victims of this watered down teaching resulted in more difficulties for me at first, but I have since realized that it is anything but a rare occurrence. I have known of a person who was involved in an accident and who suffered head injuries, resulting in a state of concussion, with temporary loss of memory, while following recovery from the accident the person seemed to act differently, to have different views, different likes and dislikes, which was noticed by those who had known him previously. Not impossible that another entity, another spirit, had 'taken over' while the person was disorientated through shock, but this does not mean that the whole procedure had not been prearranged, since the time may have arrived when the first individual had reached the end of his life span. Who is to know, except those 'in the know' whether a being from another planet could use this procedure known as 'transmigration' to gain experience, and to study humanity and life on our planet earth? This concept is worth a thought, for anything one can imagine is possible, and we earthlings are far behind in these matters, partly because our governments will not release vital information; they seem afraid to create panic amongst the public who are probably not half so scared as the governments seem to think. Perhaps the governments are scared of losing their own power, scared of being taken over or having to compete with more advanced beings.

The subject is one upon which I do not feel qualified to enlarge, besides, this is not the purpose of the Tiger Lily book. Someone sent me a cartoon the other day, and I believe he was applying it to his own situation, jokingly of course. I will pass it on as it is a feeling, an attitude, with which many of us are familiar. A man is looking through binoculars and the

Caption Says, 'I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO KNOW AT LEAST A LITTLE ABOUT THE UNKNOWABLE,'

but my correspondent added his own comments underneath, where he had written: 'Me—looking in the wrong direction.'

He often sends amusing quotes but, in the main, let me hasten to state that we get inundated with newspaper clippings. But John's are short and to the point as are those of our mutual friend in England, Eric Tetley, who has the great aptitude of causing real amusement with his letters. This does much to lighten the cares of the day, so Mr. Tetley, thank you, you are appreciated!!

After a time the Guv and I had a talk about things in general, and about our own situation and the future. The Guv decided we could not contemplate just staying on in our present location which to us, in many ways, was something of a backwater, but it had been a useful refuge while underlying changes were going on in preparation for the future which Lobsang Rampa had in mind. The offices of The Milk Marketing Board, an important part of Thames Ditton, was of no interest to us, and most of the residents apparently having settled into a comfortable rut, this was obviously not the right kind of situation at all. Many people were retired, others commuted to the city and other places each day, so it was more or less a haven for weekend living and, being situated right on the River Thames, it was ideal for a life of ease and recreation. I met one very charming Jewish family, the father and mother and a new baby, and it came about that I was instrumental in giving the wife some little assistance with her many duties, for which she showed her appreciation in the way these people do, they are most generous if you 'hit it off' with them!! I felt rather honored when, many years ago, I had some dealings (not wheeling and dealing which is a favorite expression of one of our friends of the present) with a Jewish person and, in the course of the conversation the question was put to me, 'Are you one of us?' My rather dark complexion and then almost black hair and hazel eyes, caused many people to speculate upon my ancestry. I have done some speculating myself!

After some months we were getting to know each other better, the Guv and I, and I found he was of a much more firm and definite type than had been his predecessor, a description which we use in discussing Carl of the P.R. (pre Rampa) days. The Guv has a more definite purpose in life, and he had no time to lose. He was able to deal more adequately with my occasional fits of moodiness, and through these experiences I have found his method to be successful. Even though he may be feeling great compassion for someone in 'mind distress' he may not always show it, rather he may seem somewhat harsh, in the opinion of the victim at any rate. Now I know that what he says, and how he deals with problems, is the right way, especially when he expresses the opinion that what should be done with many of today's youth is to put them to work, any work, so they will not have time or energy left to continually grouse about their situation and the Establishment. I will be forever grateful that through this association I have learned how to cope with many of life's problems, and to be equable in temperament, thus passing on a little in the way of a helping hand to someone who may not have been so fortunate. Oh, yes, I still feel annoyance, but I do not allow the small annoyances to 'get me down'—it is better to laugh it off because that way you do not get so many lines on your face, thus saving on cosmetics, which really do not hide a thing, especially if you have a naturally unhappy and miserable outlook. The other day I commented to the Guv, 'I wonder why I feel so contented. Each part of the day is pleasurable, going to bed is wonderful when I can visit all those cats and humans who mean something special to me, on the earth and off the earth, and arising at six in the morning is no effort, while all the various events which each day brings are interesting and spell for me "learning", which is my keynote. How come,' I said, 'that it is like this?'

The Guv barely hesitated before answering me, 'Well, Ra'ab, I will tell you, the reason is that you know where you are going, and that is all there is to it—!' Well, there is a thought worth meditating upon, I decided. Then he came up

with a further comment, 'You know Ra'ab, you ARE a tough nut to live with.'

So, in due course we moved to a larger, busier locality, still in the South West, in a suburb of London, where we had found a small furnished 'flat' which had a small garden, with an old apple tree by the back door, where the Tiger used to sit for hours on a sturdy branch which was at a wonderful angle, straight out from the main trunk of the apple tree, which would be at about ninety degrees. Mr. Catt took some time to adjust to another change since he was past middle age, and we had to keep him indoors for some days until he had become re-orientated, which really was absolutely hell for him, especially as it was necessary for me to go out occasionally, and leave him alone, while I was shopping or engaged in other business matters, while the Guv had to be out very often, so Tiger was sometimes quite on his own and being older he suffered far more than I realized at that time. It has been one of my great regrets that through my thoughtlessness he suffered loneliness, a loneliness which often might have been avoided—and after he left us permanently my remorse was very real and for a time I was overcome by it; being sustained only by the Guv's almost unbelievably understanding attitude.

The Tiger was with us for about a year in his latest home and sometimes the Guv placed him on the front of his bicycle, taking him for a ride around the streets. This they both enjoyed, especially if it were in the evenings, and dark—a time when a cat can see more clearly.

Towards the end of his life he rested a good deal—and often wandered into the garden to talk with Mr. Tree. It was New Year's Eve when he contracted pneumonia and I lay on the floor all night with him (in the living room) as his condition deteriorated. When he finally departed the room was flooded with a bright light due no doubt to the presence of discarnate entities who had come to escort him home. I know I will be seeing him again when my time approaches to take my leave.

Soon after he left us I had a 'dream'—a dream so-called. There seemed to be a sort of flame burning—something I did not understand, but I felt it was associated with Mr. Catt. The

Guv told me it was exactly that—the pure spirit of my Tiger which I had seen because my vibrations had been temporarily heightened. Often have I thought about it and I would have had other experiences had I not been so overcome with my own grief.

*Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.*

*Hold fast to dreams  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.*

Langston Hughes

## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

As this little book is now quickly approaching the permitted number of pages, it seems a good idea to make a few comments with regard to a subject which seems to occupy the thoughts of a great many readers. A large number of people have written requesting more comments because the 'subject is not generally discussed these days'. Just this morning a letter was put into my hands, and when I read it I decided it was not accidental—it was just a reminder of what so many others had written to me in the past weeks and months. Since the writer of the letter is quite well known to me it might not be amiss to quote the relevant paragraph—'it would be an excellent idea to write more about death because it is something which effects each one of us, and it will help to break down the barriers of fear which most of us have'. The writer continues, 'In the last century, or Victorian age, sex was taboo, but now this subject has gone to the extreme. In this period of time, the subject of death of the physical body is taboo. Let us hope that subject will be discussed more openly in the not too distant future, without fear, and I am sure you can help by touching upon it.'

My thought is that Lobsang Rampa is the person who can best write about death, and he can go much further by writing about what happens AFTER death. In his latest book *Three Lives*, that is exactly what he has done, and many people have expressed the opinion that it is the best book of the eighteen he has written. We all hope he will be able to maintain sufficient physical strength to carry out his intention of making it to number nineteen. Judging from his remarks I am sure *Three*

*Lives* will almost outweigh the interest of the eighteenth, but they will complement one another.

The thought of dying does not worry me personally, because I am more concerned about my performance while living. If I do my best while on the earth there is always the hope (actually the knowledge) that there is nothing to worry about when time runs out for me. I read of someone the other day who quoted himself as being 'a man in a hurry', meaning that the years were passing and he had a lot to do. I feel in rather the same position because I do not feel that I have made the most of my own life, so I must try and make up for lost time.

I am somewhat in the position of a man I know who came to Canada as an immigrant and who, although now in a prominent position as a book publisher, known internationally, a television personality of note, as well as a producer, was in his early days employed by stores as a window washer. He was interviewed recently and said to the interviewer, 'In my job I had eight windows to care for, and each window took one day to do, so having only six days in a week it meant that I was always two windows behind.' That is, I am afraid, the position in which I often find myself.

I suppose it is not important how long, but how, we live, whether we be human animal or 'animal' animal because all creatures are here to learn certain lessons and to do certain jobs. Eric Tetley sent me a snipping the other day—oh! it was some weeks ago but I kept it because I wanted to tell about it in *Tiger Lily*. Mr. Tetley sends many pieces about cats, and you should see my accumulation of pussy pictures from all over the world, soon I will need an album. Anyway, I was most interested to read of the oldest cat, according to the Guinness Book of Records, whose name was Butch, and who had lived with a gentleman by the name of Mr. Arthur Baxter, of Claxby, Lincolnshire. Butch was rescued, covered in oil, at Immingham Dock in 1942, when only a few weeks old, and lived to the age of thirty-four years. Multiply by seven and what is that in cat years?—surely two hundred and thirty-eight, and he must have been a contented and well-looked-after person to have survived all those years.

I often think of the Cat world in the so-called Hereafter, and I understand it is a glorious place. The Guv, as many of you know, has wonderful powers of description, and I like to think I visit in my 'dreams', my astral travels, those I have known before, and with whom one day in the not so distant future I will be reunited.

Death—Life. Is not this earthly experience more like death and the hereafter the Real Life? That is how I see it and that must be the way it was viewed by Longfellow in 'The Psalm of Life', words which I had to repeat many times during my schooldays.

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Life is but an empty dream  
For the soul is dead that slumbers  
And things are not what they seem.  
Life is Real, Life is Earnest  
And the grave is not its goal  
Dust to Earth to dust returneth  
Was not spoken of the soul!

And I like the words of Mark Twain which were presumably expressed while on his deathbed.

Death, the only immortal who treats  
us all alike, whose pity and whose  
peace and whose refuge are for all—  
the soiled and the pure, the rich and  
the poor, the loved and the unloved.

*From The Wisdom of Mark Twain  
Memorandum written on his deathbed*

So this brings to a close the Tiger Lily true story, concluded the day of the Silver Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth the Second, a time of nostalgia for those of us who became landed immigrants many years ago—but even though many of us are

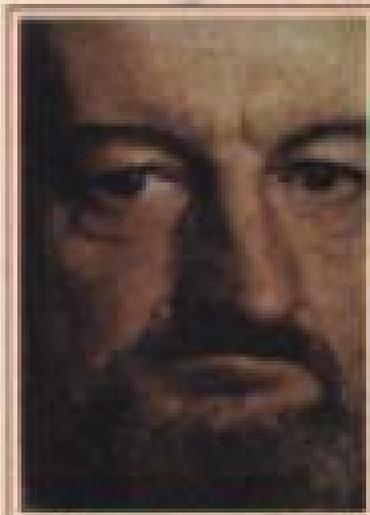
now Canadian citizens—Her Gracious Majesty is still our Queen.

How long we in Canada remain in this situation is still to be seen, because it is a very controversial subject, together with separatism and bilingualism.

The Queen and her husband Prince Philip, are, of course, very much aware of what is happening, and I chuckled at the Queen's Jubilee speech when she said, 'We all know what the Commonwealth is NOT,' adding, 'It is a popular pastime these days!' No doubt the world would be a better place if some of us were as conscientious as our present Queen and her illustrious father, the late King George the Sixth.

THE END

Um Tributo de Amor  
a Lobsang Rampa



FLOR  
SILVESTRE



Mama San Ra-ab  
RAMPA

**NOTE: THANKS GOES TO A PORTUGUESE FRIEND WHO TRANSLATED THIS WORK FROM ITS NATIVE LANGUAGE USING HIS KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH.**

English  
AS  
DOCUMENT\_OPTIONS  
MAMA SAN RA-AB RAMPA  
A TRIBUTE OF LOVE  
Translation of

EDITOR RECORD  
PUBLISHING RECORD  
title Canadian original

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Printed paper in Brazil  
He spoke about the wild rose that smiles under the sun and he gives  
its perfume to the breeze that passes.

And he would say:

The lilies and the wild roses don't live more than one day, although that  
day is eternity consumed in freedom.

## A TRIBUTE TO LOBSANG RAMPA - THE MASTER ONE

The history of the world is not more than the great men's biography.  
Carlyle

From the eye of the sphinx flowed a tear. Like this the Egyptian President's  
death, Anwar Sadat, was interpreted by a newspaper cartoonist the following  
day to that in that the President was murdered such cruel mind.

One day, in chat, my husband asked me: "If you had the opportunity to  
find a certain person, who would you choose?" After a moment of reflection  
I answered:

"Well, it must be the Egyptian President, Mr. Sadat." When he asked me  
about the reasons that influenced that choice, knowing that the Master also  
admired Sadat, I exposed him as he felt in relation to the President. I

explained that it seemed important that a world leader defended the peace and that, in spite of being submitted to a situation of constant personal risk, he didn't stop having hope in contributing for the understanding among nations.

Besides, he was capable to offer a definitive [lar] to friends in exile and dying, without never to have worried about the consequences that would relapse on himself.

Two days then, still [reflectindo] after that inhuman murder, is far too much evidence that man's altruism placed the well-being of other ones before his own comfort and personal profits and he died as a martyr for that cause.

There was many opportunities for reflecting on that subject during the year that passed — we attended other attempts of men's peace liquidation – one of which well happened.

It is not among the smaller losses that we suffered, in the last months, the departure of Lobsang Rampa from this world. He whose suffering was very much larger than any that most of us will arrive one day to understand. That he contributed so much all over the world to the hope and the trust in the future of thousands of people.

This in spite of the mockery and of the disbelief proclaimed by those that envied his abilities and they feared that their own positions were threatened by the knowledge of Lobsang Rampa's superior experiences.

I want to witness the truthfulness of this statement: “The people sometimes fear and they try to destroy that which they do not understand”. The Love in the Work. But what is the one to work with love?

It is to weave with pulled up threads of its heart, as if the dear person will use the fabric. It is to build a house with love, as if the dear person will live in it. It is to plant seeds with tenderness and to harvest the crop with happiness, as if the dear person will eat of that fruit. It is to impregnate everything that molds with a blow of its own spirit. It is to know that the blessed deads are close observing.

**TWO**

**TWO**

I got up at the first hours of the morning to join the people that would be rendering a homage to President Sadat's memory to everybody on television.

When sitting down before the screen accompanying all the acts of the funeral, many were the thoughts that paraded quickly before me. I recovered remembrances relative to Egypt on that which he had spoken to the Master and that little by little began to come to the surface.

Everything was very calm at three in the morning and the whole city light points that were distributed could be seen in the place where I met seated, in the old chair of Taddy, in my opinion the most comfortable and, without a doubt, the friendliest.

Therefore Miss Cleo left the bed and she wandered for the runner, out of my vision ray. Later, when I looked behind the quina formed by the wall, there she was, lying with the extended body, obviously tuned in. I thought that she was finding all the solemnity she had owed interesting. If Cleo was in human form she would be known, in terms of metaphysics, as an “old soul”, a soul that had lived a lot of lives; I would be correct to include it even in this category being still integral with the hierarchy of the felines.

In mine understanding, Cleo lived a certain number of lives in old Egypt and it had not been by chance that she had joined ourselves in this life. We are even certain point capable to talk for telepathy; and as most of the felines, her memory is not affected nor for the time nor for the space. Of course she knows what I think and she understands what I say when I ask her to transmit messages to Miss Taddy and to the other ones that surround her. My problem is not to dominate the “feline” language or remember completely of my nocturnal visits to the Other Side.

However, we enjoyed cheerful experiences that elapsed the last months and, if not me remember of everybody the details, a clear sensation exists of having dispensed precious time with our Family of the Other World. Still concerning the communication with ours called estimate animals, that are actually the same to us, perhaps they can forgive me for including a small incident that I believe will make many readers to smile.

The image is the one of an old lady sitting down in an armchair before television. In yours I glue it is Cynthia, a white kitty, fastening an inquiring glance in its owner. Some time passed and in a moment of revelation, the old lady exclaims suddenly, “What you think of that, Cynthia? That stupid cowboy is talking with the horse”.

The test that a man is truly educated consists of what he is, what he thinks and what is absorbed by his thoughts, or the dreams he creates when he is alone.

- Donald K. David

### THREE

I receive many readers' letters interested in knowing about our life, now that Miss Cleo and I are the only ones that remained in the family of Rampa. I would like to take advantage of this opportunity to tell all our corresponding ones how much it is being appreciated by the manifestation of their concerns. Many times, when I was imagining the (feather ??) was been worth that effort of continuing in [,livros??] and letters, a letter arrived with a cordial message – “I was interested in reading your book, *Lady of the Autumn*. I found it beneficial, such a big experience it is for the love that emanates of the book. I also consoled myself to the knowledge that others were devoted to observe the mind of the cats or of the animals with the same respect and love as me”. And the 14 year-old Italian boy's small note that included a photo with the following legend: “ Oi, this is me”. So friendly and sincere.

Soon after the enchanted lady, of Japan, wove a comment concerning the prefix to my name. “Mrs. Our Mother” went to interpretation given by her she Suckles her San. She could not believe me remembering a lot of cordial letters that I received from Australia, particularly that of Mrs. Samuel telling about the benefits received by her son, through the reading and the study of Lobsang Ramp's books.

Lamentably, Bill had a sudden death during a surgical intervention a few months behind. The mother found comfort in the fact that Bill's had talked frequently about Dr. Rampa, saying even in the beginning of this year that he felt the Master had left this life. Mrs. Samuel's son learned a lot in the years that were followed a moment in that he wrote to Dr. Rampa, as it was mentioned in *Candlelight*, in the sense that there had not been any affirmation of Mrs. Rampa's authenticity in the books of Rampa. In that time the Master allowed to include me in one or two pages in referred his book, confirming the author's truthfulness and the justice of its words.

All those people turned easier to Miss Cleo and me to continue. Many exist more than they helped us, so much that it is impossible to mention them here; I wait, even so, that they understand all the manifestations of friendship that did they were appreciated.

Opportunely somebody will wonder. ‘Is there how long you met the Dr. Rampa’?

And others still: “How long were you married?” For the ones that feel curiosity for things of that type I would say: “If you read with attention the Master's books, and mine also, a lot of things would be illuminated”. Still precise to find that they can tell me with honesty that it is possible to remember everything after only one reading.

On the other hand there exist many letters from those that are familiar with the Master's works, but they never affirm that they get tired of relating.

Always something “exists more to learn, something that passed us unperceived the first time or later”. If more people studied those books they

would not really need to ask so many questions. I don't think it important how many years of life on the earth we were together — I feel sometimes that I have known him my whole life. Instead of that it is the Quality of the association, instead of the chronological time.

Didn't he affirm frequently that, “A Thousand years in the earth are not more than a blink of the eyes in the eternity?” Many didn't still understand entirely the Master's coming from the Occident in order to complete a special task, one which, for several reasons, he needed to assume another person's body. Anyone can obtain larger understanding when studying the book “As It Was”!

I would like to emphasize that this procedure is not a rare fact; it is enough we stop ourselves in our own Christian religion and its leader. He already made himself reference to that previously, but he doesn't make badly some to reiterate that, in a certain apprenticeship, Christ assumed Jesus' body.

Many seem to consider that event absolutely I/you had been on purpose, it is because the Truth and the Reality were obscured for a long time.

A lot of things have been coming to the light, things that nowadays people cannot do more than accept and that before would be totally out of cogitation.

It is worthwhile we stop ourselves in the process of the transmigration. Ouço, even so, a comment: “Why to assume another person's body? Why not just be born in the habitual form as a baby”? The answer is that some are highly developed and they have special tasks to carry out and do not always have plenty of time for them to begin as babies and develop unto maturity, before they take to term the work that they drifted.

Reincarnation is intimately a subject associated with transmigration. It always makes me smile when somebody asks. “Do you believe in reincarnation?”

And I answer: “You believe in the — do I cement and in the death”? Whether you believe or not in those things, they in fact exist, as well as the process of the life that exists after the life on this earth.

Just because there was an agreement, in a certain year, among the Christian leaders in the Convention of Constantinople, that reincarnation would not be taught because that interfered with those leaders' power, is no reason for not accepting it now. Lobsang Rampa believed that humanity had already suffered too much for having been maintained in ignorance; like this, he made use of the knowledge to render enlightenment to those that would appreciate him, having enough tests that his efforts were not in vain.

He is one of the ones that possess the [amplidão??] of the desert for a pillow, and he called it a sister star. Alone. But the solitude can be communion.

Dag Hammarskjöld  
General secretary of the United Nations  
(already died)

## FOUR

Although last year I have a lot of times revived in thought some of the experiences, of the period in which the Master was among us, I had not felt, until then, capable to share them with the external world, in spite of all the solicitations. So that I wrote about my life with Dr. Rampa. However, in the months that preceded his departure from this world, and even during the whole year past, we enjoyed extremely gratifying experiences to know that the time, for him was drained quickly and it still turned every moment more precious.

A lot of times, in the moments of uncertainty, when everything seemed difficult and nothing went well, the Master said, “This will pass, don't worry because better days will come”.

The first time in that me [Iembro??] of the Master to have made that observation was when my cat, Mr. T. Catt, left this life. I thought that nothing would be the same, my pretty Argentinean Cat, my Flower again — Tiger, could never be substituted and it disposed me to retreat of the world, dressing in the equivalent of “mourning” black.

But the Master was right when telling me that good times were coming, other feline entities awaited to assume a place among us, needing the experience that turned them capable to continue developing and that we could be useful in the sense of providing them those opportunities.

Those that read Lobsang Rampa's books as well as mine will be familiarized with those entities that later came to enrich our lives with their love and their loyalty. From that time I had opportunity to notice that we can keep the memory of a member of the family, knowing that we will be together again, but we should not be discouraged to live the present and to look for the future.

I hope all will forgive me if for one moment I seem to digress; however this is not actually a digression. Did you already think that frequently it is much easier to look at back to the front of the one what glance?

The people in general, not just the oldest, resemble to resent changes, preferring to continue to live their lives in the same way as they are habituated, in their ancestors' family way.

It is been imagining the reason for this behavior. You already heard it spoken on the theory that says, “The world is its own problem?” If I am not mistaken, I have heard it said that it is making its rotation in the wrong direction that there is a lot, a long time behind our planet moved of course after having been [abalroado??] for other cosmic body.

In the beginning of last year the Master and I met unexpectedly alone, except is clear for Miss Cleo, and there were rights you read just it they be done. When a member of a family is extremely sick and has had a very sudden change it is not good. And as a consequence it was verified, starting from then a worsening in the Master's health. For about two months we had to face the situation; we noticed, then, that it would be necessary to find help, not an easy task because it tends in view that we always took a very reclusive existence, almost without any contact with the external world. However, it was proven once again that nobody is irreplaceable; we found people that helped us in fact, making our lives a little more bearable.

Cleo and me, even so, we still needed to face the problems during the day because the aid that was rendered us was restricted to the period of the night. Cleo was a great comfort to us.

After four months, me soon me remembered again of the Master's words — that always something exists of good in the future, if we are prepared to accept it and we just don't look back lamenting that nothing can be as good as the past.

Unexpectedly, a young lady sought us saying she had a suggestion that perhaps we would like to consider. It was before accepting of Lobsang Rampa's thoughts and months there was written to him a letter in appreciation of his books. After a beat-crop, she said she felt arranged to helping us with the correspondence and to render any type of help to Dr. Rampa and me. We agreed to try and see if she could be useful. She assured us that she would not be at any sacrifice to leave the employment that she had and would be very more [compensador??] to be associated [connosco??], because progressing would be in position of transmitting to other ones the benefits of Lobsang Rampa's [ensinamentos??]. That arrangement proved to be the best thing that had already happened at our house, resulting in the continuity of our contacts with the readers and in the opportunity to write another book, things that would not have belonged possible without the help an efficient understanding of an intelligent friend at my side. That that is the end of the world for the [lagarta??], for the master is the butterfly.

## **FIVE**

Miss Weetabix says that she will for ever keep at remembrance of the months passed at our house until the moment of the Master's departure,

knowing she had provided many moments of cheerful companionship for the family Rampa and tends her same, during the whole process, acquired new knowledge.

She was very agile and possessed to walk safe always appreciating to accompany the Master in the few occasions that he was capable to venture to the exterior in his wheel chairs, taking care so that the chair was driven smoothly, avoiding fissures or projections in the roadways. I judged convenient to comment on that because the Master considered that period very much pleasant; per times he expressed to feel that perhaps people found his illness an [amolação??] and that he caused too much upset. Cleo and I will always be thankful to Weetabix for the affection that she released to all knots for those terrible moments.

Some more thing caused pleasure and entertainment in those days; that happened when Persian, Betris, and Mitze, the Siamese gentleman, all came to visit us. Betris was very reserved, but Mr. Mitze wandered through the whole apartment, speaking without stopping, and he sometimes jumped on the Master's bed. The Master ask him why he spoke so much and if he could not be a little quieter, he answered to the Master by telepathy: "When I speak it is because I am thinking and I think a lot". Seemingly, the two cats changed ideas on our apartment, comparing it with that where they lived; one of them, then, commented: "Why am I imagining the walls here healthy so distant one from the other?" The cats possess a different form without a doubt of discussing the things and we felt a lot had we not the Master to interpret their messages.

Perhaps there be an opportunity for me to speak again on our coming to know those two beautiful felines, because in the case of Mitze it appears in my scene friend Loni and she won't be a stranger for those that read my books. To the we be about felines, [1embrei-me??] of a letter that arrived some behind days, in which the remittent manifested interest for the [srta??].

Taddy, having seen the picture of Taddy and Cleo in the layer of the Spanish translation of THE Feline Mind. \* Mrs. Holmes writes: 'And your cat Miss Cleo is a pretty lady that is entitled of being called the vainest person of Calgary, am I not right?' And she continues: 'But as it was that Taddy got to return under the form of a cat of normal proportions and still to seem exacly with an enormous feline of the jungles'?

When Miss Tadalinka came to us she was a cat, much smaller than her sister, but with passing of time she grew extraordinarily fast. I always believed that the Master had made use of his powers to influence her growth, because it would not have been possible to maintain a great feline of the jungles in a common house. She, however, always gave the impression of being imposing and ferocious when in fact she was not.

Those that know the book were like this! They will leave [lembrar??] of as the members of the Race of the Giants, that came to the earth to mix with the human beings, they had their size reduced by magic means, in ways to allow for them to associate with human beings without being recognized as Gardeners. The Master had knowledge of many of those suppositions mysterious procedures, but he rarely discussed his uncommon abilities, for him nothing contained of mysterious or magic. If the public's certain secrets had given him the possibility of success after such a long battle, him and the world would have profited a lot and it would not be an exaggeration to affirm that nowadays peace on the earth would be much closer.

It is not a simple task the one of describing a person like the Master. Although he was so different from most of us, after living with him for so many years and some decades, his habits and faiths I thought more normal than the ones of the people of the external world.

For the interested ones, and I know that they are many, I would recommend the book writing for the author of Fernão Capelo Gaivota, Richard Bach.

The title is *Illusions* and it was published in 1977 by Delacorte Press. I know about people that affirmed to have liked that book more than of Fernão Capelo Gaivota and the editor defines it as a type of volume II. I see great likeness between the character Donald Shimoda and the Master, and I am right that the Master's readers will find it as fascinating as I, whenever I leaf its pages.

It is a feather that we don't have more authors like Richard Bach, because his histories do well to the soul. In contrast with the commercial of television that affirms "We are honestly that which we ate", somebody could increase "We are that which we have".

He/she/it is not discouraged with the farewells. It is necessary there to be a good-bye there to be a [reencontro??]. And a [reencontro??], after moments or whole lives, is right, for those that are friends.

## SIX

October 25 ~ one Sunday and a special day for me.

A calendar in my thought tells me that I should be celebrating a special fact, because it makes [exactamente??] a century room since Lobsang Rampa's first book appeared in the English language, proceeded closely for several other countries. It would be good if today the Master was among us. Even so, it is a foolish observation for we know that he is [connosco??] in spirit.

As human beings are so to the physical presence of our family, of those to who owner-millstones and that are we expensive, that found difficult to

accept that they can still be [connosco??], same if the external peel already left. I always felt [atraída??] for the pages that they compose the '*Chapters of the Life*', one of the few [autografados??] for me, "Ra'ab, the first of the edition Of [Chen??] the last of a series"!

On this era of Kali, when the civilization seems to crumble, there is a lot of comfort to be found in that book; the first chapter is exclusively about the hope for the future; not feeling any nostalgia for the days that are left, my trust rejuvenates in the knowledge that, in spite of everything, our dear planet Earth is not to be abandoned.

Just think that the next "World" Leader's first pupil is already a person with maturity, and that this leader will come shortly to the Earth, for soon to reach the maturity, when its vehicle will be used by a Superior Entity and the concept of transmigration will have made him more acceptable because the people have been prepared for him through other [ensinamentos??], among them the Christian Bible.

As readers that studied and followed Lobsang Rampa's [ensinamentos??] they don't get to notice all they contribute to the dawn of the Age of gold and those that are imagining what to do with humanity's benefit don't know that they are already being well cared for.

I didn't intend to do any sermon, but just to provide some [encorajamento??] to those that try to progress and that perhaps, even without noticing, are already on the right road.

This weekend particularly has been a period of calm reflection reviving the experiences of the Family, the almost two year-old period in Ireland and later the long crossing of Atlantic in direction of New York destined for Canada.

In those days, the Master nurtured great hopes of forming a small group, with the purpose of helping to increase his plans for the dissemination of the knowledge that he had acquired along an extremely difficult life, due to his weakened health and to the incomprehensions. That group was composed of not more than half a dozen, and everybody was animated in participating. A bookseller, a housewife with [dactilografia??] knowledge and a third linked to the automobile industry. The idea was to transmit knowledge for half a correspondence course and then work with the lessons was put into operation with the expectation that everything would take place in agreement with the plan.

However, as it happens with so many groups, obstacles [intransponíveis??] appeared, resentments, inability to work in team with harmony and disposition absence to dedicate time to the project.

That produced a constant perplexity in the Master when coming across with such anxious people for the progress in the thought and in any other astral apprenticeship, but when arrived the hour of acting, they seemed to

prostrate due to its obligations. He finally decided that the only solution was to gather the lessons under book form and it soon appeared in “You – Forever”. Even so, the same past every year, some people still write us asking information on the course that they think to be the disposition.

Those that know his books will know how the Master felt on groups and sects, and everything takes to believe that, in what he told in respect, it was necessary to work alone.

The people's great majority seems to have difficulty in understanding this solitude, the fact that the Master's did not associate with other people.

Through the years they have been having countless inquiries on the part of anxious readers while visiting, just to sit down and talk, and it has been very difficult [mantê-1os??] at the distance.

A person like Lobsang Rampa, extremely sensitive and affectionate in another people's presence, needed a long time alone in his rooms, even at home close to the Family.

He would like to leave it clear that he doesn't want to say that he was a person of difficult access, but, to the opposite, his solitude was determined by absolute need. I have been interested myself about other people that maintain their private lives very separate from their work.

Seemingly, the first-ministra of England is like this. It is counted that one of its ministers, a friend of many years, was mentioned as having said they had never arrived nor even visited the house of Mrs. Thatcher.

This lady would seem to be serving her country, according to the largest interests of the nation, without evidencing to receive a lot of [encorajamento?]. Perhaps opinions are released.

There is the case of a very well-known actor and it is said that “he is invariably a discreet man. He maintains a completely reserved personal life, not allowing even journalists and photographers in his house”.

Nobody likes to feel too different; like this, it is good to know that other people exist that find it to be necessary, once in a while, to isolate the rest of the world.

Religion is what the individual does with their own solitude \_- if they never feel solitary they won't ever be a religious person.

Dean Inge

## **SEVEN**

“How does time for you pass, now that Dr. Rampa has left”?, could anybody ask.

“Certainly it cannot be so busy, you should have a long free time”. If people just stopped to think, they would notice that a precise life continues and the departure of somebody doesn't mean that everything should be interrupted. I like to think, and I believe it is true, that many of the Master's readers, that use to write once in a while to him, still find satisfaction in a continuing correspondence with me. It is as if it were a two-way street where so much the remittent, as the addressee, picks benefits.

I must say, to write letters consumes a great part of my time, but it is a time well employed, in measure that the words [encorajadoras??] that comes to my senses is that everything is worthwhile. Of course there exists many commercial commitments in a writer's life, so that that side may receive the attention that it is owed; the time dispensed is significant, because when it is such a big number of books, in this case 22, the situation is very different than if it was only about one or two titles.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that I maintain commercial relationships with five continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia. The last time that I needed to repeat those names was in the times of school, together with the relationship of all the oceans of the world. Being fortunate in that I chose for me the same, and also in what I make actualment, I can only say that it is interesting and pleasant and so important and very educational. I think I already affirmed previously, I was favored by the gods when they put to my side the ideal person to collaborate in this mission.

Committees were judged capable to accomplish a lot of things, while alone I would probably submerge before the dimension of the efforts and of the responsibilities.

Weetabix is a very nutritious food; if the name leaves one perplexed, let me quickly say that it was checked by the Master being of the family of the Wheat. Besides, the Master said that it looked good. That nobody thinks that the [srta??].

Cleo and I thought our life is as complete as in the days when the Master was [conosco??], because it is not that. When I see the fixed eyes of Cleo on something or on somebody, for besides my normal power of vision, I don't feel very competent.

It happens that the cats are capable of seeing in the neighboring dimensions, while most of the human beings are capable, in the best of hypotheses, of only feeling another presence.

In that way Cleo had the advantage of her “television”, where she could observe the members of her family that had left this space, while she observed the same. I fear that a certain dose of envy on my part exists, even so I possess considerable telepathic aptitude.

Still not being capable of seeing the Master, I am fortunate for receiving these supposed impressions that reveal very clearly that he is still very close. Whenever I receive his readers' letters telling me that they had a, “dream” where they saw and they talked with an image that they knew to be Lobsang Rampa, I feel great satisfaction, because I always knew that the Master would not abandon those for whom so much had been sacrificed.

I have been receiving a significant amount of letters of that type and I am always happy when being informed of them. I don't believe that the Master will leave definitively before he has seen some more of its projects if they materialize.

It is right to exist a [lacuna??] in the life of somebody that cannot be out, but each one of us needs to finish their task ~ somebody said:

“Here is a test to determine if he/she sweats on a mission in the earth before it is finished: he/she/it continues I live, it is not”.

A thought on which is worth the feather [reflectir??]. As most of you know, the Master possessed great likeness for the cats; that, whenever I have the opportunity to be close to them, I like to think that the Master is not very far.

A few pages behind I presented Miss Persian Betris and Mr. Mitze Seal, Siamese, and I thought that it would be good to know them a little more and as it follows they brought pleasure and entertainment for this [lar??]. Those creatures are members of the family Weetabix — they take care of the apartment while Miss Wheat accomplishes her love work in [prol??] of Rampa. Betris was the first to arrive there, not very more than one and a half year, and she possesses a pretty orange color.

Miss Weetabix was rescued from a position where the cats didn't accept it; she now enjoys a very happy domestic life, shared with Mitze. In spite of Mitze having arrived one or two months then, he is definitively in command. His coming was due to my friend Loni's kindness that took care of him for several days, before informing us of his existence.

The master was capable of discovering that Mitze had taken a long trip, crossing a bridge that cut the river, before reaching the house of Loni. It was evident the Mitze suffered bad-treatments. We noticed that there was a bruise in his tail in cicatrization phase and there was an absence of shine in his hair. Now, even so, he receives the cares that before were denied him and that were due to a feline entity highly developed like Mitze.

He talked with the Master and in elapsing of the telepathic dialogue he expressed the desire “to be called” Mitze and it was soon after that he received this name.

## The Sound of the Happiness

When he/she works, you are a flute for whose heart the whisper of the hours if it transforms in music. Who of you would a flute be it moves and silent, when all the another sing in unison?

## **EIGHT**

Without a doubt he doesn't make himself necessary to observe that the appreciation and the Master's affection for the felines is shared by me, so that I am always interested in those creatures' well-being. If I am allowed to count an incident which happened in the last summer, it will be a favor for me because I will have enormous pleasure in doing it.

The residence of Loni seems to be a halfway house of that which could be called one house of cats, in the same sense of the ones that exists here in Canada for the transgressors' of the law rehabilitation that they try to retake its place in society. However, it is more probable than in the case of the cats that have been abandoned by somebody that moved to the city or suffered by negligence and absence of love. Like this, when that sweet creature wandered there for several days in the garden, Loni, always the most generous of people, took providences so that Susie went properly fed.

On a Certain night, when Loni and her husband were seated on the balcony of the front of the house, [Riga??] exclaimed suddenly, “Ha, there, see, that cat is carrying. a [ratazana??]!”

“Yes”, he answered Loni. “And she is taking it to the garage.”  
It was discovered later that the “[ratazana??]” was a very new red kitten, and it was evident that Susie was urgently in need of a [lar??] for herself and her baby.

On that occasion we went by certain dilemma, because, for being the month of July, a period of vacations, the family of Loni would be out for some weeks and they had not arranged to leave the two abandoned guests. Riga found the solution. He suggested that if I didn't like taking care of them so that they had enough to eat, he would feel better in leaving them in the garage, until that definitive [lar??] was found.

Thus, he gave me the key to the garage, having opened a big hole in the door. Big enough to allow the passage of the cats. One cannot leave a garage without bar, particularly if there is kept equipment of value in the same way that one cannot leave open a house.

The [srta??] Wheat and I started to walk up the river every morning and every night, calling for Susie and, when hearing us arrive, she jumped from the hole greeting us with profusion, anxious to please with the food for cats called “Nine Lives”, in particular the tuna and the mixture of eggs.

It was an extremely pleasant period of vacations for us because it was in the course of a strike by the postal workers, therefore, we had surplus time at our disposition. For those weeks the [filhote??], that was nervous and not very friendly, began little by little, accepting us and we had the great satisfaction of presenting him his first solid food. He also liked “Nine Lives”.

Those few weeks had been the rainiest of the year, but Susie always came out running to greet us from where she had been appreciating the shelter that the garage offered. The saga of Susie, however, doesn't finish here, because it still persisted the problem of meeting a definitive [lar??] for her, since it had been right that Loni could not take the responsibility that the problem created.

Mr. Smooch, with whom the readers will be familiar after the reading of *Lady of the Autumn*, had aged, he had gotten sick and he had left this earth in about one year.

Loni had decided, then, that it would not be exactly right to have another feline entity, because she and her husband camped with a lot of frequency and they knew that Smooch, on those occasions, had felt very alone. We felt that we had already drained all the possibilities in search of families [adoptivas??], because our few acquaintances already “possessed” a cat or a dog. I simply didn't know from where the next given would come.

Our veterinary friend, Dr. Randall, always solicitous, he would take charge of the mother and of the [filhote?]. There was no doubts that he would be a person adapted to find a [lar??] for them, together or until separate, because of Susie with a very brand new cat and that would facilitate the [adopção?]. Although I don't see any reason that justified not giving a [lar??] to an older feline, some people prefer them younger, believing them more adaptive to a new [lar??].

I thought a lot on the future of Susie; due to her wonderful qualities, of her gentle nature and of her beautiful behavior as a mother, I thought she deserved a future with safety. Suddenly, I remembered at [lembrança??] from “a position”. It was as if they were telling me: “Why don't you enter into a contact with Mr. Mac? He will have a solution”.

That gentleman is a man of business respected by everybody and well-known by the Master, and he also appreciated him a lot. Thus, did I think, why not?, there is nothing to lose.

The chat on the telephone was so well-happened that soon there was provided an affectionate [lar??] full of understanding for Susie. Mr. Mac and

his family, the woman Kay and her four children, Eldon, Calvin, Darren and Marlon, everybody adores Susie.

That didn't mean the end of our relationship, because Weetabix had said to me that we could visit whenever we wanted. We had, thus, the satisfaction of maintaining contacts with Susie and to observe her development.

I never doubted that the Master had participated importantly in such a satisfactory arrangement.

## Growth

I sometimes think that He heard the murmur of suffering of all the things that grew under the sun and that He raised them and aided them, not just with their own knowledge, but also when revealing to them the power that they possessed to develop and to become complete.

## NINE

The readers that know my first book, *THE Feline Mind*, will leave [lembrar??] of Mrs. Gertrud Lavery, that she lives in Australia and she is a devoted pupil of the Master's [ensinamentos??]. Mrs. Lavery belongs together [conosco??] since that decade and we started like this to know her a lot better; on several occasions she recounted many of her experiences, particularly in what she said in respect to the treatment of felines, who possessed special likeness.

But now Mrs. Lavery assumed another commitment and the description that she gave of a little bird and its life which she revealed so clearly, about the likeness and the harmony that can be developed among man and nature, that I thought appropriate to tell it here — the history speaks for itself.

These photos demonstrate that the small son of a parakeet, that I brought home a few weeks ago in a box, had learned a lot in a few months, in spite of my inexperience in the treatment of birds.

It doesn't remain doubt that I read some books and I asked information concerning experiences and methods to the people that had already created parakeets. Therefore in the first days I decided, wrong or wisely, that he should be taught, from the beginning, to leave the cage and fly freely thereabout. Thus, one day, I removed it from the cage very fearful of hurting that life piece, but it stayed the rest of the day and the whole night [empoleirado??] in the rails of the curtain.

The following day, in the middle of the morning, it discovered the way back suddenly to the cage and began soon to eat. I just needed to remove it once again and start it over. From then on it understood and it began to fly inside and outside of the cage whenever it had the will; even so, while it was out it would be also out of my reach.

Some weeks later, on the only time it stayed out of the cage, besides its normal schedule of sleeping; seemingly, it was not capable to find the way back, staying landed in the rails of the curtain, even after all the lights had been lit.

Finally, I placed the cage close to my bed with the small door opened in the direction of the rails of the curtain placed above my bed. About ten or fifteen minutes later, it flew for the cage; I jumped off the bed, I closed the small door, I put back the cage in its regular habitual and I covered it.

It took some time for me [!conseguir??] that Gerry, still inside of the cage, jumped for my finger when I pressed its breastbone.

If I had proceeded with larger persistence, perhaps the requested time would have been smaller but, any way, in the end we were well-happened. Then I saw myself before the task of teaching it to come to me when I had already gone to the cage and it allowed me to play with it.

Somebody suggested me to appeal to the aid of a mirror. It was what I did, arresting the mirror inside the cage with a twine, so that Gerry could get used to it. When loosening the mirror, I would have to bring it together with the twine, well slowly, outside of the cage. Gerry would follow his own image and the seductive points of the twine, first on my hand, later progressively for my arm until the shoulder, while I maintained the movement of displacement of the mirror. Then I would sit down and I would place the mirror in my lap while Gerry would follow discovering buttons etc. on my dress. This became a daily routine, being prolonged for some weeks. On certain days, Gerry came and landed on my shoulder of its free and spontaneous will. [Actualmente??], he prefers my head.

Mrs. Lavery continues with her history on Gerry.

“Now he already lost the whole fear of me, which cheers me enough. He possesses his favorite places in the room of guests, in the kitchen and in the [lavanderia??], flying freely thereabout.

“Gerry is just confined in the cage when he is waiting the doctor, the [impador??] of glasses or some domestic employee, but he already got used to that and he is not displeased. One should leave him alone for a long time

and for that precise to arrest him, he appreciates plenty to be hunted because he likes to feel that we cannot capture him.

“If I make some thing for which he is interested, as to write, to sew or his [desamarrar??] mirror, Gerry soon will be close. He makes the best he can to seize, with his beak, the point of the pen, the point of the seam needle or of the pin. He seems to think nothing else doesn't exist entertaining than to do [furinhos??] or to tear pieces of the [beiradas??] of the paper leaves, including the one of the books, particularly of those larger ones and of more careful impression.

“Once in a while, Gerry needs a ‘massage facial’ the beak needs to be negotiated with baby oil. In the first times, I had to face the fear of seizing him, to maintain him firm, imagining perhaps that I would not be hurting him.

Now, even so, I already acquired enough trust and Gerry is surely not afraid. The times he is lets to escape a sharp [gritinho??] and a little is debated, but when I open the hand finally, he doesn't flee, he is just there stopped looking at the sides, imagining what to do to proceed.

“Unless he is eating or resting for some moments, Gerry is rarely quiet; he is all movement, sound and color. My apartment acquired a vivacity that is difficult to believed possible. If one day somebody tells me that I possess a little bird brain, I will take that as a praise.

“Gerry is adapting to a way of life that is completely alien, without any company of his own species, in a way that, certainly I would not be capable of doing, and without at least losing a little of the happiness of living. He likes to explore everything that I have. In most of the times, he ends up despising the food, particularly if it is a hot meal, but he appreciates apples, oranges and some juice sips. “Even so, he continues trying in my case to have some pleasant thing after all to offer”.

I received the recounted history above concerning six months, in fact last May, and he said to me same that, if he had the opportunity to write another book, the history of Gerry would be included, although just to show everyone that what some patience, understanding, and love can do in the sense of uniting man to the creatures of nature.

It would be good if it was possible to include an illustration, because like this you certainly would have a good time seeing Gerry, the parakeet, landed in the head of Mrs. Lavery. The picture was excellent, very funny, and at the same time extremely touching.

He/she/it can do with that a heart stops of cutting into pieces, I won't live in vain; He/she/it can mitigate the suffering of a life or to liven up a pain, or to help a thrush [desfalecente??] to return to the nest, I won't live in vain.

Emily Dickinson

## TEN

Some people, when they are left alone to face life, they think they need to go to another place because the memories are simply made intolerable. To revive the happy moments and to enjoy the sensation of coming comfort of a well-known atmosphere seems to be an addition they can support and then they decide to begin new a life in another locale. But not all the people, only some!

And that is comprehensible.

When the Master was among us, that type of things we discussed and he said something similar to: “What do you think I should do if you leave before my hour has arrived”?

We did talk. He did wonder at what I would like to do and like me he always answered that, in fact, he didn't know, but preferred not to think on the subject. We did agree that there would not be any advantage in moving to another place; then, why not be where we were?

I noticed that Miss Cleo was very satisfied. She had lived in this apartment more time than in any other place and as her sister Taddy, that was blind, still visited us, it was well easier for her to wander around in an atmosphere that was known. Cleo always thinks of the other ones. Although we had not probably expressed our thoughts, she was aware that we would both be happy with that disposition, because that, in a certain way, would also help her feeling closer to the Master.

Well, the hour of our temporary separation arrived much too early and we remained, Cleo and me feeling that loss in a very sharp way. In the last days, when the Master's health became a lot worse, he sometimes told me: “You know Ra'ab, a life without me would be much easier for you”. The Master saw himself as a bale, and it displeased him deeply to need to depend on others. It was difficult to do and to understand that it was not [incómodo??] none.

I tried to explain that I would not be better alone, that this era of my life and that of his was not anything he would make sense.

To glance at the past, for my first ones [lembranças??], I remembered that, so to speak, I had lived together all my life with the disease. When I was a child, my mother never enjoyed good health and my father called me in the middle of the night to tell me. “Your mother is terribly sick, will you come”?

Perhaps it does seem strange that I decided to choose a nurse's profession but, in the uncoiling of my life, that proved to be the best experience that somebody could have had, being considered the paper that I later was called to carry out.

Let us return, even so, to the present where we are in position of evaluating our [actuação] in the last period, when we had need to adjust to a different routine, filling the days with several activities.

I have already affirmed previously, Miss Weetabix and I dedicated to answer a lot of the readers' letters and the subjects linked to the business of our time, and I frequently wanted to have enough knowledge to answer some of the questions with larger details. But I never intended to try to substitute for the Master, nor I never heard anybody say that I could be qualified to do that, because the Master's knowledge and his ability to work with the problems were a lot beyond the possibilities of most of us. It is a notorious truth that we all needed to vary our activities, if we hoped to reach our potential in life. We were, then, imagining what we could do to amuse a little, when we felt that we were noticing our mental processes were going too much in only direction. We felt that we needed an amusement, and this appeared in the form of a game that consisted of spelling and to word forming.

When the idea happened to us for the first time I knew that there had been the Master's intervention. When the end of the day approaches and Miss Cleo and I were alone, perhaps that was the moment in which we felt more the Master's absence. Everything was very calm and we can feel the silence; there, then, we sighed and we thought a lot. The times, if the night extends too much, seeming that it would never finish, Miss Wheat joins with us for a beat-crop after that certain cup of tea.

Yes, the Master kept his promise, we would not be forgotten. Executing her daily routine, Cleo visits the Master's room several times a day.

It is during the night, even so, that she makes a special pilgrimage, always asking me to accompany her. It is necessarily a great effort for somebody [aconchegado??] protected in their own bed, sleeping most of the time, to leave staggering at night and to wander for the runner until the room where we sat down in the ground, before sleeping again. That can happen two or three times between the 22 and the five hours of the morning.

You know, when the Master was among us, Cleo visited him frequently, especially during the night, she liked to settle down on his chest, taking care not to be arriving very close to the hiatal hernia that caused so much suffering to the Master.

In the elapsing of the last year that he was among us, there was always somebody close, a fourth neighbor, during the whole night, to render attendance, so that there was no opportunity for Cleo to be alone. A paper of this feline [senhorazinha??] is reason for great pride for its Mother, and any human being should be proud following its example. Without her this would have been in fact an arid existence.

An oyster commented with one that it met closer:  
— I carry a very big pain inside of me. It is weighed, round, and I feel in danger. The other answered with disdainful indulgence:  
— Thanks to the skies and to the sea, I don't carry any pain with me. I feel perfect inside and outside.

In that moment a crab then passed over, hearing the chat among the two oysters, it went for the one that felt perfect inside and outside and it said, “Yes, you feel perfect; but the pain that your friend complains about is a foot that rolls of rare beauty.

Kahlil Gibran

## **ELEVEN**

Henry David Thoreau observed at certain times that he seemed to write always about himself, that happened because it was he who knew himself better. Like this, if somebody thinks that I write the same, perhaps it be for identical reasons. Our thoughts and experiences are much more alive for us than those that link with other people.

Another famous citation of Thoreau, whose truth is recognized by many – “Most of a men's life is passed in calm despair.”

Yesterday, during a chat, Calvin told me that his brother had read that sentence for him and that both had agreed with the truthfulness of those words.  
Who doesn't still try terrible despair sensations, when things are going badly and we are not capable of finding the solutions for the problems? The ones that escape are not many.

Perhaps if [I embrem??] that Calvin is a member of the lovers' of cats family, and to care for them occupies a great part of his life. I am always hoping to hear it said, after examining the labels of the victuals for animals, that so much as he could see, the animals are much more favored than we in respect to the palate than the human beings, in what refers to the canned foods. Who would want to argue with that point of view?

When beginning this page I intended to write something different, but now that I mentioned the cats and the care that they should be provided, I am taken, and to all those that are disposed to accompanying me to a visit to Mac to hear what happened yesterday.

It is once in a while necessary to promote a change in the routine and nothing exists better than the fresh air, blowing the spider screens, and to see the life under a different angle. The Master finds it extremely beneficial to answer the readers' letters or to work in one of his many books, or just to slide his electrical wheel chairs up to the elevator, and for him to go to the lobby where he could leave and take a turn or two around the streets of the neighborhood.

It provided me immense satisfaction to see him capable of gathering enough energy for those small trips, visa to be that his only [lazer??] form, because most of his time was dispensed in the sense of the well-being of others, at the same time he tried to fight equally against the pain and the suffering that resulted in his sacrifices for the humanity's [prol??].

I don't think it necessary to excuse me for so much references to the Master, to his work and his suffering, because those that will read these words will be, in most, people that felt they knew him, that admired him and were considered his friends. After all, this book is intended to take the form of a tribute. However, no matter how much I write it will be insufficient in the sense of compensating the debt that so many of us owe to him.

Well, Susie seemingly slept in a great armchair and there was nothing strange in that, because we were in the beginning of the afternoon and we were aware that she had been inactive during the whole morning; even so, she was very aware of us. We cannot get our hopes up when a cat seems to sleep before a visitor comes because, as you will observe, you will see the ears in position of alert, while the chat is registered.

After six or eight weeks there were new acquisitions on the part of Mac Cat, in the form of an almost white [filhote??], two or three months of age and with brown grooves, that encouraged the house a lot. In a rainy morning, in the hour that he left for school, Marlon, the more youthful of the family, saw this small feline entity and posted it in the entrance of the cars; he, then, caught it and he took it home in turn, presenting it before the mother.

Some days then, in agreement with the consultations accomplished in family, Mrs. Mac asked me if the Hospital Pet could help to find a [lar??] for the kitty, to whom they had given the name Sally. I agreed to talk with Dr. Randall. It seemed, to the first view, that Sally had been abandoned and I felt very sad, imagining what the future reserved for her.

You can imagine the happiness that I felt when telephoning to say that the Animal Central Hospital would take charge of Sally and they would take care to obtain her an appropriate [lar??]; there was a moment of silence at the end of which Mrs. Mac exclaimed with her melodious voice.

We talked later on with the boys and they decided they wanted Sally [conosco??] seems that she adopted Eldon. Weetabix and I sighed of relief.

An arrangement proved to have been advantageous in everybodys senses, because the kitty is an optimal company for Susie, being almost of the same age of the [filhote??] of Susie, that went live with a lady, it works out, when Susie found Mac.

The following day, when Sally jumped on the chair where Susie rested and got involved with her paws, giving her a [lambida affectionate??], Mrs. Mac observed, “See, they get along well. It is as if she was destined to come here; she just had to be here like this.”

Dr. Rampa said there was nothing like having mingled with people that loved and took care of cats. It seems that the Família Mac belongs to that category, in spite of the fact that [apercebido??] he had, just in elapsing of a year past, of satisfaction and of happiness that is obtained through that relationship type. A cat in the [lar??] of Mac is somebody that certainly should be worthy of envy.

The work is [materialização??] of the love. If you are not capable of working with love, but only with aversion., it is better to abandon the work, to sit down in the portal of the temple and accept alms of those that work with happiness.

## TWELVE

This late, when wandering from the apartment, feeling the atmosphere of the autumn, my thoughts were on the Master. I began to think of the values and the point of view that somebody, like me, can suffer such important transformations after a life beside somebody of spirituality so elevated as Lobsang Rampa. While digressing, [I embrei-me??] of the Master [encorajava??] in the works of compilation of my three books previous. He could have said: “Why do you want to write? Don't you think one writer in the family is already enough”? But no, he would never have said something like that because, to the opposite, he believed in the encouragement offer to all those that showed the slightest sign of artistic or intellectual inclination.

The same when he thought it would be good that he was here to give me one or two ideas, a suggestion perhaps, for a possible subject to be approached later on in this book, a powerful image appeared before me.

You interpret it as not being missed to account to our readers a little more on the person that has been, for us, such a great help in these last two years. “You know, Ra'ab”, these are the words that I heard in my mind, “you know a lot albeit without Weetabix you would not have been capable of working with the whole correspondence and still write another book. Why not account to the readers a little more about her? They would appreciate it”.

Well, where to begin?

Perhaps they would like to know a little of her vision of her life, your fence in cattles, the things that she appreciates and where she is walking. Only today, during a chat, I asked Miss Wheat which problems, contained in letters we received from the readers, that she considered of larger importance. For being her who [dactilografia??] them answer, has the opportunity to study the subject, being like this highly describes as to do a judgement. — Well — she said here without hesitation — “that question is very easy to be answered. Without the smallest doubts it is the solitude that worries me most about the people. It is mandatory to agree that that is a situation difficult of being faced — not to be alone, but to feel the sensation of a more complete solitude.

This subject was already approached previously by me, in particular in the end of “*The Feline Mind*”, because I am one of the ones that so much suffering comes because of that.

The experience of Miss Wheat has been showing that the solitude appears perhaps in “pieces” when the physical conditions of somebody is shaky, and it is just necessary to let pass the indisposition, what soon will happen. When she thinks it is necessary, she goes for a walk, if possible unto the river where the trees are leafier.

She considers, this form of a more beneficial [lazer??] than any other exercise. I have rarely found people that are so susceptible to the bad mood

of others. In fact she is so sensitive that she feels the need to enjoy periods of solitude to renew her energy. These are those excellent qualities making it so valuable to the present situation, one of collaborating in the continuity of the Master's work.

A small fact that I would like to narrate exists, but I don't want to cause any [constrangimento??]. See, Weetabix is a modest person believing not that she is a lot of importance. Certain time observed:

— Instead of writing about me, my time could be better taken advantage of if I wrote on the cats and its activities.

Oh, well—I answered—there is a place for everybody, including the cats. Right late of last year, in the beginning of our association, Miss Wheat told us about a trip that she had made to England in the previous year. We found it very interesting that she mentioned it had been her dream for a long time, almost to the point of obsession; it is there what she did or stopped doing, it was imperative that she visited England.

The period of six weeks had been distributed in permanence in a hotel in South London. The visit to everywhere was interesting; it had proven in newspapers of wrapped up fish, some days she had passed in Edinburgh and she had taken a small trip to the Netherlands. When she returned — she said, “I felt a sensation of true fullness, knowing that there was accomplished something very important, something ignoring reason.

“Ah”, said the Master, “You were making some interesting images while she spoke and perhaps we can help her to put the things in order.” We sat down to his circuit while he rescued [lembranças??] in the conscience of Miss Wheat, the ones which before had not passed vague ideas, I found of his thought. He was capable of telling us about a previous life in the south of England, in the beginning of this century, which finished prematurely because of the war. It was very fascinating to testify to the revelation of the history of the area where she had lived and the position that she had occupied, which implied her to be active in the community where it was capable to carry out countless good acts.

We talked a lot of times on the subject, and in each one of those times Weetabix had said it felt good to know that she had acted wisely when hearing about herself, in spite of those that would have tried to discourage her.

About herself she says, “this is my life and I can only answer to myself for my own attitudes.”

If somebody could imagine this it would be the best hour of finishing an incarnation that unhappily ended much too early and was lived to the service of others.

Miss Wheat thought our readers would perhaps be interested in reading this small history; so she gave me permission to register it. She becomes trained better than that more one needs to learn.

## **THIRTEEN**

Here we are again, Sunday morning, one more week has passed; we are therefore, authorized a rest period, having worked the last six days. Miss Cleo and I had a gratifying night. Before we pick ourselves up we decided to do a visit to our Family now in the Earth of the Gold Light.

Following the instructions dictated by the Master, we repeated three times: “We will visit Taddy and those that are with her on the ‘Other Side’ ”.

To that we woke up with the thought gone back to the felines, and with such peaceful sensations and harmony, that we decided to use them as the subject in this chapter.

Thus, here we are, and they are not nor seven hours of the morning. You some time already envied the freedom of the cats? In spite of all the attempts if they evoke laws for those creatures' control, they stay free, being perhaps the only “domestic” animal that releases permission to live.

Definitively, a symbol of freedom — perhaps it is interesting to know that the Roman goddess of Freedom was represented holding a cup in one of her hands, a scepter in the other and with a cat laying at her feet.

No animal is so much an enemy of any type of subjection as the cat. Although it is known as totally independent, the cat can be very devoted to its human family, winning all the obstacles to be with it. [Dias??] behind, I became aware of news that a cat met its owner again, after 78 days lost far away from the city.

Perhaps I may be allowed to tell the history of the family: she had stopped having hopes of seeing Baby, after the cat to have moved away him of them running during a picnic to 30 [quilómetros??] of distance from the house in Calgary. The mother recounted that was the first time the cat had been out of the neighborhood and had never left the car when they went for a walk, so that she could not imagine that the cat would be capable of finding its way back. They had not had any sign of Baby when they made the suitcases to

return in August past, and they were concerned to leave like this with it lost in that deserted place.

The following day, they went back to seek again, but the cat was not found any place. But in the days that proceeded, after 78 days of disappearance, he was located, outside of the house. The mother saw him in the gate and she screamed, “Baby, Baby”, and he came running. She recounted that the first thing he did was jump for his favorite chair, do a circle and later jump again in search of his plate of food. He had been surviving that whole time of [camundongos??] diffused in the brushwood ~ the mother said. But she found the way back?

Cats possess a radar sense out of the common. I consider very gratifying histories like the one that recounted above, but another side of the life that is more difficult to face exists.

The master always said that we should not ignore the sadness, and he referred to the animals that, having placed their confidence in the human beings, are frequently cruelly battered. “If we blinded ourselves to the reality, we will be steeling ourselves against assuming our responsibilities”, he told me. “If we stay distant to the suffering of the world, we cannot be made to respect it”

It became public, weeks behind, that in certain people's opinion were done many unnecessary researches with animals in the laboratory belonging to a certain infantile hospital; he decided, then, to do some thing to respect it. Some people got to free some of the animals, and these were taken to a veterinarian where they were examined and properly tested. In one case in particular, involving a cat, there was great indignation on the part of public opinion, which was translated in letters to the newspapers, one of which was sent by me, because I rioted with the case. There was a picture of a specialist at the Pet Hospital holding up an animal showing its ears had been cut off.

For What reason, one could wonder!

The supplied explanation said that the ears of cats are very similar to the ones of human beings. There were experiments that took place to discover an easier method for injecting liquids with a syringe.

In the same week we were winning with new information, of this coming time of United States. Scientists told the dramatic results of the tests with a hormone applied in cats that eventually could be used to prevent the paralysis and death in human beings that suffered lesions in the spinal medulla. Is it difficult to believe, it is not?

According to the report, the searching [ministraram??] great doses of that hormone in six cats, whose spines had been squashed by a great weight, after the animals had been anesthetized; they discovered that the cure was significantly accelerated. Six other cats that were left without treatment died or they passed away on the floor with extreme difficulty.

Do you believe that so much cruelty is necessary?

I think that type of experiment is unjustifiable, but that is what they are doing in Boston. Why are voluntary criminals not used for tests of that type?

Something exists more than I would like to mention before finishing this chapter, something that has been included in a previous book. It is the retreat of the claws of a cat. Every year many people have been asking our opinion, if we respect it, and we always answered that that was a barbaric practice. Judging by the books and good writings of veterinarians, the general opinion is that causes not only physical but also psychological damage.

A cat becomes incapable to defend, or of having the pleasure of use the scratching post. In our opinion (the Master's and mine), if you really love a feline entity, it would never go adopting an attitude like that. With some affection and patience on its part, the cat won't cause damage to the furniture, if you provide a substitute such as a tree until the roof or a post to scratch covered with a cheaper carpet. It is strange as the creatures lacking spine they possess the hardest peels.

## [CATORZE??]

Therefore after finishing the Last chapter, I received a letter from one of my regular correspondants that happens to be also my Only "one to regulate" of Wales. When he reads or he hears something entertaining, that he considers can be of some interest, he sends it to me. When receiving this here, [acOei??] I could not help but share it with you, the matter lies in it being about cats and of furniture.

A Mr. Gray mentions the following observation, done by a lady that lives in England. "To discourage my kitten from sharpening its claws on the furniture, I entered into a store of goods for animals and I asked the scraper for patented [gatos'??] that I seen in the shop window. A customer of age that was to my surprised side [o1oou-me??]. 'You without a doubt spoil its [gato'??] a lot', she pondered him.

"When mine is exasperated, I make it to pull up to itself [mesmo']". There were many months that Mr. Gray was writing us, and the Master appreciated his letters a lot. Letters that I continue finding [encorajados??] and descriptive [encantadoramente??].

Exactly now, in the autumn, when he misses the forests and the peacefulness of the field there arrives a letter to me from that gentleman and I feel it would be wonderful to be transported by the force of thought to the beautiful Welsh scenery. He tells me the feeling would be pleasant if we went neighboring, because we could go for A walk and enjoy the fields in the company of one another. The descriptive talent of Mr. Gray is so vivid that it makes us feel as that involved by everybody you be they of the nature,

where the birds and the trees possess a private language. We have very much in common with that gentleman -- Mr. Gray lives a calm life and he dedicates a great part of his time in the months of winter to reading. But it is his capacity to paint images with charming words that I particularly appreciate, as well as this -- “All the stations enchant me -- the spring with its new one to wake up, the indolent, long and hot days of the summer, the kaleidoscope of colors of the autumn, and the nakedness and the immobility of the winter that makes all the other stations seem so attractive. Yes, I am very happy”.

There was a [cãozinho??] in the [lar??] of Gray and a charming mother; both already left this life. Now a feline entity took the responsibility of the [lar??] and they told me that [Darkie??] takes its task very seriously, tends in filled few months the atmosphere with a shine [fulgurante??]. It is extremely pleasant to hear histories on cats, as in the case of the cat of the ready neighborhood that came to light about receiving the aid of another cat that made “massages” and assumed midwife's duties.

Correspondences as the one of Mr. Gray provide a type of oasis for the soul, a spiritual experience, a food that is absent in many replete letters of questions and with frequent requests of useless information. I thought of the experiences of Mr. Gray when I heard, one or two days behind, of an observation done by a Canadian politician.

Mr. Angus MacLean, first-minister of Príncipe Eduardo's Island, a smaller county of Canada, his imminent retirement discussed, recounting for his audience the vespers of leaving the farm of the family, where he had grown up and where hopes of reviving some of his youth's most pleasant periods.

A very dear Mr. MacLean was presented by two of his advisers with a rocking chair and a shepherd [cajado??]. Everybody agreed that nobody could have found two presents more adapted for a gentleman than, after his 30 years of public life, in which he had always demonstrated good sense and intelligence, facing with objectivity, the fact he was about to return to the field. In his acceptance speech, Mr. MacLean rendered a beautiful tribute to nature when saying, “When you live close to the earth, and sell the things you grow, you settle down and communication with the Creator”. At 67 years of age, he should know.

You know that, when writing on something, my thought hurries in direction to the subjects [correlatos??], and something that turns up on Scotland, and the Scottish people is not expected.

A name such as the one of Angus MacLean brings me to [lembrança??] places and moments of the past, when my [lar??] in England kept border with Scotland, and actually the county formerly was part of the Scottish territory. People's memories of Robbie Burns and Harry Lauder floated about and their vibrant music filled the air.

“The scarps of Maxwellton are pretty to see when the first dew drops. It was there that Annie Laurie took me to turn its promise reality”. And the eternal “Before a relationship of the times of formerly it was forgotten and never more it came back to thought”, that soon would be in the lips of everybody when approaching the end of the year. Oh that it doesn't lack for here they are [Mc's] and [Mac's]; we maintain contact with several of them. First Mac that possessed those cats — Mac is just the first part of the name, because we don't want to identify him totally for the case that excessive publicity appears, which, I am sure, it can become a nightmare for the beneficiary.

Then a gentleman called Cameron Mack exists who helped us enough in the elapsing of last year, and that didn't make any objection that his name was mentioned here; actually he appreciated it a lot. Related with the laws, perhaps the aspect promotional carted it some business.

In third [,lugar??], Miss Wheat thought perhaps it was interesting to mention the nine year-old boy that is an enthusiastic follower of the [ensinamentos??] of Dr. Rampa's — his name, Ian McAndrew.

That that provides that a person's final form is the child that formerly she was.

—Robertson Davies

## **FIFTEEN**

The first pages of this book contain some lines on President Sadat; now, as we approach ourselves of the end, I would still like to do some more comments on him, mentioning some of his own observations, at least.

Mr. Sadat commented that his last period in prison was a gratifying experience, and the last six months of jail constituted the happiest period of his life, because he started to know himself and it dominated the situation. He believed he had grown in man's immortality — and he said, “The body can perish, but the soul remains living”.

The new President of Egypt observes: “Anwar Sadat knew what he wanted, and he knew where he went. For this reason I supported him.”

Knowing that the Master held Sadat in high consideration, sympathizing with him for his fight in [prol??] of the peace in the earth and, in general, admiring him for the frank and loyal person that he was, I think it appropriate to include it in this tribute.

I want to do another reference — constituted in special gratefulness to a German lady that told us that her acquaintance had asked the Dalai Lama about the Master, and the Dalai Lama had answered, “Lobsang Rampa renders us a great service”.

A valuable tribute, and it is not definitively a [superestimação?]. There still remains two gratefulness’ — I will mention the lady first. Mrs. Booth, of England, that, in spite of her personal problems, was well happened in the task of compiling an index of Lobsang Rampa's works, something that a lot of people frequently requested. Last, I would like to thank the authors of the citations that I used, especially those of Kahlil Gibran whose contributions don't take signature.